

ROALD DAHL

THE WITCHES

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

PÉNÉLOPE BAGIEU

 SCHOLASTIC



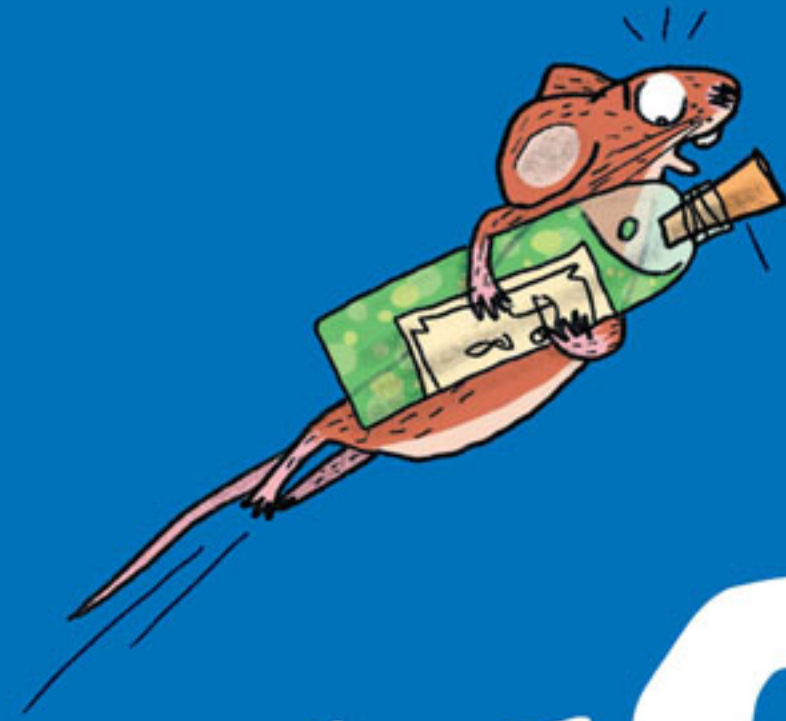
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Adapted and Illustrated by
PÉNÉLOPE BAGIEU



An Imprint of

 **SCHOLASTIC**

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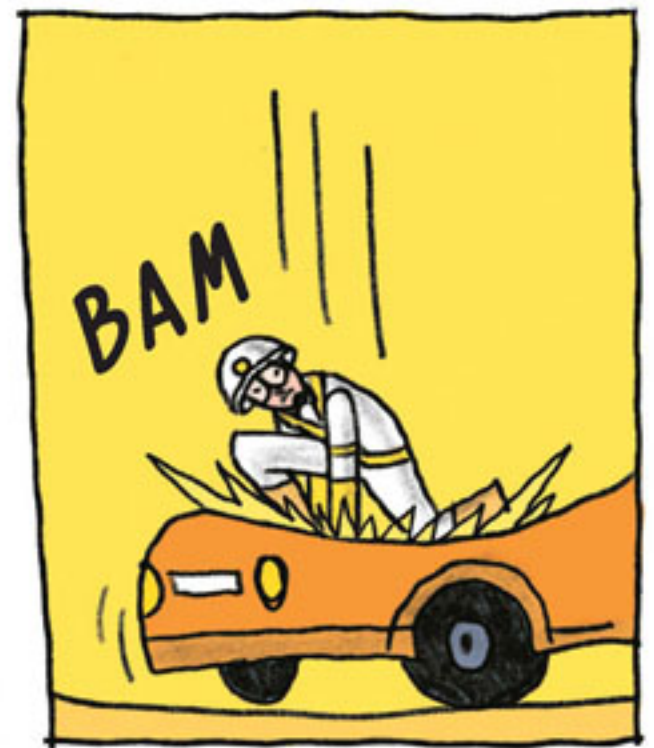
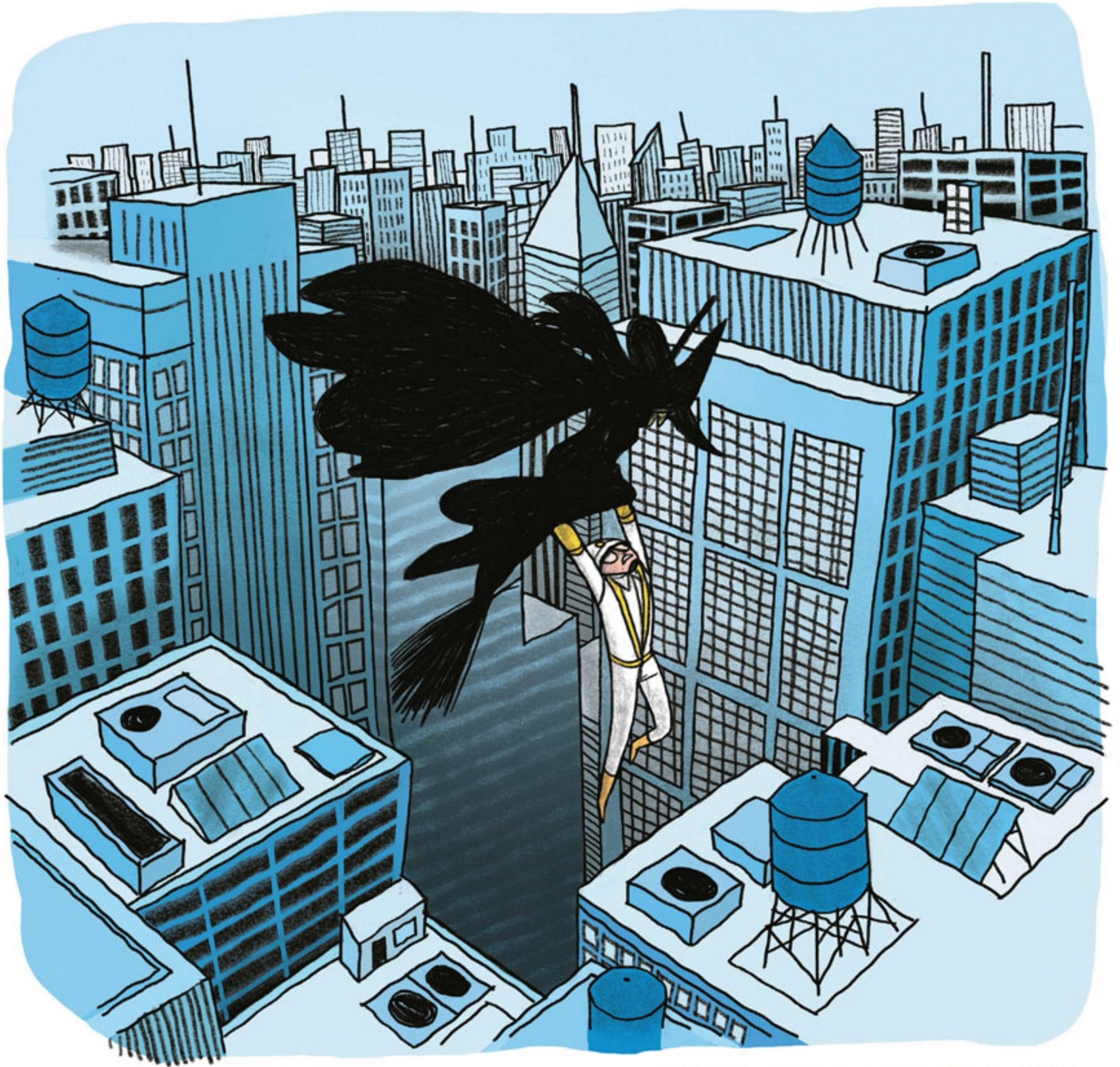
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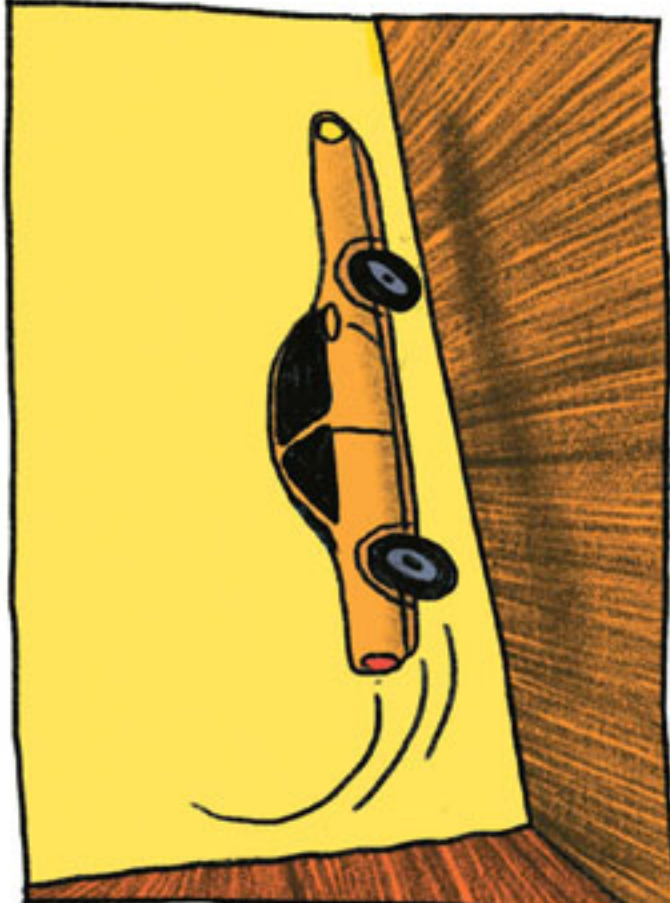
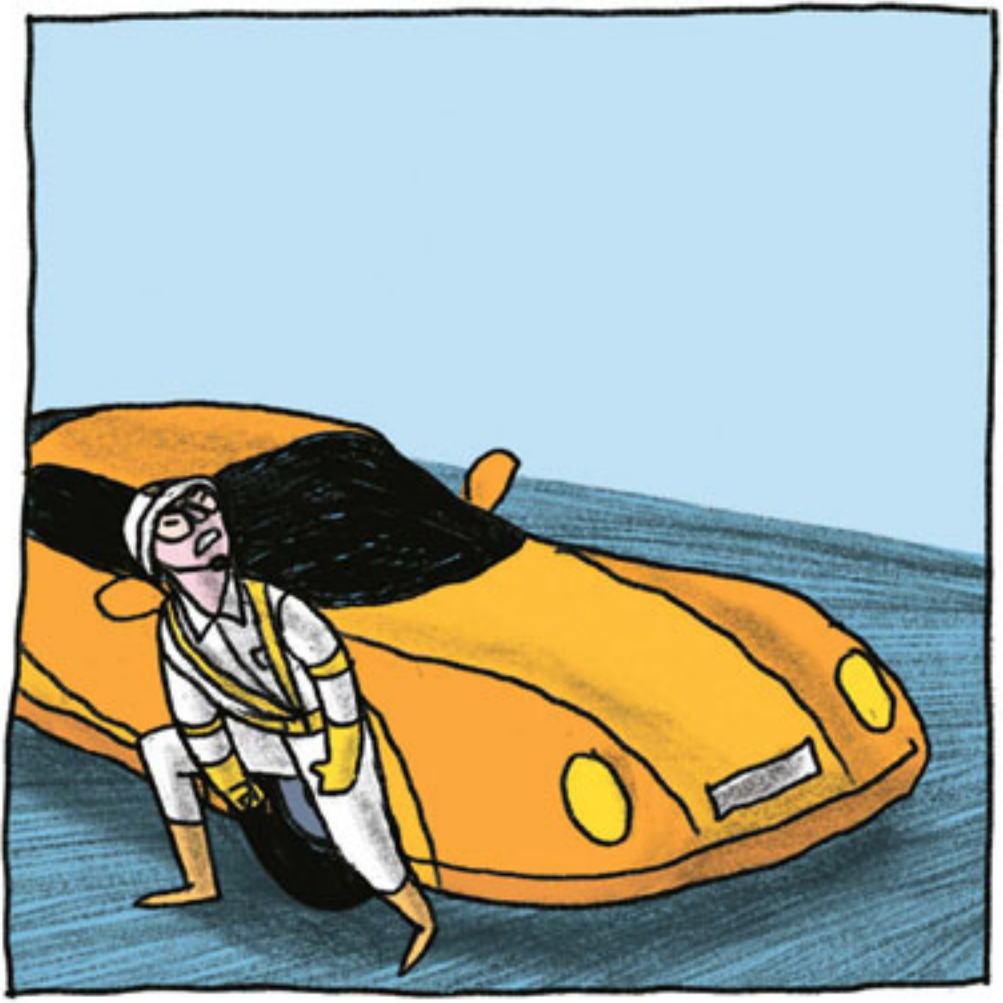
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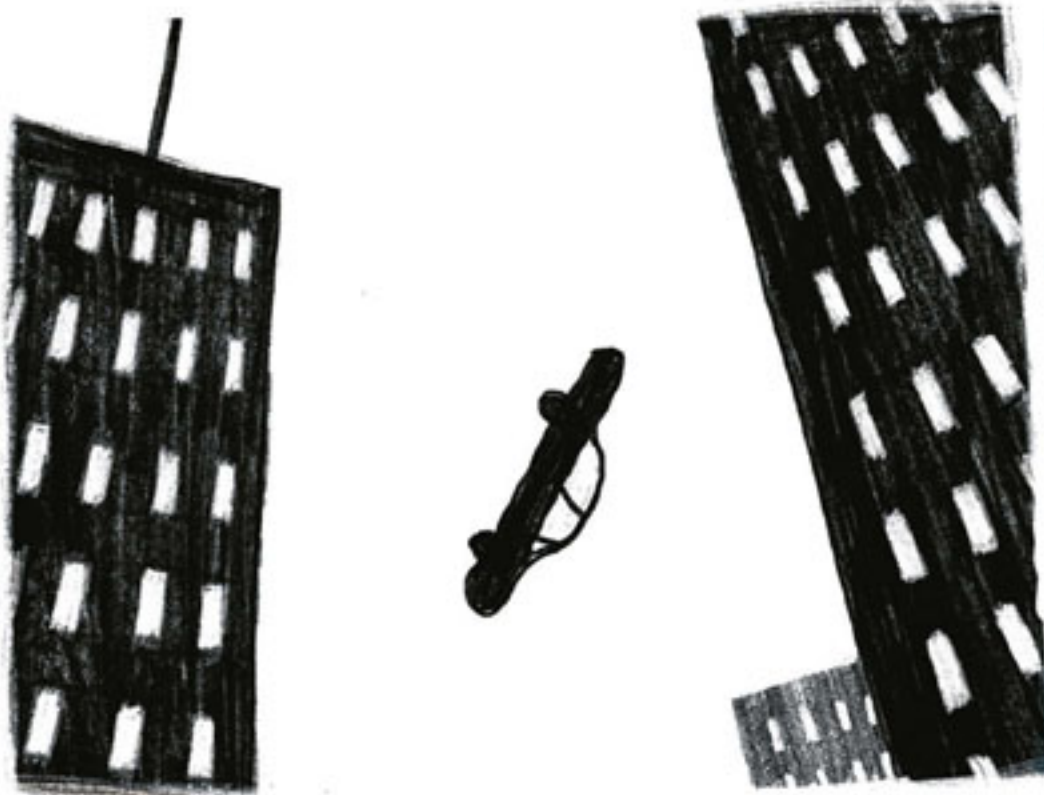
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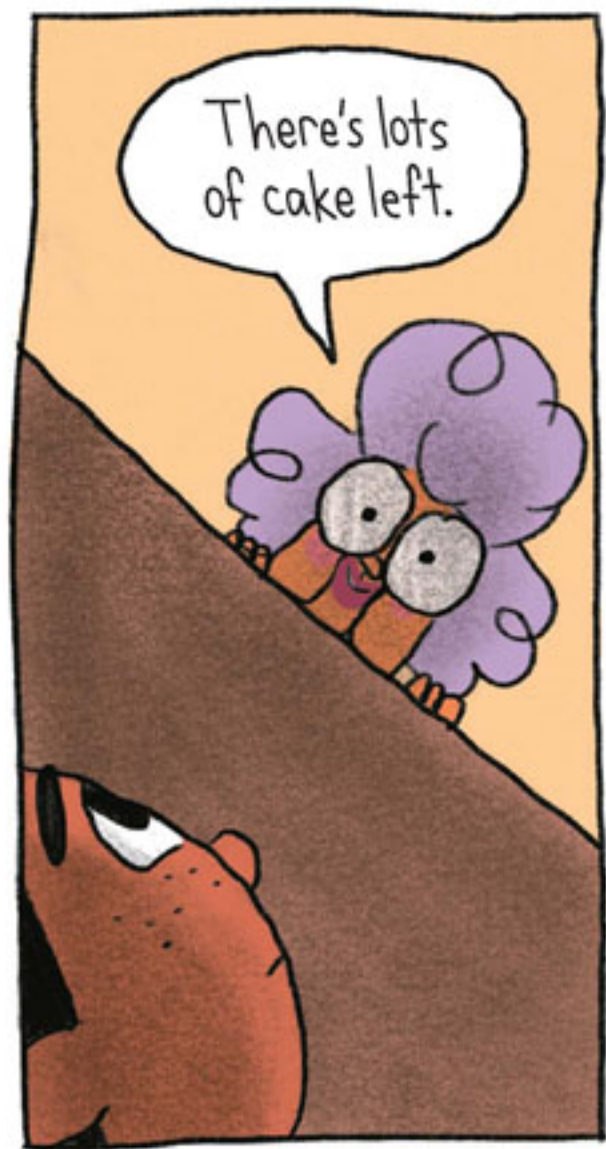
Translated from the French by Montana Kane
Edited by Emily Clement
Lettering by John Martz
Creative Director: Phil Falco
Publisher: David Saylor

To my dear grandmother
— P.B.

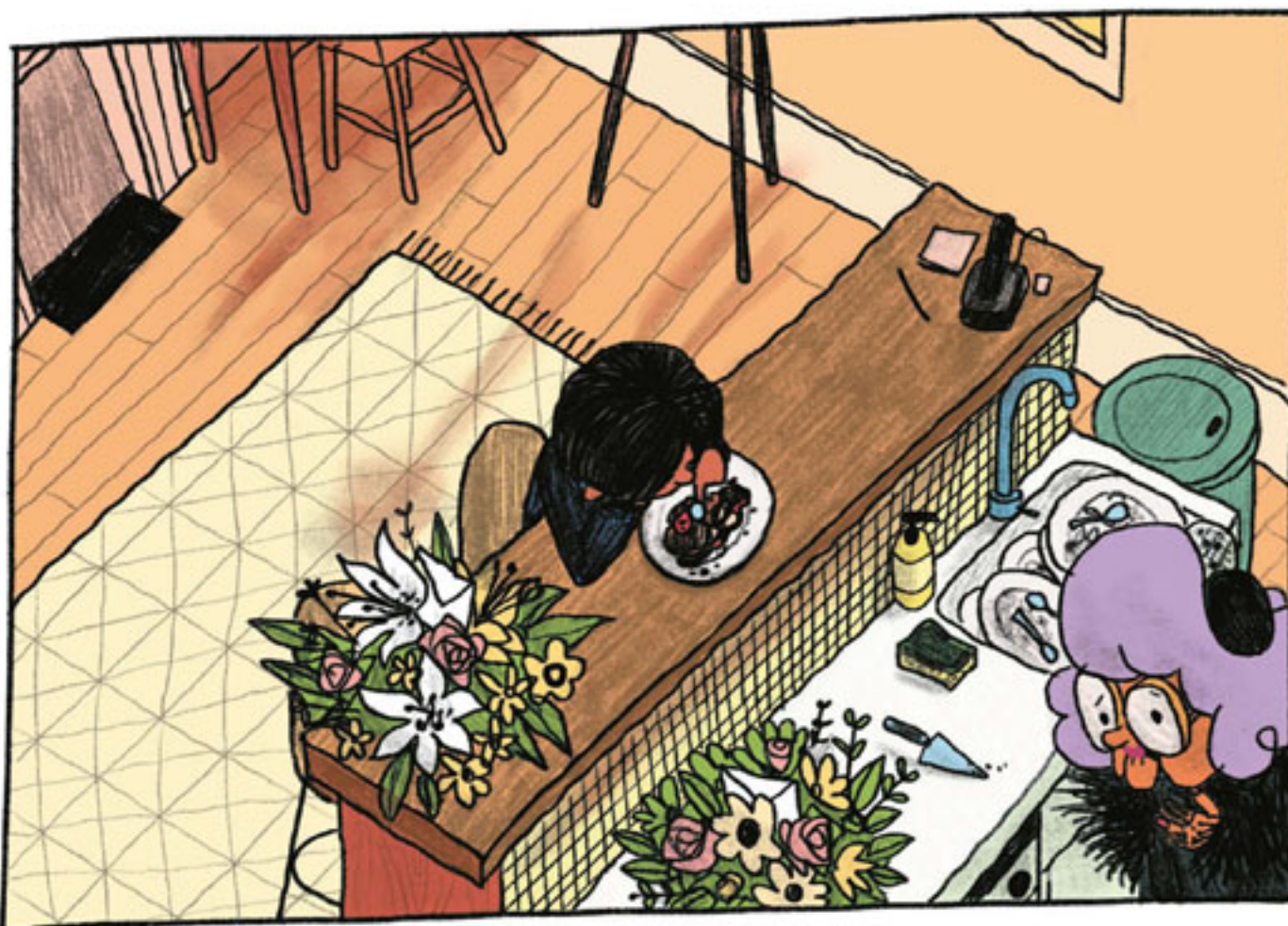
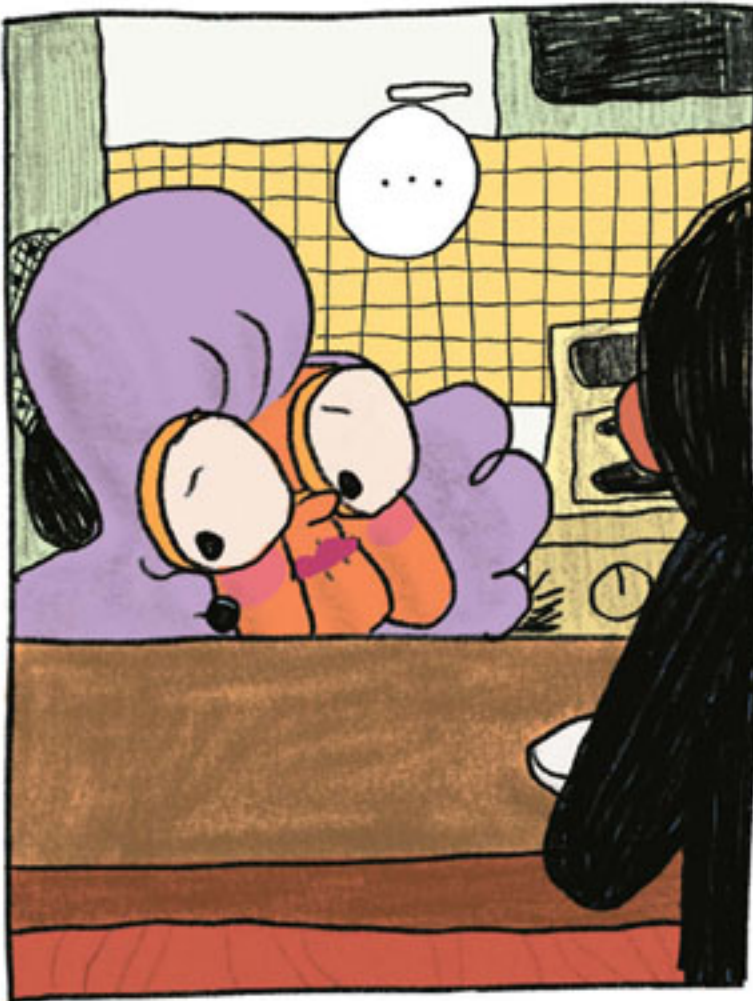










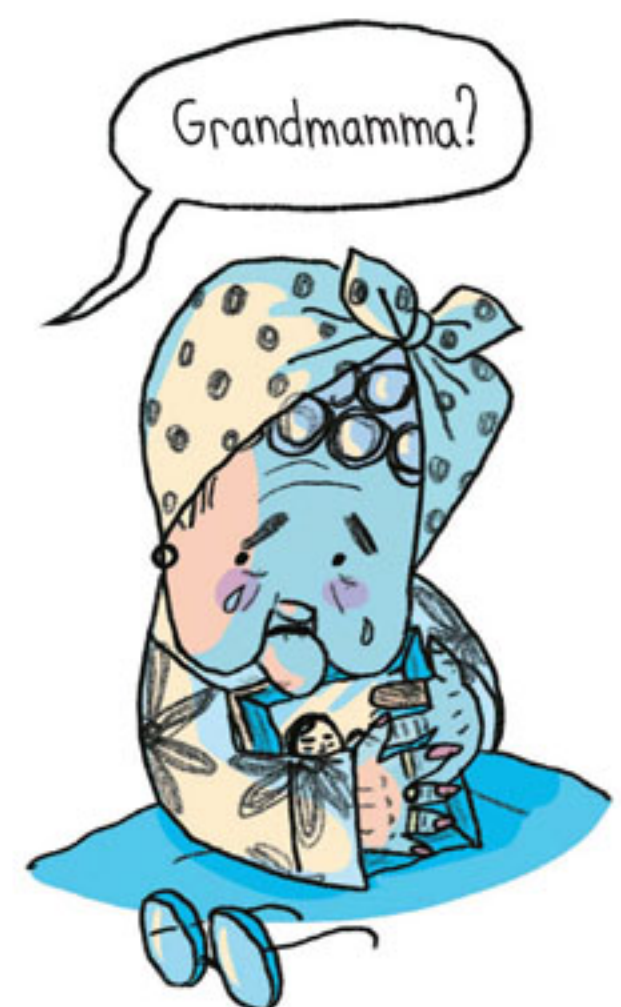
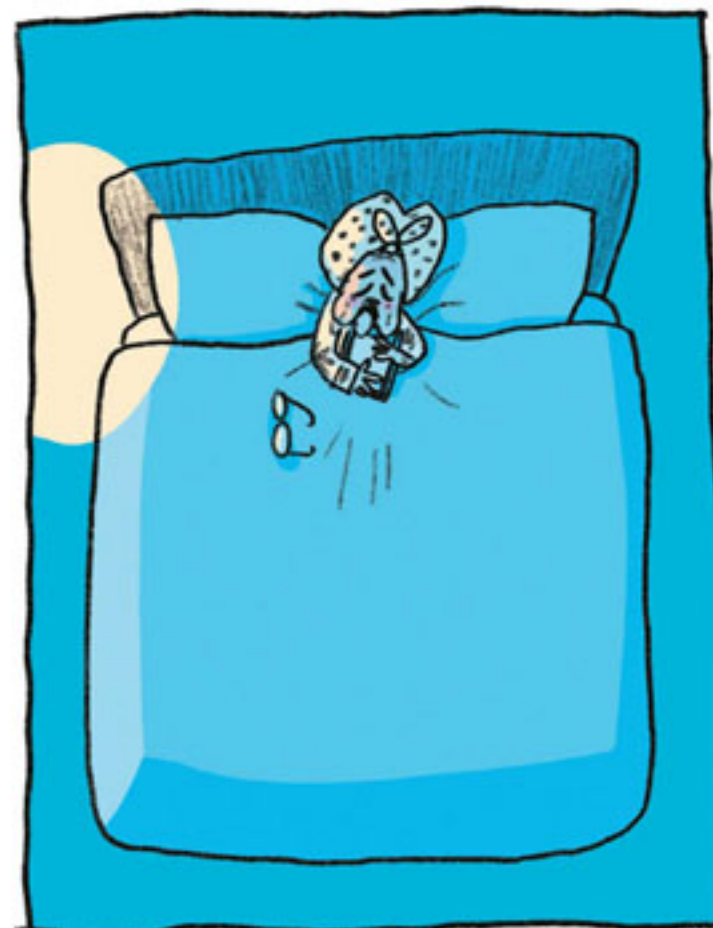
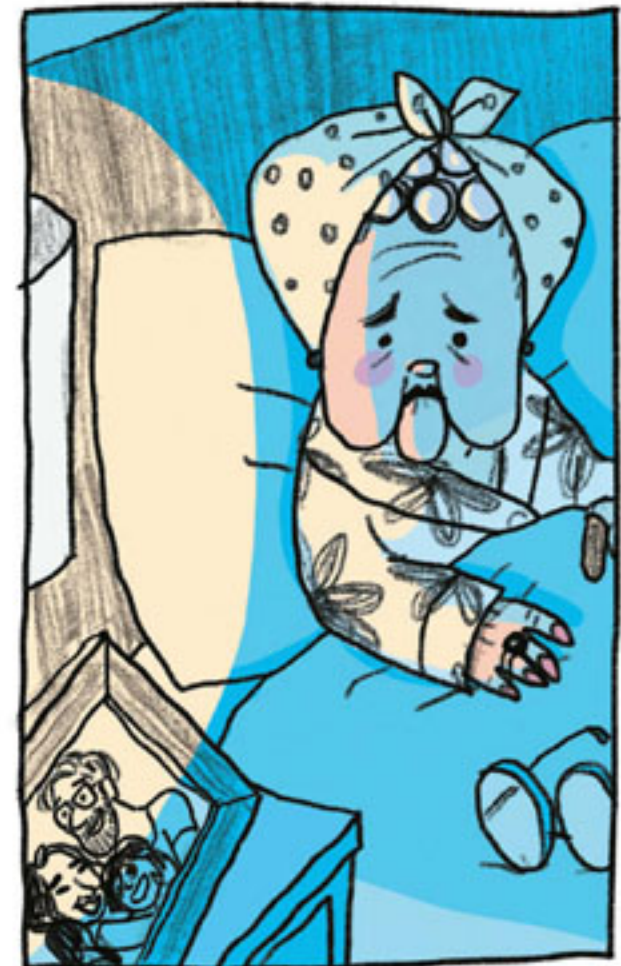
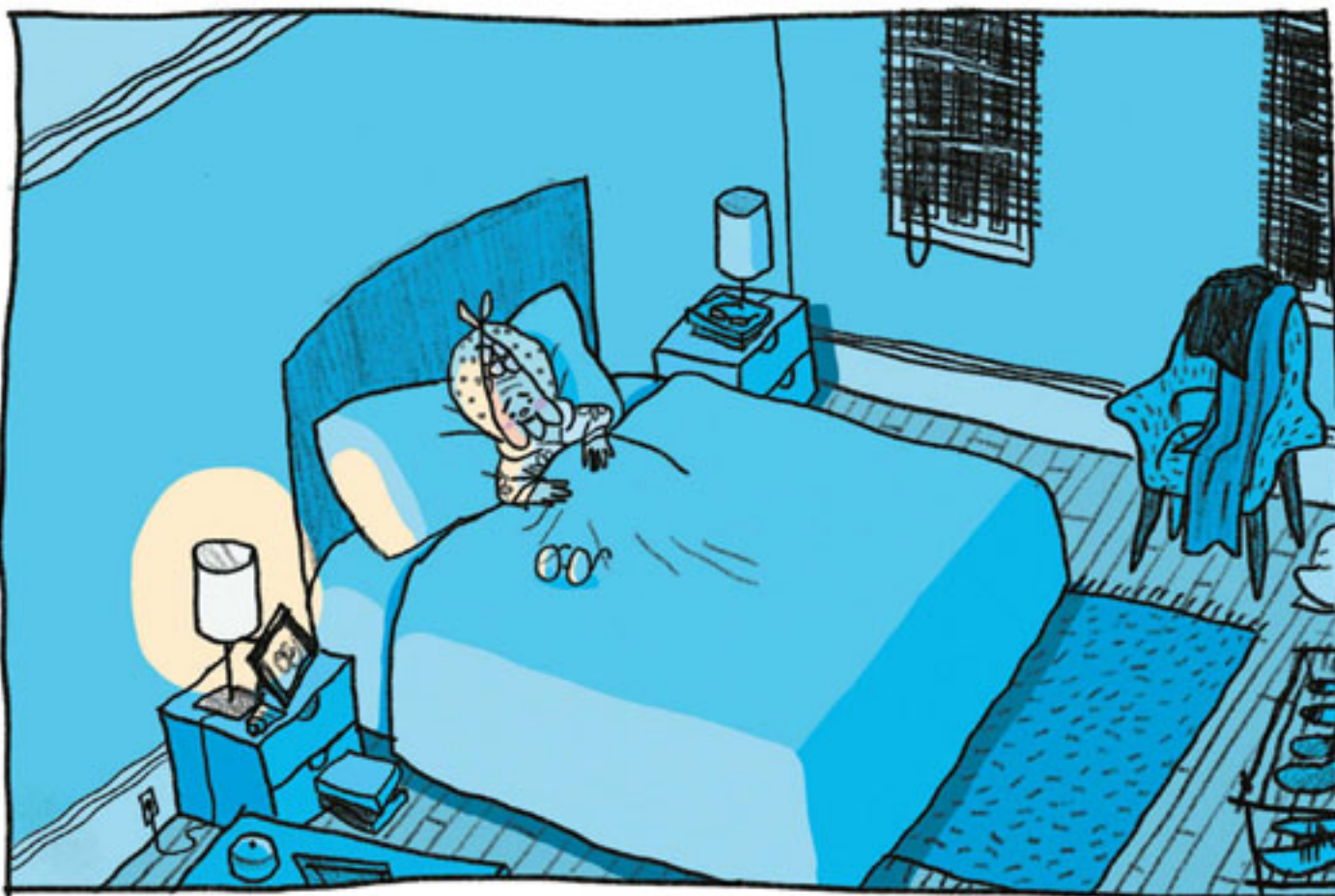


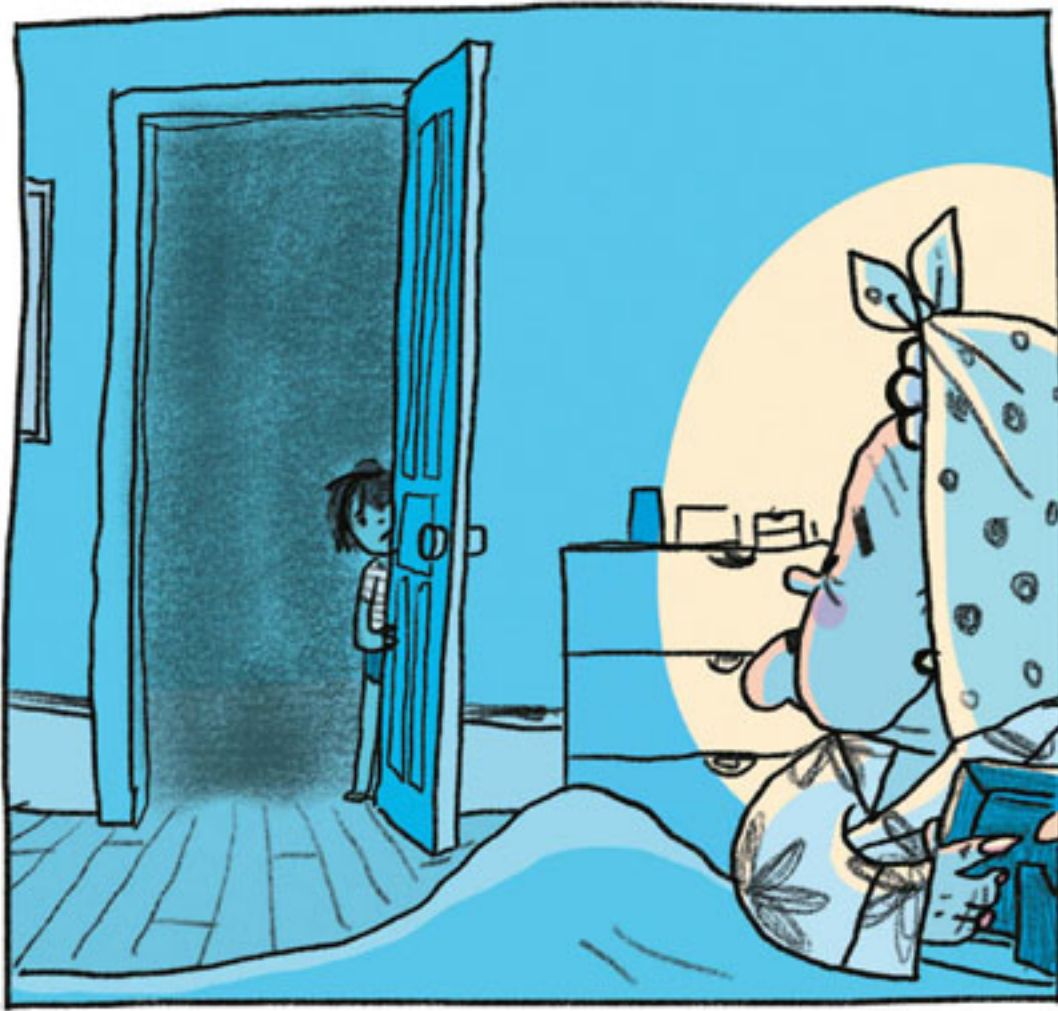
Grandmamma, Mum and Dad said
you shouldn't smoke in the house!













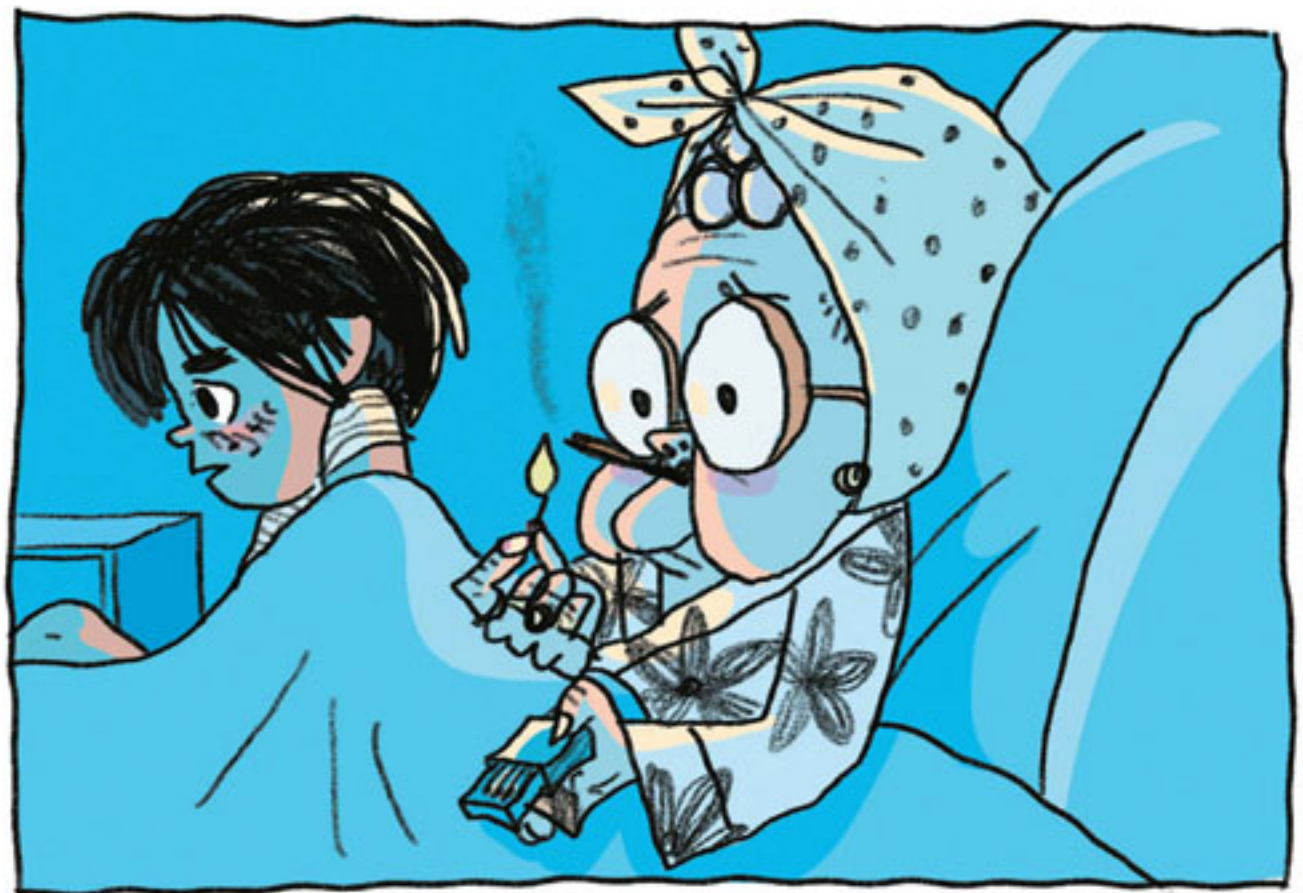
So relieved you had your
seat belt on ...



Can you imagine, cupcake??
To think that you almost ...



TO THINK
THAT I ALMOST
LOST YOU TOO.

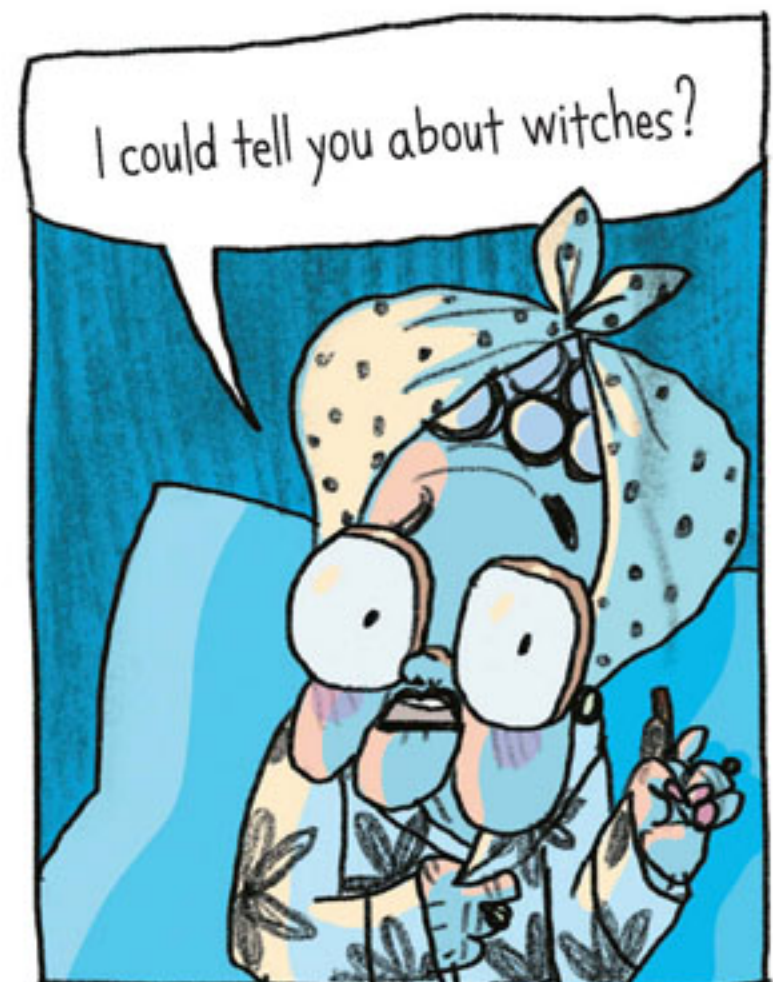


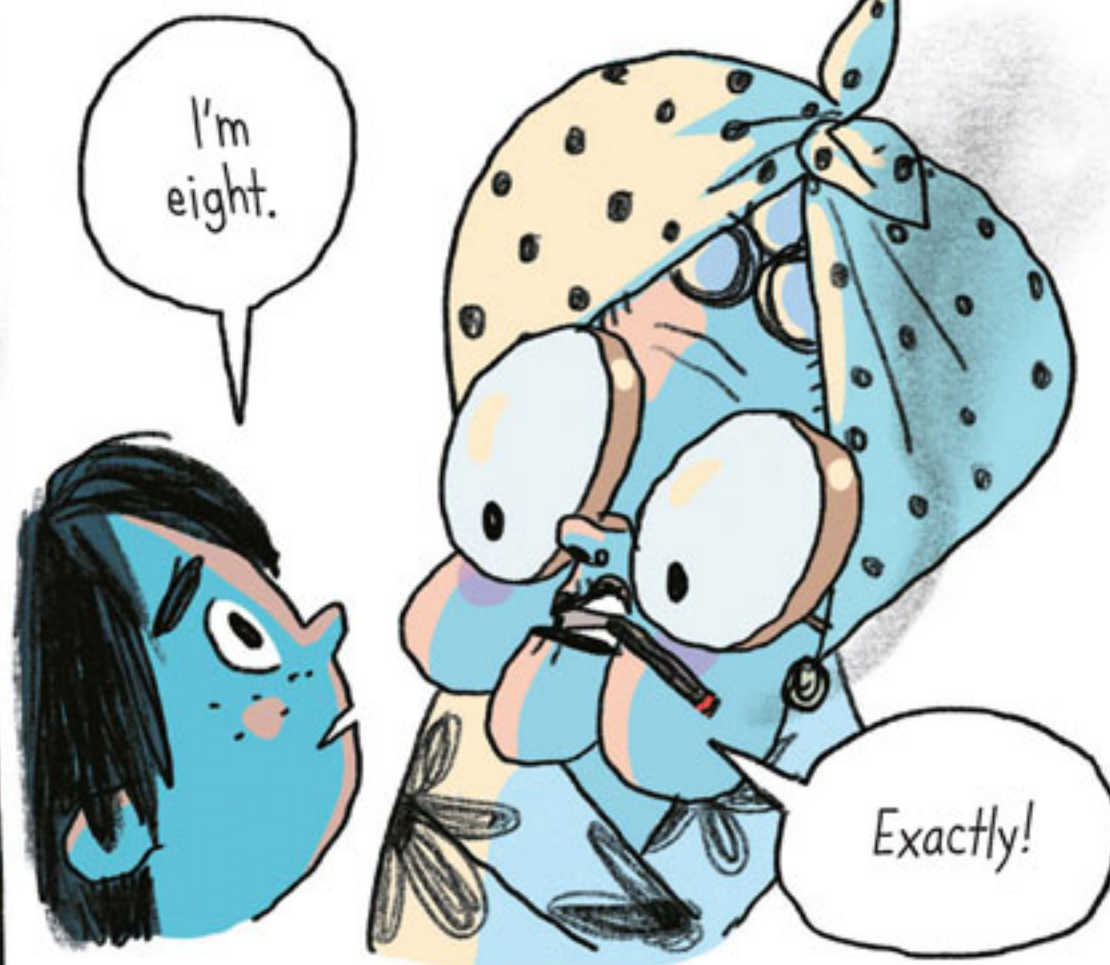
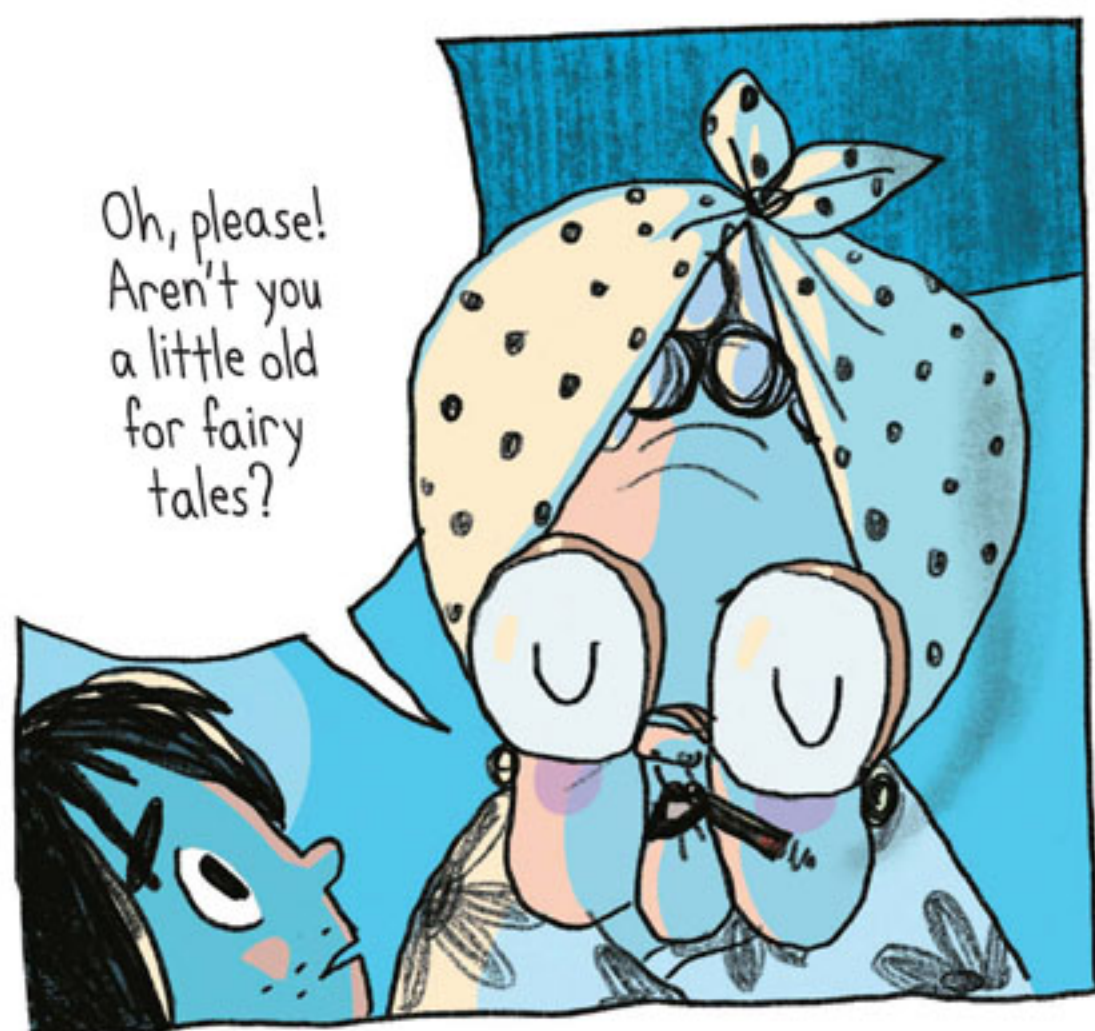
So you
promise you'll
never
leave me?



As long as you
can put up with
my cigars ...
yes, I promise.









... five or six years old.
Now, I didn't actually meet her, exactly,
but one of my classmates did.



We walked home
from school together
every afternoon.

I'll never forget the day she
took out a candied apple
after school.



Wow! Where'd
you get that?



A lady
gave it
to me.

A lady?
What
lady?

Just some
lady.

A nice lady!



With
white gloves.



Was it a witch?! Did
you see her?! What
happened to your
friend after—





Now, obviously, I had no idea what a witch was back then!

But the next day, at the time we usually met up ...



... there was no sign of my friend.

So I went knocking on her door. As I recall, her mother answered.

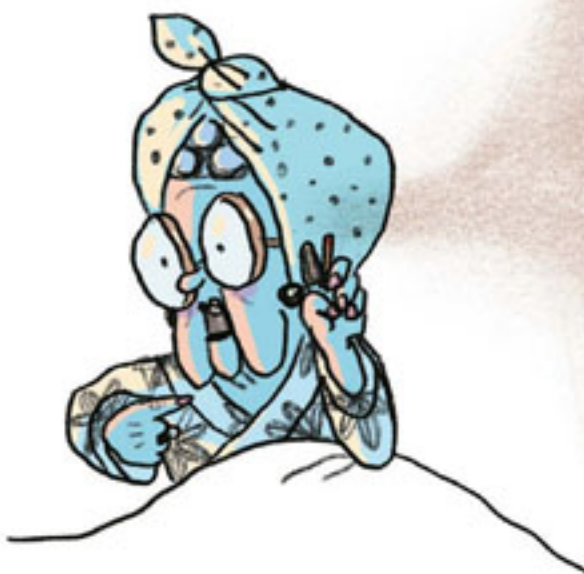
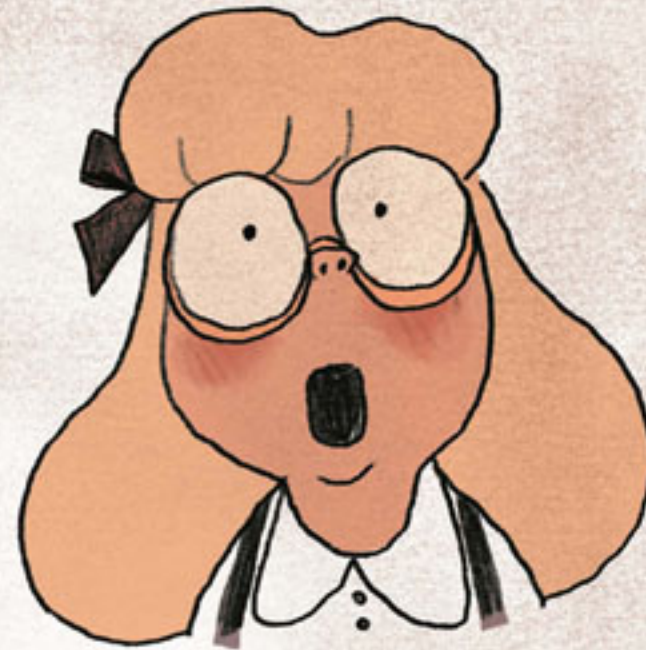


Her parents told me that after dinner the night before, their daughter had gone to bed as usual. But the next morning ...





She had
DISAPPEARED!



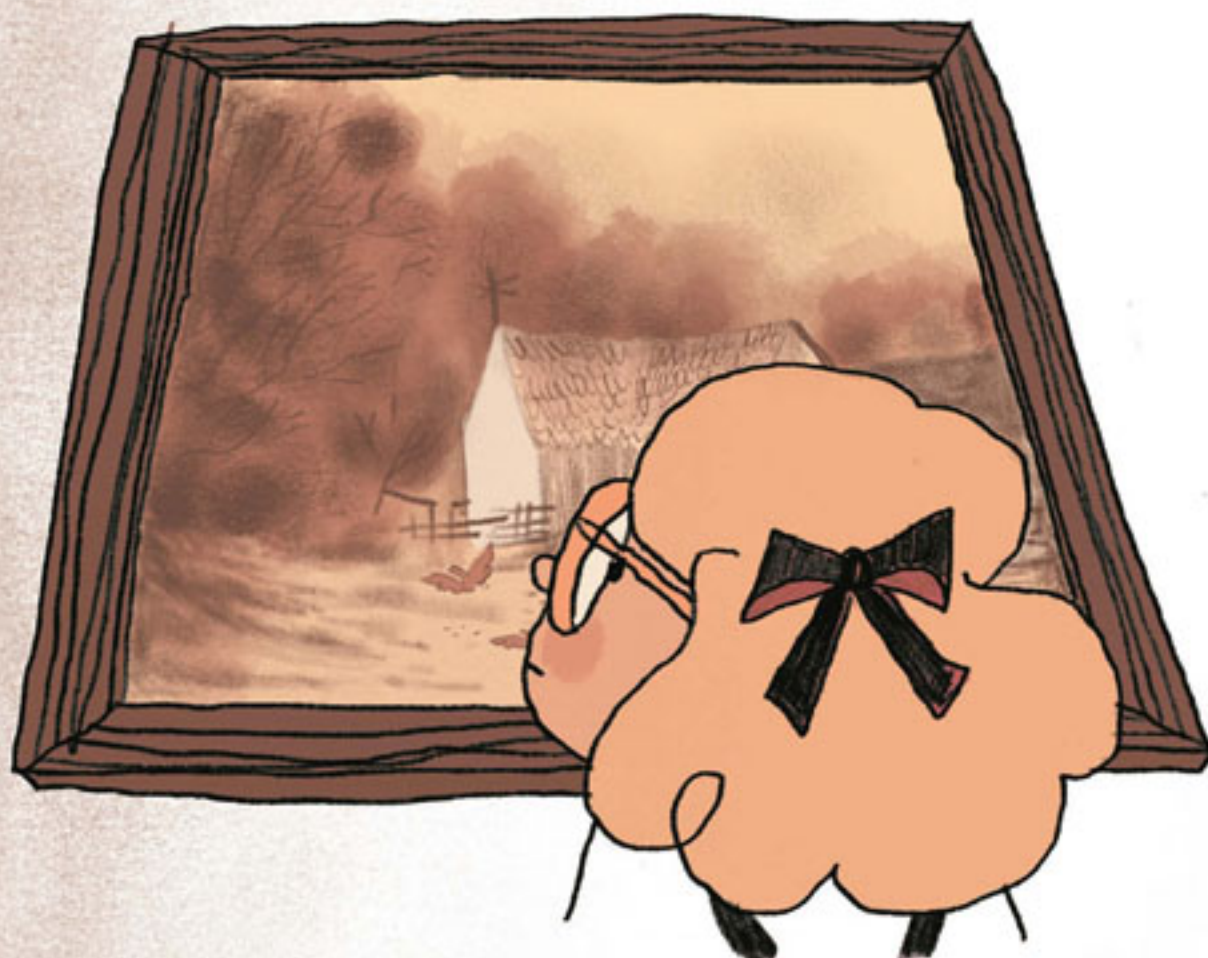
Well, my friend **did**.
The police looked for her everywhere,
for weeks.



She had simply vanished into thin air.

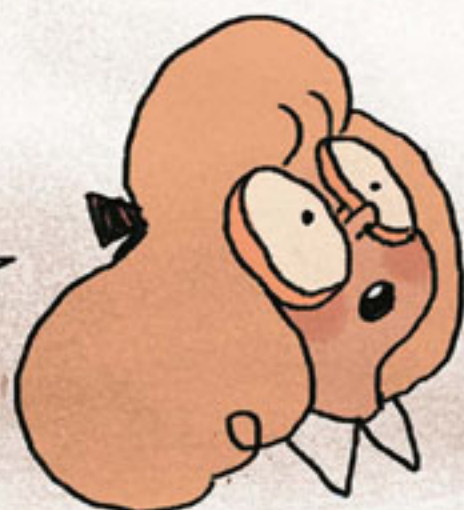


I remember
this painting in her
parents' house.



An oil painting, rather
classical but interesting
nonetheless. A farm
scene with ducks.

I had gone over there for
news of my friend one
day, when ...





Their daughter was back ...



... and she was feeding the ducks.



You're pulling my leg!



That's just silly!
You saw her feeding ducks?!
Was she waving hello?!



Well of course she wasn't waving hello!!
She had been turned into a **painting**!
Do paintings wave hello?

Okay, then!

The poor thing was frozen, motionless!



You could see the brush strokes, the thickness of the paint ...

... as if she had always been part of the painting.

But the most incredible part
is that the next day ...
... she had changed places.



The day
after that,
same thing ...



And so on.
And even more
mind-boggling
was that she kept
growing older in
the painting!

Every day ...



... for years ...

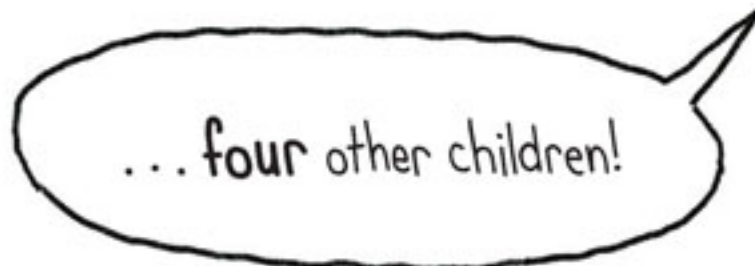


... and years ...



... until there was
no one left
in the painting.





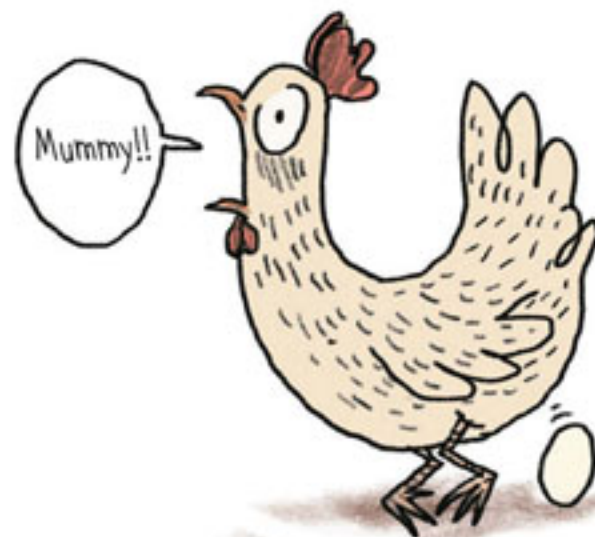
First, there was a boy who was also never seen again ...



Then another unfortunate boy was turned into a dolphin ...



And a girl was turned into a hen.



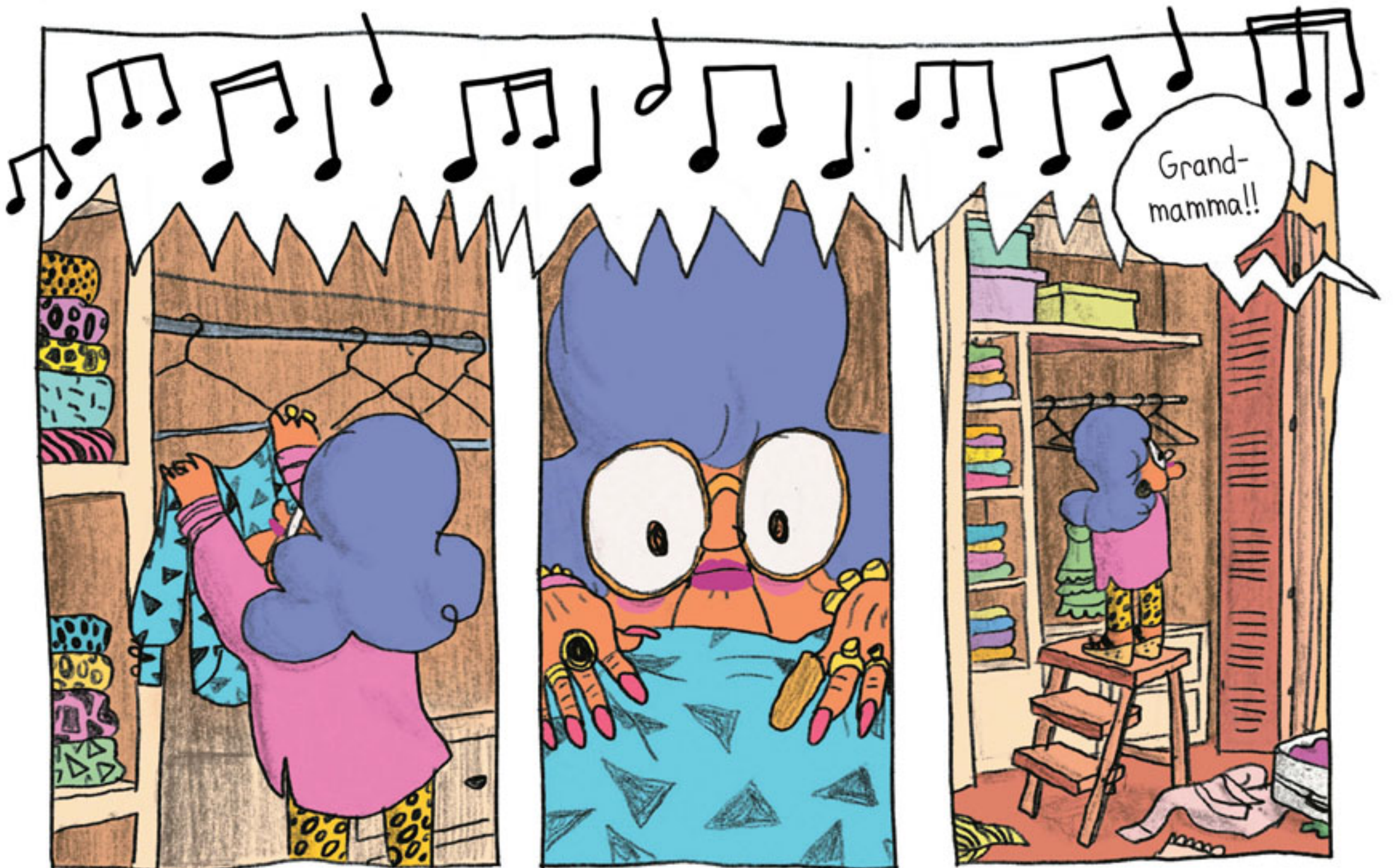
Her parents were heartbroken, but at least they now had a fresh egg every morning.

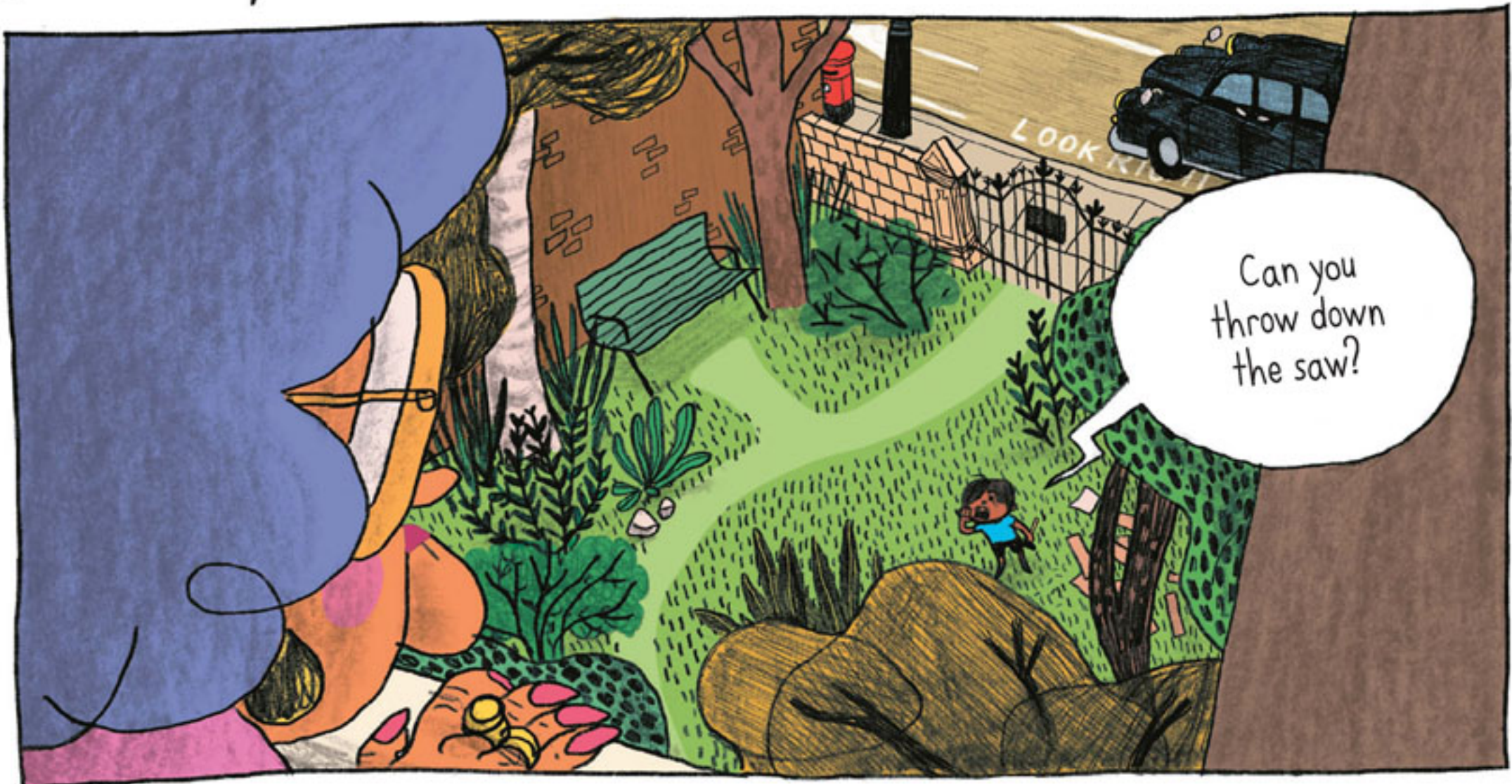
Last but not least, supposedly another child was turned into a stone statue.

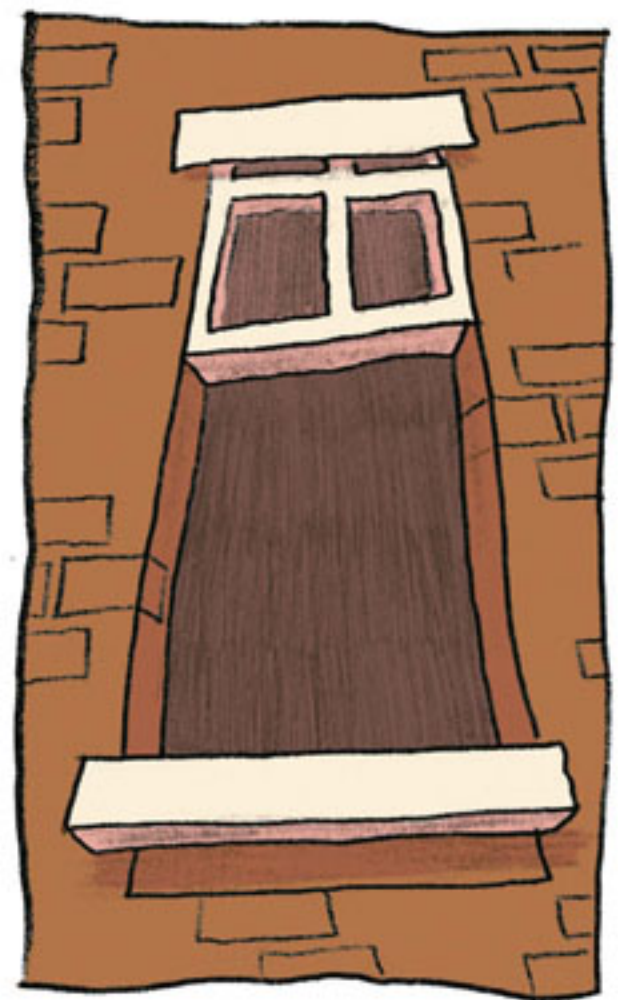
















It's when you **COUGH** tell yourself you're going to do something **COUGH** that seems **COUGH** difficult but import—



For instance, you could set a goal to stop smoking cigars.



Nonsense! My cough isn't from my cigars!!

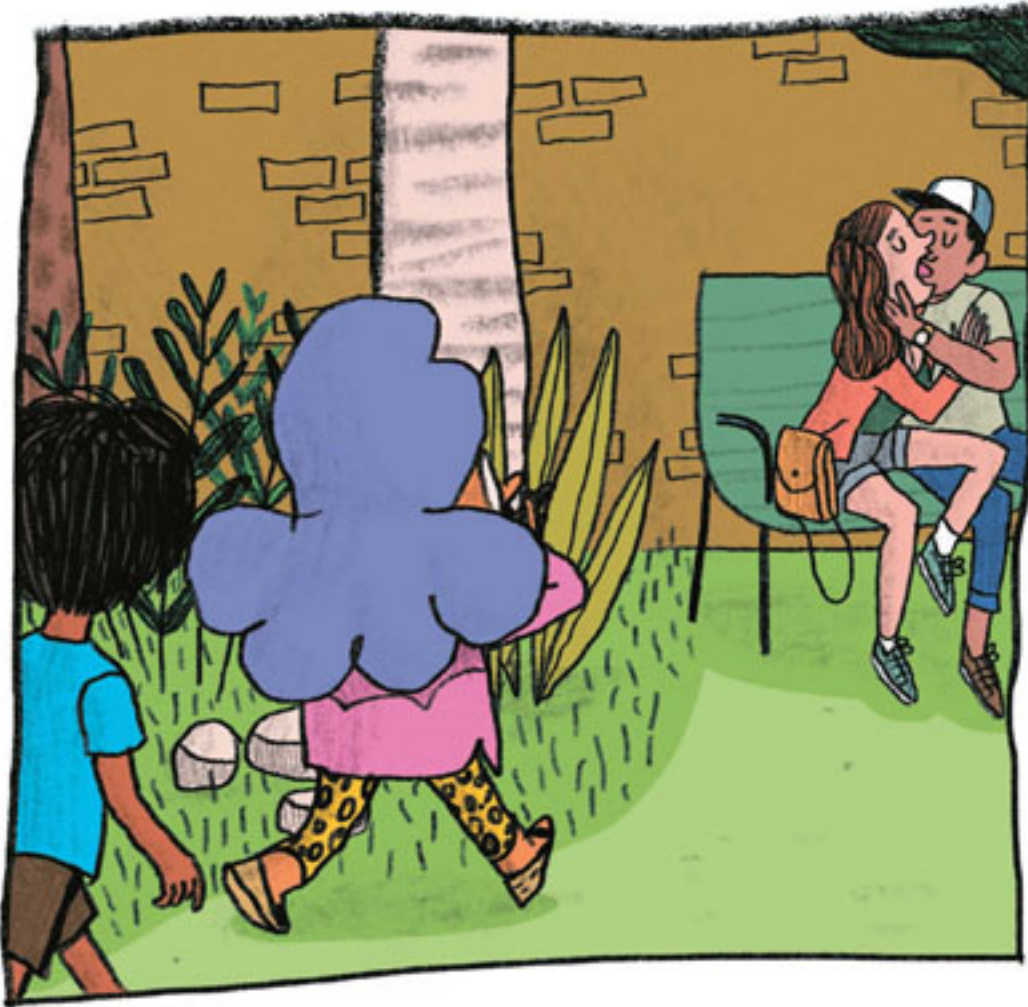


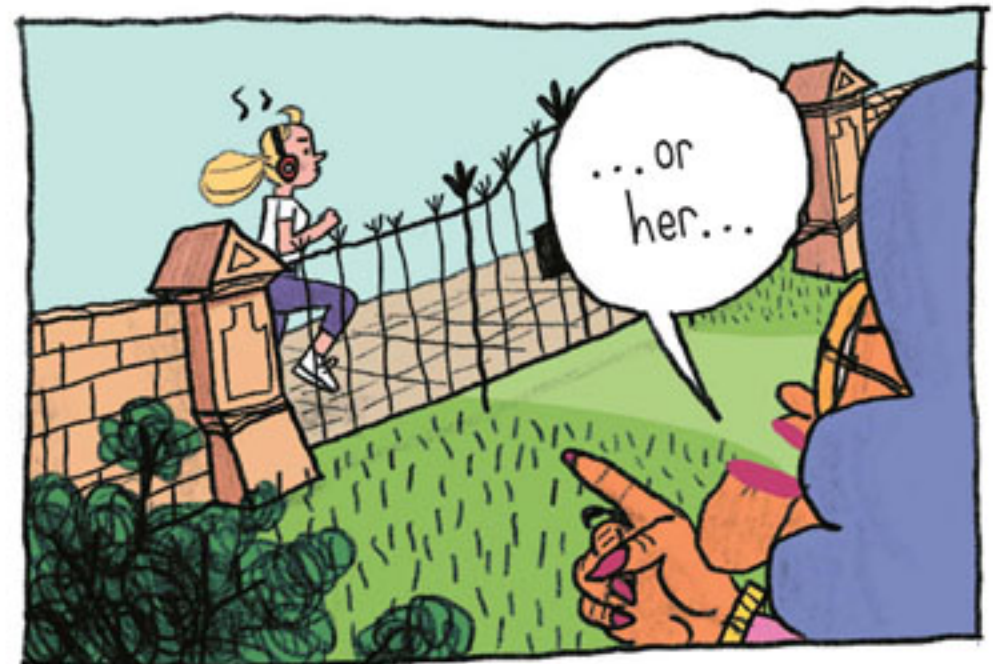
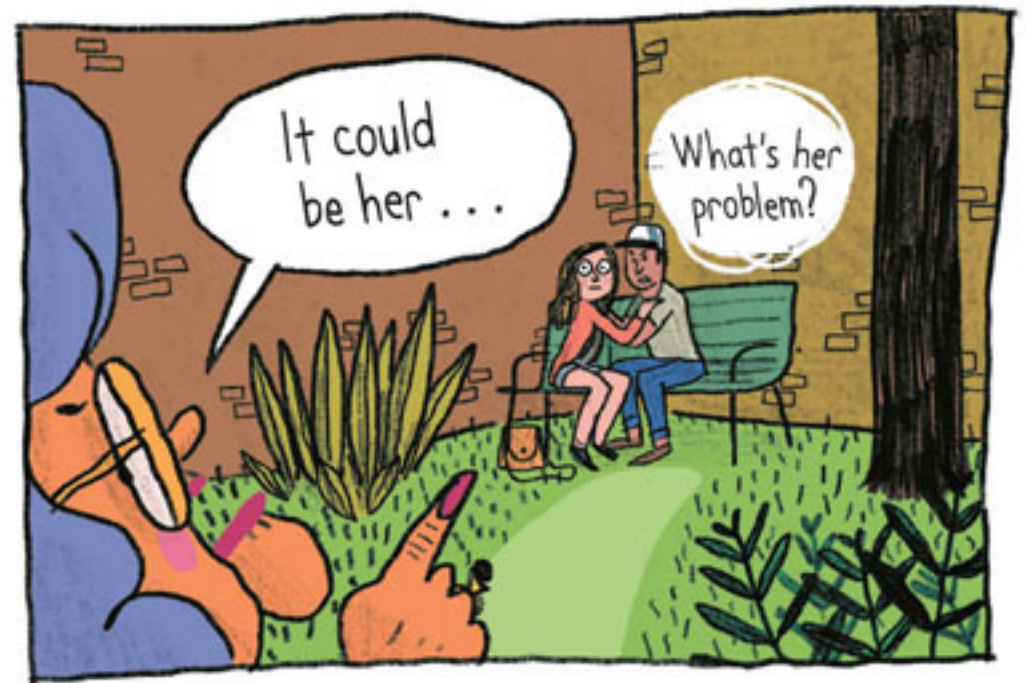




Not even REMOTELY close! If that were the case, it would be easy to spot them!







