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We know
books



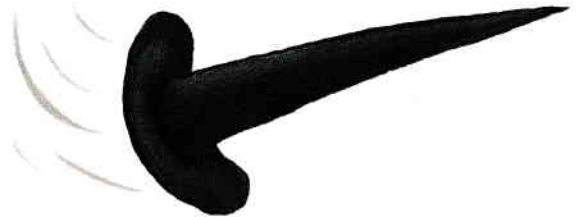
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The witch had a cat
and a very tall hat,
And long ginger hair
which she wore in a plait.
How the cat purred
and how the witch grinned,
As they sat on their broomstick
and flew through the wind.

But how the witch wailed
and how the cat spat,
When the wind blew so wildly
it blew off the hat.



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“Down!” cried the witch,
and they flew to the ground.
They searched for the hat
but no hat could be found.



Then out of the bushes
on thundering paws
There bounded a dog
with the hat in his jaws.

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He dropped it politely,
then eagerly said

(As the witch pulled the hat
firmly down on her head),

“I am a dog, as keen as can be.
Is there room on the broom
for a dog like me?”



“Yes!” cried the witch,
and the dog clambered on.
The witch tapped the broomstick and
whoosh! they were gone.