





Around it lay a garden. The pixie who had lived there before had kept the garden really beautiful. There were rose trees there and big bushes of lavender. There were nasturtiums climbing up the wall and a great big patch of sunflowers in one corner.

The witch hated flowers. She didn't want a single one in her garden.



So she called in Snoopy, the old gardener who lived at the bottom of the hill, and told him to dig up all the plants.

'What, dig up all the flowers? cried Snoopy in horror. 'Don't you want a garden then? Everyone in Fairyland has a garden and keeps it beautiful.'



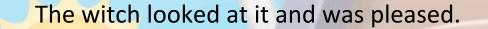
'Do as I tell you,' snapped the Dumpy-Witch, looking at Snoopy out of her deep, green eyes so that he trembled and shook. 'Dig up everything! Burn it on a rubbish heap! And then get some big square flagstones, fit them together and pave the garden from end to end so that nothing can grow there!'







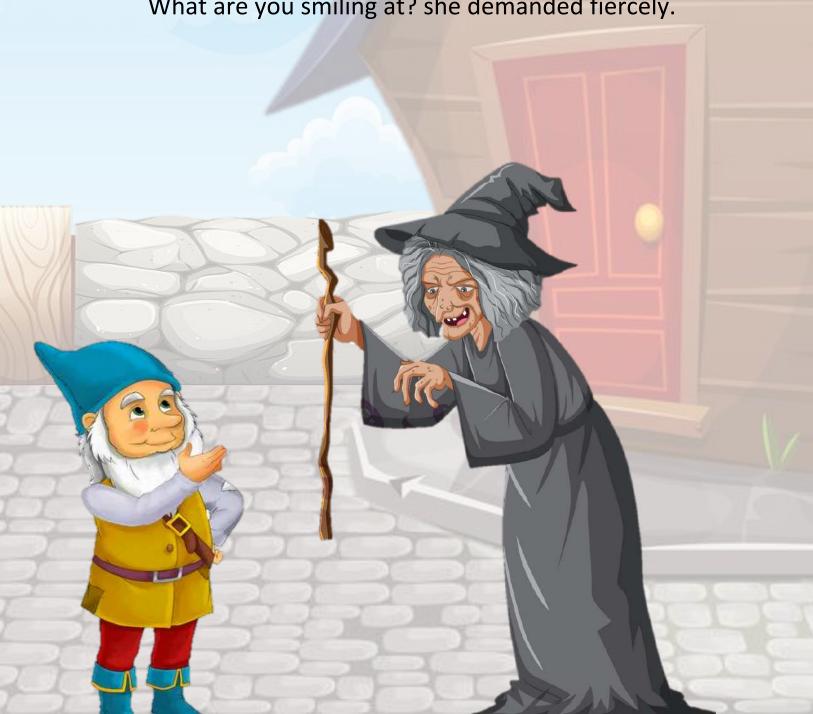




'Ha!' she said. No flowers can grow there now! Mine will be the only garden in Fairyland without flowers. How annoyed the fairies will be!

Snoopy looked at the witch and a funny little smile came over his tanned face. The Dumpy-Witch saw it.

What are you smiling at? she demanded fiercely.



There are worse things than ladybird' said Snoopy. 'But I'll tell you what I was smiling at, Dumpy-Witch. I was smiling because you thought you wouldn't get flowers in this ugly stone yard.

You will! Yes, you will! You can't stop them coming!

The Dumpy-Witch frowned.



You don't know what you are talking about!' she said. 'I shall put a spell along all the walls so that no one can get near enough to plant a single seed in the yard not that anything would grow in such a stony place anyhow! And if no one can get in to plant seeds, no flowers will grow!