Now, luckily, there are some foolproof signs to distinguish a witch from a woman. They're not obvious, but I

≡ **COUGH COUGH** ≡

I know what they are! So listen very carefully:





In order to "prove" you were definitely a witch, they would throw you in the water to see if you would float.

Simply not having a husband or treating your cold with herbal remedies . . .

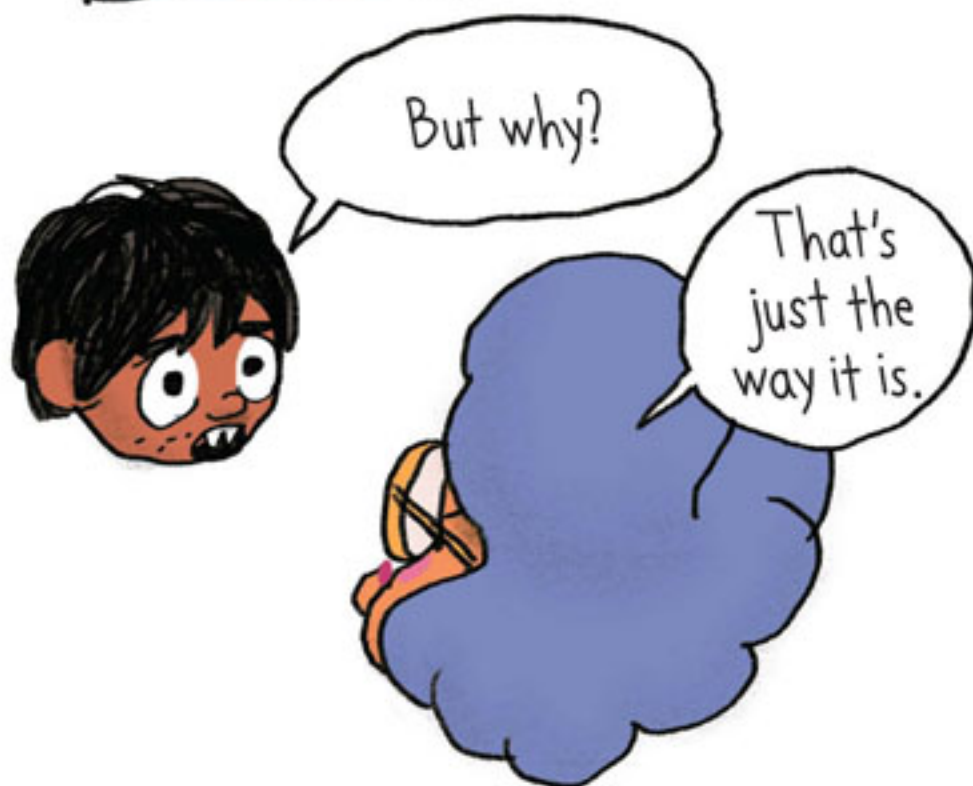
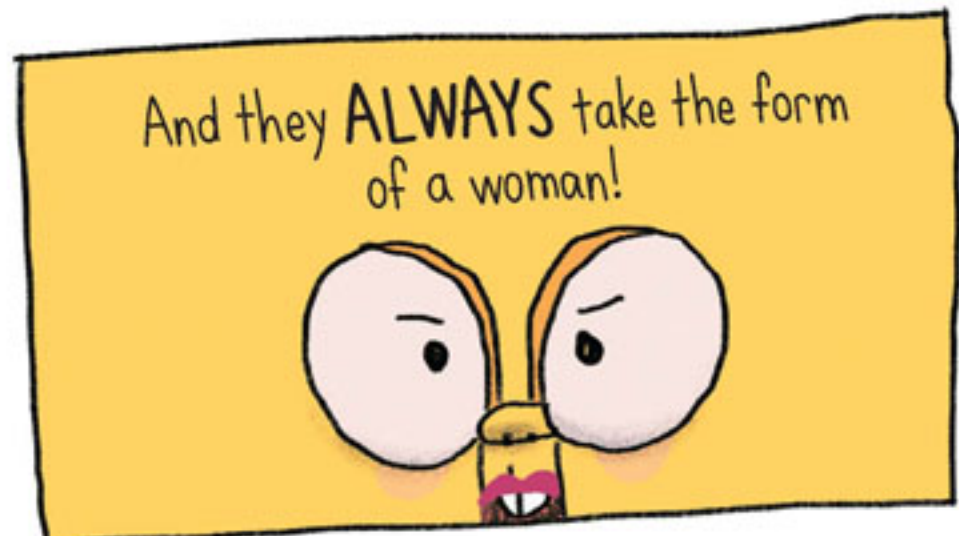


And they'd find very persuasive ways to get you to confess.





The creatures I'm talking about have nothing in common with those poor women who were hunted for no reason. They don't have warts or pointy hats, and as far as I know, they have better things to do than dance around in the nude. But most importantly, these witches ...



Vampires and werewolves look like men, and witches look like women.



They live all over the world. They wear ordinary clothes, have ordinary jobs and friends ... That's why they're so hard to spot!

But what they **ALL** have in common is their dislike ...



... their disgust ...



... their **RED-HOT SIZZLING HATRED** of children!!



They **CAN'T STAND** children. Kids literally make them want to **VOMIT**.



A witch's sole desire is to get rid of all the children, one at a time. Stamp them out. Put them through the grinder.

One child per week! **MINIMUM!** Otherwise they get really grumpy!



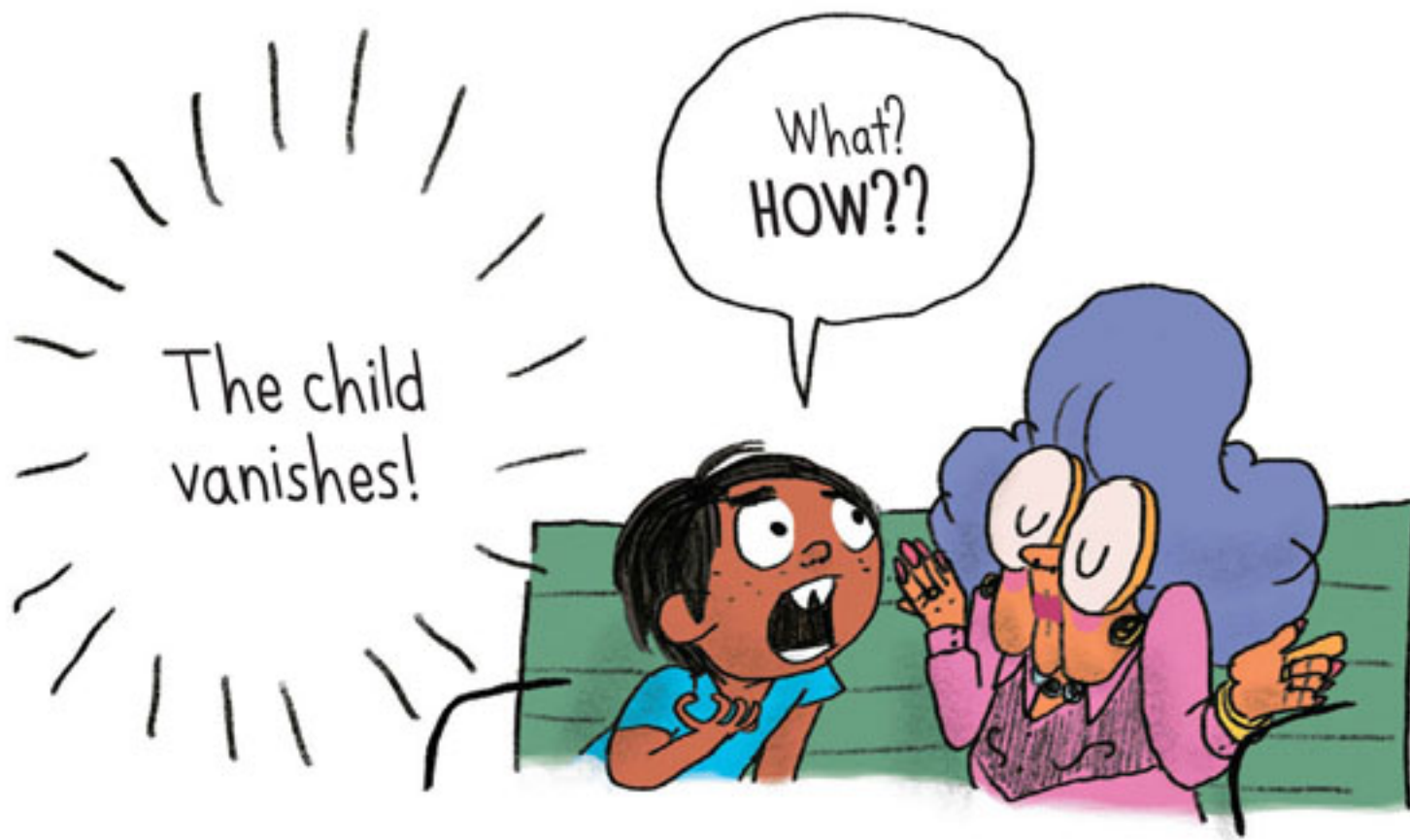
How ... how do they kill them?

Now that, even as a witchophile, I can't say, exactly.



But one thing is certain: A witch carefully picks her prey, then stalks it with catlike stealth. And when the time is just right, she pounces on her victim, and then ...





I have no idea. At any rate, no witch has ever been caught by the police. Or gone to prison.



Luckily, there aren't too many around nowadays.



I'd say there are about 100 in England alone.

They live in EVERY single country in the world, but they all obey the same queen, the most powerful one of all:



THE GRAND HIGH WITCH!

She is very mysterious and only rarely makes an appearance. Besides, to the human eye, she too would look just like a perfectly ordinary woman.



So how can we spot them, then?

Well, like I said, they're creatures that have to constantly wear a disguise in order to pass for ordinary women.



But easier said than done, for them! There are still some things that betray them! That can help unmask them!



It's no guarantee, alas. But based on my research, here are a few details that could be useful to you:



HANDS



Fig. 1
With gloves

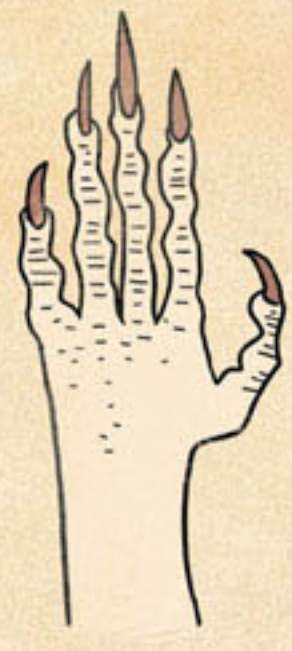


Fig. 2
Without gloves

Witches wear gloves all year long, no matter the season, in order to hide their claws and their wrinkly fingers.

FEET

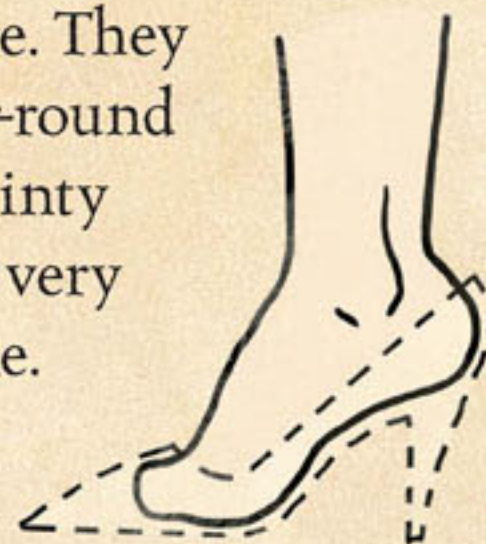


Woman



Witch

Witches don't have toes. Their feet are square. They hide their feet year-round in closed-toe, pointy shoes, which are very uncomfortable.



HEAD



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

Witches are totally bald (Fig. 1). They wear wigs (Fig. 2). But the chafing on their scalp 365 days a year drives them crazy, and they are prone to what we call "the itch."

Witch
succumbing
to "the itch."



EYES

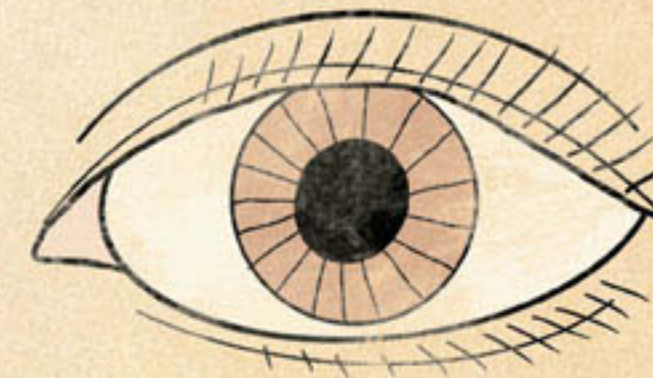


Fig. 1

While human eyes have ordinary black pupils (Fig. 1), a witch's pupils are full of dancing ice crystals and fire (Fig. 2).

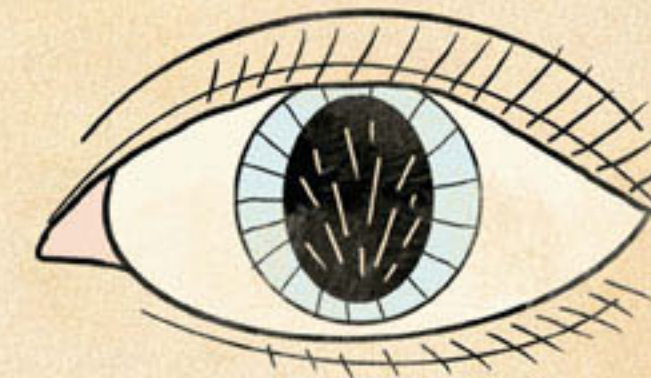


Fig. 2

SMILE



Witches have blue spit (blue as a blueberry), which gives their teeth a slight blue tinge.

NOSE



Witch
Nostril

Witches have large, twitchy nostrils for sniffing out children.

Riiight ...
Let me guess ...



It's not your dirtiness that bothers them. It's the smell of **CLEANLINESS**, actually. It makes them sick. Witches call them "stink waves." And those waves aren't as strong if you haven't washed in, say, a week. Dirt covers up your natural smell.







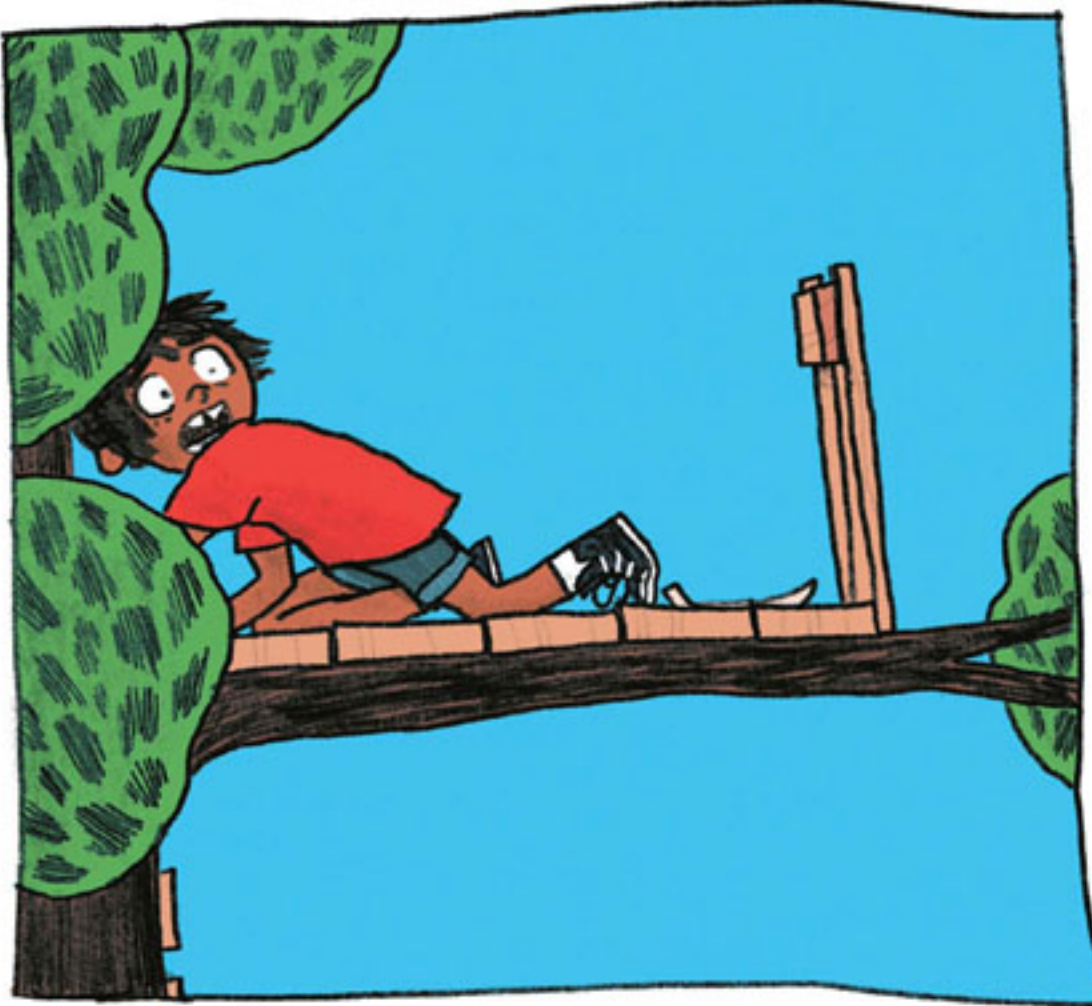














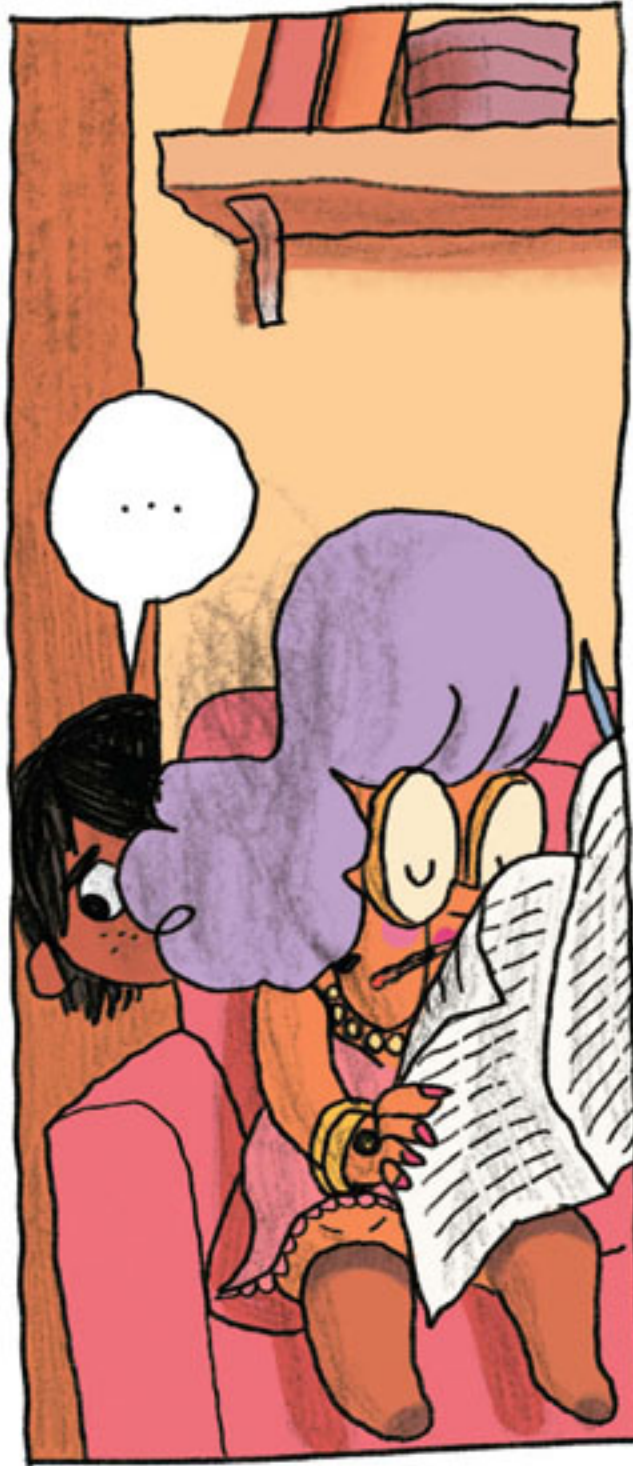
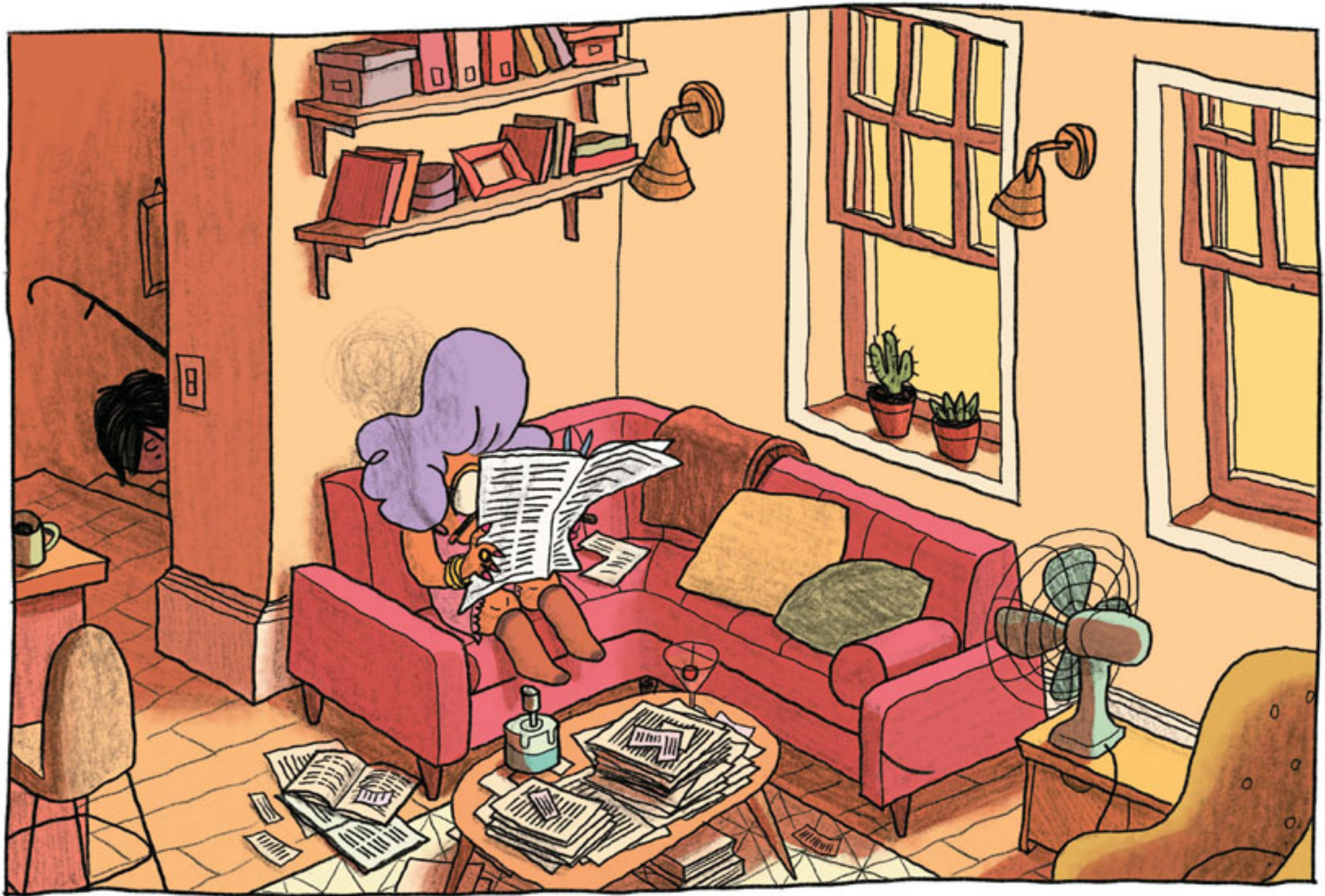












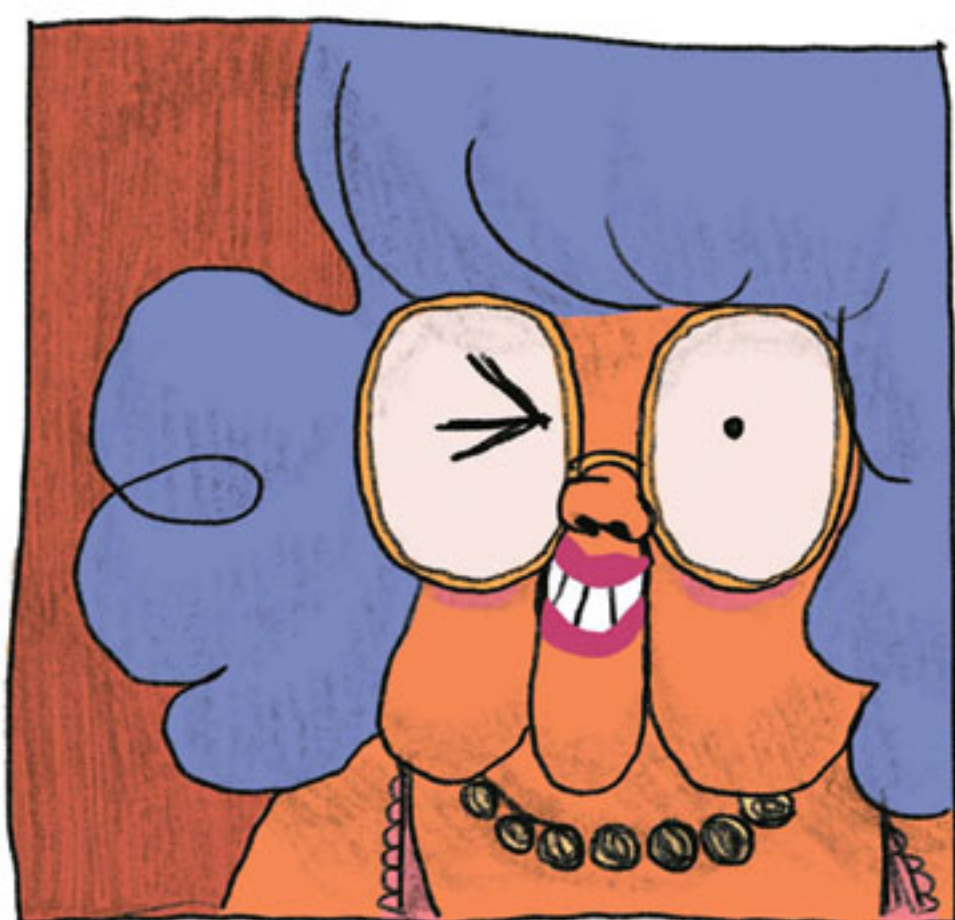
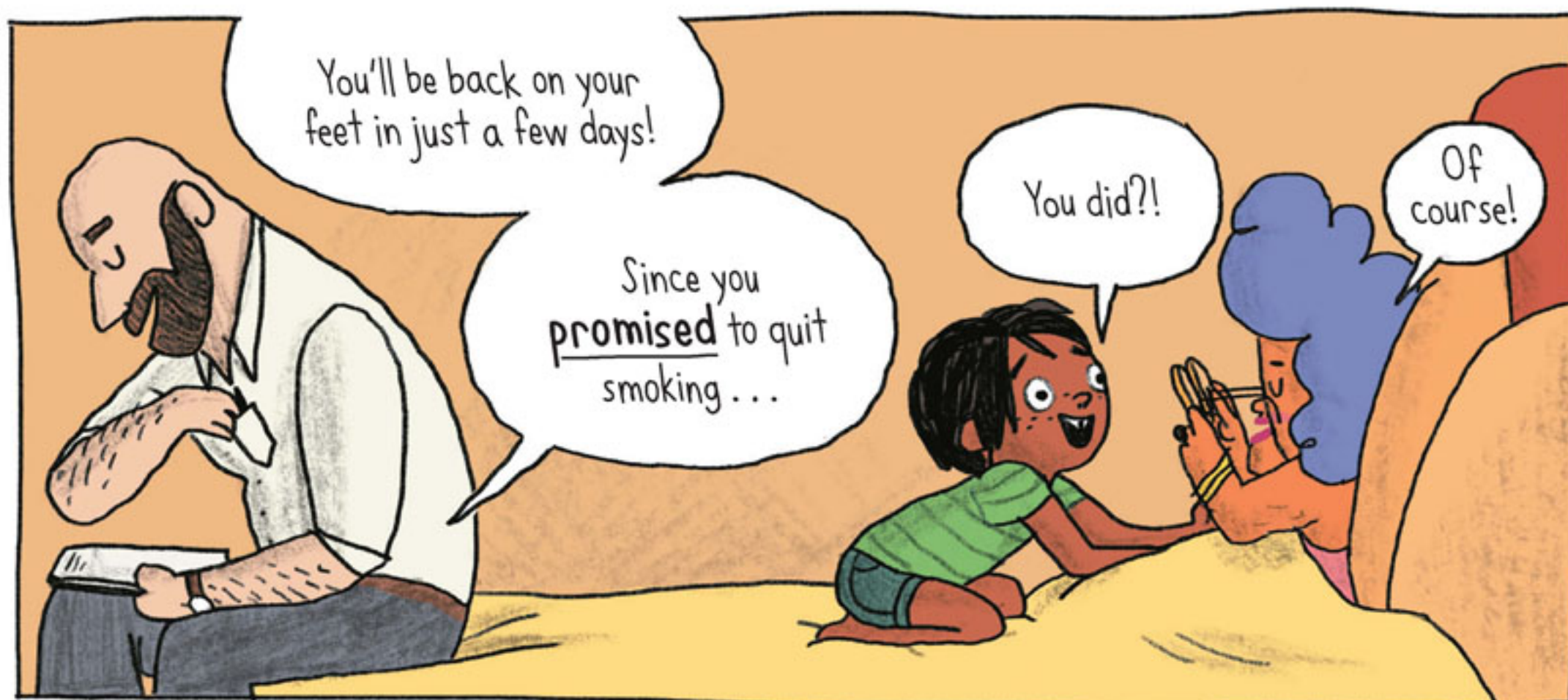


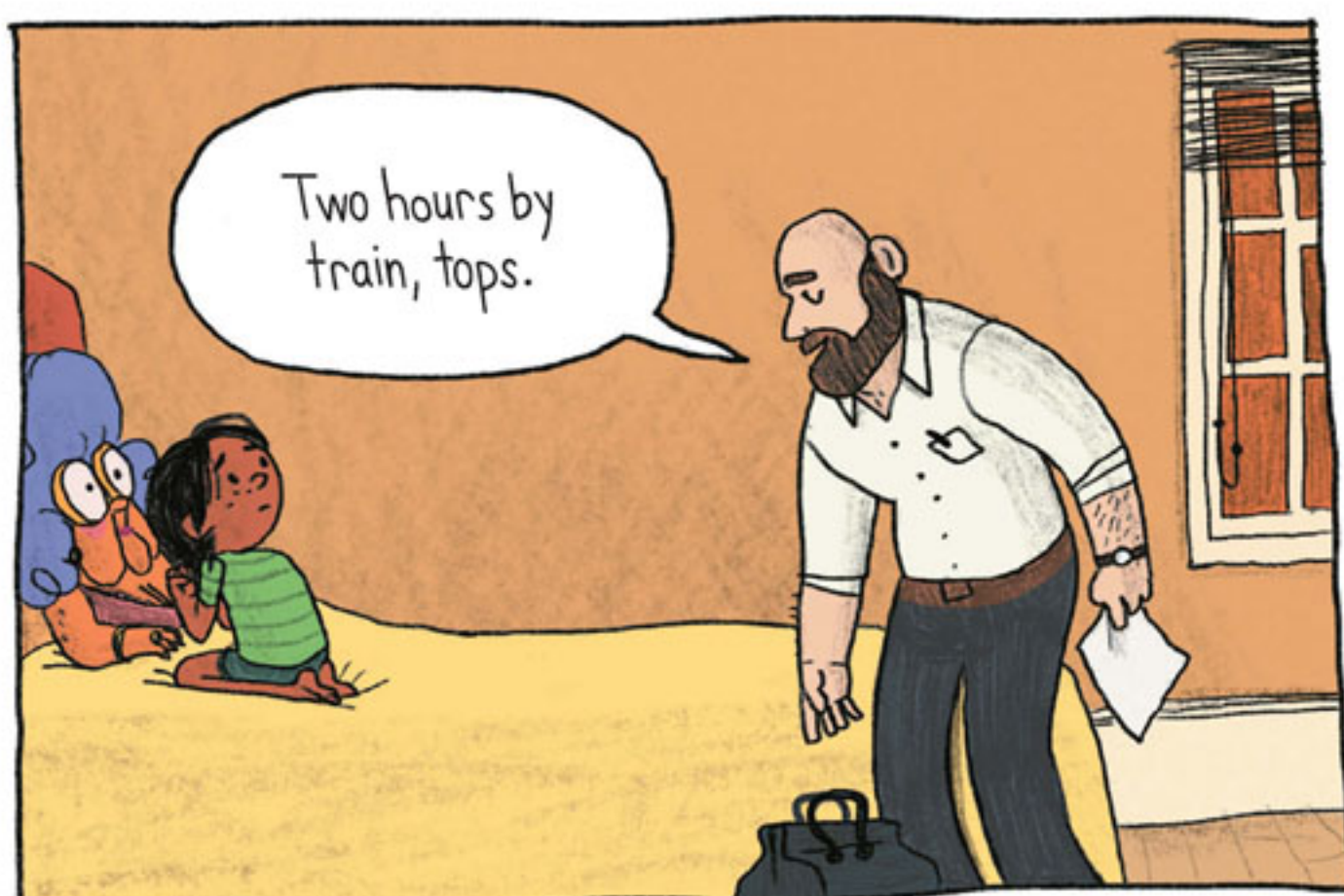


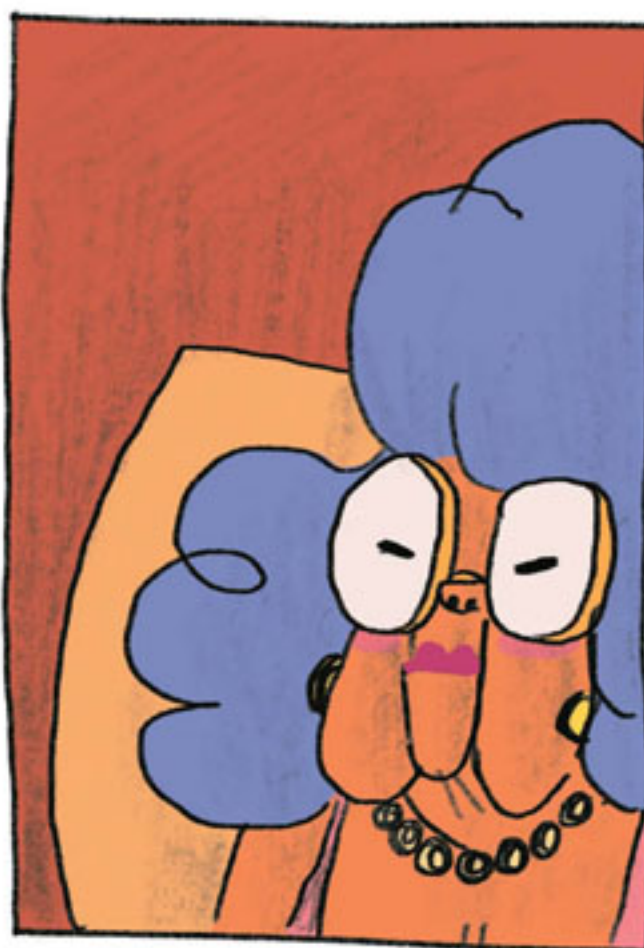




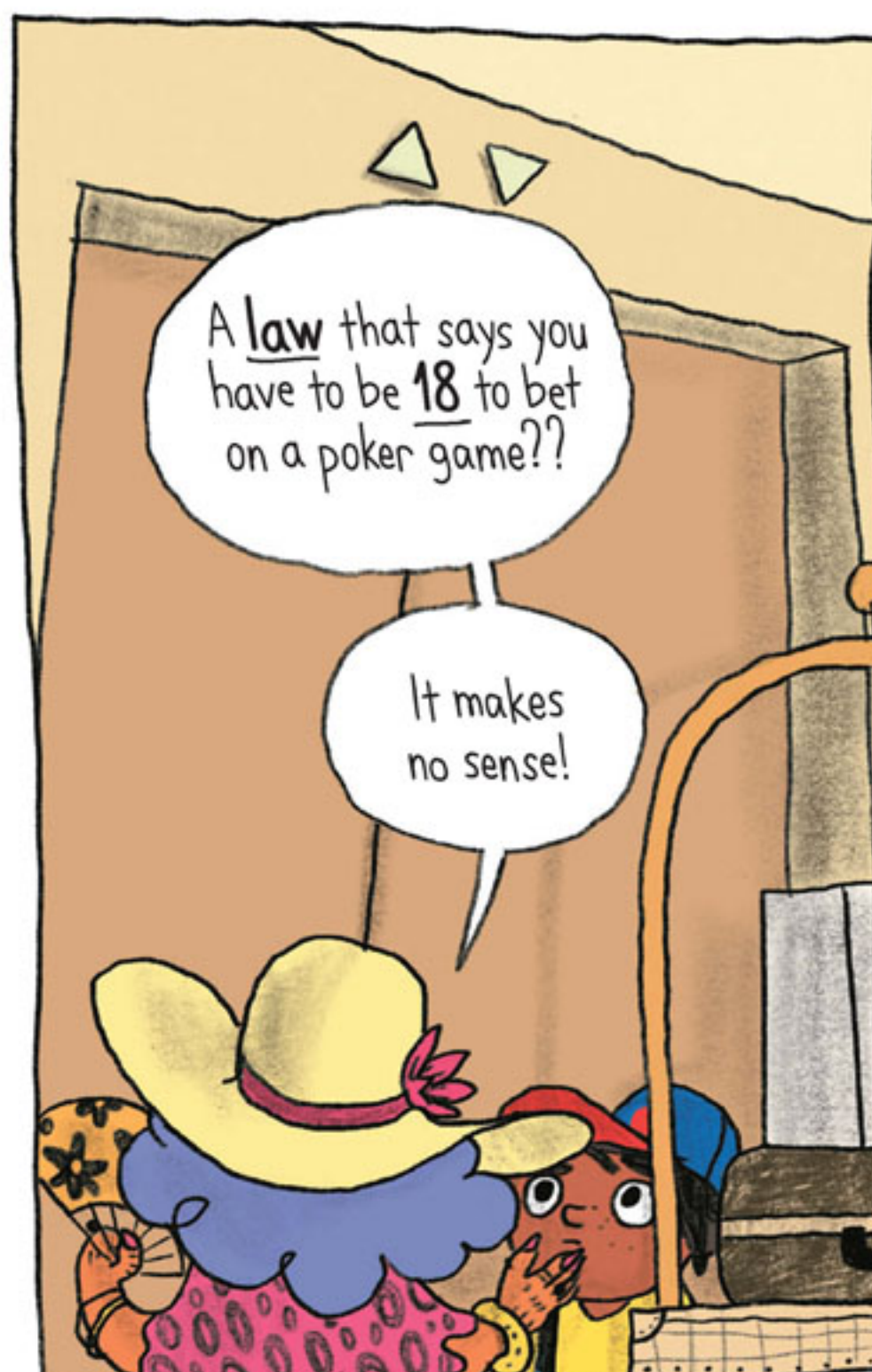


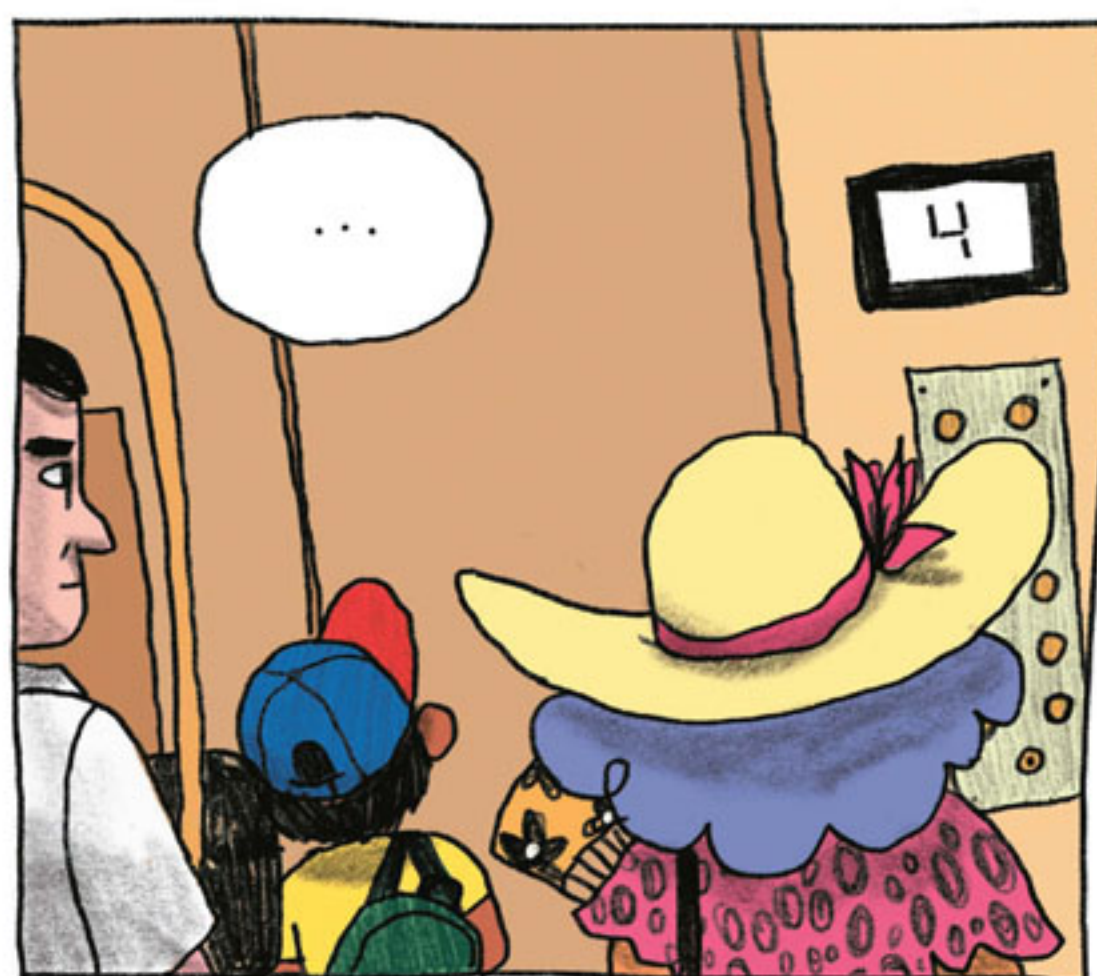
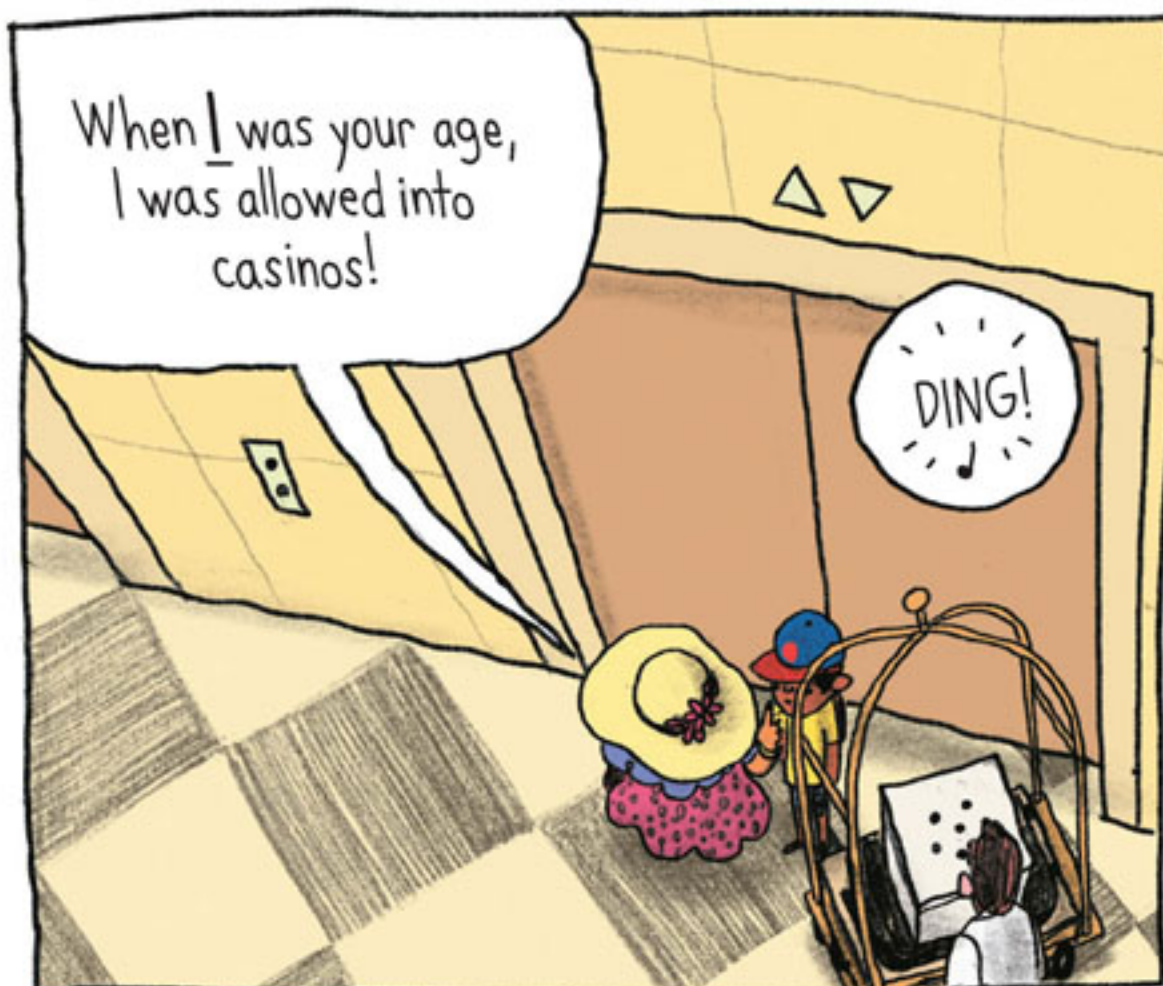




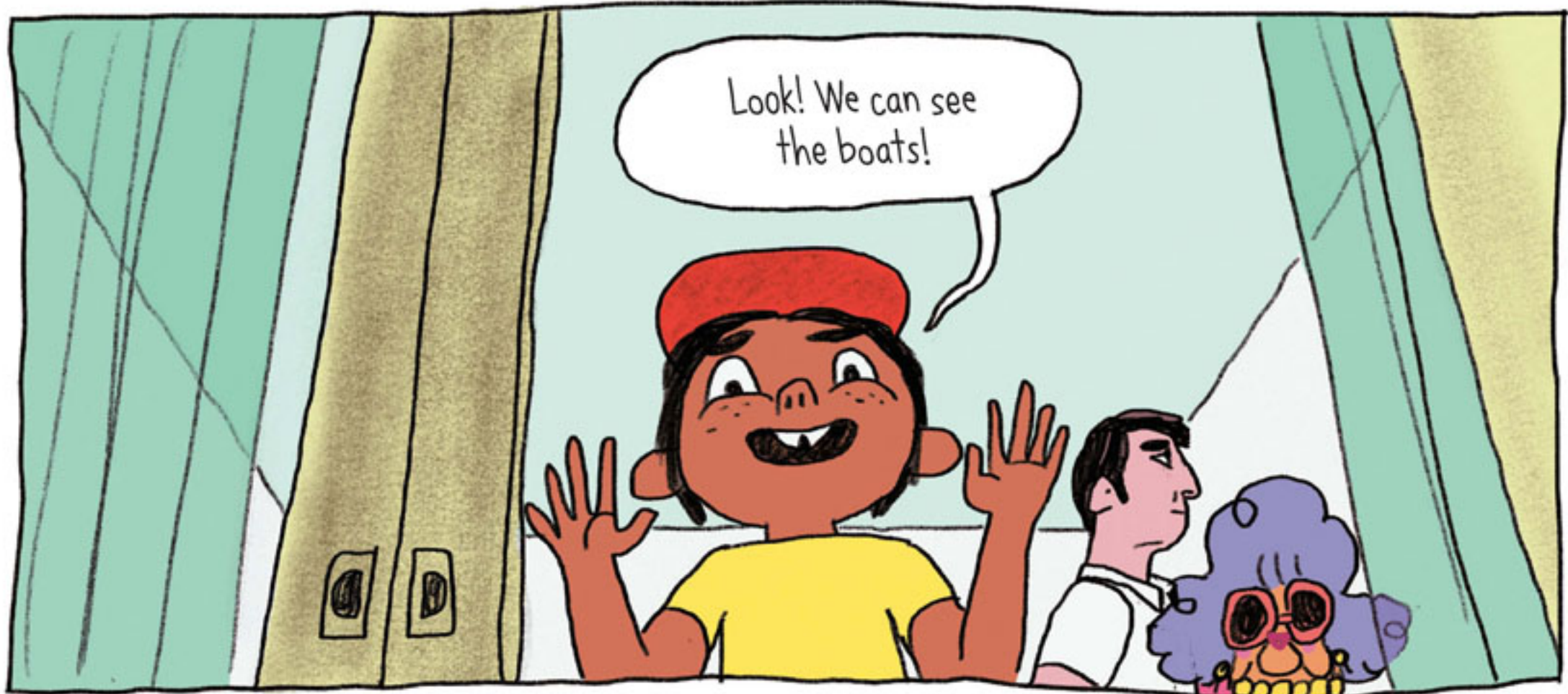






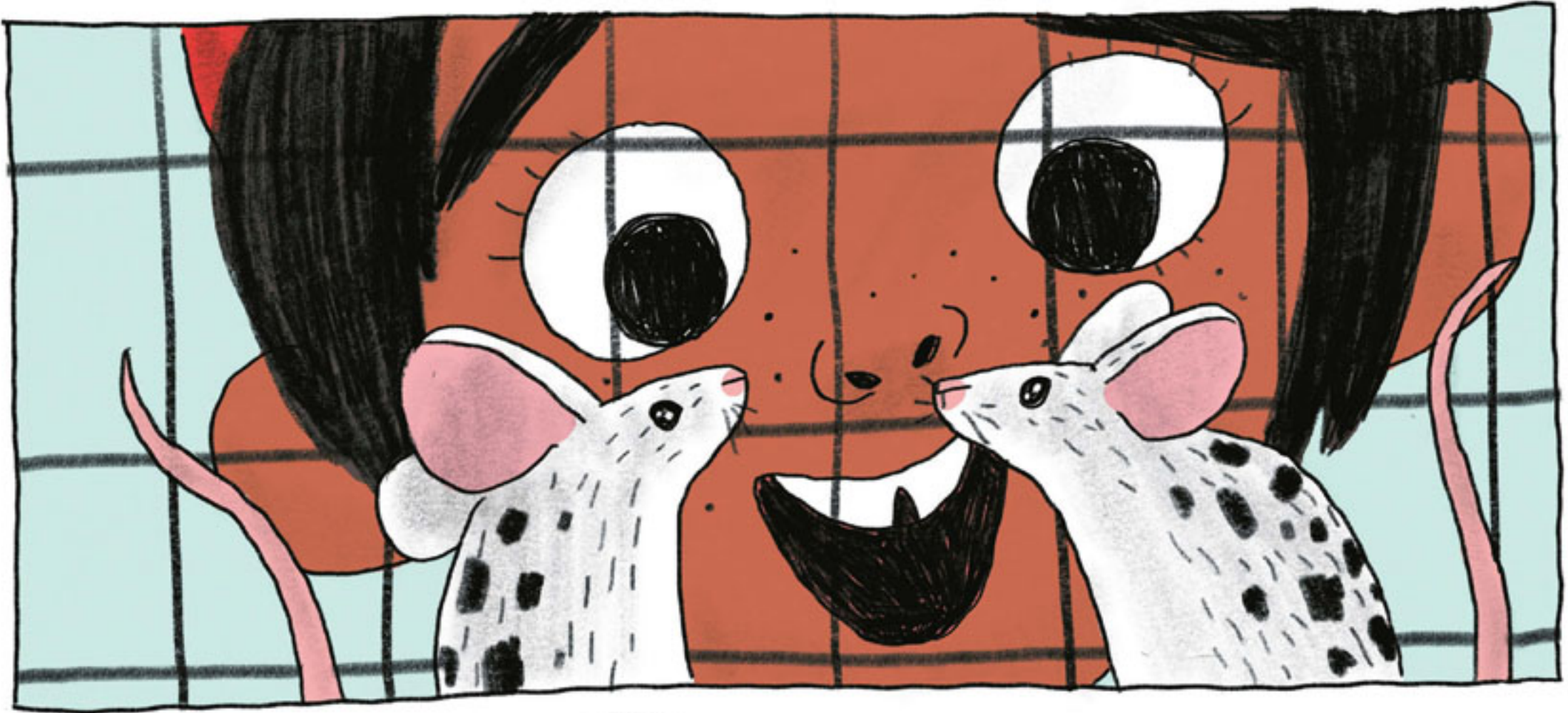










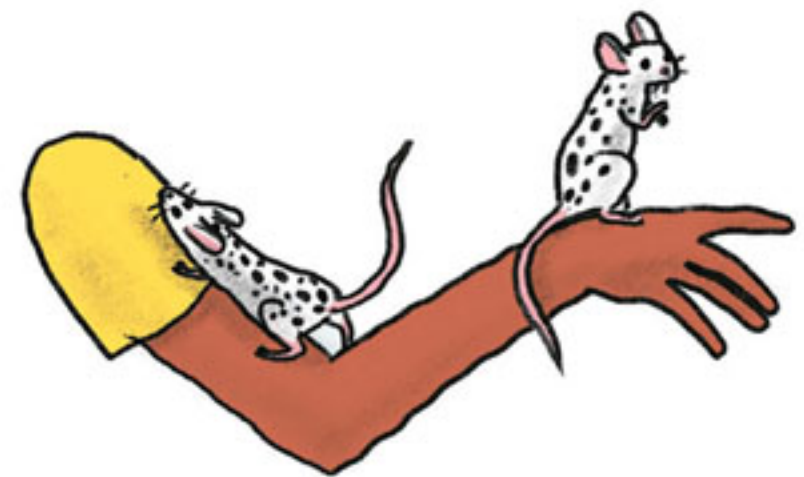


I figured you'd be bored to death otherwise.





You think I can teach them tricks?

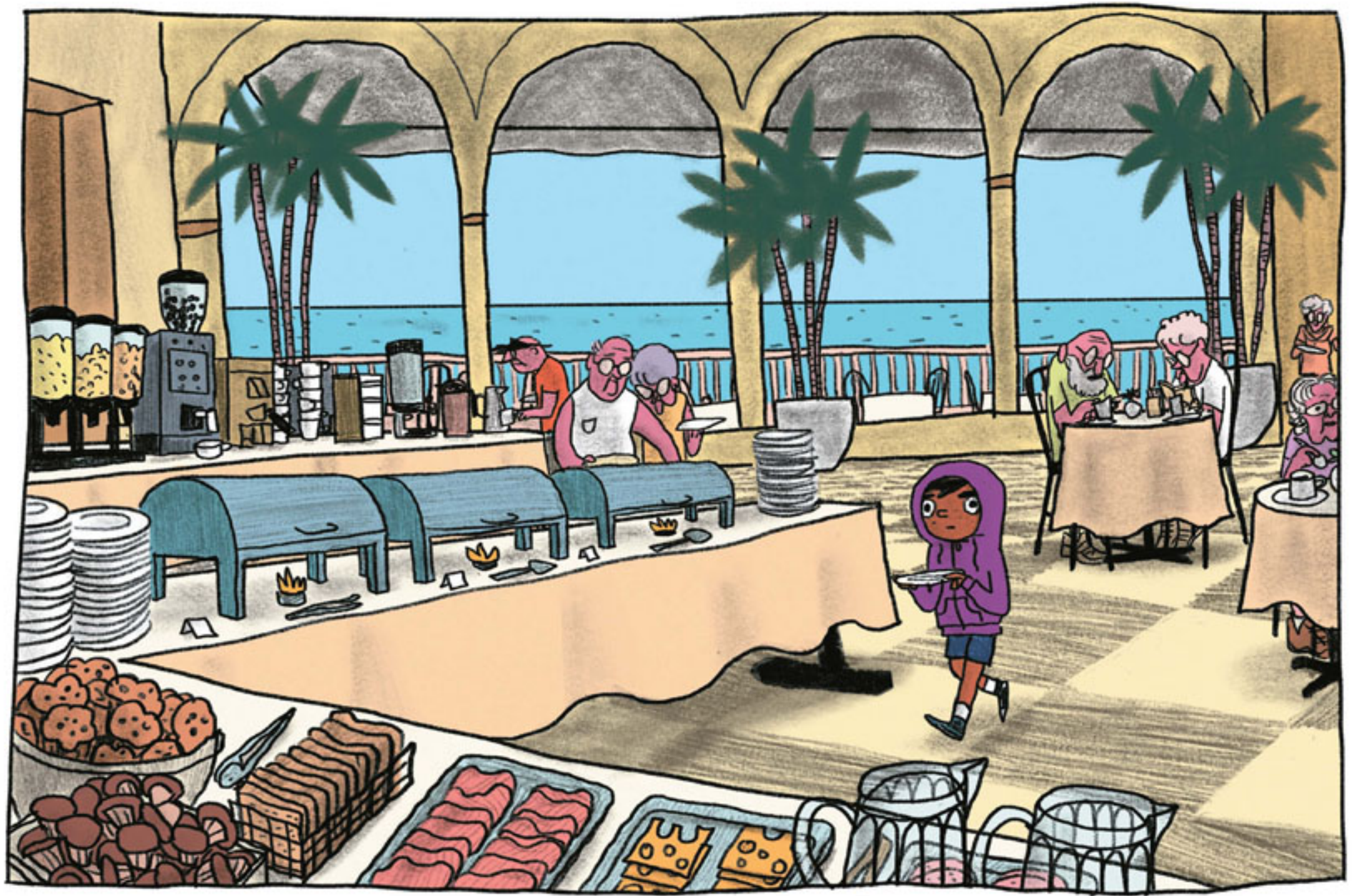


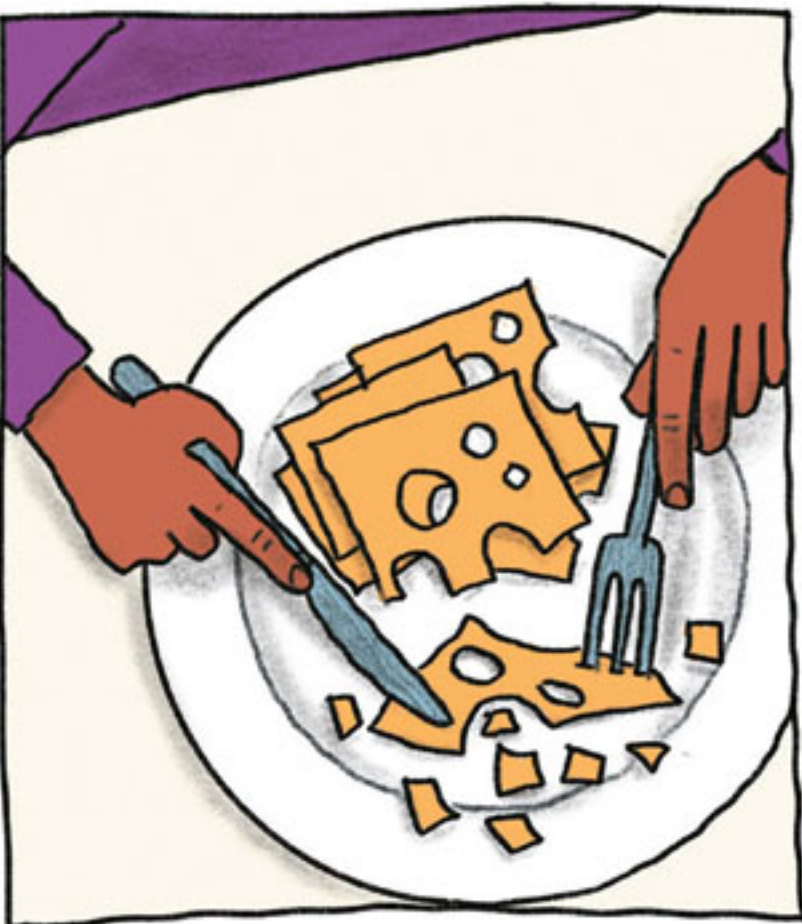
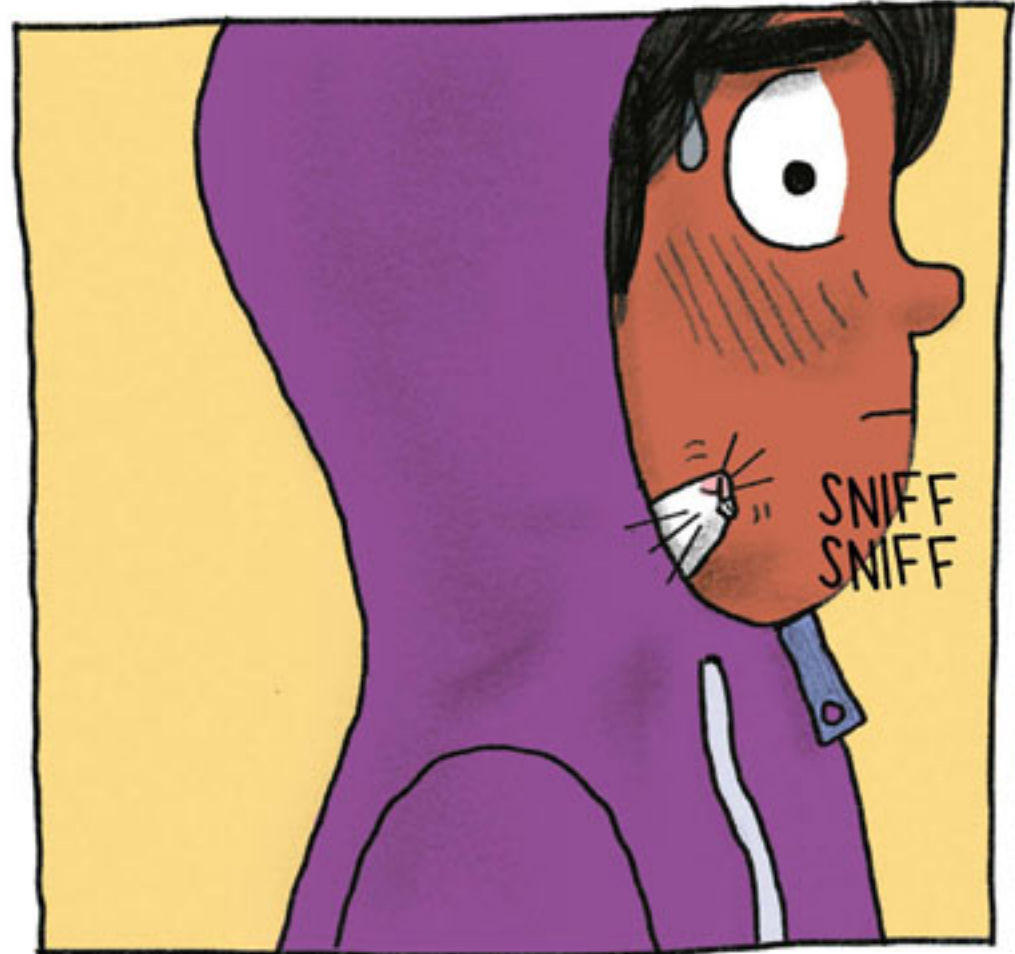
Besides, I'm afraid you won't have much else to do this week ...













SQUEAK!!

Okay, okay,
give me a
second!



I just spent 20 minutes
with the hotel manager:
The towel guy reported us!

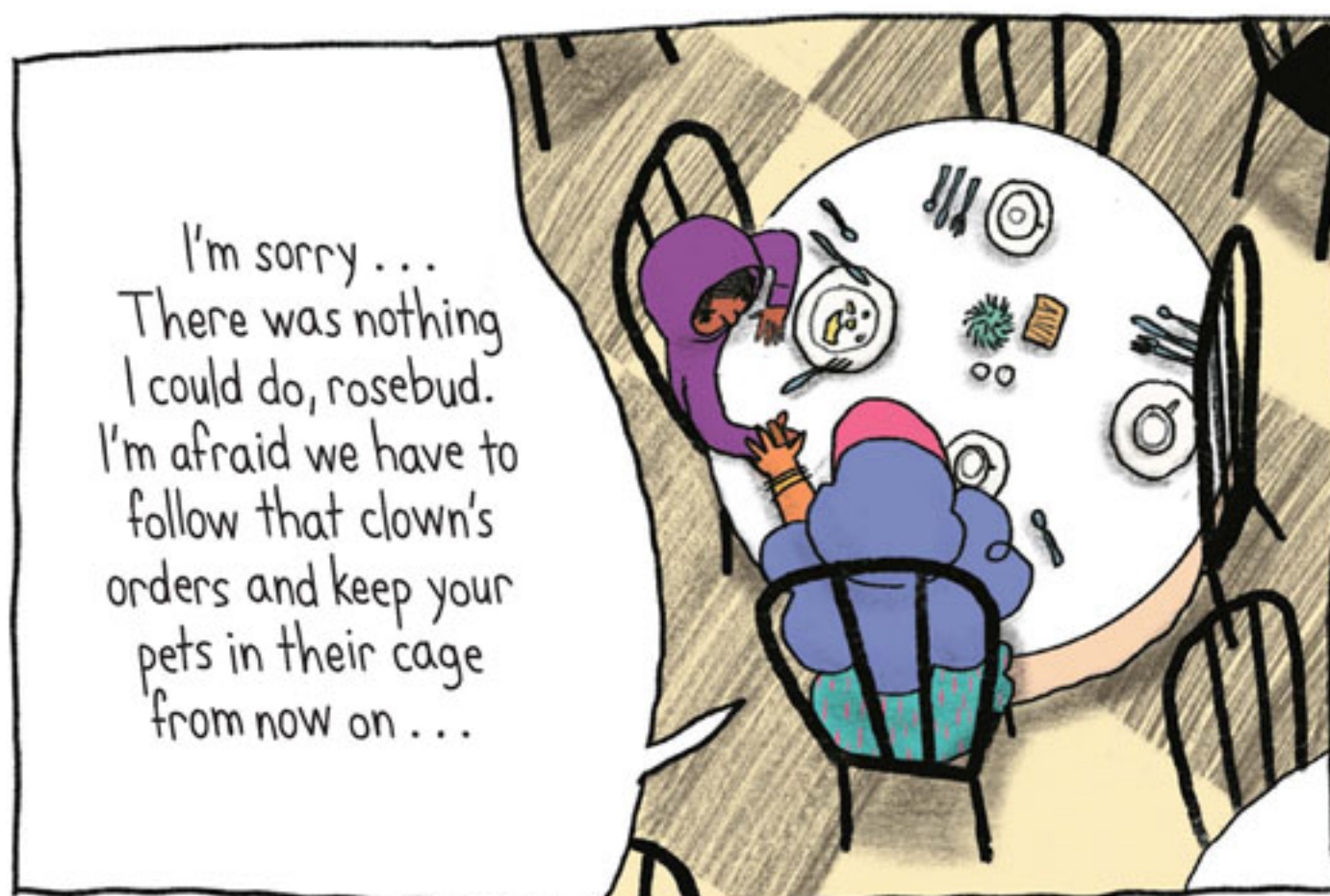
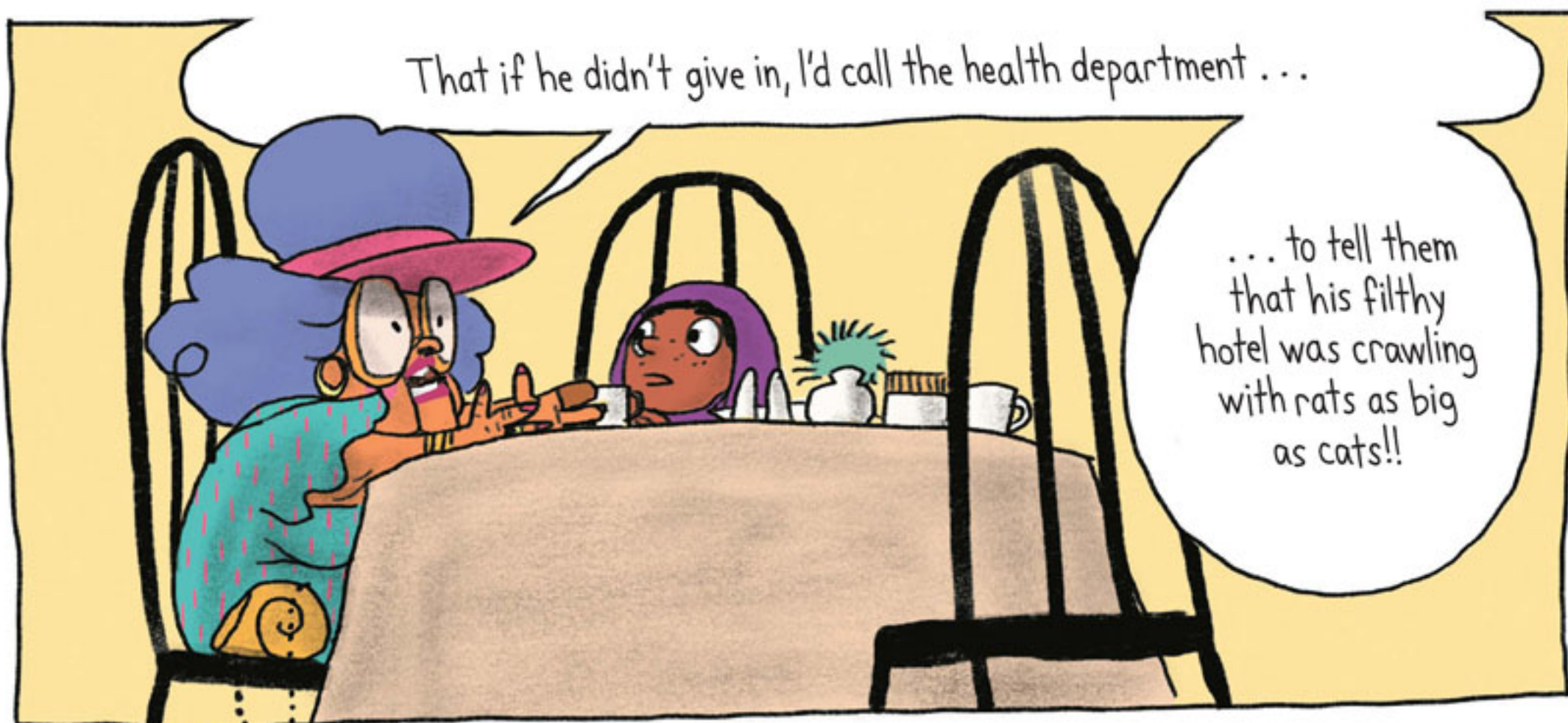


He's furious and told me
your mice have to stay in
their cage!



Ohhh no!
What did
you say?





When we're back in London, they can roam around as they please, I promise.



Come on, darling... Be a good little boy...



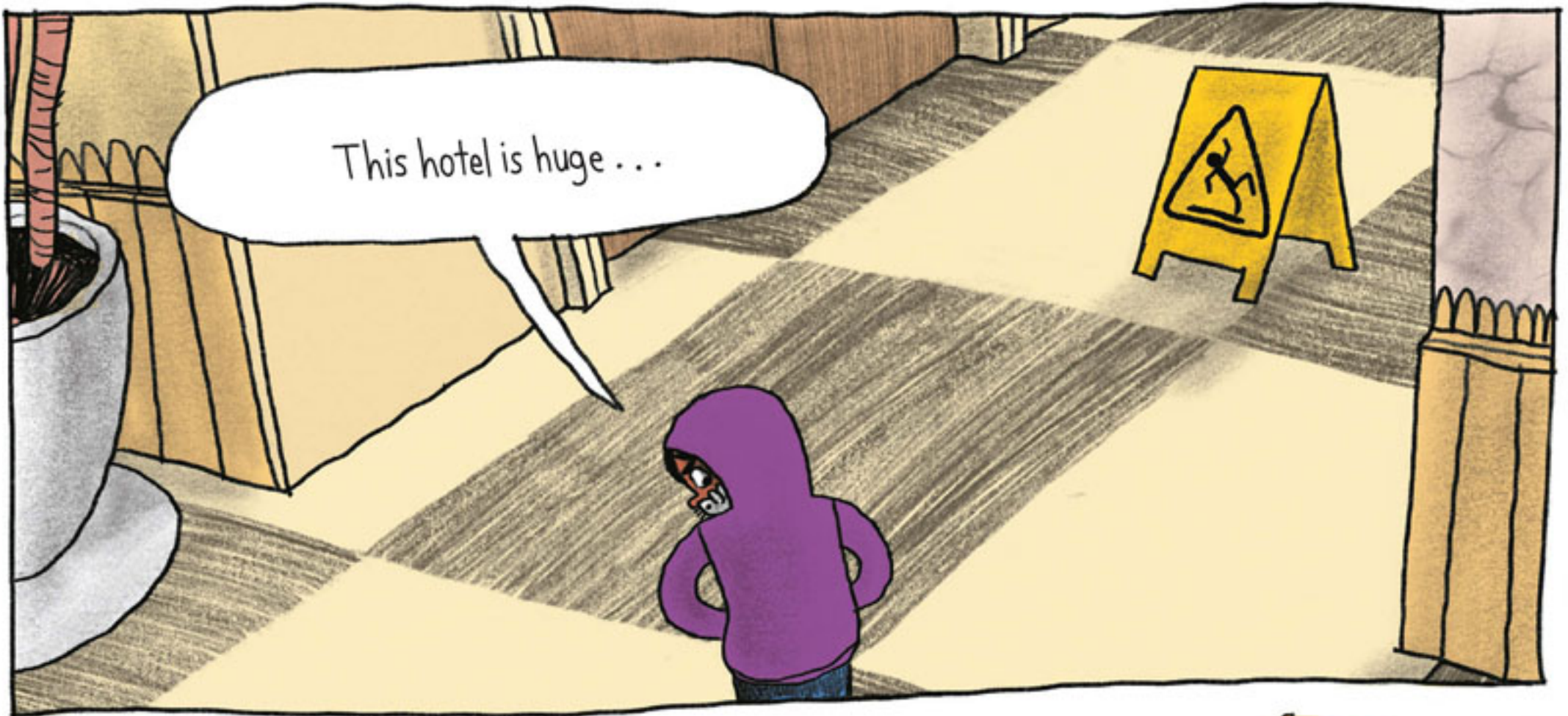
Take them out of your hood and bring them up to the room.





