



# Trixie

The Witch's Cat

Nick Butterworth

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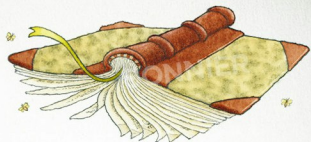
**T**rixie, the witch's cat, was a happy cat. Most of the time. There was only one thing that could make Trixie really unhappy and, luckily, it was something Trixie didn't think about.

Most of the time.



**B**ut then, sometimes, Trixie just couldn't help it.

**T**hen, Trixie the happy cat, became Trixie, the very-unhappy-indeed cat.



She would go into a bad mood, as if a dark thundercloud had settled over her head.



**S**he threw things, kicked things and shouted all sorts of things.

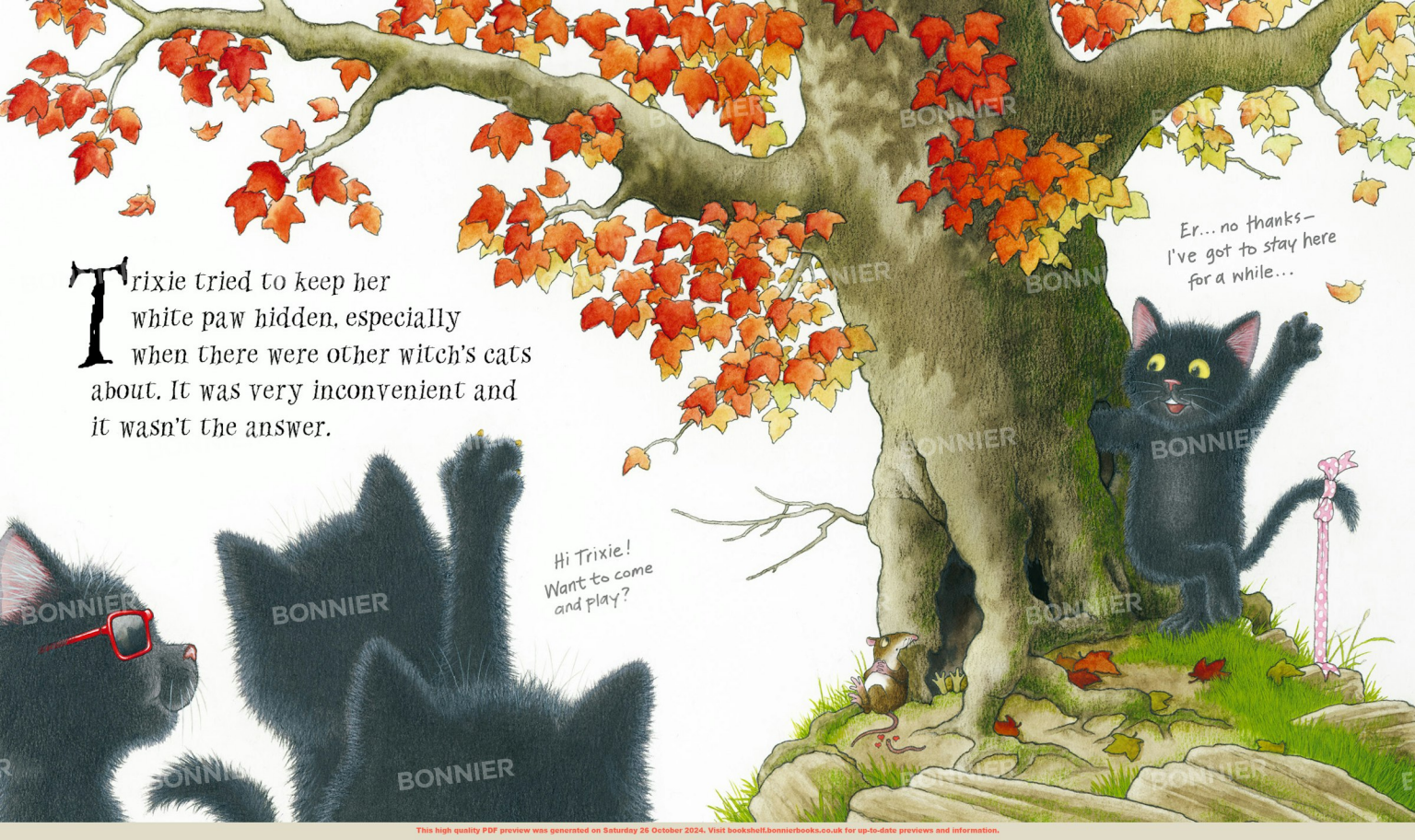
"I hate this horrible, ugly paw!" Trixie would shout. And if anyone ever dared to ask why, Trixie would only say, "Because... it's ugly and it's horrible!"



