

Thank you to children at the kindergarten of Santa Casa da Misericórdia de Mafra, Portugal, for helping with the endpapers.

For Jen Long—V.T.

For Luna, with love from Vovo's amigo—K.P.

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Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

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First published in 2024

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available
978-1-38-205175-0 (hardback)
978-1-38-205176-7 (paperback and audio)

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in China

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural, recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests. The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental regulations of the country of origin.

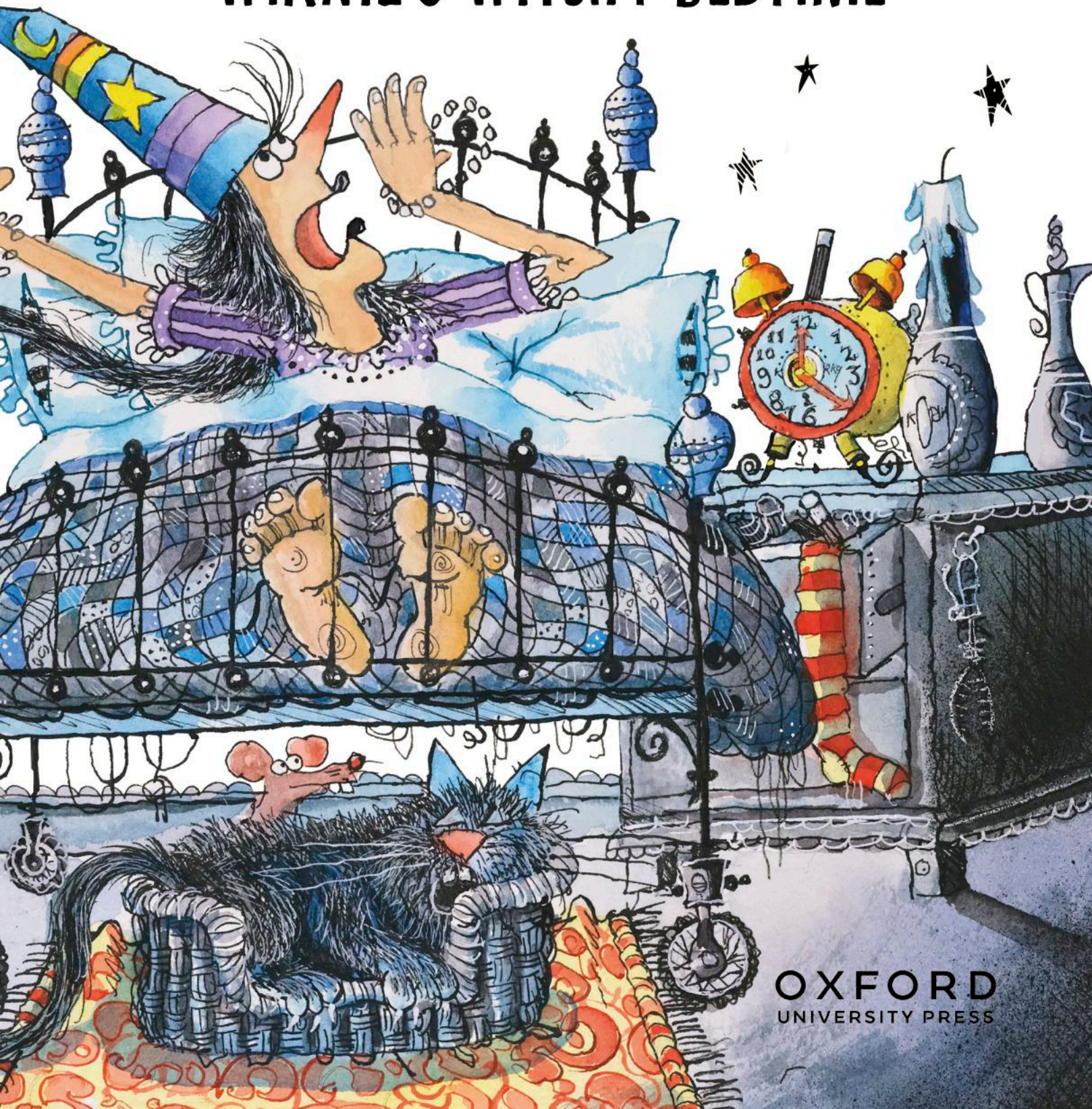
www.winnieandwilbur.com



VALERIE THOMAS AND KORKY PAUL

Winnie AND Wilbur

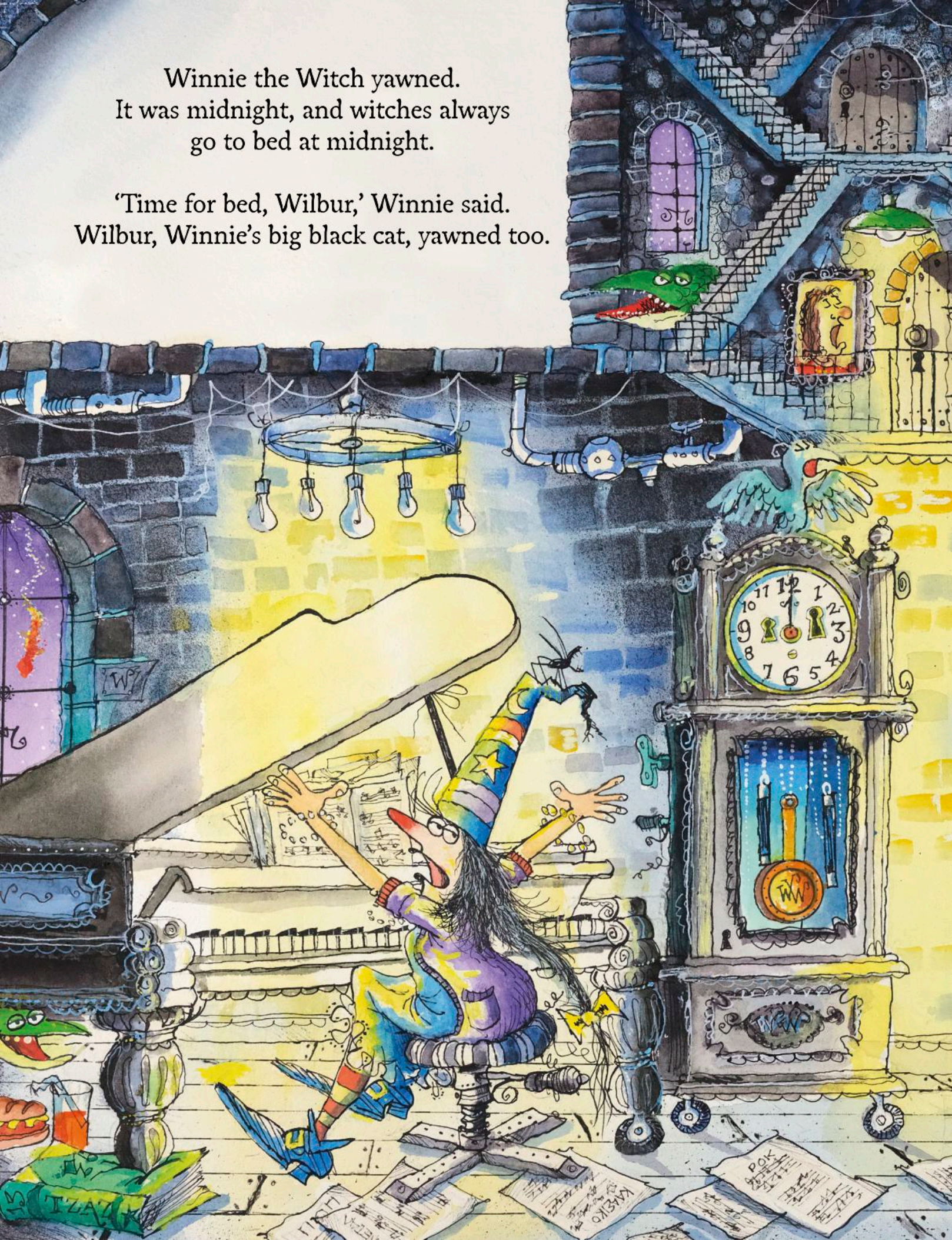
WINNIE'S WITCHY BEDTIME



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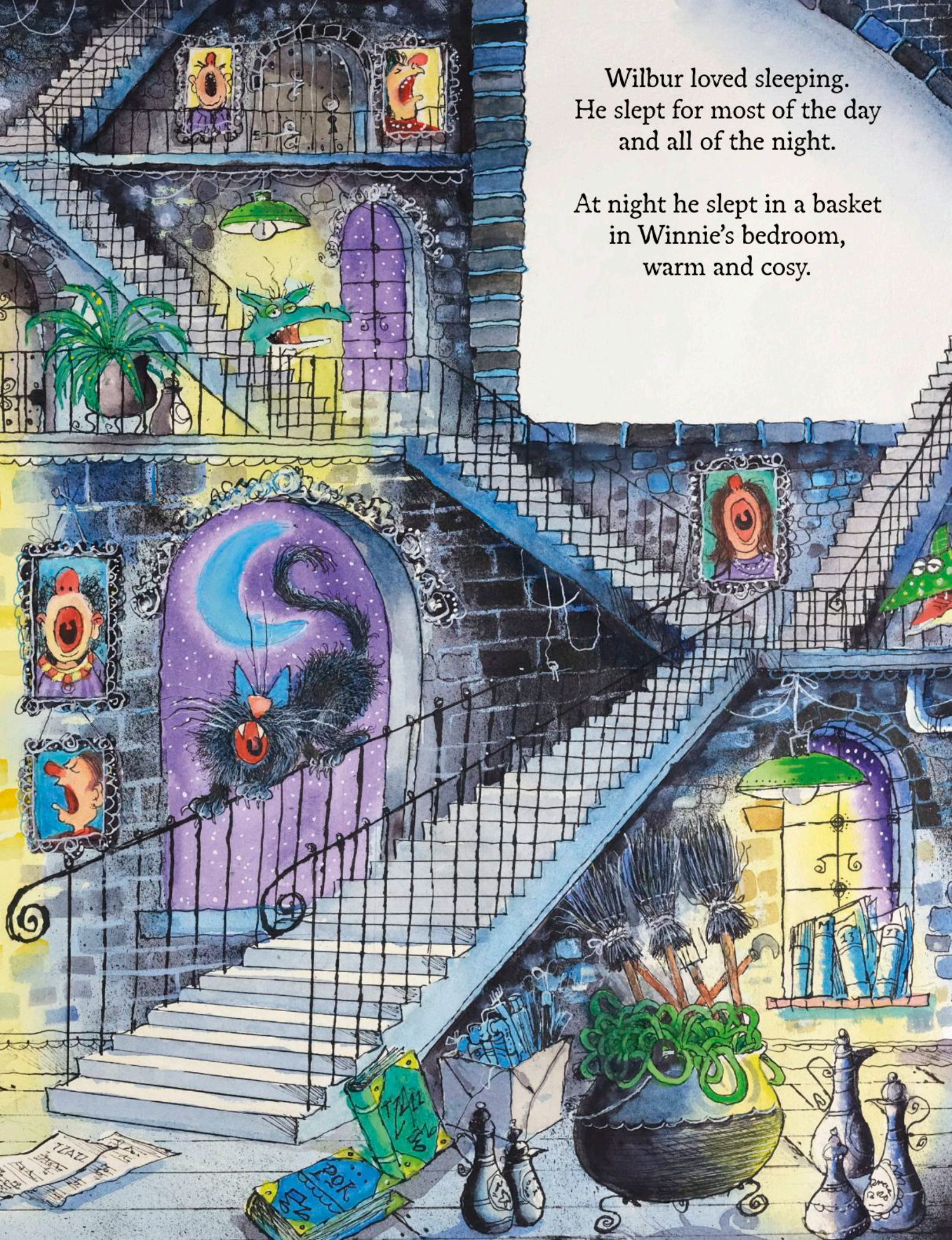
Winnie the Witch yawned.
It was midnight, and witches always
go to bed at midnight.


