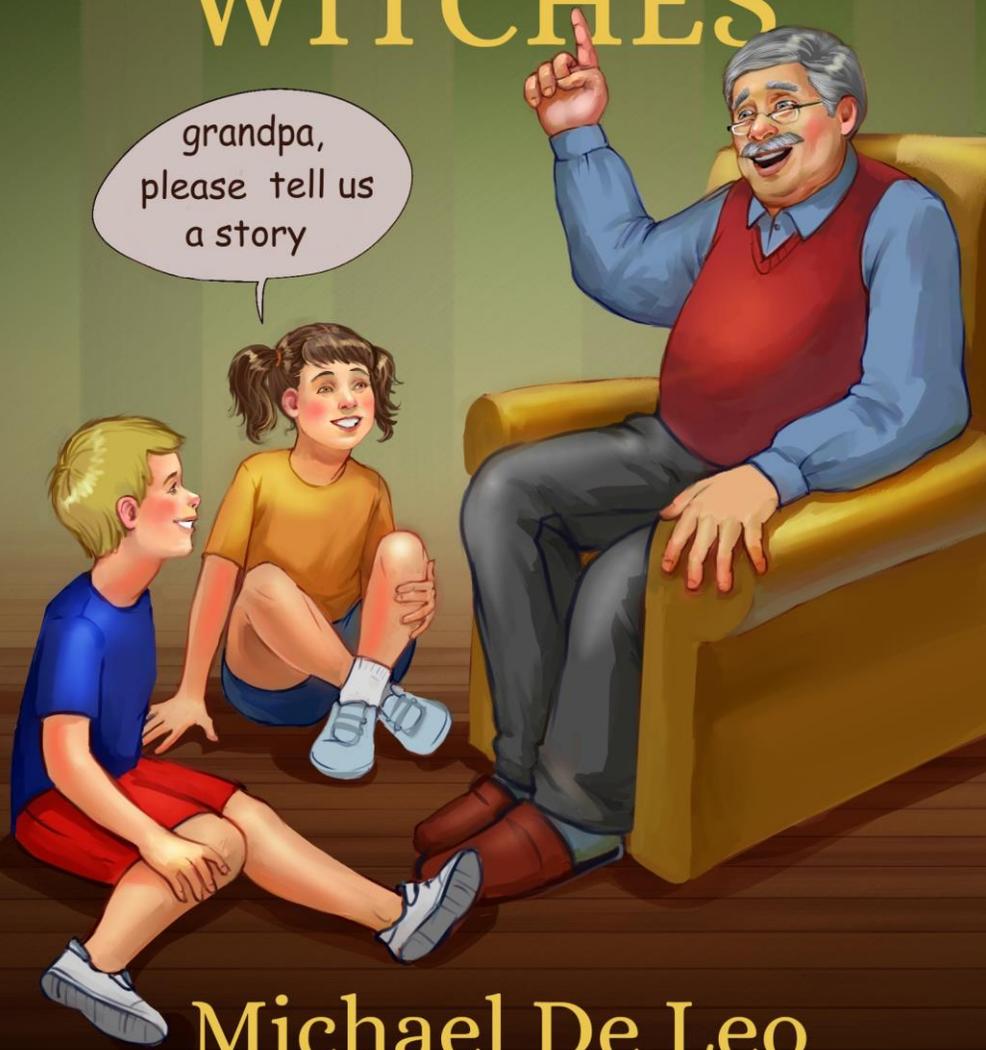


BOOK 1: UNEXPECTED VISITORS

TWO Friendly WITCHES

grandpa,
please tell us
a story



Michael De Leo

MESSAGE FROM GRANDPA

The key objectives of my stories are to promote positive personal qualities in children and to provide humor and a little suspense.

The stories are suitable to be read to children, not quite of reading age and read by children aged up to 99 years and beyond.



grandpa



Alicia: “Hi! My name is Alicia and this here, with the beautiful hat, is my best friend Phoebe. “Say hi to the readers Phoebe.”

Phoebe: “Hi! I am sure that you will love grandpa’s stories about me.....sorry, us!”