**T**rixie's 'horrible, ugly paw' was really a very nice paw. It was the right size and shape and the claws worked properly. It was beautifully fluffy and it was...white.

And that was the problem. Trixie knew for certain that witches' cats did not have white paws, because...because... well, they just didn't.





**T**rixie tried to keep her white paw hidden, especially when there were other witch's cats about. It was very inconvenient and it wasn't the answer.

Hi Trixie!  
Want to come  
and play?

Er... no thanks—  
I've got to stay here  
for a while...

**A**t last, after one really-bad-mood-thunder-cloud-throwing-things-and-kicking-things-and-shouting-things kind of day, Trixie decided that something just had to be done about THAT PAW. She had a plan.

"I'm going to stop washing this paw, then it will get dirtier and dirtier and dirtier."

**T**rixie thought, if she left it long enough, it would go nice and black, like her other paws. "I'm not going to wash it for a hundred years," she said.



**A**t first, Trixie was pleased with her plan. She stopped washing her paw and it did get dirtier and dirtier.

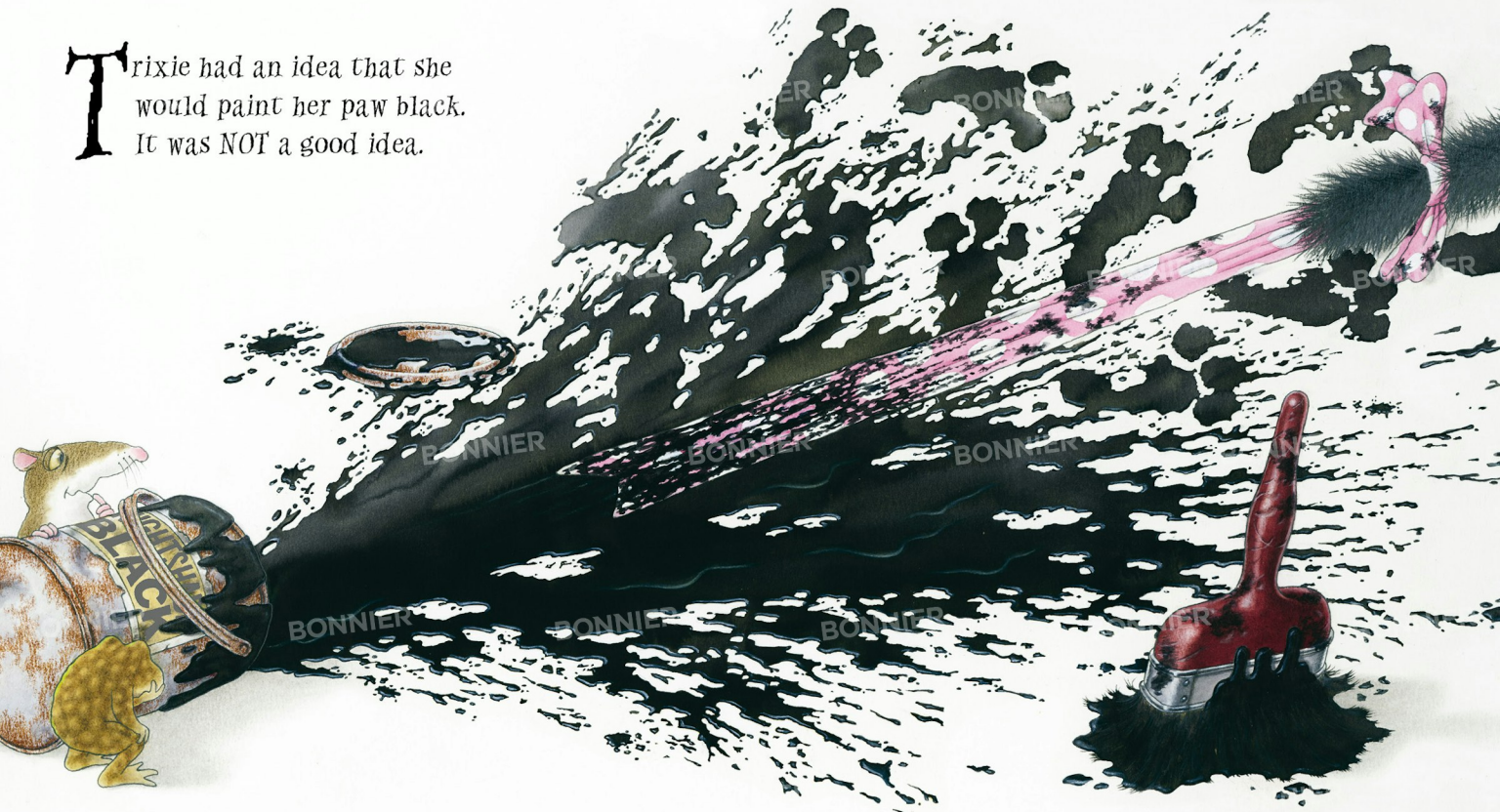
But it didn't go black. And after only three weeks of her one hundred years, Trixie's paw began to smell. Badly. REALLY badly.



