

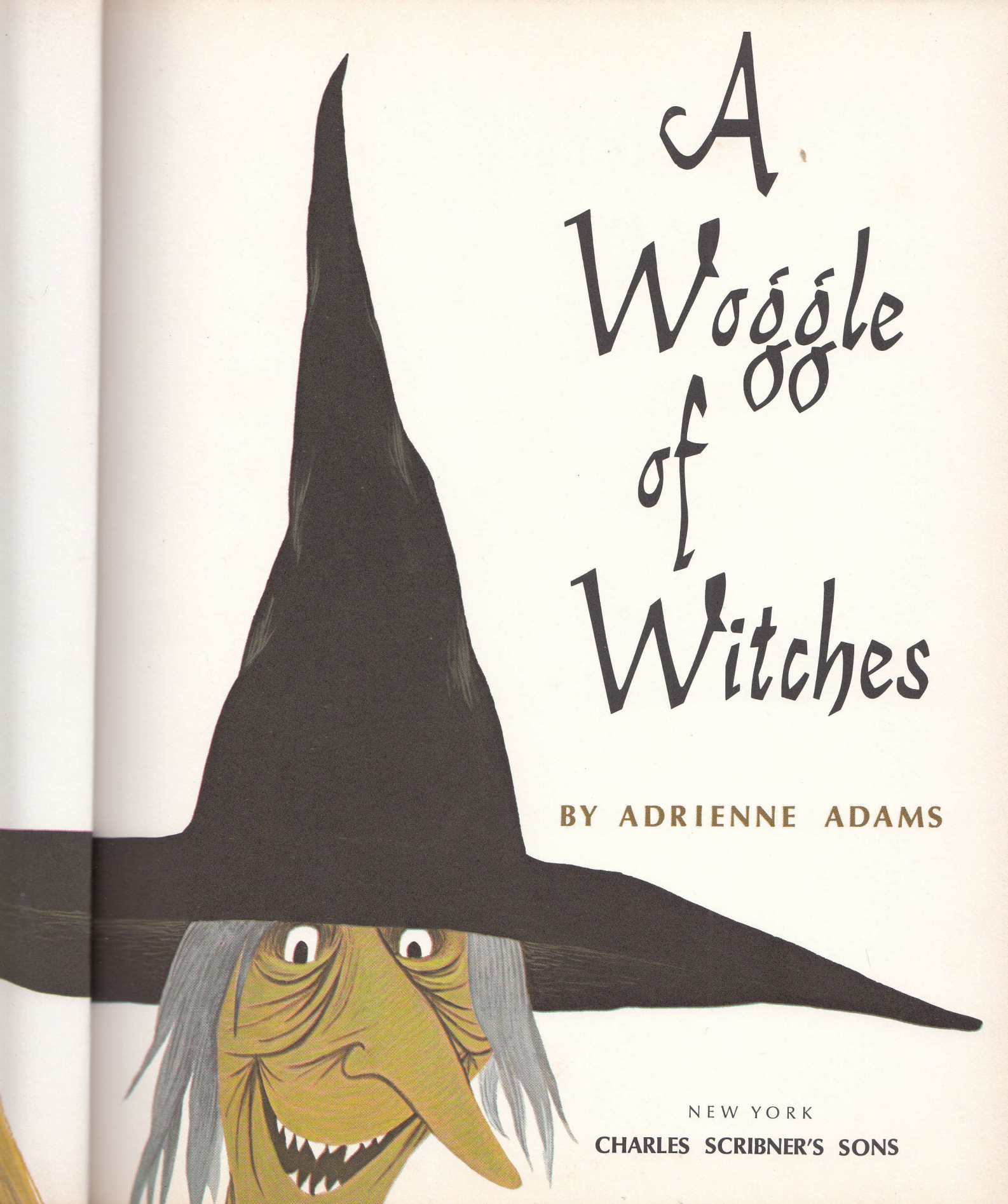
A
Woogle
of
Witches

BY

ADRIENNE ADAMS

A Woggle of Witches



A stylized illustration of a witch's face and hat. The hat is a tall, black, pointed cone with a wide, flat brim. The witch's face is greenish-yellow with a long, pointed nose, wide eyes, and a wide, toothy grin. Her hair is grey and wispy. The illustration is positioned on the left side of the cover, with the hat extending across the top and the face below it.