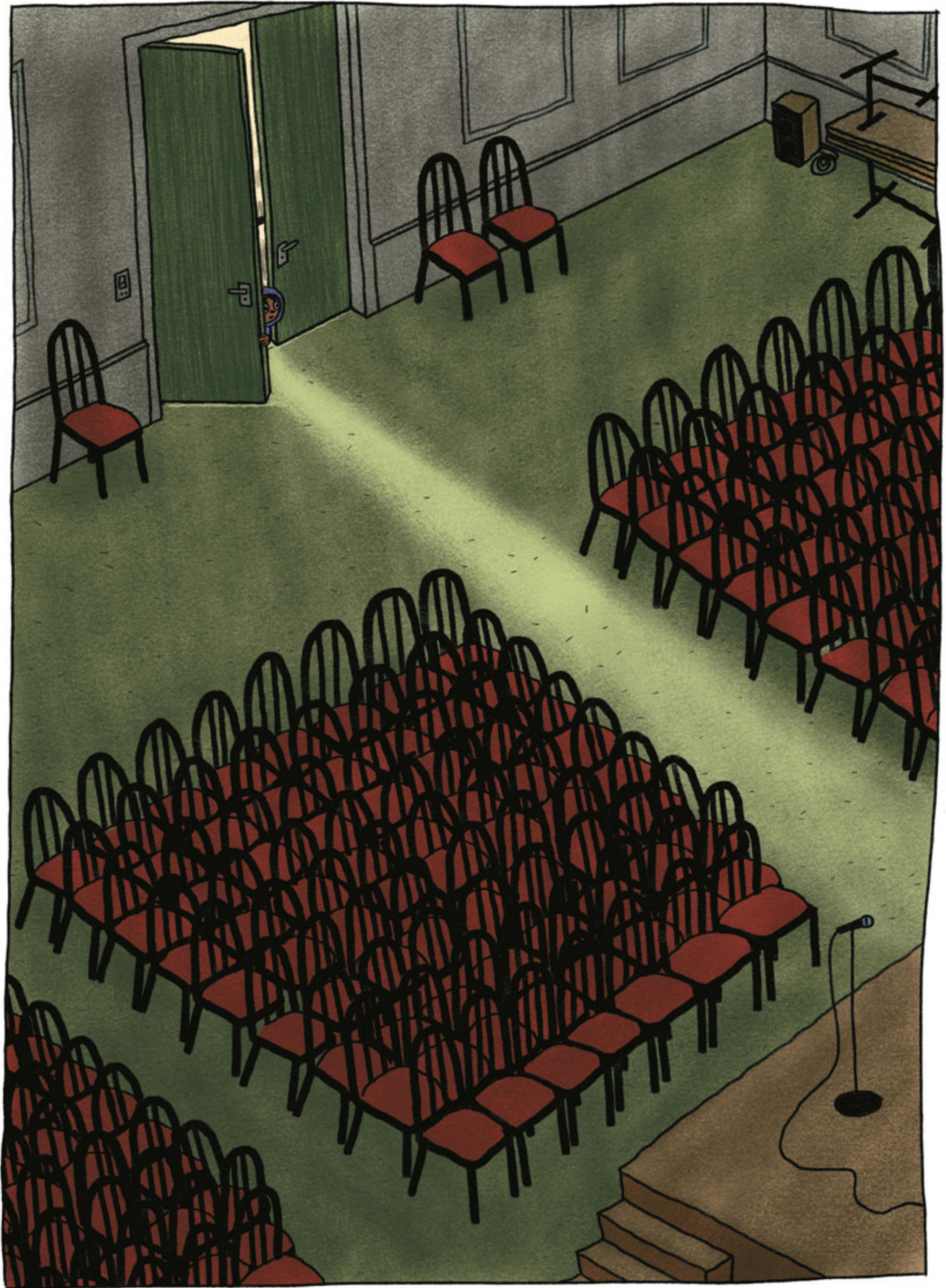


Unless, of course, we **DON'T** train in my room . . .

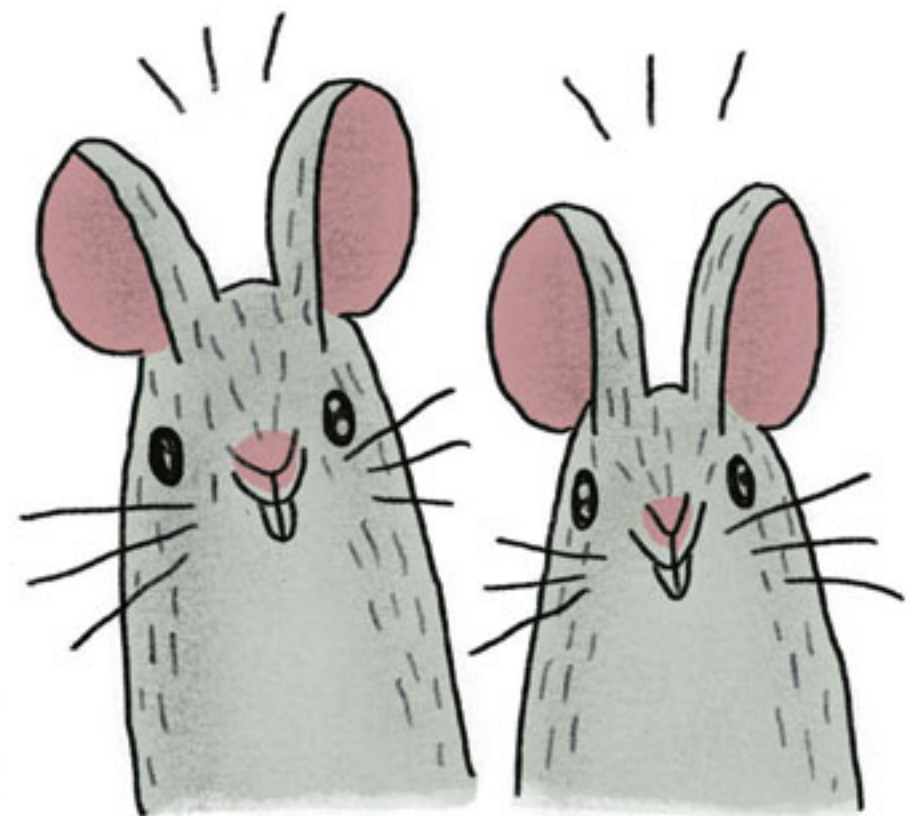






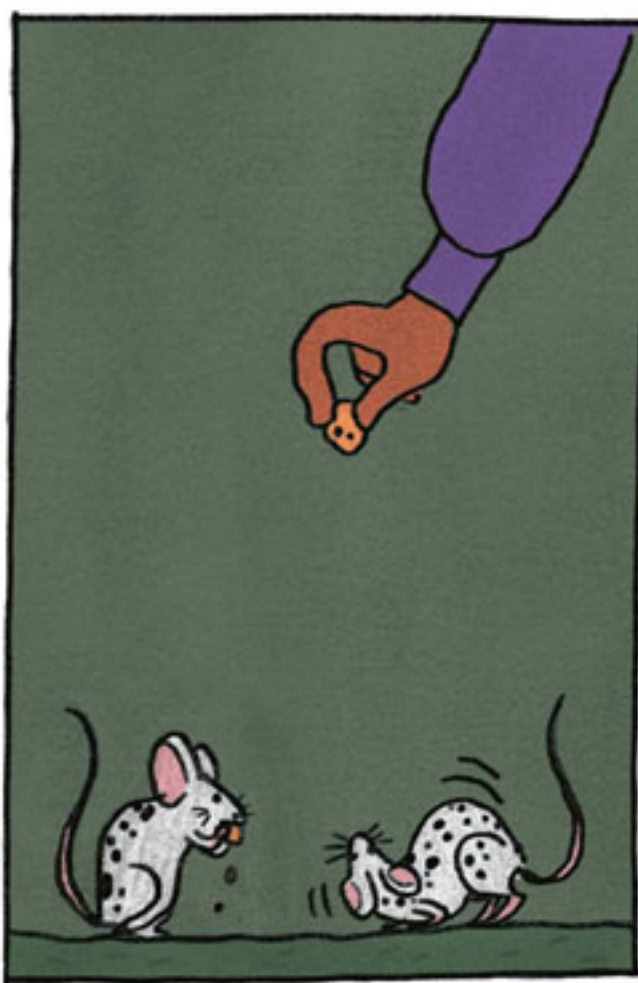


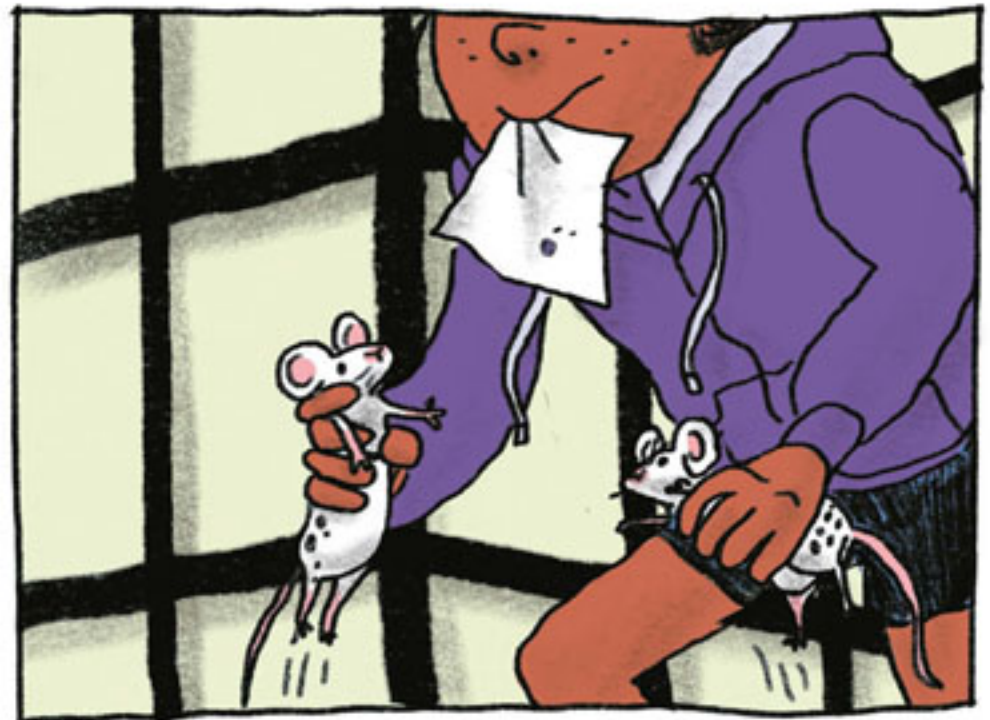




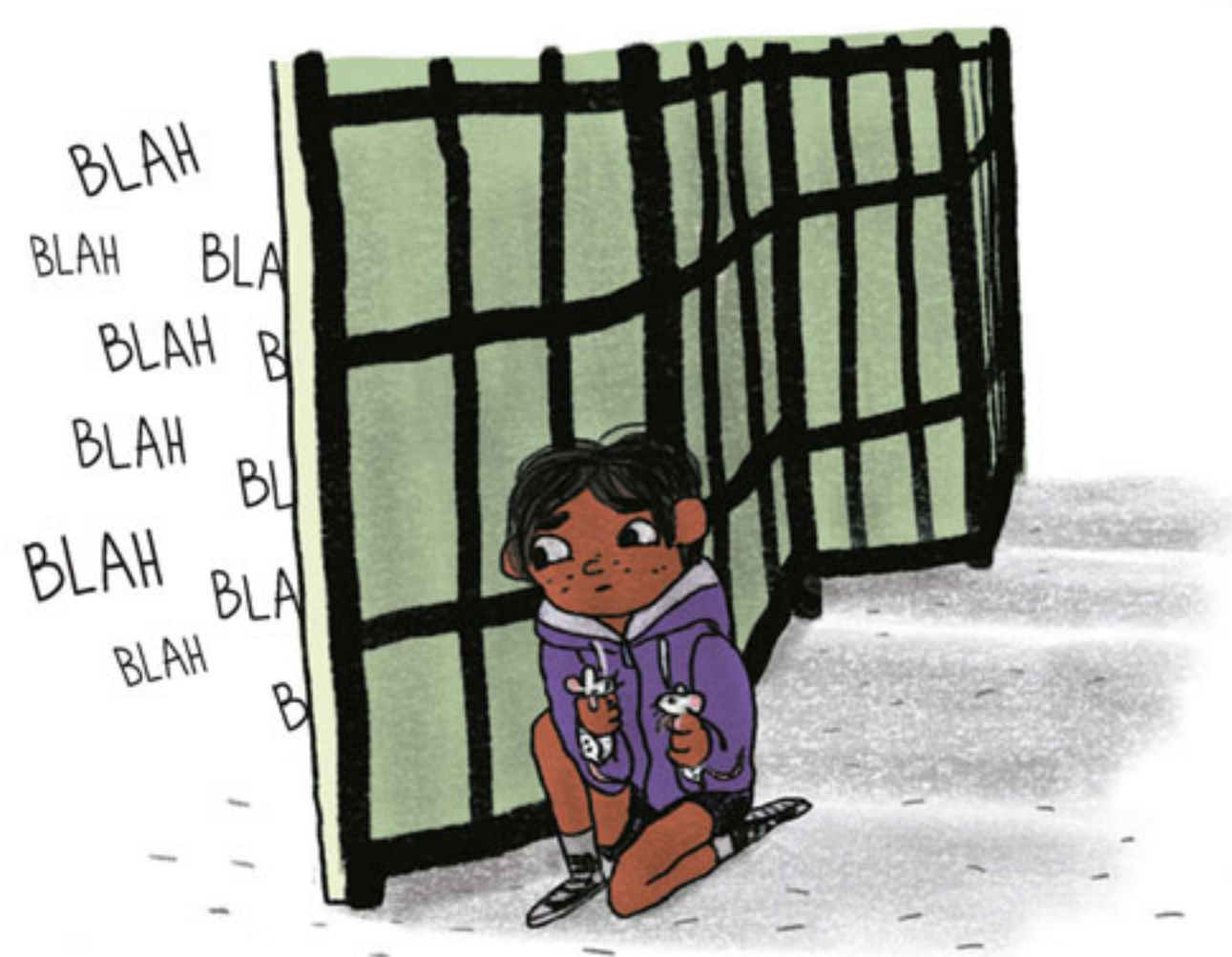
Okay, now it's time ...











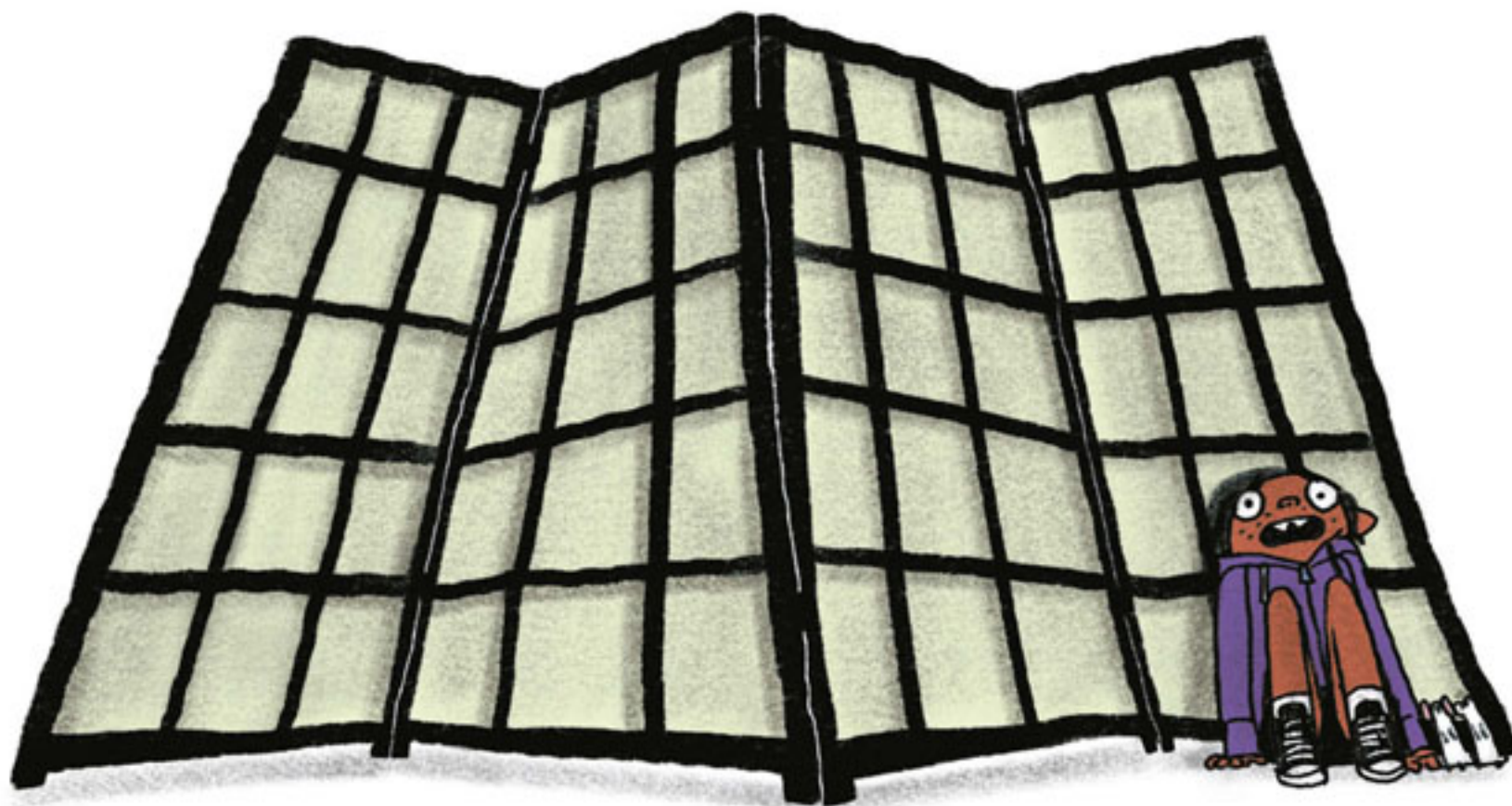


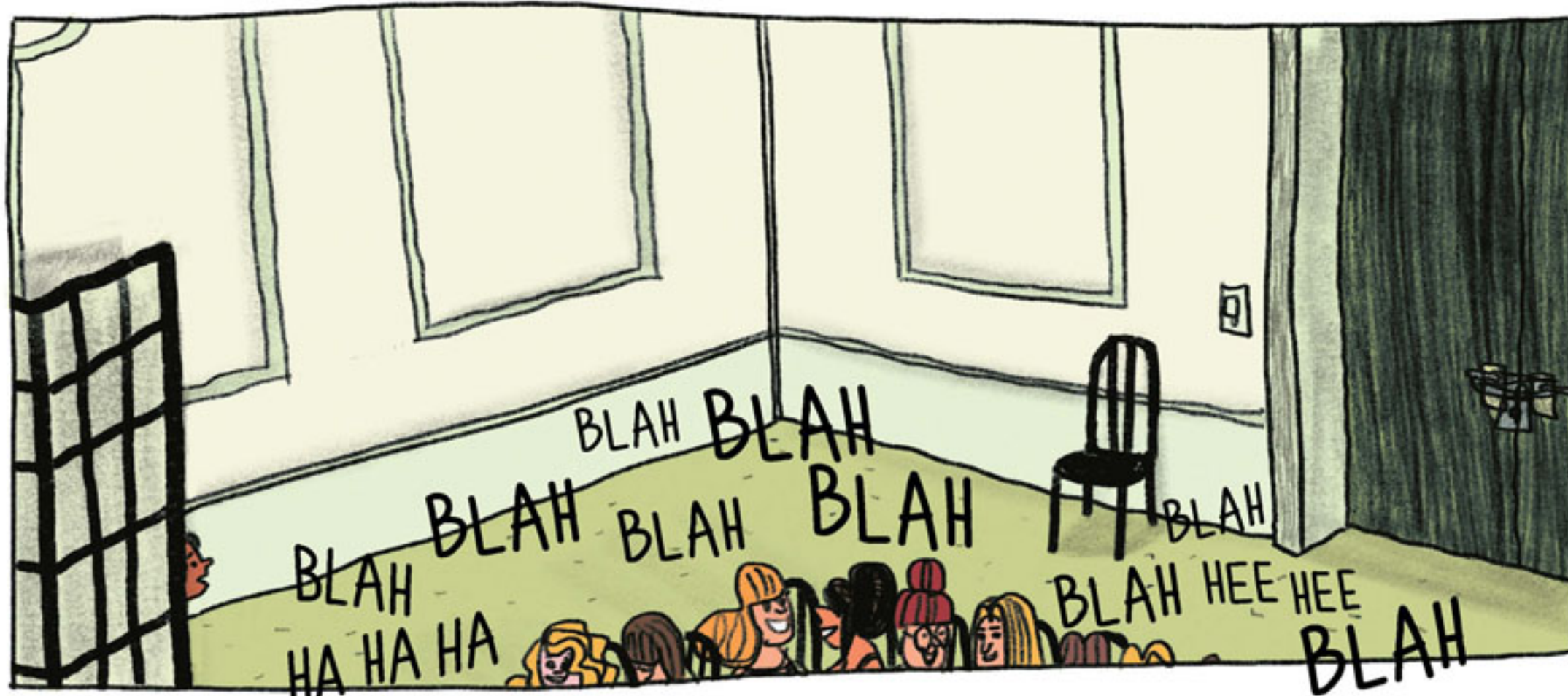




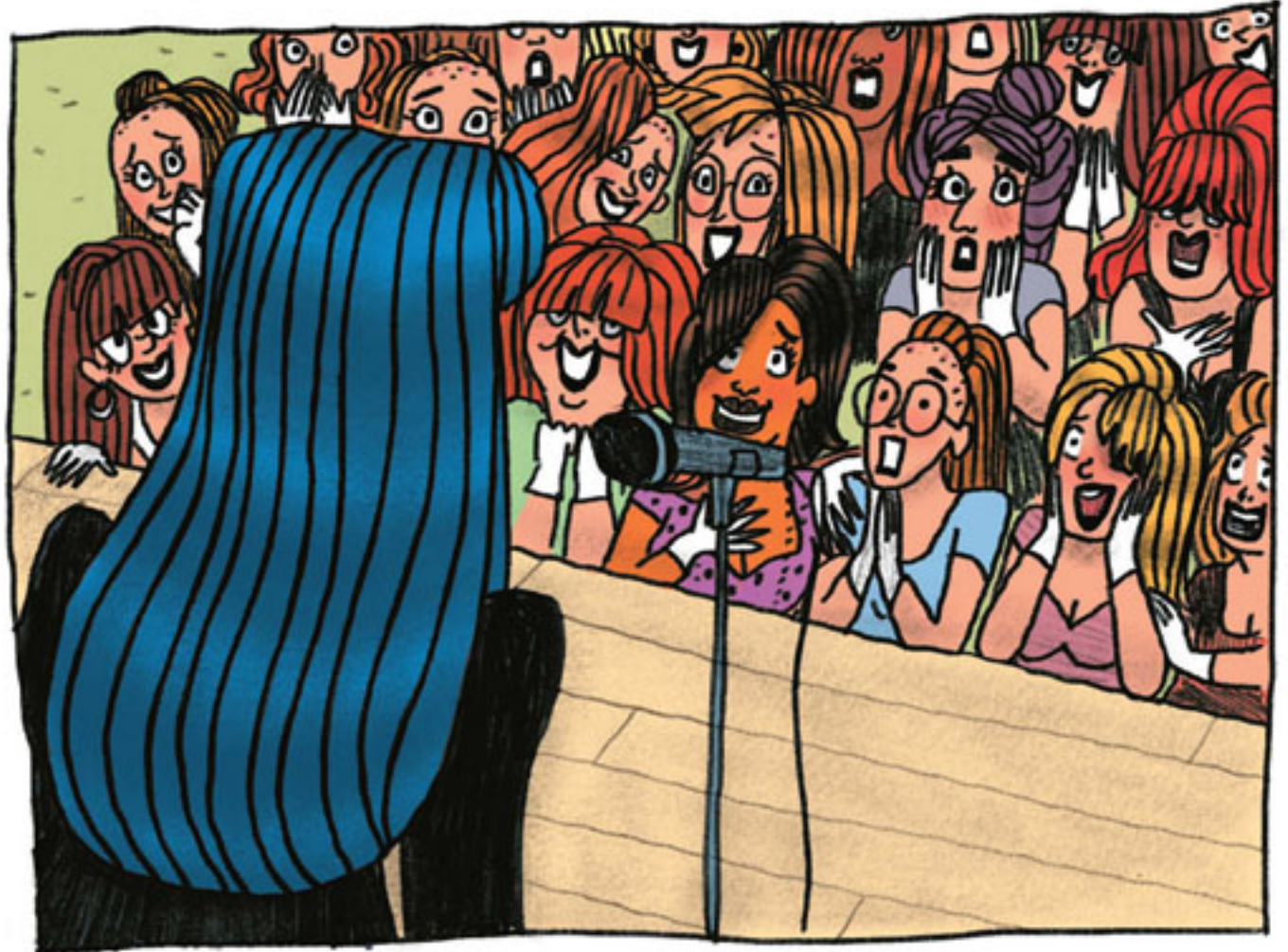






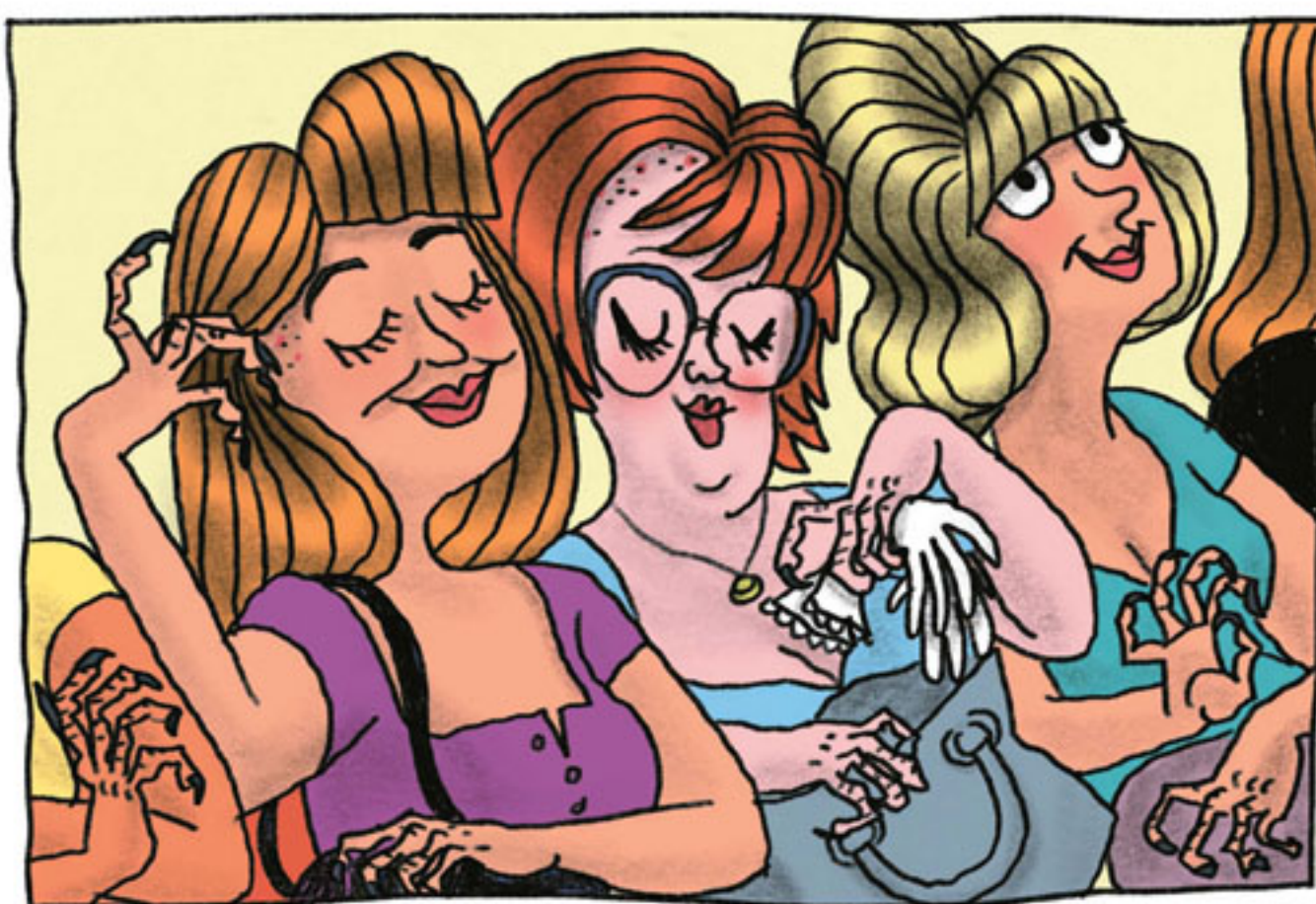


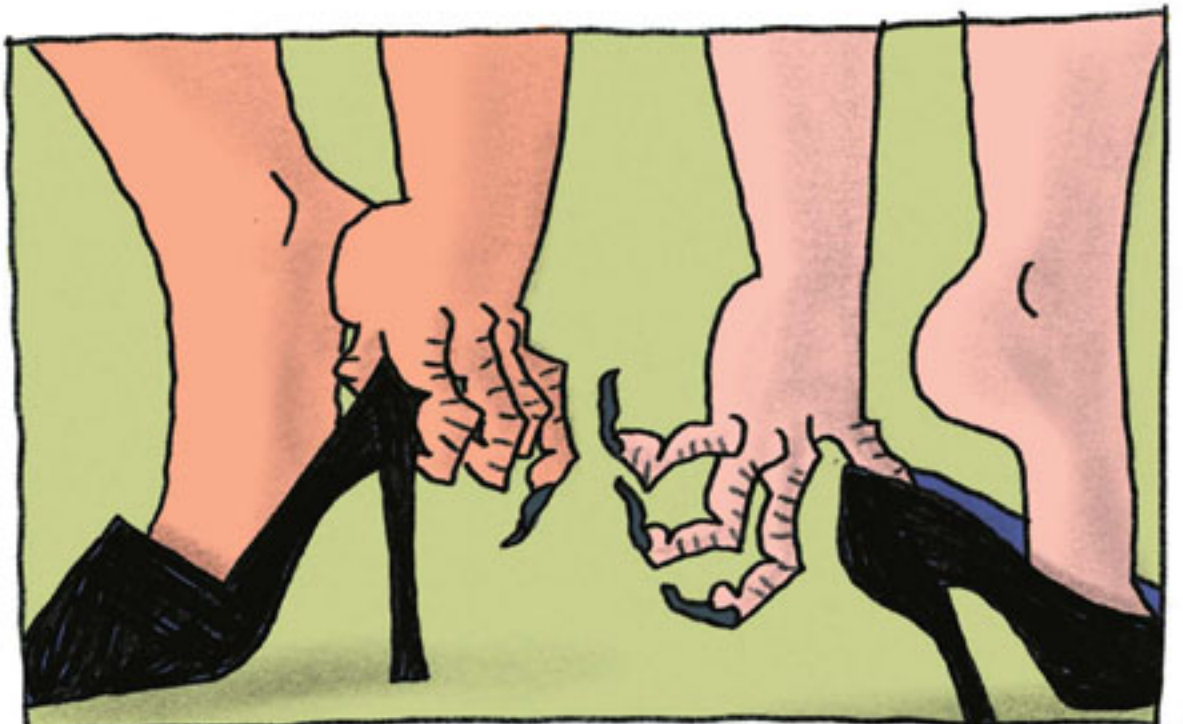
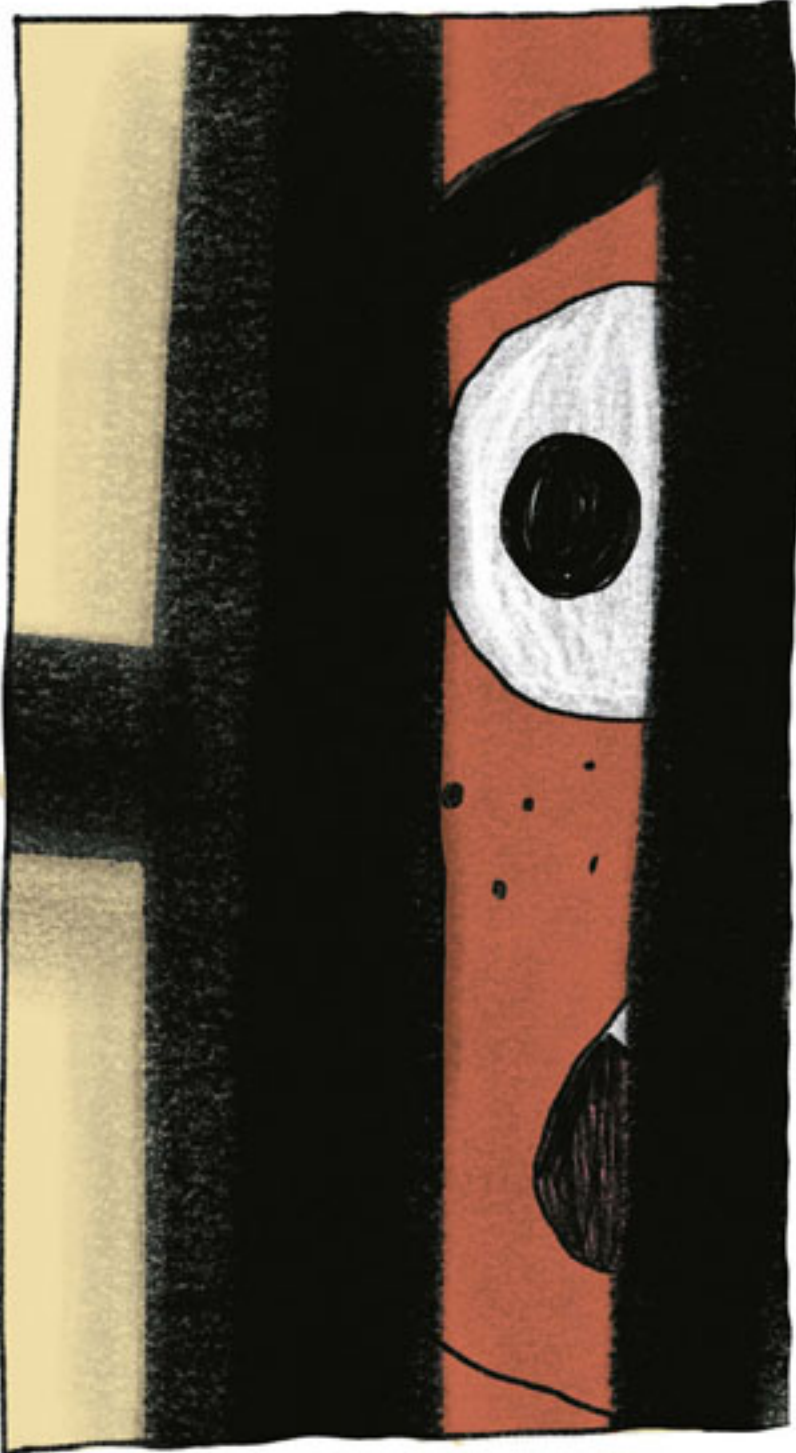


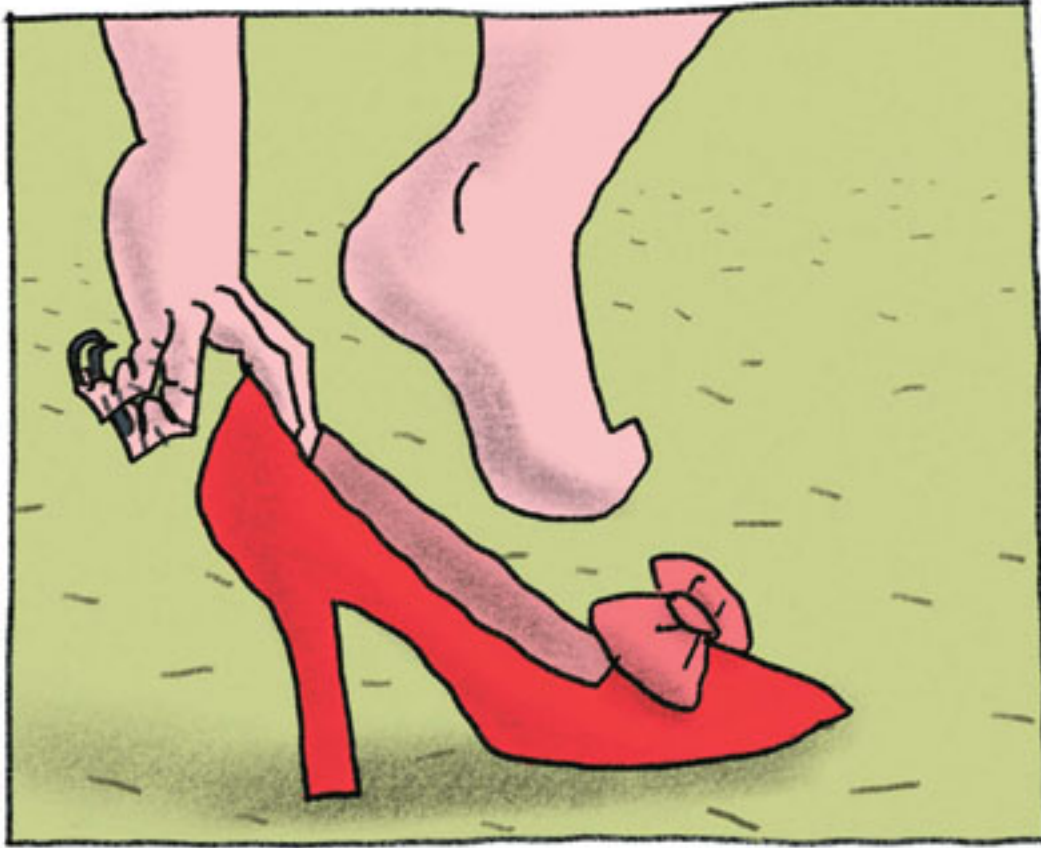














REMOVE YOUR WIGS.











No, no, that's it!
Dirt covers up my smell!
Now, let's see... when
was my last bath?





YOU ARE WORTHLESS!!



ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS!
A DISASTER!!!



TO GET HERE, I TOOK THE
TRAIN! AND GUESS WHAT THE
CARS WERE FILLED WITH?!



CHILDREN!!
CHILDREN MAKING
NOISE ON THE TRAIN!!



WHEN I ARRIVED,
I WALKED ACROSS THE
BEACH TO THE HOTEL
AND GUESS WHAT??



CHILDREN!!!



DISGUSTING
CHILDREN
LAUGHING!!
AND SPLASHING
WHEN THEY JUMPED
IN THE WATER!!!

AND AT DINNER...!



GUESS WHAT I RAN INTO AT
THE ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT
BUFFET LAST
NIGHT?!



MORE OF THOSE
VILE **CHILDREN!!**



ONE OF THEM WAS EVEN
BURPING AT THE TABLE!!



EVERYWHERE!
HUNDREDS AND
THOUSANDS OF THEM!!



WHY ARE THERE STILL SO MANY
CHILDREN?? WHY ARE THEY
STILL ALIVE?!!



WHY?!!!



WHAT ON EARTH
DO YOU DO ALL DAY??
WHY HAVEN'T YOU ALREADY
DESTROYED THEM ALL?!!



CHILDREN ARE
REVOLTING!!



REVOLTING!!
THEY SMELL!!



THEY REEK!!



THEY SMELL LIKE
DOGS' DROPPINGS!!



WORSE, EVEN! DOGS' DROPPINGS
SMELL LIKE VIOLETS COMPARED
TO THE SMELL OF A CHILD!!



JUST THINKING ABOUT IT
MAKES ME WANT TO VOMIT!
BRING ME A BUCKET!!



WE MUST CRUSH
THEM!!



STAMP THEM OUT!



I WANT ALL
CHILDREN
EXTERMINATED!!

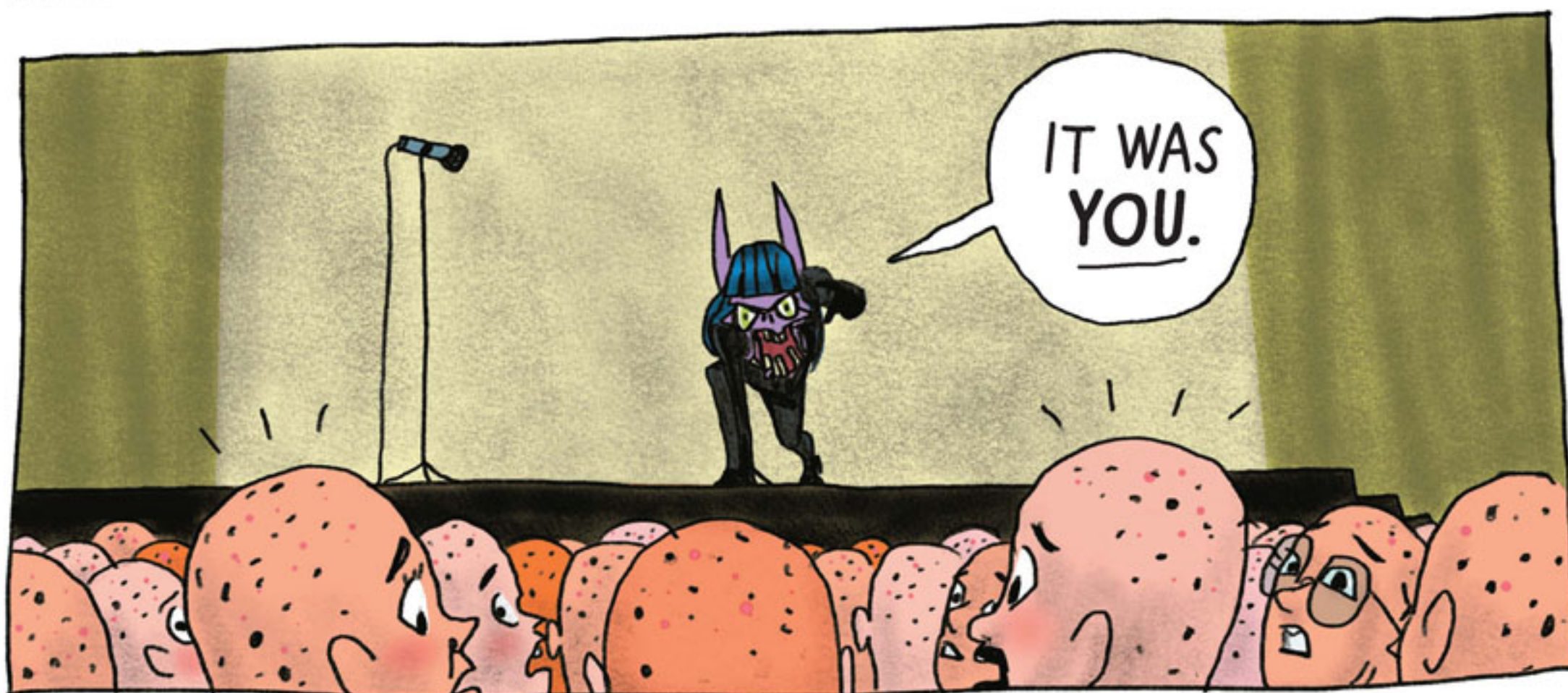


That's a figure of
speech, right?



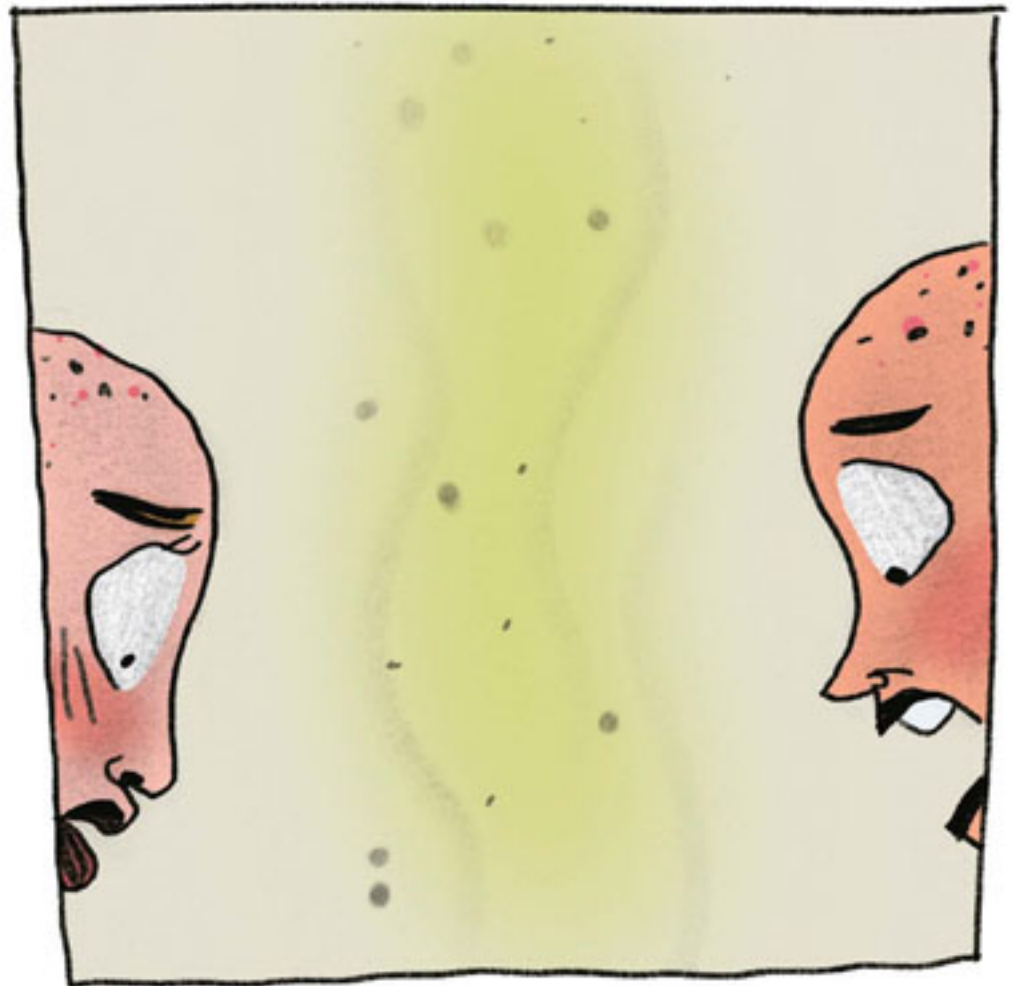
I mean, technically it would
be impossible to kill ALL
the child—











BURNED
TO A
CRISP!



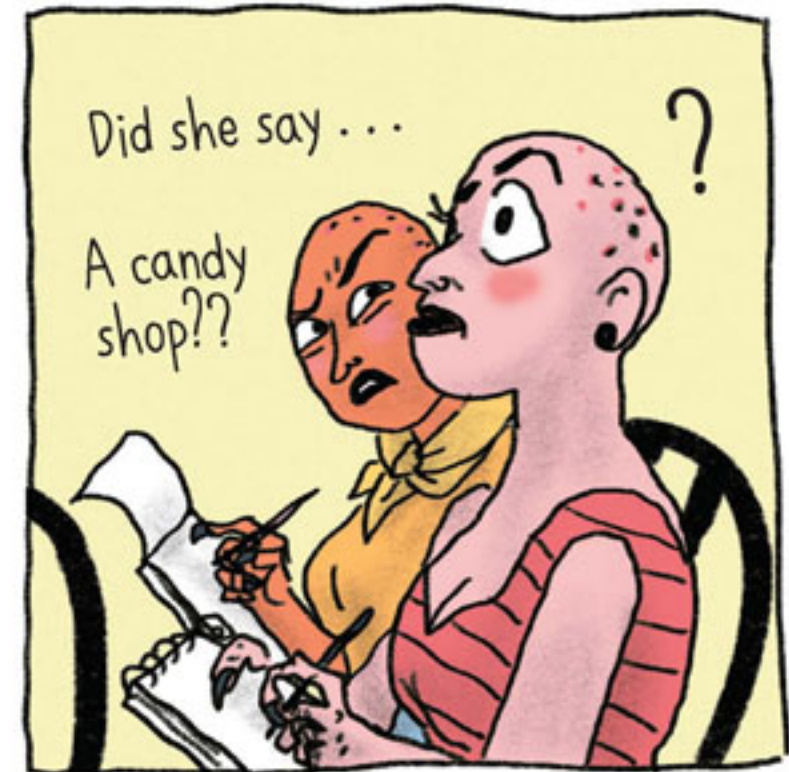


THIS IS
WHAT
YOU
WILL
DO:



YOU WILL
EACH
GO BACK
TO YOUR
VILLAGE ...

... AND BUY A CANDY SHOP.



THE BEST ONE! IT MUST BE THE BEST
IN TOWN! THE VERY BEST CANDY,
THE VERY BEST CHOCOLATE!



OFFER FOUR TIMES THE
PRICE IF YOU MUST.



I'LL GIVE YOU THE
MONEY, AND NO ONE
WILL ASK
QUESTIONS.



And we'll
poison the
candy!!!



WHO SAID THAT?



YOU WANT TO
SELL POISONED
CANDY?!

AND GET
ARRESTED BY
THE POLICE?!!!

...



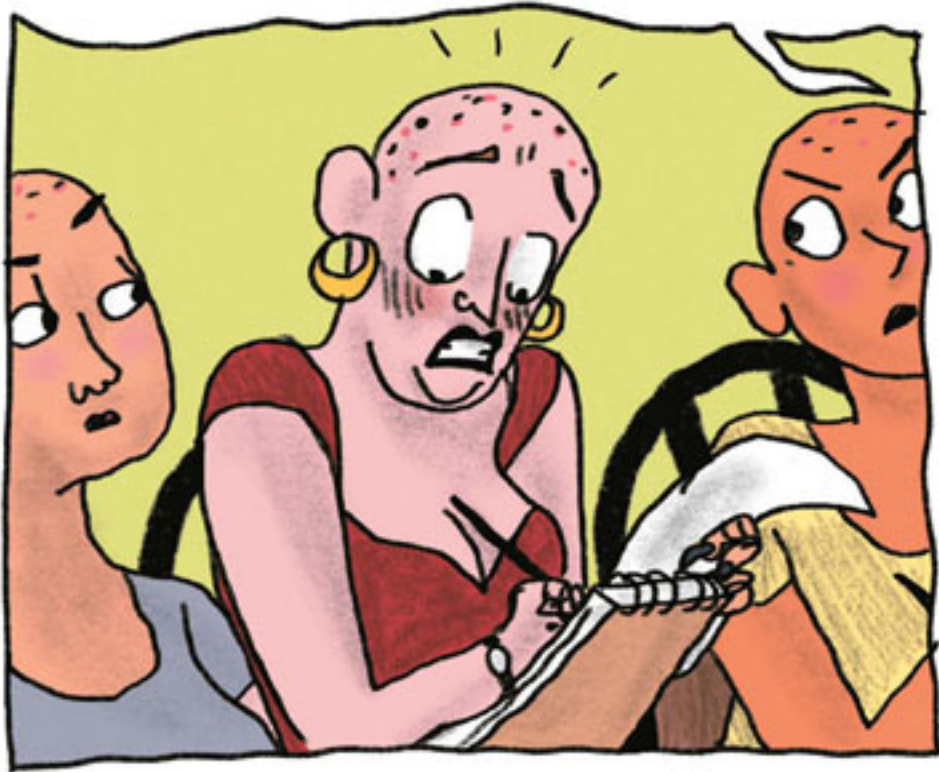
WITH WORTHLESS IDEAS LIKE THAT, IT'S NO
WONDER THE COUNTRY IS CRAWLING WITH BRATS!!!



BACK TO THE PLAN!



BUT THE NEXT ONE TO INTERRUPT
ME WILL BE BARBECUED!



AS I WAS
SAYING!



YOU WILL ALL
BUY A NICE
CANDY
SHOP.



YOU WILL OPEN IT ON A
SPECIFIC DATE AND THROW A
GRAND OPENING PARTY.



FREE CANDY!
THOSE FILTHY LITTLE
PESTS WILL COME
RUNNING, OF
COURSE.
THEY MAKE ME SICK.



YOU WILL PREPARE
FOR THE BIG DAY
BY ADDING TO
YOUR CANDY...

... A SECRET
INGREDIENT,
INVENTED
BY ME ...





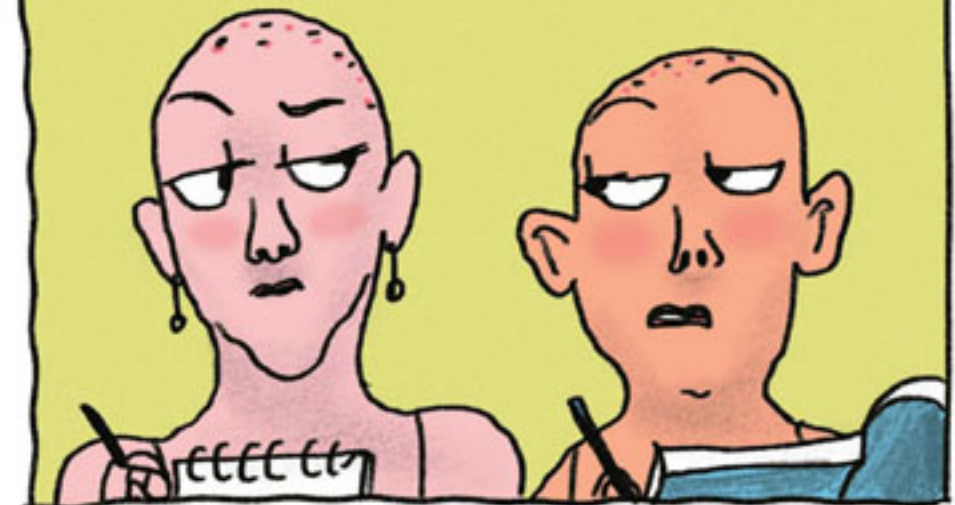
THE CHILD GOES
HOME AS USUAL.



THEN GOES TO
BED AS USUAL.



THE NEXT DAY, THE CHILD
WAKES UP AS USUAL.



GOES TO SCHOOL
AS USUAL.



AND **BOOM!**
AT 9 A.M. SHARP...



FORMULA 86'S
TIME-DELAYED
ACTION KICKS IN!!



FIRST THE
CHILD SHRINKS...



... THEN BEGINS TO
GROW FUR...



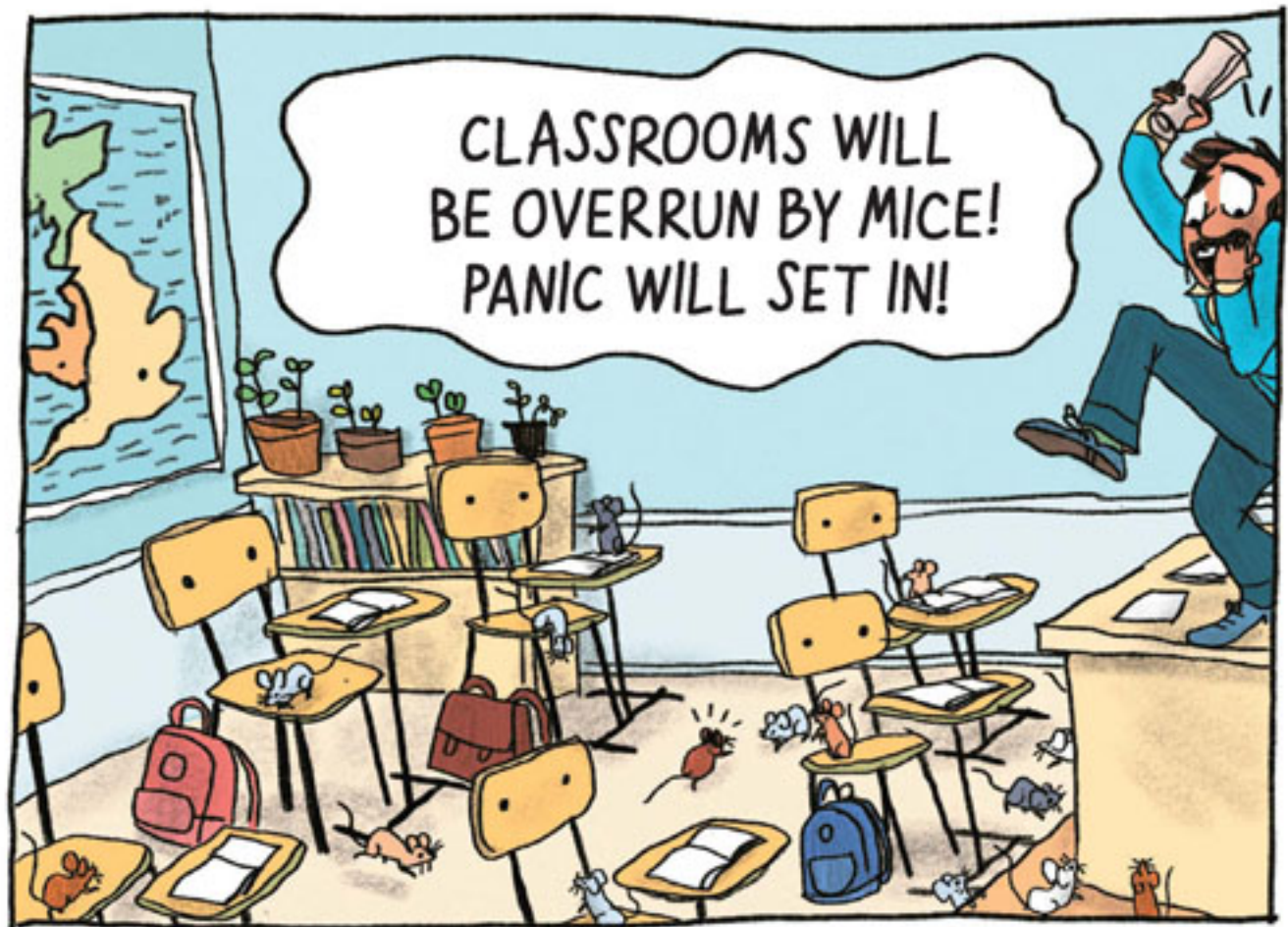
... THEN
WHISKERS...



... A TAIL...

... AND IN 26
SECONDS FLAT,
THE CHILD HAS
TURNED INTO...

A MOUSE!!



BUT THERE'S MORE!!!



BECAUSE NEXT COMES **PHASE TWO** OF MY PLAN!



THE MOUSE TRAPS!!



SCHOOLS WILL SET UP MOUSE TRAPS ALL OVER THE PLACE TO CURB THE INFESTATION...



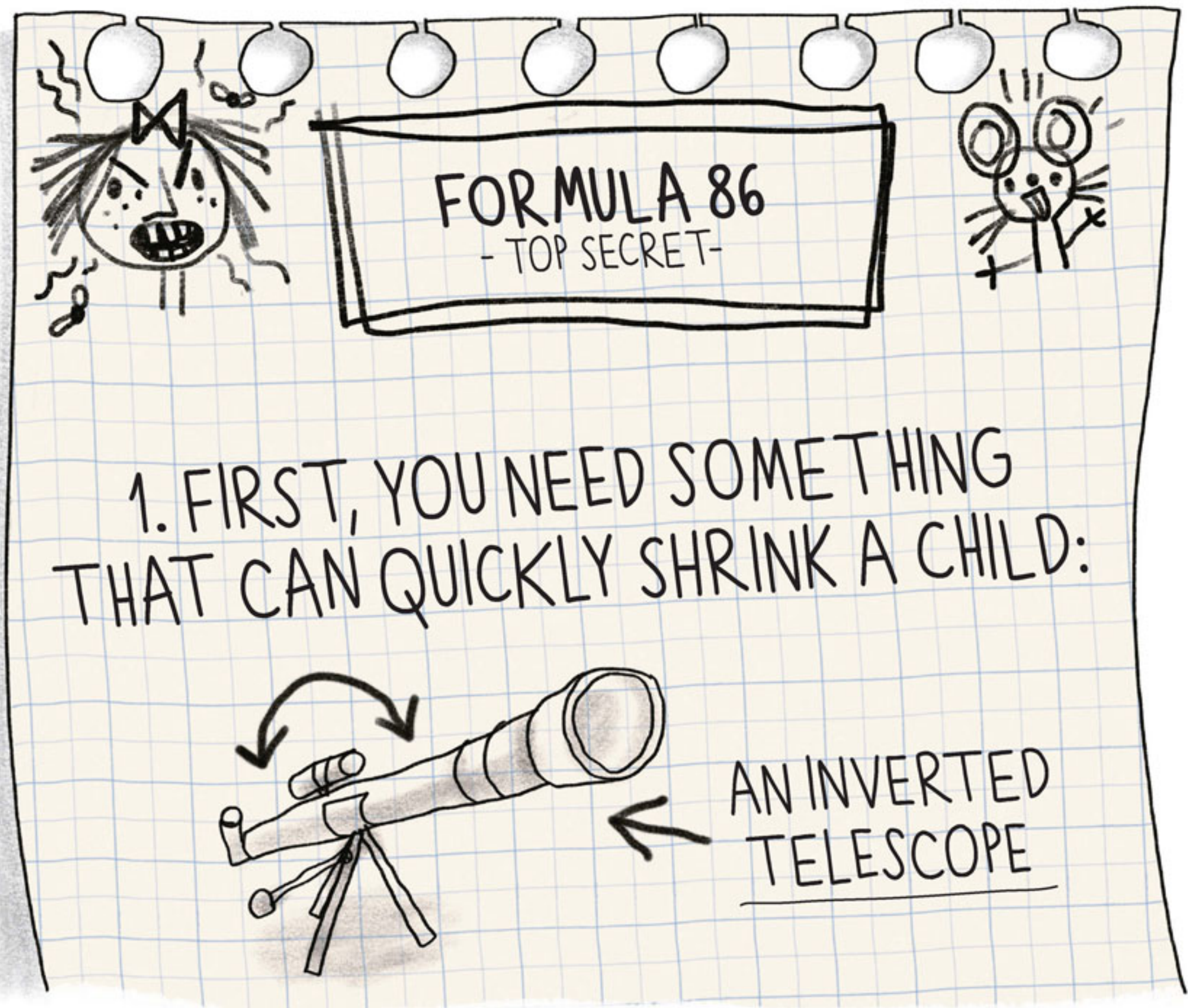
AND IN EVERY SCHOOL IN ENGLAND, THE JOYFUL SNAPPING OF TRAPS WILL SOUND!





**NOBODY
WILL EVER
SUSPECT IT
WAS WITCHES!
WE WILL NEVER
BE CAUGHT!!**





TAKE THE TELESCOPE
BY THE WRONG END
AND BOIL IT UNTIL
IT GETS SOFT



2. THEN ADD 45
BROWN MICE TO IT



TAILS



FRY THE TAILS IN A PAN
UNTIL THEY'RE CRISPY



BODIES



MARINATE THE MICE IN FROG
JUICE FOR ONE HOUR



LISTEN UP!
THIS NEXT
INGREDIENT
IS **CRUCIAL!**

SO IT DOESN'T
KICK IN UNTIL THE
NEXT DAY, ADD:

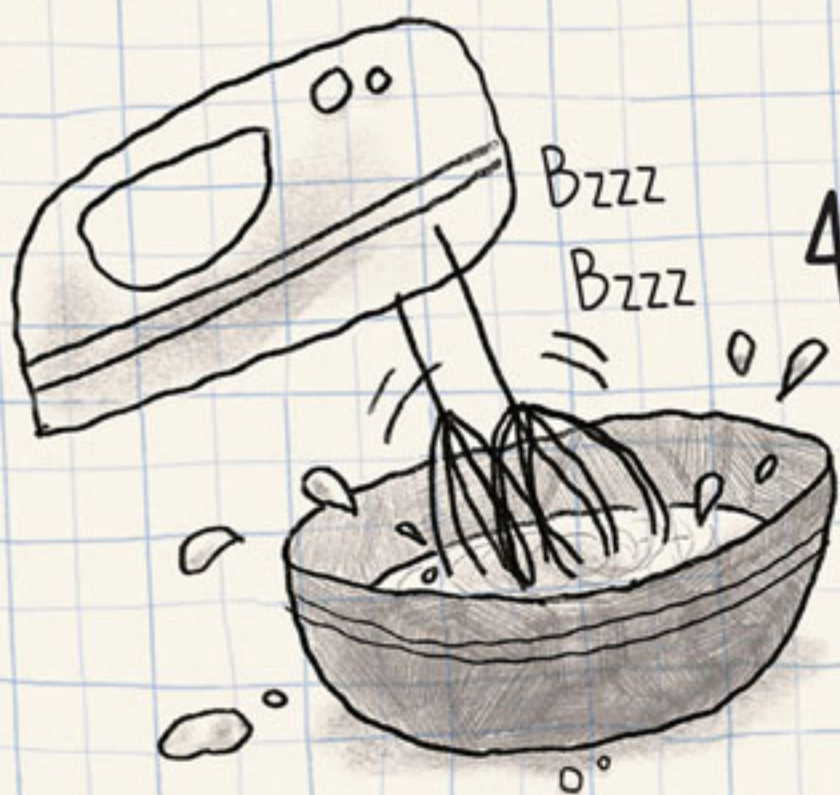
3. AN ALARM CLOCK!

SET IT
FOR →



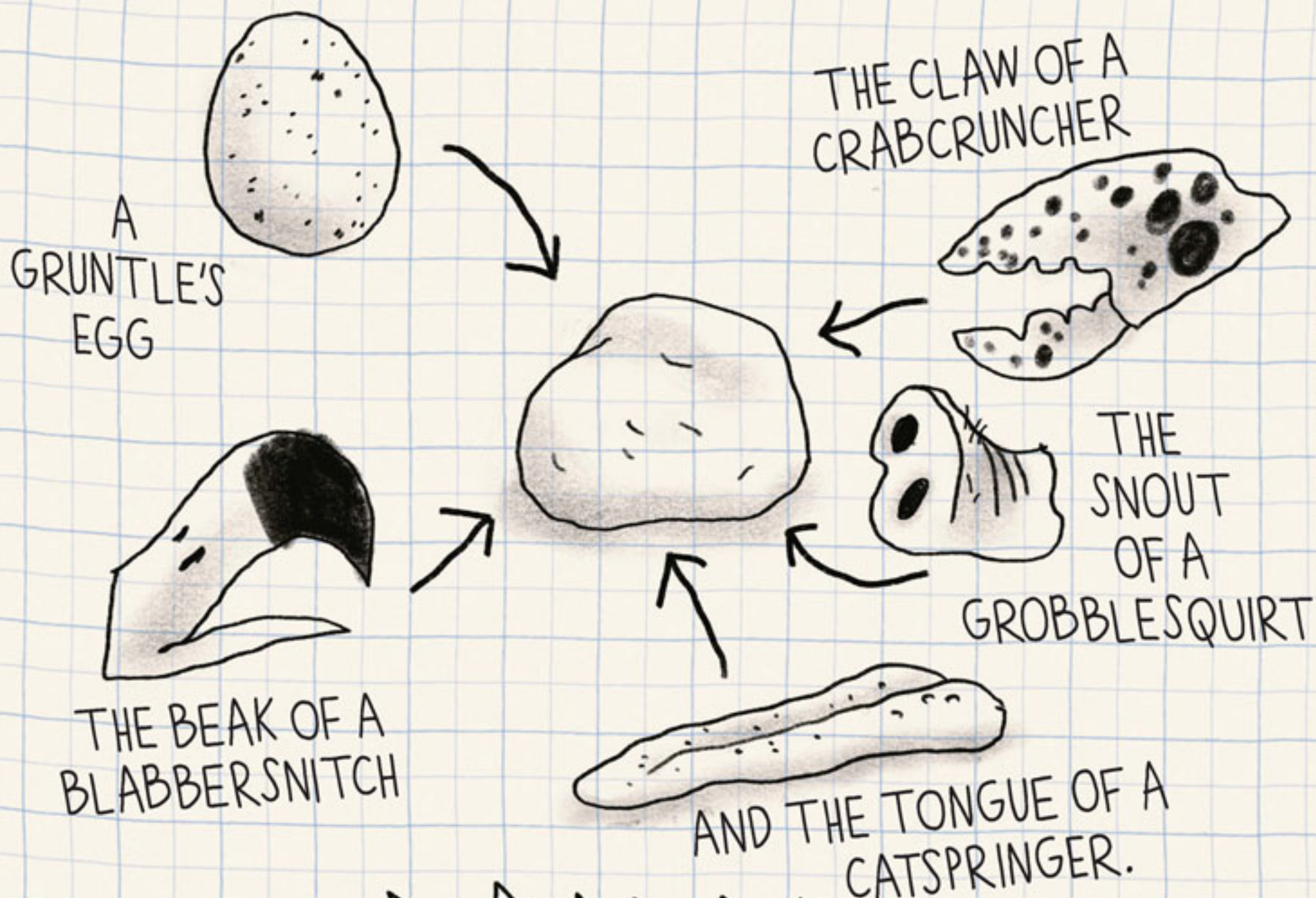
SHARP!

BAKE IT
IN THE
OVEN



4. MIX THE WHOLE
LOT UP
TOGETHER

5. NEXT, ADD:



YOU WILL THEN HAVE THE PRECIOUS GREEN LIQUID:



ALL YOU NEED IS ONE BATCH FOR HUNDREDS OF PIECES OF CANDY.

ONE SINGLE DROP!
AND MOST IMPORTANT:
ONLY ONE CANDY PER CHILD!!!



DON'T EVER
INCREASE THE
DOSAGE!



OTHERWISE, IT WOULD
MESS UP THE ALARM
CLOCK, AND THE VILE
CHILD WOULD
TURN INTO
A MOUSE
TOO SOON!



YOU DO NOT
WANT IT TO
TRANSFORM
RIGHT AWAY, WHILE
INSIDE YOUR
CANDY SHOP!!

THEY WOULD CATCH YOU
AND BOOM → PRISON! NO
MORE THAN ONE DROP, AND
NO MORE THAN ONE CANDY!



SPEAKING OF WHICH,
WHAT TIME IS IT?

YOU!



er ... I ...
3:20 p.m., Your
Magnificence!





I'M
GOING TO
GIVE YOU
A PRIVATE
DEMONSTRATION!



Wait,
WHAT?!
There are
other kids
here?!
SIGH
Where?!





I SAID I WOULD GIVE THE
CHILD FIVE MORE THE
NEXT DAY, IN THIS VERY
ROOM AT
3:25 P.M. . . .



WHICH
IS . . .



