



## Munch and the Wicked Witch

Once upon a Munch Time there was a cow called Munch who lived by the sea and loved solving mysteries.

One morning she spotted her friend Gus, a goat with a boat.

**“Gus, I hear there are strange happenings on Rainbow Island. I need to see our friend the White Witch. We must leave at once,”** said Munch.

Gus rowed across to the island. **“Look at the dark shadows on the hill,”** he said. **“Where are the animals? Why haven’t they come to greet us? I’m not setting a hoof on that island today. It’s too scary.”**

Munch frowned, **“Gus, you must help me.”**

They strolled up to the wood. The flowers drooped and the trees sagged. The air was silent. Not a sound to be heard.

Suddenly a black ball of fluff sprang down from a tree. Gus shivered.

**“Hello,”** said a tiny voice. It was Ambrosia the White Witch’s magic cat.

**“Ambrosia, we’re on our way to see the White Witch?”** said Munch.

Ambrosia’s tail twitched, **“The Black Witch has taken her prisoner. She will turn me to stone, if she sees me talking to you. If any animal laughs, she turns them into stone. Look here are two stone toads, and there’s a family of stone hares. She has cast an evil spell because she likes everyone to be miserable.”**

**“How do we break her spell?”** asked Munch.

Ambrosia raised her eye brows, **“I opened her spell book. No one has told her that I can read. There is only one way to reverse the spell: The Black witch must drown at sea.”**

Munch frowned. He paced up and down. Finally he said, **“I have a plan. Ambrosia, can you hide the witch’s broom, and sprinkle some pepper on her hat to make her sneeze?”**

**“Yes, leave it to me,”** said Ambrosia, **“I’ll go and see to it straight away. She flies around the island every evening at six o’clock.”**

**“What’s the plan?”** asked Gus.

**“I have no time to explain,”** said Munch, **“but I need you to round up the animals. Ask them to wait in the middle of the wood.”**

Munch galloped towards the witch’s house. The wind began to howl. Lightening zigzagged across the sky.

From the shadows of the house, she heard a shriek **“Where’s my broom? Whoever has taken it will be turned into a stone. How can I check no one is laughing without my broom?”**

As the Black Witch came nearer, Munch could smell boiled frogs and sweat. Her teeth were as black as her gown. Her greasy hair dangled like sea weed under her pointed hat.



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Munch took a deep breath, **“May I help you?”**

**“How can a stupid cow help me?”** she cackled.

**“A lovely lady like you shouldn’t be out shivering up in the sky on a night like this. Forget the broomstick. Jump on my back.”**

She hissed, **“You better run as fast as you can or I’ll turn you to stone. Do you hear me?”**

Munch gasped. She shrieked so loud the whole island would hear her.

**“Where my cat,”** she screamed, **“I’ll teach her a lesson, but first I need to find the animals.”**

**“They were down by the sea,”** said Munch.

**“Then what are you waiting for?”** said the witch.

They zigzagged through the trees on the edge of the wood until they reached the cliff.

**“Kind witch, can you peer over the cliff to see if the animals are still down on the beach,”** said Munch.

**“Oh you useless animal,”** said the Black Witch. She knelt on his back, **“I can’t see. Move nearer to the edge.”**

Munch side stepped towards the edge. The witch scowled, **“That’s close enough. You idiot, there are no animals there.”**

Suddenly, Munch kicked up her back legs. The witch wobbled, but she clung on with her long fingernails. Then she sneezed – **“atishoo, atishoo”**. Munch saw her chance. She shook from side to side. There was a blood curdling scream. Then the Black Witch fell and rolled over the cliff. She plunged down to the rocks below, disappearing under a large wave.

Munch gasped. She ran to the forest to tell her friends.

Gus smiled, **“Look Munch, the stone animals have come alive.”**

There was a whooshing sound overhead. The White Witch leapt off her broomstick, Ambrosia clinging to her shoulder.

**“Thank you Munch. We’ll have a party to celebrate. Everyone is invited. Please say that you and Gus will come to the party?”**

Munch chuckled, **“I guess we can stay for a spell!”**