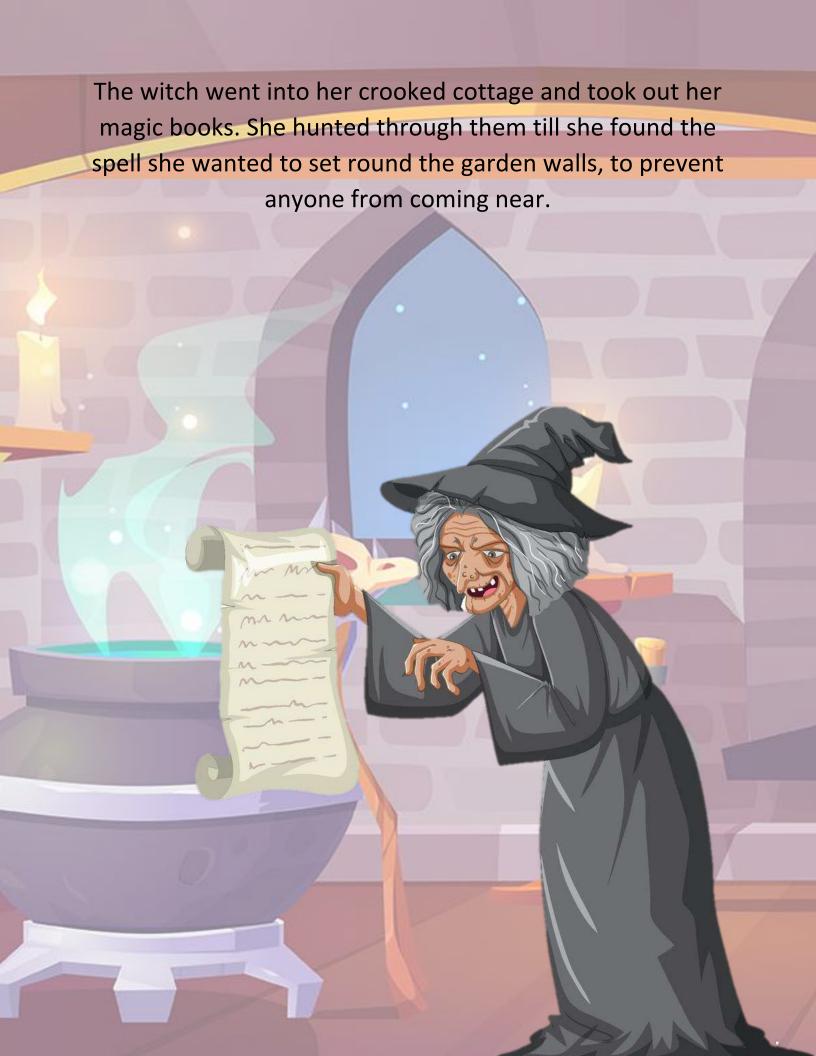
But still old Snoopy smiled away and he shook his grey head at the angry witch.

'You may think you're powerful with your big spells, Dumpy-Witch,' he said. 'But there's someone more powerful than you in Fairyland. Wait and see!'

'Well, if there's anyone more powerful than I am in Fairyland, I'll go as soon as I find it's true!' said the witch sharply. 'Now get away from here and don't come back.'









After that she shut herself up in the sitting room with a fire that burned blue flames, and began to study deep magic for weeks and weeks on end. She didn't know if the sun was shining, she didn't know when it was raining - she just sat and thought of spells and magic, enchantments and bewitchments.



