

Resource Sheet 1

Session 1

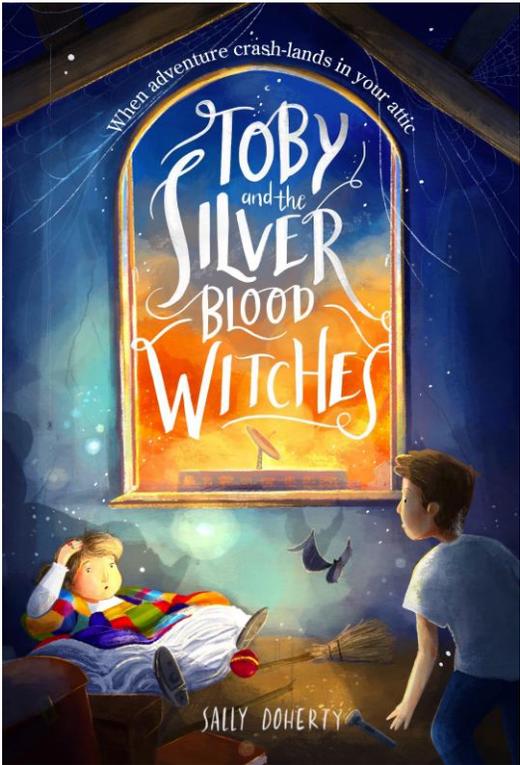


Illustration by Sarah Jane Docker



Resource Sheet 2  
Session 6

Bumble's Story

“Bumble, perhaps it's time you told Toby your story,” said Willow to the witch at her side before turning to Toby. “You understand it's very dangerous for Earthens to know about the wyline clan? We have to keep our existence secret for our own safety. We are disclosing this information to you only because we have to, because we may need your help.”

Toby grunted a non-committal reply. They made it sound like they were doing him a favour! At what point would they understand he didn't want to help, couldn't help?

“Bumble?” prompted Witch Willow.

Witch Bumble swelled with pride at the prospect of being the centre of attention and the one to reveal her story to Toby. “I was in my house in Little Witchery when ...”

“Please excuse me a moment, Bumble,” interrupted Witch Willow, “but perhaps I should first briefly explain our history to Toby.” She turned to address him. “For many centuries,” she began, “witches lived on land amongst Earthens. Throughout this time, we were a persecuted race. You have heard perhaps that suspected witches were often drowned or burnt at the stake? Gradually, our wyline ancestors fled society and established small colonies in remote areas. Their lives remained, however, in danger, and so it was that they built a town in the sky; a new home where they hoped they could be safe and free.”

“In the sky?” Toby raised an eyebrow.

“Sky hooks!” exclaimed Bumble triumphantly as if this would explain everything.

“Bumble, you may continue your story,” Willow instructed.

“Now, where was I?” muttered Bumble. “Ah, yes, there I was, having a bit of a sit down when I saw Skylark, that's my niece, hurrying past my house. She was up to something. I was sure of it. Fifteen years old and a bit of a tearaway, when all's said and done. ‘Going through a difficult phase,’ her mum says. Skylark was clearly on her way somewhere, and what's more she'd got her broomstick with her. So I followed, grabbing my own broom on the way out. She was heading straight for the outskirts, with me always a bit behind. To be honest, it was hard to keep up. And then, after we'd walked down a few roads, quite suddenly she vanished. Talk about shocked!”

“Making yourself invisible is against wyline code,” said Witch Willow.

“But it's the only way to see another invisible person,” continued Bumble, “being in a bubble yourself. So I had no choice but to turn myself invisible too. As Skylark approached the exit to Little Witchery, I finally worked out what she was up to. Before I could stop her, she'd

tiptoed past the witch on guard and disappeared through the hole.” Bumble shot an apologetic glance in the direction of Witch Willow, not daring to meet her eyes. “I’m sorry, I can see now I should have told the sentry. At the time, all I could think about was not getting Skylark into trouble. And so, instead of calling for help, I too flew out into the evening sky.” Bumble trailed off. “I’m not much good in a crisis.”

Patting Bumble’s arm, Witch Hazel cleared her throat and spoke for the first time since her arrival. “Travelling alone outside is forbidden,” she explained in her soft, gentle voice. “In the past, witches were allowed to leave the town on occasional forays, providing they were in small groups. Even this is now rare. It’s not safe. You did well, Bumble, to notice Skylark was leaving.” Hazel paused in thought. “Many years ago, my grandmother lived on land. Her small wyline community lived in constant fear of Earthens. The tales she told!” Witch Hazel looked lost for a moment, far away amongst her memories, then her eyes returned to Toby. “Young witches today complain of being trapped and having no freedom. They don’t realise how lucky they are to have the sanctuary of Little Witchery.” She gave a sigh and a small smile.

