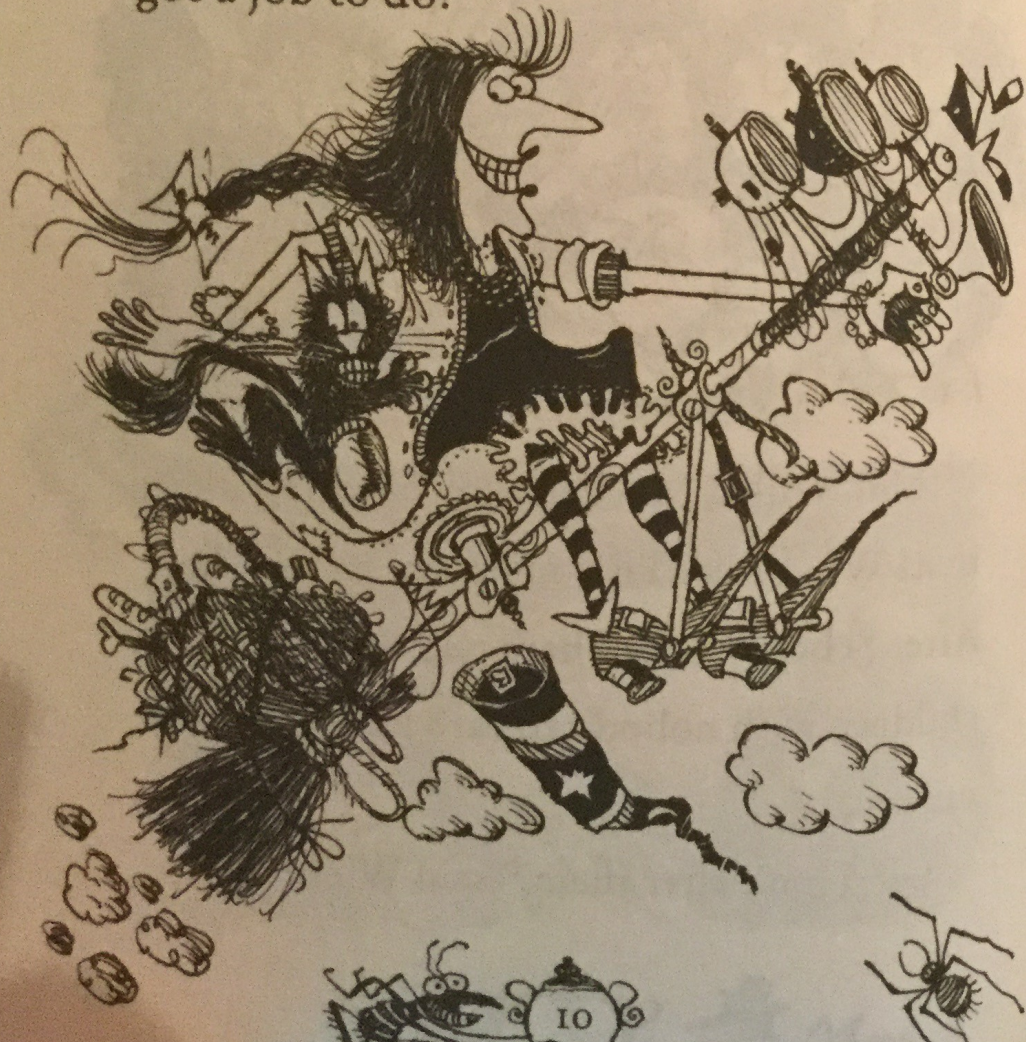


'Oh, yes! Wilbur and I love playing with little ordinaries. Easy-peasy-caterpillar-squeezy!' Winnie stuffed her mobile moan into her pocket before Mrs Parmar could say anything else. 'Come on, Wilbur, we've got a job to do!'



In the school playground, the thirteen After School Club children were playing nicely. Some were skipping, some were playing with toy ponies, some were climbing the apparatus, and some were looking after dolls.

'I'll only be gone for one hour,' Mrs Parmar told Winnie. Then she held up a finger. 'And you are not—*absolutely not*—allowed to do any magic on the children. Is that understood?'