Two Friendly Witches

Unexpected Visitors

Story Overview:

Grandpa just loves being asked by his grandchildren to tell them a story. This time he tells a tale about two boys who had their day turned upside down when they accidentally ventured past the home of two witches. As the story progresses, it becomes clear that beauty is something that is in the eye of the beholder and what is important is not how we look, but how we treat others.

The events that take place are also quite funny. The food that Leyton is given to eat will have you licking your lips and rushing to the kitchen to prepare a similar meal. The drink that he is given is one to die for.

Two Friendly Witches

Unexpected Visitors

Once upon a time in the country of Lukina there lived two witches. One was named Alicia and the other was named Phoebe.

Alicia was tall and skinny. She had several teeth missing and a wart on her long and crooked nose. Just above her nose she had eyes with deep blue eyeballs. Above her left eye, she had another wart. Her blond hair was long and straggly. Her mouth was a little bit on the large size and slightly higher on the left side of her face than her right. Her chin was long and pointy and her hands had long fingers and long nails. To most people, she was not in the least bit attractive. In fact, they thought that she looked quite scary. However, Alicia thought that she looked very beautiful and spent a lot of time admiring herself in front of the mirror.

Phoebe was short and round. Her nose was not as long as Alicia's, but it looked like an out of shape potato with two small warts on it. She had a normal sized mouth with a full set of teeth. Her eyes looked unusual because each eyeball was permanently positioned on the outer side of each eye. She had long dark hair which was not cut evenly. As was the case with Alicia, the people thought that she did not look at all attractive. In fact, they thought that she also looked quite scary. Like Alicia, Phoebe also thought that she was very beautiful and spent hours and hours in front of the mirror admiring and blowing kisses at herself.

Despite their unusual looks, these witches were very kind and friendly. Whenever someone came past their house, they rushed out to wave to them and ask them if they would like to have something to eat. To their dismay, the people always ran off down the hill at a speed as fast as a train. This caused them to be very sad because all they wanted was to be friends with everyone.

One day two boys were approaching the house. The boys' names were Blake and Leyton. They were too busy kicking a football to notice the friendly witches at the front of their house waving at them. The boys continued to kick the ball and were getting very close to the witches' front

door, but the boys still did not see them. They were now only ten metres away from the door.

Blake kicked the ball high and in the direction of the witches. Phoebe ran and caught the ball with her left hand. As she ran for the ball, she accidentally knocked Leyton over. Blake now saw the two witches and with a horrified look ran off as fast as a bullet down the hill, leaving Leyton behind to look after himself.

When Phoebe knocked Leyton over, he landed hard on the ground and when he stood up, could not see properly and had a silly grin on his face. The witches helped the boy walk inside their home and asked him if he wanted something to eat.

With his silly grin still on his face, Leyton replied, “yes please!”

The witches quickly lit a fire and cooked a mixture of frogs, worms and tree leaves and the three of them then sat at the table to eat.

After each frog that Leyton ate he remarked how delicious it was. Altogether, he ate eighteen frogs and a half of a plate of worms mixed with tree leaves. When he finished eating what they had served him, he politely asked if he could have more.

“Sure!” Phoebe replied.

“This time, could I please have more frogs and fewer worms?” Leyton asked licking his lips.

When Leyton finished his second serving, he told them that it was the best meal that he had ever had. This made Alicia and Phoebe very happy. Alicia then asked him what he would like to drink. Leyton told them that he would have anything that they gave him.

“I will make you my specialty,” Alicia told him excitedly.

Alicia filled a long glass with what appeared to be muddy water. She then opened a jar that was full of cockroaches and asked Leyton how many of these he wanted in his drink.

Licking his lips, he said, “ten please”.

Another jar had ants.

Again licking his lips, he said, “A heaped spoonful of those, please.”

The next jar had flies.

Licking his lips and rubbing his hands, Leyton said. “Please, please, can I have the whole jar.”

The next jar had fleas.

“I don’t think I will have any of those,” Leyton said, screwing his little nose in disgust.

The glass was now full, and Alicia gave it to Leyton and said, “Here you are, I am sure that you will enjoy it.”