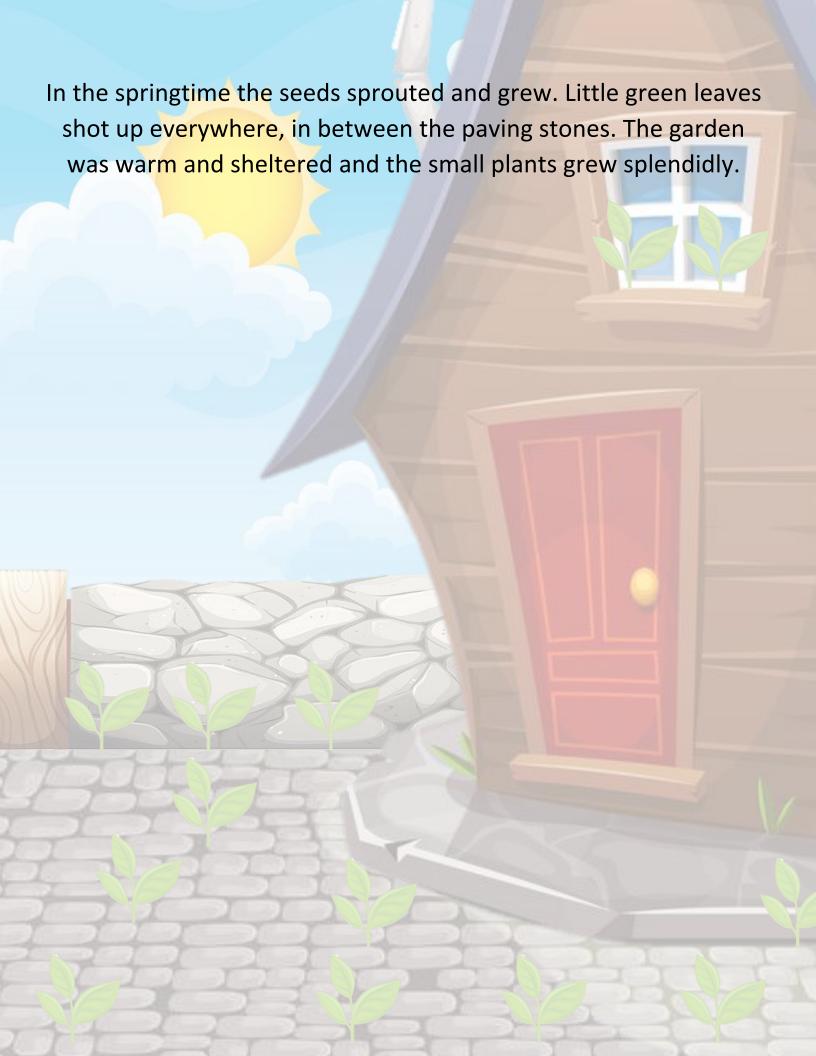


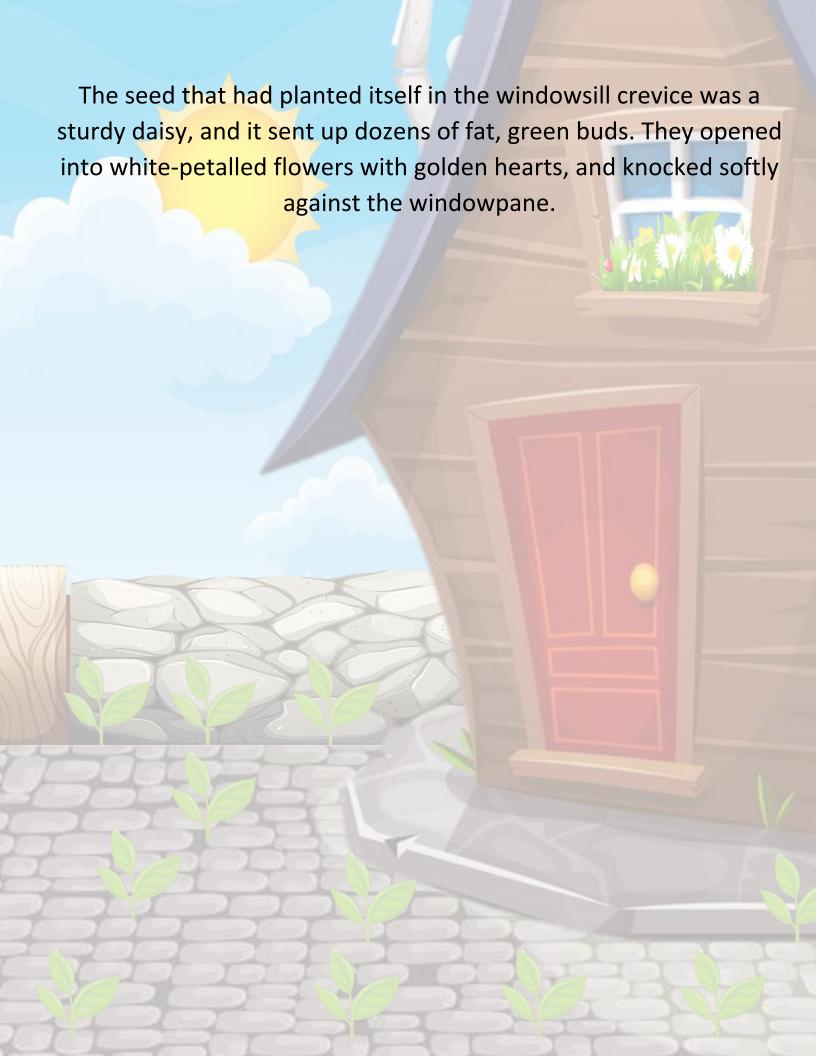
Then the wind went out hunting. How it hunted! It hunted for dandelion clocks and blew the fluffy seeds into the air. It hunted for daisy seeds and thistle seeds. It looked for the tall, pink willow-herb and blew handfuls of its seeds away into the air.

