



SHARK

in the Bath



Winnie had spent the morning cleaning the toilets and the bath and her cauldrons and the oven. 'There!' she said as she sat down to munch her lunch. 'I've done the boring things, and now I want an interesting afternoon. What shall we do, Wilbur?'

The calendar was blank. Wilbur was sprawling in the sunshine as flies hummed around his ears. He opened one eye, then closed it again.