POOOOOOH!!!



**T**rixie had an idea that she would paint her paw black.  
It was NOT a good idea.



**S**uddenly, Trixie had another idea.  
A brilliant idea, she thought.  
"Of course!" she said. "I'm a  
witch's cat. I'll use MAGIC  
to turn my paw black!"



**T**rixie borrowed the  
witch's wand and  
her book of spells.  
Then she got busy  
with some very  
important magic...

ONE PINCH OF BLACK PEPPER,  
BLACK HAIR FROM CAT'S FOOT.  
TWO BLACKBIRD FEATHERS,  
THREE BUCKETS OF SOOT.  
BLACK TREACLE,  
BLACKBERRIES,  
THIRTEEN TIMES TWO.  
BUBBLE AND BOIL IN A  
BLACK, WITCHY  
BREW!

Suddenly...





# BOOOOM!

**T**rixie was amazed to find she had not been hurt. She could easily comb her hair over a small patch where she had lost some fur. But as she looked into the mirror, Trixie was even more amazed.

**S**he was delighted to see that her white paw was black! Her magic had worked! Hooray! At last, Trixie was a proper, black, witch's cat. Just like all the others.



**B**ut, oh dear. Now, it was impossible to tell which one of the witch's cats was Trixie and which one wasn't.

**N**o one could say which witch's cat was which. Without her white paw, even Trixie wondered which one she was.



**I**t was then that Trixie began  
to miss her old white paw.  
Her nice white paw.  
Her lovely white paw.  
She really did.

Now it was gone.  
Forever.  
Trixie started  
to cry.





*...then to light grey,  
then lighter and lighter,  
until Trixie's paw was...*



*...snowy white! What was going on?  
Could it be that Trixie's magic was not  
very strong? Or was there stronger  
magic in Trixie's tears?*



**A**s Trixie wiped away  
a tear with her new  
black paw, something  
very strange happened.  
The black began to fade.  
First, to dark grey...

**T**rixie had no idea.  
She only knew that her white paw,  
which was just the right size and shape,  
her paw with its properly working claws,  
her perfectly beautiful, fluffy, WHITE paw,  
was back where it belonged.

From that day, Trixie never again went into  
a bad mood or threw things, or kicked things,  
or shouted things. Well, hardly ever.  
And never EVER about...  
that paw.



Trixie was happy to be  
just the way she was.

For  
Thomas,  
thirteen  
years  
on  
and  
definitely  
someone  
to  
look  
up  
to.

With heaps of love  
from Grandpa x



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