Bumble picked up her tale again, seeming more confident after Hazel’s kind words. “The dusk was drawing in. To the east, I could see nothing but shadows. I scanned the sky for Skylark. And there she was, a small black figure on the western horizon, silhouetted against the final rays of sun. I sped towards her, but she was travelling so swiftly I couldn’t catch her. She didn’t notice me. In fact, she was oblivious to everything. She adores flying, does Skylark. She soared and swooped through the air on her broomstick like a bird. Yet all the birds were safe in their roosts, as she should have been too. It was as she lost height, that I realised the true reason for her outing ...”

A small bell tinkled above. Toby cursed. Sometimes Mum had the worst timing. Despite his annoyance at the witches’ invasion of his house, he found himself riveted by Bumble’s story. He ignored the bell and let Bumble continue.

“A few years ago, Skylark’s younger sister, Witch Daisy, went missing.” Bumble suppressed a sob.

The bell rang a second time. Toby couldn’t ignore it again. He heaved himself to his feet and headed for the stairs. There was a whoosh as he broke the soundproof wall and air was sucked back into the kitchen.

“Make sure you have a good lunch after all that racing around in the park, love,” said Mum, when he appeared at the bedroom door. “Can I have mine at half past one please?”

“OK. Do you want me to eat up here?” asked Toby. She liked him to eat with her, when he could; his company gave her a small break from her solitary existence.

His mum studied his preoccupied face. “No, don’t worry about me, I’m fine.”

Toby jogged downstairs. The witches had thirty minutes to carry on with their explanation before he had to take Mum her lunch. The murmur of voices filtered along the hall – Willow had forgotten to re-soundproof the room. It sounded like they were disagreeing about something, but Toby couldn’t quite make out the words.

“... have to put ... first.” Was that Witch Willow’s voice?

And then Hazel. “Not very fair on ...”

The conversation didn’t make any sense, and it stopped as soon as he entered the kitchen.

Willow was standing by the sink, scrutinising the view beyond. She regarded Toby thoughtfully then reseated herself between her two companions.

Delighted to have her audience back, Bumble plunged straight into her tale once more. “Flying so close to Earthen territory, I knew Skylark was looking for Daisy. We’ve searched countless times, but we’ve never found her. She would be eight now ... still so young. Skylark loved her little sister more than anything.” Bumble shot a glance at Willow before whispering, “I admire my niece for being the only one who hasn’t given up.”

Witch Hazel put a comforting hand on her shoulder. “Tell Toby what happened next,” she said gently.

“Skylark was flying far too low: she couldn’t have been more than ten metres from the ground.” Bumble’s voice quivered. “I was racing towards her when a small ball flew out of *that* gun.” The witch pointed a plump, accusing finger in the direction of Toby’s hedge behind which lay the SMI. “It struck Skylark on her back, and she fell to the earth. She lay there on the grass, as still and as lifeless as a rag doll.” Bumble’s face crumpled. “I tried to rescue her, I really did!” she choked. “But another ball flew out of the gun and missed my ear by a whisker. I swerved, flew over the hedge and dived through the first window I saw. And that’s how I ended up in your attic.”



Illustration by Sarah Jane Docker



Resource Sheet 4

Session 8

Encounters with Dacker and Boz

Dacker throws Toby a note from the car window.

Two to Toby.

Toby escapes from the night watchman but Dacker and Boz fall into the stream.

Crows aim their droppings at Dacker and Boz..

Dacker taunts Toby with the suggestion that he will be taken away.

One to Toby.

Toby is forced to eat worms.

Toby is shown a video of his mother.

Three to Toby.

Toby throws the pencil sharpener into the bin.

Text by Sally Doherty



Resource Sheet 5,

Session 8

Darren Dackman

**How does he move?**

“sauntered past”

“strolled towards him.”

a “sly snake about to strike.”

“sidled towards Toby”

**How does he speak?**

“jeered”

“was a boy of few words (other than the occasional snide remark)”

“hissed”

**What is his physical appearance like?**

“dressed in tracksuit bottoms and T-shirts”

his hair was carefully styled with gel.

“taller than Toby.”

“penetrating eyes”

**What are his facial expressions like?**

“smirked.”

“sneered.”

