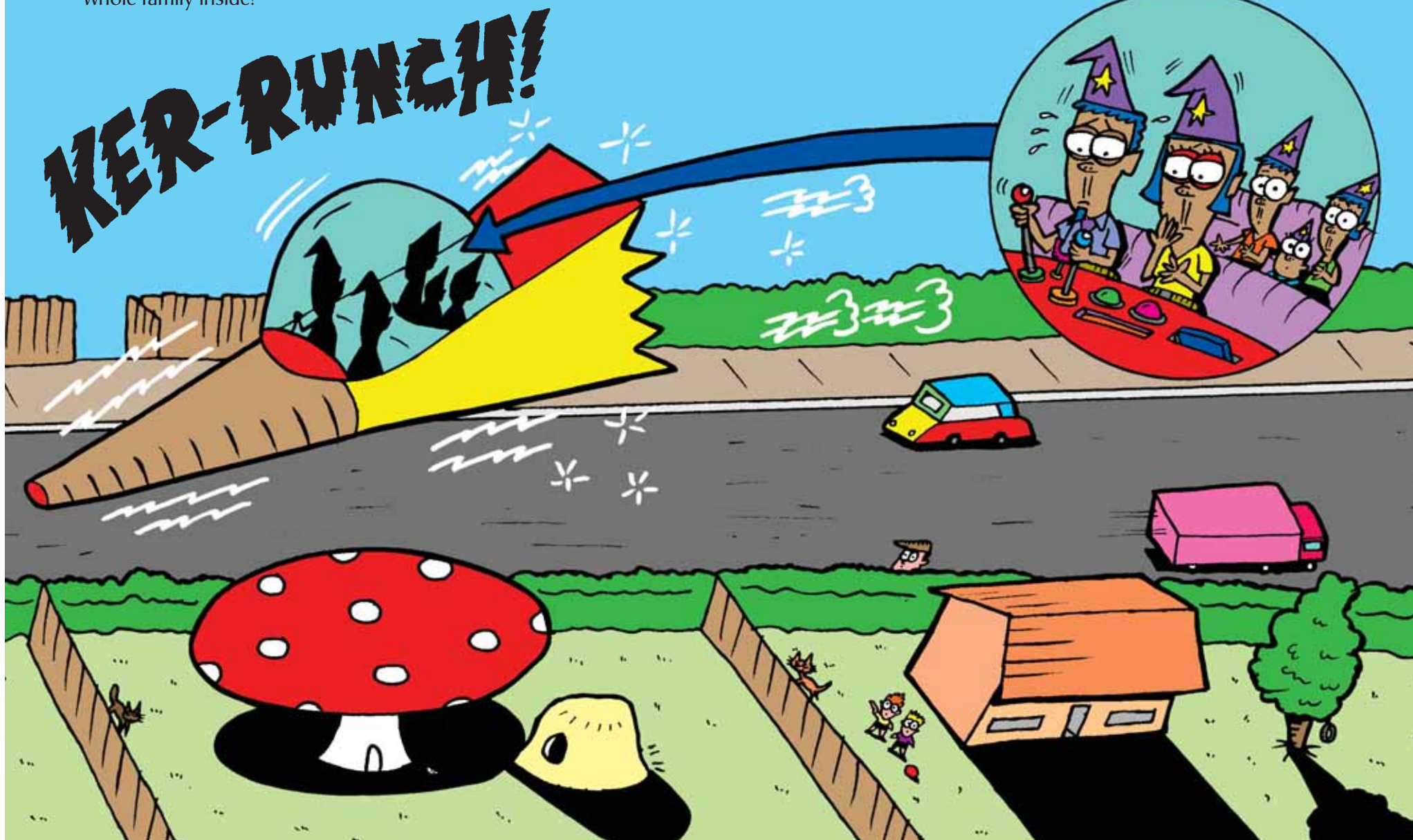


CHAPTER 1

A loud crunching noise, a shudder, a shake, then silence . . . The Wizardson's family vehicle, the Turbo-Broom, had broken down. It was wobbling up in the sky with the whole family inside!

Yes, having a high-powered broom means you can avoid regular traffic jams, red lights and buses, but it also means that if you break down you could find yourself stuck in mid-air! Today the family broom had shuddered to a halt right above the Wizardsons' house.



'Good thing we're members of the Wizard and Witch Broom Association,' said Mrs Wizardson. 'They've got qualified wizchanics on call, 24/7.'

Mr Wizardson twisted the magic crystal on the end of his wand to the WWBA's number. It started to glow.

'When will they get here?' asked Wendy impatiently.

'It won't take them long to pick up this signal,' sighed Mr Wizardson.

'Can't we just do a parachute spell?' whined Wyman, who was also in a hurry to get home.

'You know the First Rule Of Magic,' said Mrs Wizardson. '*In public places only use spells in an emergency.* And this isn't an emergency—yet.'



Finally a recovery broom zoomed into view. 'Sorry it took us so long,' said the wizchanic, 'but I had to deal with a twelve broom pile-up above the Home Dome Superstore.'

'So what seems to be the problem?' asked the wizchanic, after she'd towed the Wizardsons down to the ground.

'We were on our way back from the park when the engine simply cut out,' said Mrs Wizardson. 'It's never happened before.'



'We always have our broom properly serviced,' added Mr Wizardson, 'and we only use lead-free magic.'

'Really,' muttered the wizchanic, as she carefully examined the engine. 'Well, I can't see anything wrong here. It's most peculiar.'

All of a sudden the engine gave out a loud 'gribbit', followed by another, then another!

'Aha,' said the wizchanic. 'There's your problem . . . you've got an engine full of frogs!'

'Wyman!' shouted Mr and Mrs Wizardson in unison.



Wyman collected the frogs from the engine. 'I'll get a spell right one day,' he groaned.

Whenever anything puzzling occurred in the Wizardson household, Wyman was usually behind it—especially if it involved frogs. He practised his trainee wizardry every day after school, but his spells always seemed to go wrong.

'I think we need a holiday,' sighed Mrs Wizardson, as the family waved goodbye to the wizchanic.