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of
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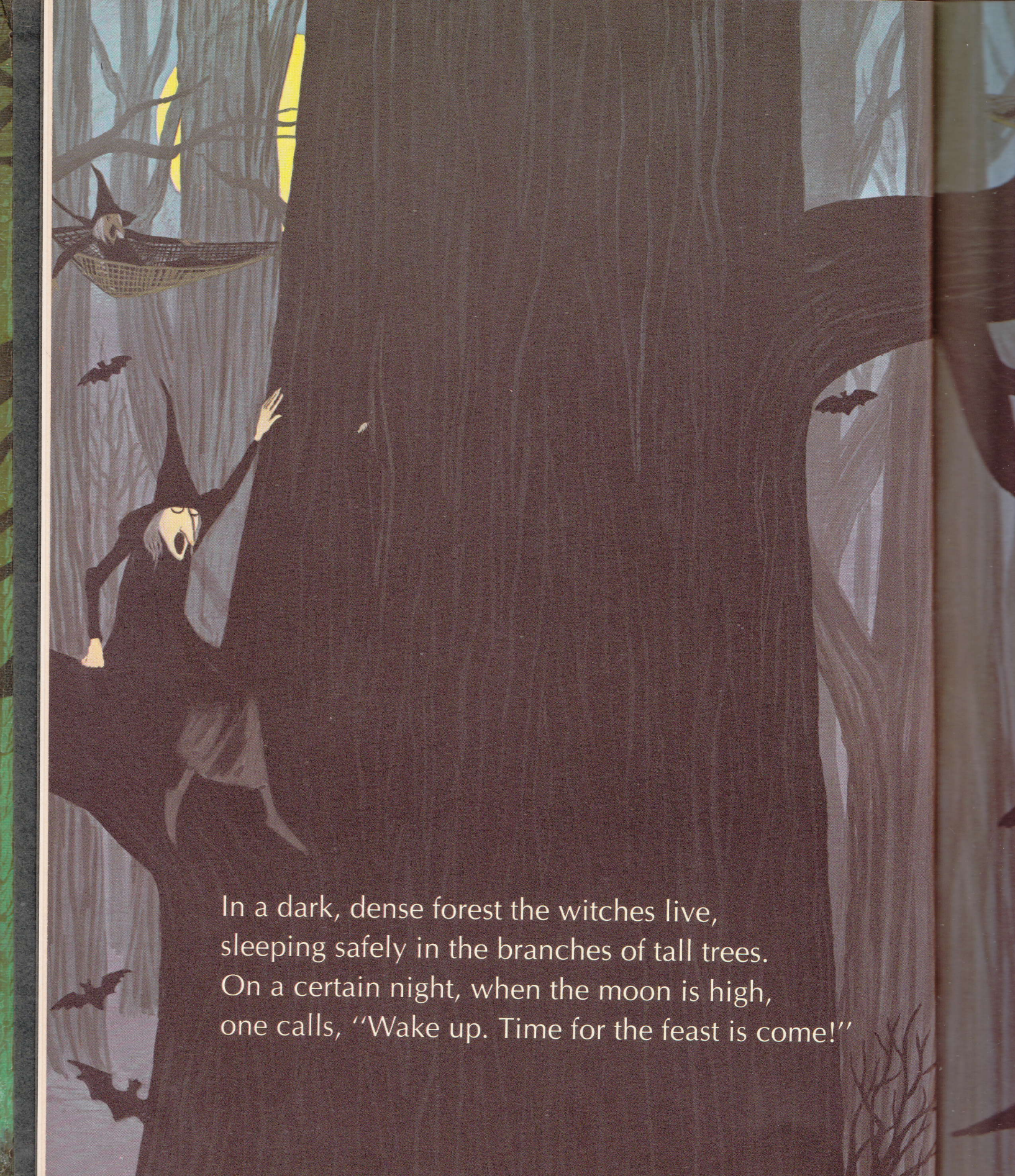