Alicia made two more drinks similar to what Leyton had, and the three of them sat down at the table to drink them. Leyton took a sip and commented that this was the most delicious drink that he had ever tasted. He then put the glass to his mouth and did not stop drinking until it was all gone.

“By the way, what is your name?” Phoebe asked.

“Name?” responded Leyton. “I don’t have a name.”

It seemed that when Leyton hit the ground, he had lost his memory, which explained his strange grin and behavior. The witches realized this, so they decided not to discuss it further for now, and they started chatting about other things.

Leyton then got up and went to the toilet. When he walked into the washroom, he saw himself in the mirror. His eyes nearly popped out with fright. He screamed, and the two witches came running to see what was wrong. When he saw them, he clasped his hands and hid his face.

“What’s wrong?” The witches yelled.

“Don’t look at me! Don’t look at me!” Leyton shouted back, sobbing loudly and still covering his face.

“Why?” They asked.

“I look so ugly!” Leyton said sobbing uncontrollably and shaking his head from side to side. “Please don’t look at me.” He added.

Leyton had lost his memory. The two witches were the only people that he now knew. The way they looked, as far as he was concerned, was normal and very beautiful. When he saw his plain face, with two small eyes, a little nose, a little mouth, two ears and a thick but neat crop of hair on his head, he got a big shock.

“How ugly, how horrible, how different I am.” He thought.

When he explained this to the witches, they tried to comfort him and gently patted him on the back. “Don’t worry,” Phoebe said. “Although you are not beautiful like us, we still like you a lot and want you to be our friend,” Phoebe added. This made Leyton feel better, and he stopped sobbing but was too scared to look at himself in the mirror.

They then went and sat in the lounge room and continued to chat. The witches told Leyton about themselves and that one day they would like to travel and see the world. They told him about their childhood and explained that most of the people that live in the village are not friendly to them. Leyton listened and was sad to hear that the villagers were mean to them. He could not understand why, because as far as he was concerned, they were very friendly and very beautiful.

He did not have much to tell about himself. He could not remember a thing. It's as if he had just been born. So as not to appear totally stupid, he opened his mouth and said. "I love eating frogs and worms and having a drink after dinner." He saw that the two witches were waiting for more, so after a long pause he added. "After I have my drink I like going to the toilet."

The two witches gave him a smile. When they saw that he wasn't looking, they looked at each other with a look of concern for their new friend.

It was getting dark and all of a sudden Phoebe jumped up and ran behind the couch. Alicia and Leyton quickly followed her. They had heard a noise. Someone was sneaking around outside their house. Who was it? What was it that was creeping around their home? They were shaking and very very frightened. Leyton was not as frightened as the two witches, so he walked over to the window to see if he could see anyone.

The window had no curtains, and as soon as Leyton stood in front of it, he screamed and ran back to hide behind the couch with the two witches. The three of them were shaking and very, very frightened.

"What did you see?" whispered Alicia.

"It was an ugly monster," Leyton whispered back. "The monster was coming towards me and when I started running towards the couch, I saw the monster run off."

Everything was quiet except for the chattering of Leyton's teeth. Ten minutes had passed since he had joined the two witches behind the couch. He was still horrified at seeing the monster outside the window. Leyton whispered that what he had seen through the window was so horrible that he was certain that it would eat them all up.

Phoebe tried to persuade Alicia to creep up to the window to see if the monster was still there.

"Do you think I am crazy?" Alicia remarked. "You go!" She added

They then started fighting amongst themselves, and each tried to push the other towards the window.

“Stop it!” Leyton said. “I will go again.”

His legs were shaking, and his teeth were still chattering as he peeked around the couch to look towards the window. On his hands and knees, he then crawled towards the window. He eventually reached the window and now had to stand to look outside. He was frightened. He raised his head slowly, and as he was doing this, he felt something warm running down his legs. Leyton was so frightened that without realising it he had wet his pants. He continued to raise his head so as he could see outside.

He then suddenly bolted back towards the couch, let out a shriek and started shouting that the monster had got him. The two witches had to hold him down to stop him waving his hands and feet all over the place. He continued screaming and shouting. “The monster got me - please help me! Don’t let the monster eat me up.”