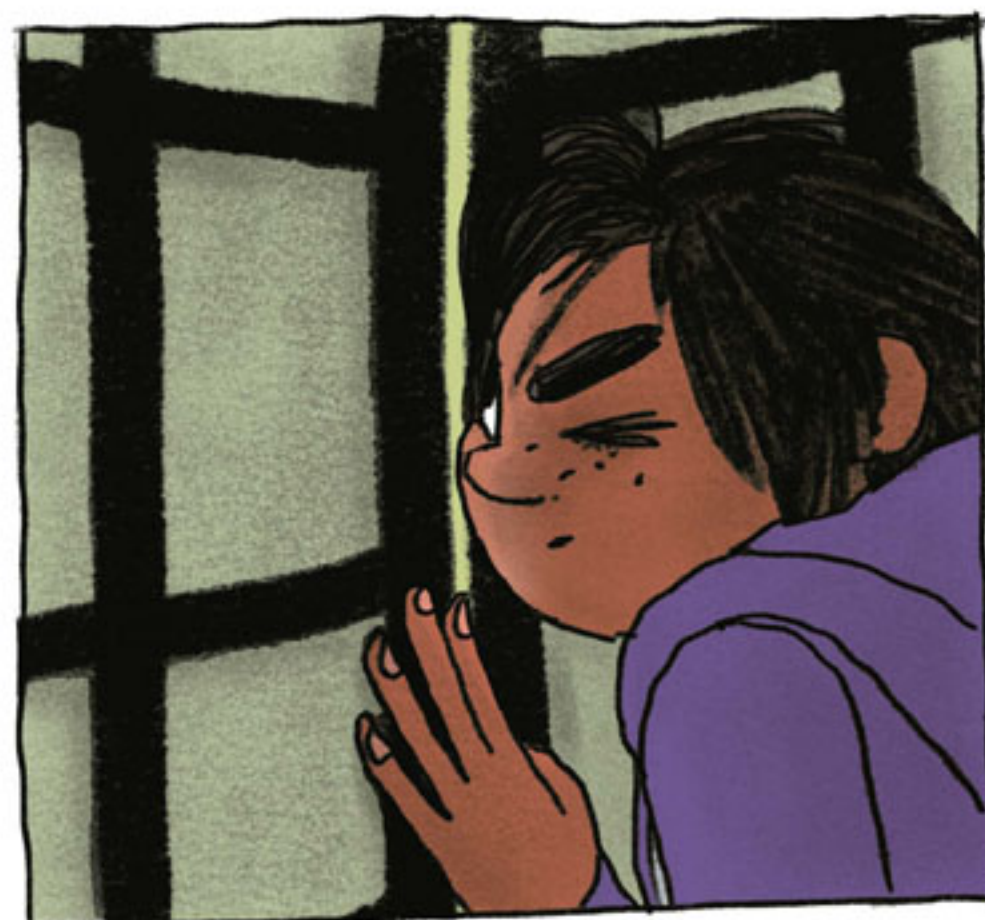
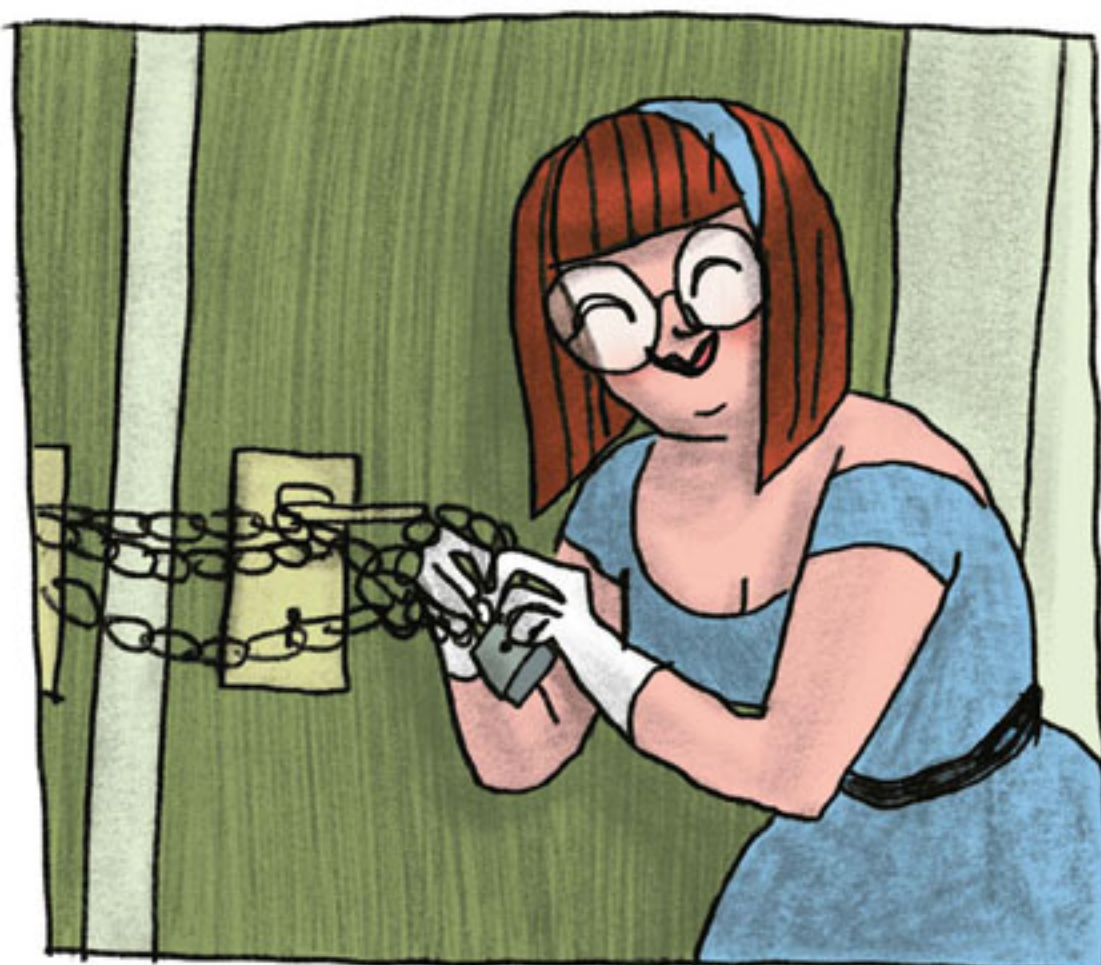




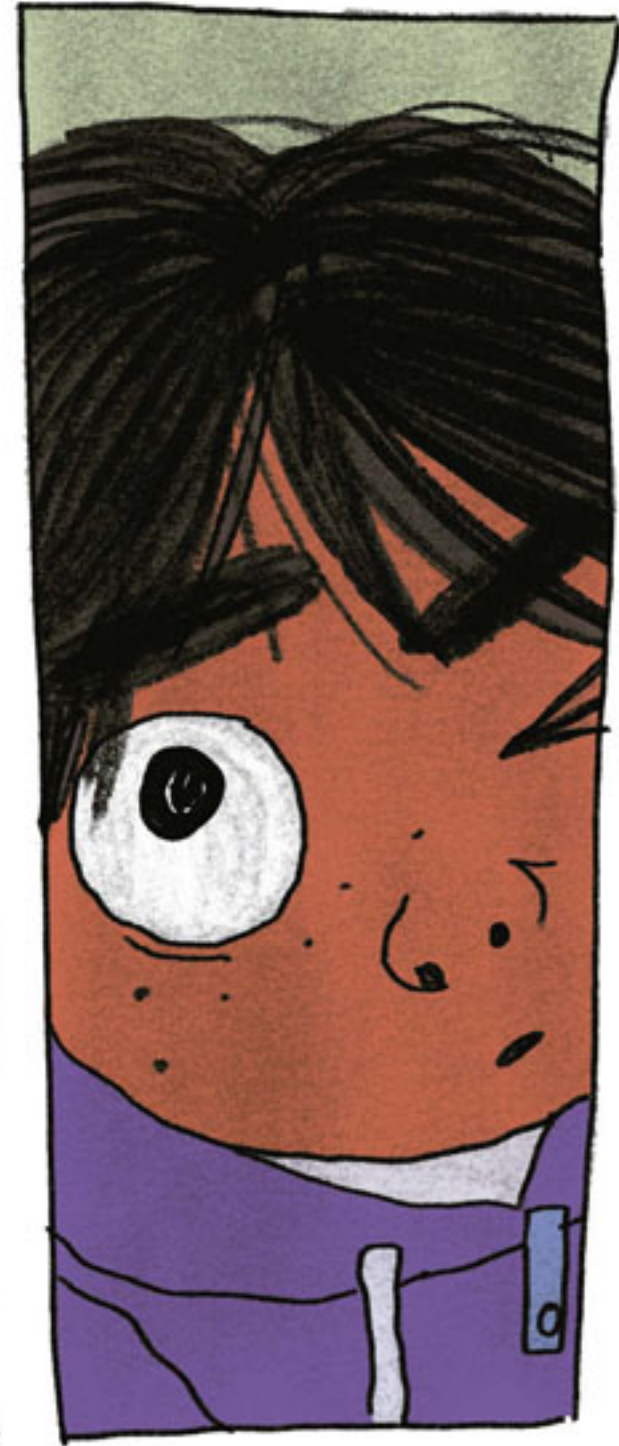
YOU'RE HERE FOR YOUR
CHOCOLATE, AREN'T YOU?

COME
CLOSER!





AND DON'T BE INTIMIDATED BY MY FRIENDS.

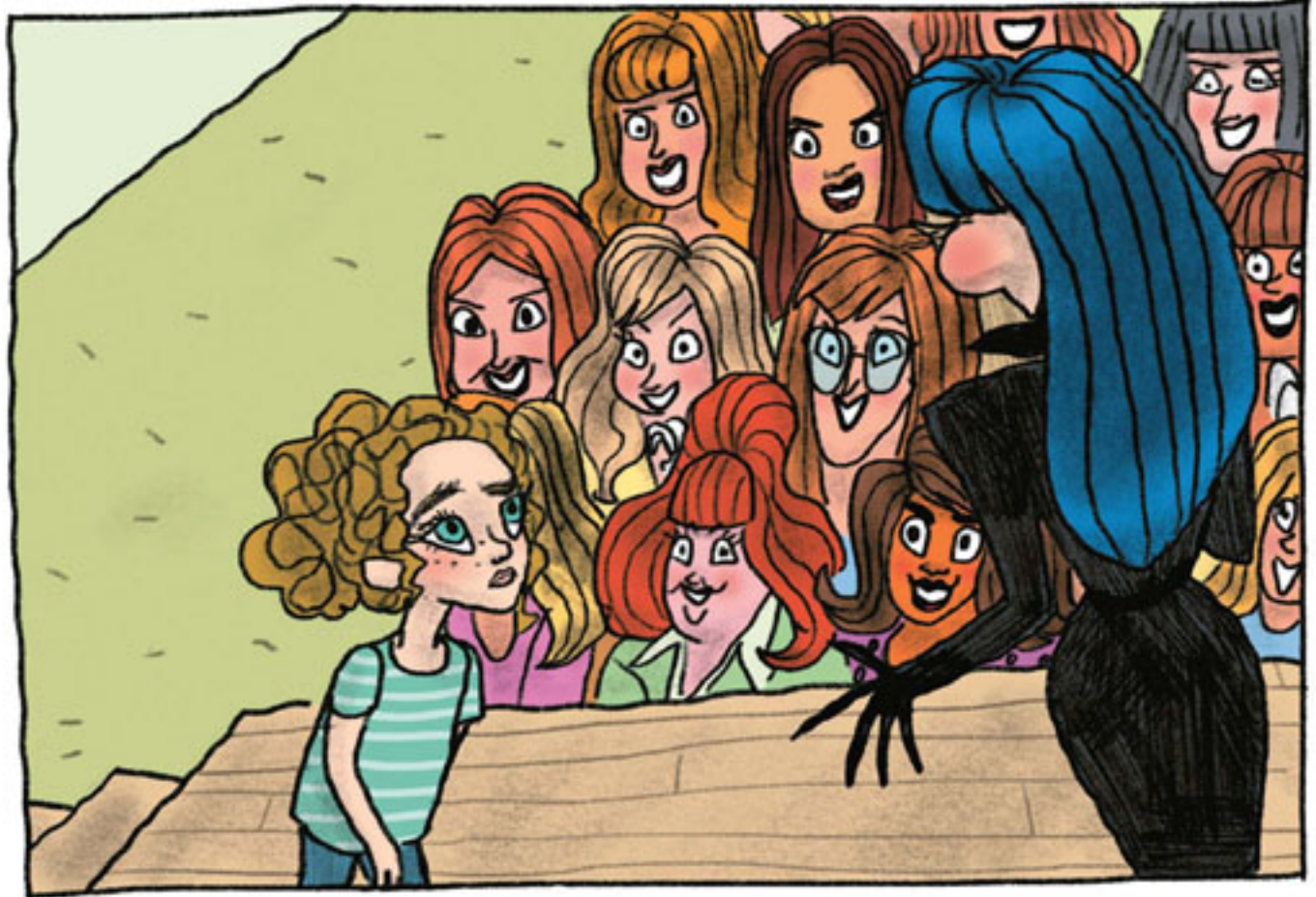


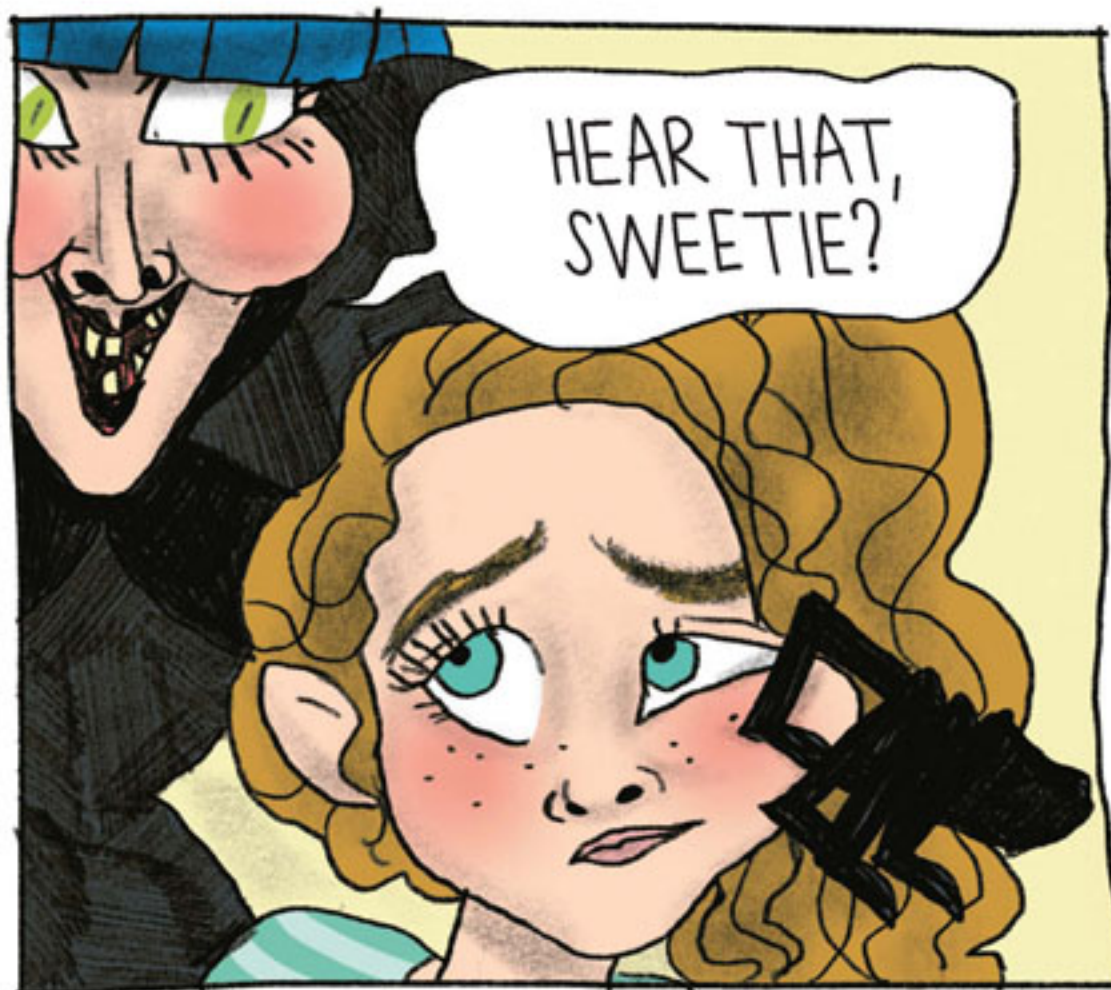
THEY'RE SO EAGER
TO MEET YOU!



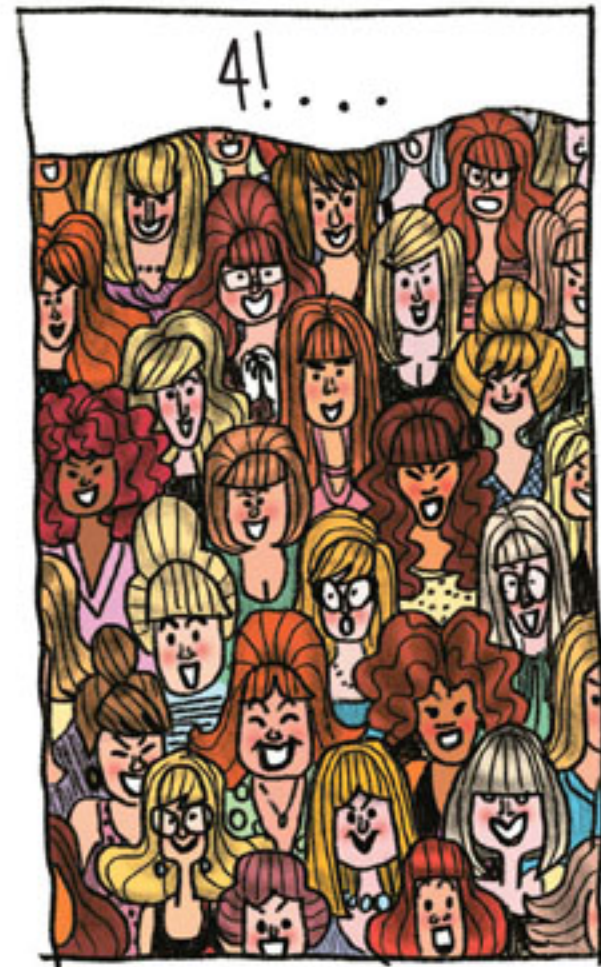
QUICKLY! COME STAND
NEXT TO ME!

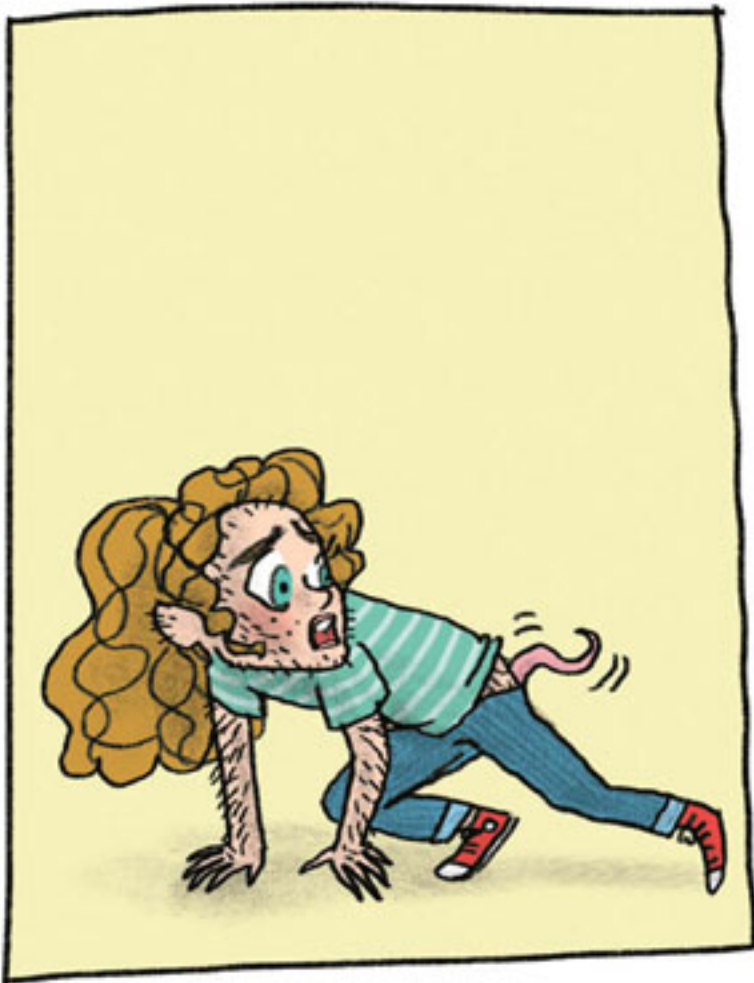


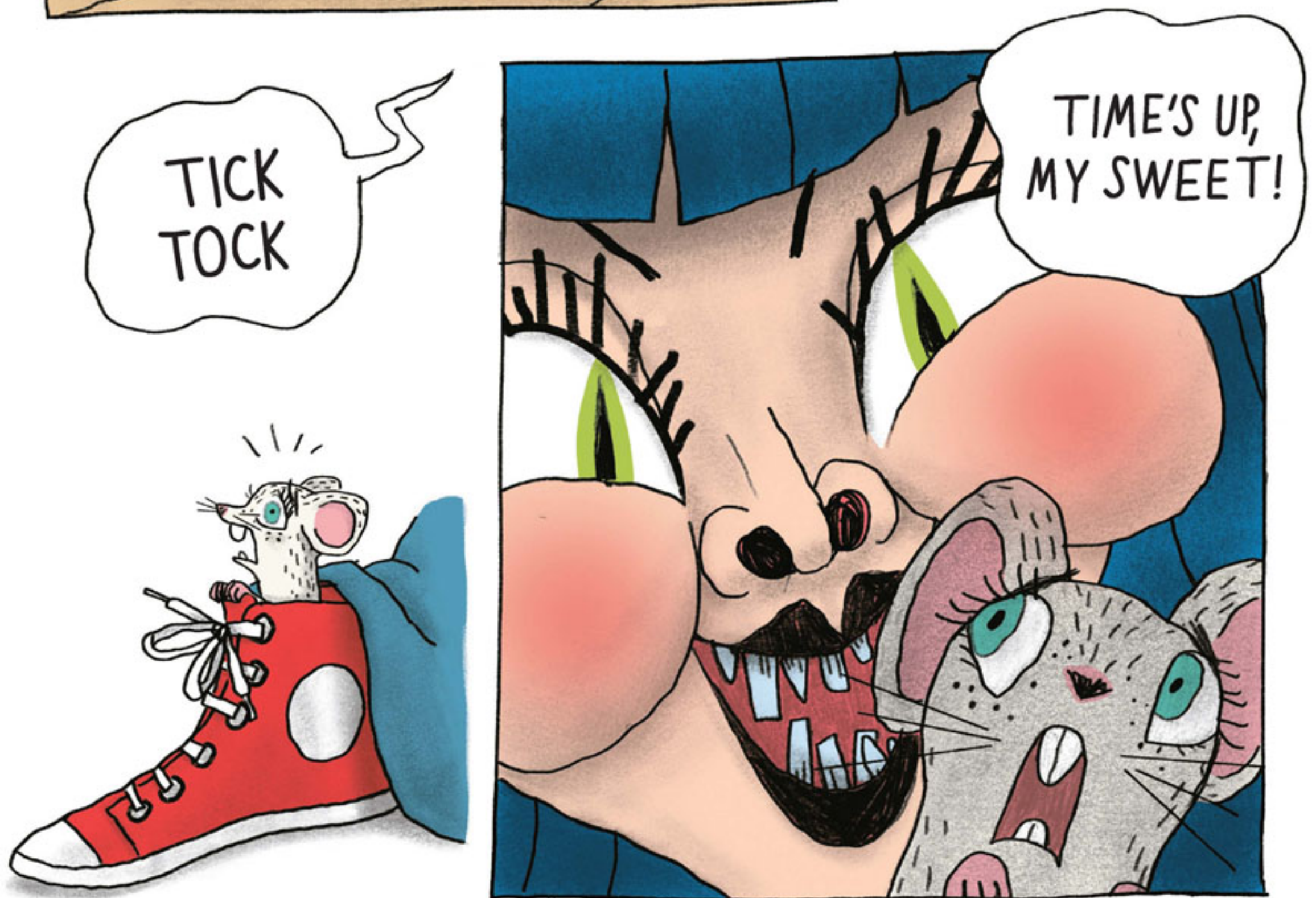












SOON, CHILDREN WILL BE
NOTHING MORE THAN A
HORRIBLE MEMORY!



THE WORLD WILL
FINALLY BE RID OF
THESE PESTS...



... FOREVER!!



NOW,
LISTEN UP!



THERE ARE
500 DOSES OF
FORMULA 86 IN
THIS BOTTLE.



ENOUGH TO TURN
500 REPULSIVE
CHILDREN INTO
MICE.

IN MY INFINITE GENEROSITY,
I HAVE PREPARED A BOTTLE
FOR EACH OF YOU...



... SO YOU CAN GET
A HEAD START.

Oh, thank you!!

Thank you, Your
Magnificence!



BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE
HOTEL, YOU MUST EACH
STOP BY MY ROOM
TO PICK UP YOUR
POTION.



I'M IN ROOM 454!
REMEMBER THAT!



454! WRITE THAT DOWN!



UNTIL THEN:
BEHAVE YOURSELVES!!



DON'T FORGET: YOU ARE THE
CHARMING PREVENTERS OF
CRUELTY TO CHILDREN!

NO
BLUNDERS!!

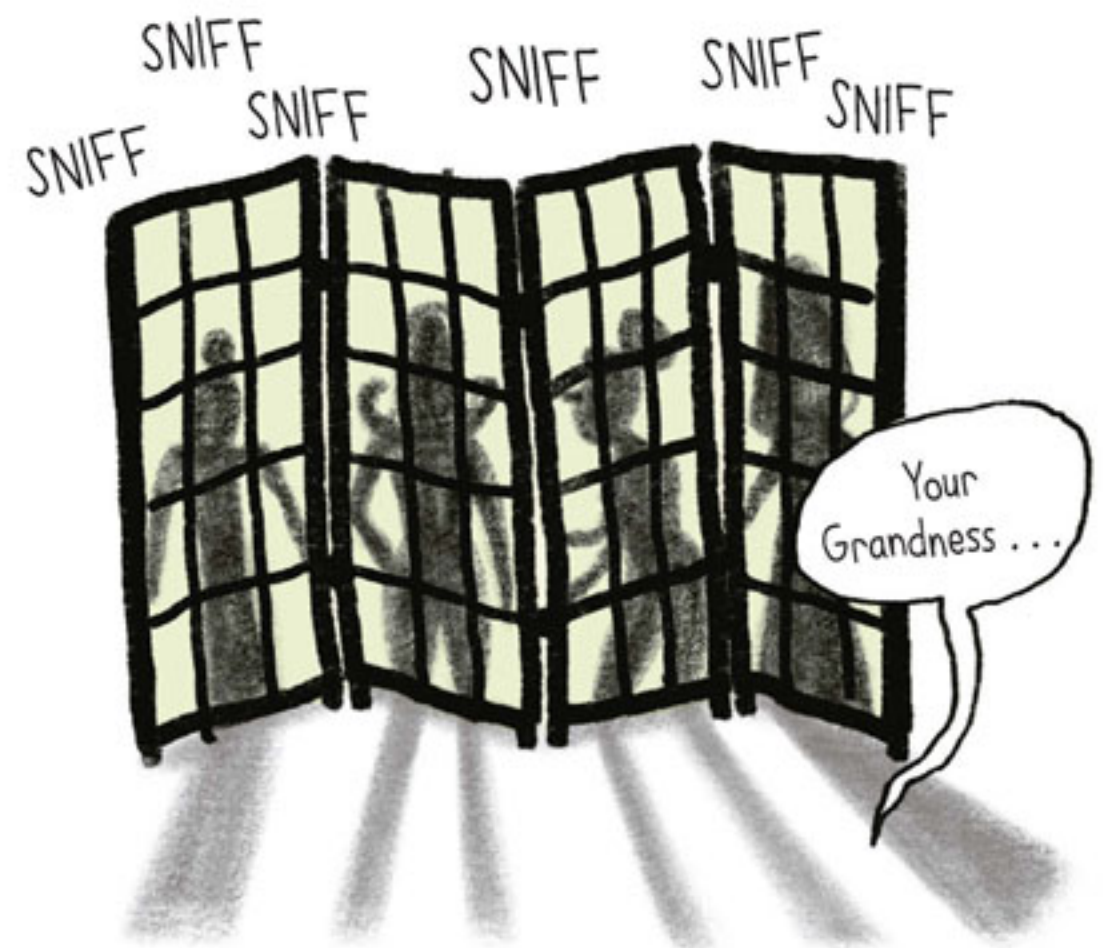
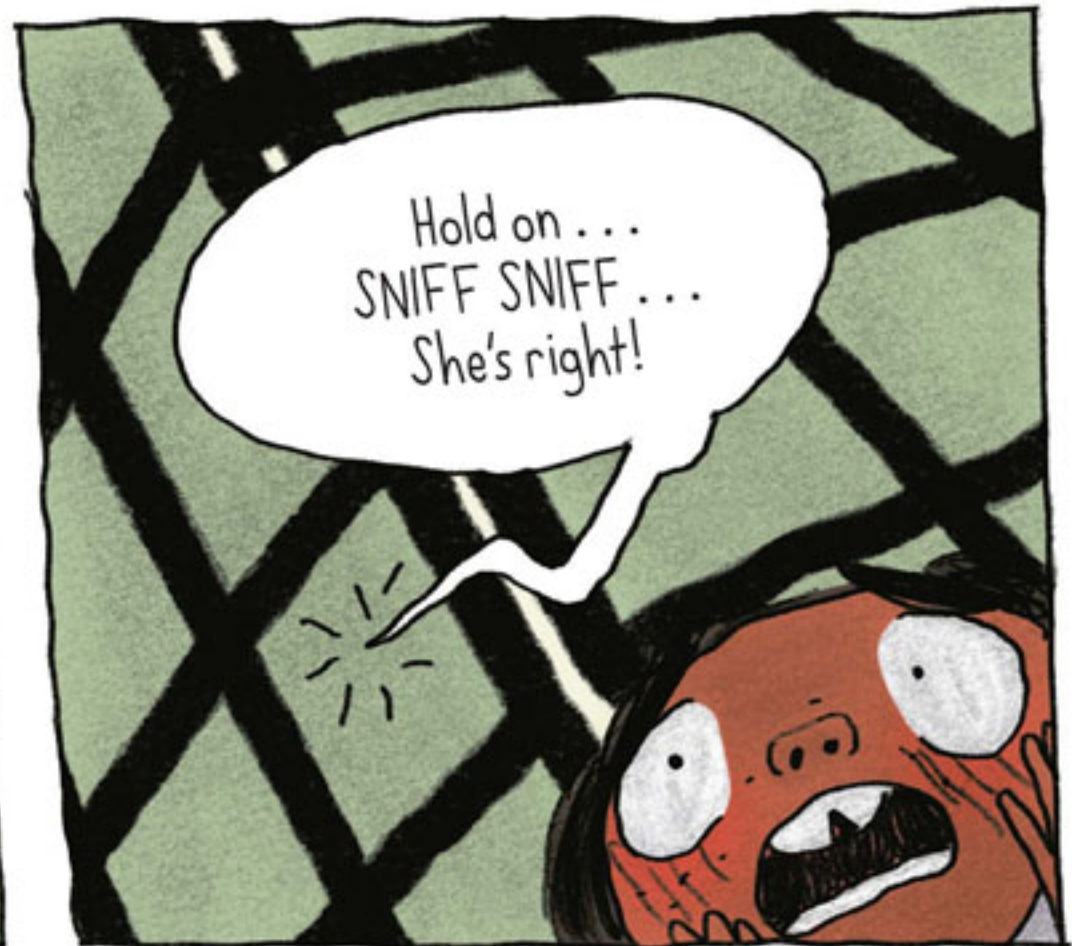


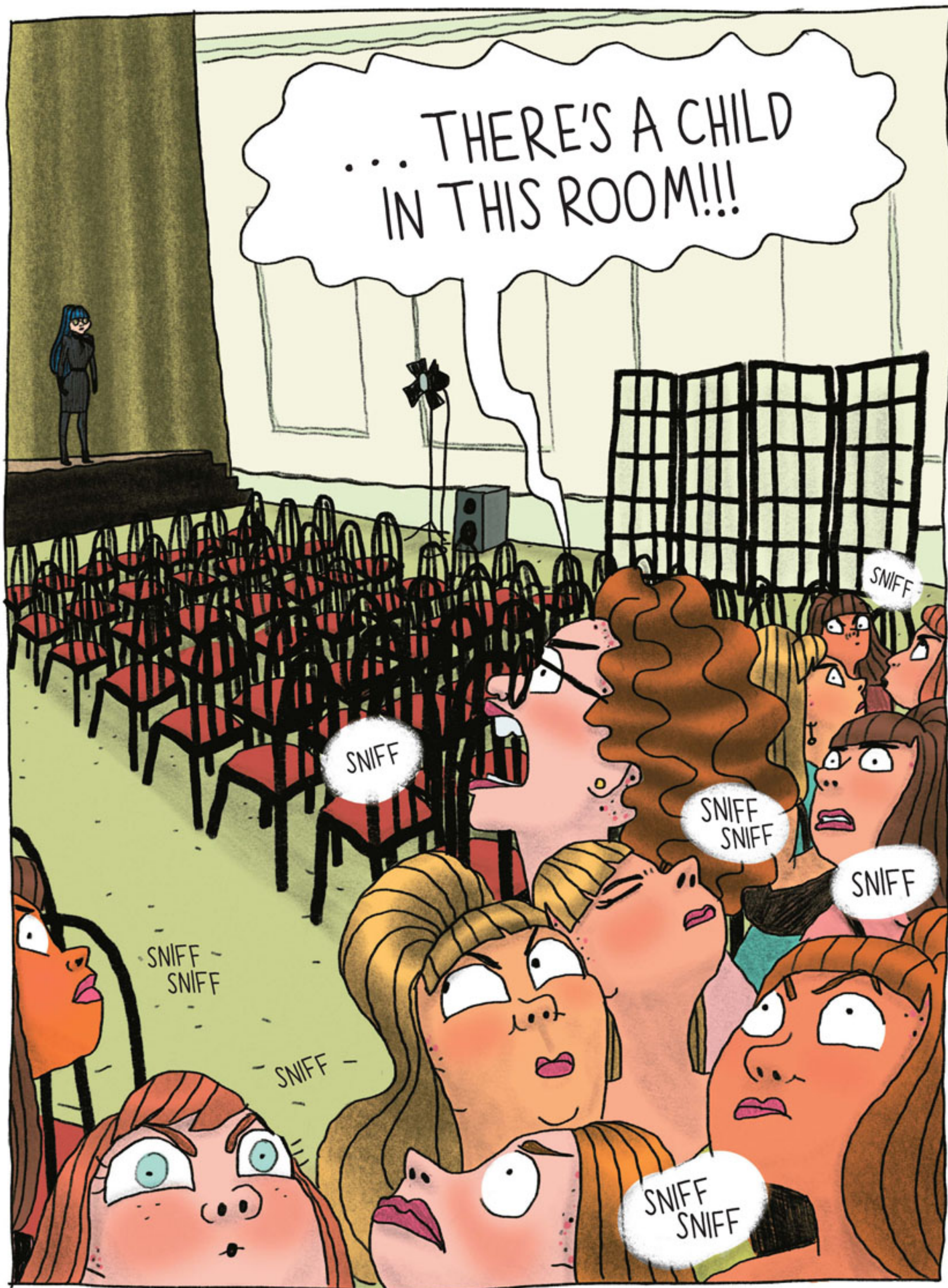
THE MEETING IS ADJOURNED!
SEE YOU ALL AT DINNER AT
EIGHT O'CLOCK!











WHAT?



FIND IT!!



LOCK THE DOORS!
SEARCH EVERYWHERE!



NOBODY
LEAVES UNTIL
WE FIND IT!



IF THERE'S A CHILD IN
HERE, THEN IT HEARD OUR
PLAN! IT MUST BE
EXTERMINATED!



Well, hello
there!

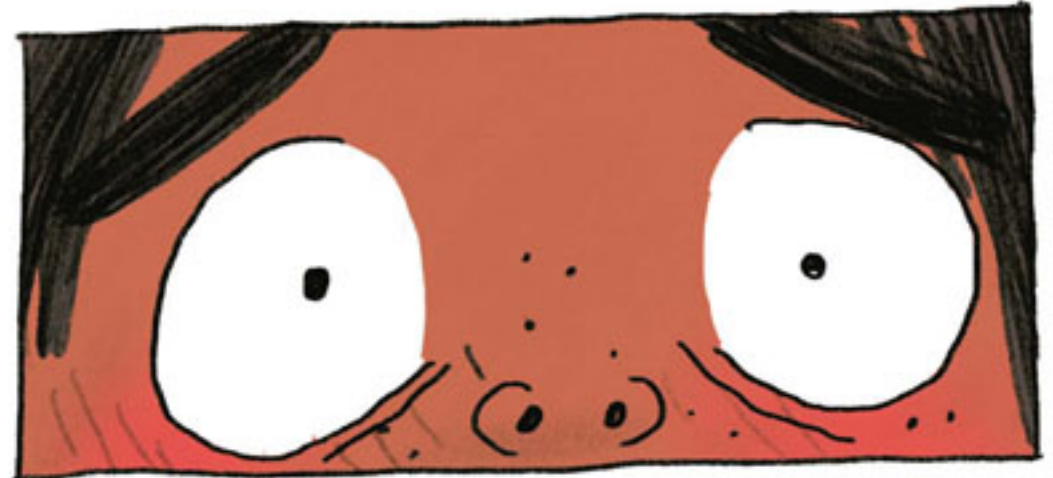
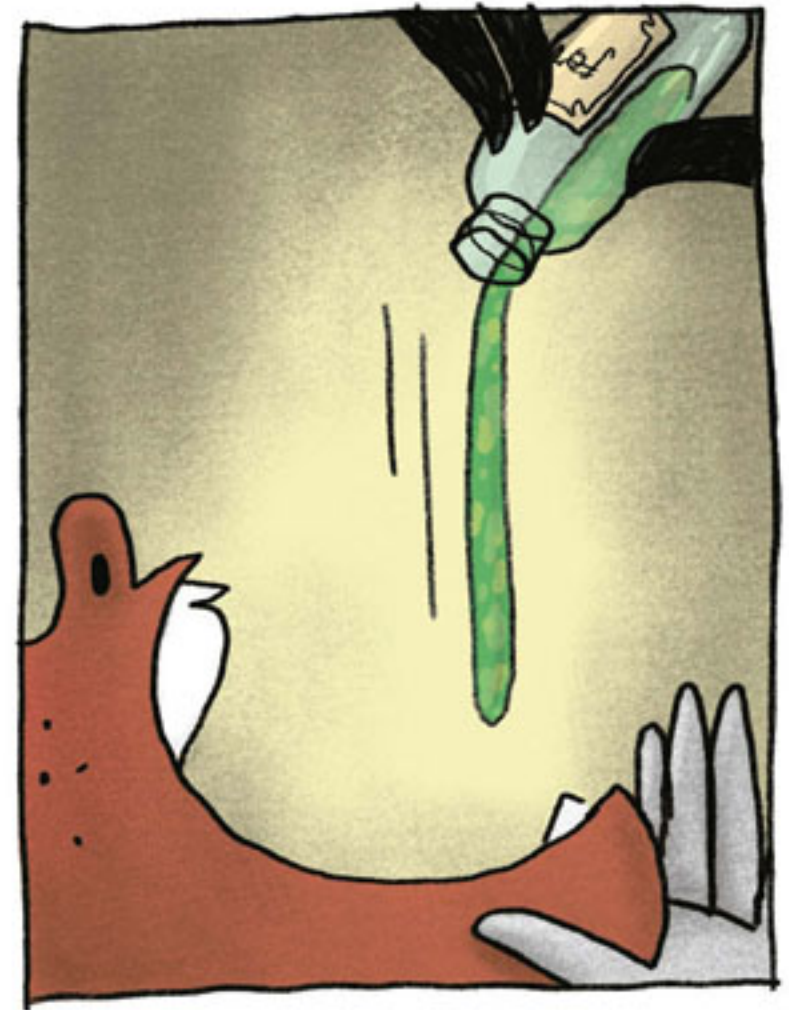




BRING IT TO ME!!



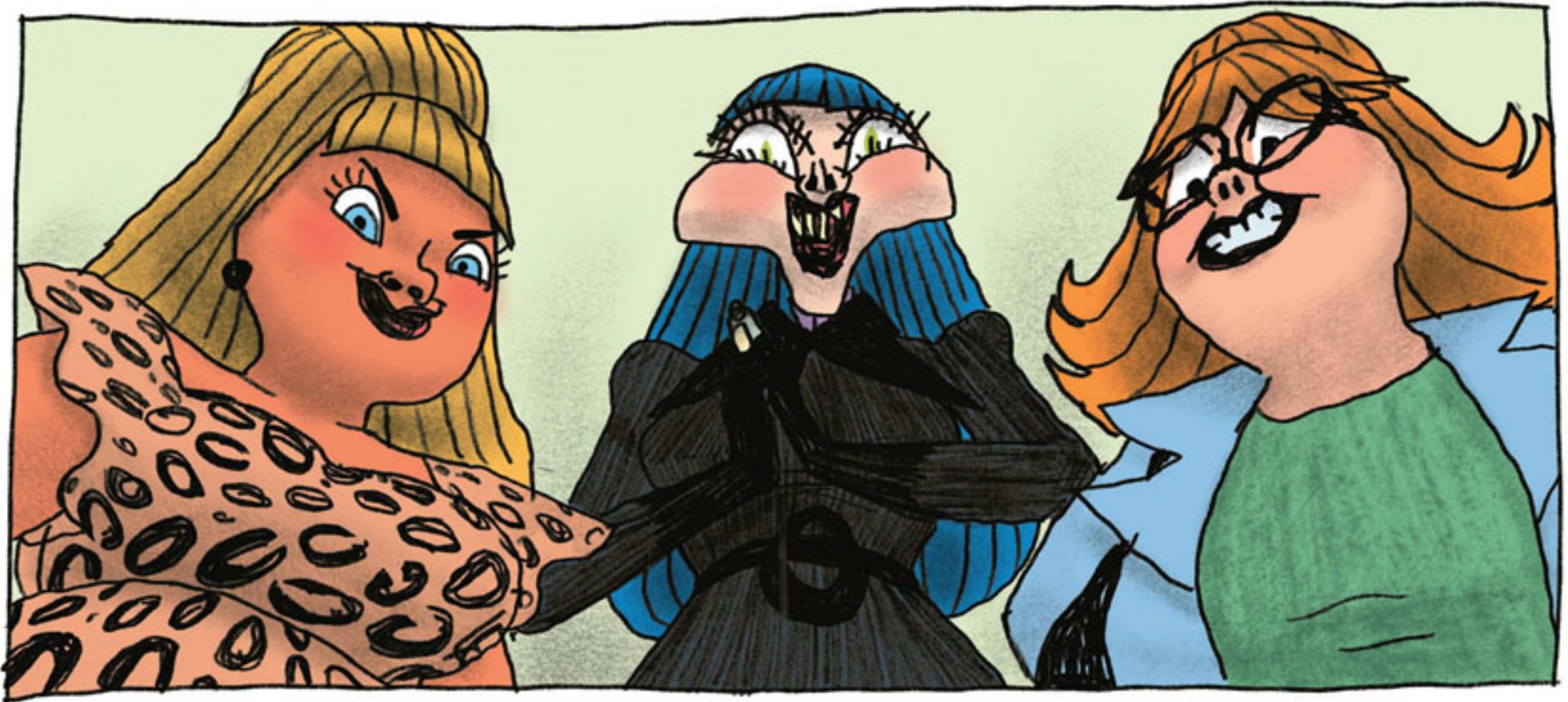


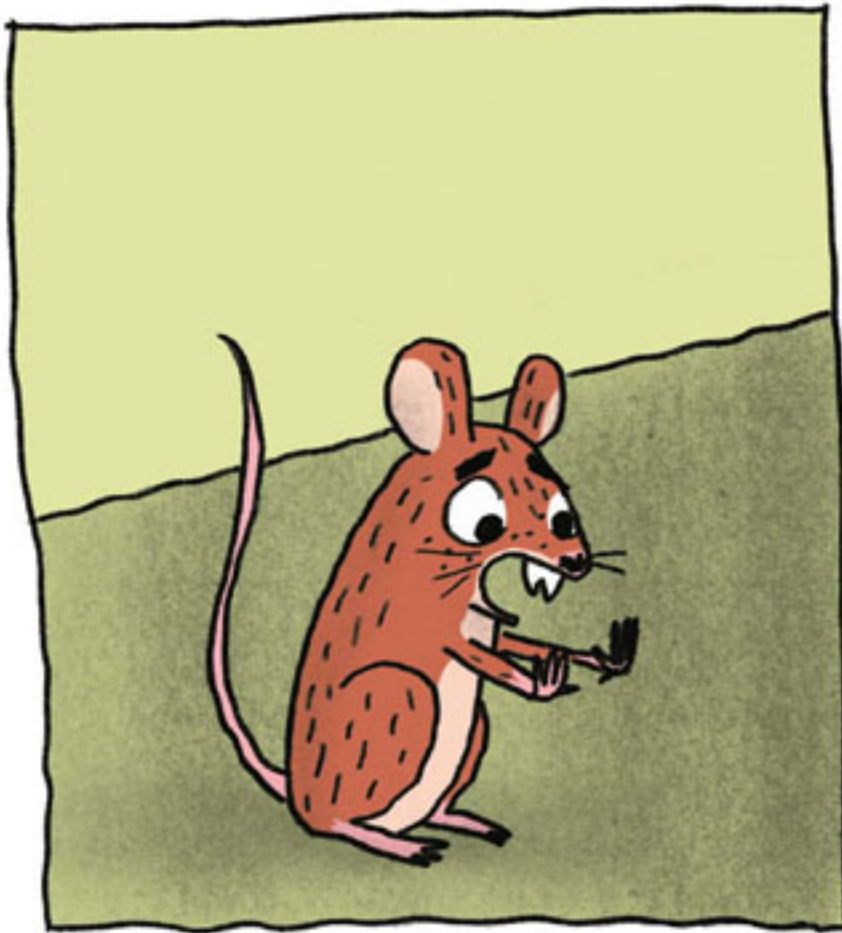
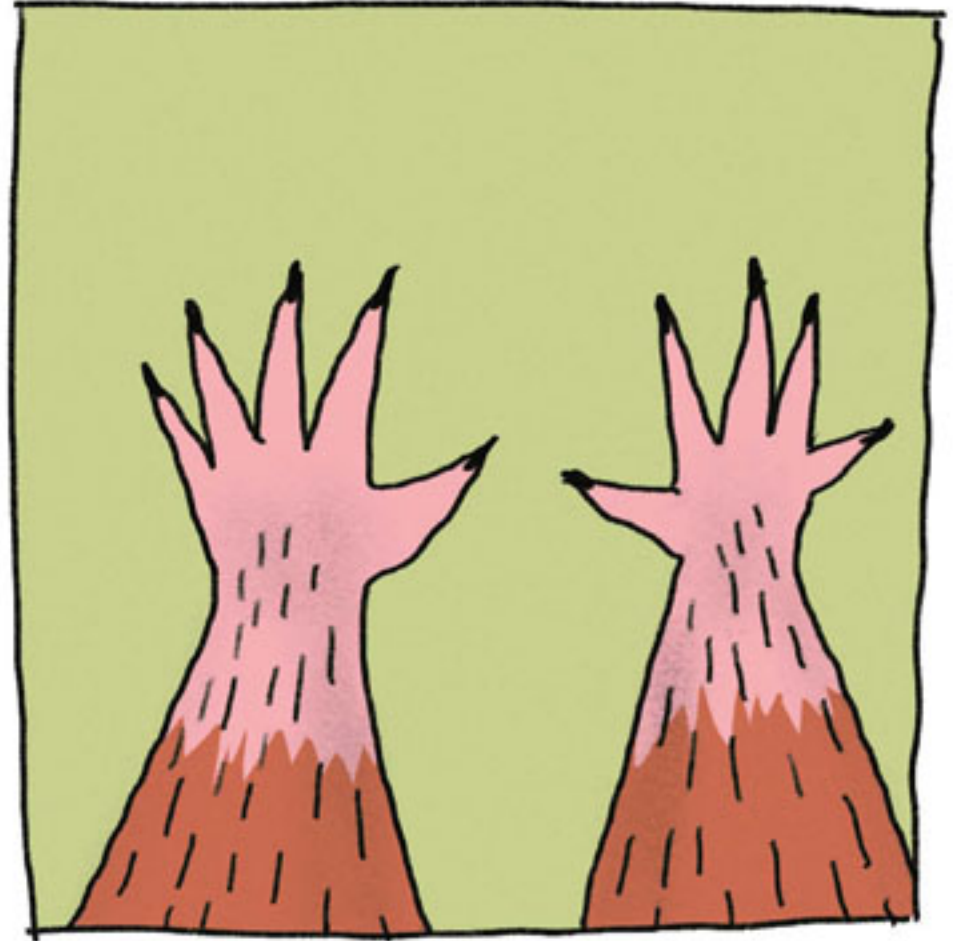
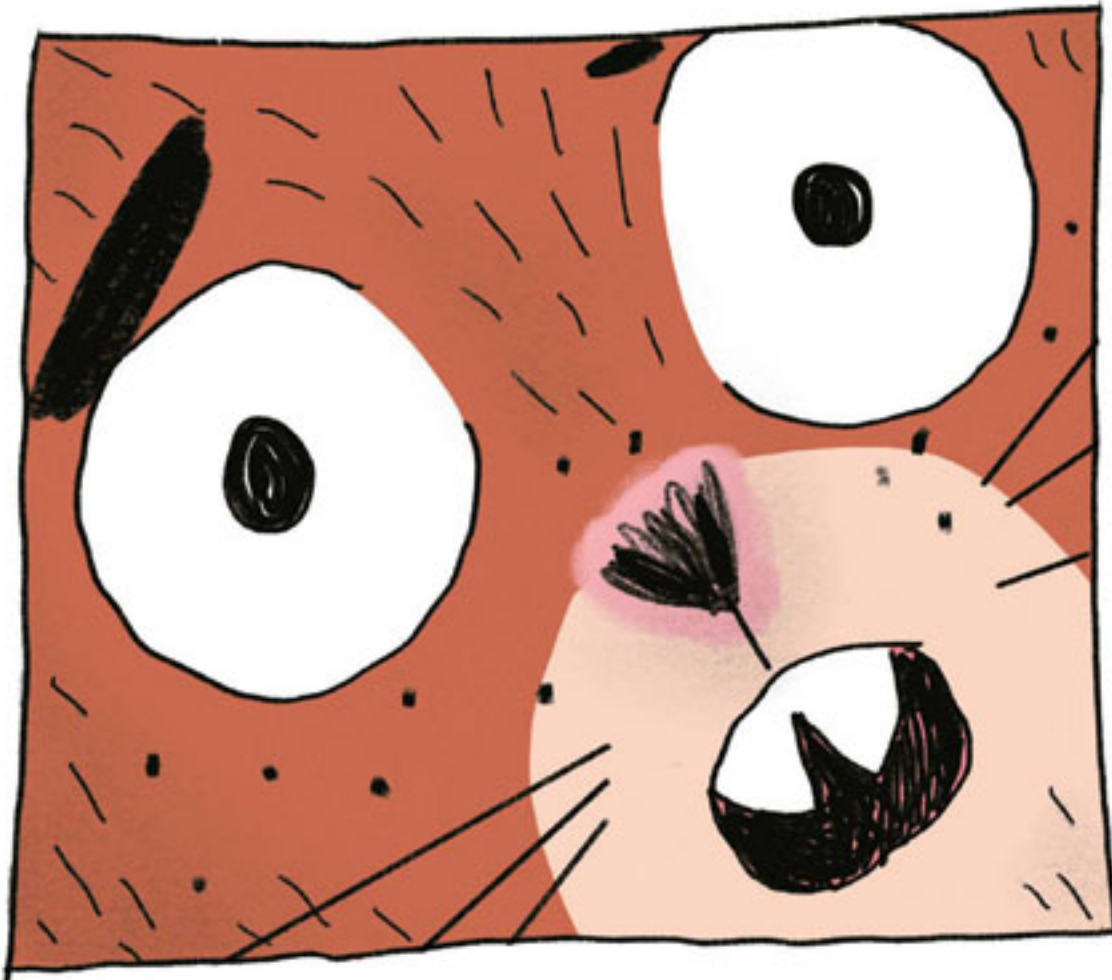


OKAY, YOU CAN LET GO OF IT NOW.









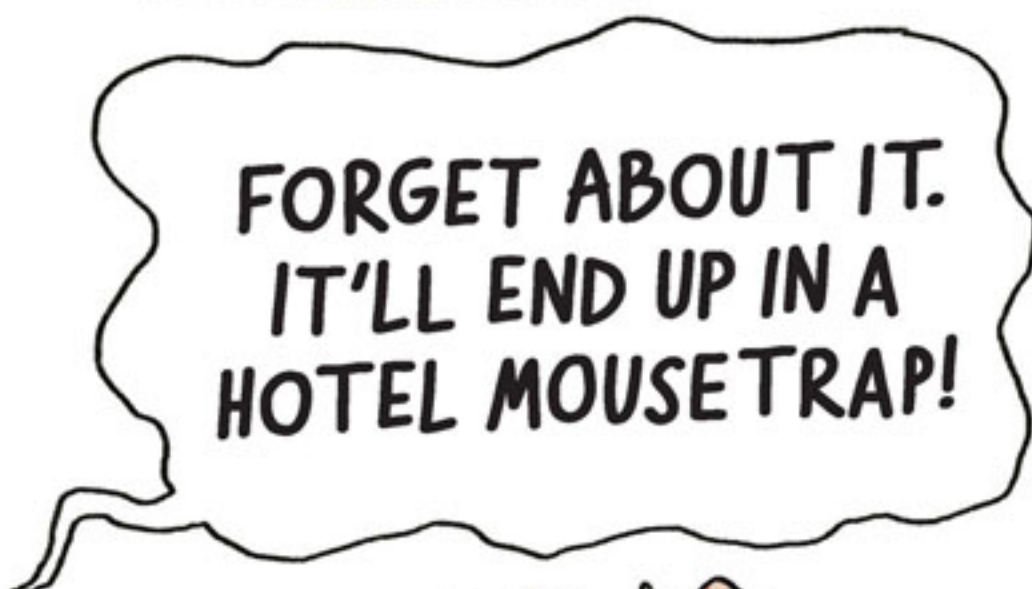
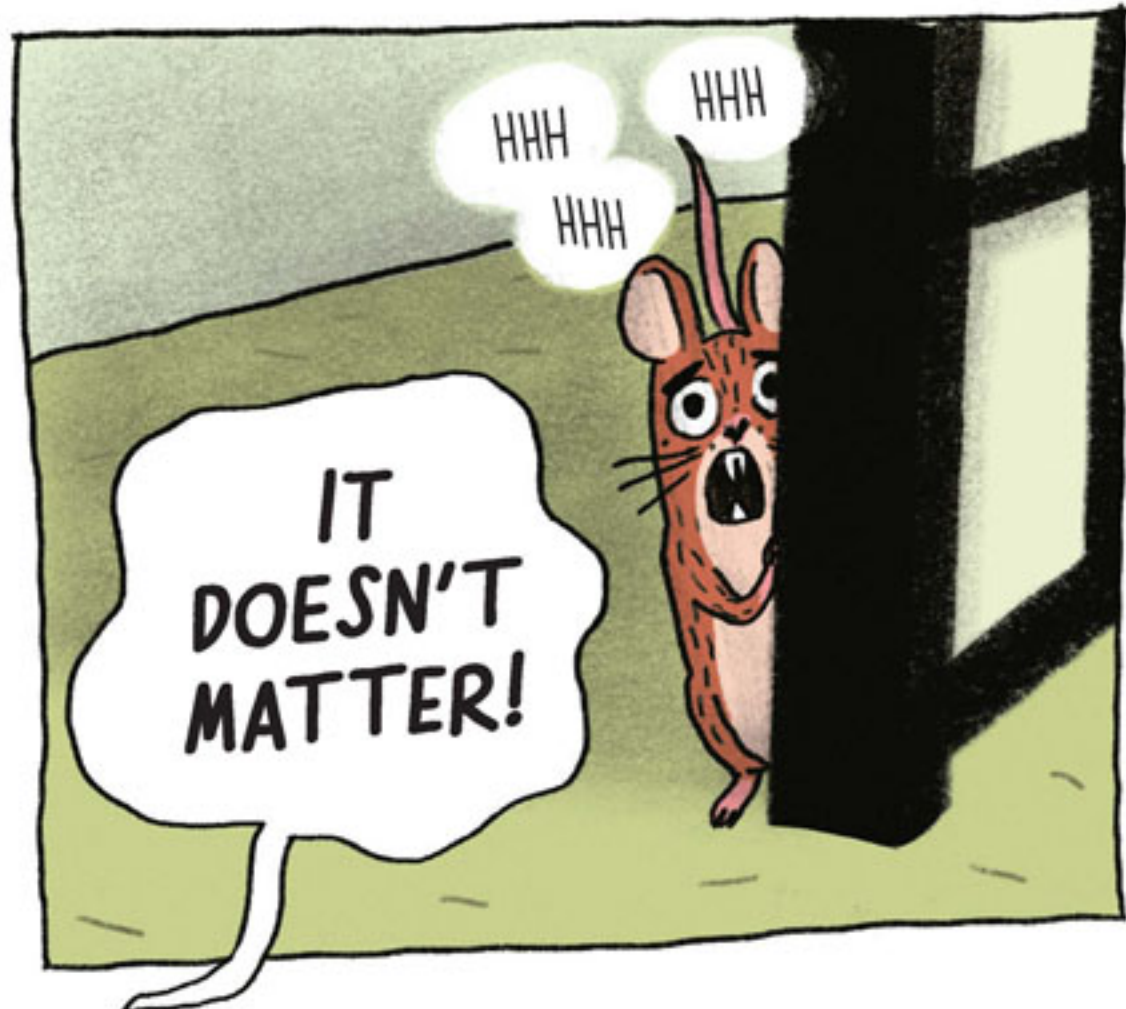
KILL IT!!

QUICK!!!



CLACK!



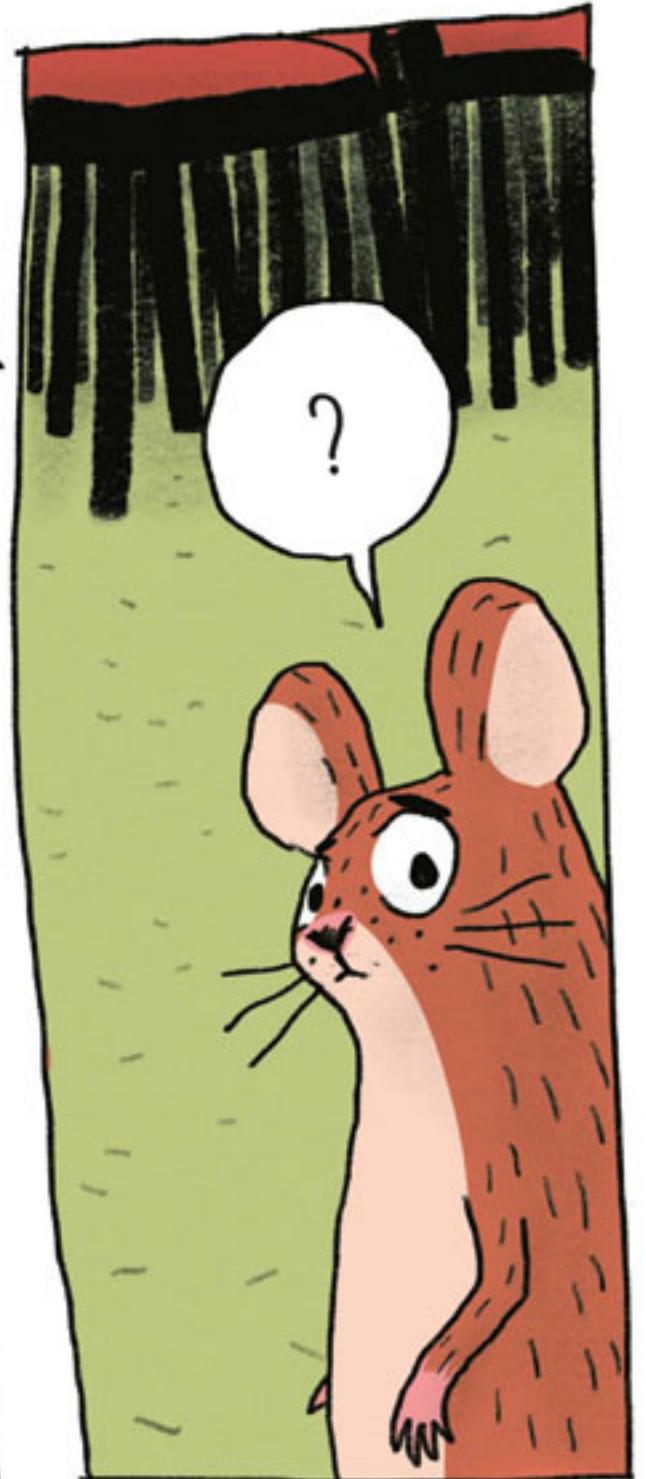
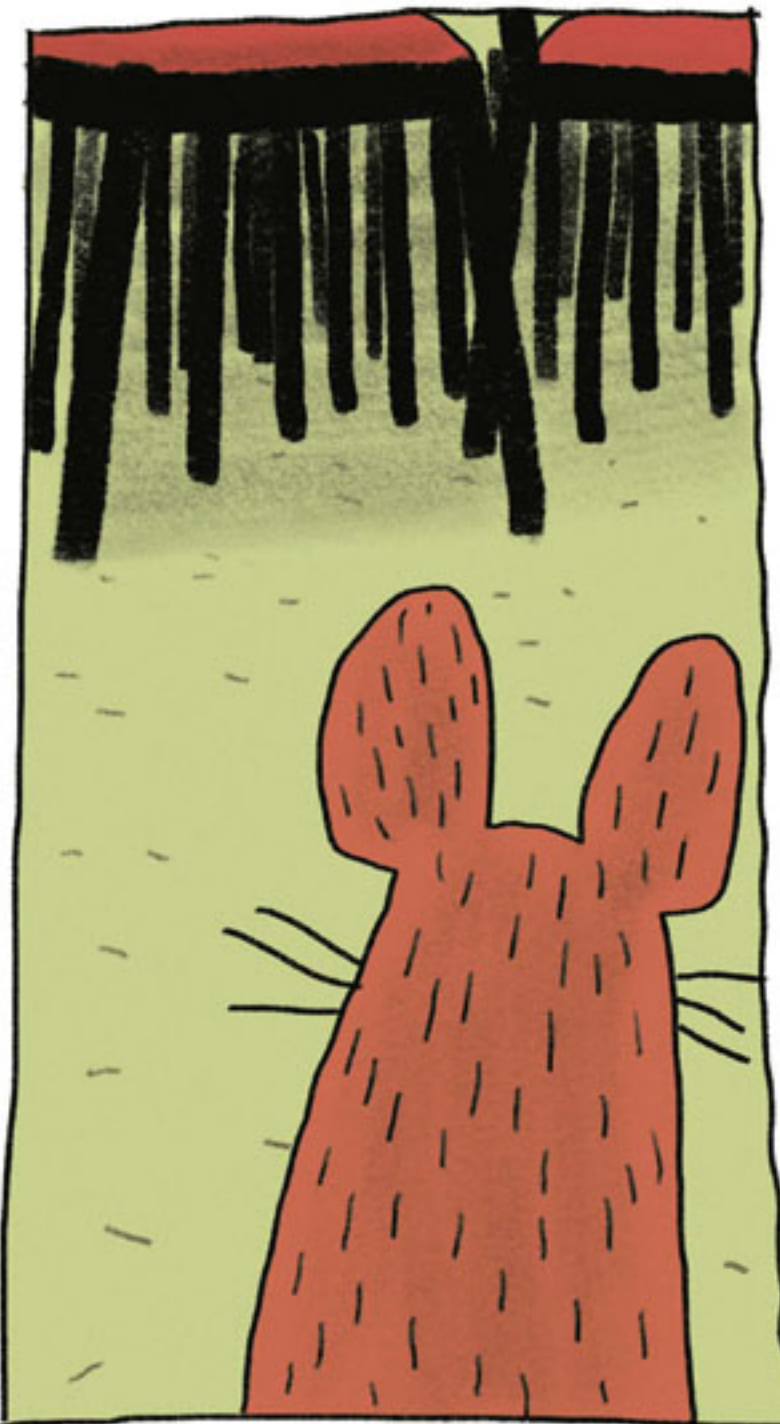
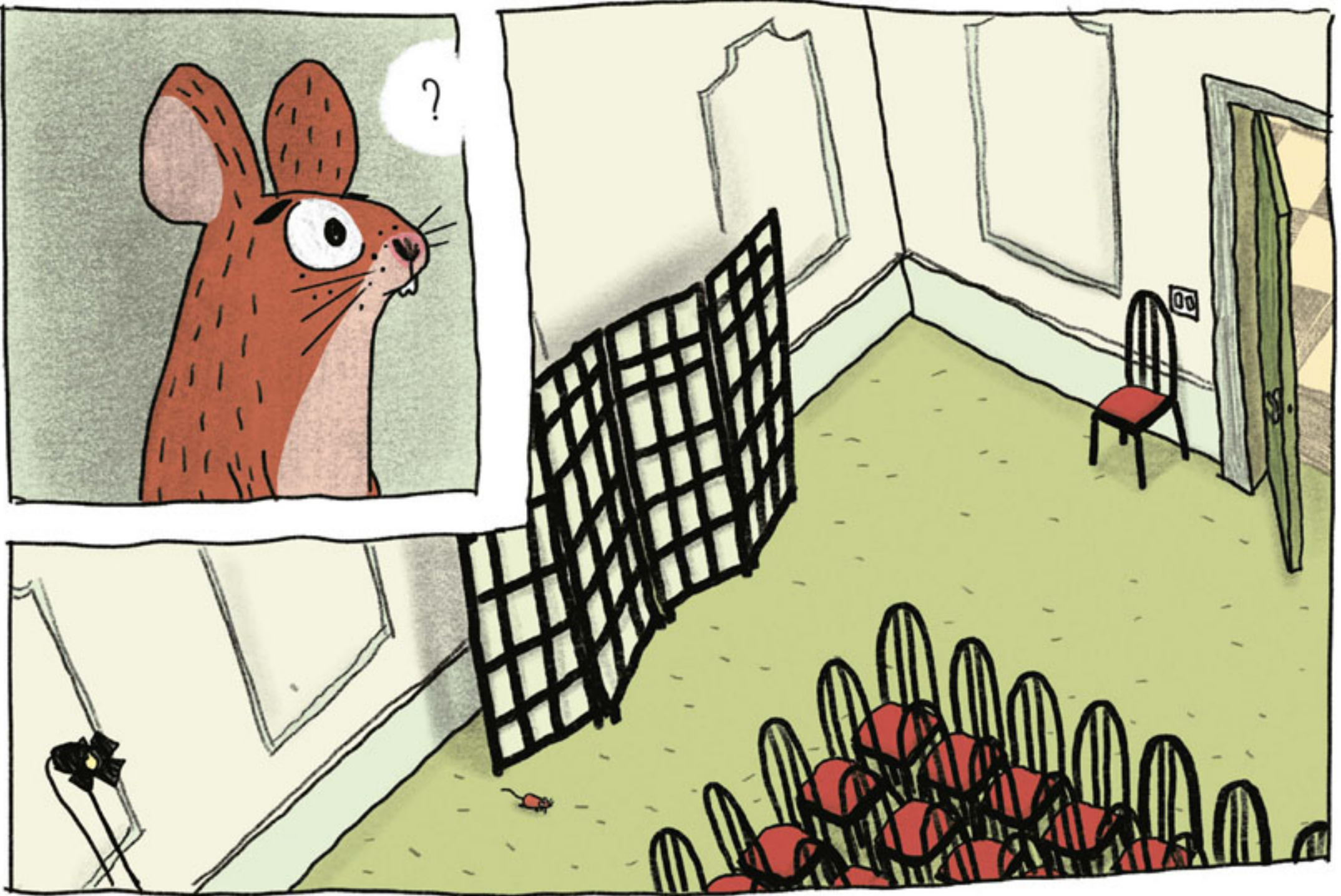


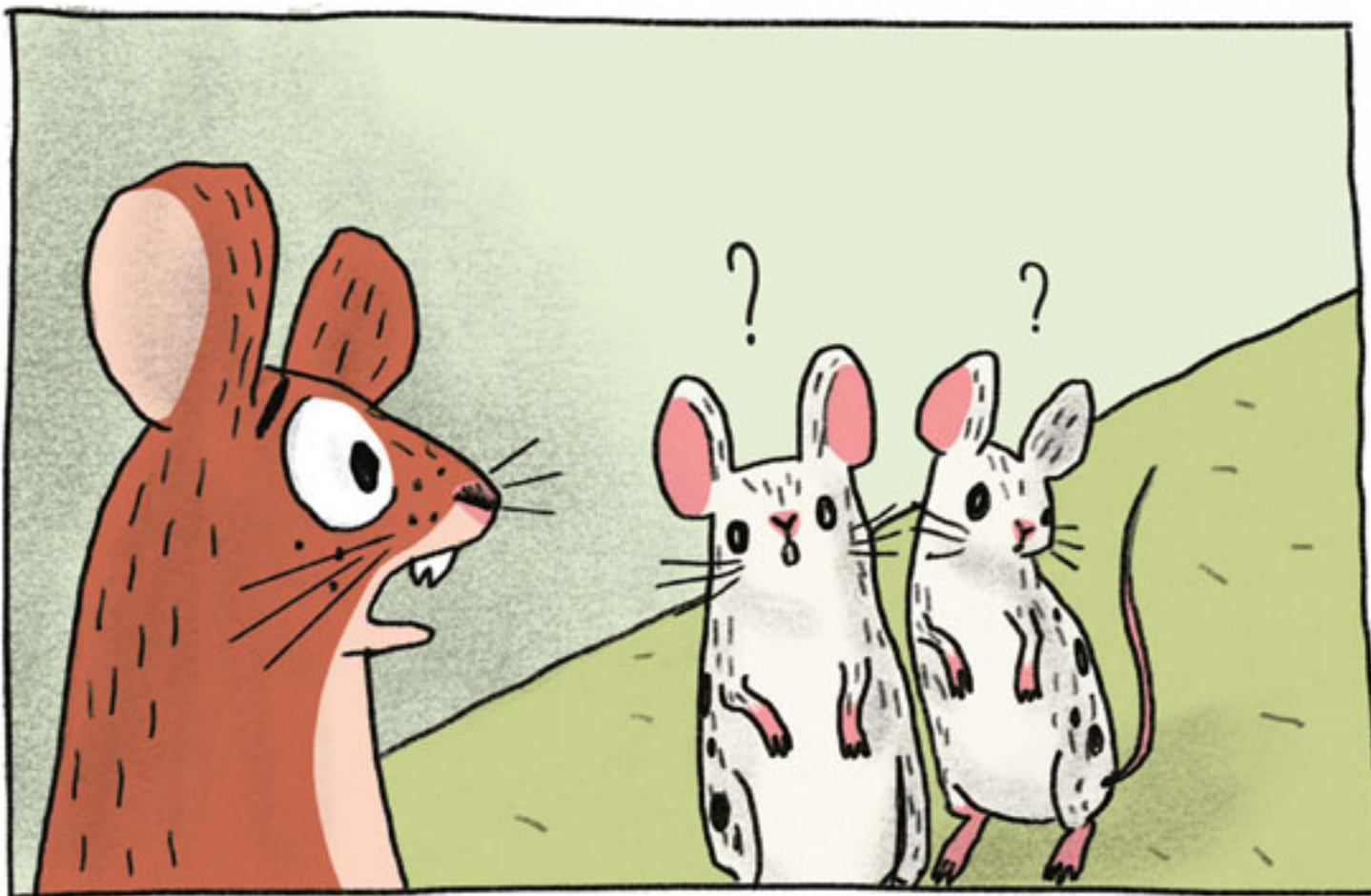
EVERYBODY
OUT.

DON'T FORGET
TO STOP BY
MY ROOM ...

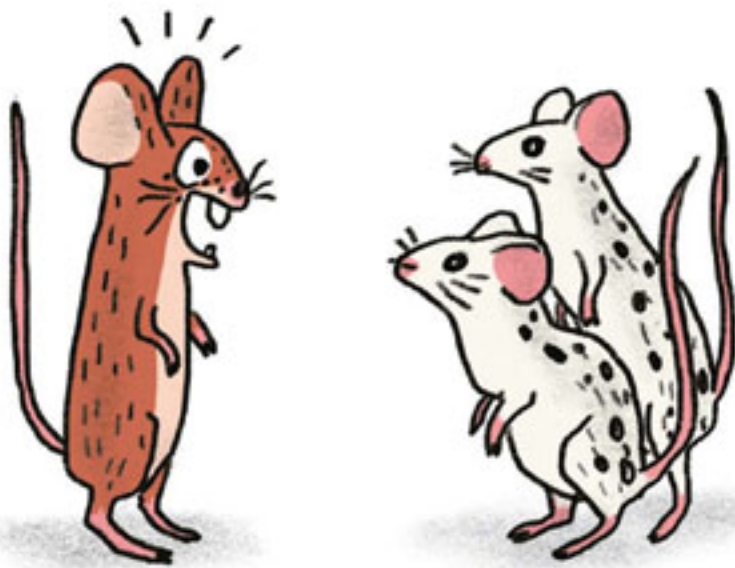
... TO PICK
UP YOUR
POTION.







Boy, am I happy to see you two!!

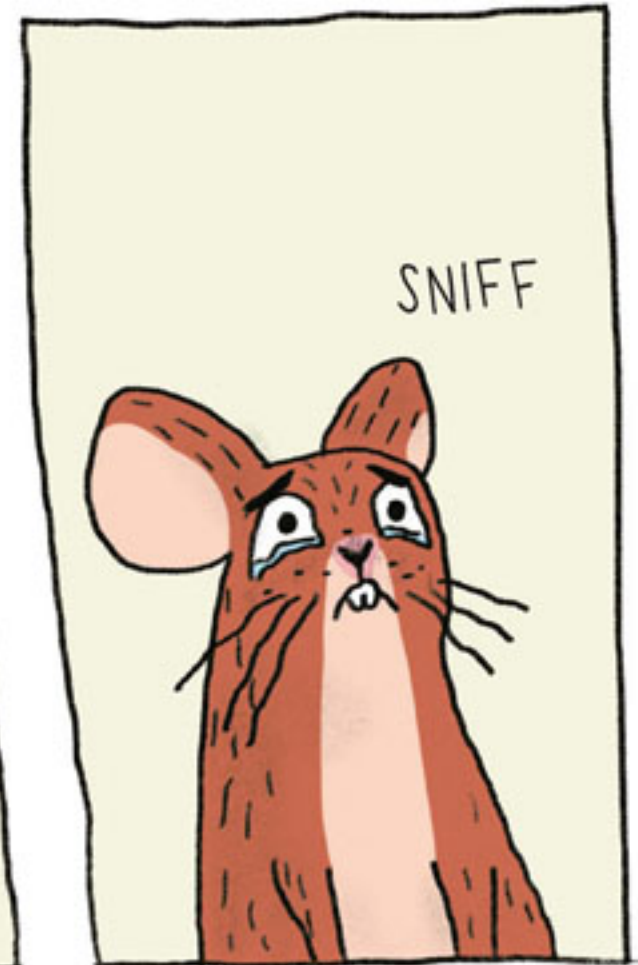
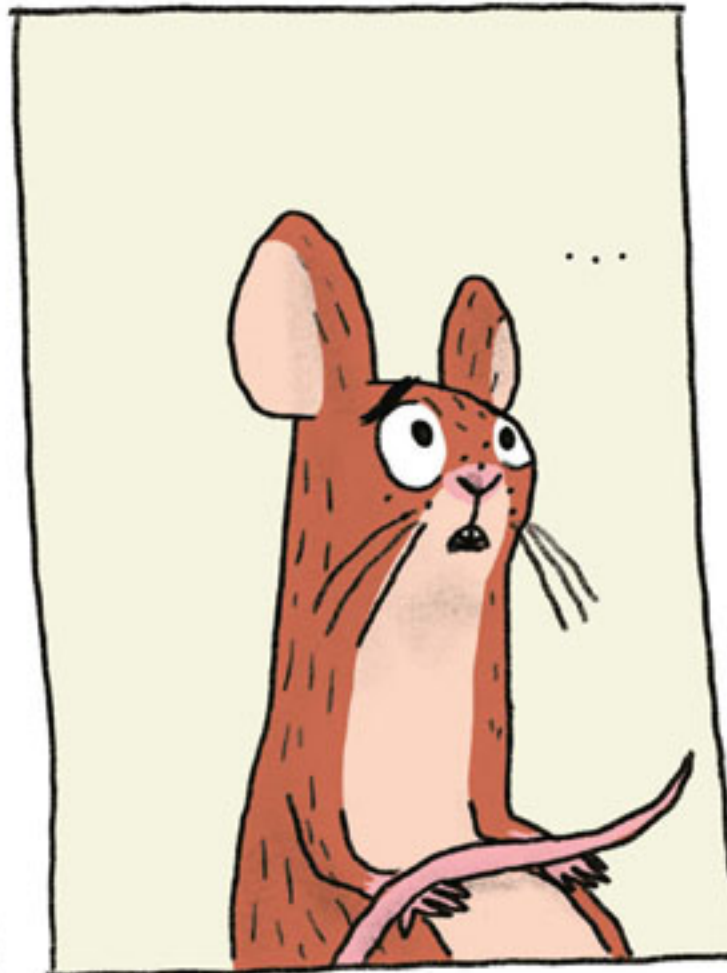
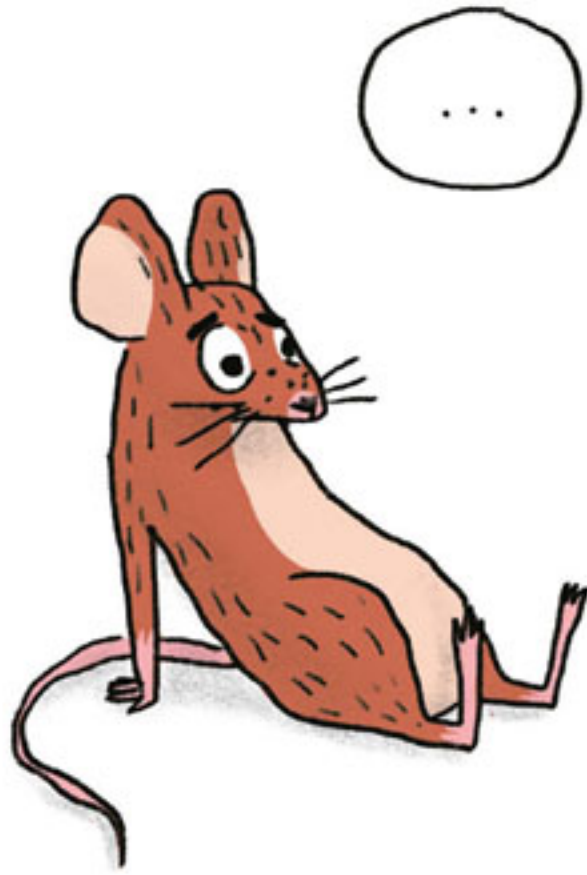


It's me!! I know it must be hard to ...



... believe.





