

IZZY WIZZY GETS BUSY

By Simon Parker

IZZY WIZZY:

(Whispering) Toad? Toad? Has he gone? *(Breathing a sigh of relief.)* Oh, I am glad. Thank you for covering for me. If our master had found out it was me who put the treacle in the pig potion, he'd have turned me into a frog. Or a toad, like you. *(Laughing)* It was funny though, wasn't it? How was I to know what would happen? I had just the tiniest taste of the pig potion and it was yuk. Absolutely Eeeergh. Completely blurrh. I thought, "This won't do. Nobody's going to drink this." So I poured in half a tin of treacle. Who'd have thought it would make the pigs blow up like balloons, turn blue with yellow spots and float away out of the pig pen?

Toad, if only our master would let me learn proper magic out of his big black book, that sort of thing wouldn't happen, would it? I'd know what to expect. I mean, how hard can doing magic be? You've only got to pick the right sized wand, read the right words out of the book and wave your hands about a bit. Anybody could do it. *You* could do it.

What?

(Giggling) No, we mustn't. We'll get into terrible trouble if he finds out. Do you really think we could? Oooh, how exciting. How thrilling. How jambamfantabulosible! Let's do it. Let's do a spell, our very own spell. Where, the big black book? Where's he hidden it? Hop over there and find it, Toad, while I get the wand.

What do you mean, get a small want? Not me, not Izzy Wizzy. I'm going to get the biggest magic want I can find!