




Trixie


The Witch's Cat

Nick Butterworth



Trixie 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...

At 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.

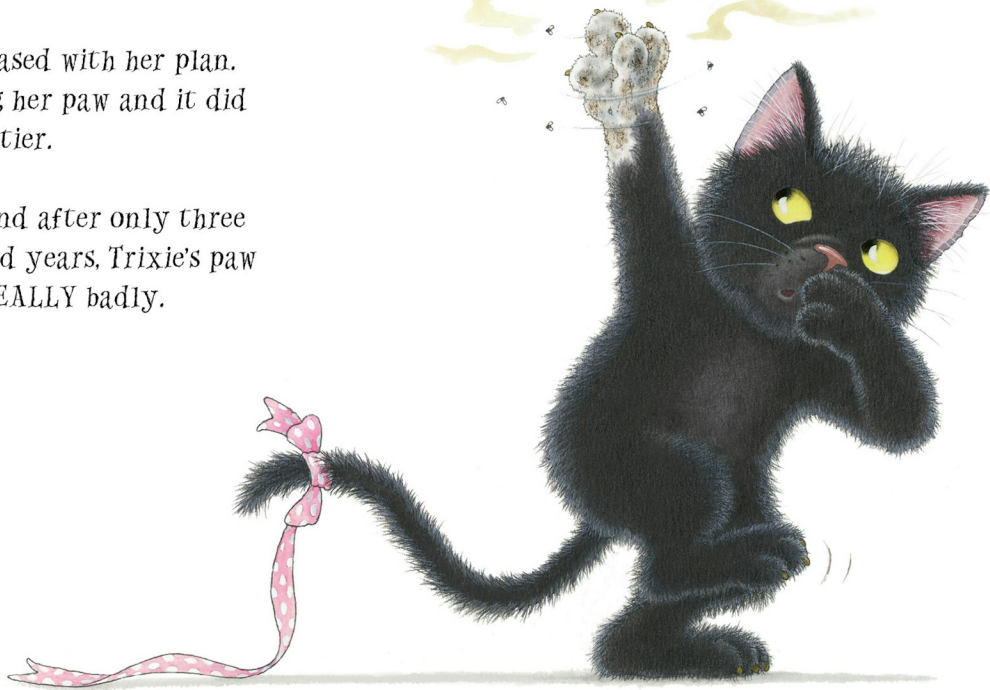
"I'm going to stop washing this paw, then it will get dirtier and dirtier and dirtier."

Trixie 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.



At 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!!!

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