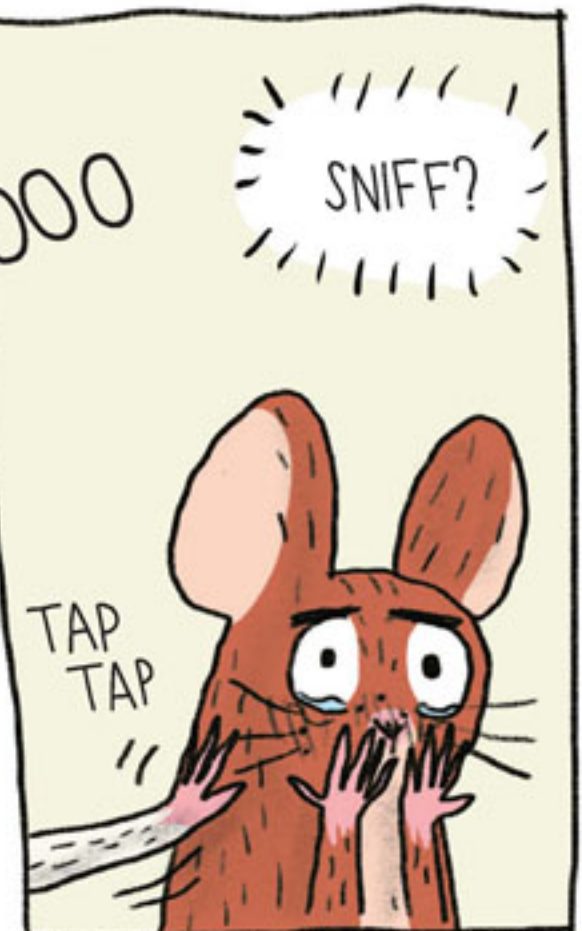
BOOHOOHOOOOOO

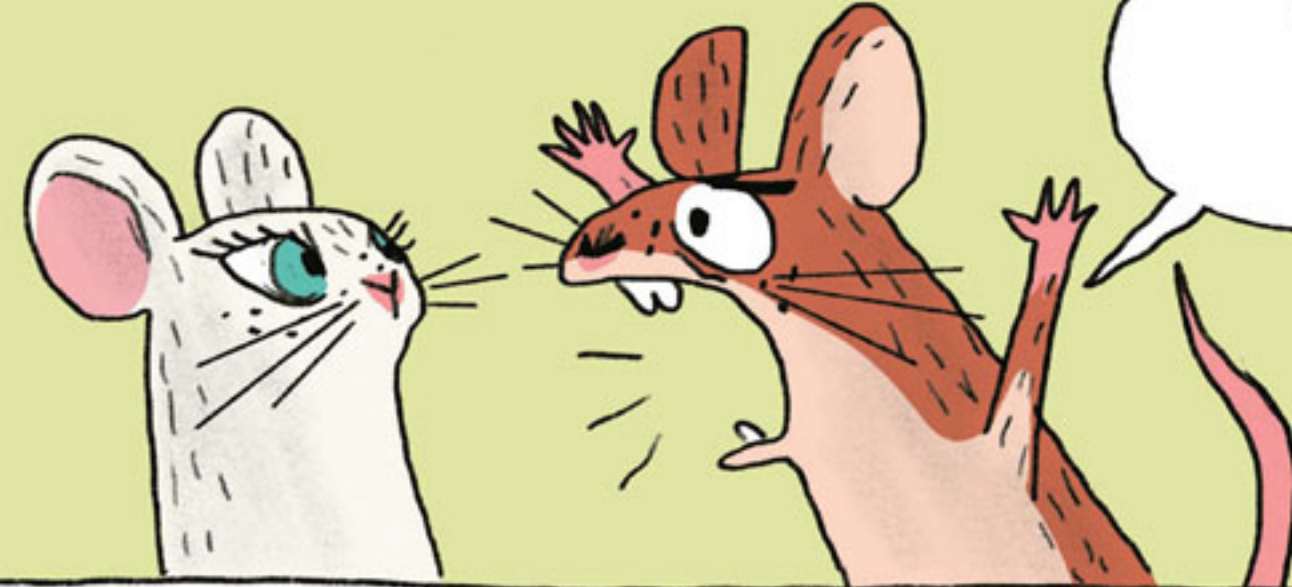
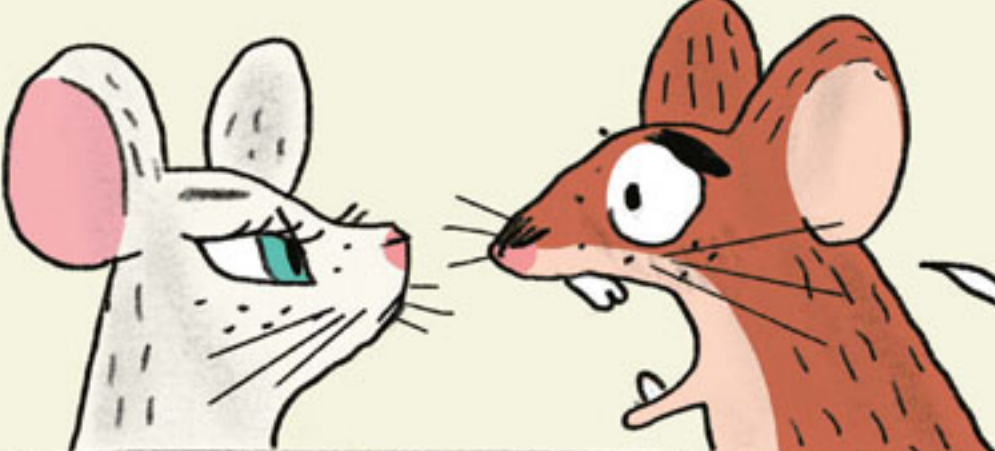
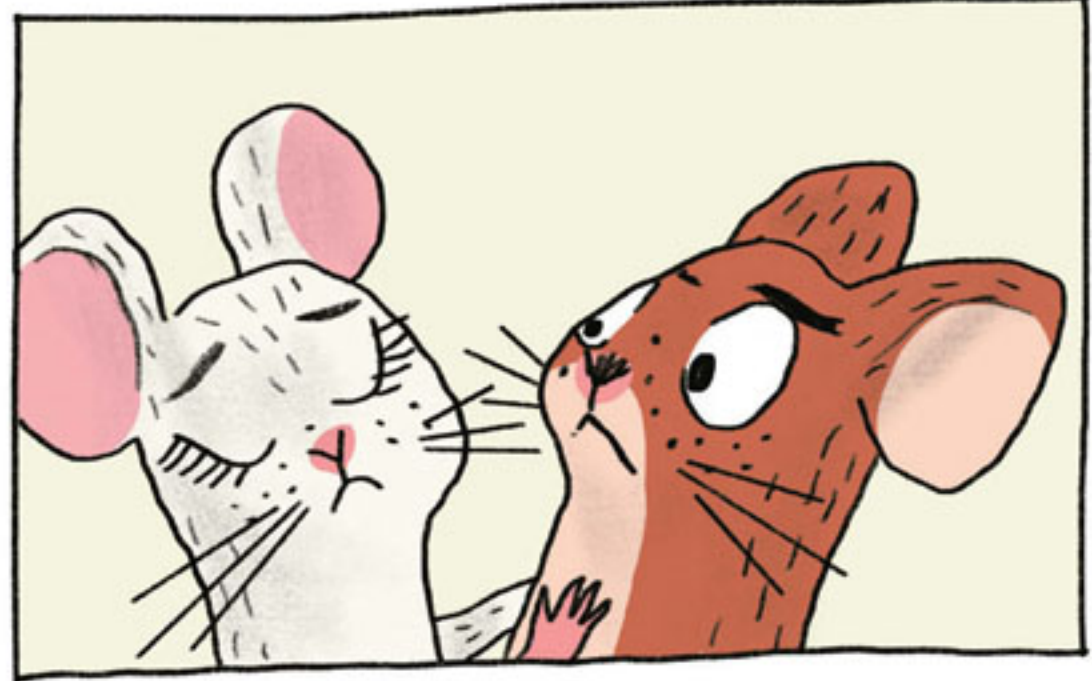


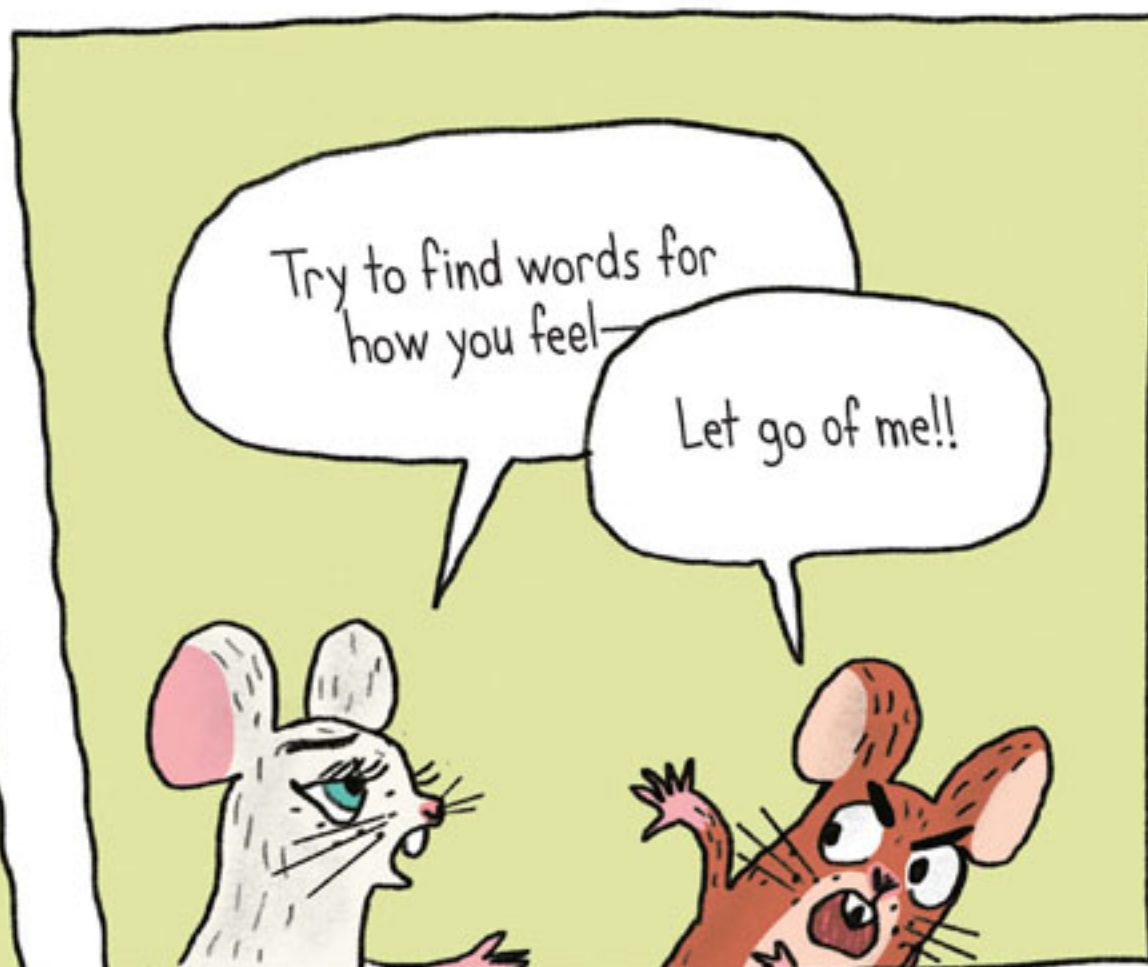
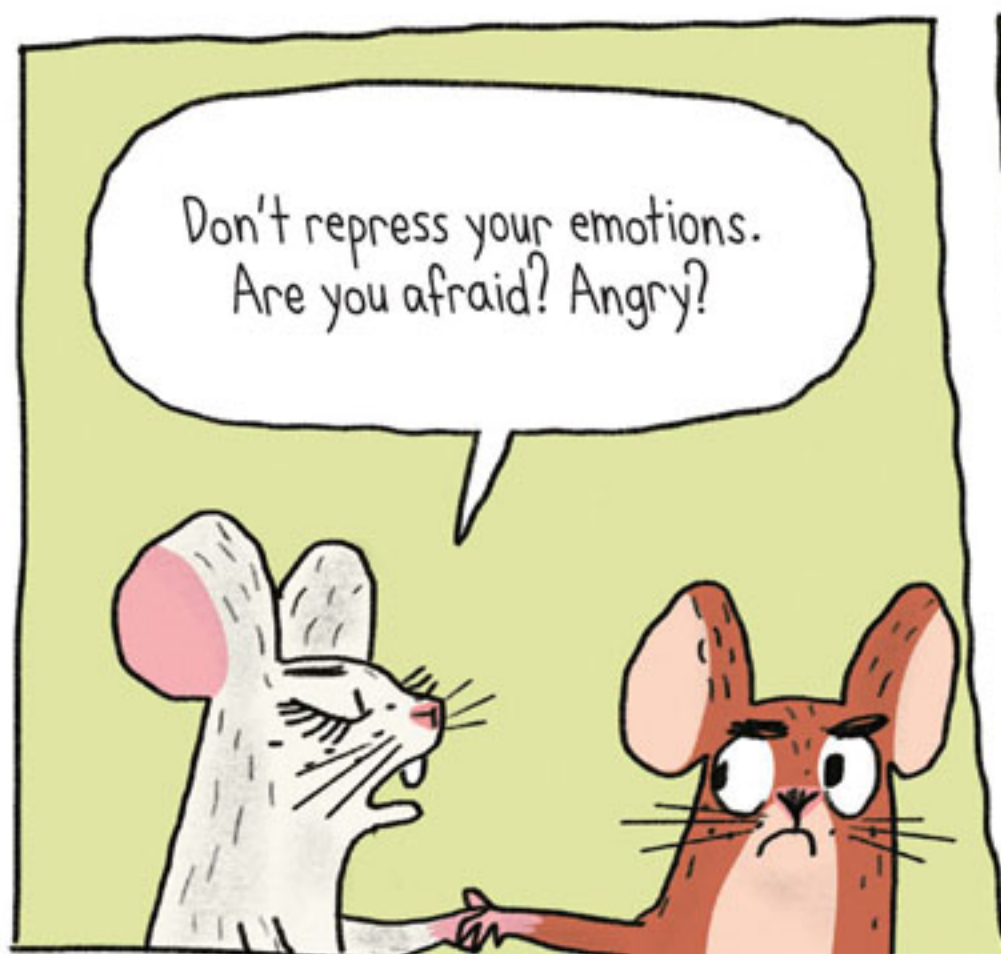
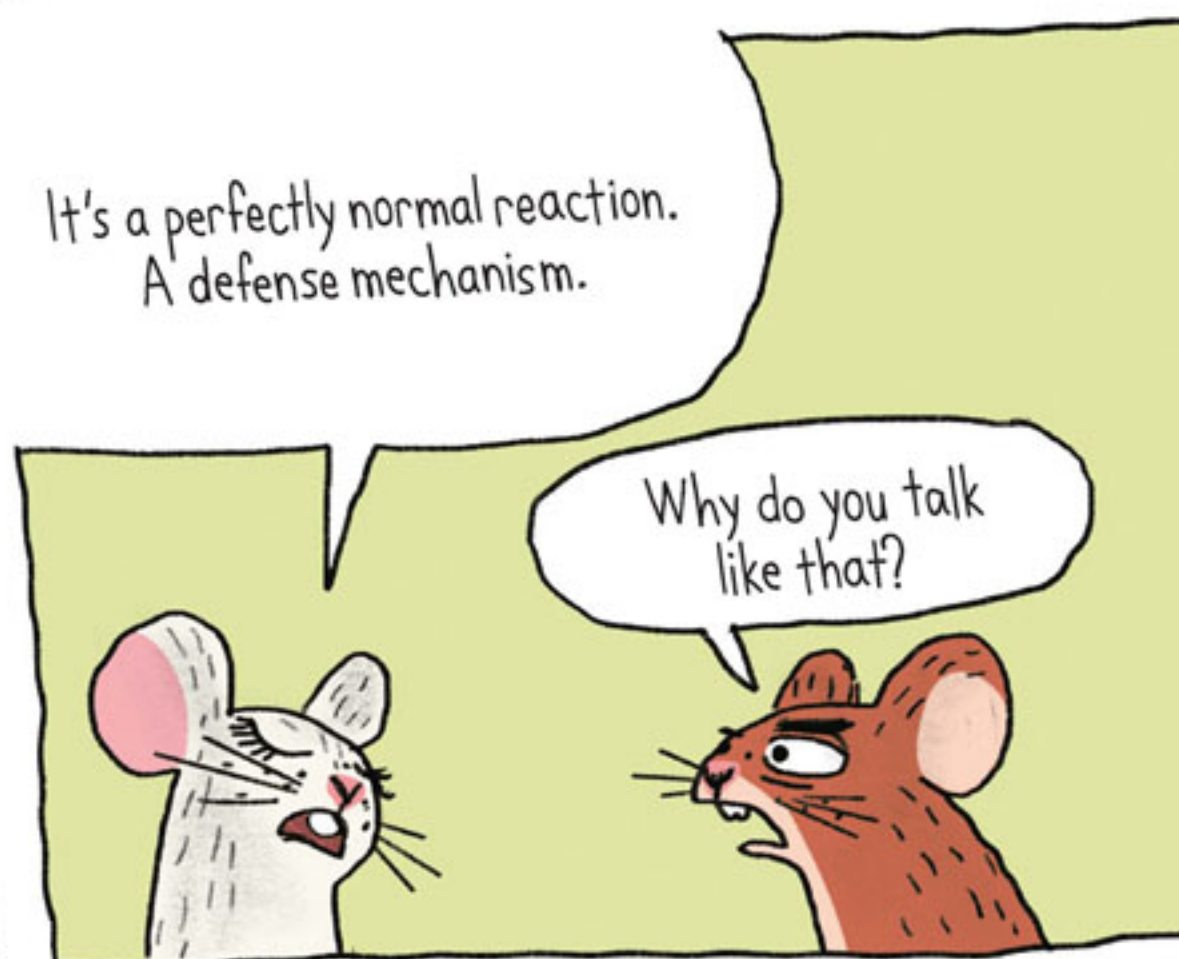
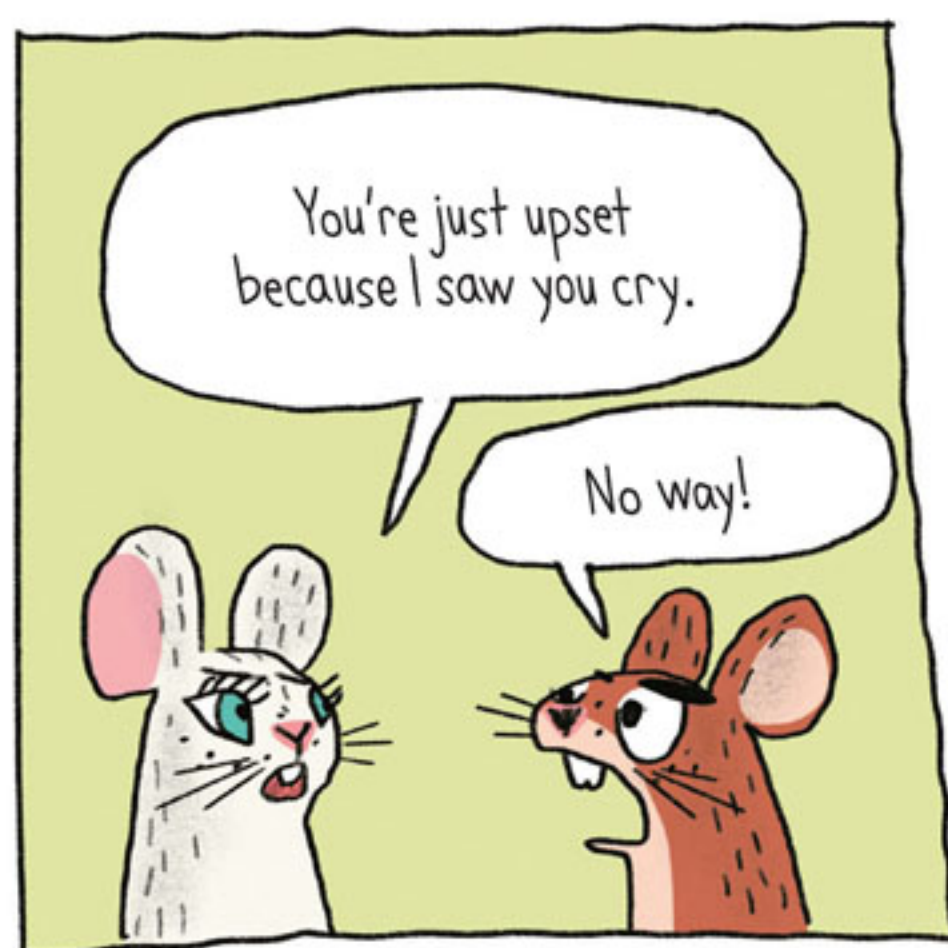
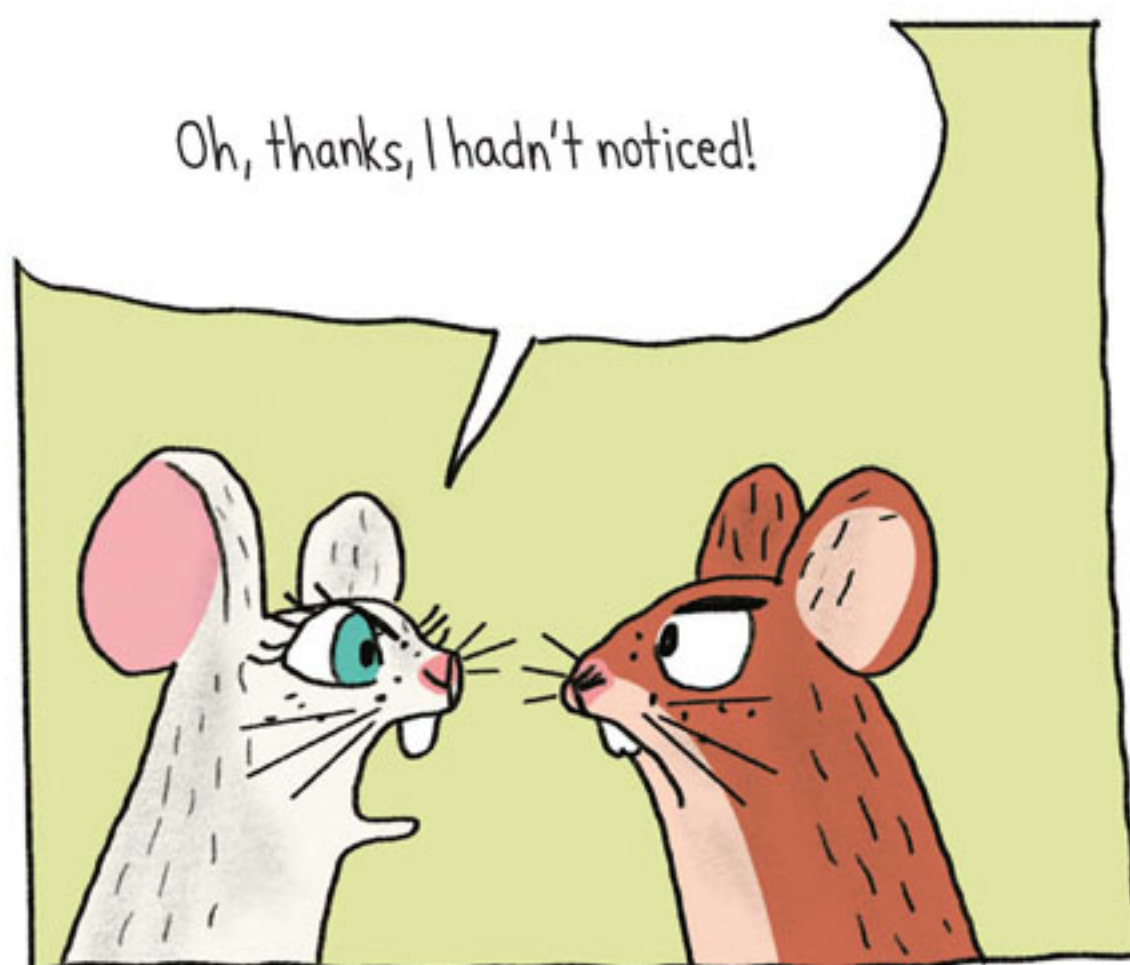
BOOHOOHOOOOOOOOOO

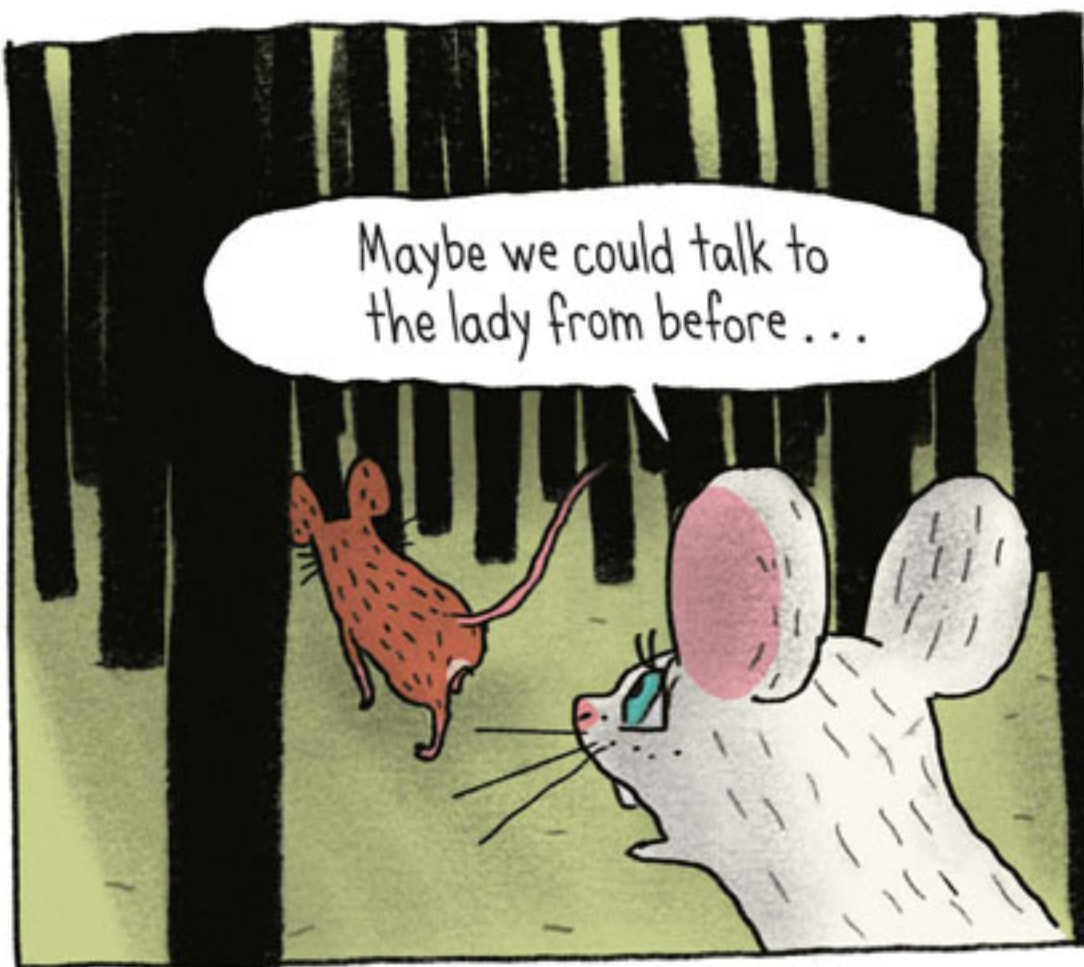
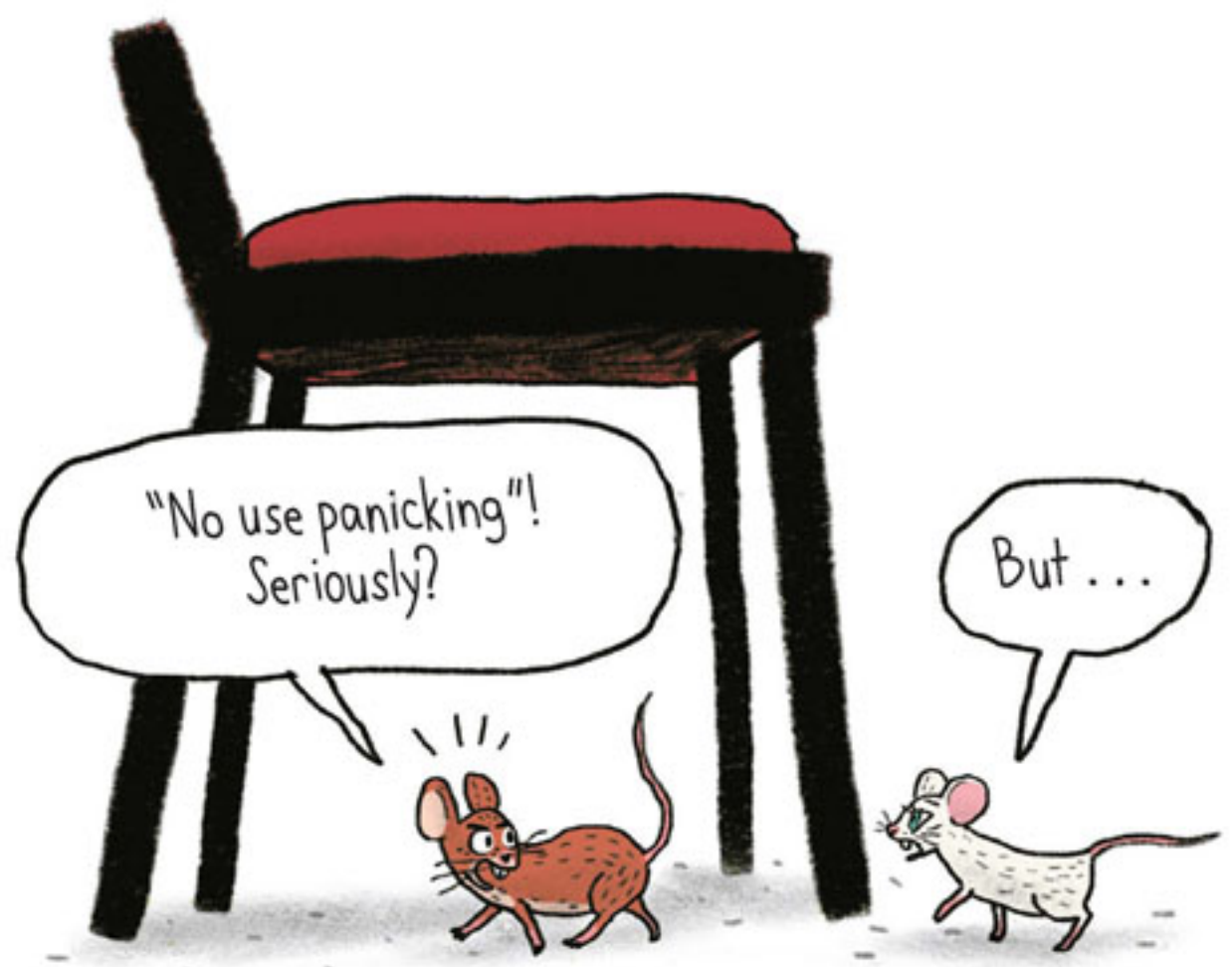


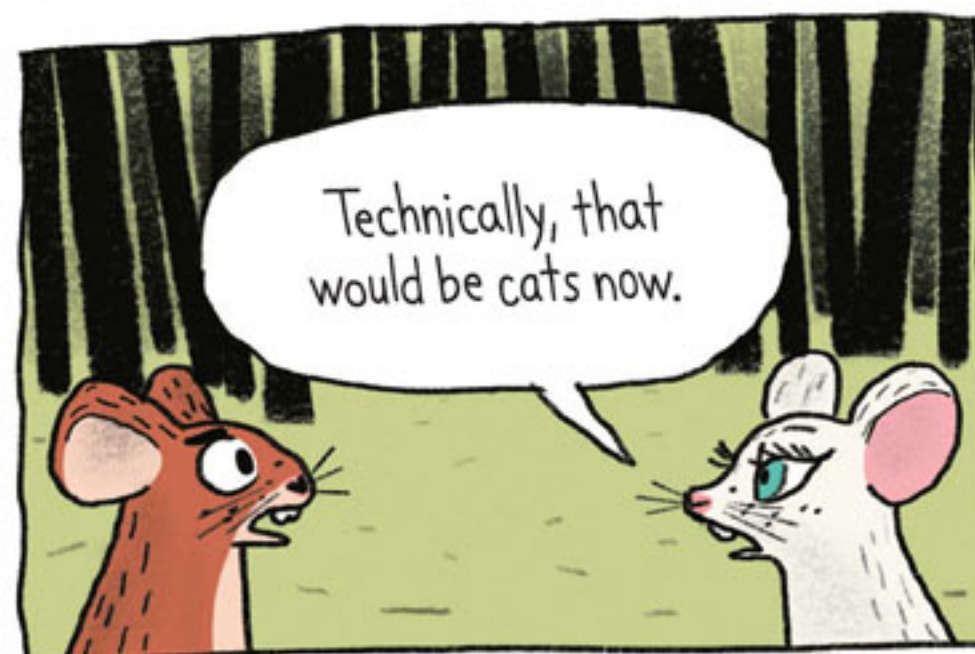
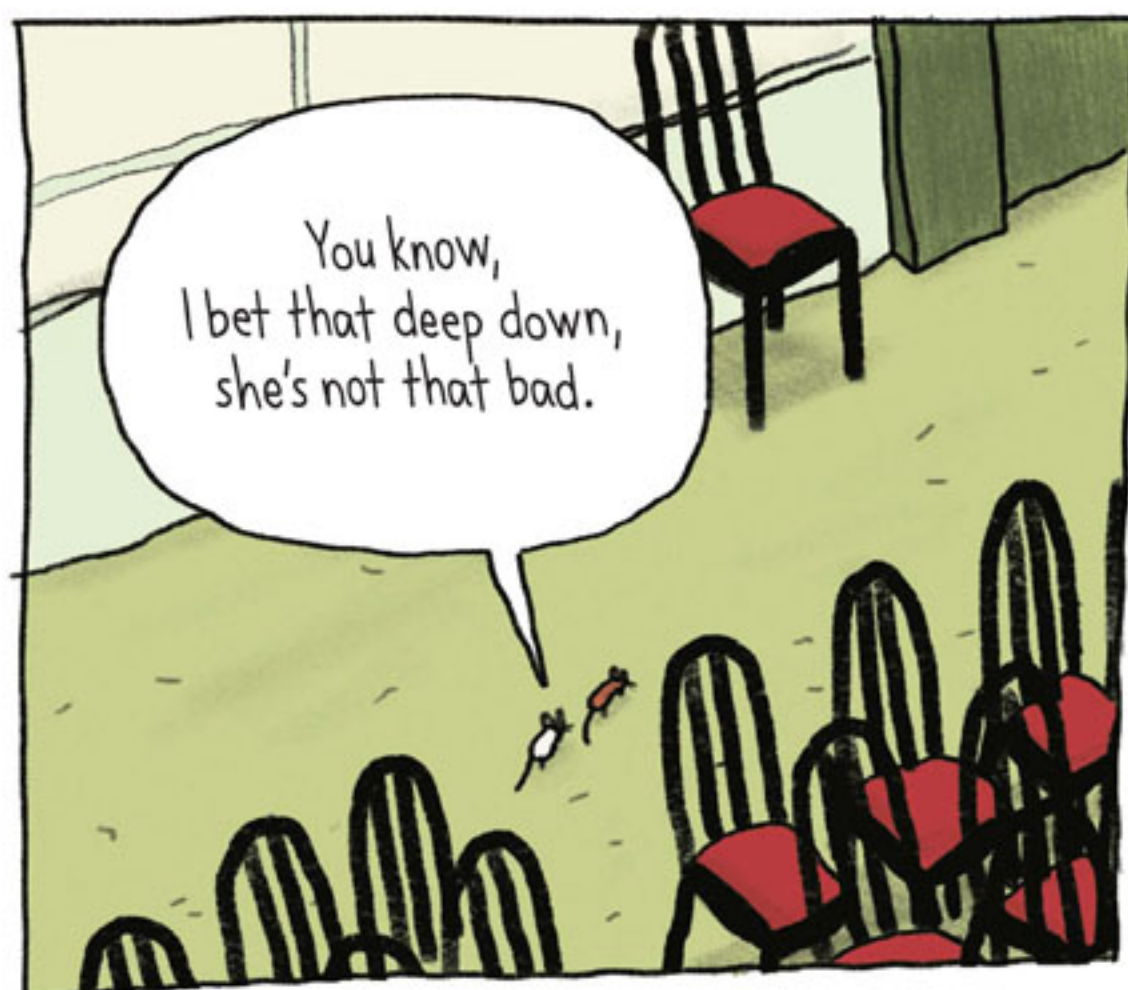
SNIFF?



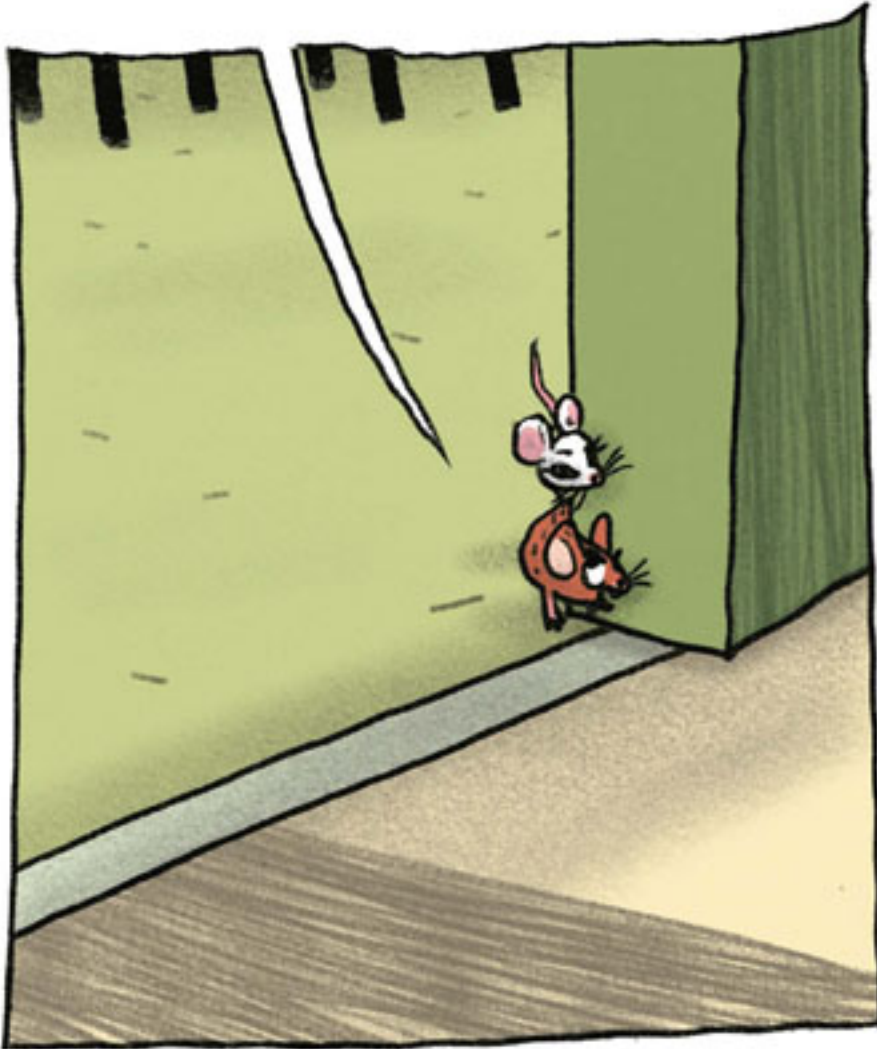








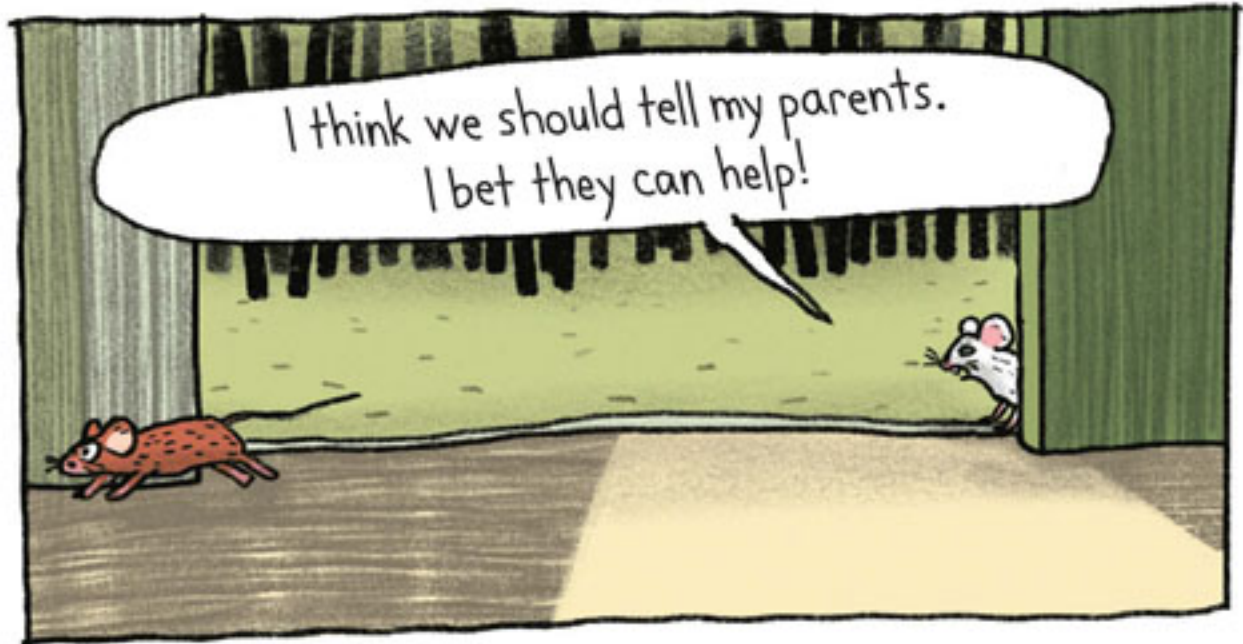
They don't want to
turn us back into kids!
That wasn't just a
test! Get it?



Their goal is to do the same thing to
every child in the country!



I think we should tell my parents.
I bet they can help!



Why, are they
magicians?

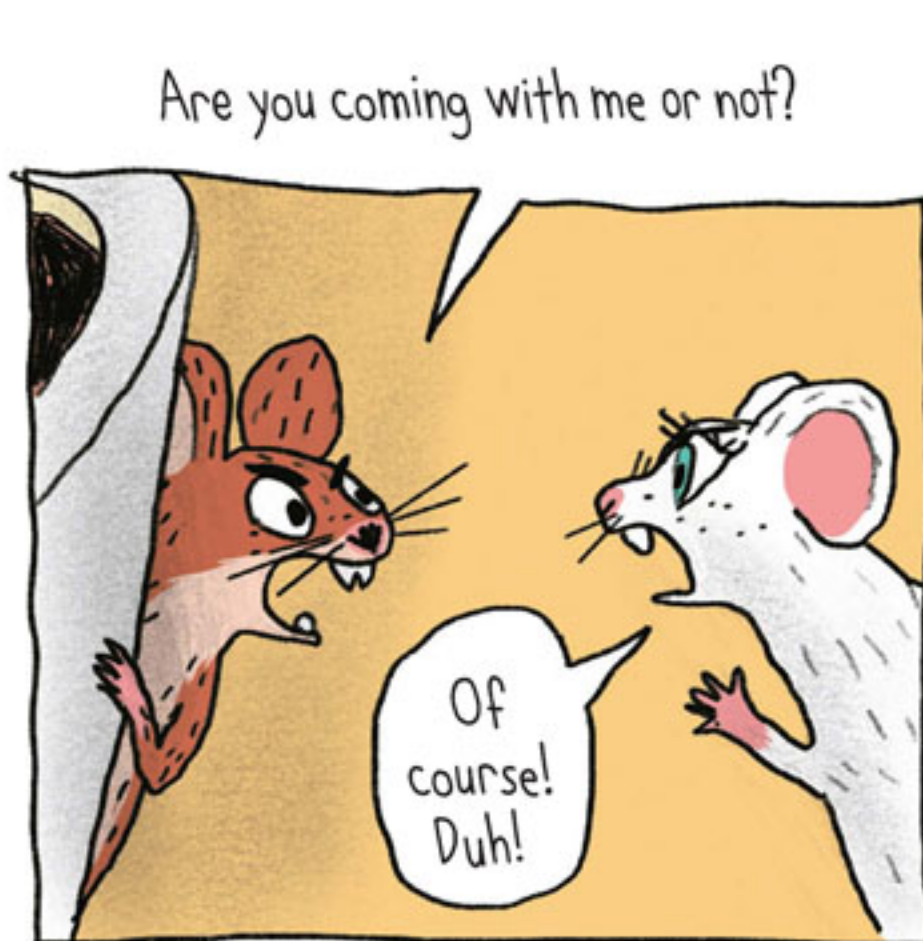
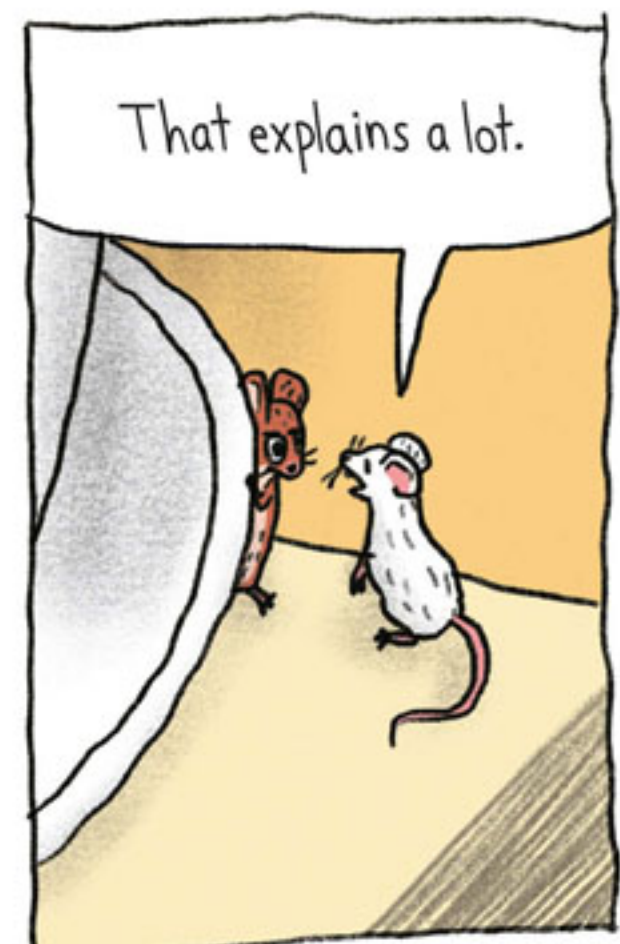
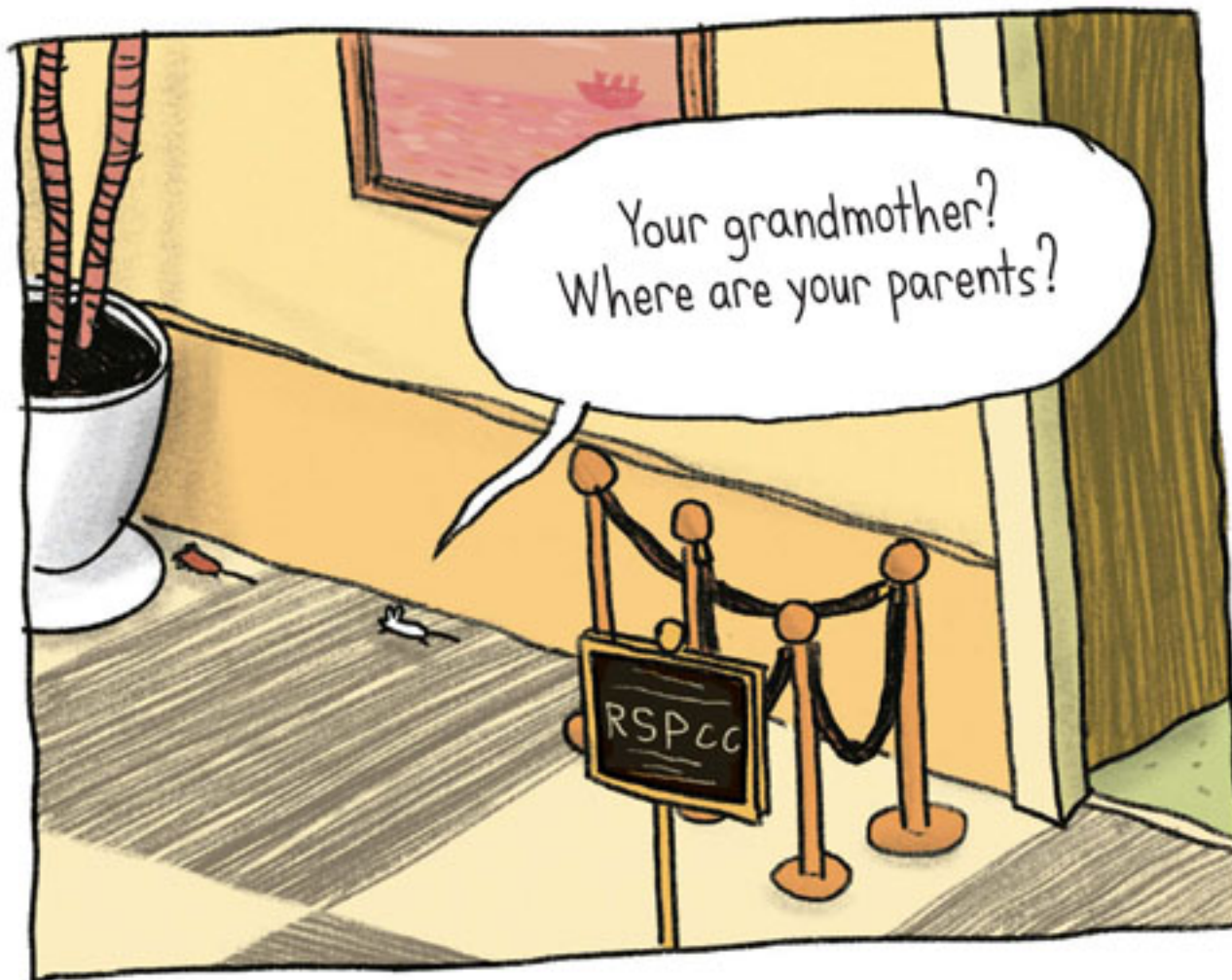


No, therapists.

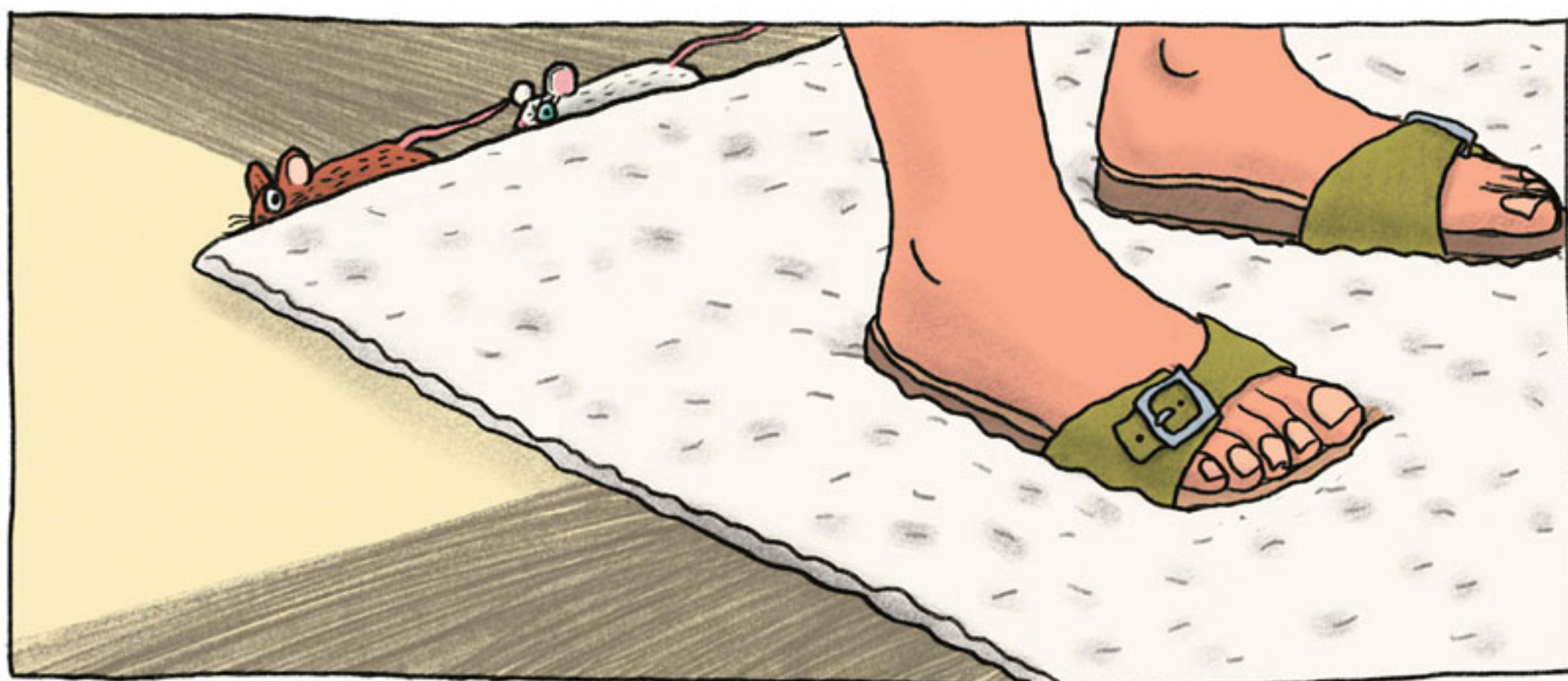
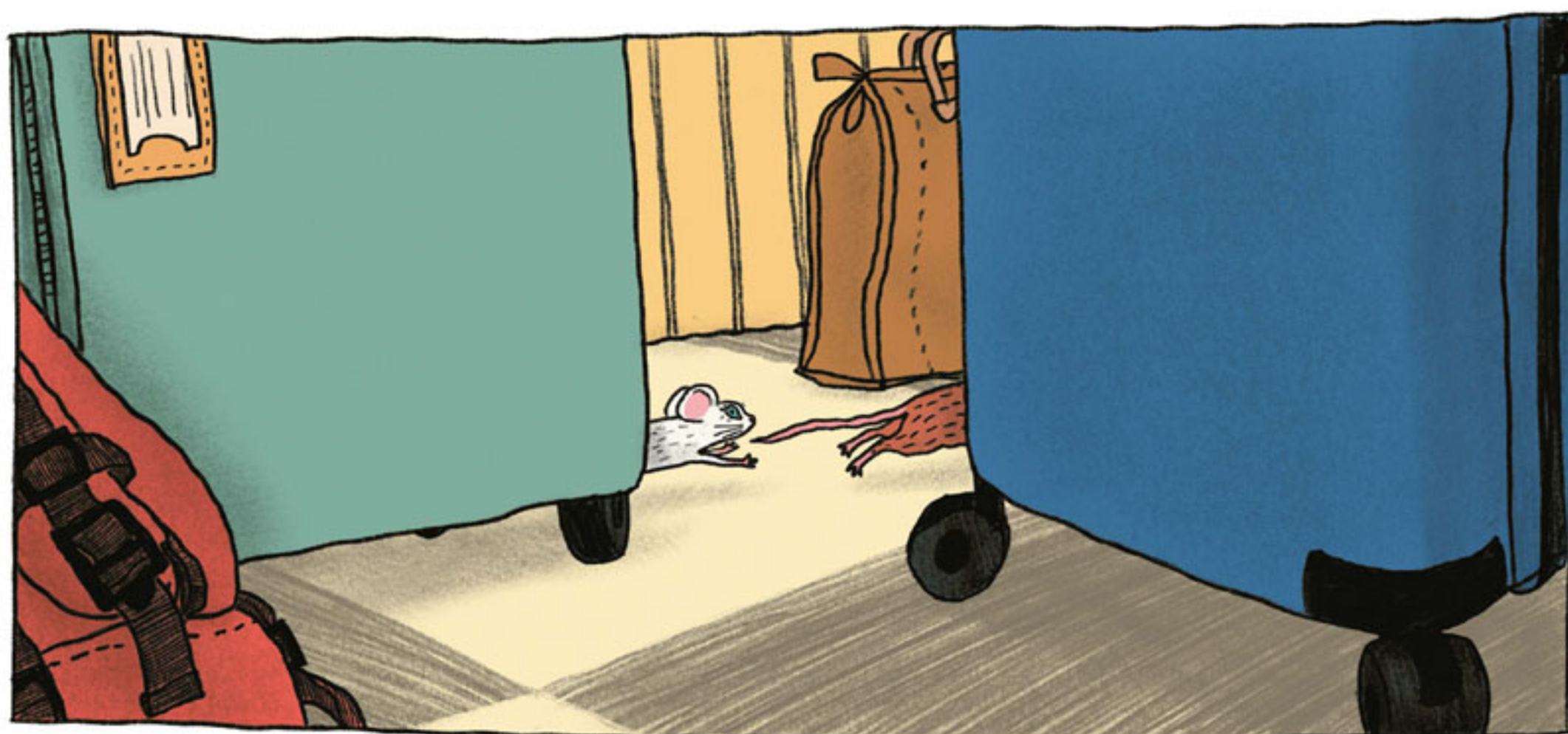
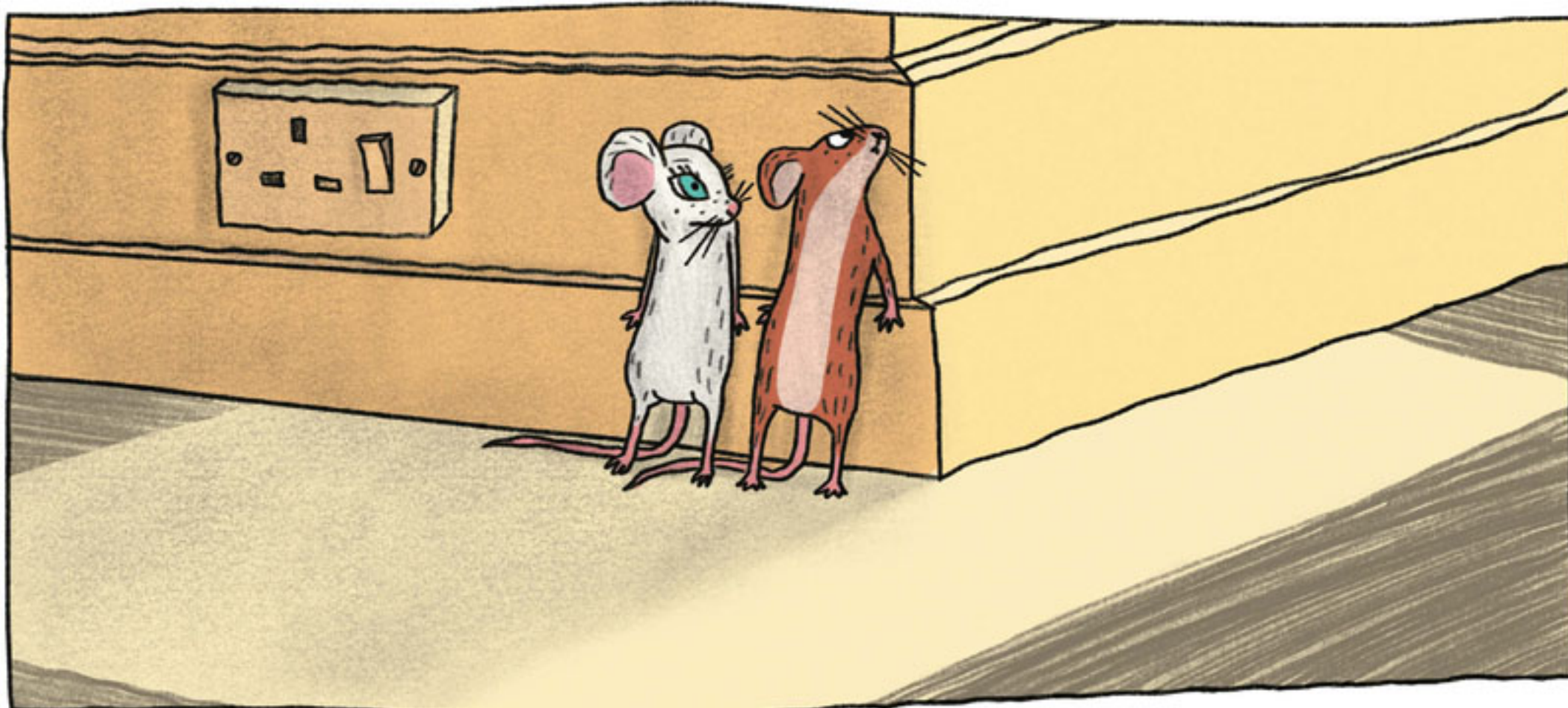


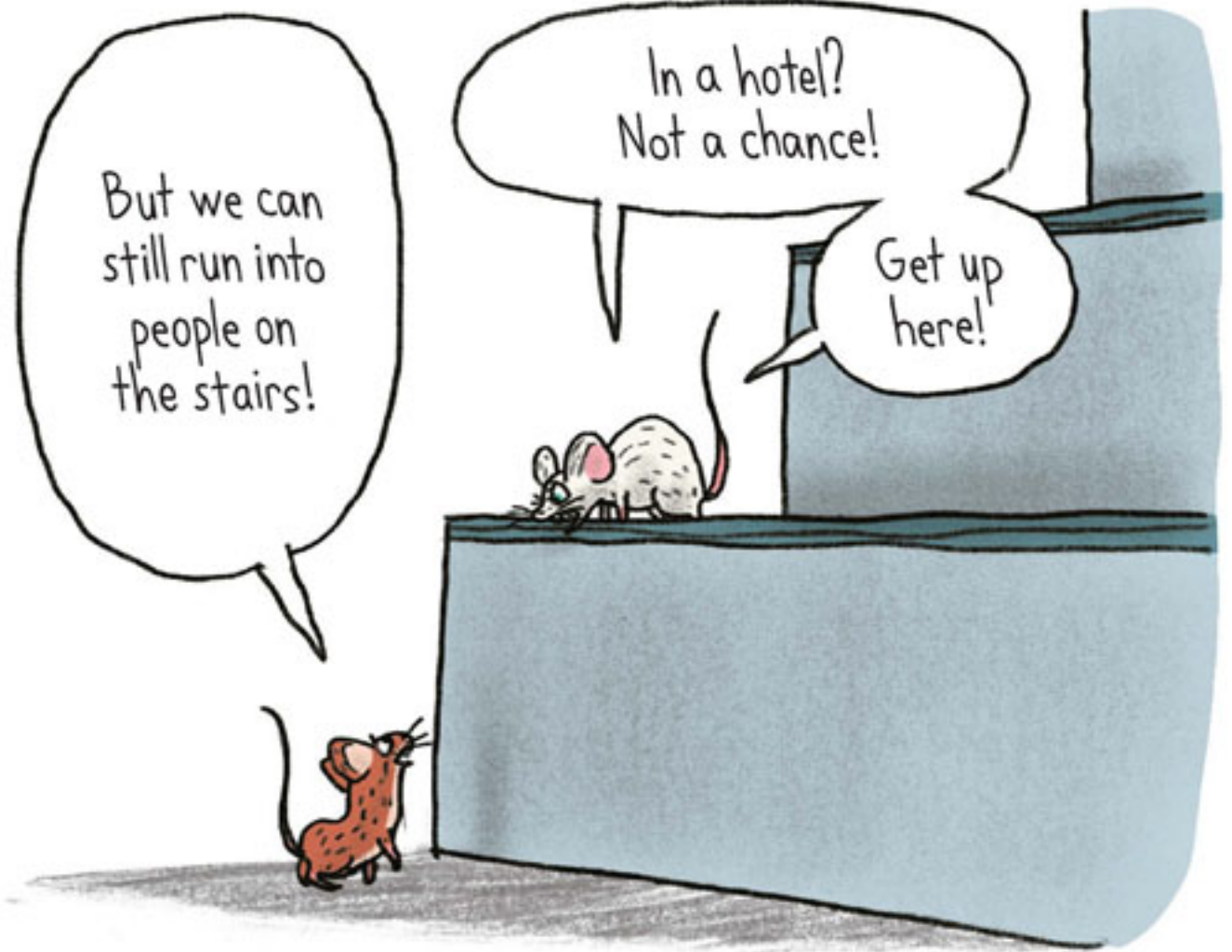
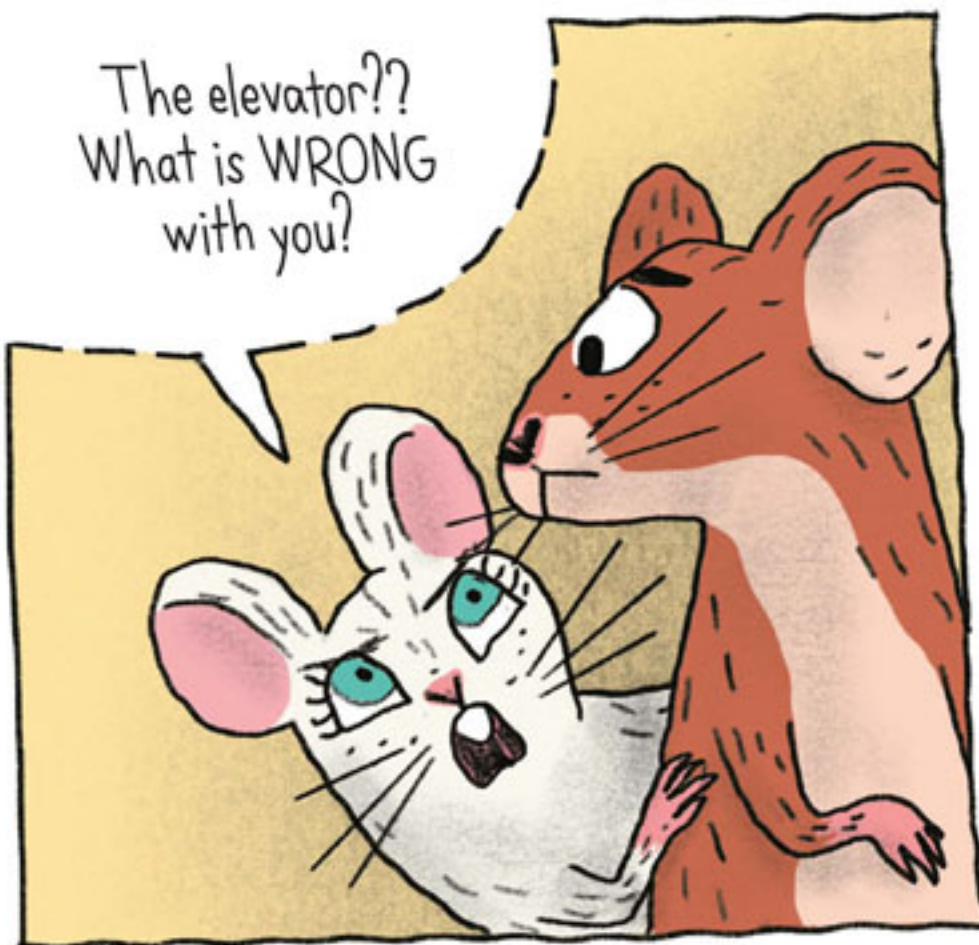
We're better
off telling my
grandmother.
She's really good
with witches.