It went wandering into the trees, and took some ash keys and sycamore keys spinning round and round through the autumn air. It found some yellow groundsel and blew the fluffy seeds away. Oh, I couldn't tell you bow many seeds it found.





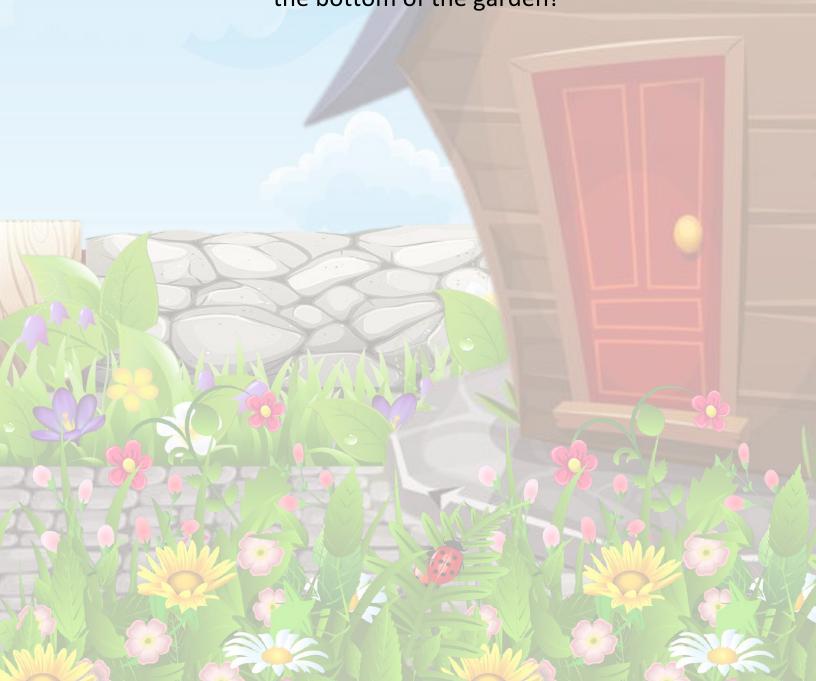


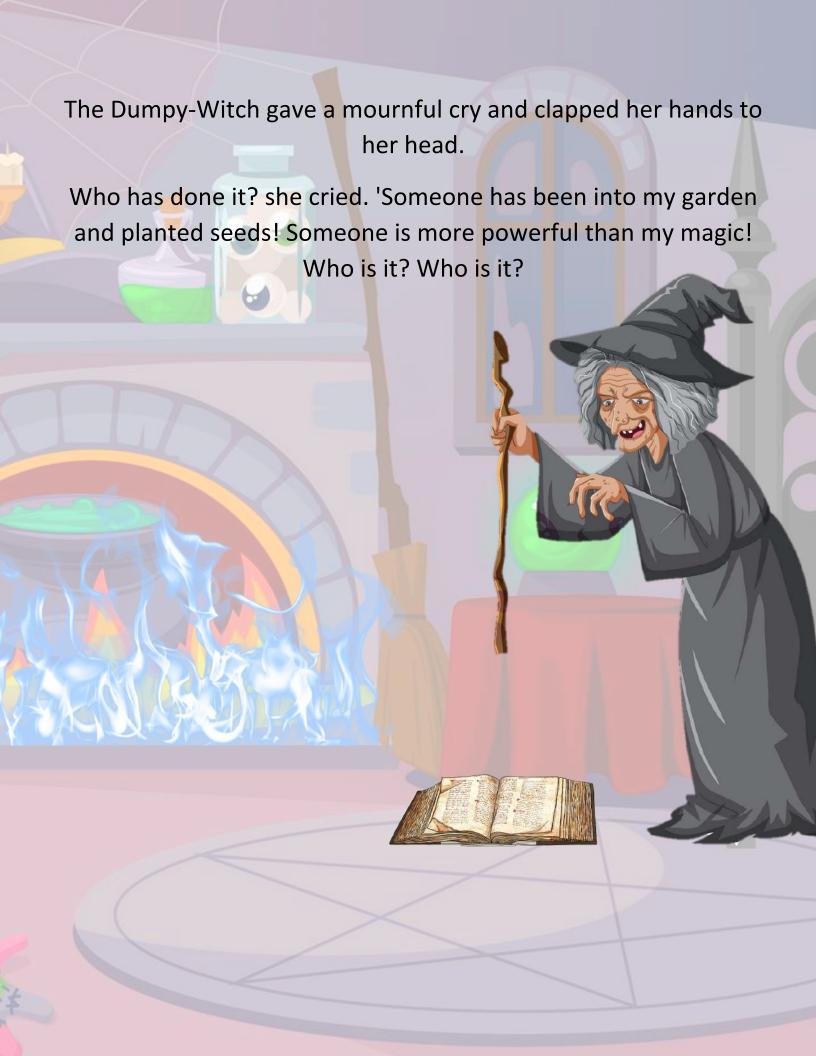




She ran to the window and dear me, what a mass of flowers met her eye!

Groundsel, daisies, dandelions - willow-herbs springing up ready to flower later, thistles in bud, their splendid prickly leaves standing sturdily out from their stem - and actually two small trees, one a sycamore and one an ash, growing twig-like out of the crack between two paving stones near the bottom of the garden!









'Dumpy-Witch, Dumpy-Witch,' he said very slowly and solemnly, 'someone more powerful than all the witches together has been here. I can hear him coming

Now! Now! NOW! Get your broomstick and fly away before he gets you! He has planted your garden in spite of your spells ... listen, listen - here he comes!

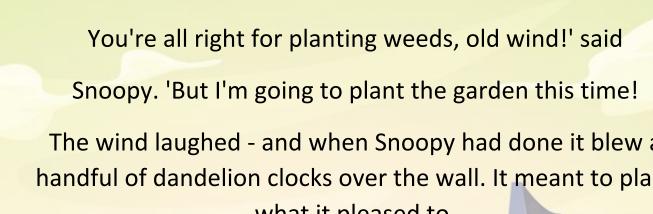






He set to work to dig up the ugly paving stones, and soon he had dug over the garden and made it ready to be planted properly. He had neat little packets of seeds all ready - nasturtiums, candytuft, marigolds and a hundred others.





The wind laughed - and when Snoopy had done it blew a handful of dandelion clocks over the wall. It meant to plant what it pleased to.



