

Wizzbang Wizard

Super
Splosh



Scoular Anderson

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Chapter One




Near the little village of Muddling, at the very end of Lumpy Lane, was a very strange house. Sometimes there were spots on its roof and sometimes there were stripes. Some days the walls were

green and some days they changed to blue. Sometimes the house disappeared altogether! For this was Wizard Sneezer's house and it was a magical place to live.

One morning, up in the bathroom, Wizard Sneezer's great nephew, Freddy Frogpurse, was having fun. He filled the bath right to the very top with hot water, stepped into the bath and lay down. The water splashed over the floor and made a big puddle.

Freddy picked up his wand and twirled it round and round.

"Wizzbang-a-water!" 

 **Stir-up-a-wave!** he cried.

The water in the bath began to shudder and then roll. Round and round went the water and with every sweep of Freddy's wand it rose, higher and higher. Soon, a huge column of water was swirling its way up to the ceiling, splashing the whole bathroom.

There was a flurry of wings as Odds-and-Ends, Uncle Sneezer's house dragon, flew into the room.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" the dragon puffed, when he saw the water on the floor. "Soggy floorboards again! Now I'll have to use my hot breath to get them dry."

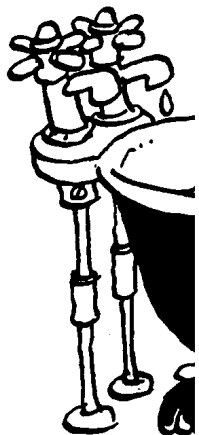


“Don’t be
such a fusspot,
Odds!” Freddy joked.
The young wizard
was now launching his
wand down the bath like a torpedo,
trying to catch it with his toes.

“What would your Great Uncle
Sneezer say?” asked Odds-and-Ends.

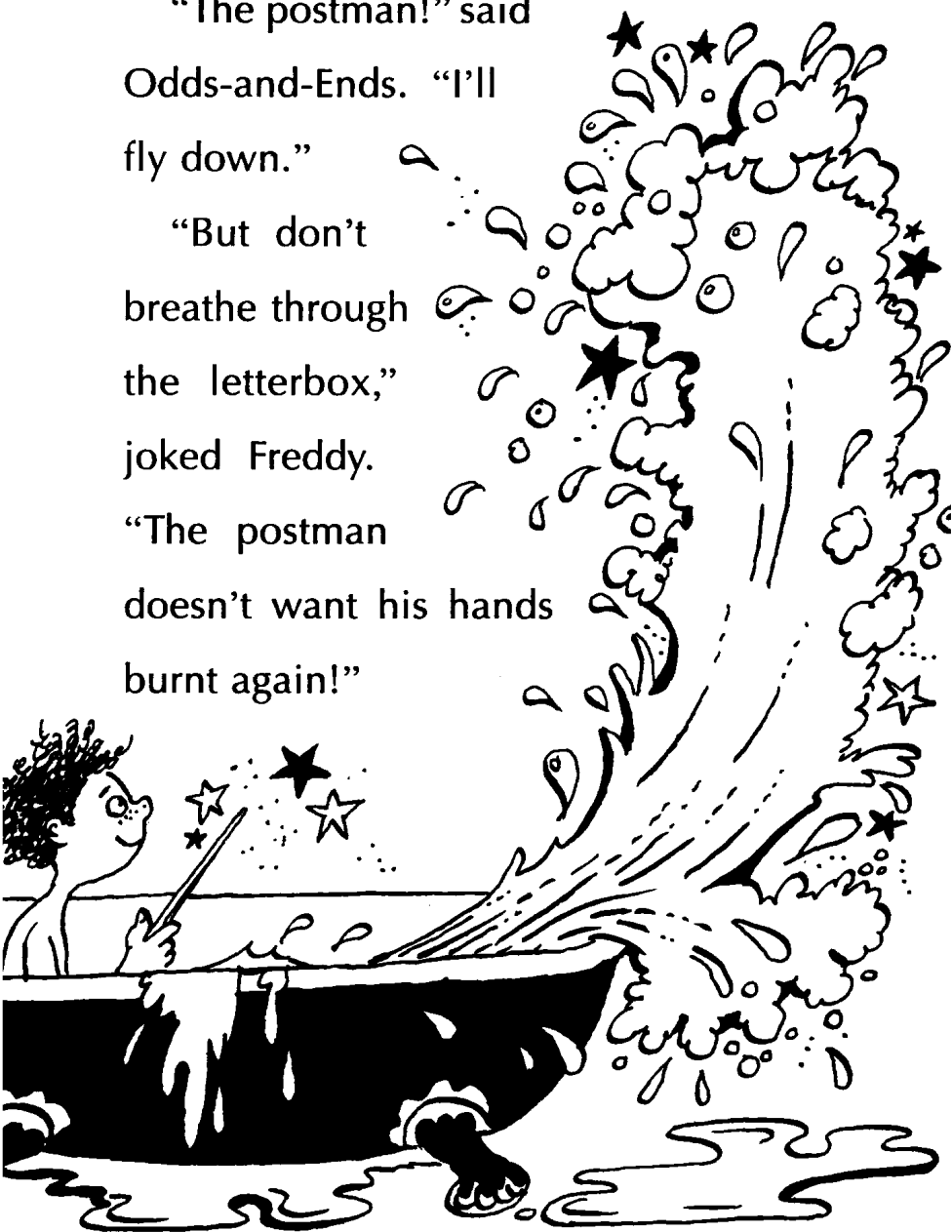
“Great Uncle Sneezer is going to be
on his World Wide Wizard Walk
for ages,” said Freddy. “I’m
looking after the house now.”

There was a loud thump from
downstairs.



