



# WITCH HAZEL

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Witch Hazel landed in the airport and left her broom in a locker, since she didn't want to carry it around the city with her. Last time, a janitor got her broom mixed up with his own, and swept three streets, two squares and half the Town Hall with it.

The witch hid her warts and her dishevelled hair under a colourful scarf. She then took the bus to the main square and went to Lamp Street, where the witchesheadquarters was located.





The little witch that greeted her there asked her why she had come.

“I’d like to speak to the Witch Bosslady.”

“She’s not here,” came the reply. “She’s in a meeting with Wizard Bossman, and won’t be back until late.”

Hazel wrapped the scarf around her face once again and decided to go out and get something to eat.

On the corner of Lamp Street she found a bar that served squid sandwiches.

“Yummy fried squids!” said Witch Hazel to herself.

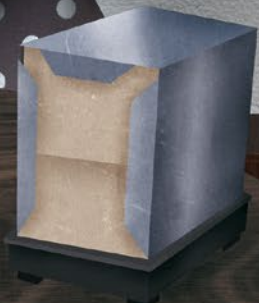






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WITCHES'  
HEADQUARTERS









The bar owner came up to the witch.

“Hello. Can I help you?”

“I’ll have a squid sandwich, please.”

The witch had no choice but to remove her scarf to eat. As soon as the owner saw Hazel’s warts and dishevelled hair, he hid behind the counter. The other customers in the bar quickly ran out of the door.

“Help! She’s a real witch!”

One of the customers, a man with a long moustache, called a couple of policemen.