Alicia and Phoebe tried frantically to calm Leyton down. He continued to kick his legs uncontrollably and accidentally kicked Phoebe in the mouth. Phoebe realized that it was an accident and although in great pain, just laughed. Alicia also laughed and then so did Leyton.

All of a sudden they remembered that whatever frightened Leyton was still out there. This caused them to huddle together and shake with fear.

Alicia then quietly asked Leyton to try to describe what he had seen. At the thought of this Leyton once again started to kick his legs wildly and at the same time covering his eyes with his hands.

“I don’t want to think about it!” He shouted.

“There, there,” Phoebe said calmly. “Don’t be afraid, we will not let the monster get you, but we need to know if the monster is someone we know. Please try and tell us what he looks like.”

Leyton sat up and with a terrified look began to describe what he had seen. As he did so, tears streamed down his face.

“The monster is ugly and horrible.” He said shaking uncontrollably. “He has a plain face, with two small eyes, a little nose, a little mouth, two small ears and a thick crop of neat hair on his head.” He added.

The two witches agreed that the monster that Leyton had just described was truly creepy, and neither of them wanted to ever come in contact with him.

“A plain face, two small eyes, a little nose, a little mouth, two ears and a thick crop of neat hair on his head.” Repeated Alicia. “He sure is a horror!” She added.

All was quiet for several minutes, and then Phoebe burst out into uncontrollable laughter.

“Why are you laughing?” Alicia shouted. “Here we are, about to be eaten up by a monster and all you can do is laugh!” Alicia added.

Phoebe then laughed louder. She grabbed Leyton by the hand and dragged him towards the window. Leyton covered his eyes not wanting to see what he had seen before. Alicia was close behind, and all of a sudden also burst out into uncontrollable laughter. Leyton slowly uncovered his eyes and looking towards the window immediately realised what they were laughing at. What Leyton had seen outside the window was his own reflection.

As ugly as he looked, Leyton was certainly not a monster. He then also burst out into uncontrollable laughter and started rolling backwards and forwards on the floor.

“I am such a silly duffer!” He shouted over and over.

As Leyton rolled on the floor, he hit the table and a heavy glass vase rolled off and landed on his head. The vase knocked him out for several minutes and when he came to, he saw the two scary witches looking down at him. At the sight of the two witches, he screamed with fright and fainted. When

he came to, he screamed and fainted again. For the third time, he came to, screamed and fainted.

What had happened, was that when the vase rolled off the table and hit him on the head, it caused his memory to come back, and the sight of the witches horrified him. For the fourth time, he came to, sighted the witches, screamed and fainted once again.

The witches could not understand what was happening. Alicia slapped his face gently to try to bring him to his senses. This did not work. Leyton just kept coming to, screaming and fainting over and over.

While all this was going on, Leyton's friend Blake had sneaked into the house through an open window in one of the bedrooms. Blake had returned to rescue his friend Leyton. Although Blake had earlier run off, he was really an incredibly brave young boy. Here he now was determined not to leave without Leyton.

Blake rushed into the room and started shouting nonstop as he ran backwards and forwards in front of the witches.

“Out of my way! Out of my way!” He shouted over and over, hoping that this would startle the witches so as to give him sufficient time to escape with Leyton.

While this was going on, Alicia looked at Phoebe, at the same time indicating with her circling finger to her head that this young boy was obviously a little bit crazy.

Phoebe stood up, walked towards Blake and calmly said, “Boo!” This caused Blake to faint.

When he came to, he continued to shout. “Out of my way! Out of my way!”

Phoebe looked at him and calmly repeated. “Boo!” Blake fainted once again, and this continued happening over and over.

Eventually, the boys were completely exhausted, and they went into a deep sleep. Alicia and Phoebe tried to wake them by gently shaking them, but they were way too tired to feel anything.

Suddenly, Phoebe turned her head towards the door. “Someone is knocking at the door.” She said. They immediately knew who it was. There was only one person who visited them. It was Constable Bob, the police officer from the village.

They were both very excited to see their friend Bob and they rushed to the door to greet him.

“Hello Constable Bob, come in,” Alicia said excitedly.