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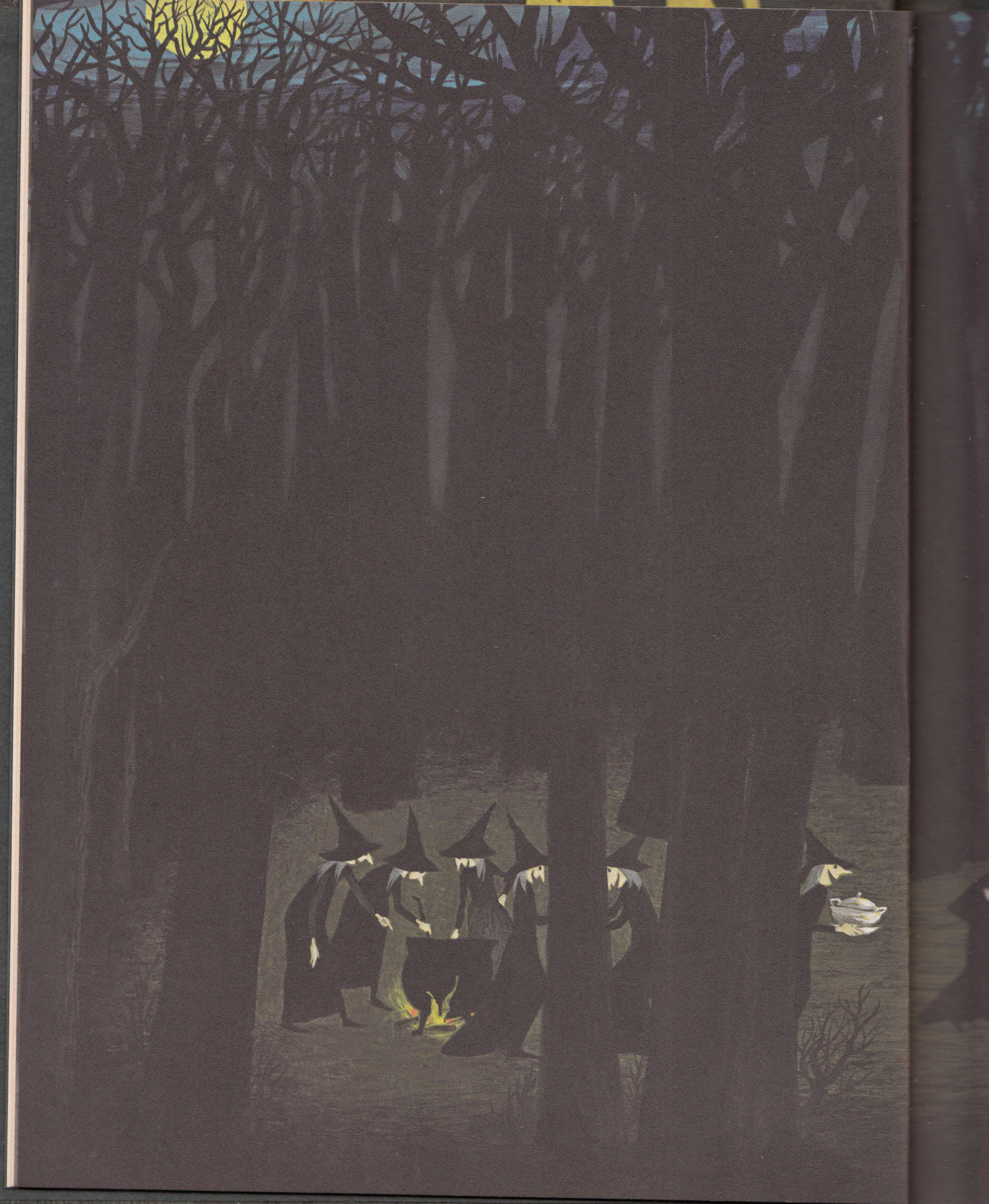
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To Esther Reno