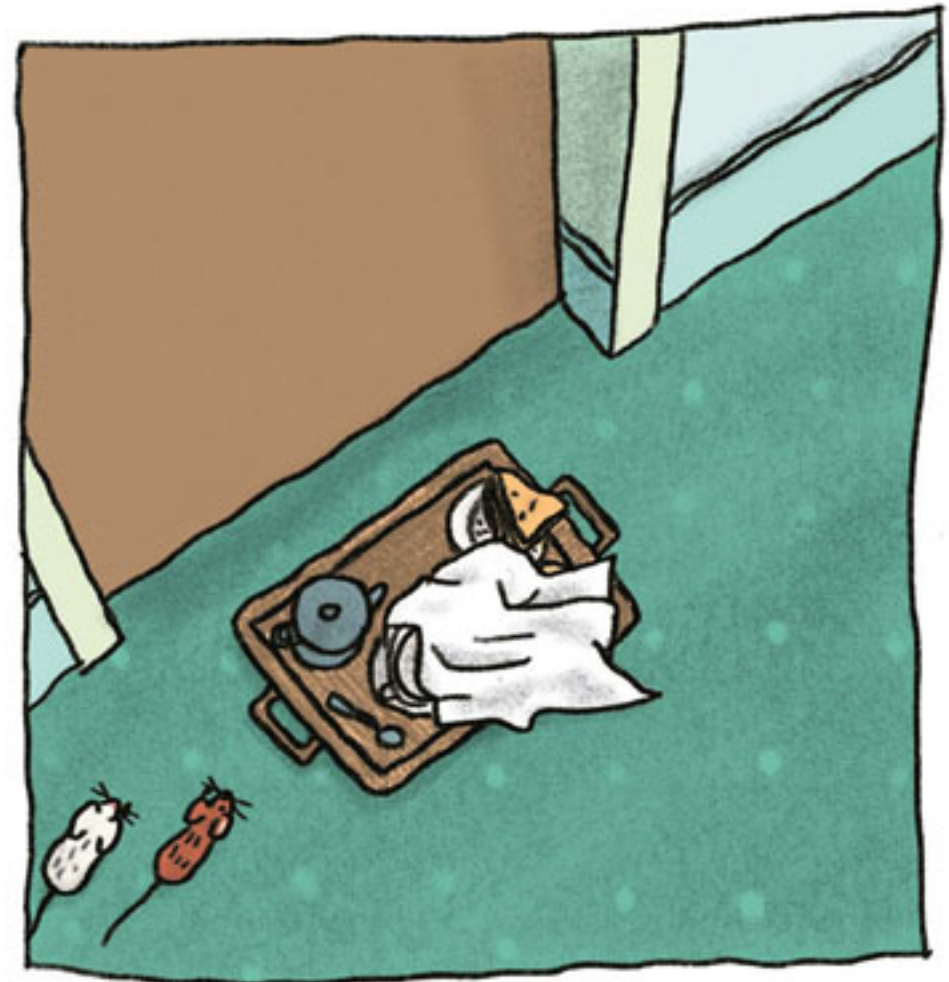
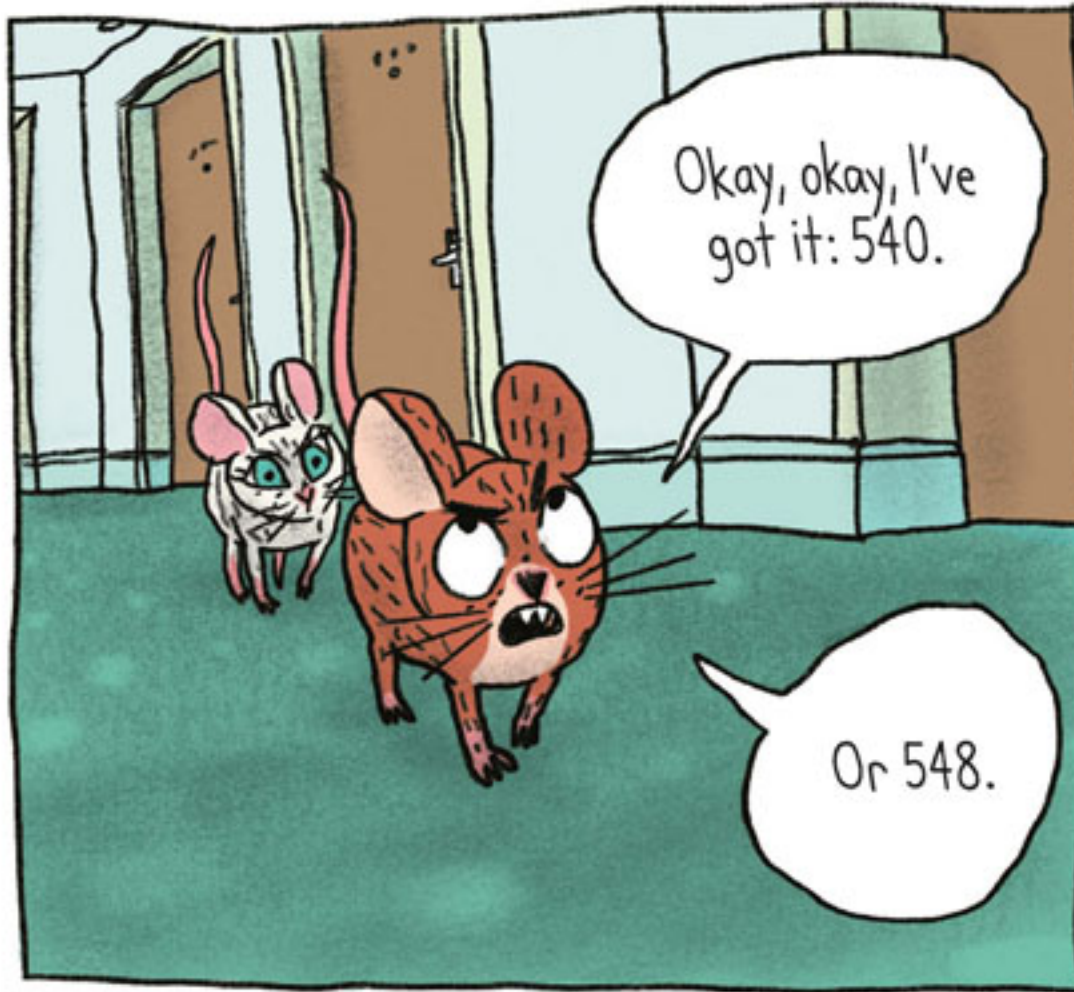


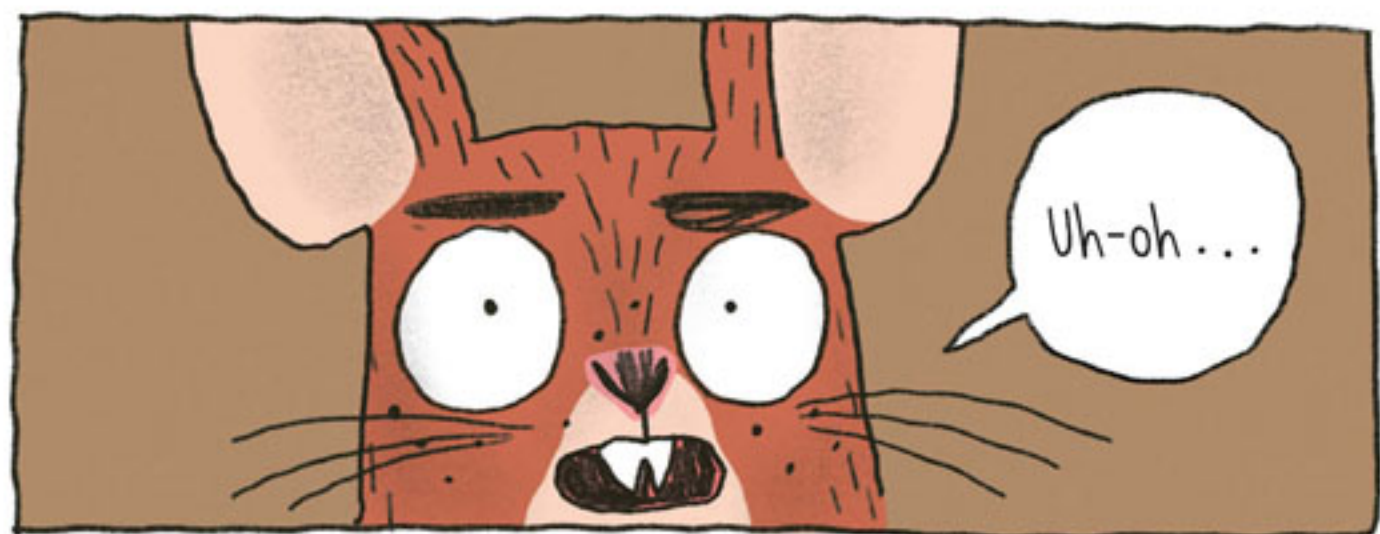




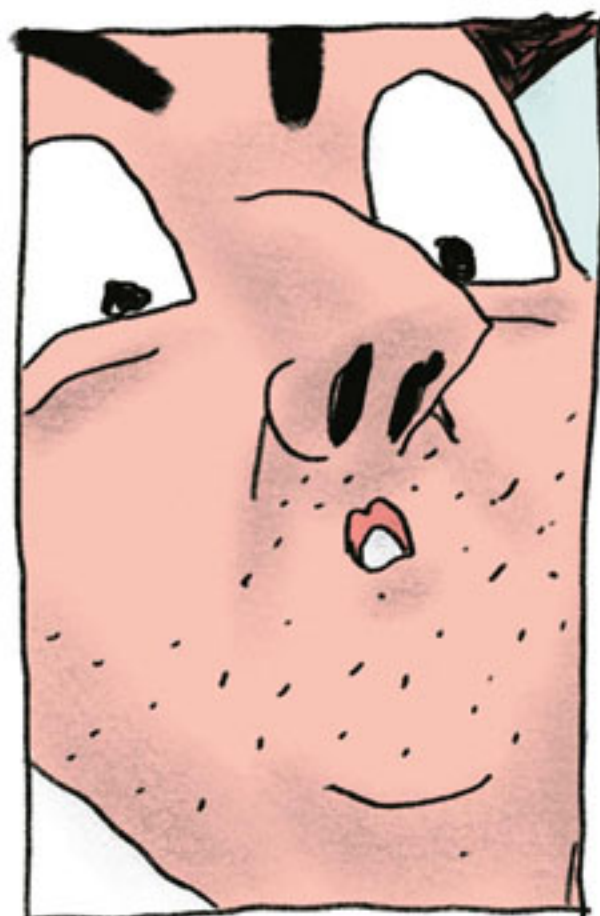
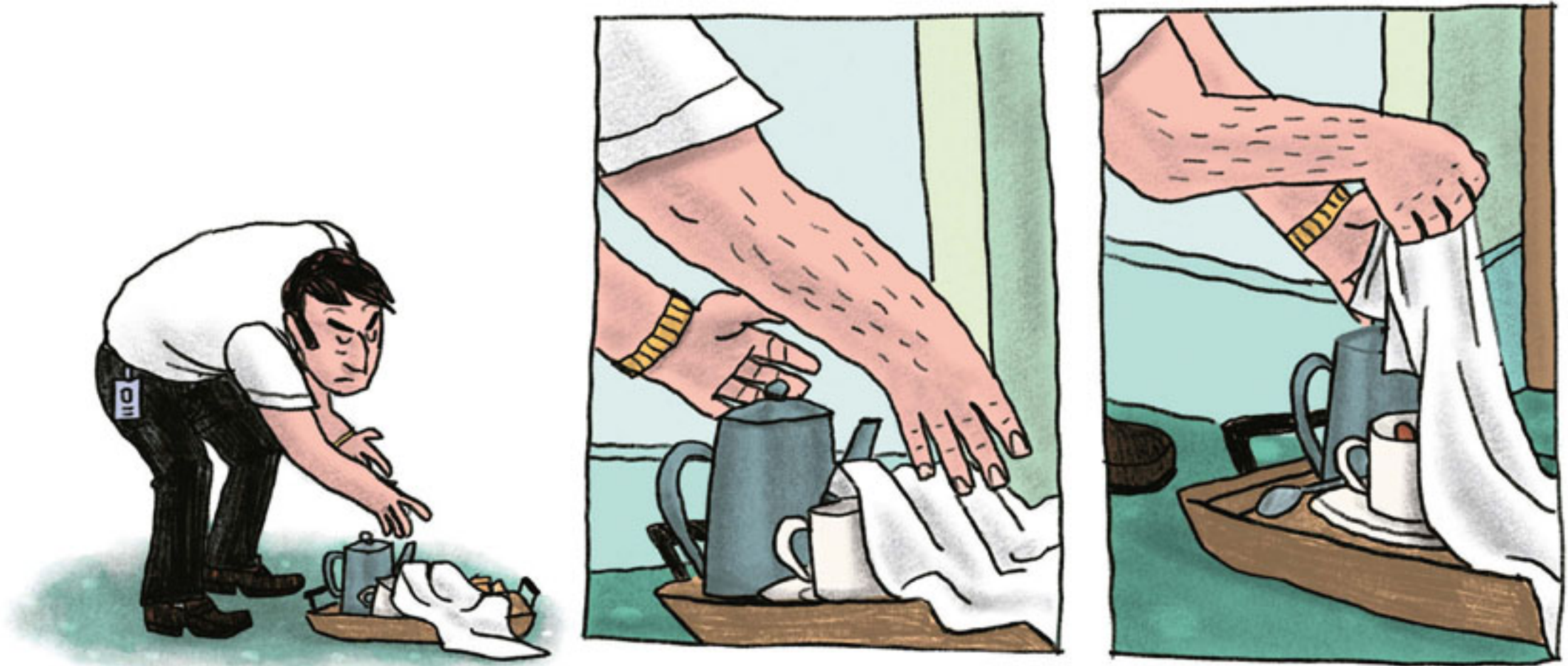


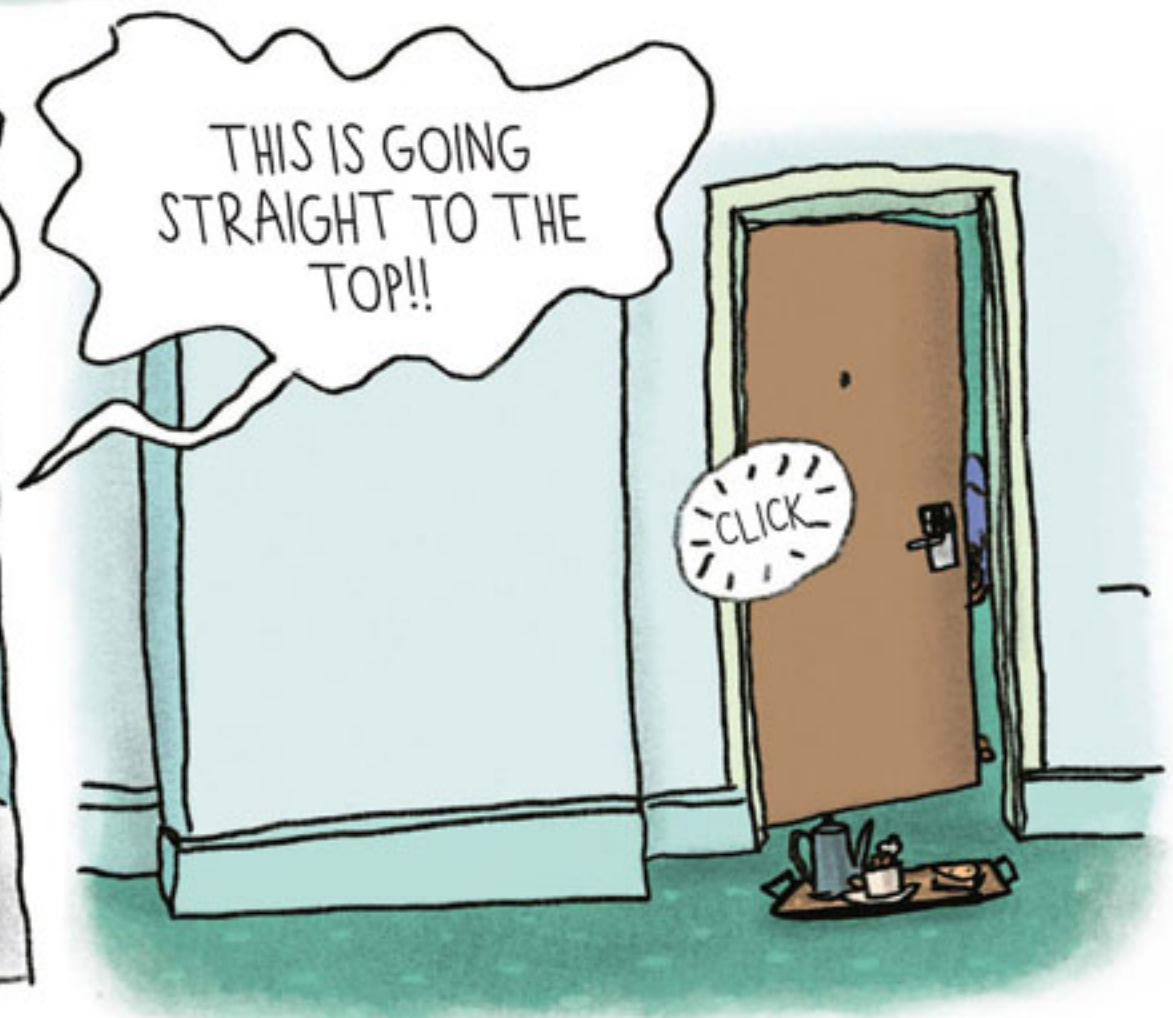
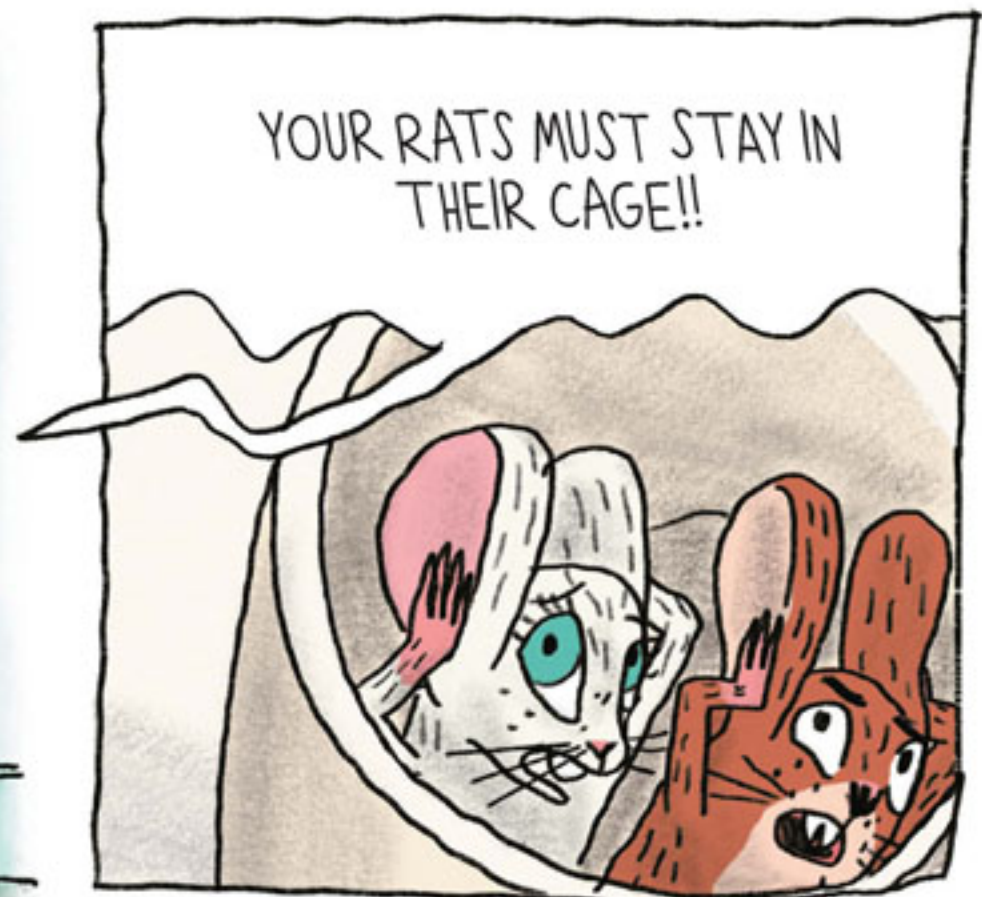


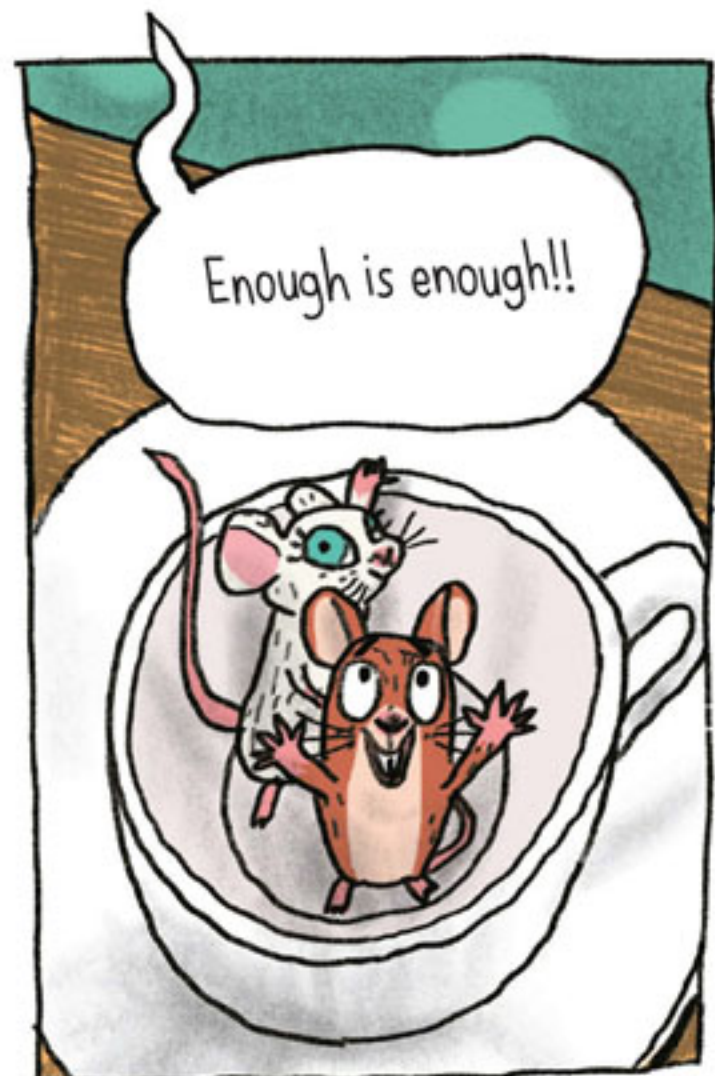


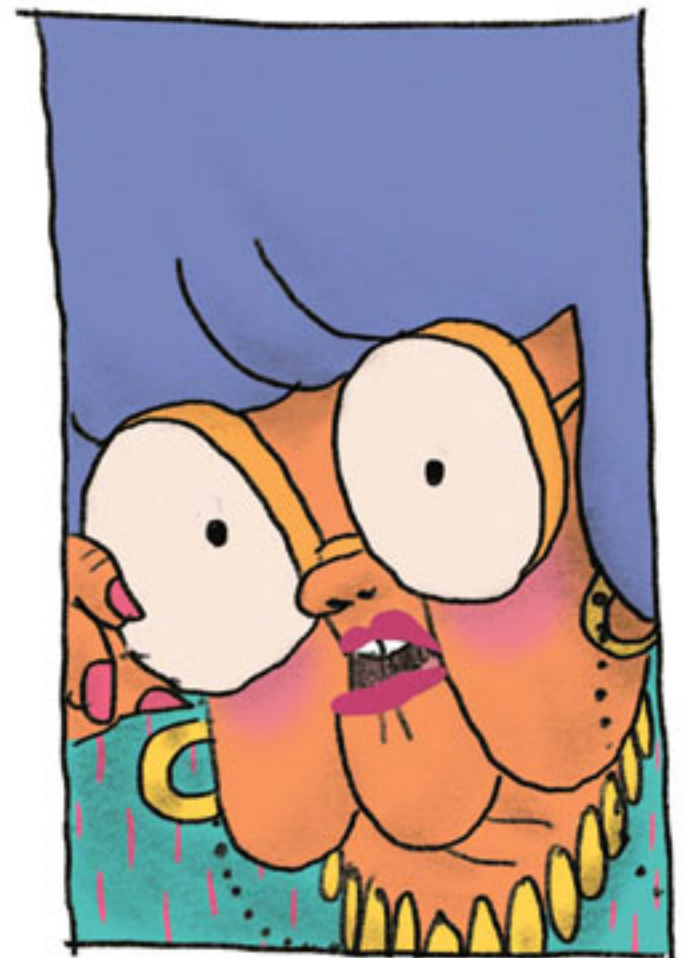
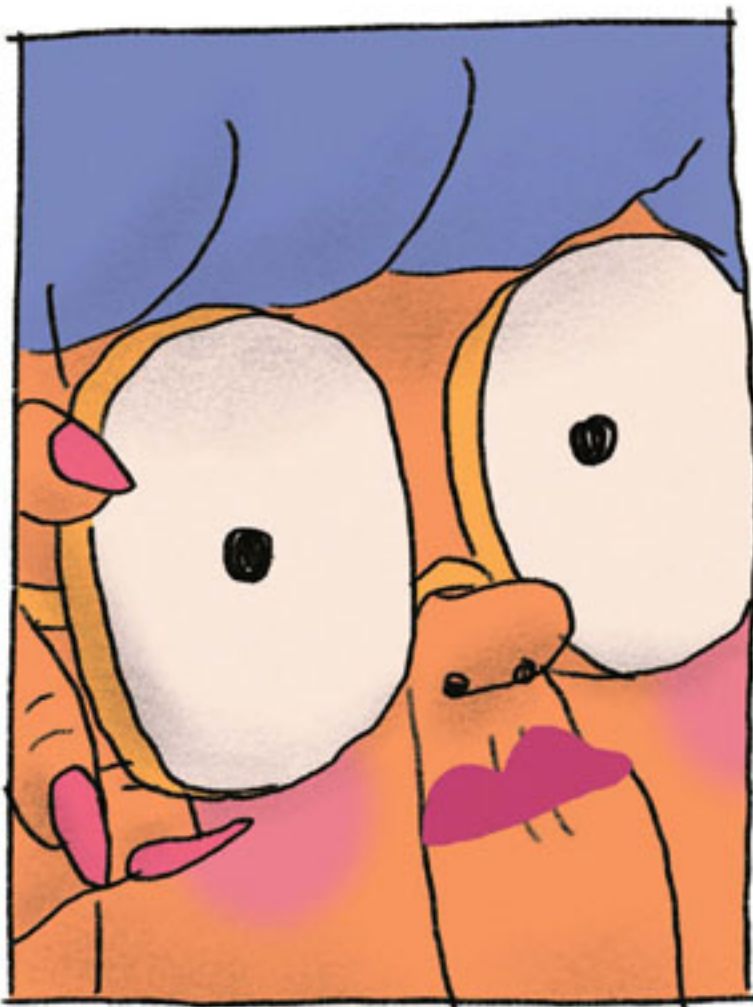
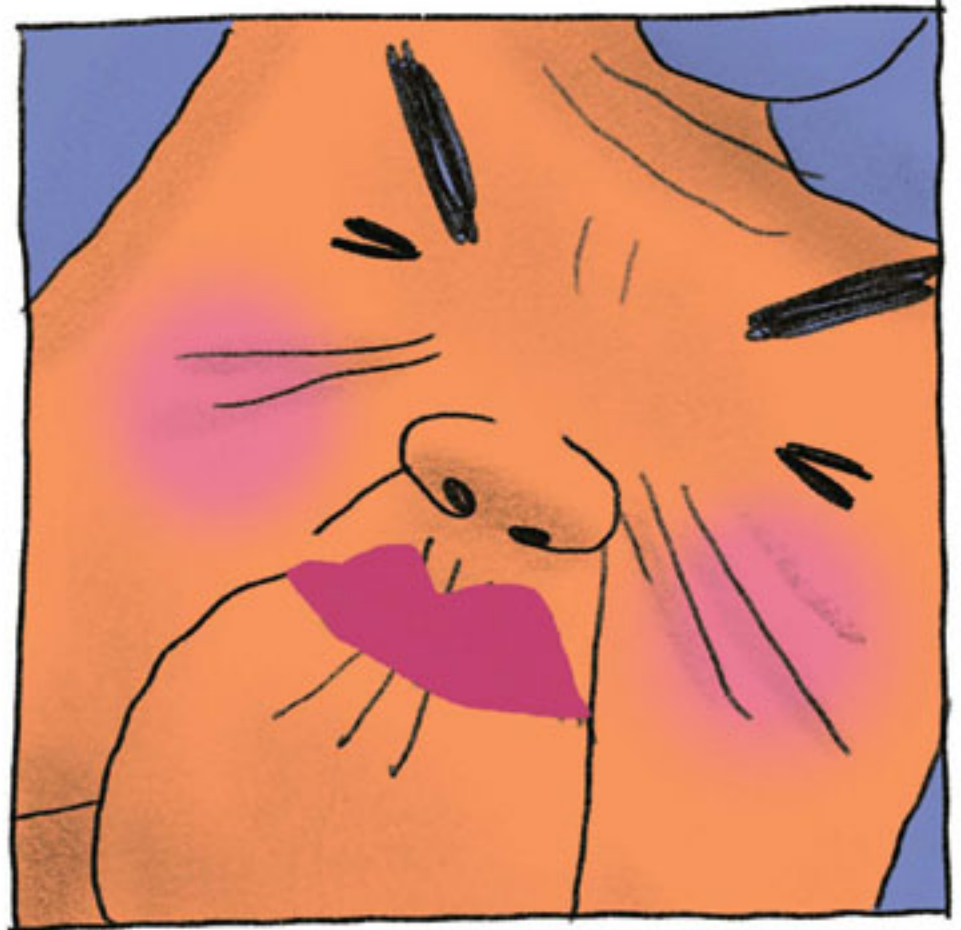










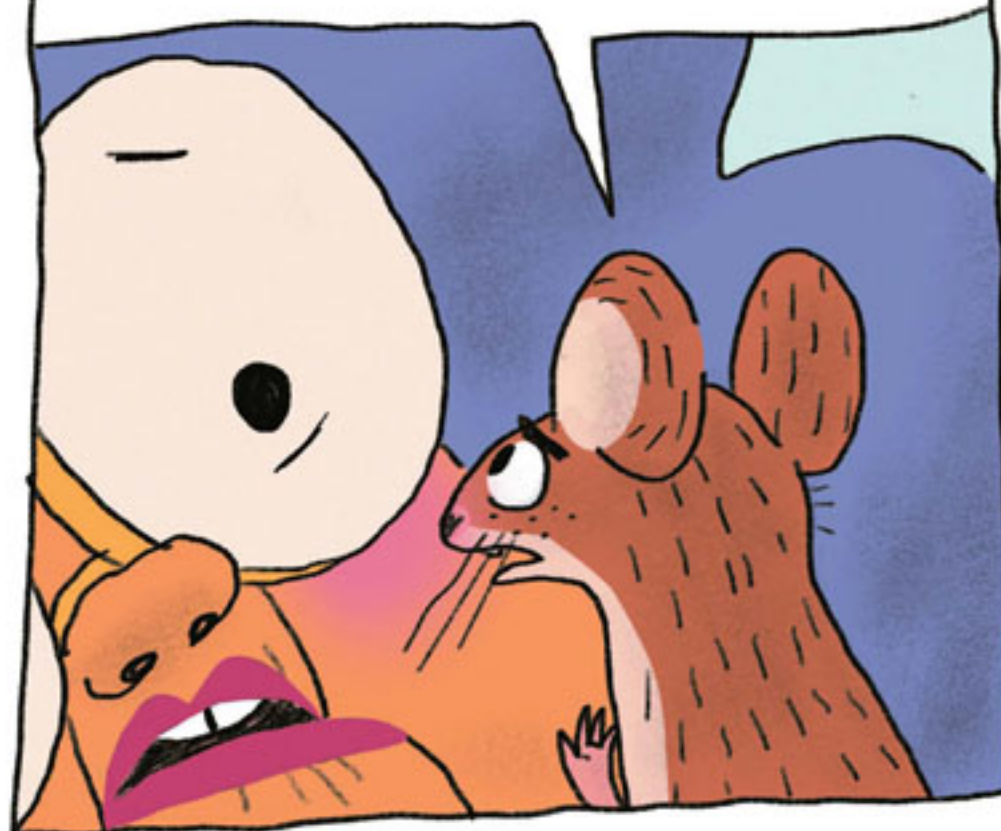




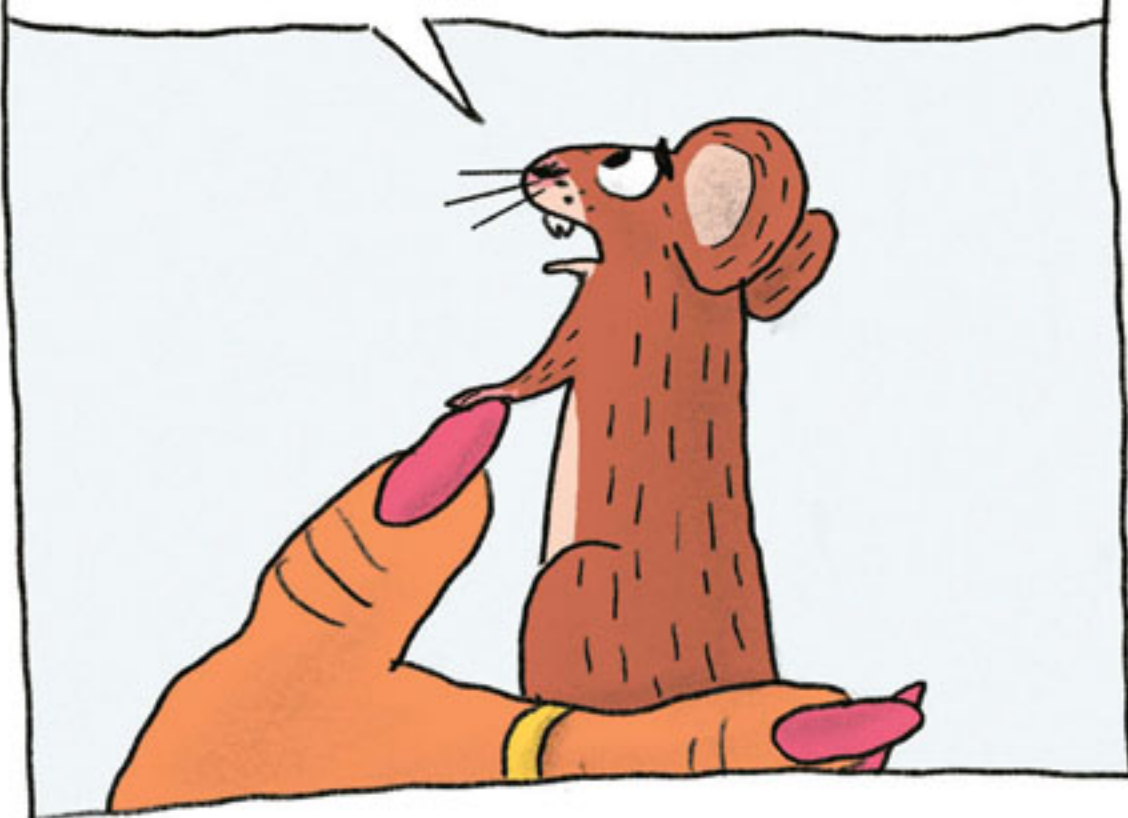
It's me, Grandmamma.
It's really me.



The witches turned me into a mouse.



The situation is very serious . . .



. . . and we don't have much time.



Oh, right.
The witches turned
her too.



Hello.



I'll tell you everything,
but take us inside before that
angry man comes back!

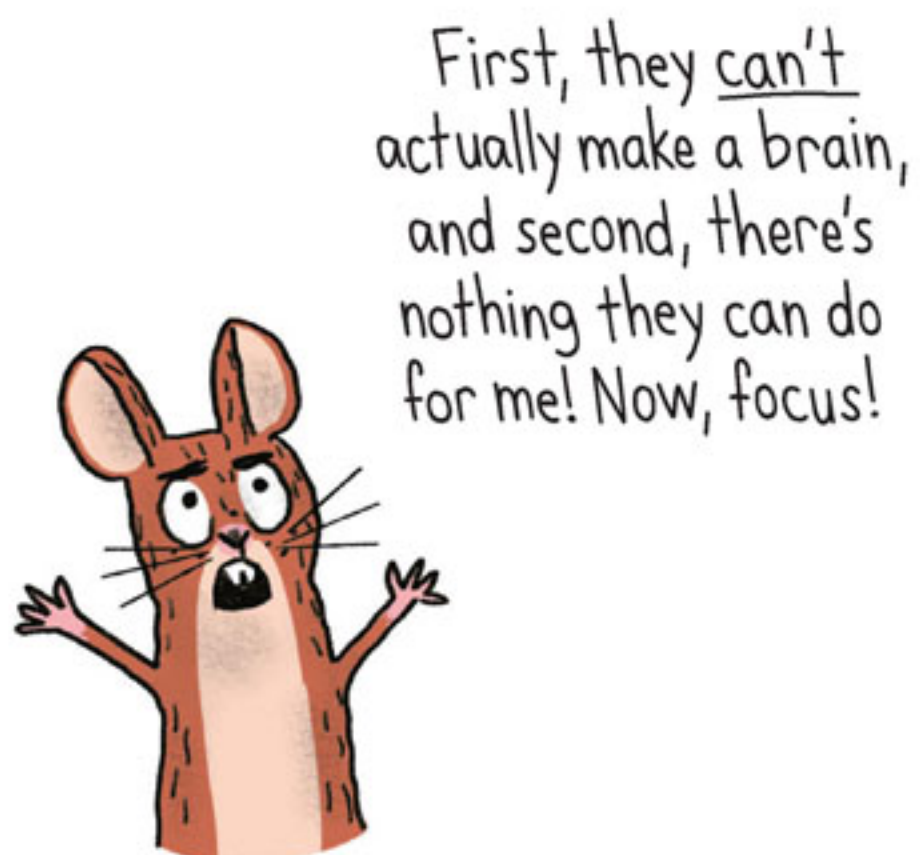
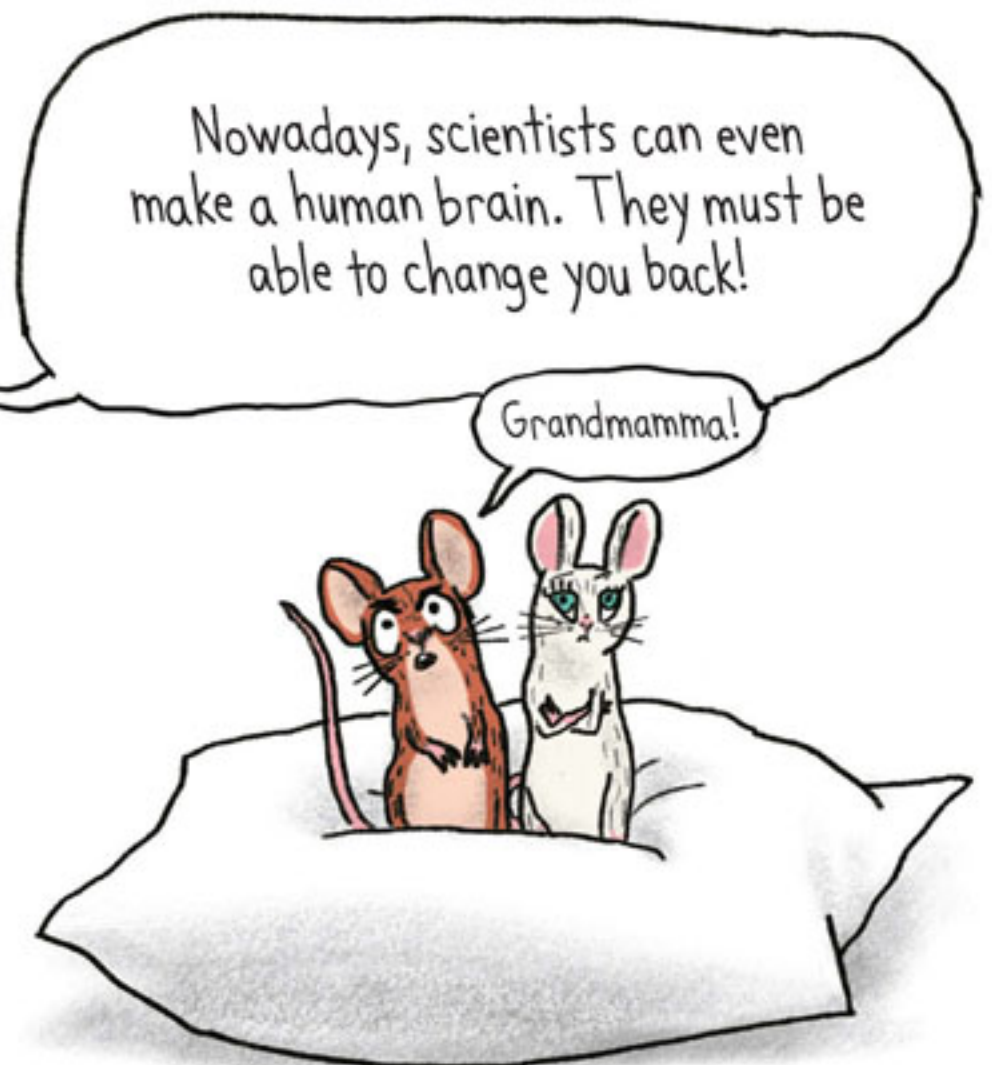
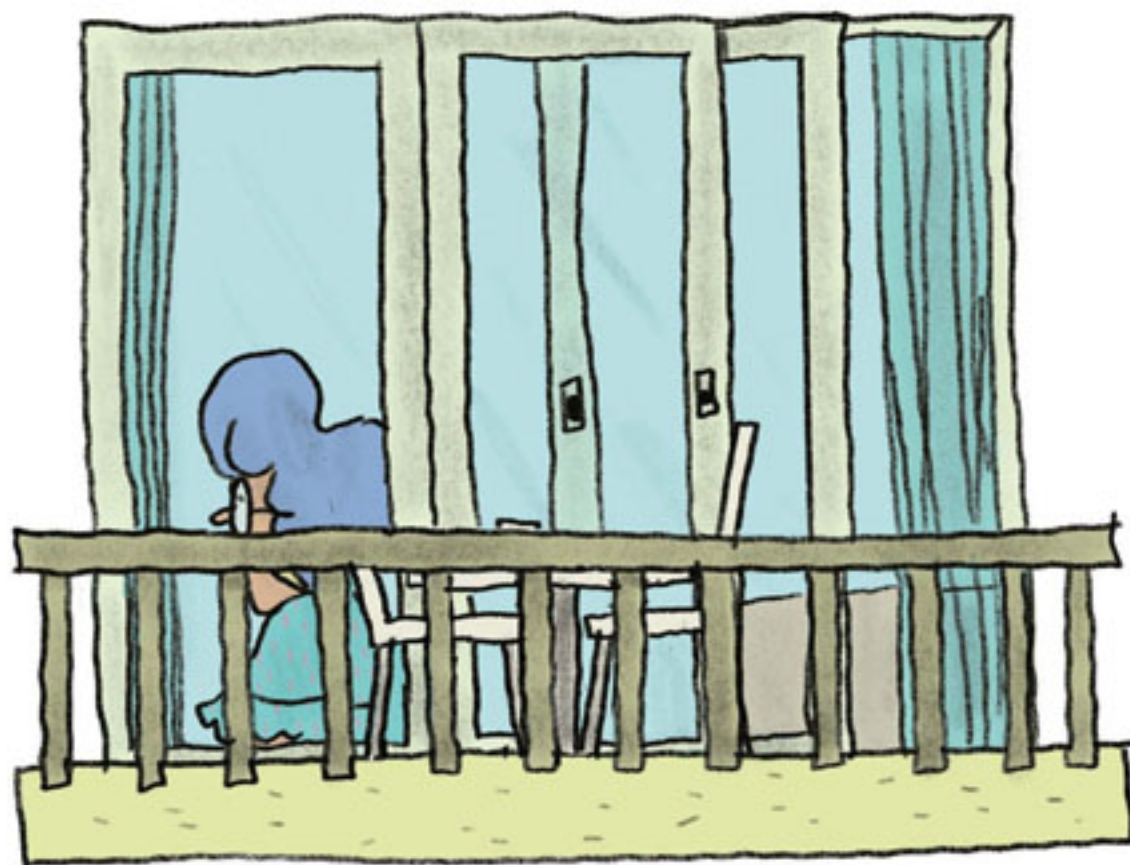


. . .

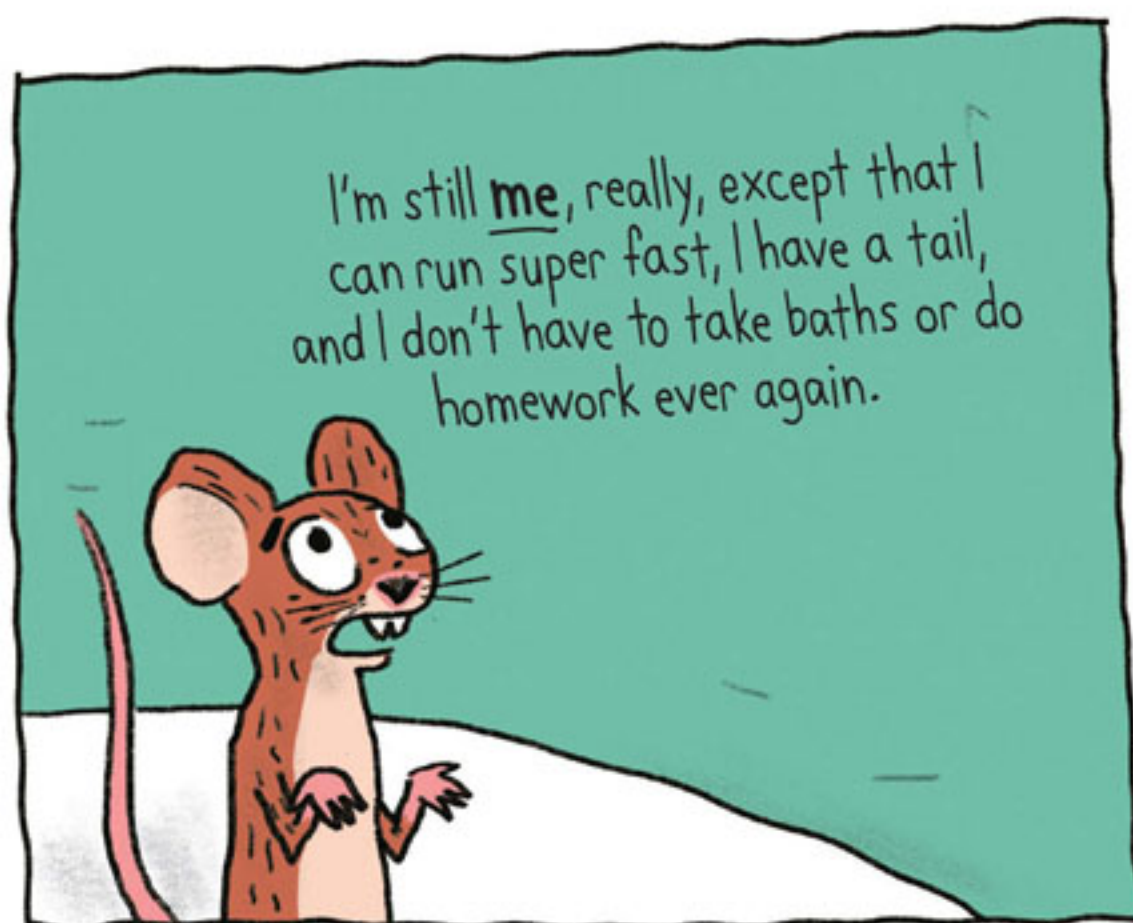
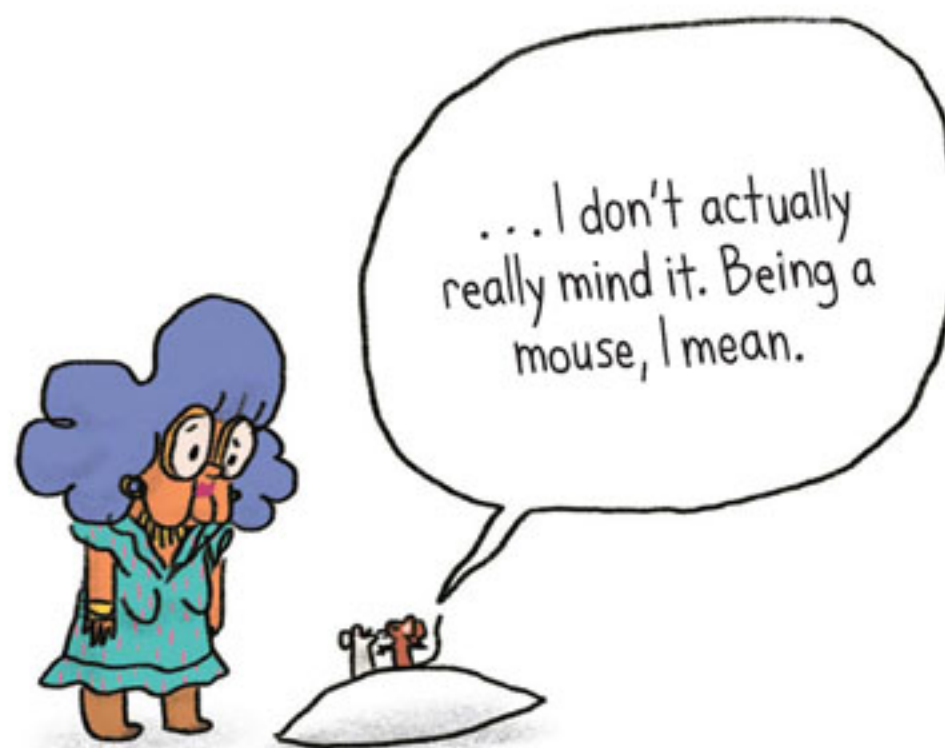
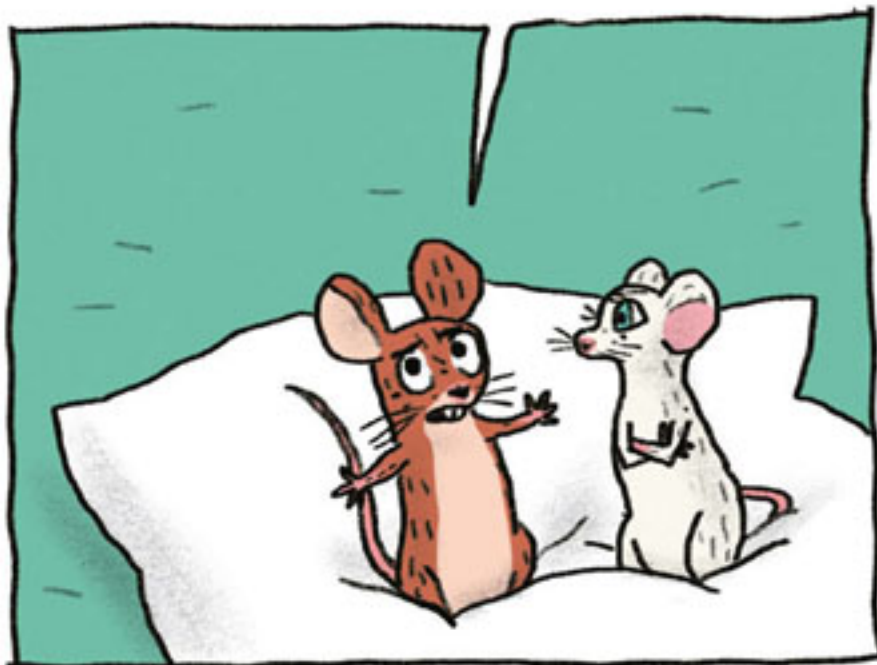
Grand-
mamma?

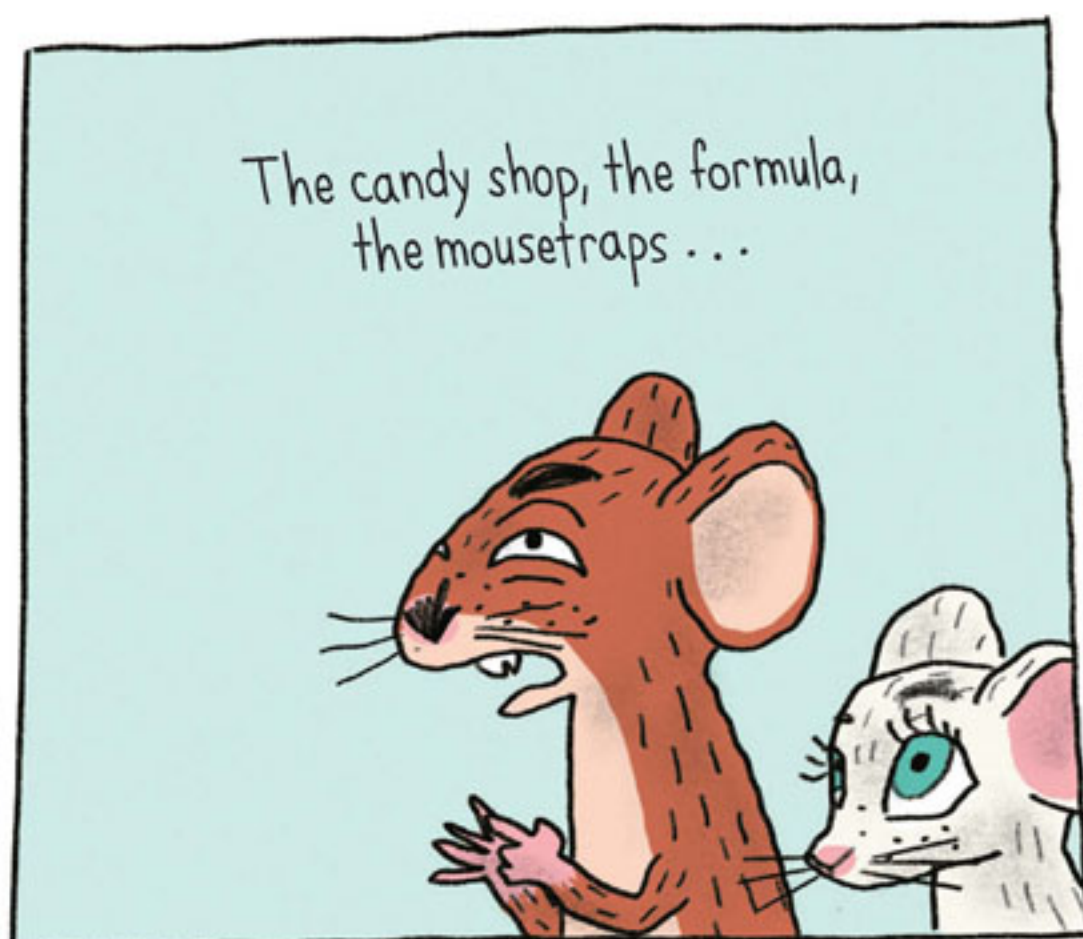




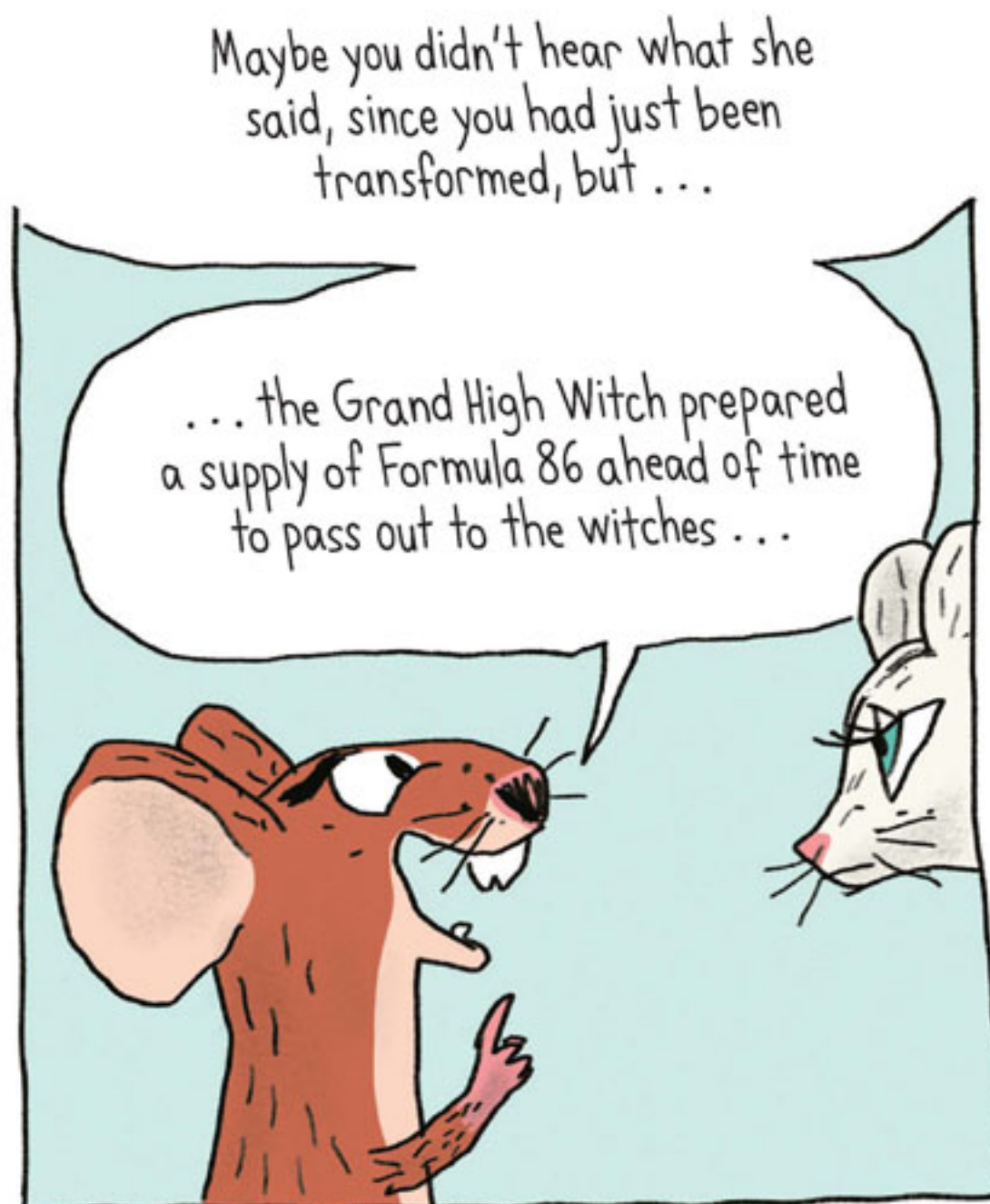


... I know you won't understand, but ...

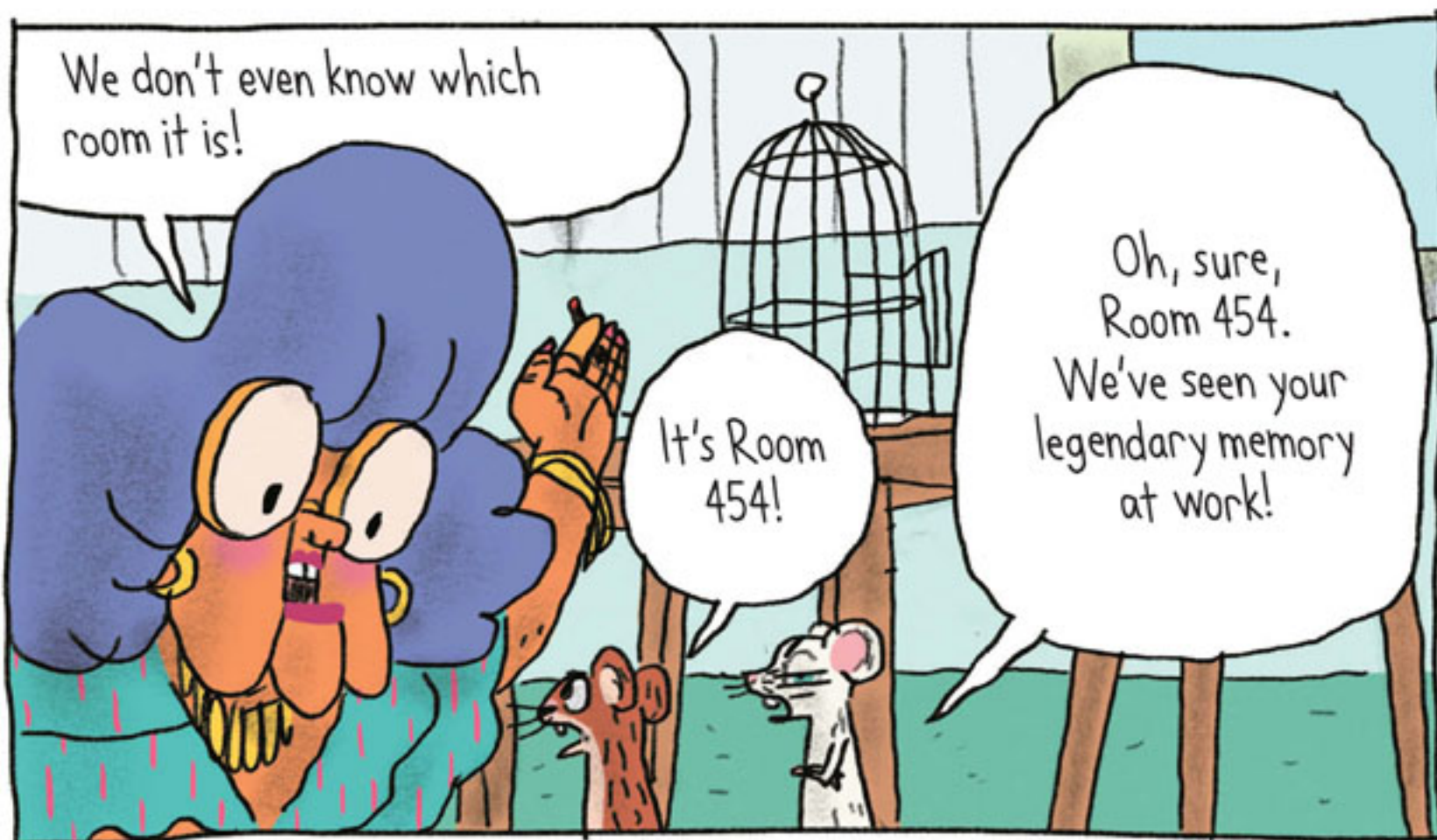




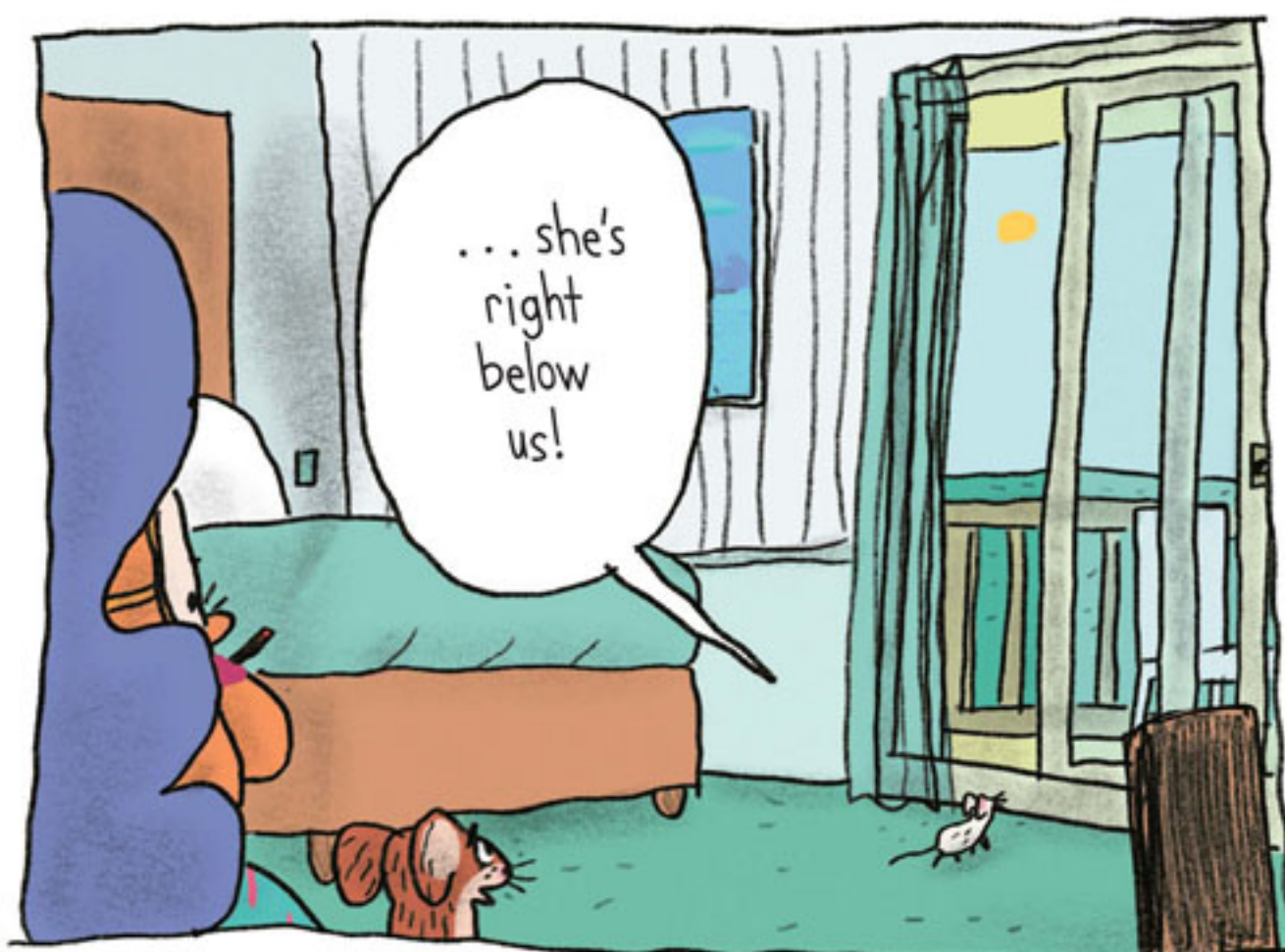
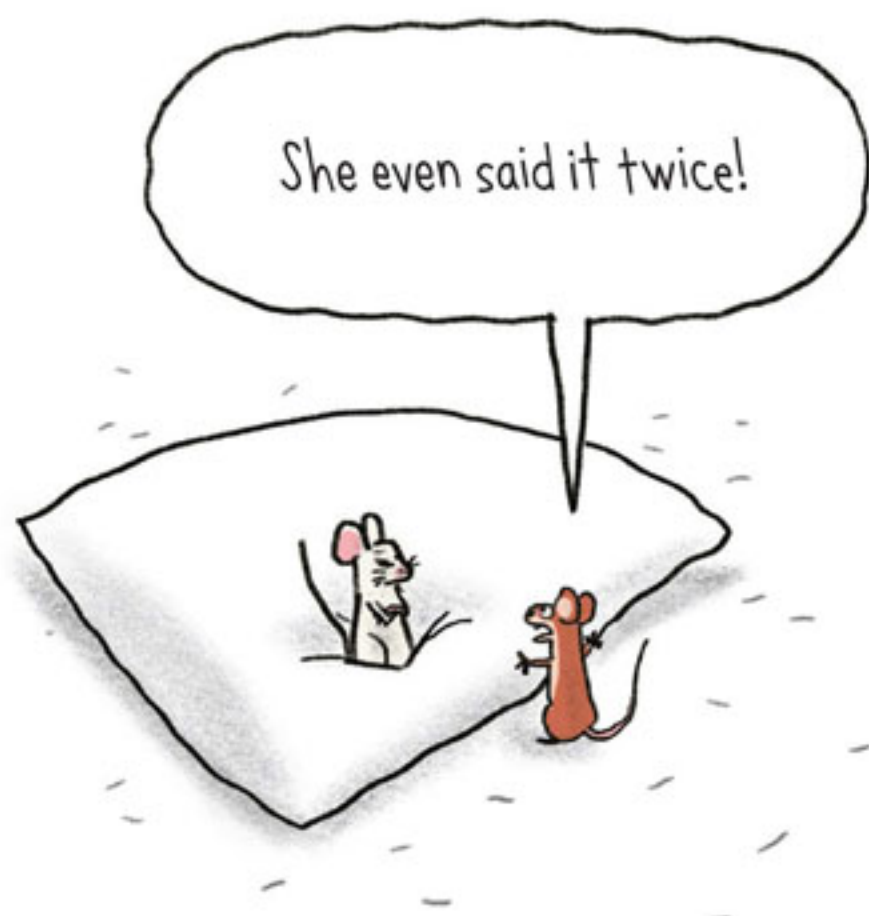
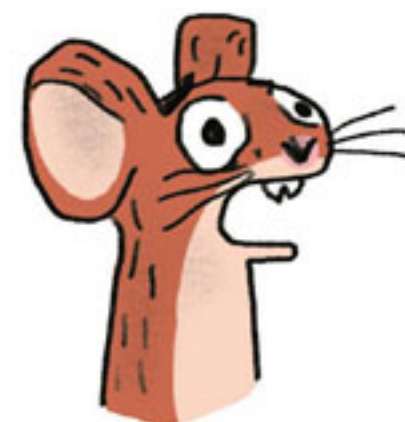


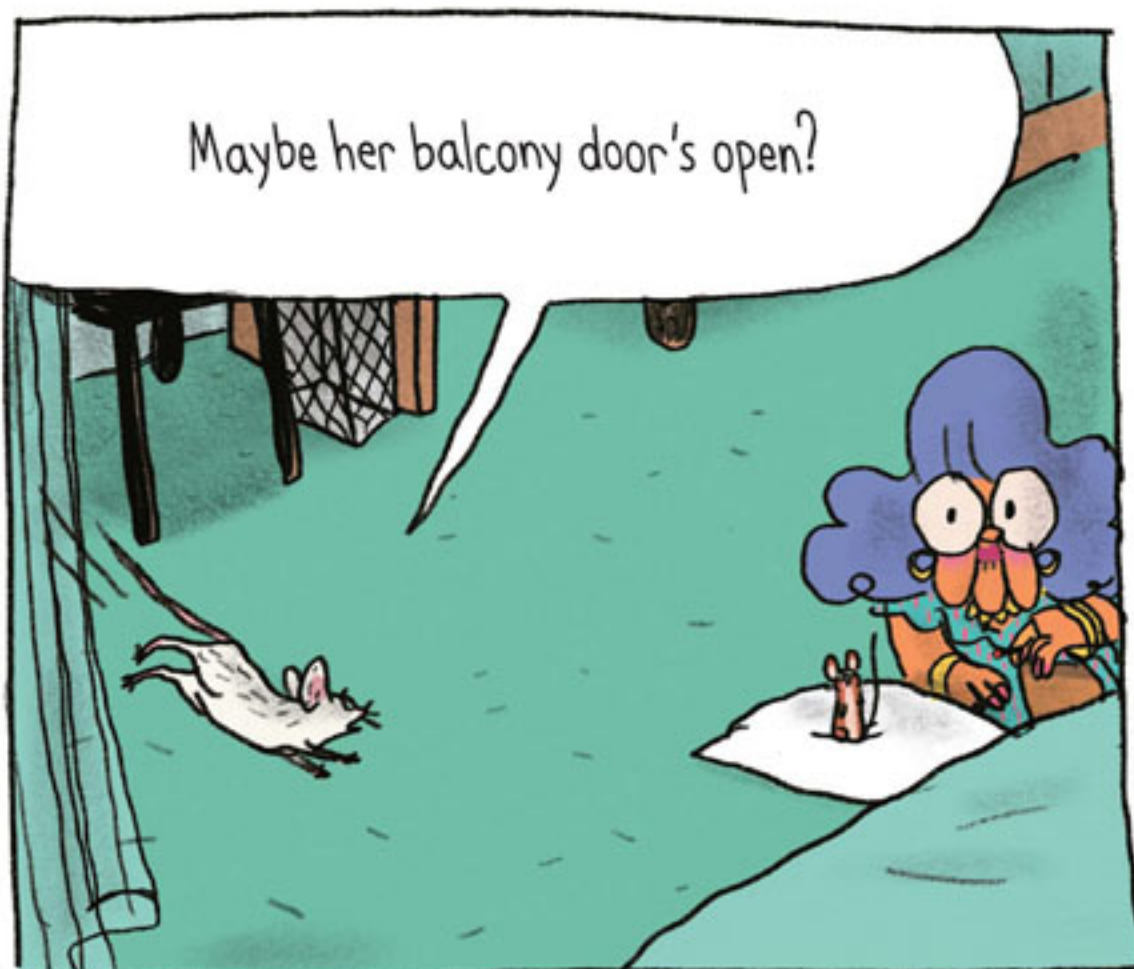
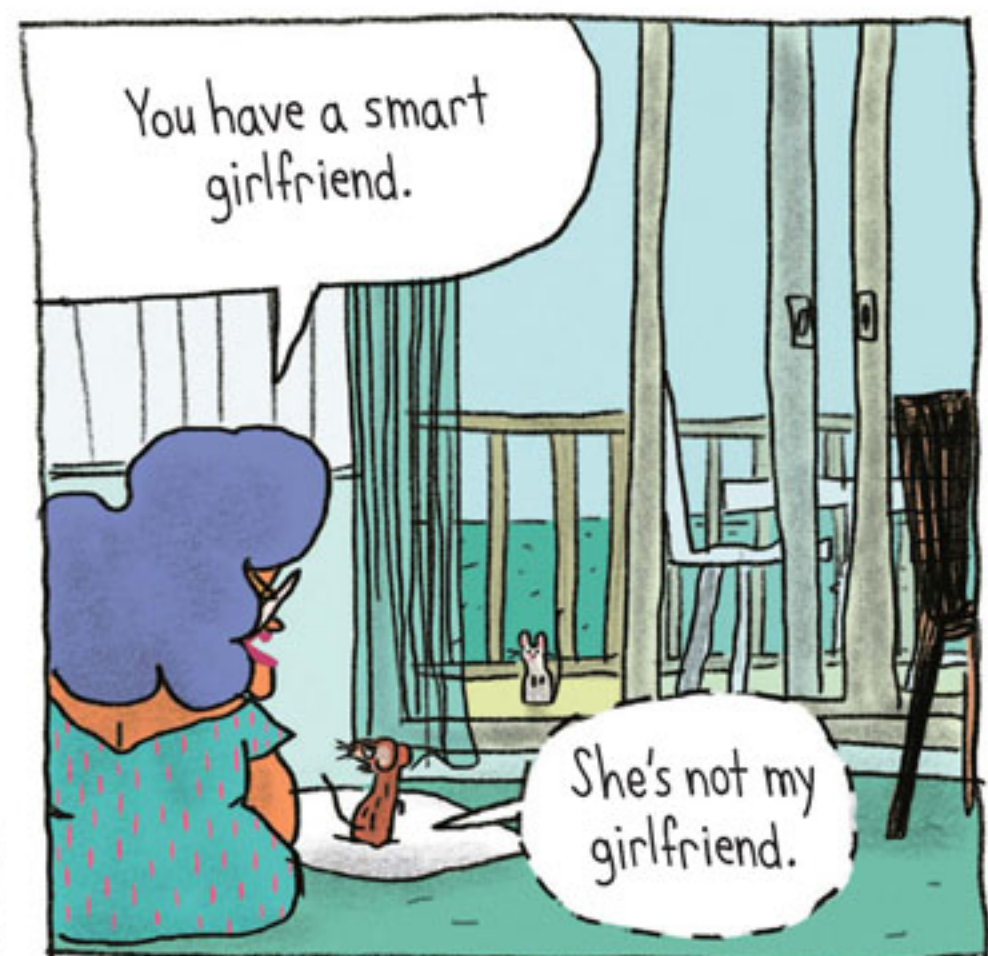






No, this time I'm sure! Room 454!





Out of the question!!



Do you have a better idea?
Like climb down there
yourself?



I know you're even MORE
worried about me now that
I'm a little mouse...



If we don't
act, they'll
kill all the
children!



Grandmamma!

He's
right...



How old are you?

Eight.

When's your
birthday?

July 28.

Okay, so I'm older
than you.

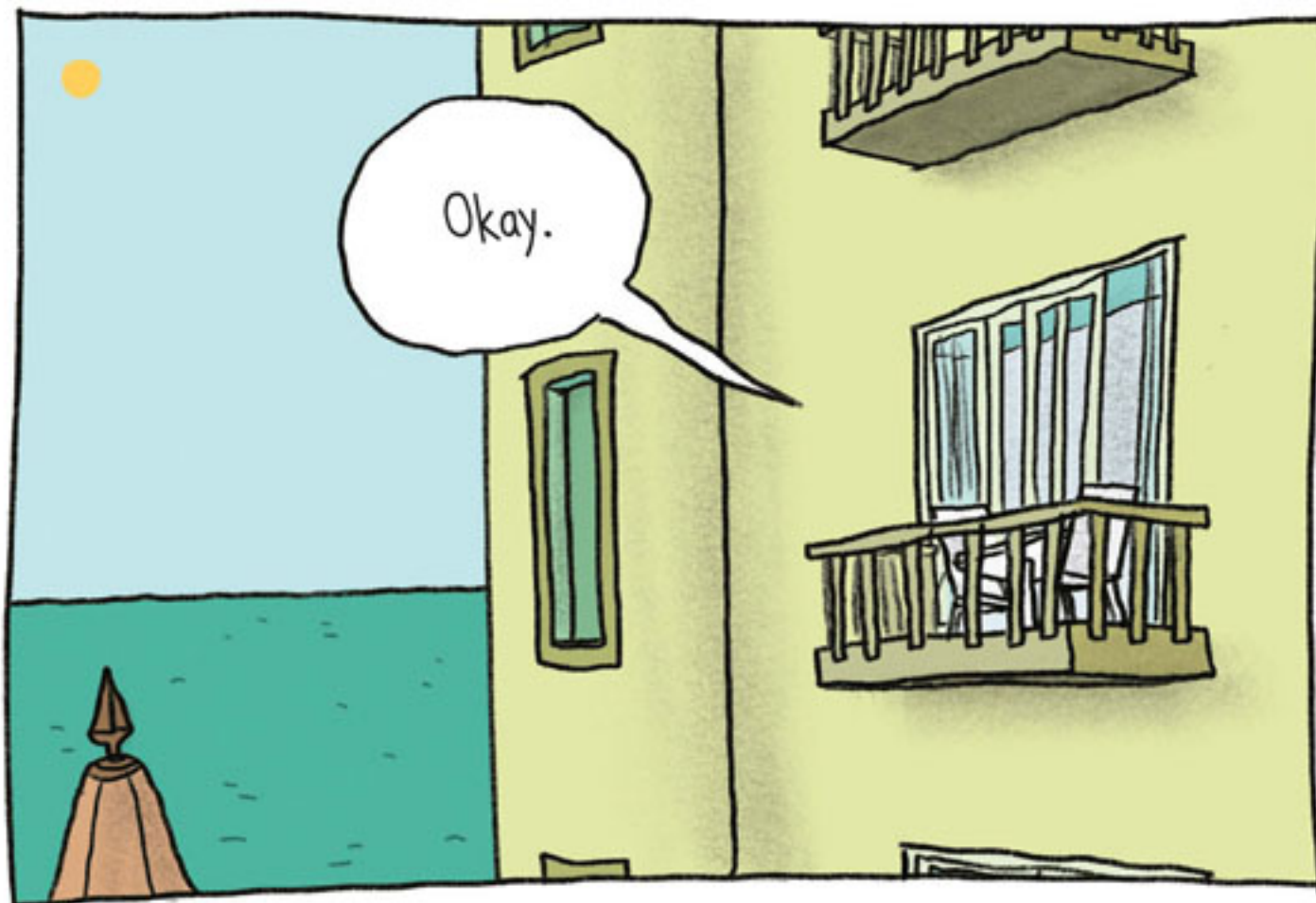


I'll watch out for him.
Have faith in us.



Have faith
in YOU.





Okay.



This should do the trick.

Nice and STURDY.
I've worn these tights for
over twenty years.

