

# The Witch Who Couldn't Order In

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“**SNAKE SLIME AND** buzzard breath!” cried Leona Iona Druckspeller. At the sound of these words, thunder crashed. Lightning flashed. Her magic wand split into two long halves.

“That’s the last time I order from the Wizard’s Lair Shopping Channel!” Leona stared at the broken wand. “I’ll fix you,” she said. She went to her desk drawer. She took out a package of newts’ eyes, an owl feather, and a spool of black thread. “Drats, bats, ugly brown rats! I’m out of tape.”

Leona plopped down on the sofa. Harrison, her black cat, rubbed against her ankle.

“I know, it’s chowtime.” Leona looked at her broken wand again. “I was planning to order in.”

Leona and Harrison went to look in the refrigerator.

“Dried catnip, flies’ eyebrows, and half a jug of sour milk. Not quite what we’re looking for.” She didn’t bother opening the cupboards. Why store food when you can have anything with a flick of the wrist?

Back so soon? Was it scary enough?

It was quite an odyssey—a tough journey.

We almost became zee dinner special for a monster mole!



“We’ll have to go shopping,”  
Leona said.

Harrison’s tail flew straight up  
like a big exclamation point.

“Don’t worry,” said Leona. “I’ve  
seen it on television. You pick  
out what you want and pay for it.  
Snail-tail simple.”

Leona went into her bedroom.  
She pulled an old sock filled with  
money from under her mattress.  
Thank goodness she’d followed  
her mother’s advice about putting  
something away for a rainy day.  
Then she got out her broom.

“Ready?” she said to Harrison.

Harrison didn’t budge. His tail  
curled up into a question mark.

“Oops! No magic wand, no flying  
power. We’ll have to walk.”

When they got to the grocery  
store, Leona stopped to rub her  
aching feet. She saw a sign on the  
door that read: No pets allowed.

Harrison sat down in a sunny corner.

“Forget that, Harrison. I can’t be seen in public with-  
out my black cat.” Leona tied a scarf around his head.

“Think like a baby.”



Yikers! How’d you  
get away?



Thinking fast, like  
Odysseus, I tricked  
the mole with a  
treat—Sam’s Juicy  
Chews gum.



Wait! What? Chewing  
gum doesn’t get rid of  
moles! That’s a myth—it  
doesn’t work.

Harrison twitched his whiskers in disgust, but Leona plopped him into a shopping cart.

In the produce aisle, they saw a tray of small, pale mushrooms that looked like they'd never seen a forest.

"They'd never work in one of my spells," Leona said.

Then they saw some round objects covered with lovely spider web patterns.

"Excuse me," Leona said to another shopper. "What do you do with these?"

At the sound of her voice, the man dropped his bag of orange sticks. "I, uh, don't eat cantaloupe." He backed away and disappeared.

"Try to look cuter," Leona said to Harrison. "I'm really hungry." Harrison hissed quietly at Leona. She just moved on.

In the next aisle, they saw a picture of spaghetti, corn, and baked beans. The trouble was that the pictures were stuck onto strange, silver cylinders. Leona shook one. Nothing happened.

She walked toward a woman at the end of the aisle. "Pardon me, ma'am. Do you know the magic words to open these?"

The woman gasped and scurried away.

"You're a scary-looking baby, Harrison," Leona said. "Smarten up, or we'll never get our dinner."



True! But, while Bill the Pillbug distracted the mole, I wound up its front claws with stringy gum.



Rawwwwg... I... got... chewed...



But luckily the mole spit Bill out...



Then my fear gave me super strength, and I bashed down the door!

Harrison flicked his tail at Leona, but she didn't notice. She'd spotted a man wearing a red vest and a nametag.

"I'm looking for something to eat," she said.

The man coughed. Then he said, "Have you tried the International Food section? Aisle four."



With her stomach rumbling, Leona gave the cart a tremendous push toward aisle four. Suddenly, Harrison leaped out. He ran meowing to a glass door.

"Pizza!" Leona pulled open the door and reached in. The pizza was colder than an icicle on the end of a giant's nose, but she was too hungry to care. She dumped eight of them into the cart.

"Let's go, Harrison," said Leona. "Harrison?"

He was gone. Leona pushed the shopping cart up and down the aisles.

"Harrison!" she bellowed. "Harrison!"

Shoppers scattered. Finally, she found him sitting calmly near one of the checkout stands.

"Where have you been, you slime-slobbering—" She caught sight of two people in red vests staring at her.

"I mean," she said in her sweetest voice, "there's my bitsy-witsy baby-waby." She scooped him up and put him back into the cart.

Little? No, this party is going to be big! International—  
coming from many different countries!

Tremendous—  
huge!

Phew! Now on to  
Thistle's nice  
leetle party.



Well, not TREE-mendous, cuz  
it's not in a tree this time.

“Be good,” she whispered. “I’m starving!”

Harrison growled at Leona

“He has a cold,” Leona said to the cashier as she put the eight pizzas on the counter. Harrison raised his chin high in the air. The cashier peered at something around his neck, but Leona didn’t notice. She was sorting through her sock, pulling out a bat wing and a piece of orange fungus.

“My money is here somewhere,” said Leona, pushing her hand into the sock again.

The store manager waved her away. “Never mind,” he said. “It’s on the house. Just go. Please go.”

Leona raced home with the shopping cart. She ripped open a pizza and broke it into pieces.

“See, Harrison,” she said, chewing on her frozen dinner, “shopping’s a snap. Next time I might even try home cooking.”

Harrison arched his back. “Not if I can help it,” he hissed. He shook his head. Something slipped off his collar and rolled to the floor.

“Masking tape!” cried Leona. “Harrison, I don’t know what I’d do without you.”



What a terrible  
Cave of Terror!



Sorry, Thistle, we should have  
come straight to your party.



And those money-  
grubbing grubs kept  
our five bucks!



Welp, like I told you, my  
party is on the house—  
which means it’s free.



Harrison happily scraped his claws across the floor, accidentally catching Leona's scarf and ripping it to shreds. Then he settled down, purring, and watched Leona fix her magic wand.

"Now," he said, "let's order some fish and chips. 🕷️"



Meet our new friends! They arrived in Spider's Mailbox on page 32.