A dark, dense forest scene. A large, gnarled tree trunk dominates the center. To the left, a witch with a pale face and a tall, pointed black hat sits on a thick branch, her right hand reaching out towards the tree. In the upper left, another witch is suspended in a woven basket, hanging from a branch. The background is filled with the silhouettes of other trees and a large, bright yellow full moon. Several black bats are flying in the dark sky. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and spooky.

In a dark, dense forest the witches live,
sleeping safely in the branches of tall trees.
On a certain night, when the moon is high,
one calls, "Wake up. Time for the feast is come!"





The forest rings with the sound of their high voices.
“I’m ravenous. I hope it’s bat stew!”
“It is! Give me more!”





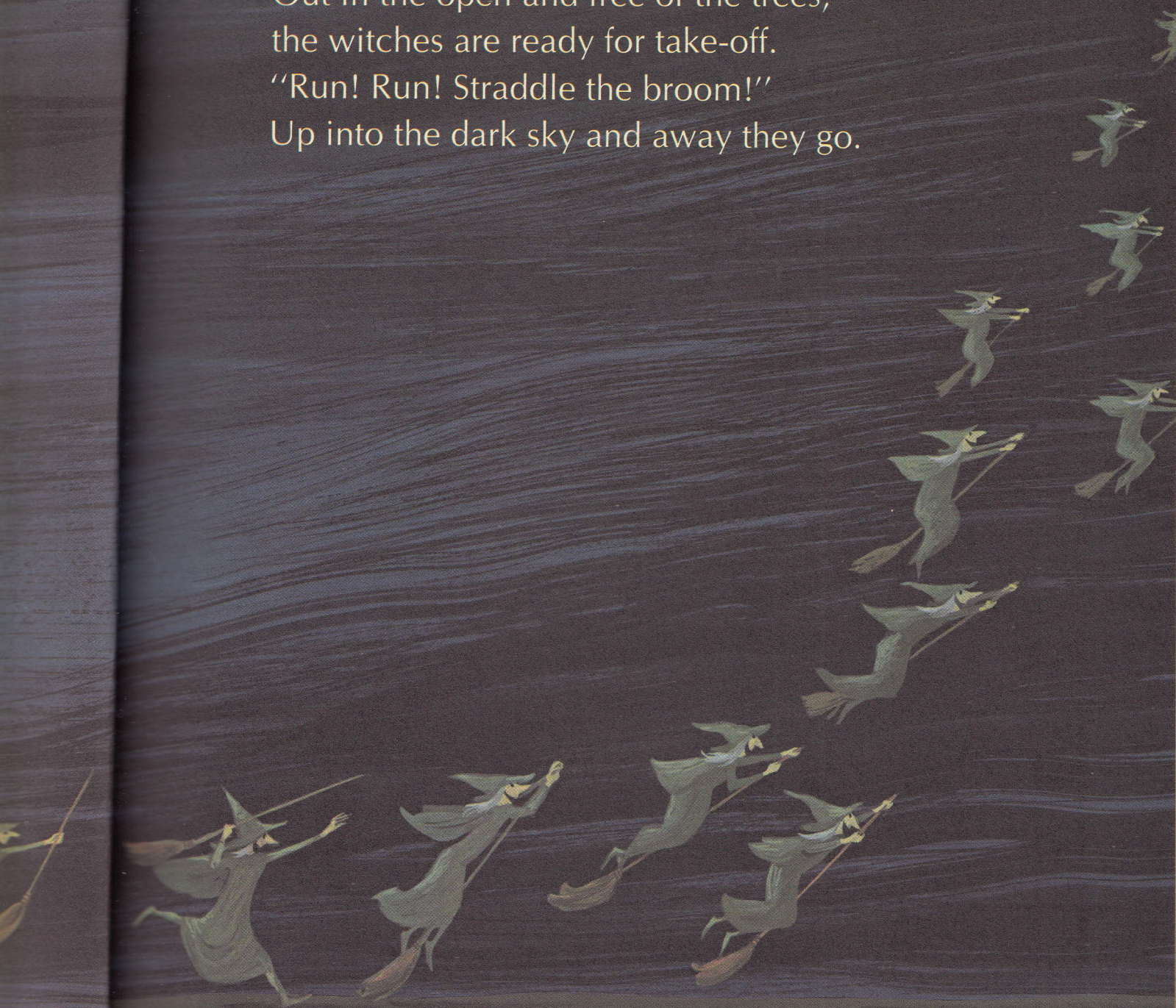
“Leave the dishes. It’s time to go!”

“Shh,” one whispers. “Want to wake up the world?”