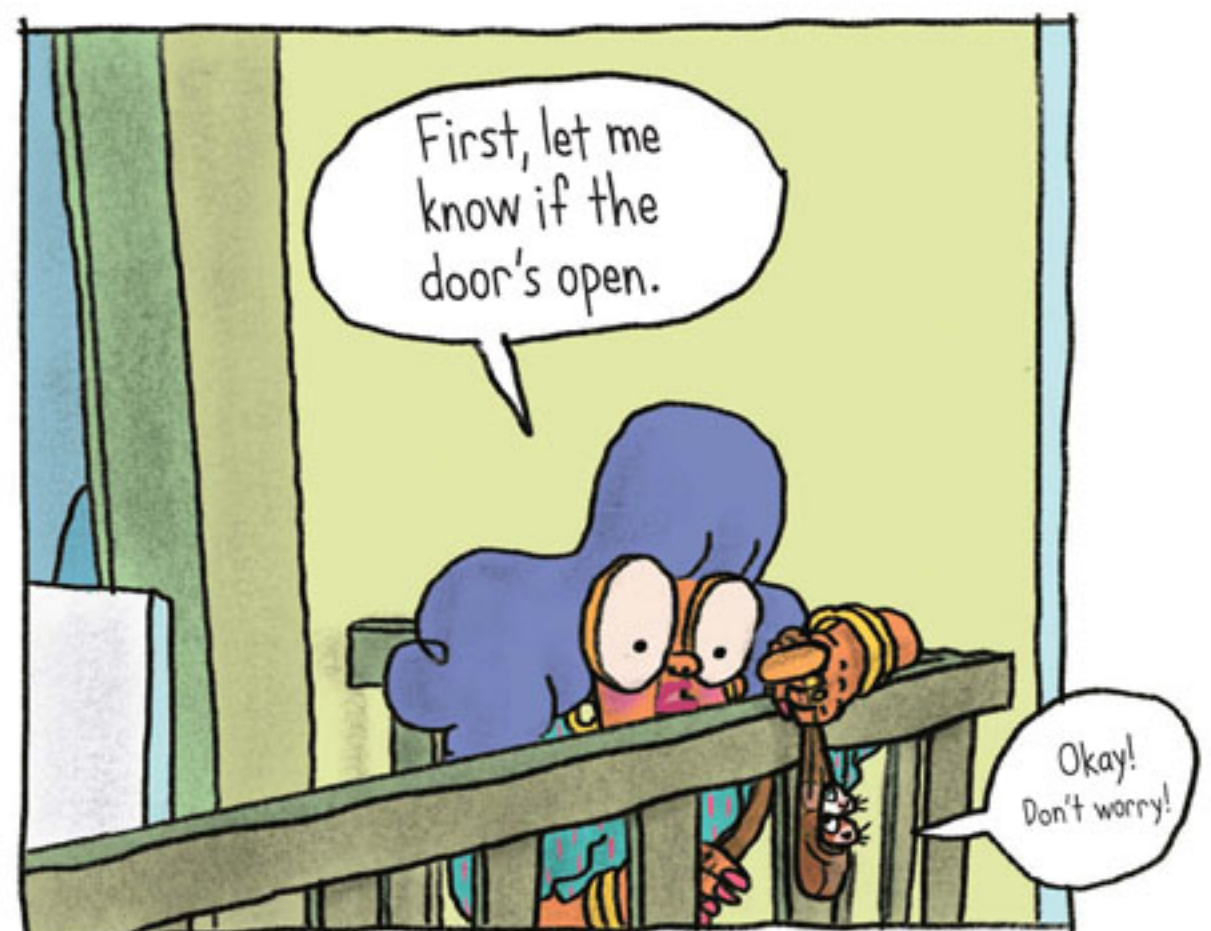
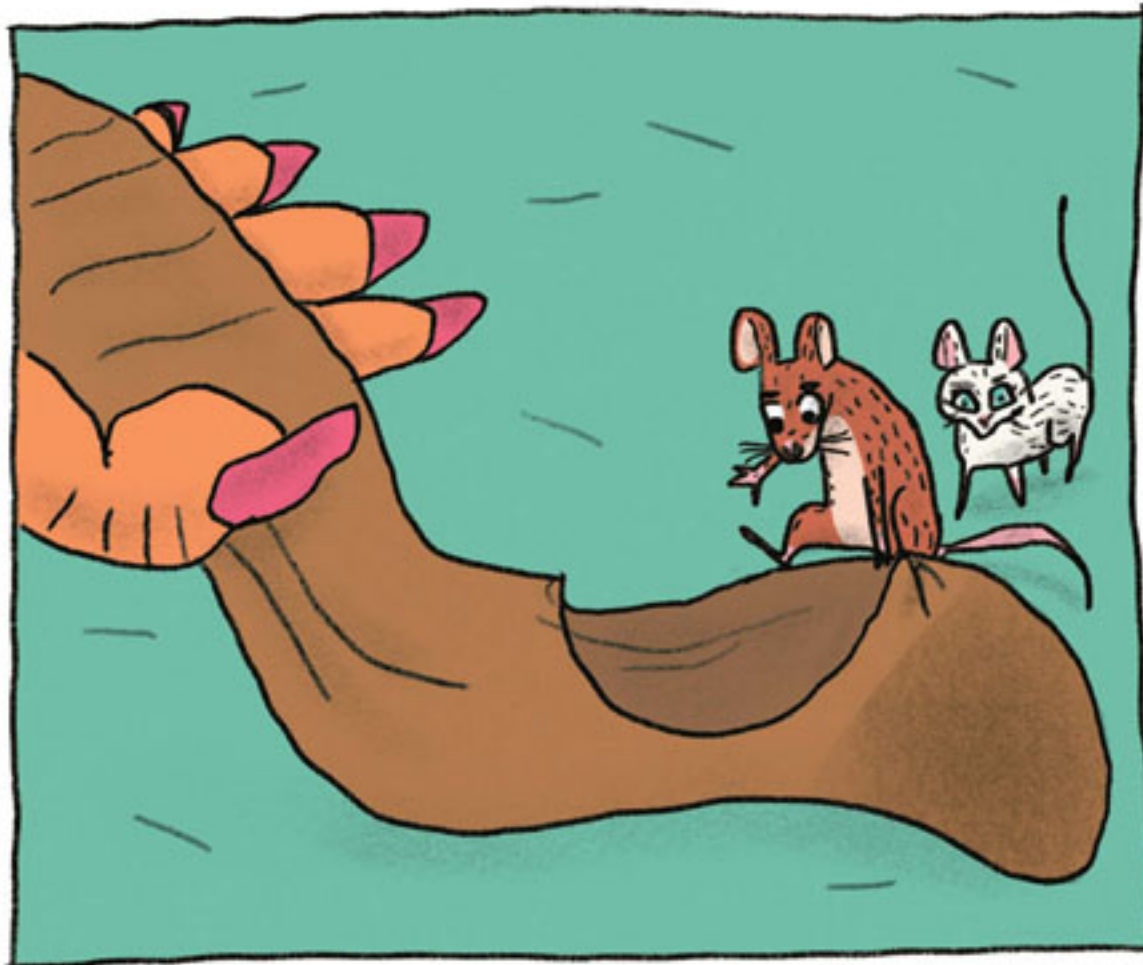


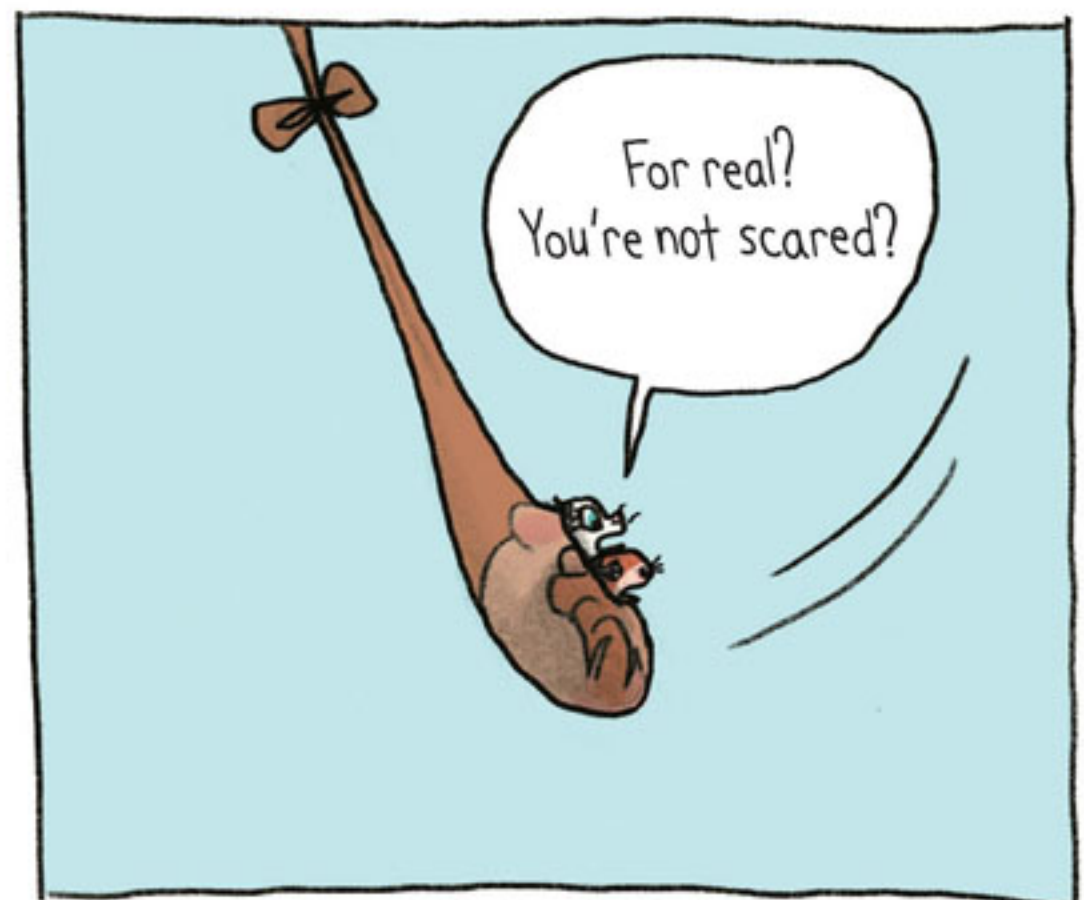
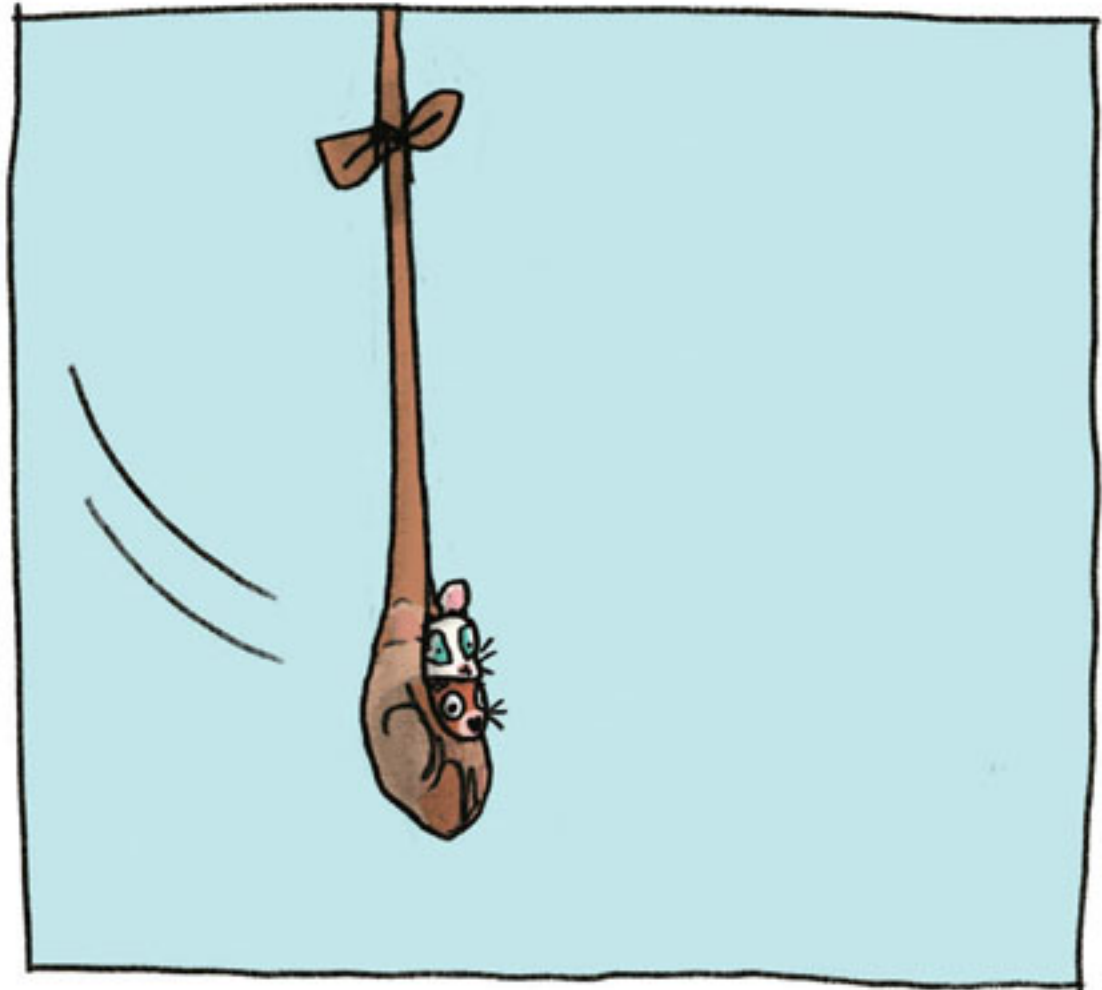
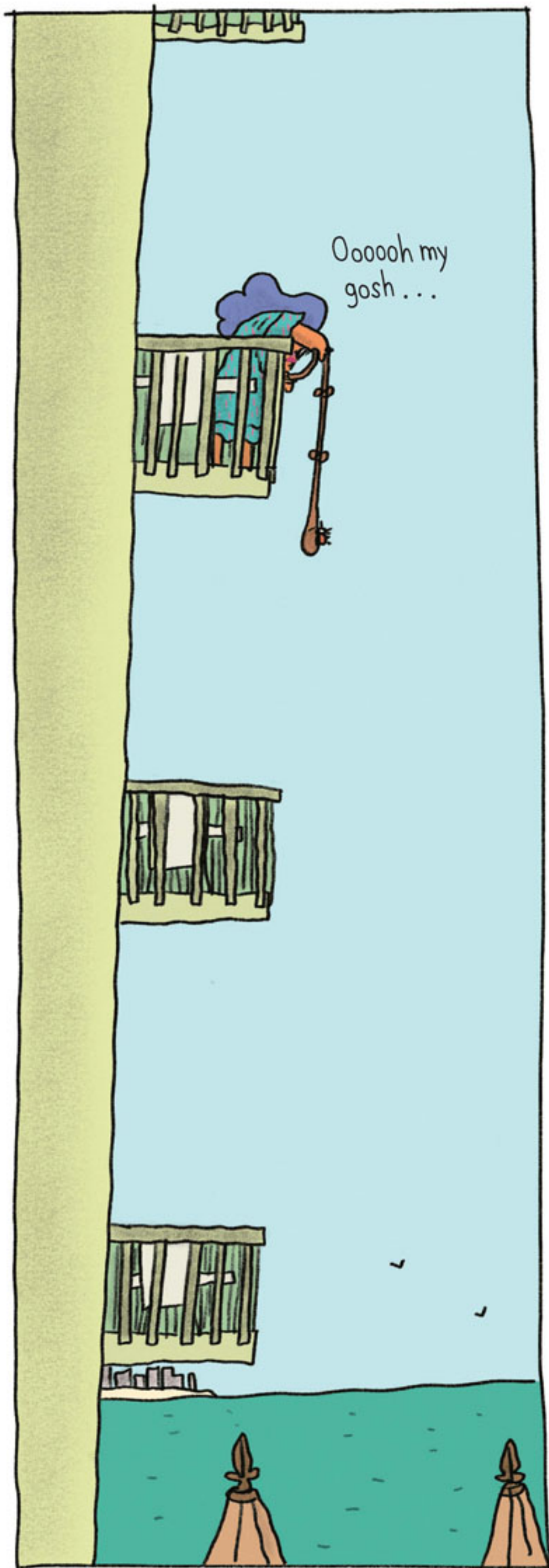
But don't take
ANY silly risks,
you hear me?

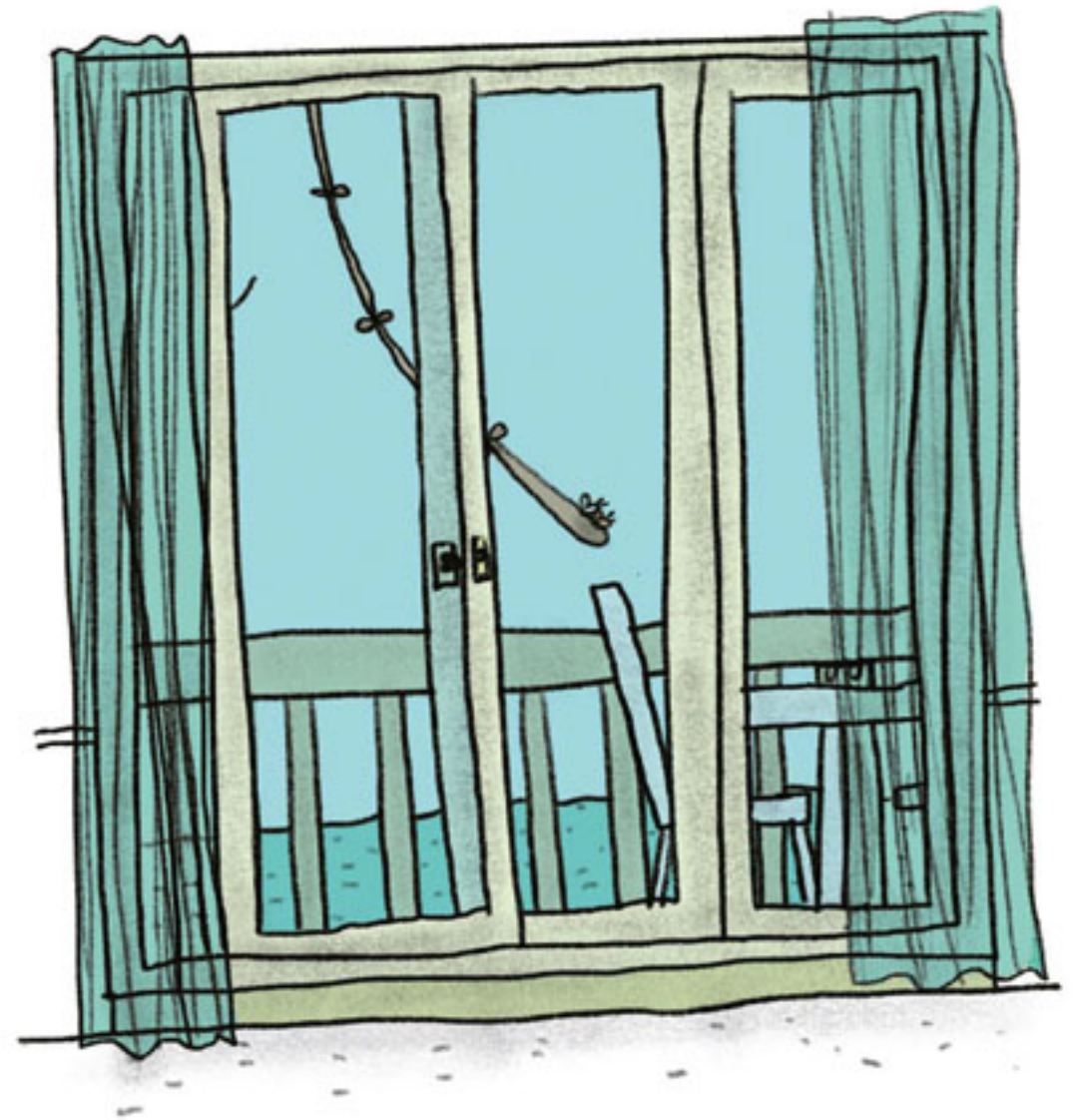


If she's in her room,
hop right back into the toe!

Yeah, yeah, don't
worry!



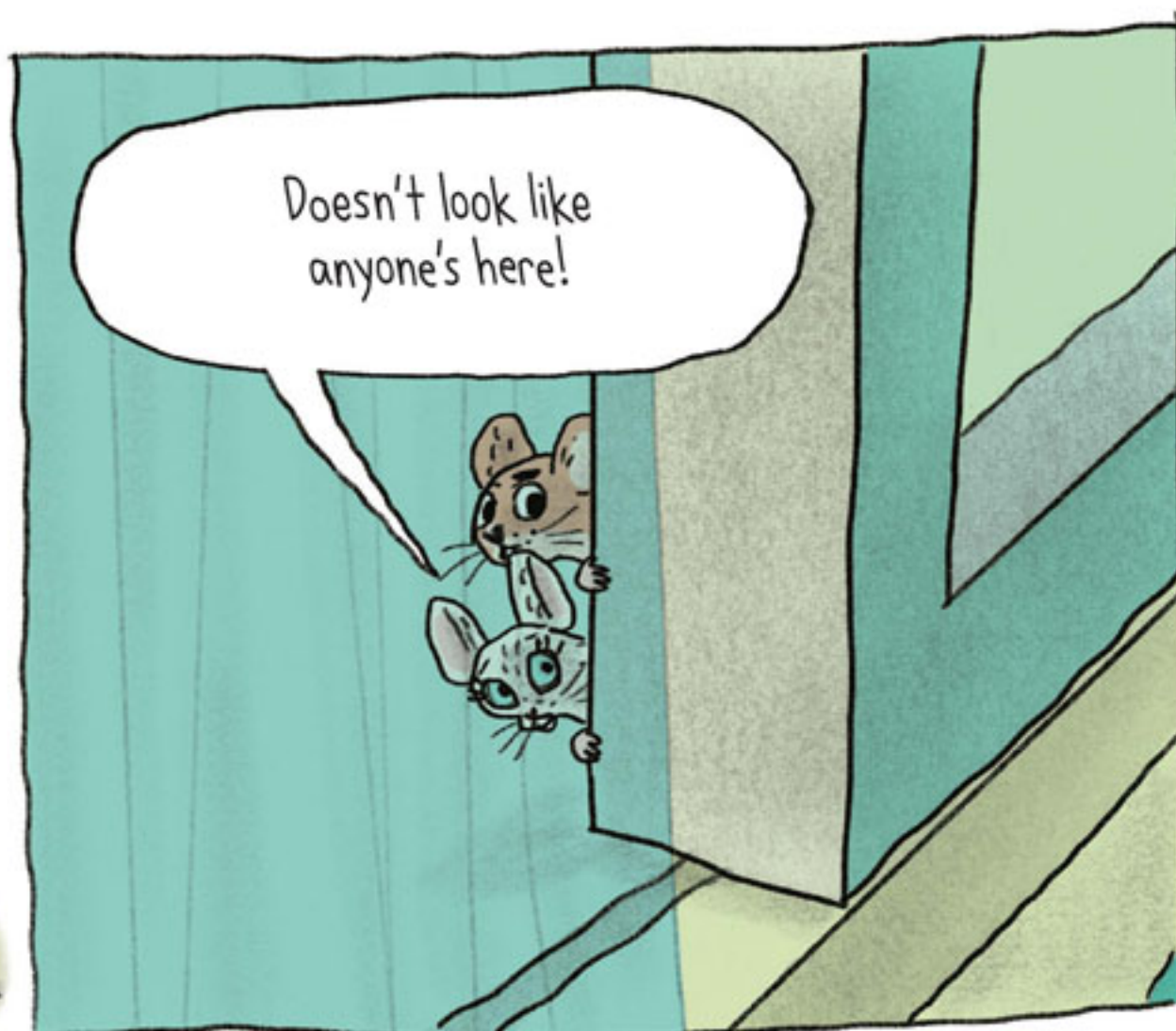




Careful, she could
be inside!



Doesn't look like
anyone's here!



What if she's in the
bathroom?

Do witches
pee...?

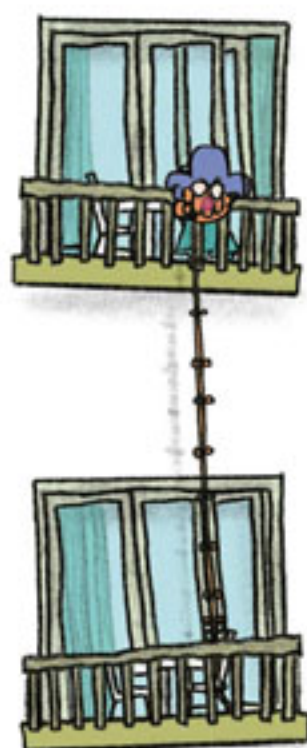


Well they
drink things, so
theoretic—

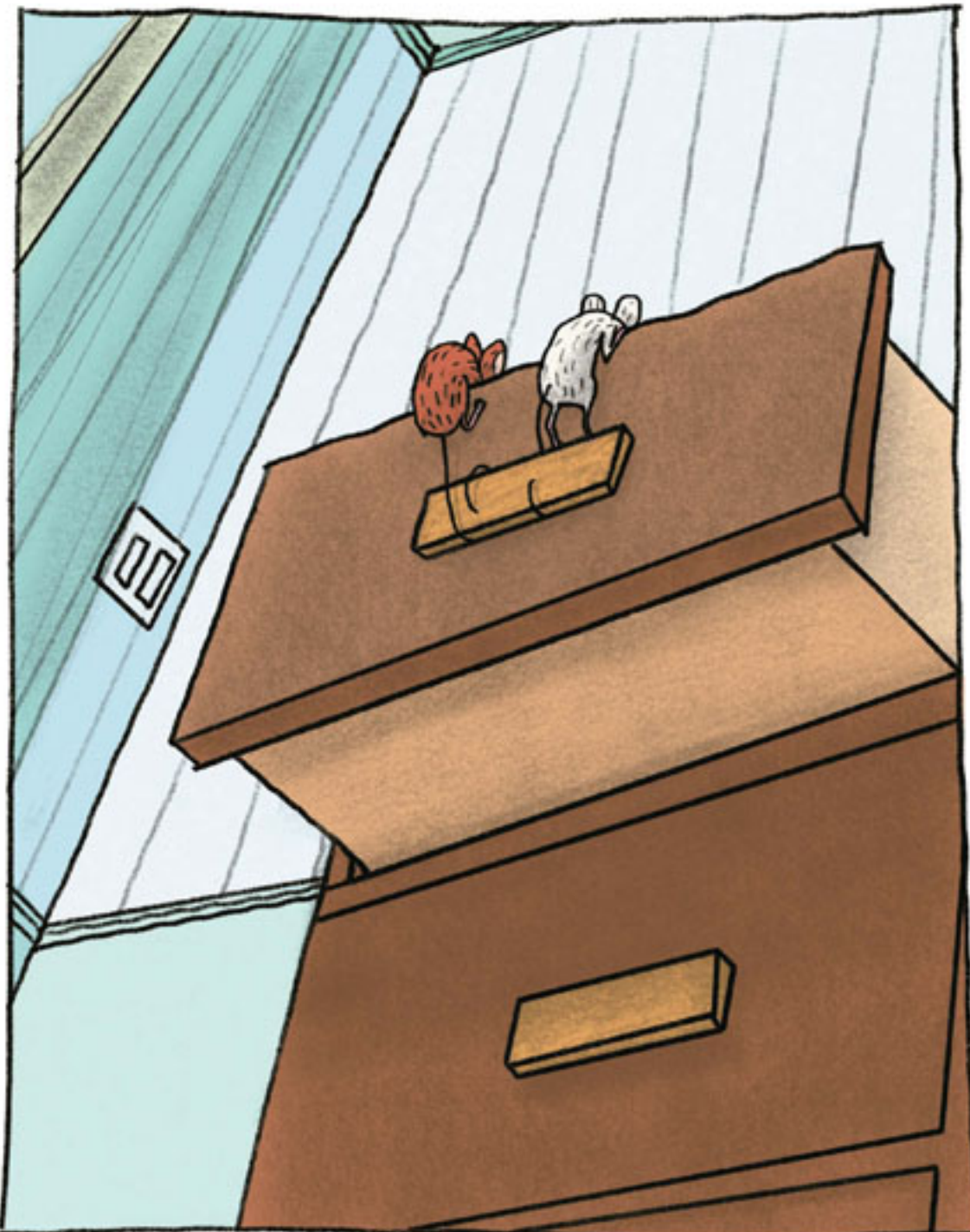
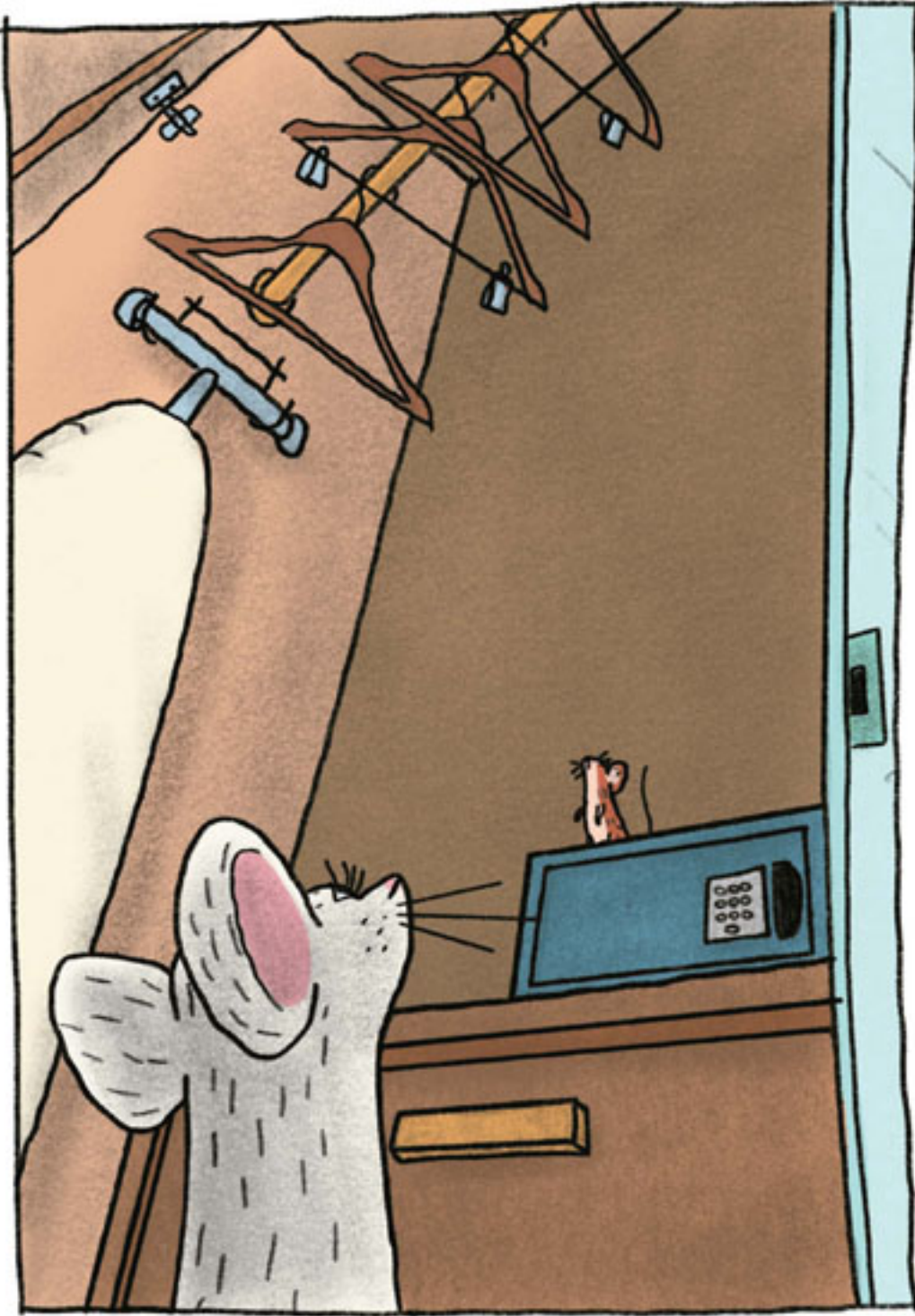
Hey!

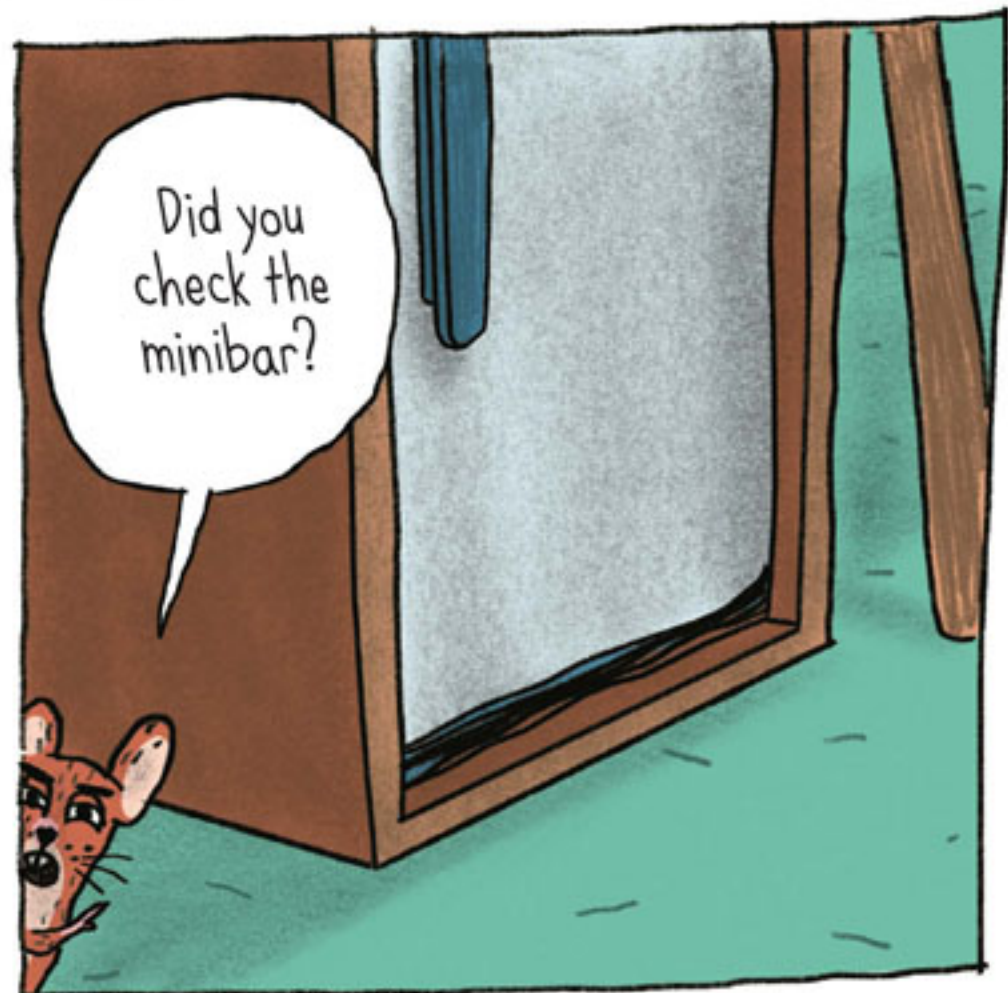
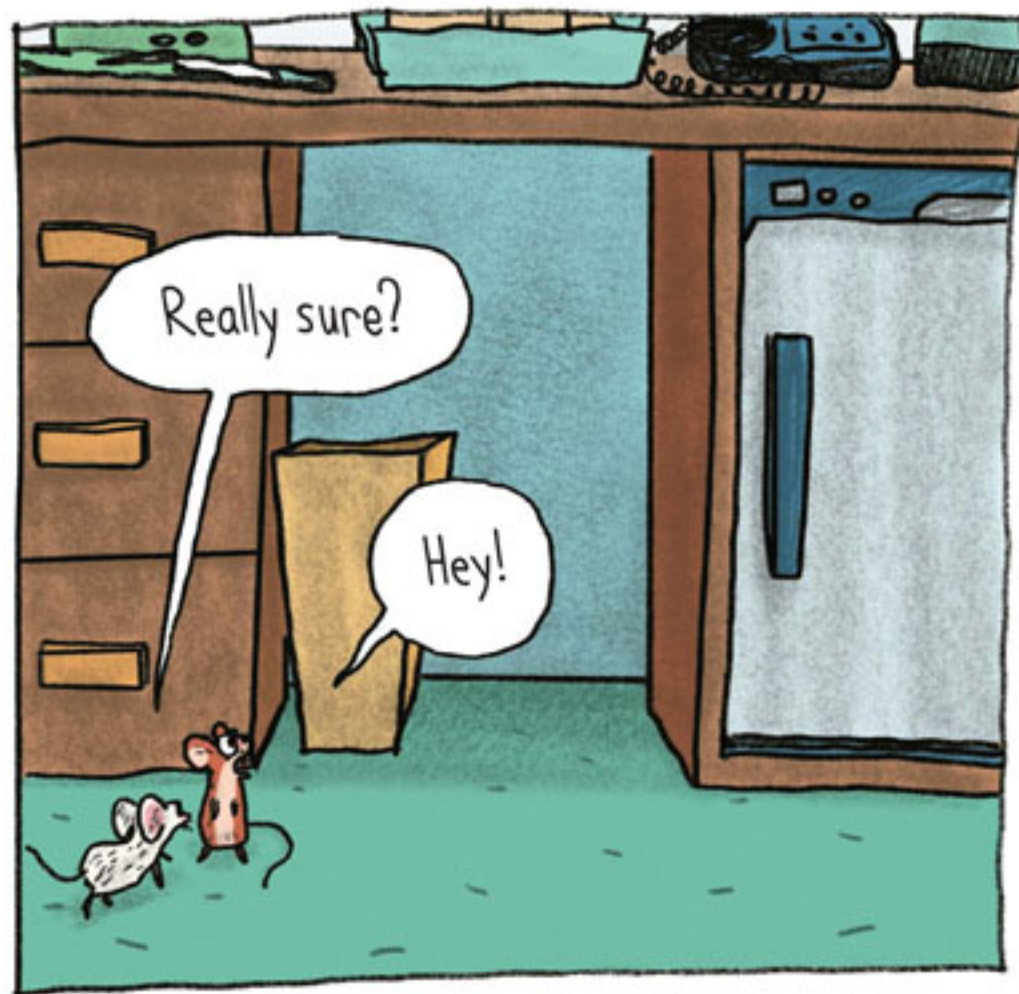
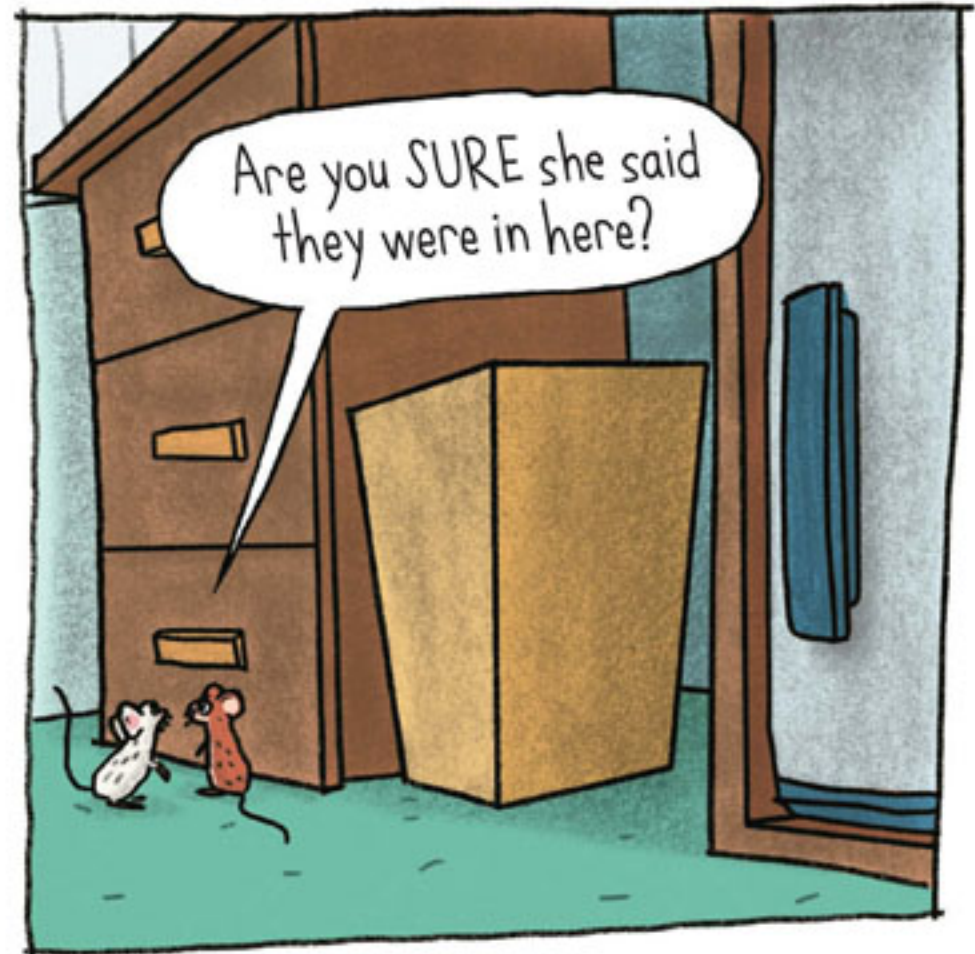


Hurry
up!

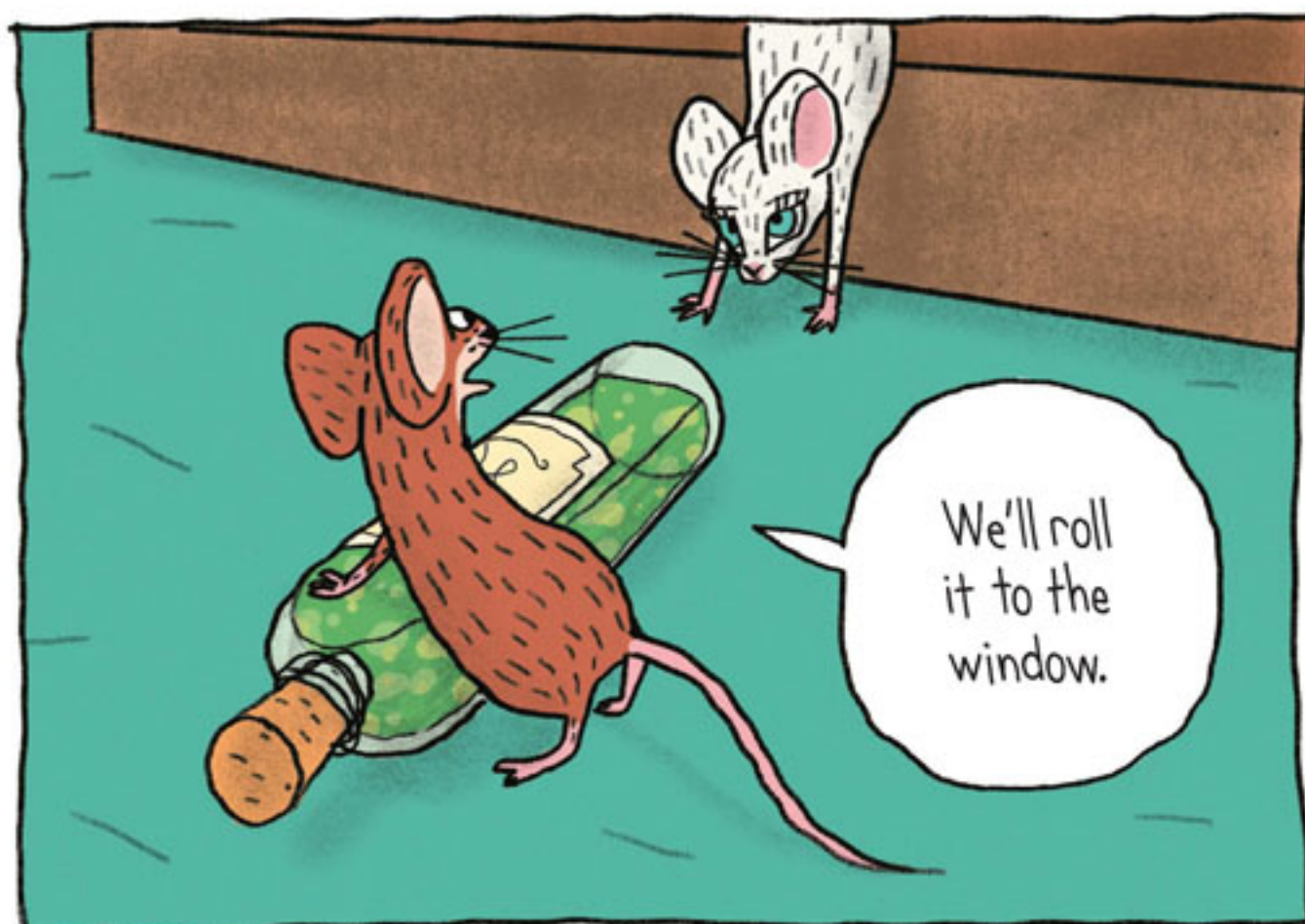
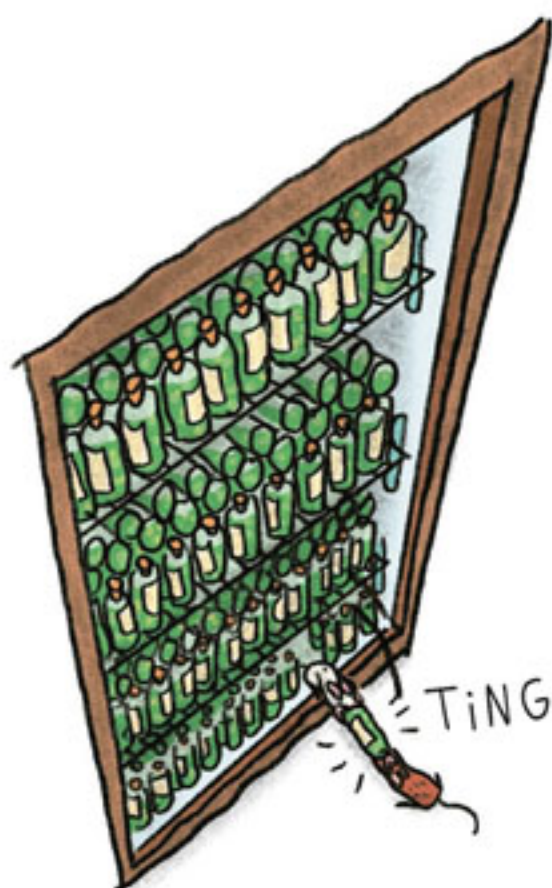
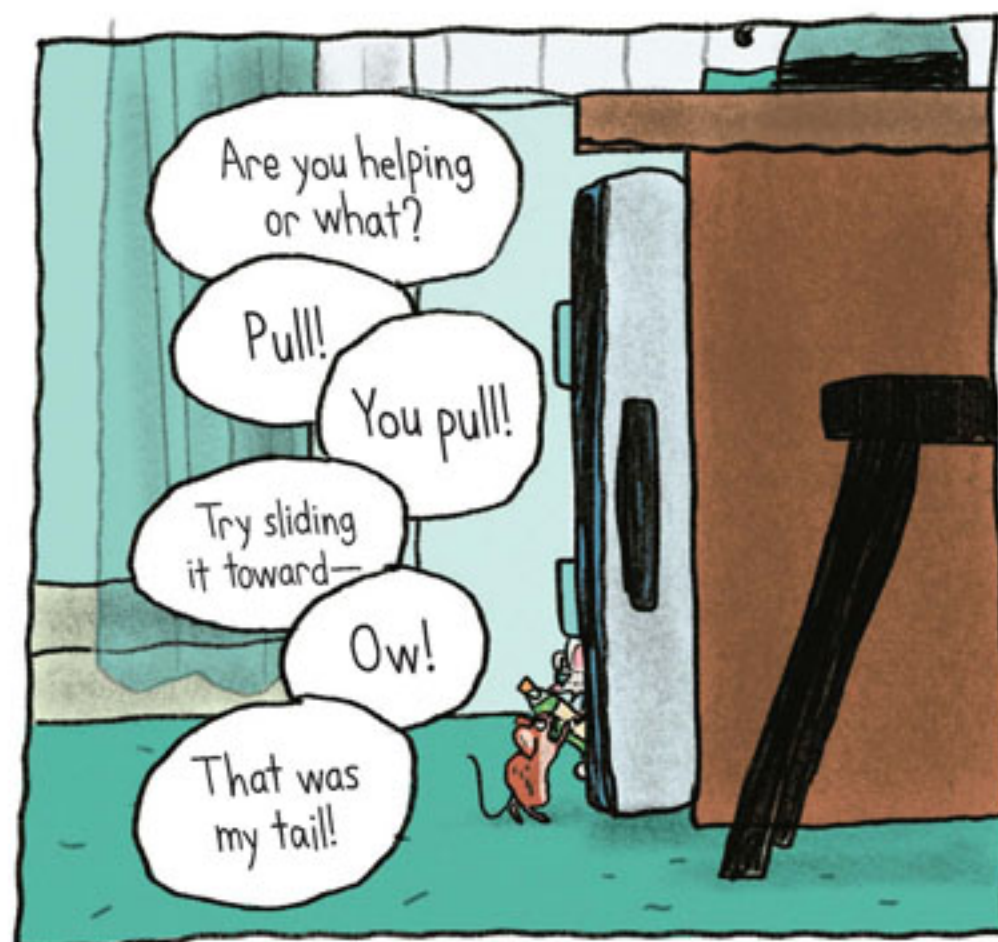
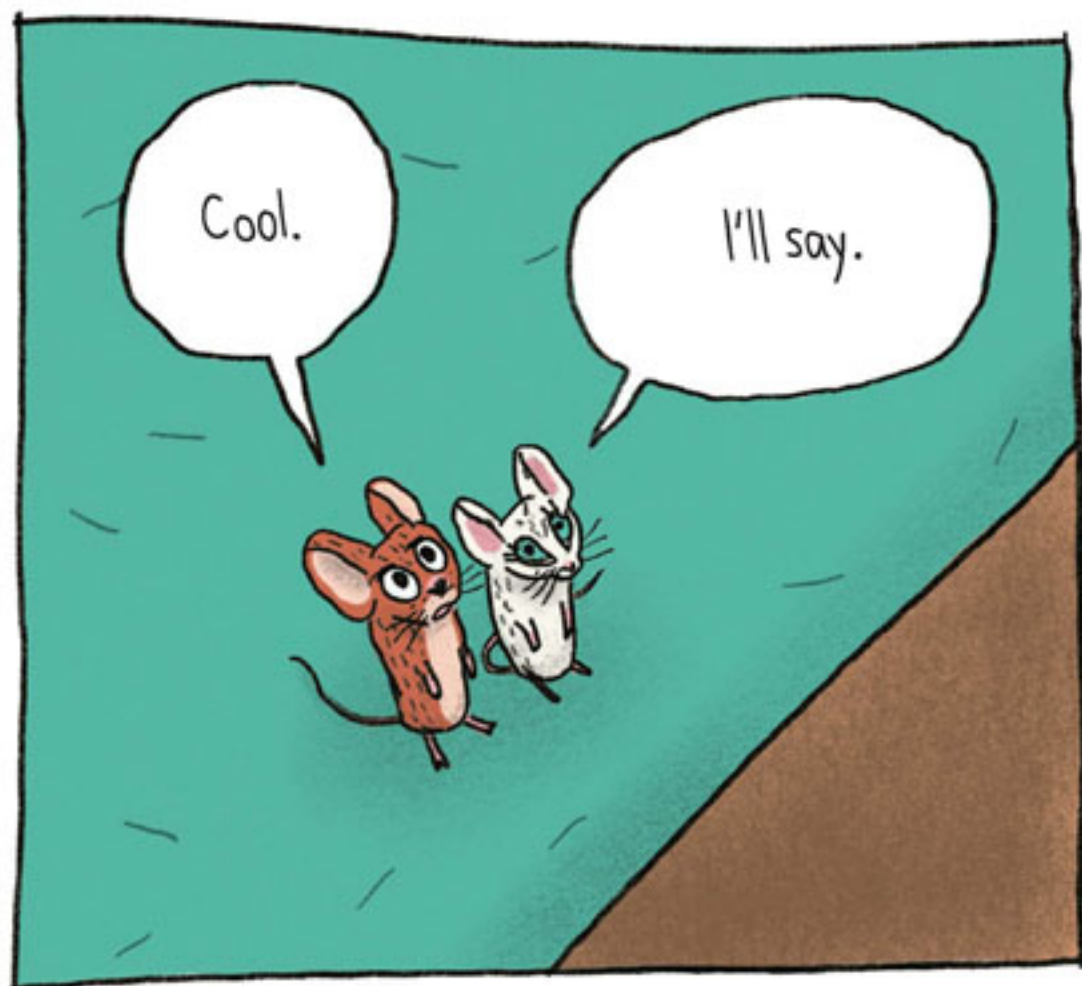


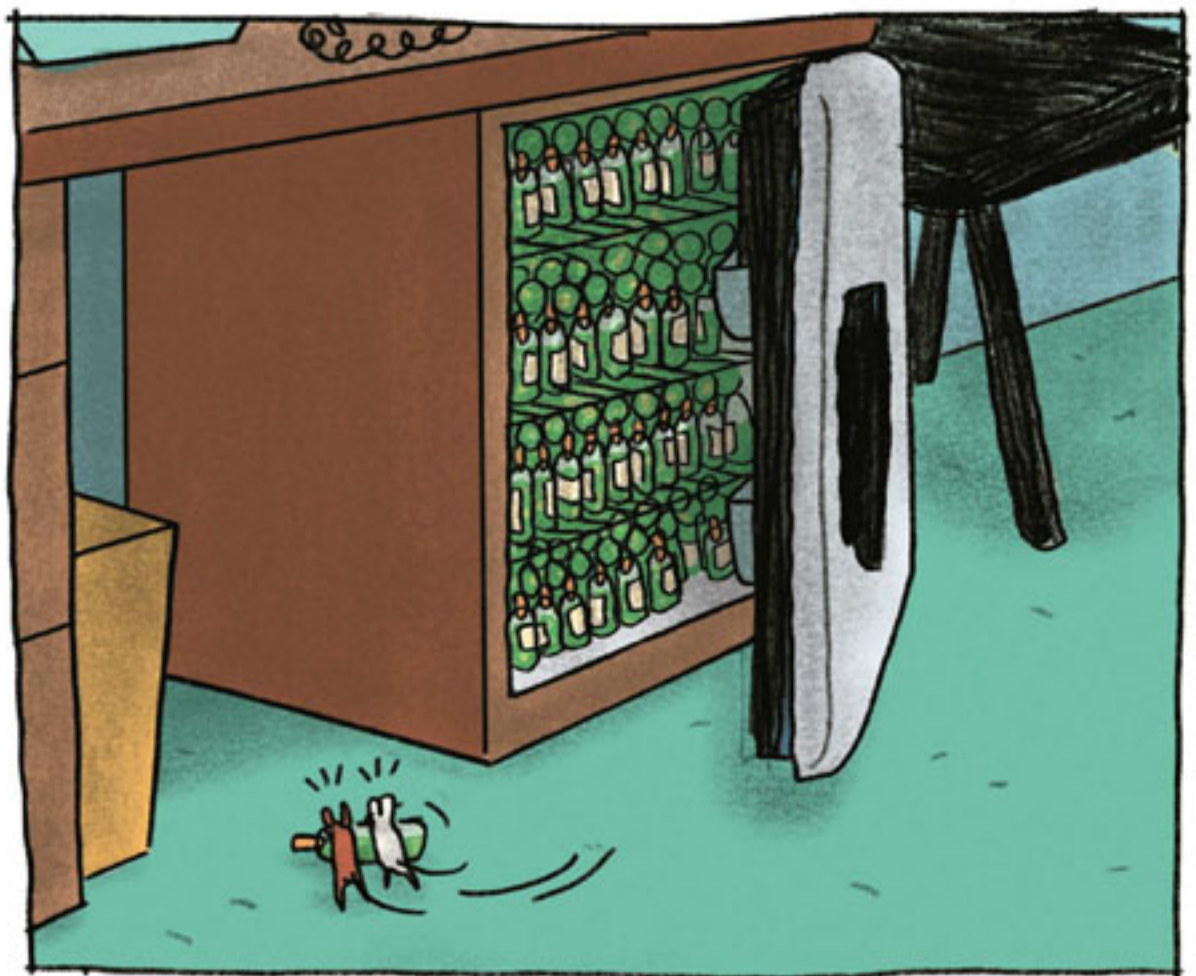


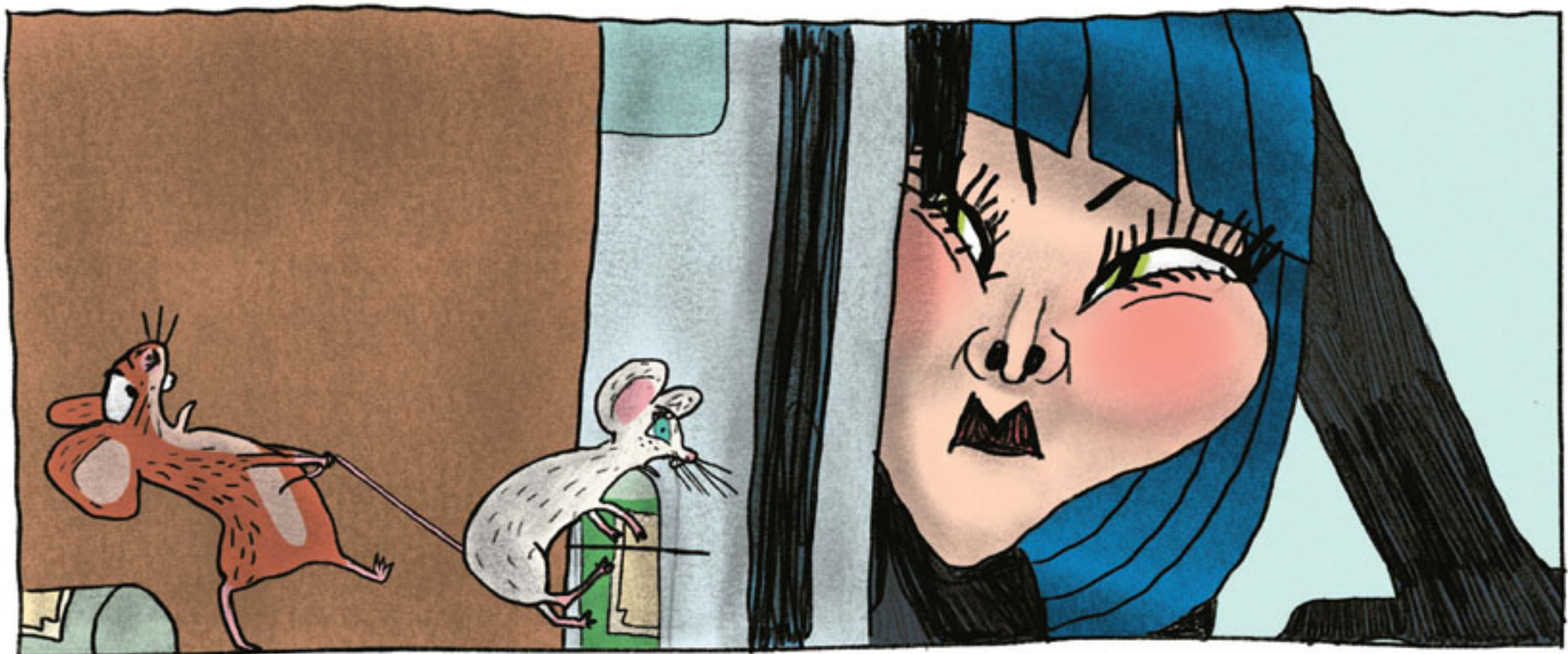


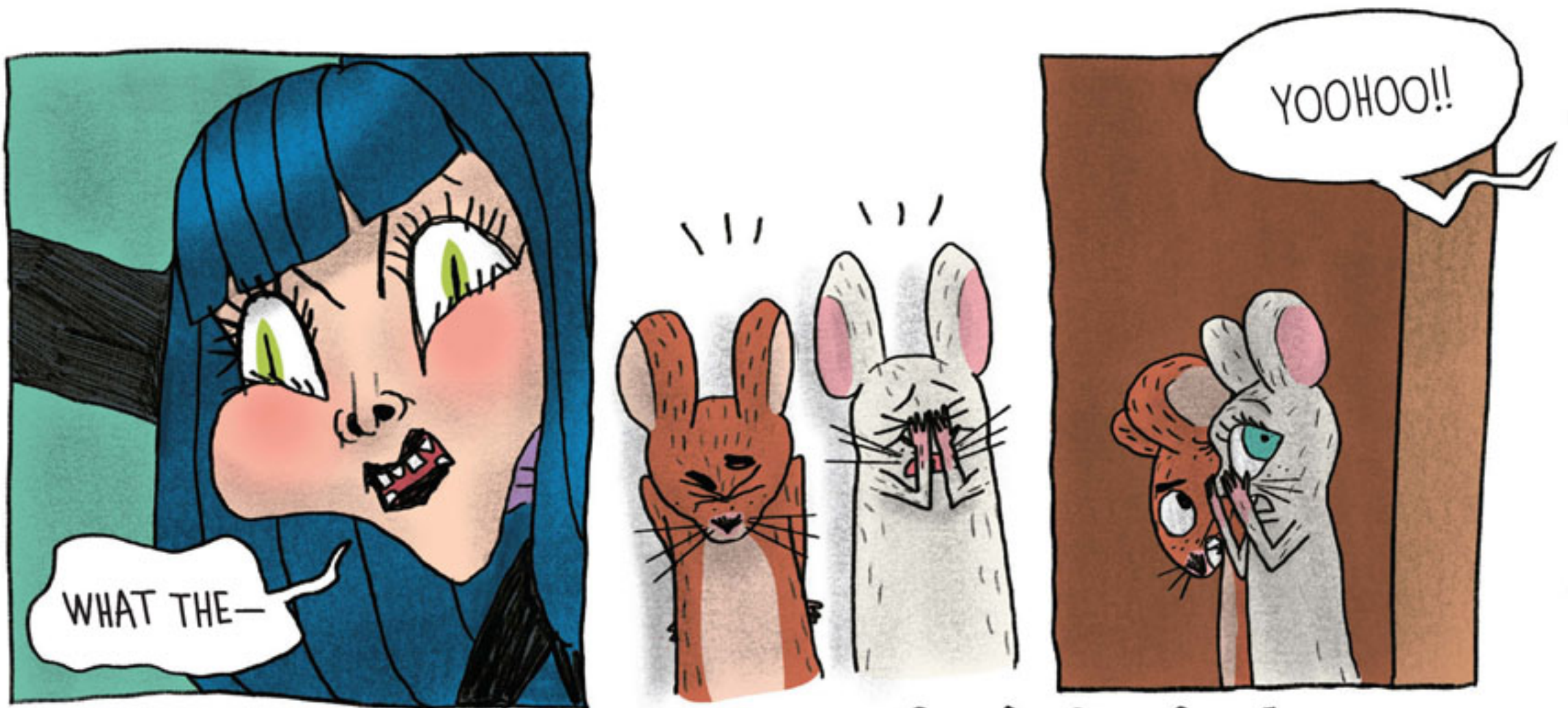


















KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

OKAY, OKAY,
I'M COMING!





YOU... YOU ALL SHOW UP
AT THE SAME TIME?!!



WHY NOT
BRING A
MARCHING BAND
WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT?!!



NO, WAIT, SPLIT INTO
THREE TEAMS...
NO...



EVERYBODY AGAINST THE WALL!

But how? You want to open the window?

No, through the door! With all this chaos I'll just slip out!

Are you NUTS??



We're wasting time!

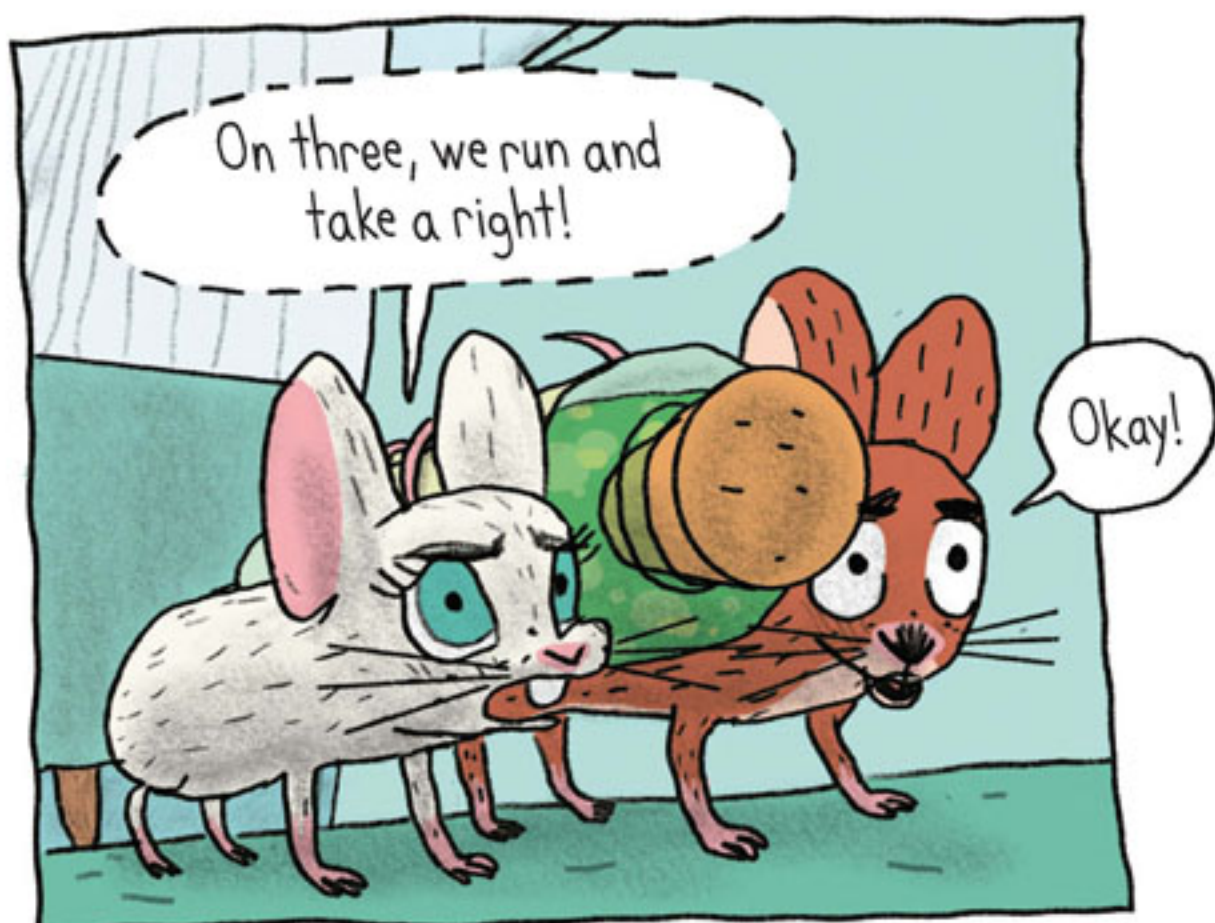
Well then, I'll do it.

Okay, fine,
we'll both
carry it.



HENDERSON!
YOUR NAME STARTS WITH
AN H, DOES IT NOT?!

THEN WHY ARE YOU IN
THE A TO G GROUP?!!



One...

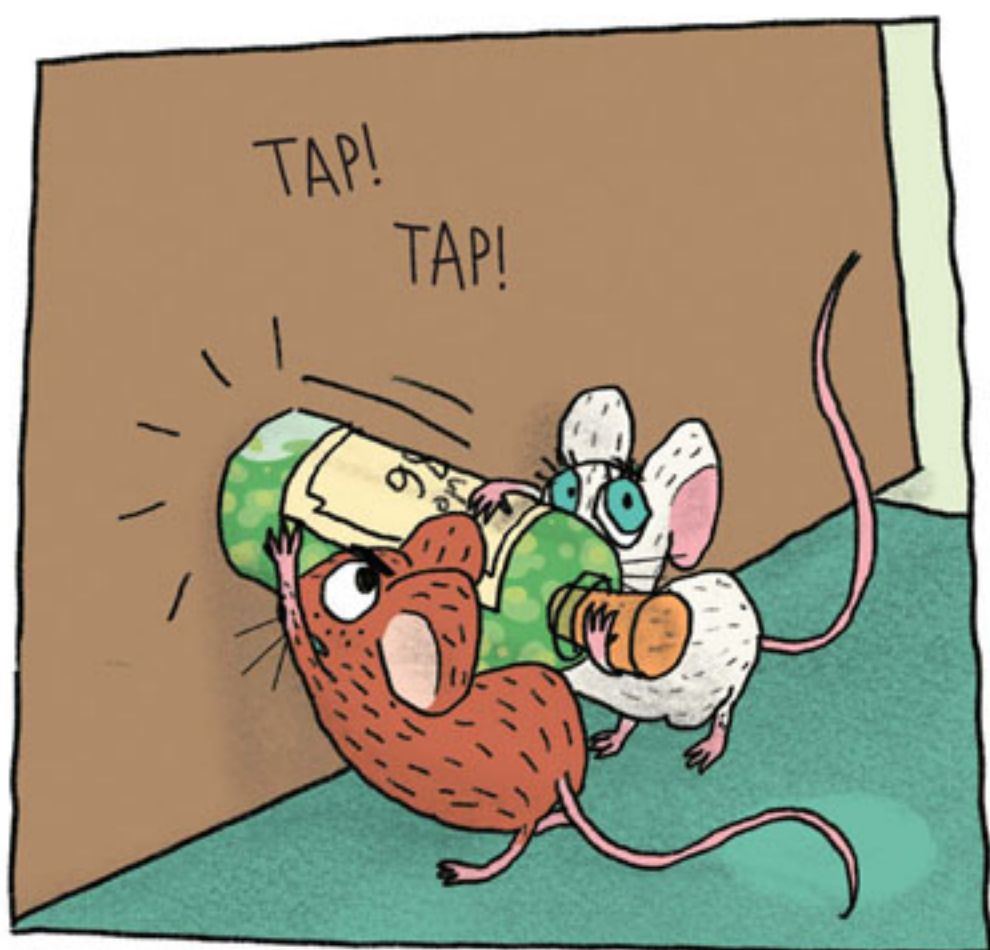
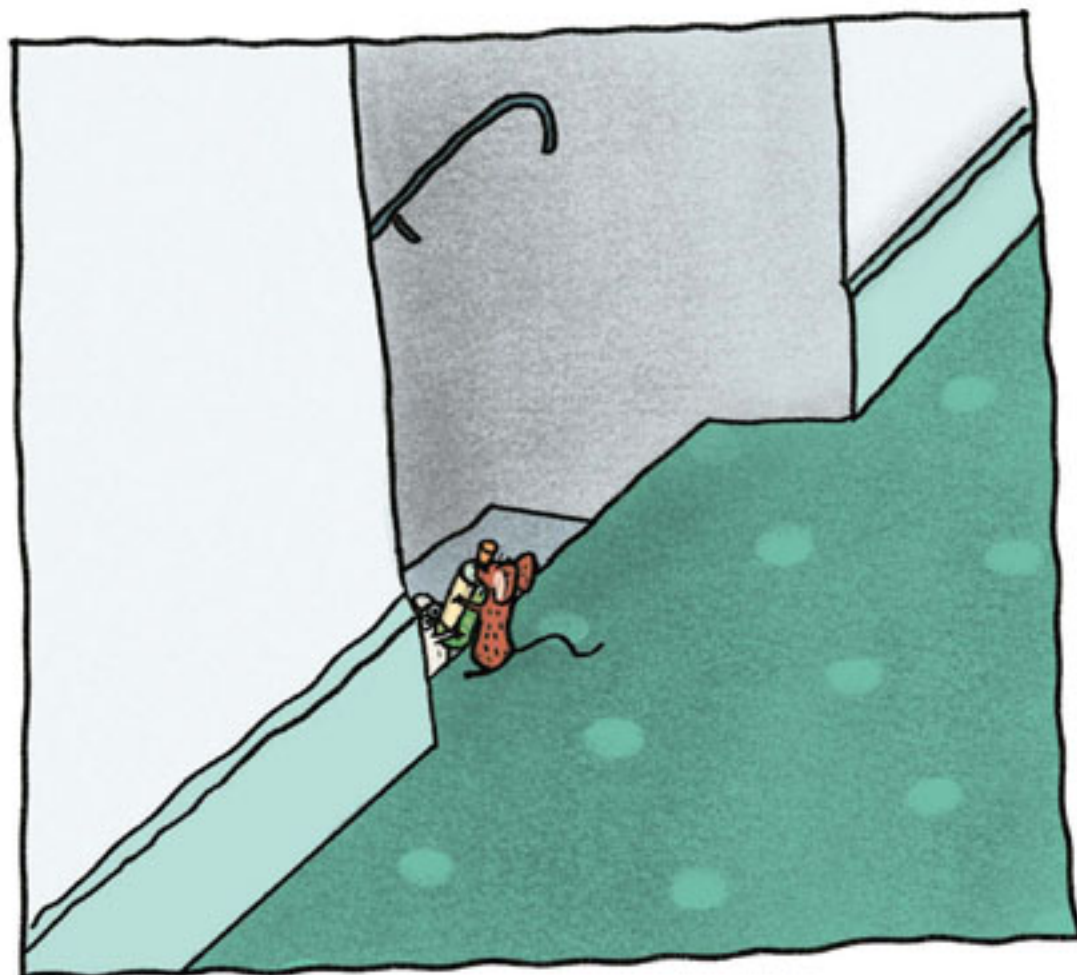
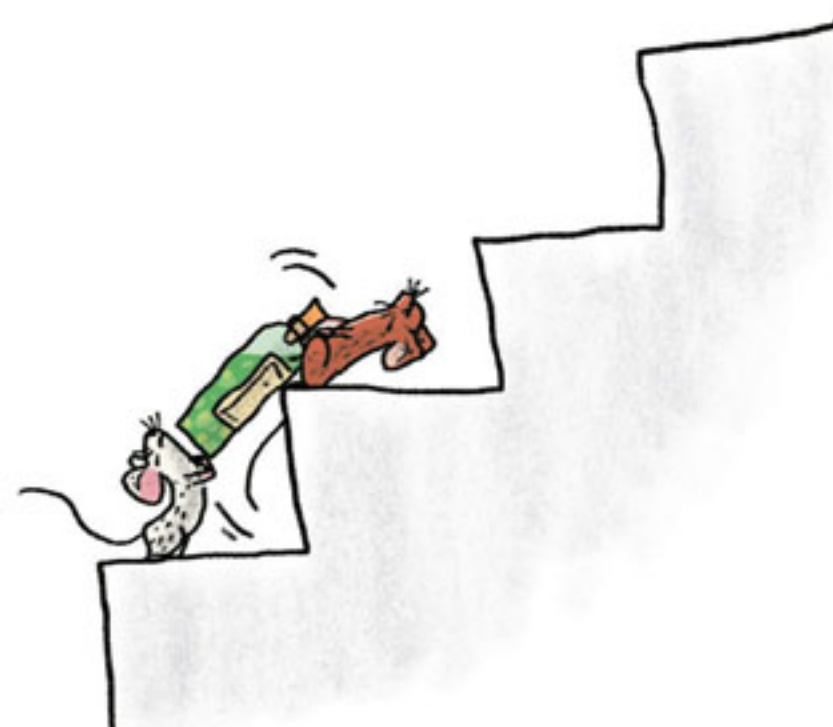
T-two...

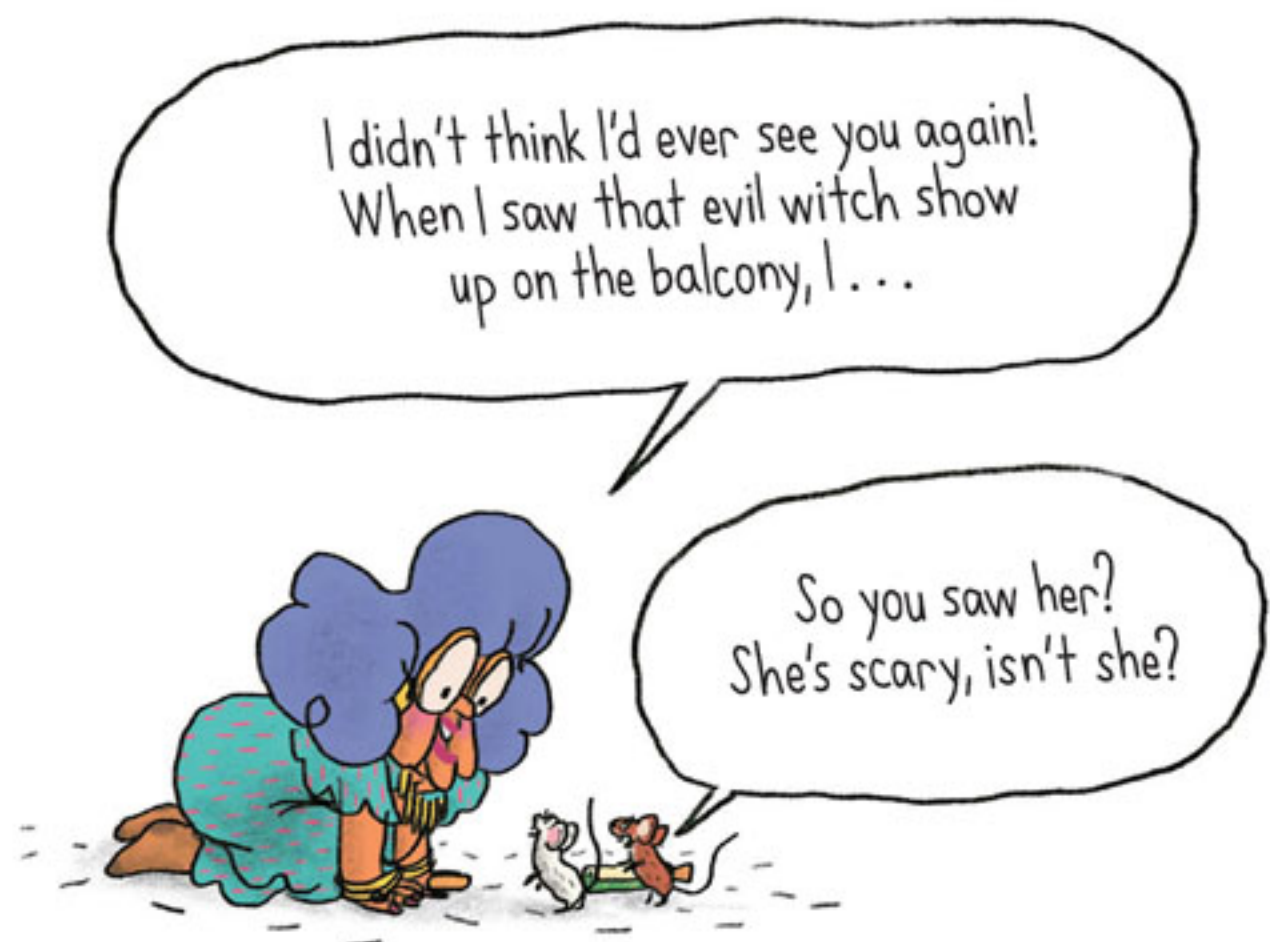
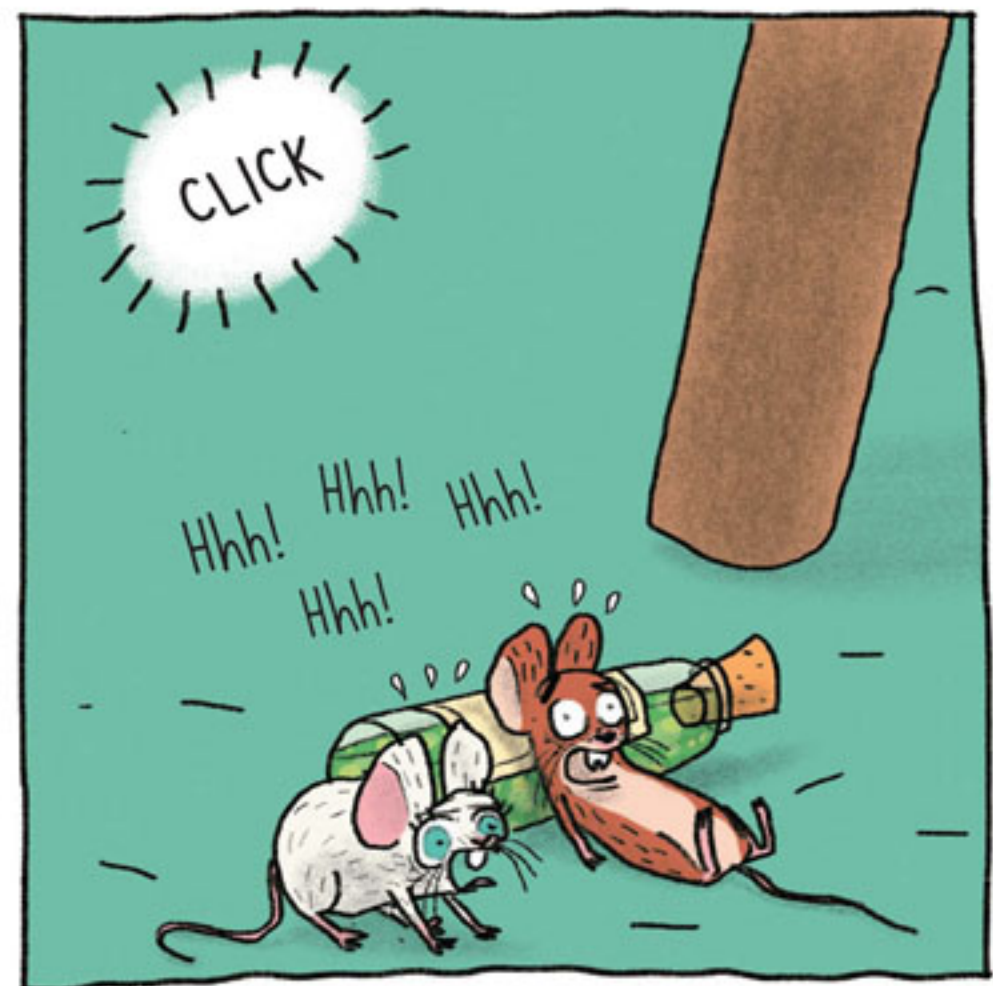


TURN
RIGHT!!

