



Trixie

The Witch's Cat

Nick Butterworth

Trixie

The Witch's Cat



Nick Butterworth

Trixie, 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.

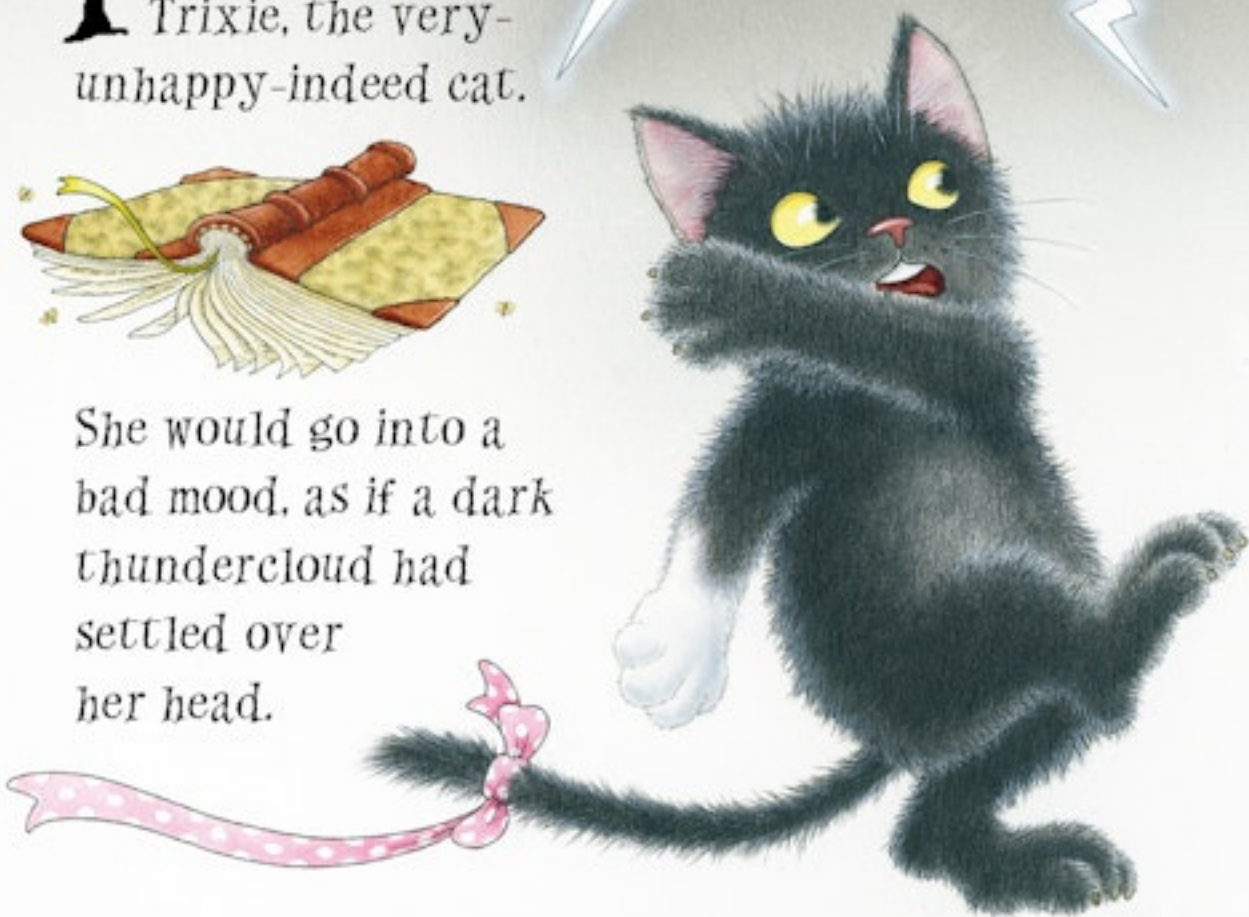


But then, sometimes, Trixie just couldn't help it.

Then, 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.



She 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!"



Trixie'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.





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.