Out in the open and free of the trees,
the witches are ready for take-off.
“Run! Run! Straddle the broom!”
Up into the dark sky and away they go.





Zo-o-o-m!
"Tie on your hats!"





"Wheee-----"





"Let's make a ring around the moon!"

"Time for a rest now, and what a spot for it."

"The view — it's marvelous!"



“What’s next?”





"Everybody off! Back to earth we go."

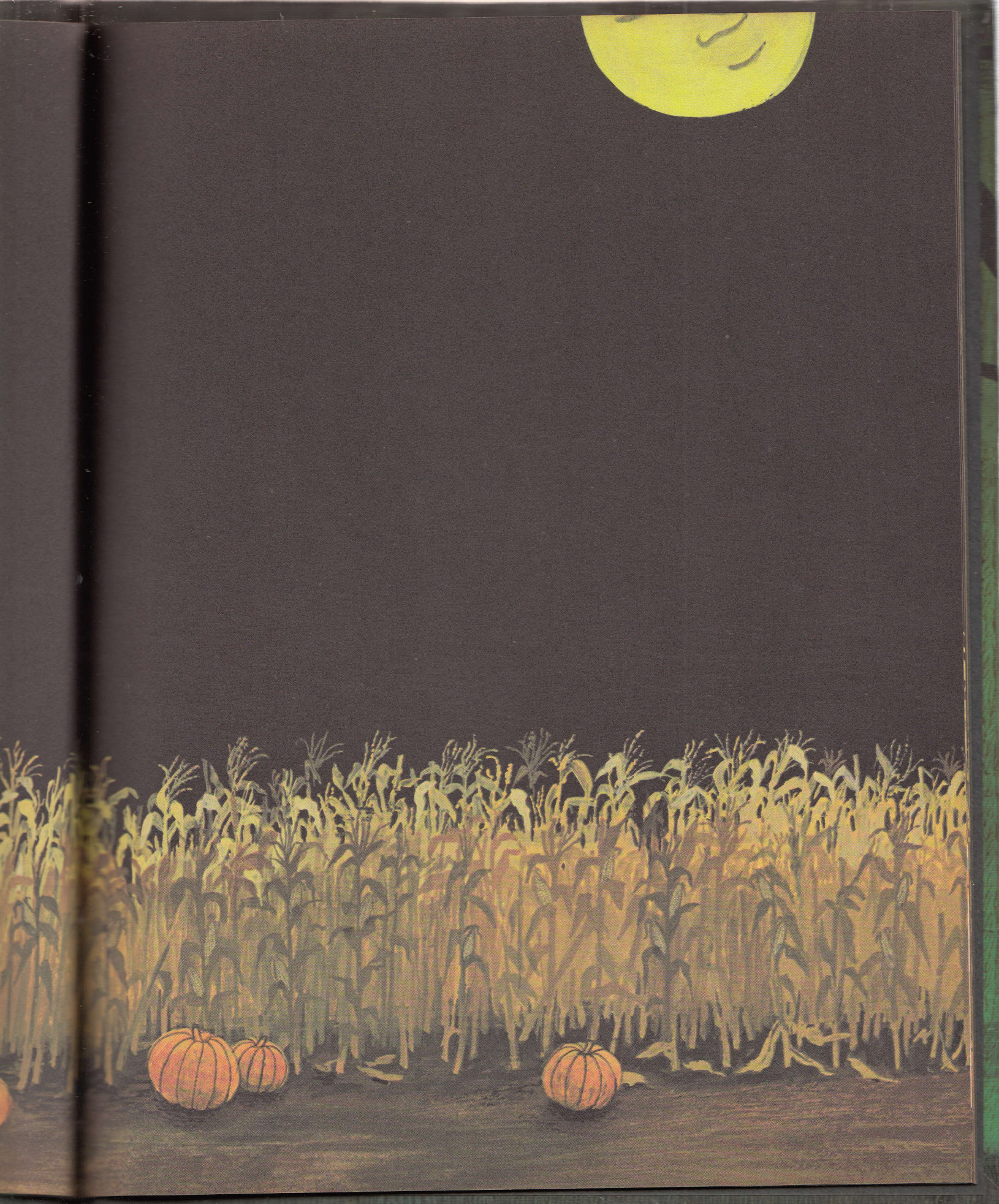
Down, down they sail, landing light as feathers
in a field of corn.