'Time for bed, Wilbur,' Winnie said.
Wilbur, Winnie's big black cat, yawned too.



Wilbur loved sleeping.
He slept for most of the day
and all of the night.

At night he slept in a basket
in Winnie's bedroom,
warm and cosy.





Winnie tucked Wilbur into his
basket and snuggled into bed.
She was warm and
comfortable and sleepy.
She shut her eyes.

But she didn't go to sleep.

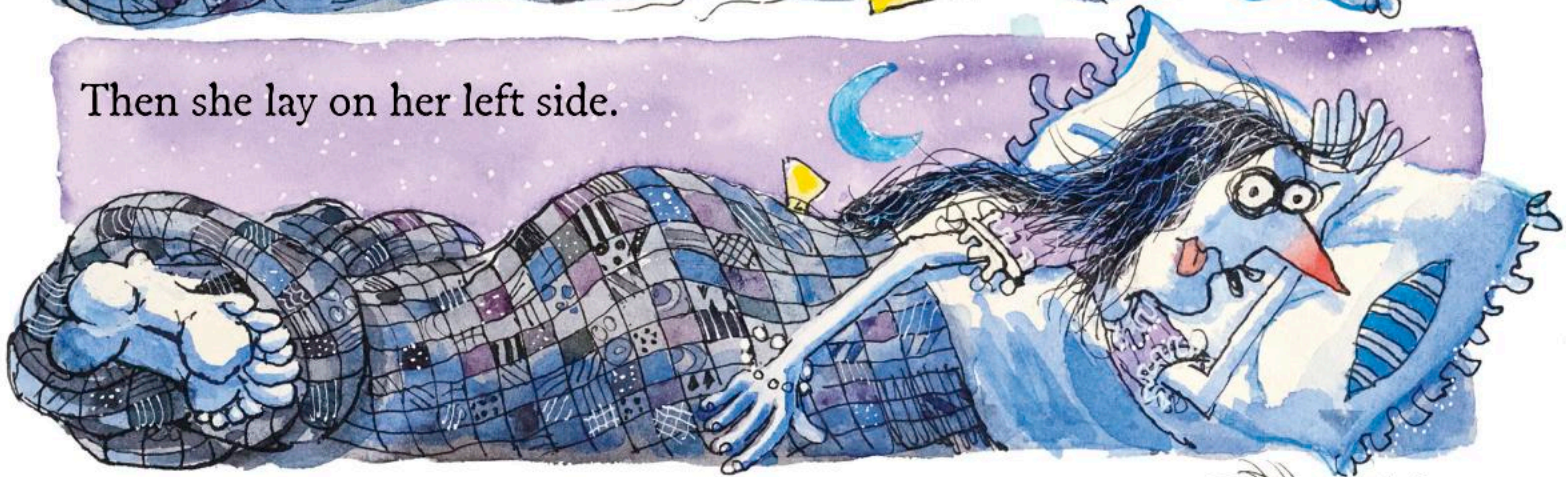
She lay on her back.



Then she lay on her right side.