“menacing”



Resource Sheet 6

Session 8

### Events for Diary Entries

Toby is bullied during his final lesson at school before the holidays. (Chapter 2)

Walking home with Jazz, he receives a note from Dacker, outside the gates of the SMI.  
(Chapter 2)

Toby finds a strange woman in his attic and is attacked by her bat. (Chapters 3 and 4)

Toby meets Dacker and Boz in the park where he is shown a video of his mother. (Chapter 5)

Toby finds the wand but is spotted by his neighbour. (Chapter 6)

Toby gives the strange woman her wand and watches her perform magic. (Chapter 7)

The woman speaks to other witches but Toby is not allowed to hear her conversation. She flies to the kitchen. (Chapter 8)

The witches arrive and Toby hears Bumble's story. (Chapter 9)

Willow tests the witch detector. (Chapter 10)

In the park, Toby learns to ride a broomstick. Willow covers Dacker and Boz in bird droppings. (Chapter 10)

Testing the witch detector, Toby lands on the roof of the SMI. (Chapter 12)

Toby is forced to eat worms by Dacker and Boz. They are surprised by the night watchman but Toby escapes. (Chapter 14)



Resource Sheet 7

Session 9

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

“Toby gaped wide-eyed at the scene before him, the sound of hustle and bustle filling his ears. They were in a giant transparent dome. Winding roads and buildings of all shapes, sizes and colours stretched into the distance. He inhaled deeply. The air smelt faintly of bonfire smoke, of mystery ... of magic? Above, witches flew here and there in an orderly fashion. A traffic system floated in the sky, with signs suspended at intervals.

Absorbed in looking around, Toby could have stayed for hours, but Willow was already striding across a small green. Yellow flowers lining the grass, strained towards them. Three heads sprouted from each stalk and puffed out clouds of white gas in their direction.

“Don’t breathe! Cover your mouth and nose. And move! QUICKLY.” Willow placed her cloak sleeve over her face.

“What were *they*?” asked Toby, once they had left the flowers behind.

“They detect the presence of any strangers who enter Little Witchery. That gas would knock you out for a day.”

“If you can get past Howler and Growler first,” chuckled Bumble.

Willow raised an eyebrow. “You’ve given our stone guards names?”

“Of course!” said Bumble.

Toby shuddered. First the gargoyles and now the flowers. He needed to stay alert.

“The town has grown since its early days,” whispered Willow as they approached a row of houses, “but we still only have a few hundred inhabitants.”

Turning down the first street, a wave of panic rippled through Toby. Here he was, in a strange land, in the midst of a small army of powerful magical beings whom he still wasn’t sure he could trust. The further he ventured, the more trapped he would become. Yet as he walked down the street, his fear subsided in his marvel at the houses around him. They were like nothing Toby had ever seen before. Most were round, not very large and some even boasted a turret or two. But it was the uniqueness of each home that was so striking. Every dwelling seemed to have its own character, its own colour, as if it hummed with life.

They came to a cheery residence with curved sides, every shade of the rainbow. Rooms stuck off at various angles, and windows had been added in a clumsy fashion.

“My house,” Bumble pointed out proudly. Her words were unnecessary; the building resembled her to a tee.

The door swung open and out shot a dog. At least, it looked like a dog (a Golden Retriever to be exact), but then it unfurled its wings and flew around Bumble's head with excited woofs.

"Get down!" laughed Bumble as the animal tried desperately to lick her face. "My Golden Retriagle," she whispered to Toby, beaming. She ruffled its ears. "I'm sorry, you have to stay here."

With drooping ears and tail, the bird-dog sat and watched them as they continued on their way.

At the side of the road, they came to a field in which a number of witches were kneeling down amongst rows of strange-looking plants.

"Every wyline member of working age plays a role in the community," explained Willow. "Up above, you can see the Bubble Patrol – witches whose job it is to reinforce the town's invisible bubble."

A number of witches on broomsticks, so high they seemed tiny, were dotted around the inside of the dome.

"And these witches here cultivate our fresh vegetables," continued the Head Witch. "We do create our food magically too, but it's not nearly as sustaining."

"Nimnucket, sprugel." Bumble pointed out various vegetables.

At the end of the field, two witches in silver uniforms were talking to a wildly gesticulating woman.

"She stole my prize sprugel!" she cried.

"I never laid a finger on it! Now get me down from here." A witch hung upside down from a tree, her foot ensnared by a knot of twisted twigs.

Willow sighed. "Good day, Silver Keepers. Is there a problem?"

They saluted. "Good day, Witch Willow. Just a minor dispute."

