

CHAPTER 1

The ground shook as a huge frog let off a thundering GRIBBIT!

'What in the world was that noise?' asked Wendy Wizardson, who was sitting in a quiet corner of the garden, working on her latest book. 'And what happened to the house? Where has it gone?'

'Er, I think I've really done it this time,' admitted Wyman, who was trying to hide his magic wand behind his back. But there was no concealing the colossal amphibian that was sitting on the grass in front of them.

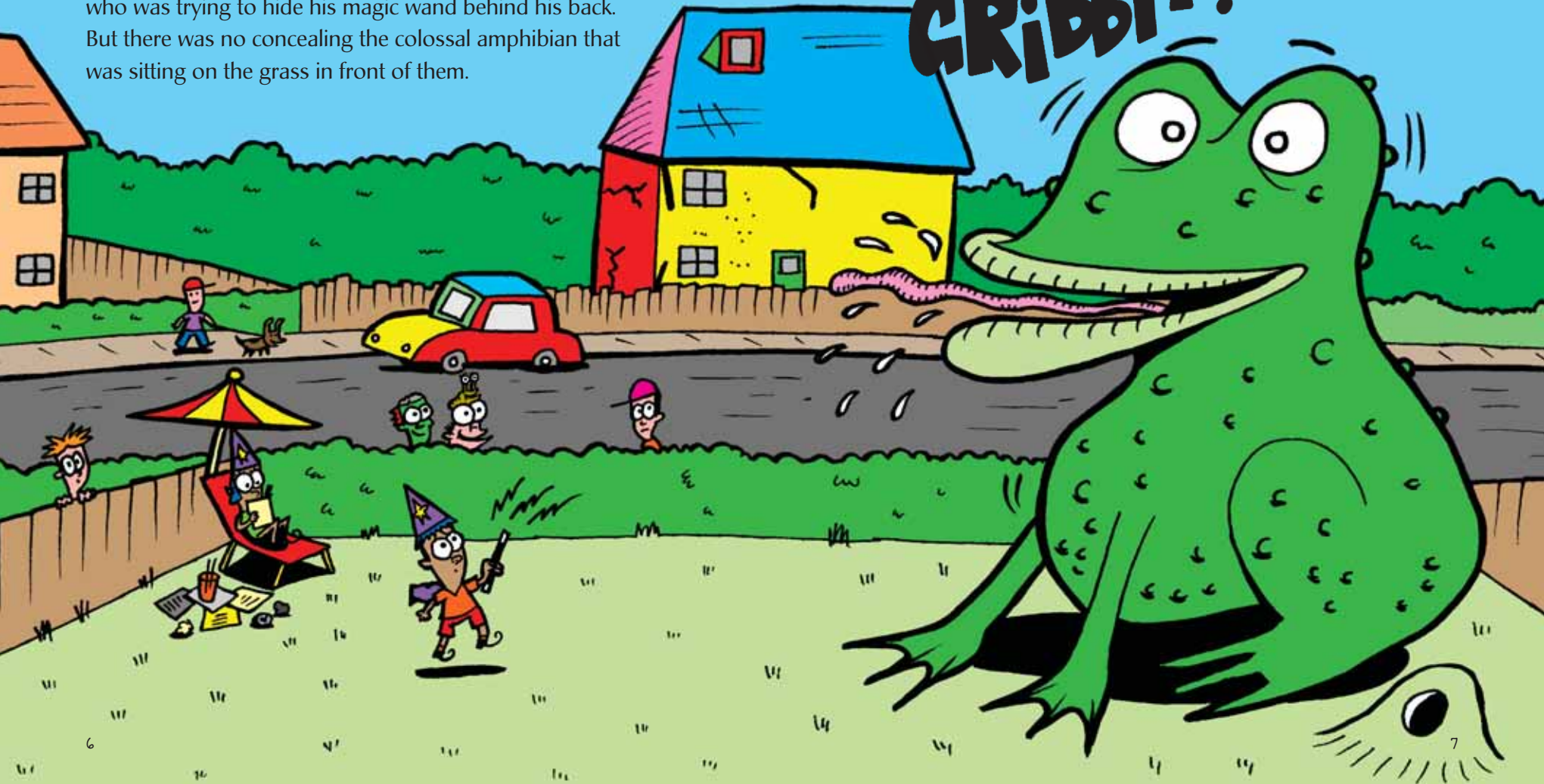


Wendy gasped. 'Don't tell me you've turned our house into a giant frog?!'

'I was just trying a painting spell,' explained Wyman. 'I thought it would be a nice surprise for Mum and Dad if I gave the house a fresh coat of paint before they returned from the vet's.'

'Well it sure is an unforgettable shade of green!' said Wendy.

GRIBBIT!



Wendy and Wyman attempted every spell they knew in an effort to turn the frog back into their house, but they weren't having any luck.

'I think Mum and Dad are back,' said Wendy, as she heard the sound of the family Turbo-Broom.



'Looks like I have some explaining to do,' said Wyman, who was quite used to owning up to his magical mistakes. Although he was a very enthusiastic trainee wizard, he had a habit of getting things wrong, which more often than not involved accidentally making frogs.



'What's Wyman done now?' asked Mr Wizardson, as he lowered the Turbo-Broom onto the front lawn.

When Wyman described how he'd turned their house into a jumbo frog his parents were not happy.

'What have we told you about DIY spells?' said Mrs Wizardson, lifting Willow carefully out of the broom. 'They're NOT for beginners, and you shouldn't be trying big spells unless it's an emergency.'



'I'm sorry, I just wanted to surprise you with a repainted house—it needed a fresh coat. And, well,' said Wyman, coyly, 'at least it's the biggest frog I've ever made!'

'That's true,' said Mr Wizardson, with a chuckle. 'We'll repaint the house together, once Willow's tucked up in bed. But first we need to turn this frog back into our house before it hops away and flattens Freak Street!'

The frog had already started hopping up and down on the spot and it looked like it wanted to jump over the garden fence. Quickly Mr and Mrs Wizardson got to work: Mrs Wizardson muttered a spell while Mr Wizardson pointed his magic staff at the giant creature.



After a cloudy explosion of purple smoke the frog was gone, and in its place was the family home—a giant toadstool.



'Phew!' said Wyman, grateful that his magical mix-up hadn't been permanent.

Mrs Wizardson checked to see whether the front door still worked. Luckily, it opened. She turned back to Wyman, 'Promise us, no more unsupervised magic!'