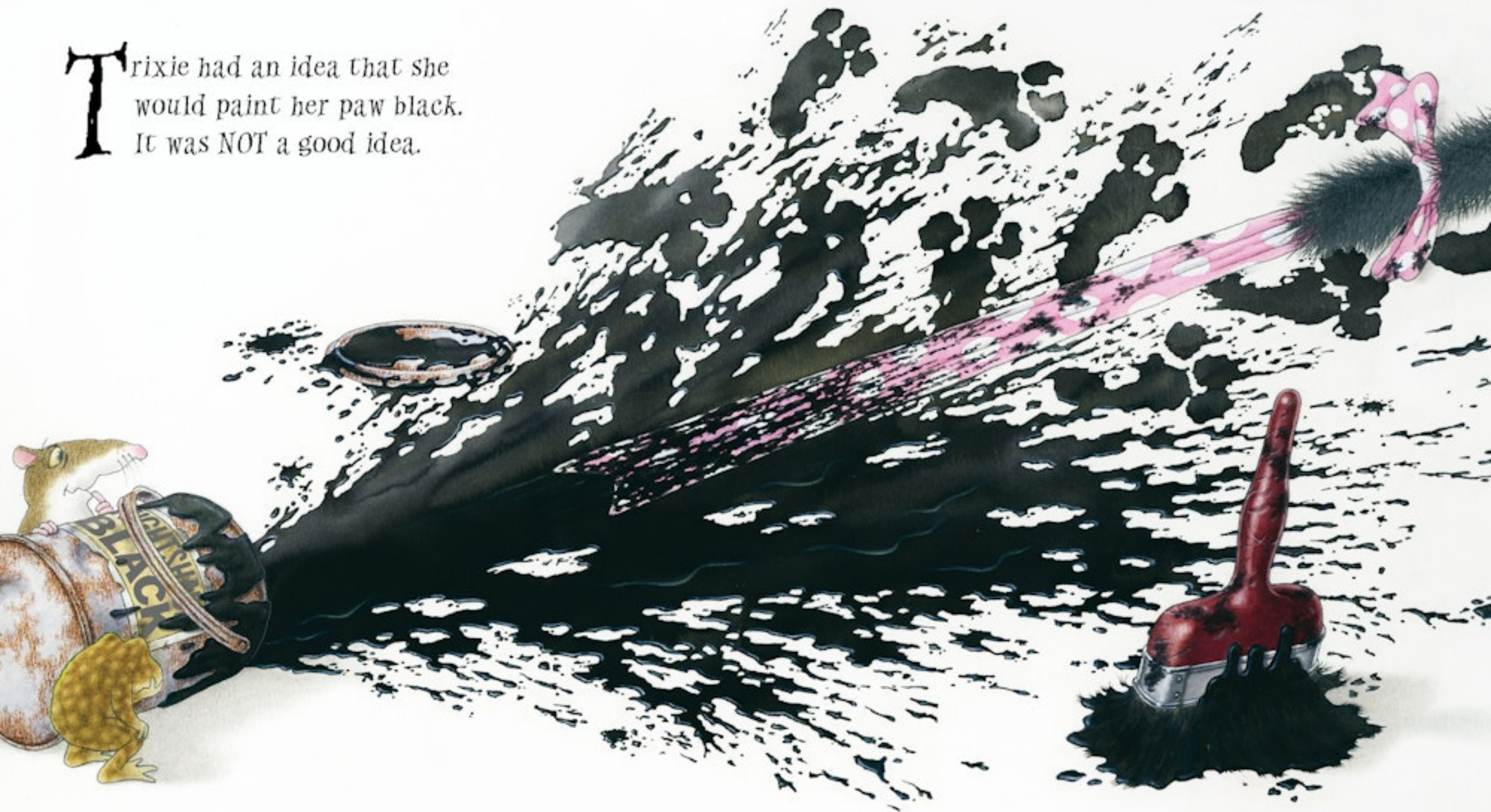
At first, Trixie was pleased with her plan. She stopped washing her paw and it did get dirtier and dirtier.

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.



Suddenly, 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!"



Trixie 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...





BOON!

Trixie 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.

She 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.



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

No one could say which witch's cat was which. Without her white paw, even Trixie wondered which one she was.



It 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?

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

Trixie 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



A TEMPLAR BOOK

First published in the UK in 2009 by Puffin
This edition published in the UK in 2024 by Templar Books
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK
4th Floor, Victoria House,
Bloomsbury Square, London WC1B 4DA
Owned by Bonnier Books
Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden
www.bonnierbooks.co.uk

Copyright © 2009 Nick Butterworth

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

All rights reserved

ISBN 978-1-835870-38-9

Printed in China