“Hello, my lovelies,” Constable Bob responded.

Constable Bob looked like all the other people of the little town and Alicia, and Phoebe felt sorry for him, but they were careful to make sure that he didn’t notice. After all, it wasn’t his fault that he wasn’t as beautiful as them they thought.

As they walked inside, Constable Bob saw the two boys sleeping soundly and said “Hello! Hello! Hello! What are Blake and Leyton doing here?” Constable Bob knew the boys because as the town's police officer he made sure that he knew everyone who lived in the town.

Alicia and Phoebe explained how it came about that they were here. They started from the time that the boys were seen kicking the ball. The explanation should have taken no more than five minutes, but as unbelievable as it may sound, fifty-five minutes later, Alicia and Phoebe were still telling Constable Bob what had happened.

So engrossed were they with their explanation that they had not noticed that Constable Bob had fallen asleep sitting up on the couch. As they talked, they were also waving their arms and unfortunately for the Constable, Alicia accidentally hit him in the face. The hit was quite hard, and it caused him to wake up with a start.

When Constable Bob realized that they were still explaining what had happened, he shouted, “Enough! Enough! I don’t want to hear another word! The boys live in the house next to the school, so I will take them home.”

Constable Bob picked up the still sleeping boys one at a time and took them to his car. He then turned to Alicia and Phoebe and with a warm smile said. “See you in a couple of days.” Noticing their concerned looks, the Constable added. “Don’t worry, I will make sure that they get home safely.”

Constable Bob was about to drive off when Alicia rushed out waving at him to wait. “Constable Bob, how rude of us, you can’t go away empty handed. Please take this.” She said. It was a jar of cockroaches. Constable Bob took the jar, smiled and waved as he drove off.

Blake and Leyton remained in a deep sleep until later that evening. They stirred briefly but then turned over and once again went to sleep.

What they hadn’t noticed, were the four eyes peering through their bedroom window. Alicia and Phoebe had come down to make sure that the boys were okay.

(More on next page)

“Hello! Yes, I am talking to you, the reader of my first story about the Two Friendly Witches.

Alicia and Phoebe have asked me if they can have a chat with you. They say that they want to help me to promote my book.

Hopefully, they won't take up too much of your time.”

Grandpa



[Phoebe:](#) “Hi! Did you like grandpa’s story about me.....sorry, us?”

[Alicia:](#) “It is a wonderful story, as are the others that grandpa has already written.”

[Phoebe:](#) “Do you remember what happened when I said ‘boo’ to Blake? That was so funny!”

[Alicia:](#) “This story, and grandpa’s other stories are available in ebook format from the Itunes and Amazon stores.”

[Phoebe:](#) “We are fairly certain that you will love them. We do!”



Alicia: *“Grandpa, please tell us something about yourself.”*

Grandpa: *“I don’t really like talking about myself, but if you insist.”*

I was born in Italy and have been in Australia since I was 9 years old. I am a grandpa - Nonno, in Italian.

Whilst my grandchildren were growing up I was fortunate in having had the opportunity to spend a considerable amount of time with them. I played games with them, talked down to their level (my wife jokes that I talked UP to their level) and they made sure that I really never grew up. I took them to movies, picnics, camping, museums, zoo, library and anywhere else which was going to be fun for them and of some educational value.

I especially enjoyed making up stories to tell my grandchildren throughout their toddler years and beyond. Most of the times that they came to visit, which was often, they would come to me and say "Nonno, please tell us a story". Of course, I didn't need much

encouragement and sat them around me to listen to whatever I was able to come up with on the spur of the moment.

Not long ago my youngest grandson was asked by his school teacher to write about someone who had a positive influence in shaping his life. To later find out that he wrote about me is something that will remain as one of, if not the greatest, achievement of my life.

My grandchildren have now grown up and have sadly long gone past the children stories stage, but sometimes I overhear them reminisce about the stories that I had told them.

On a number of occasions they have said to me. "Nonno, why don't you write children's stories and sell them over the Internet?"

After several years of toying with the idea - here I am!

I hope that you enjoy these stories as much as my grandchildren enjoyed the stories that I told them.