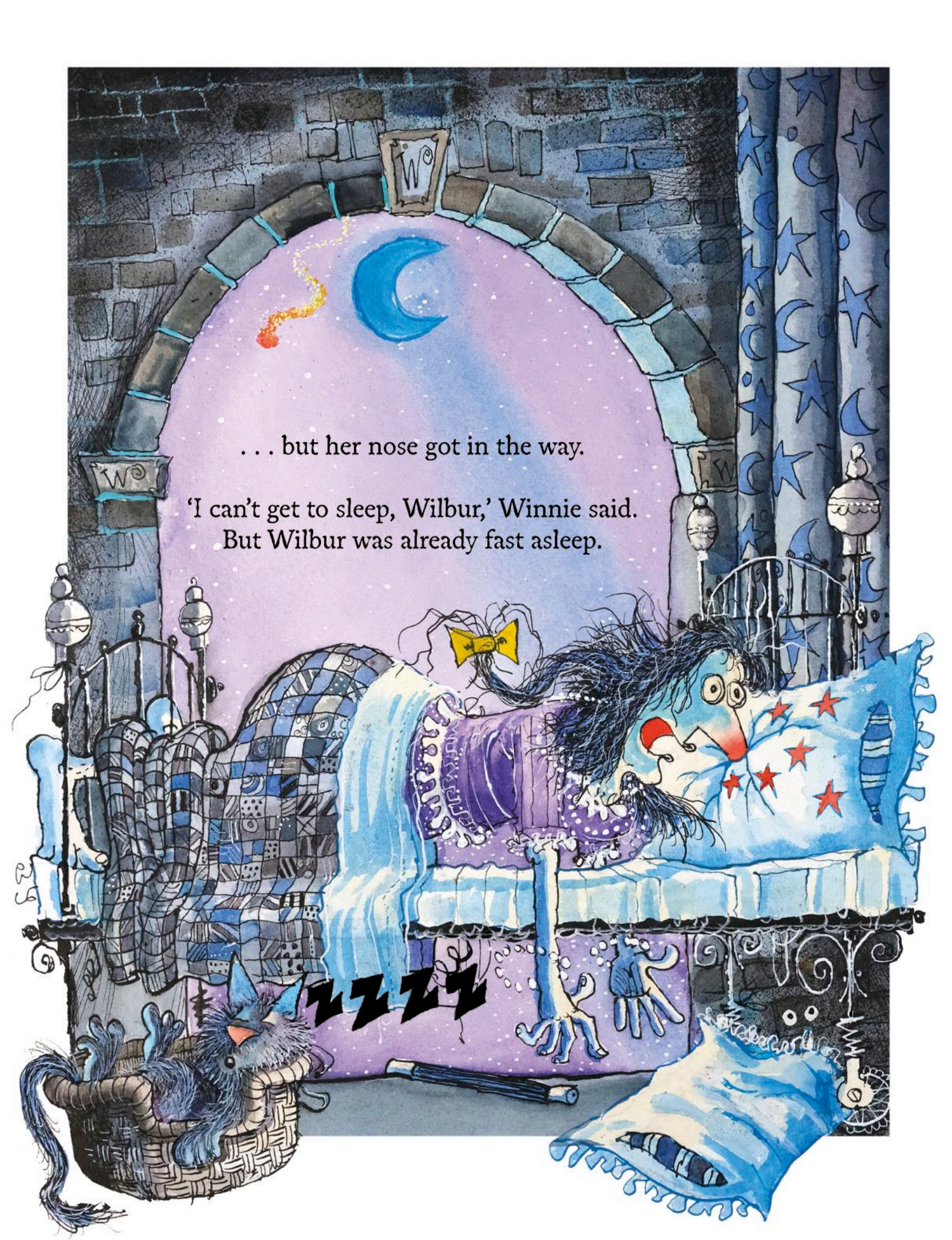


Then she lay on her left side.



She tried to lie on her stomach . . .





... but her nose got in the way.

'I can't get to sleep, Wilbur,' Winnie said.
But Wilbur was already fast asleep.