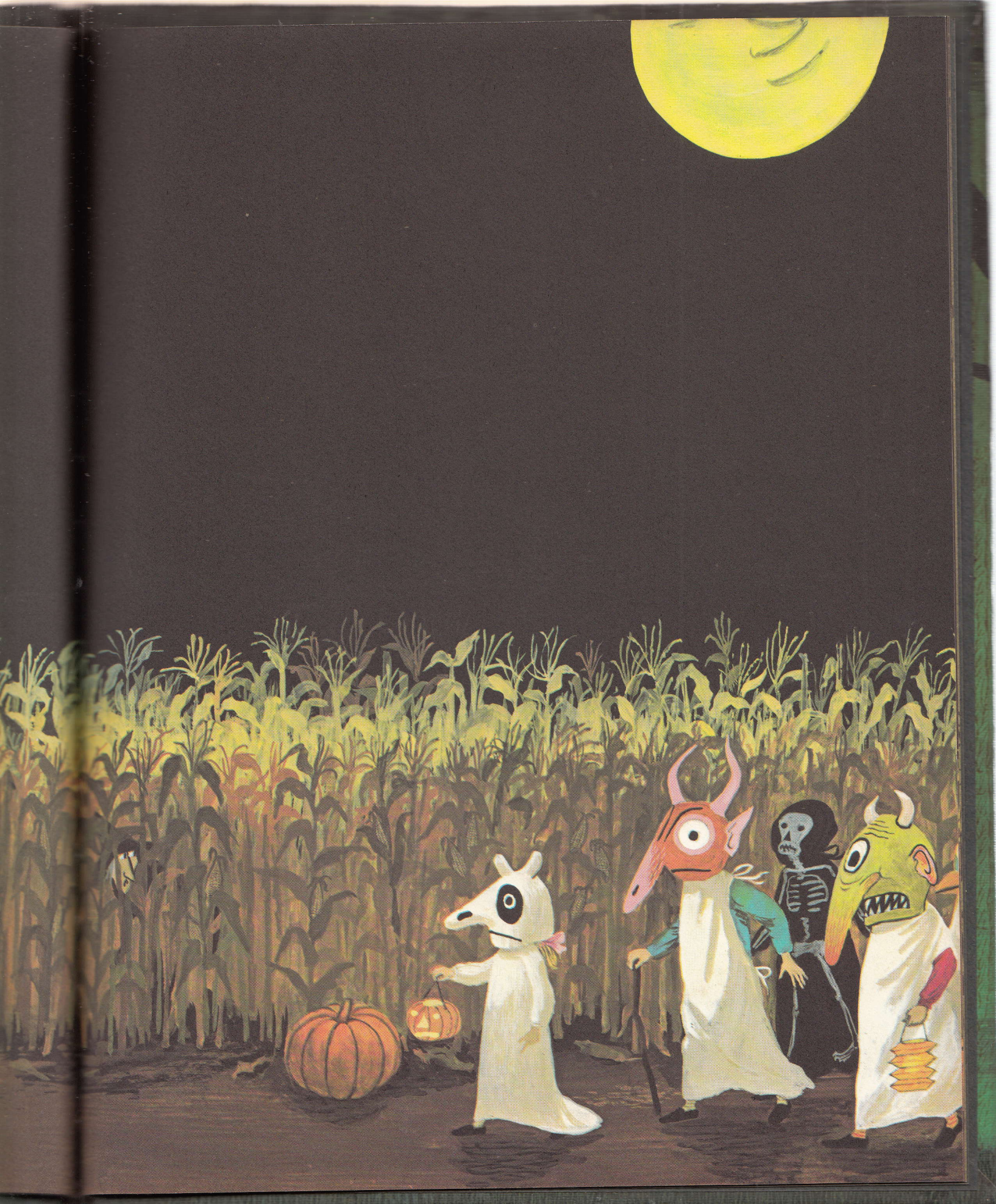
“What is that coming our way?”
“Oh, mercy, what — on — earth?”





"It's a parade of those monsters!"
And they hide, however they can.





“Let’s get out of here!” they cry.
All quivering and quaking,
they leap on their brooms,
and slant toward the sky.





