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Siim put the wizard's cloak on, and was again in the secret world that belonged only to him. Roosa the pig trotted over to him and shook her head sadly.

"There's been a big disaster!" she snorted. "Distress and calamity are upon us."

"What's happened, pig?" asked Siim.

"I'm not a pig, I'm a ladybird," said the pig. "I was transformed into a pig! A witch flew here on a broom and she's been casting spells and now everything is all topsy-turvy!"

This made Siim angry. In his magic world no witch or wizard had the right to perform their own tricks – only one person was allowed to perform magic – Siim himself. On the other hand though, he was in a good mood again as a fight with the witch promised to be exciting.

"Let's go to the witch's right now and I'll show her!" said Siim. "Show me the way!"

"But will I be turned back into a ladybird?" whimpered the pig. "I really don't want to be a pig because pigs can't fly and they don't have beautiful spotted backs."

Siim promised to turn him straight back into a ladybird after the battle with the witch. They set off together and on the way Siim came across plenty of evidence of the witch's mischief. Large numbers of animals had been enchanted: dogs turned into cats, horses into cows, wolves into donkeys and bears into rats. All of them were very annoyed, they were calling the witch names and asked Siim for help while stretching out their strange coats to try and make them fit.

"That won't help," said Siim to one of the wolves who, thanks to the witch had to tramp about as a donkey and was pulling on his tail with his own teeth. "You won't get rid of the donkey skin that way. Hang on a bit and I'll change you back into a wolf."

"Please do," grumbled the wolf. "As soon as I look back and see donkey legs my mouth starts watering and I think – wey hey! there's a donkey over there! Let me get stuck in to that! And then I remember that the donkey legs belong to me! Good wizard, please change me back into a wolf soon!"

"First I have some business to conduct with the witch," said Siim sternly in a manner befitting a dignified wizard and left the wolf-donkey where he was. He realised that he was getting very near the witch's den because the enchanted animals were growing in number and even a granddad

shambled out from behind a bush, barking earnestly. Siim realised that the man wasn't really anyone's granddad but a dog in the grip of an enchantment and suddenly even he began to feel afraid, then remembered he was a powerful wizard and didn't mind about the yelping granddad, he merely conjured up a muzzle for it and went on. And then – he saw the witch! She was leaning on her broom and working with such intensity that her brow was damp. The poor animals were squealing and mewling in terrible distress but the witch showed mercy to none of them and bewitched them all.

"What do you think you're doing, witch!" shouted Siim bravely. "This is my forest and I will not let anyone do bad magic here!"

"How can you stop me?" asked the witch insolently. "Now better be quiet, else I'll turn you into a shoe brush!"

Siim was not afraid of the witch's threats, however, because he knew that no-one could cast a spell on him as he was a powerful wizard. So he merely laughed at the witch's words and said, "If you continue with your horrible mischief then I shall bewitch you as a punishment. Behold you are a zebra!"

Instantly the witch became a zebra but she still had the powers she had had before. She kicked out and neighed, "Well, a zebra I may be, makes no difference to me! My sorcery won't stop!"

And as proof she transformed a rabbit into an elephant, which hopped off dolefully into the bushes making the earth clamour.

Siim frowned and began to transform the witch into all sorts of things – the zebra became a mouse, the mouse a cow, the cow a rhinoceros. But the change to the witch's appearance had no effect, she continued with her own trickery. Once Siim changed the witch into a lamb but something must have gone wrong because suddenly Mr Lamb was standing in the clearing, not the white, woolly lambkin Siim had intended, and he cried out in a loud voice, "Why is it so dark in the corridor?"

"Better if you're a witch again," decided Siim in fright and changed Mr Lamb back into the witch. She cackled and shouted, "Aha, you cannot overcome me! Turn me into whoever you like, my magic will never stop, not so long as I have the strength for my magic words!"

Siim was already in real trouble and bewildered, but the witch's words gave him a good idea. He had to change her into something that couldn't talk. Like a duster

or a pine cone...Just let her try casting magic spells then!

Siim moved his hand and the witch changed into a tiny mushroom.

"Umm—mmm-puck," mumbled the witch – as she no longer had a mouth, she could no longer speak intelligibly. What she wanted to say was, "Horse, be transformed into a fly!" but instead she could only mumble, "Oss-orm-my!"

The horse spat in contempt and replied, "Can't understand a word!" And was not transformed into anything.

The witch was filled with anger and tried to enchant another animal.

"Snail!, Be transformed into a frog!" she meant to shout, but all that anyone heard was, "Eyy-ugg!"

"I don't understand, sir!" said the snail and crept on, unperturbed.

The witch panted and puffed but was no longer able to enchant a single animal because no one could make out any of the things the mushroom was saying. So the witch had no option but to remain silent and stop her mischief.

The animals cheered and a squirrel banged on a tree-stump as if it were a drum.

"Hey, squirrel!" shouted Siim. "You can have that mushroom for your dray."

"I'm not a squirrel, I'm a tiger!" replied the squirrel on the stump, offended, but a giraffe wandered over and said in a melancholy voice, "I am actually a squirrel but there's no room for me in my dray anymore, my neck is too long."

"Sorry, I completely forgot that the witch had turned everything topsy-turvy," said Siim. He spent a long time restoring the animals back to their original forms – the pig into a ladybird, the granddad into a dog, the giraffe into a squirrel. Only the mushroom was left as a mushroom.