“The postman!” said
Odds-and-Ends. “I’ll
fly down.”

“But don’t
breathe through
the letterbox,”
joked Freddy.
“The postman
doesn’t want his hands
burnt again!”



“Aha,” Freddy said quietly to himself.
“Now Odds is out of the way, / can make waves again.”

He fished up his wand and twirled it round and round again.

“Wizzbang-a-water! 

 Whip-up-the-wave!”

When Odds-and-Ends returned, he had to hover frantically over the bath to get Freddy’s attention. Freddy reluctantly lowered his wand and the bath water stopped swirling and bubbling.

“Oh dear!” Odds-and-Ends moaned.
“Sodden floorboards, wet wallpaper –

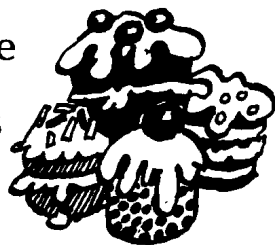


and now this!" In his claws, the dragon held out a rather soggy red envelope.

"It looks official," he added.

"Bother!" said Freddy, looking at the envelope closely. In his head he made a list of what the letter inside might say:

A big bill for all the cakes he had bought in Mrs Muncher's shop – YUM YUM!



A card from his mum and dad asking if he had cleaned his ears and changed his socks – BORING!

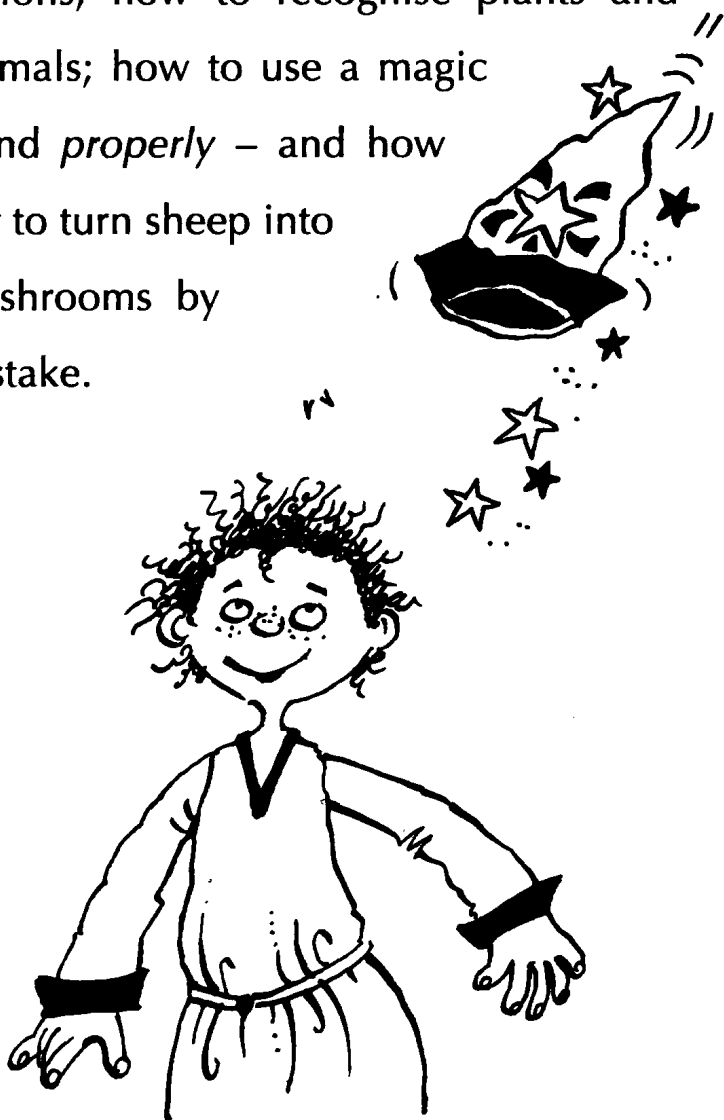
A letter from Farmer Tusk complaining that Freddy had turned his sheep into mushrooms – OOPS!

“Whatever it is, I’ll read it later,” Freddy said, as he jumped out of the bath.

He muttered a few magic words and the towel flew across the room and rubbed him dry. His wizard’s gown floated up from the floor and slipped over his shoulders. His hat jumped down from its peg and landed on his head.

Freddy loved spells. He really did want to be a world famous wizard like his Great Uncle Sneezer, but that meant

lots of hard work: learning how to mix potions; how to recognise plants and animals; how to use a magic wand *properly* – and how *not* to turn sheep into mushrooms by mistake.



No, Freddy liked his own spells, especially the ones that went

Kerpow, Splat,
Boom or Wizzbang.

And he was so busy doing these that he hadn't even had time to look at the Wizards' Handbooks that Great Uncle Sneezzer had asked him to study while he was away.

Freddy called his toothbrush and it flew across the room, picking up a dollop of toothpaste on its way. Odds-and-Ends ducked



just in time as the toothbrush spun into the wall with a smack.

“Oh dear, Master Freddy,” steamed Odds-and-Ends, his tail flicking from side to side. “Your Great Uncle Sneezer *always* opened his post as soon as it arrived.”

But Freddy was far too busy trying to make the toothbrush come back towards his mouth. It floated in the air just in front of his face. A quick flick and it left a blob of



toothpaste on the end of his nose.

“It looks like a very important letter,” insisted Odds-and-Ends, tapping Freddy rather sharply on the shoulder. “Look at the logo on the envelope.”

Freddy wiped the toothpaste off his nose and took the envelope from the dragon.

“Chief Inspector of Wizards,” Freddy read. “What does that mean?”

“Why don’t you open it and find out?” said Odds-and-Ends.

Freddy took the envelope and tore it open. Inside, the letter said: