Once upon a time a witch had a cat and a very tall hat.

But how the witch wailed and how the cat spat, when the wind blew so wildly it blew off her hat.

Down cried the witch and they flew to the ground. They search for a hat but no hat could be found. Then out of the bushes on thundering paws, there bound a dog with the hat in his jaws.

I am a dog as keen as can be, is there room on the broom for a dog like me?

Yes cried the witch and the dog clambered on. The witch tapped the broomstick and woosh! they were gone.

The witch laughed aloud and held onto her hat but away blew the bow from her long ginger plait.

Down cried the witch and they flew to the ground. They searched for the bow but no bow could be found.

Then out from a tree with an ear-splitting shriek, there flapped a green bird with the bow in her beak.

I am a bird as green as can be, is there room on the broom for a bird like me?

Yes, cried the witch so the bird fluttered on. The witch tapped the broomstick and woosh! they were gone.

They shot through the sky to the back of beyond, the witch clutched her bow but let go of her wand.

Down cried the witch and they flew to the ground, they search for the wand but no wand could be found.

Then all of a sudden, from out of a pond came a dripping wet frog with a dripping wet wand.

I am a frog as clean as can be, is there room on the broom for a frog like me?

Yes, cried the witch so the frog bounded on. The witch tapped the broomstick and woosh! they were gone.

Over the moor and the mountains they flew, the frog jumped for joy and the broom snapped in two!