

# Wilhelmina Witch and the Wayward Winds

By Anne Renaud

The Annual Witches' Meeting had Wilhelmina Witch in a tizzy. "If I don't leave soon, I'll miss the talk on how to recycle brewing cauldrons into plant holders," she said as she crammed bloomers and stockings, shoes, and dresses into her carpetbag.

But as soon as Wilhelmina stuck the crook of her nose outside her doorway she cried out in surprise. "Rotting toad warts! What a blustery, gusty day! These wayward winds will have me flailing about as quickly as a crow's hiccup."

On days when the wayward winds howled and made her brambleberry hedges bump and bob, Wilhelmina Witch had a pickle of a problem. Wilhelmina was slight and her weight was light, which is why she and her broom were tossed up and down, across and around.

Worse yet, Wilhelmina was sometimes flung off her broom, and ended up in the strangest and most awkward of places.

Dangling from a lamppost.

Wedged into a chimney.

Or splattered flat against a window.

"I must find a way to keep from being tossed around," said Wilhelmina, as she flipped through her *Charms and Enchantments* book. "Perhaps I can find a spell that will give me a bit of weight. Let's see now.

Ah! Yes! This one should do the trick."

"STURDY, STOCKY, STOUT. I WILL NOT BE FLUNG ABOUT," cried Wilhelmina.

POUF!!

No sooner had Wilhelmina spoken the magic words that she was transformed into an elephant.

“Gruesome goblins! This is not at all what I had in mind,” she said. “I need a better solution or I won’t make it to the Witches’ Meeting in time to get a front row seat at the Witch Wear Fashion Show.”

Wilhelmina flipped through her *Charms and Enchantments* book, once again. “Perhaps I can find a spell to help me hold on tighter to my broom. Let’s see now. Ah! Yes! This one should do the trick.”

“GRASP, GRAB, GRIP. FROM MY BROOM I SHALL NOT SLIP,” cried Wilhelmina.

POUF!!

No sooner had Wilhelmina spoken the magic words that she was transformed from an elephant into an octopus!

“Blistering boils! This is not at all what I had in mind,” she said. “I need a better solution or I won’t make it to the Witches’ Meeting in time for the putrid potions swap meet. And I must find a recipe for tadpole stew.”

Wilhelmina flipped through her *Charms and Enchantments* book, once again. “Perhaps I can find a spell to help me better steer my broom and stay on course,” said Wilhelmina. Let’s see now. Ah! Yes! This one should do the trick ”

“TURN, TWIRL AND CURVE. LEFT AND RIGHT I WILL NOT SWERVE,” cried Wilhelmina.

POUF!!

No sooner had Wilhelmina spoken the magic words that she was transformed from an octopus into a large homing pigeon!

“Twitching rat whiskers! This is not at all what I had in mind. Perhaps I am going about this all wrong,” she said, as she flittered around in a flurry of feathers.

Wilhelmina closed her *Charms and Enchantments* book and pondered. “I’m afraid none of these spells will be much help,” she said finally. “If I cannot fly, then...But wait, I think I may just have the answer to my problem.”

“A SOLUTION I HAVE FOUND, TO NOT BE FLUNG AROUND,” cried Wilhelmina as she transformed back into her old self and grabbed her carpetbag.

“How silly of me for not thinking of it sooner. The Transylvania Trails Train is pulling out of the station in a bat’s blink, and I plan on being on it. Witches’ Meeting, here I come!”

ALL ABOARD!!