"Well, I'll leave it in your capable hands." Willow turned to the owner of the missing vegetable. "But really, Witch Green, stolen sprugel or non-stolen sprugel, magic should not be used against a fellow witch. You know that."

Willow walked away before calling back, "And if someone would kindly remove Witch Waffle from the tree, I'm sure she's been there long enough."

As they left the field, a shrill whistle blew. The workers, without even looking up from the vegetables, pointed their wands upwards. Small brightly striped umbrellas sprouted from their caps as if the witches were trees growing branches.

"Watering time," said Bumble.

Large droplets of rain fell on the field while the witches, dry under their umbrellas, continued weeding and digging unperturbed.

Further on, Bumble pulled a purple fruit from a nearby bush. "Tibtab?" She held it out to her right.

"I'm behind you!" hissed Toby.

Jumping in surprise, Bumble spun round and thrust the object forwards. Toby's bubble burst with a pop. Without a moment's hesitation, Willow resurrected it. The tibtab was the size of a ping-pong ball but shaped like a teardrop with a rough purple skin.

Plucking another from the bush, Bumble peeled apart the pointed end, held the opening to her

mouth and squeezed the fleshy part. A jet of purple liquid squirted out. "Mmmm! Delicious!" She smacked her lips together.

She'd said the same about the pondweed water, and that had looked and smelt disgusting. Still, Toby was thirsty, so he peeled open the tibtab and sniffed the contents. It smelt lovely! He held it to his lips and squeezed. A rich berrylike syrup filled his mouth and trickled soothingly down his throat. Delicious indeed! It actually tasted rather familiar. What did it remind him of? Some sort of berry? No ... A fizzy drink? No ... And then it hit him. The worms! The worms Dacker had made him eat in the park last night. It tasted exactly the same. Toby knew it. Willow had followed him to the park last night. She had intervened, just as she had when Dacker's gang was playing Bull's Eye Bean earlier in the day. Toby tried to catch her eye, but she was already moving on.

A short sharp siren blared throughout the town. Toby stopped in alarm but the two witches continued walking.

"Only a small bubble intrusion." Bumble waved at the sky.

The witches tending to the dome flew swiftly till they disappeared from sight behind a tall building.

"I wonder what it will be today," chuckled Bumble. "Last Wednesday a flock of cravens got their beaks stuck in the bubble's outer layer."

"Cravens?" Toby frowned.

"You know, those big black birds."

"Oh, you mean ravens. Or crows."

"No, cravens," replied Bumble adamantly.

Toby bit his lip, arguing with her wasn't worth the effort.

A couple of streets later, Willow stopped outside an elegant-looking house which shimmered in varying shades of blue. "This is where Skylark and her mother live."

"My sister!" added Bumble with a fond expression.

Willow's knock at the door was answered with a quiet 'come in', and Toby followed the two witches into a small room. A woman sat curled up on the sofa, her eyes red and swollen; evidently she'd been told of her daughter's capture. Bumble rushed over to hold her and stroke the chestnut hair which matched her own. There was no other resemblance between them. Skylark's mother was slimmer and smarter in appearance, but Bumble seemed to give comfort as she wrapped her sister in her arms.

"Witch Wing, as you know, your daughter has been taken prisoner by an Earthen organisation," said Willow. "We know, too, that they have invented a witch detector, so any witch who approaches the building where Skylark is being held will be struck down." Witch Wing sobbed, her shoulders shaking, as Willow pressed on. "Now, I have with me, a male Earthen who may be willing to help rescue Skylark. You do understand that doing so would put him at great risk?"

Bumble's sister quietened as Willow removed Toby's invisible cover. It was good to be free of the bubble which had been making Toby increasingly spaced out as time went on, but he felt resentful at being produced like a rabbit from a hat. As he stood there in awkward silence, Witch Wing stared and shrank into the sofa. Despite Toby's wariness of this strange land, the witch

appeared the more frightened one.

“Now, is there anything you can tell Toby about Skylark which might be of use to him?” Willow asked.

“Please help her. It’s not her fault! She *is* headstrong. She shouldn’t have gone out by herself, but I know she would have been looking for Daisy.” Witch Wing gave a gulp, and her handkerchief flew to her face and dabbed her eyes.

“Do you have a picture of your daughter to show Toby?” prompted Willow.

Wing attempted to compose herself. “I think the most recent picture of her hangs in her bedroom,” she whispered after a few moments’ consideration.

As Bumble turned for the stairs, she put her nose in the air and sniffed. “Do I smell Morph Munchies?”

“I made some this morning, for when Daisy and Skylark get home. They do love them.”