They sail back to the safety of the forest.

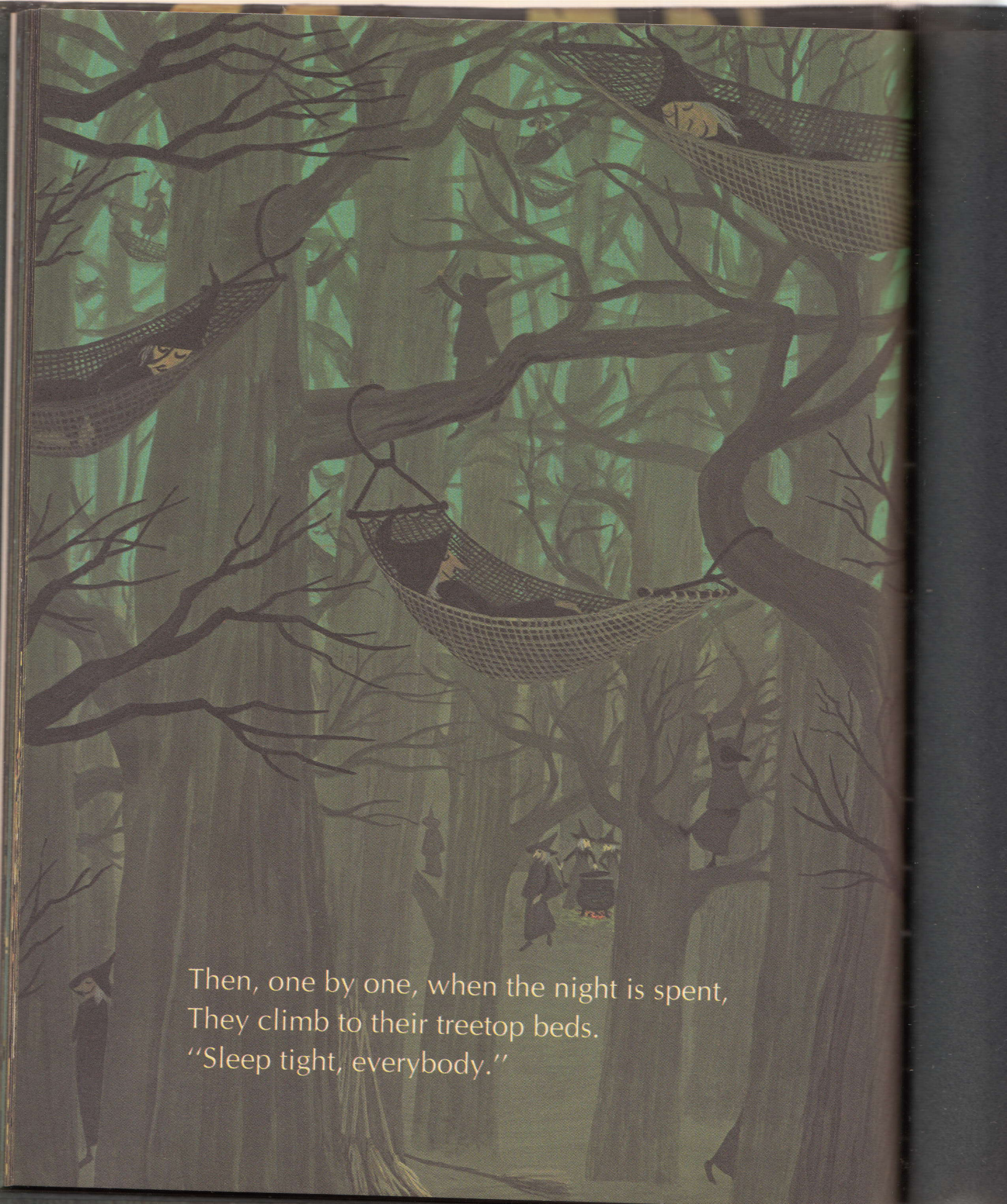
"I'm starved. Are there any leftovers?"

"Build up the fire. Catch more bats!"

"Bring out the spiderweb bread!"







Then, one by one, when the night is spent,
They climb to their treetop beds.
"Sleep tight, everybody."