“Of course.” Bumble gave a sad smile.

A plate piled high with biscuits lifted from the kitchen counter and soared over to Bumble.

“Oh no, I really shouldn’t.” She held up her hands in protest.

The plate nudged her on the arm.

“Well, if you insist.” Bumble bit into a biscuit, showering the floor with crumbs.

The plate glided to Willow, but she waved it away, so it moved onto Toby. Apart from the tibtab, he hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast, and that had been hours ago. The biscuits rose until they were hovering right under his nose. A heavenly aroma filled Toby’s nostrils. He picked one and took a bite. It was warm and crumbly, and a gooey liquid oozed from the centre.

“Mmm. Moonberry,” Bumble smacked her lips together.

*Moonberry?* It tasted of chocolate and cherries to him.

Toby was wiping his hands when Bumble started clutching her nose. “Oh no! I got the ...” Her next words were muffled as a black glossy beak grew out of her face.

“You got the craven!” cried Wing. “Daisy will be disappointed she missed seeing Aunty Bumble with a beak.”

“Squawk!” said Bumble.

Toby’s eyebrows shot up so high they disappeared into his hairline. The witches, however, appeared unfazed. The bottom of Toby’s spine itched, and he went to scratch it. A lump was growing there. A lump, that rapidly became a bushy yellow tail. *What the ...?* Toby bent his body in half trying to see behind him. *Oh great, just brilliant.* He agreed to come to Little Witchery, to help the witches, and they gave him a tail? Bull’s Eye Bean was going to get a whole lot worse when school started again.

The tail wagged of its own accord, and Toby’s whole backside wagged too.

Bumble pointed her finger at him. “Squawk!” Her tummy shook with mirth.

“Really,” said Willow with exasperation, “we didn’t bring Toby here to turn him into a dog. Witch Wing, you mentioned you had a picture of Skylark?”

“Yes, this way.” Bumble’s sister headed for the stairs.

“Don’t panic.” Willow put a hand on Toby’s shoulder. “The effects of Morph Munchies don’t last long.”

Toby followed the witches up a crooked, circular staircase, the wooden steps creaking with

every wag of his tail. To his great relief, by the time they reached the top, he and Bumble were already returning to normal. The staircase led to three doors, one of which Witch Wing pushed open. *Skylark's room*. It emitted such a dazzling ice blue, it took Toby's breath away. And, before he looked at the picture on the wall, he knew Skylark would be beautiful. She was: blonde hair, sparkling blue eyes and high cheekbones. Toby's heart gave a little thump. Was this the girl he'd seen at the SMI window the other night? She'd been too far away to be certain, but she'd definitely had blonde hair, it had shone in the light from the room.

"Do you have a smaller version of this?" he asked. "I mean," he continued quickly, blushing, "if I am to recognize Skylark in the SMI, it might help if I had a picture of her with me ..." He trailed off.

Willow suppressed a smile.

"Here! I have one." Bumble pulled a piece of paper from her cloak, and Toby thrust it into his pocket.

As he turned to leave the room, a smaller portrait on Skylark's bedside table caught his attention. Another picture of a girl with golden hair. The eyes glimmered blue like Skylark's, but they were different, gentler.

"That's Daisy," whispered Wing. "I hear Skylark up here sometimes talking away to the picture, telling her sister she'll find her." A tear rolled down her cheek and fell to the floor.

"She's a shy little thing is Daisy," said Bumble. "But you should have seen her with Skylark; her petals unfurled like a flower in sunshine. I could listen to the two of them giggling for hours."

Witch Wing gave another muffled sob.

"We'll get them back, don't you worry." Bumble put her arm around her sister. "We'll get them back."

Toby looked away. Across the landing, a second bedroom door stood ajar. It bore a piece of paper with the word 'Daisy' in wonky lettering. A faint yellow light pulsed within; it seemed to grow dimmer even as Toby watched."



Resource Sheet 8  
Session 12

How Funny is That?

Humorous sentences	Rating
<p>“There was an ominous popping sound as his invisible bubble burst. Toby scrambled up. If anyone saw him scabbling around on the floor with two middle-aged women, he’d never hear the last of it.”</p>	
<p>“Toby bent his body in half trying to see behind him. <i>Oh great, just brilliant.</i> He agreed to come to Little Witchery, to help the witches, and they gave him a tail? Bull’s Eye Bean was going to get a whole lot worse when school started again.”</p>	
<p>“Well, this is it, thought Toby. I’m going to die. I’m going to crash headfirst into a vegetable patch, my brains splattered over the cabbages.”</p>	