THE OTHER
RIGHT!!







That fake face was unbelievable!
So it's just a mask, then?! She **MUST**
start selling those!! Personally,
I'd pay—



Anyhow. I'm so
relieved! I thought
she was going to
kill you!



So did we.



Now, what do
we do with
this?



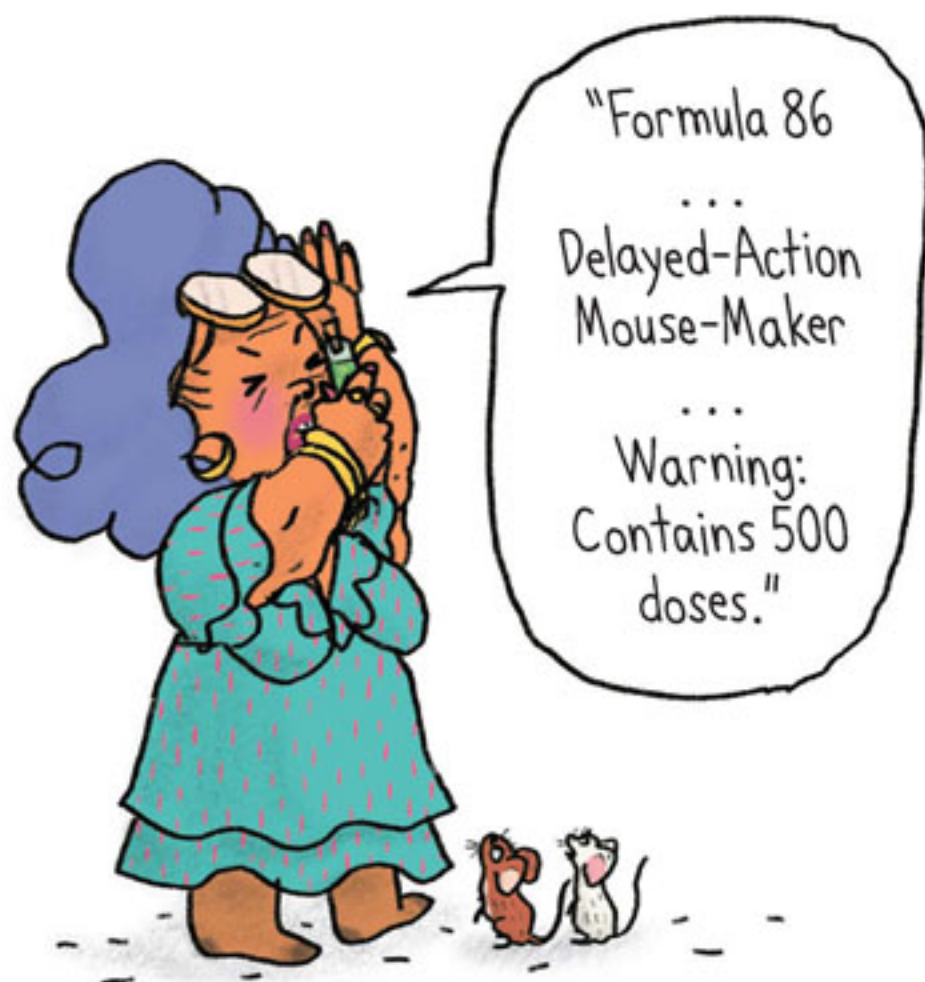
We
still
don't
know...



... how to
get them to
drink it!



"Formula 86
...
Delayed-Action
Mouse-Maker
...
Warning:
Contains 500
doses."

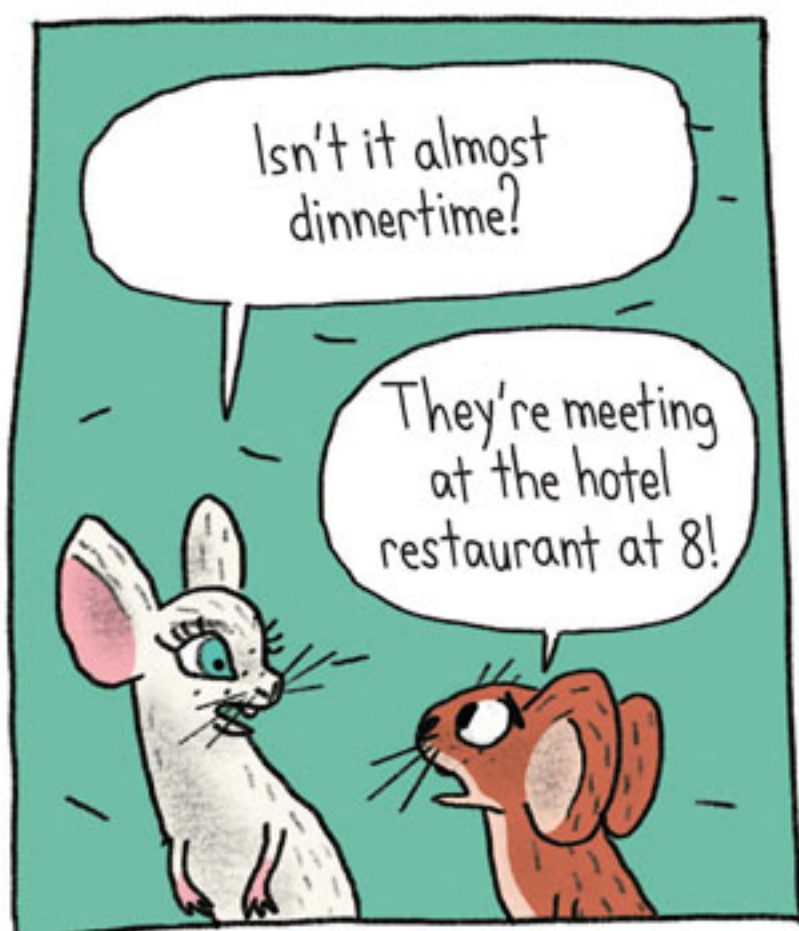
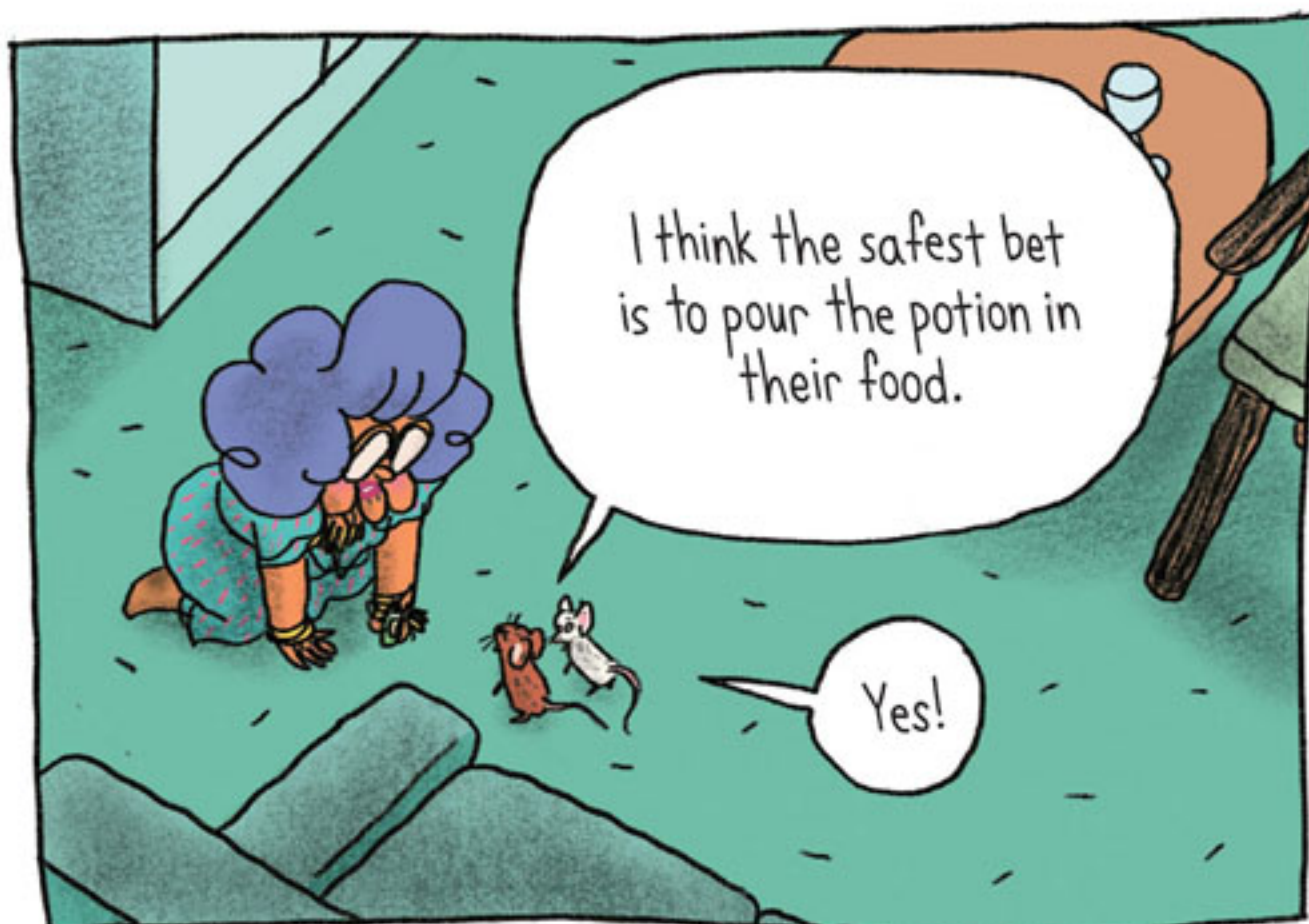


I could make it into a
nice green cocktail and buy
them a round!



Hmm ...
with gin and just a
hint of lemon ...

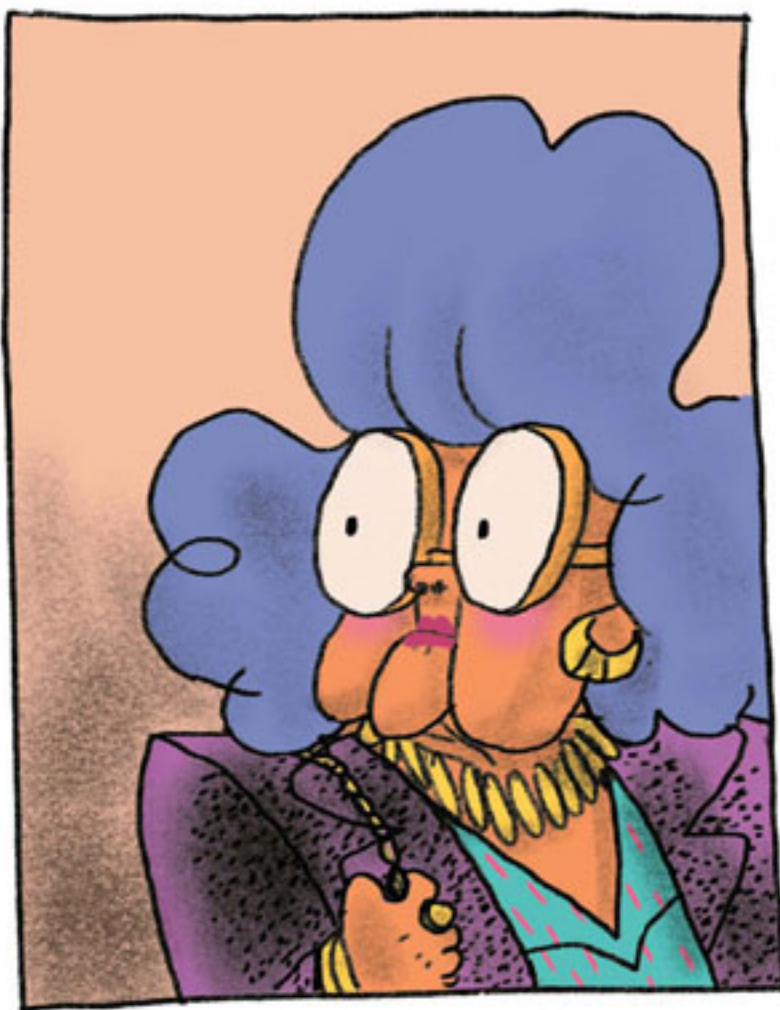


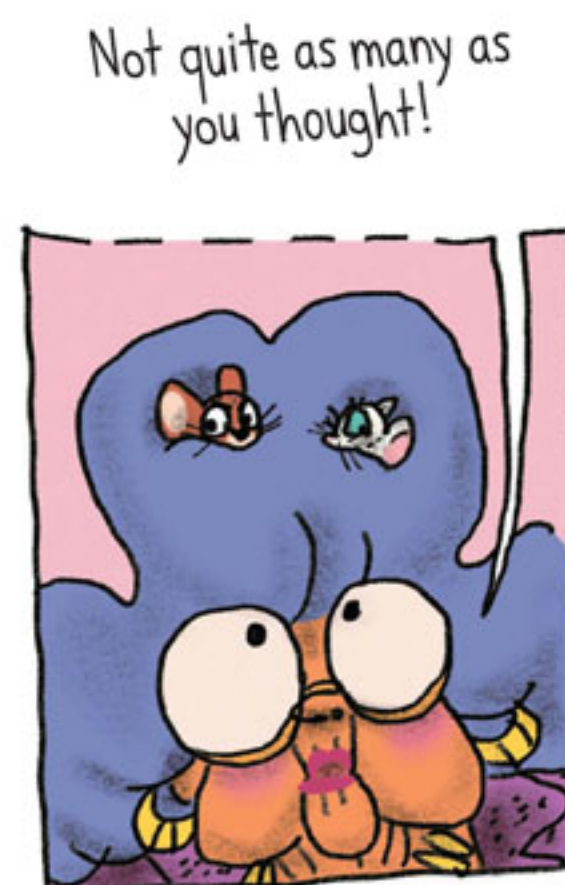


I don't want to look like some old granny talking to herself.



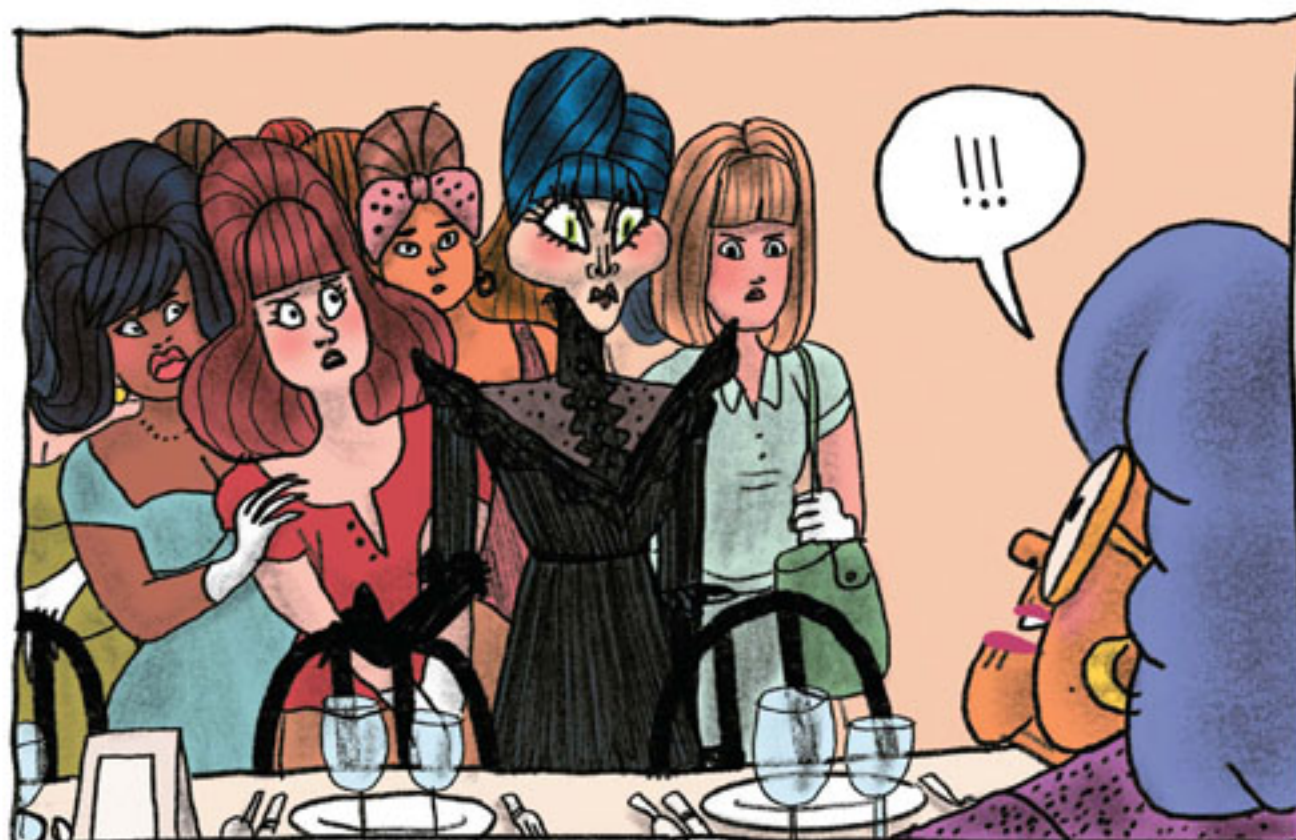
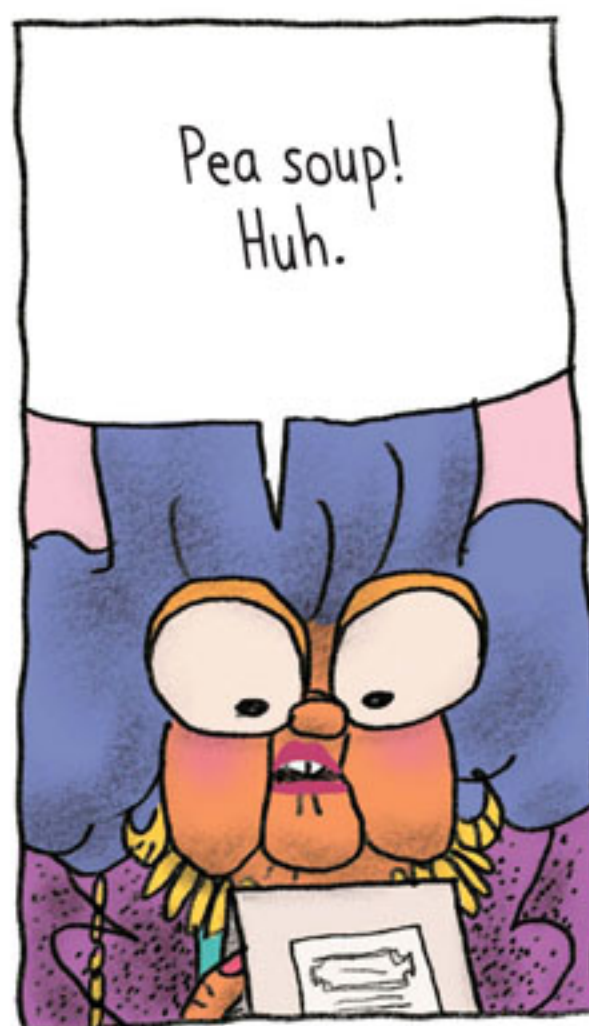
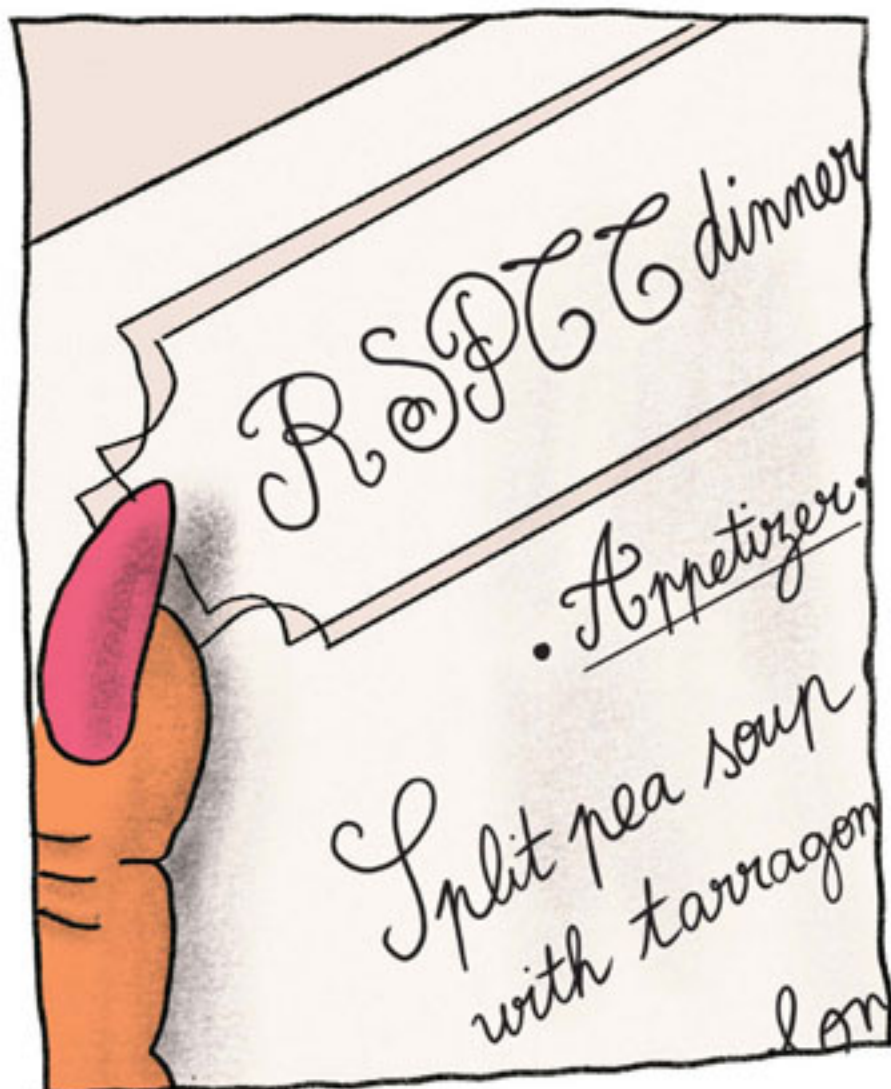


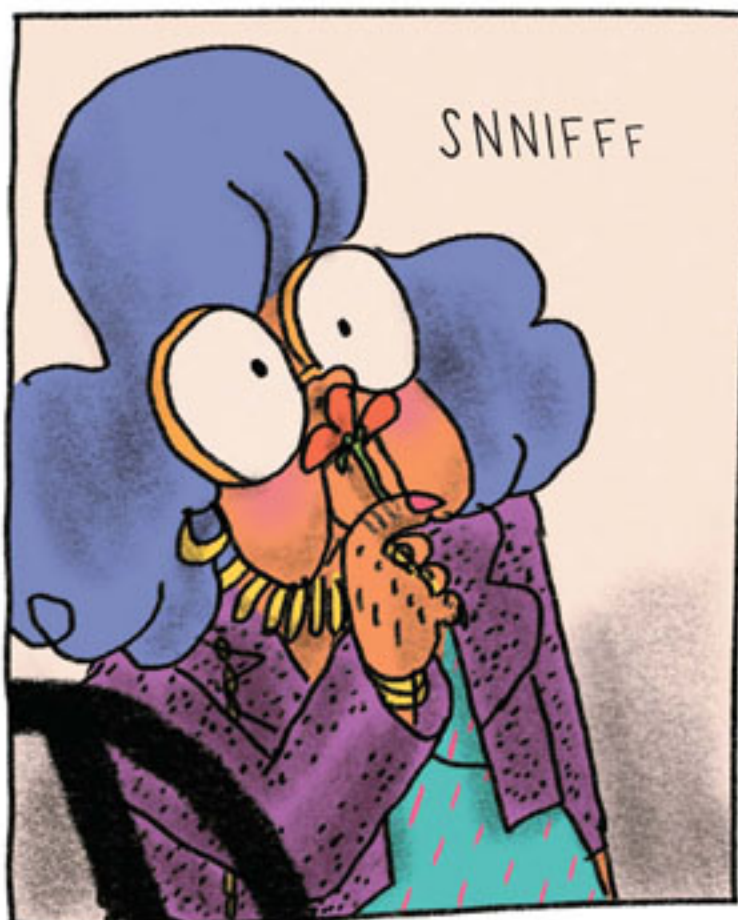
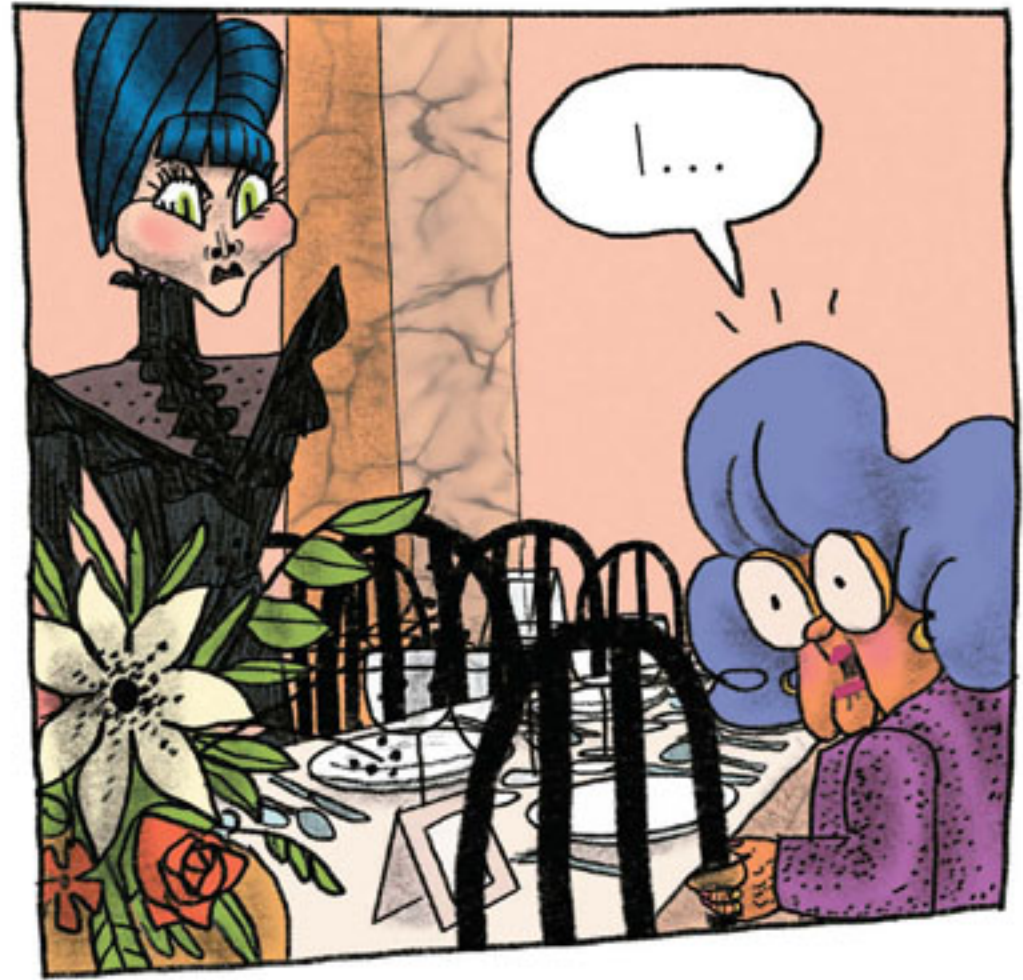
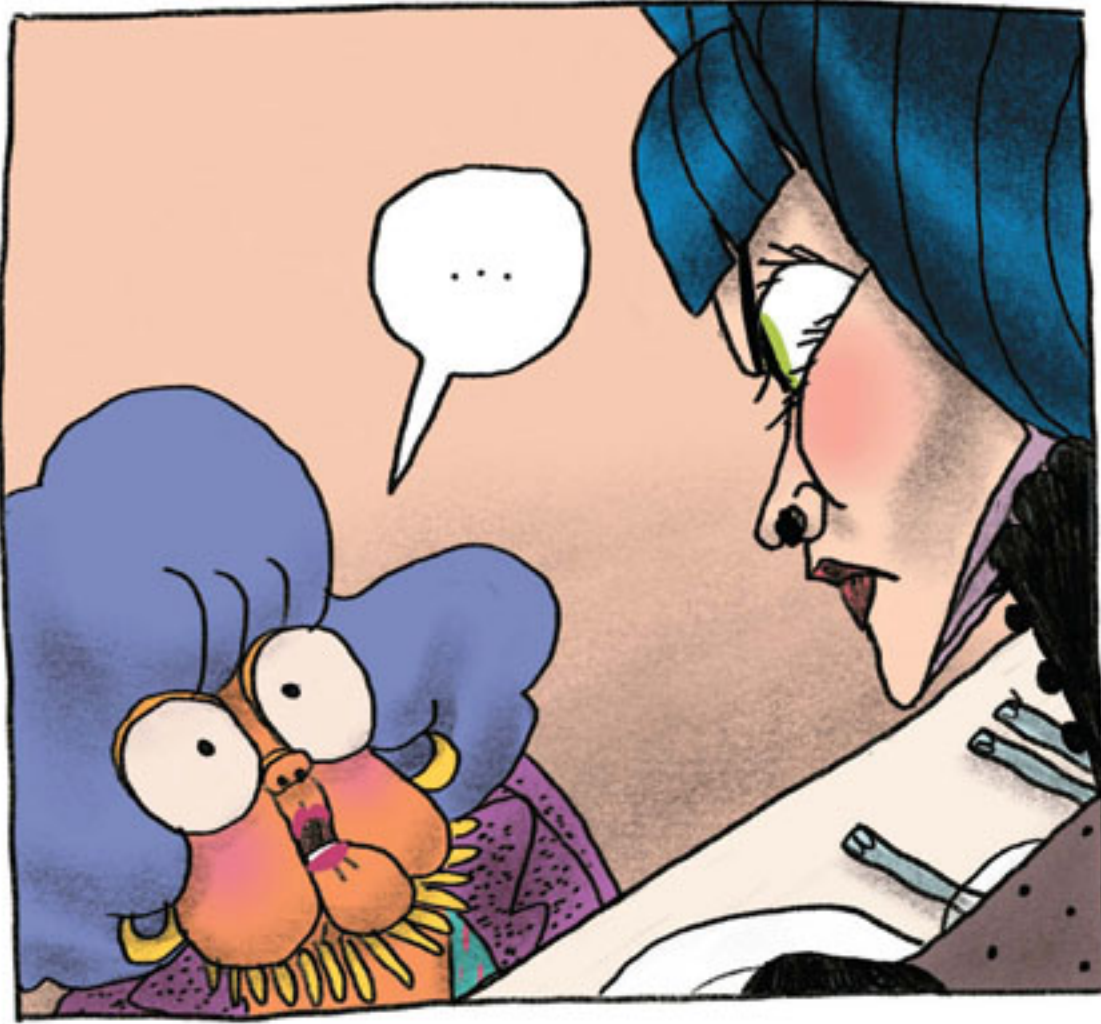


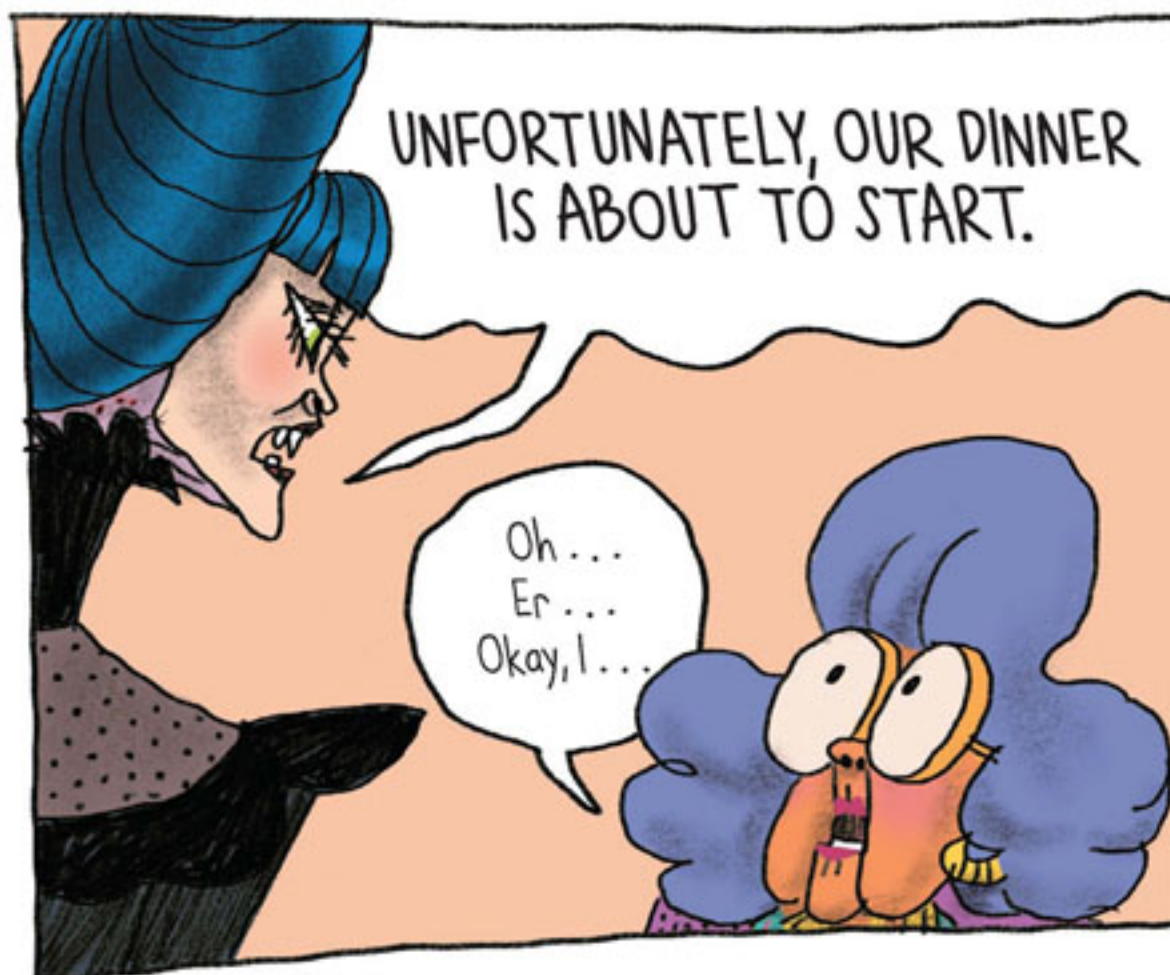


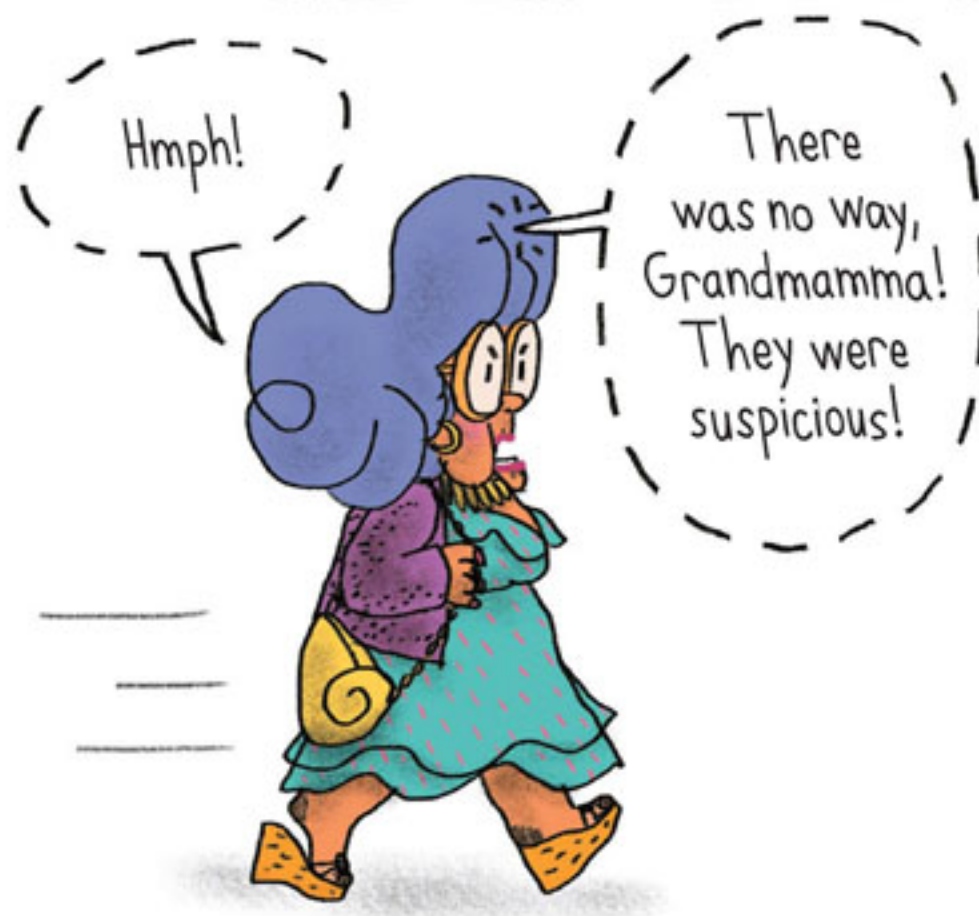
Stay out of sight! You don't need to come out for me to hear you!

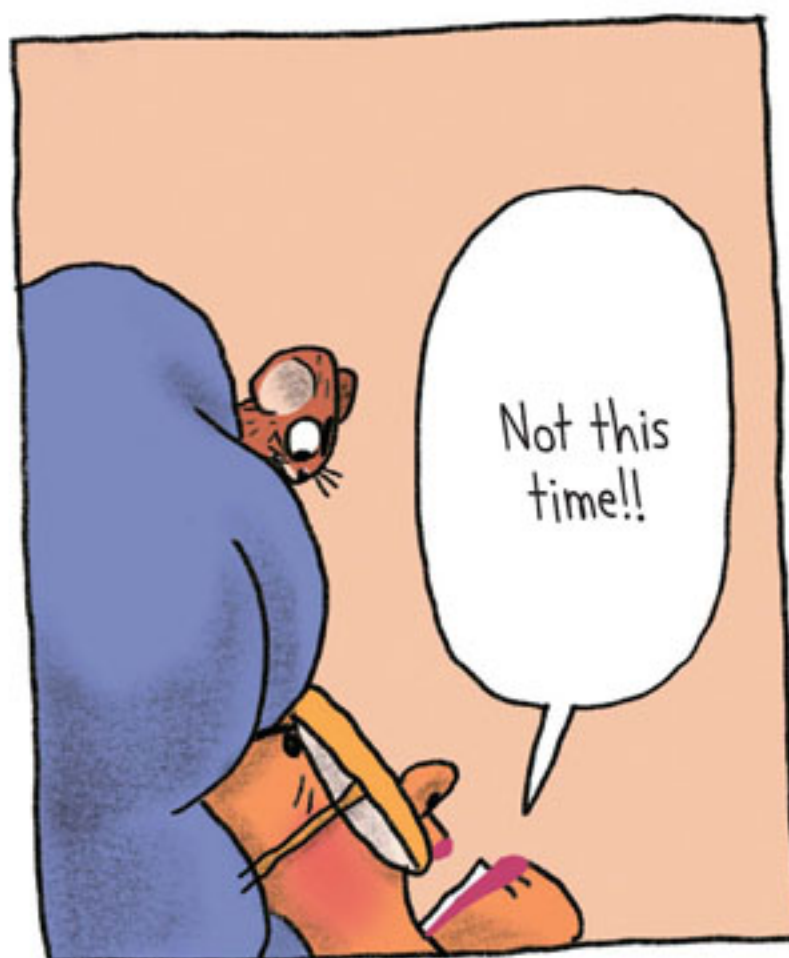










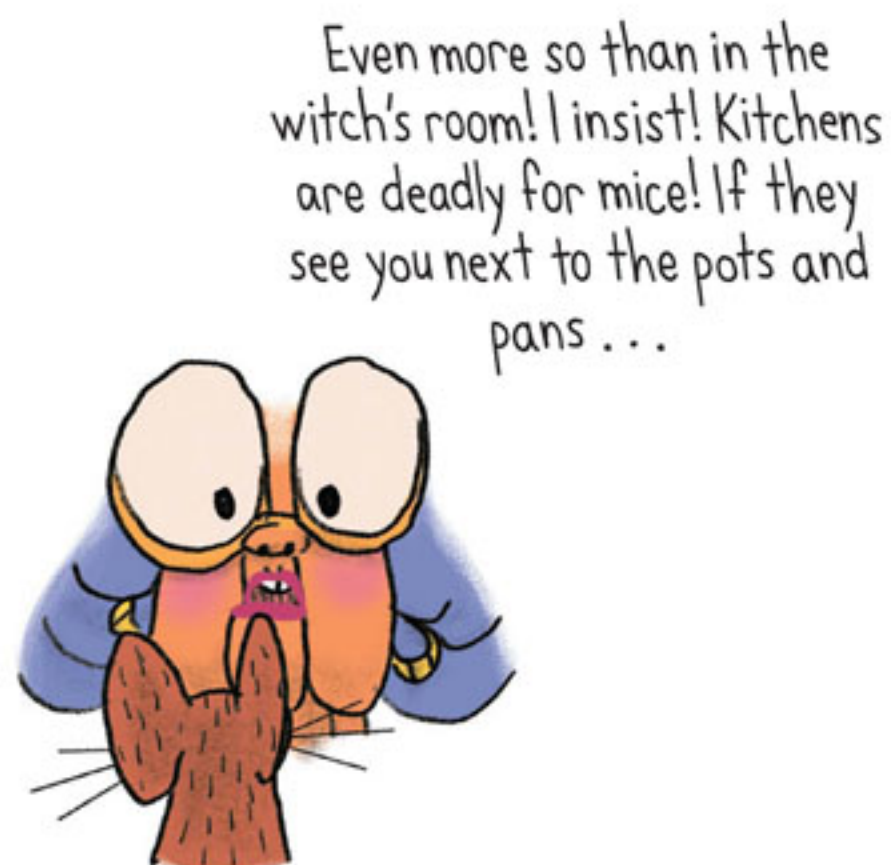
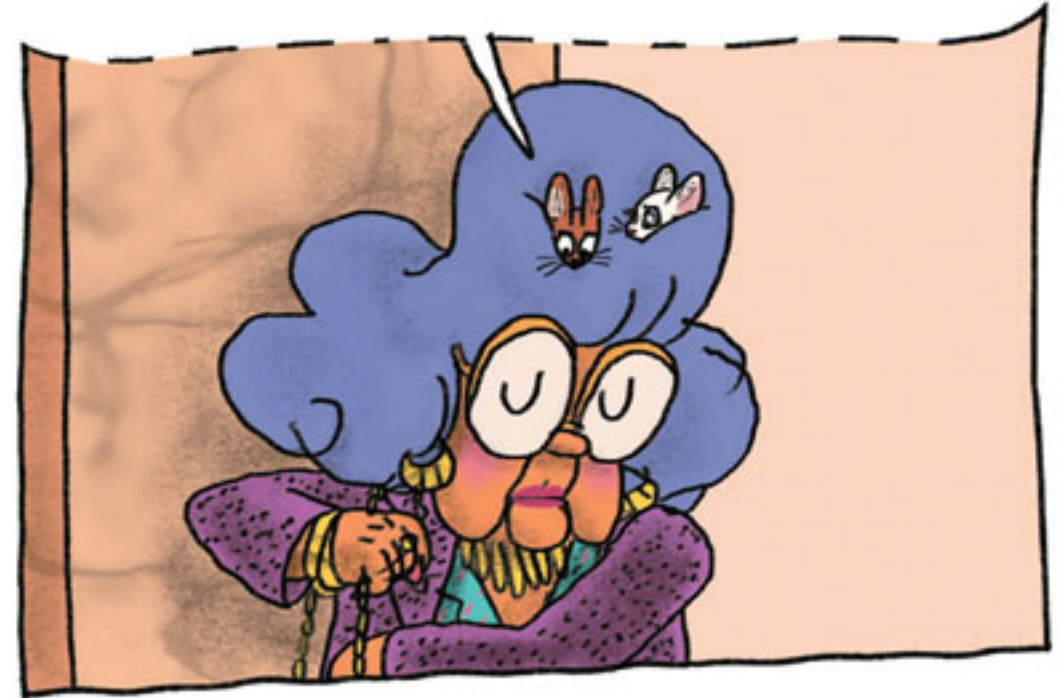


You know very well that, unfortunately, only I can do it.





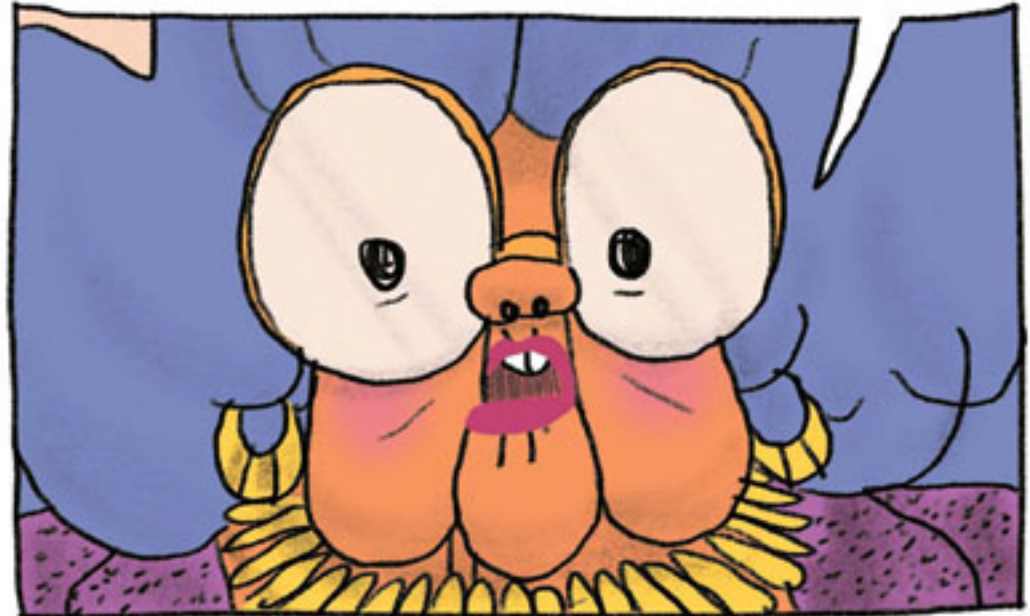
Order yourself a cocktail,
Grandmamma, and I'll be back before
the ice cubes melt.



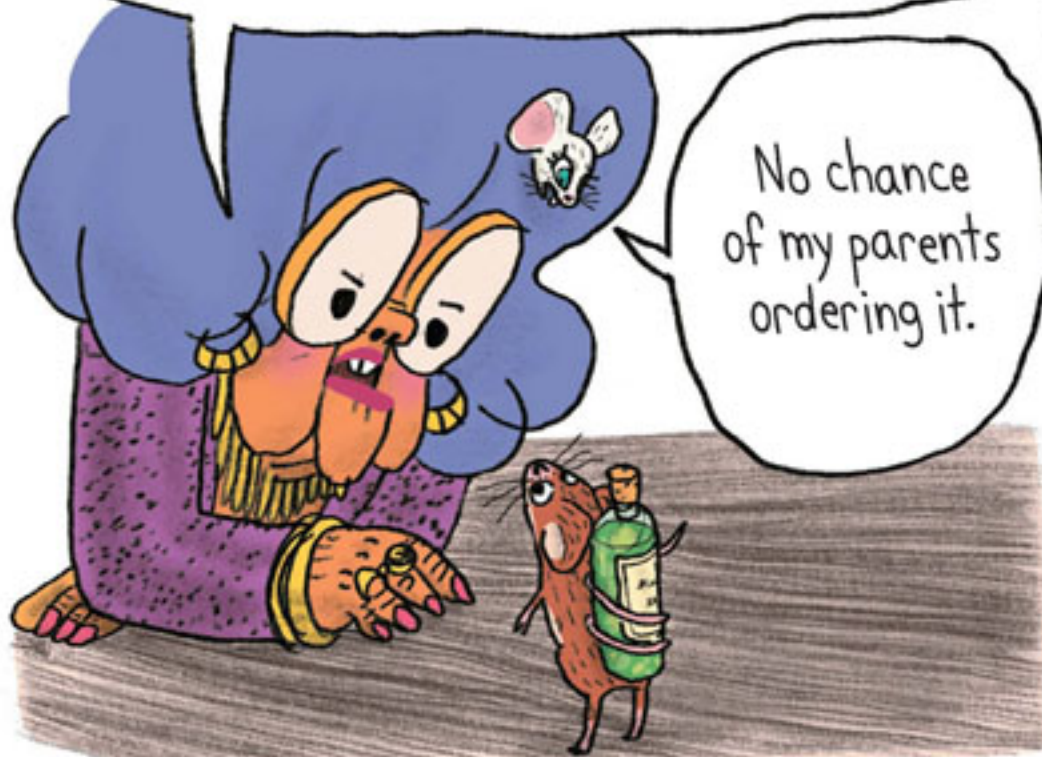
No need to panic! We just need to focus on our goal!



All you need to do is find the pea soup!



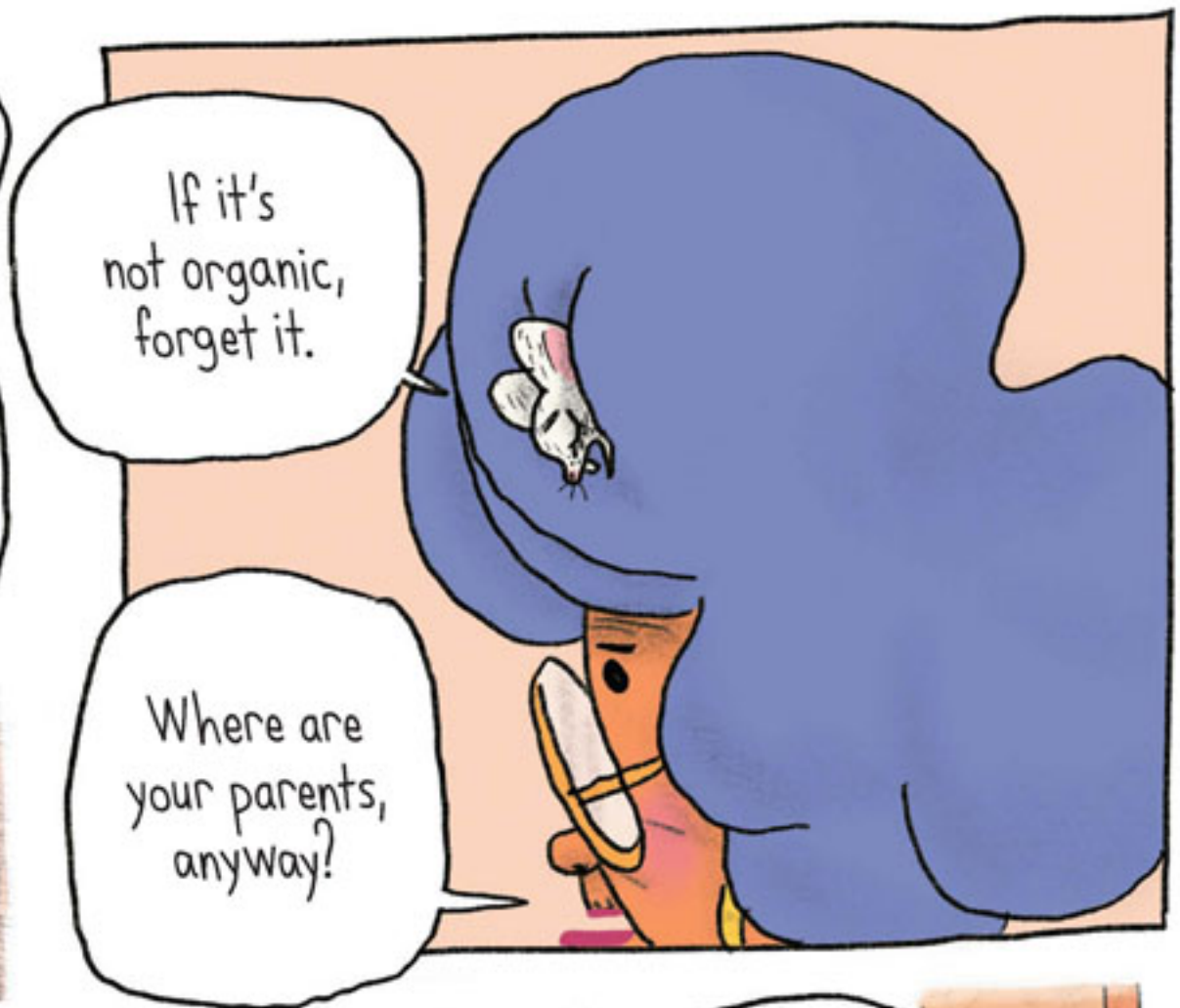
Let's hope no other customers want a taste...



No chance of my parents ordering it.

If it's not organic, forget it.

Where are your parents, anyway?



They must be worried to death!

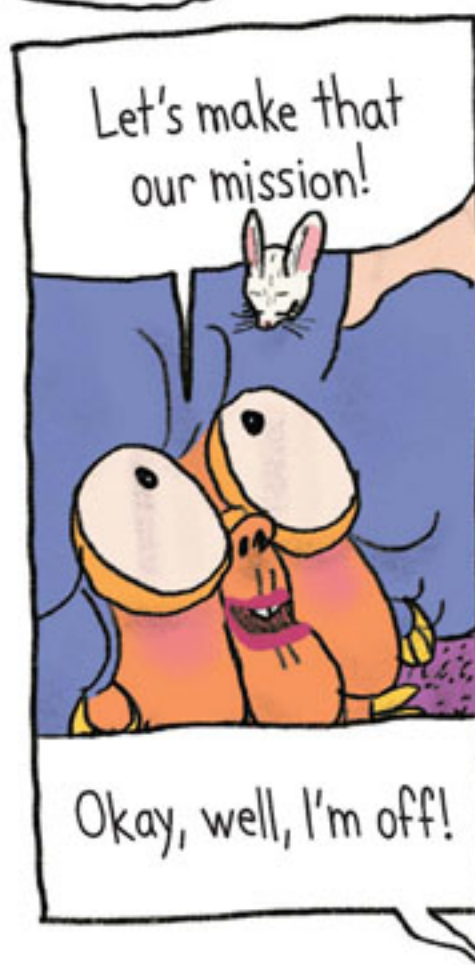
They had a yoga class on the terrace. They'll be here soon.

Okay... we'll have to explain the situation...



Let's make that our mission!

Okay, well, I'm off!



Wish me luck!





Don't worry.



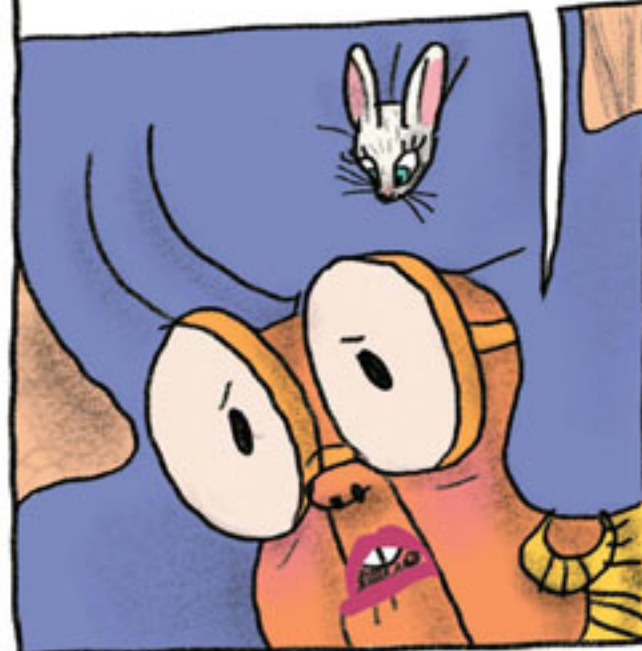
I've seen him
scamper around and
slip in everywhere.
It's really impressive.
He can do this!



He's eight.
He's an orphan.



I'm supposed to watch
over him.

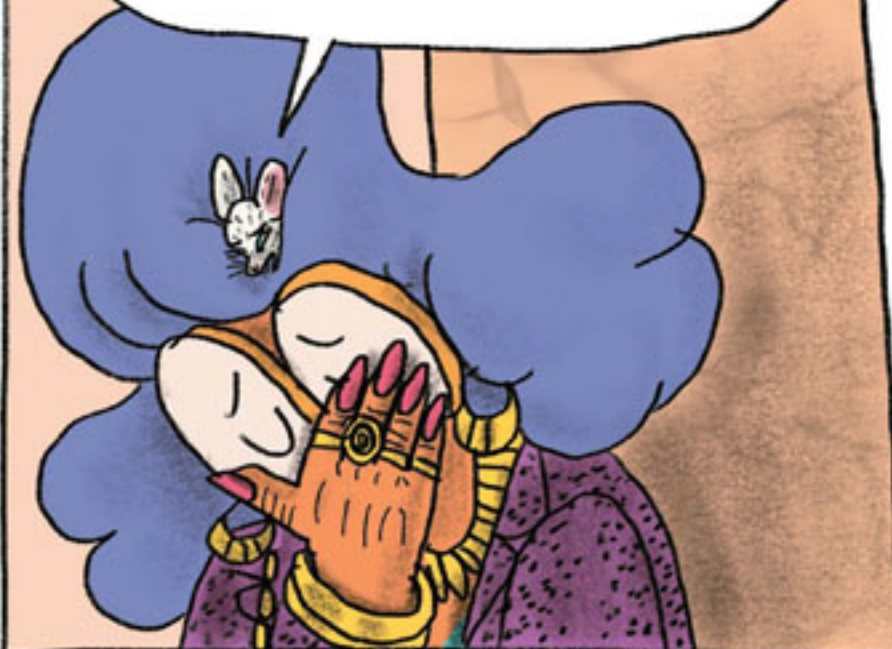


What kind of
grandmother
sends a child to
risk his ...

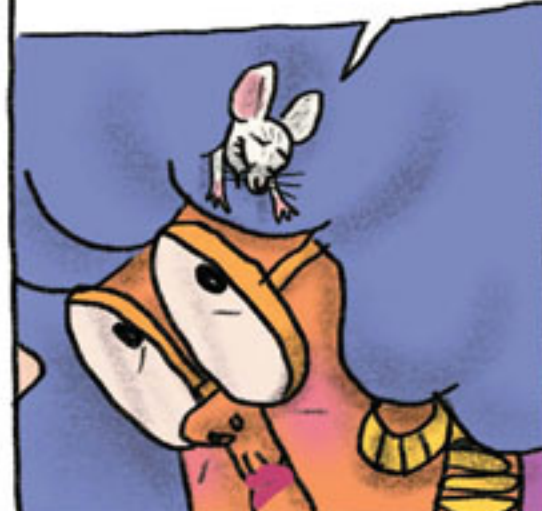
SNIFF
SNIFF



A grandmother who
hunts witches.



Besides, what kind of
grandson has whiskers
and leaves droppings
everywhere?

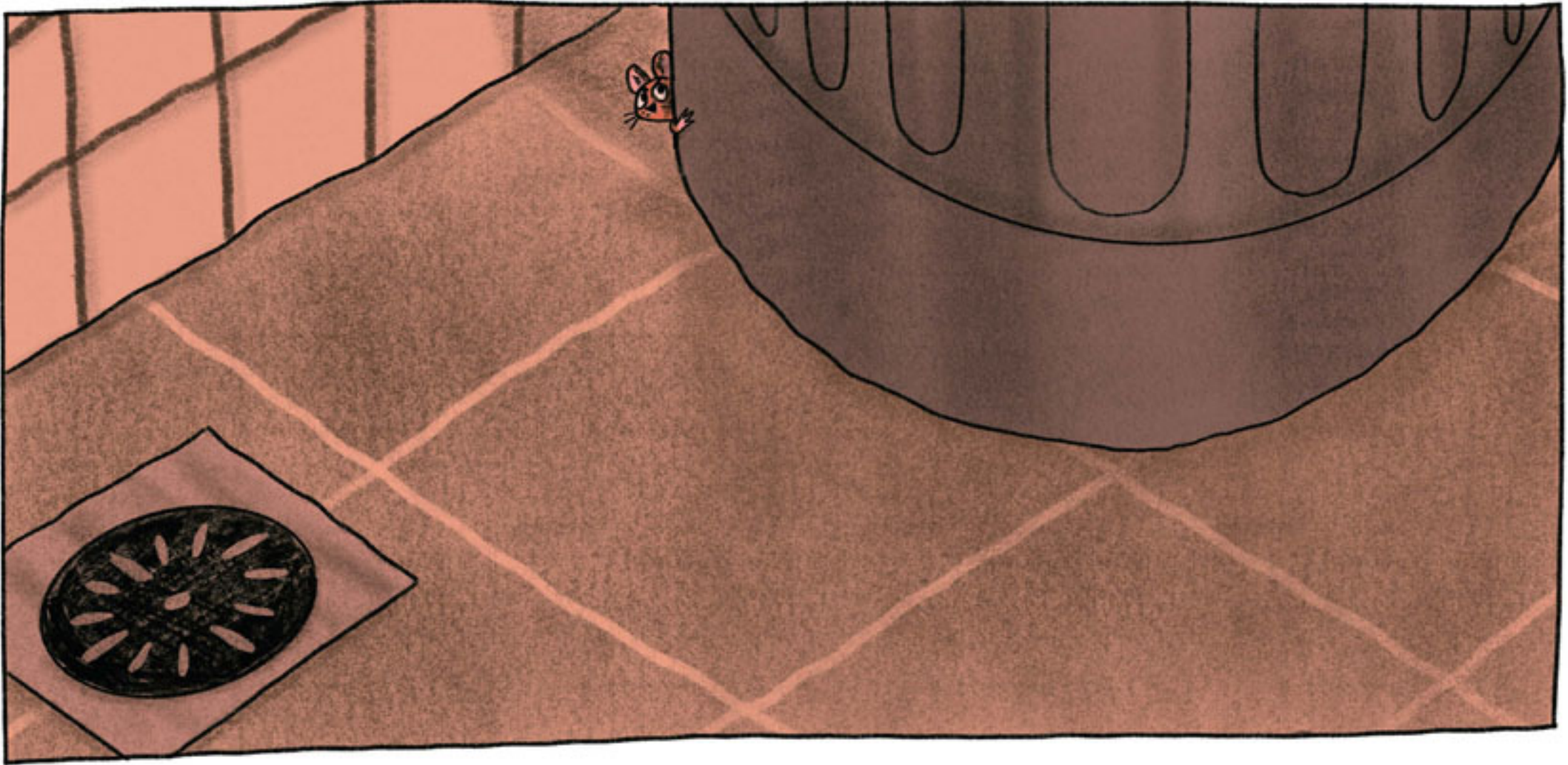


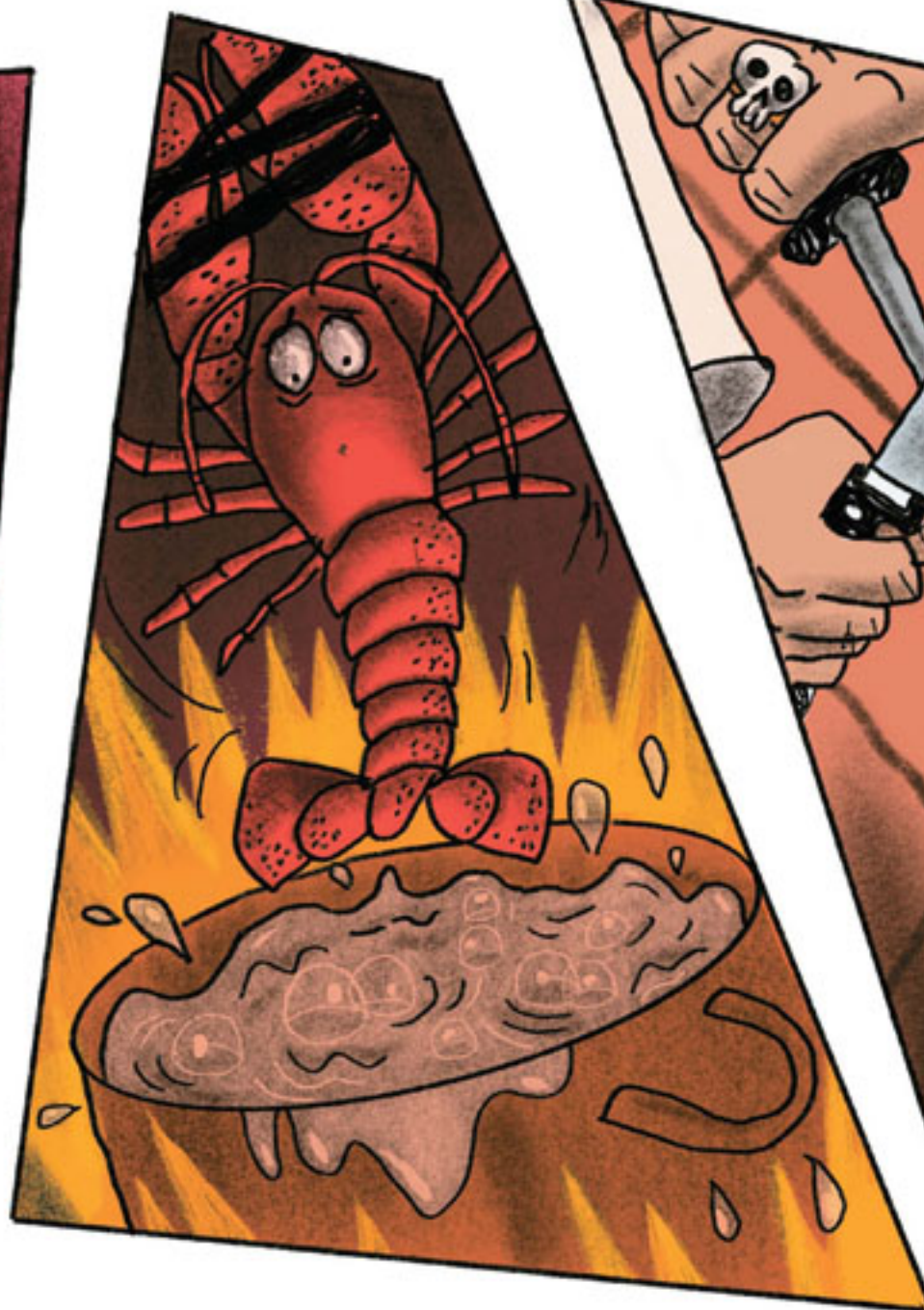
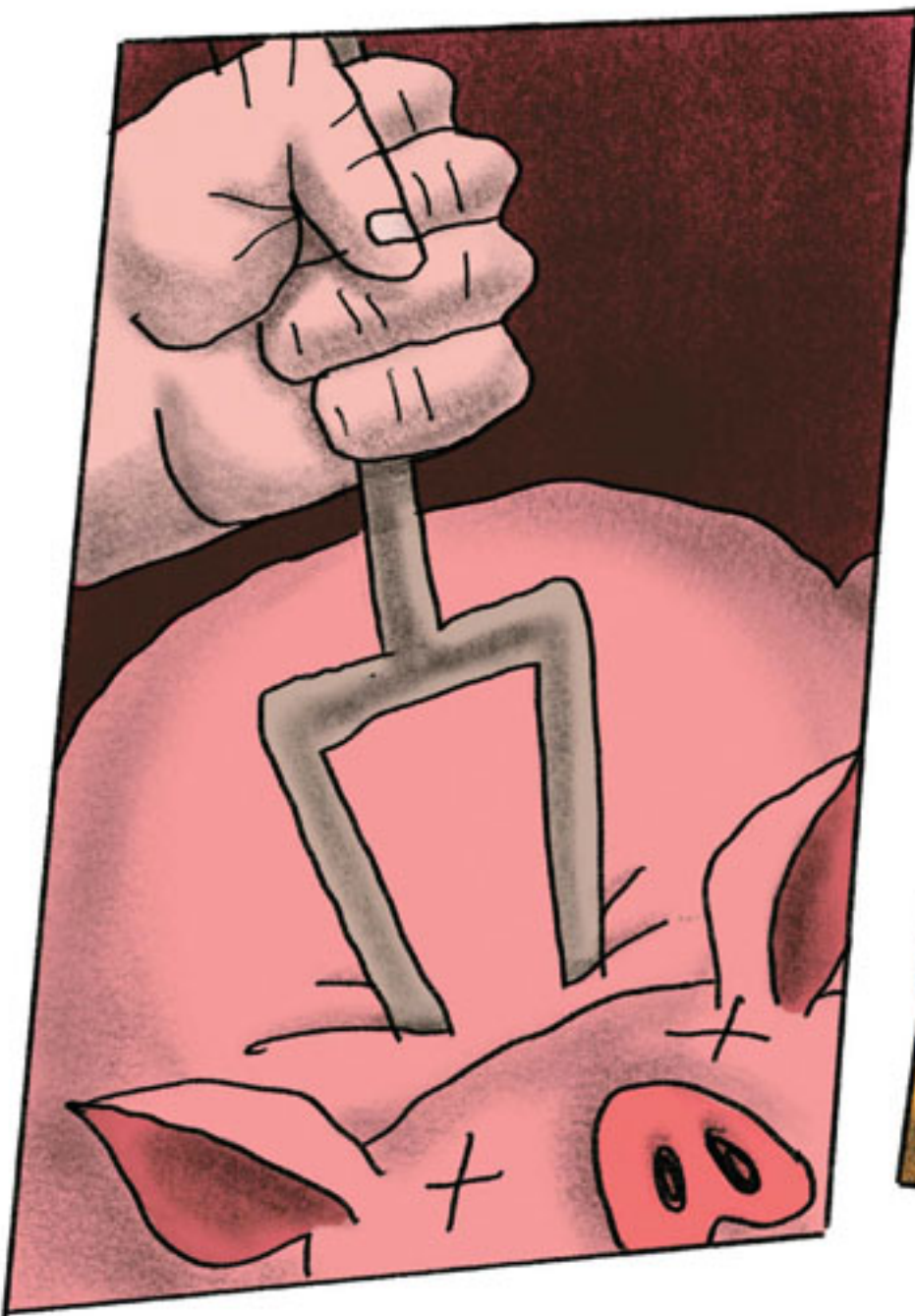
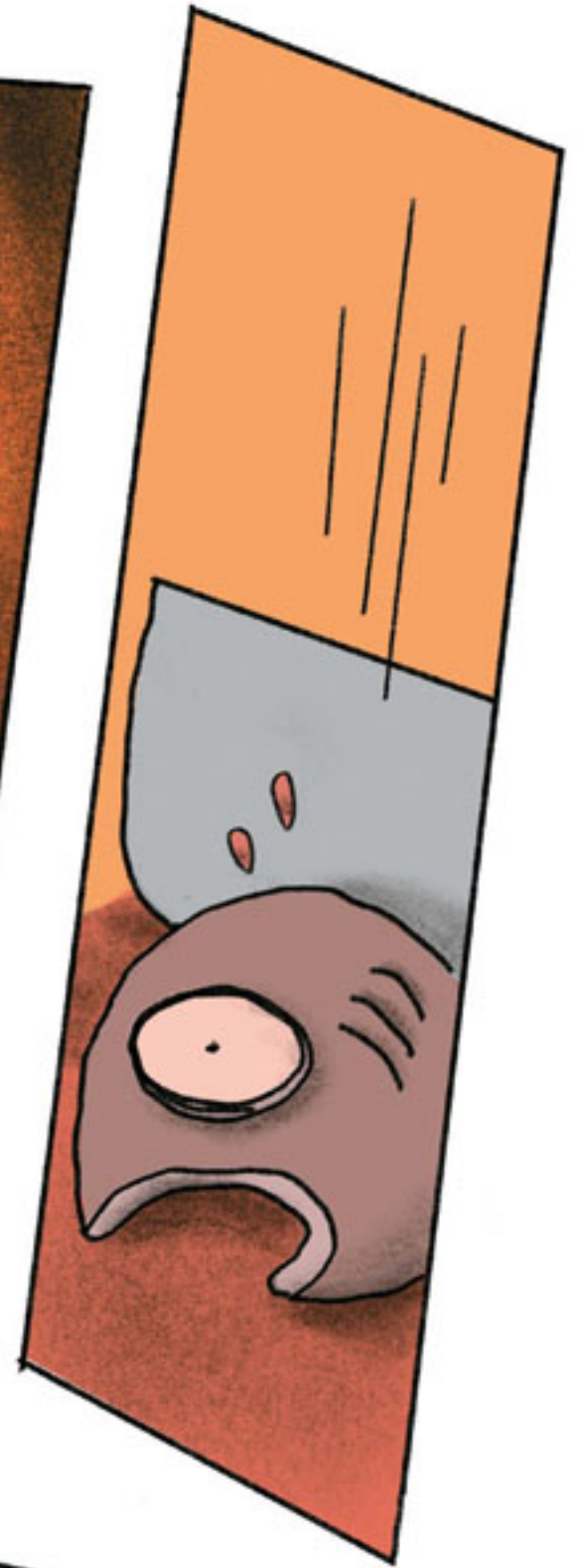
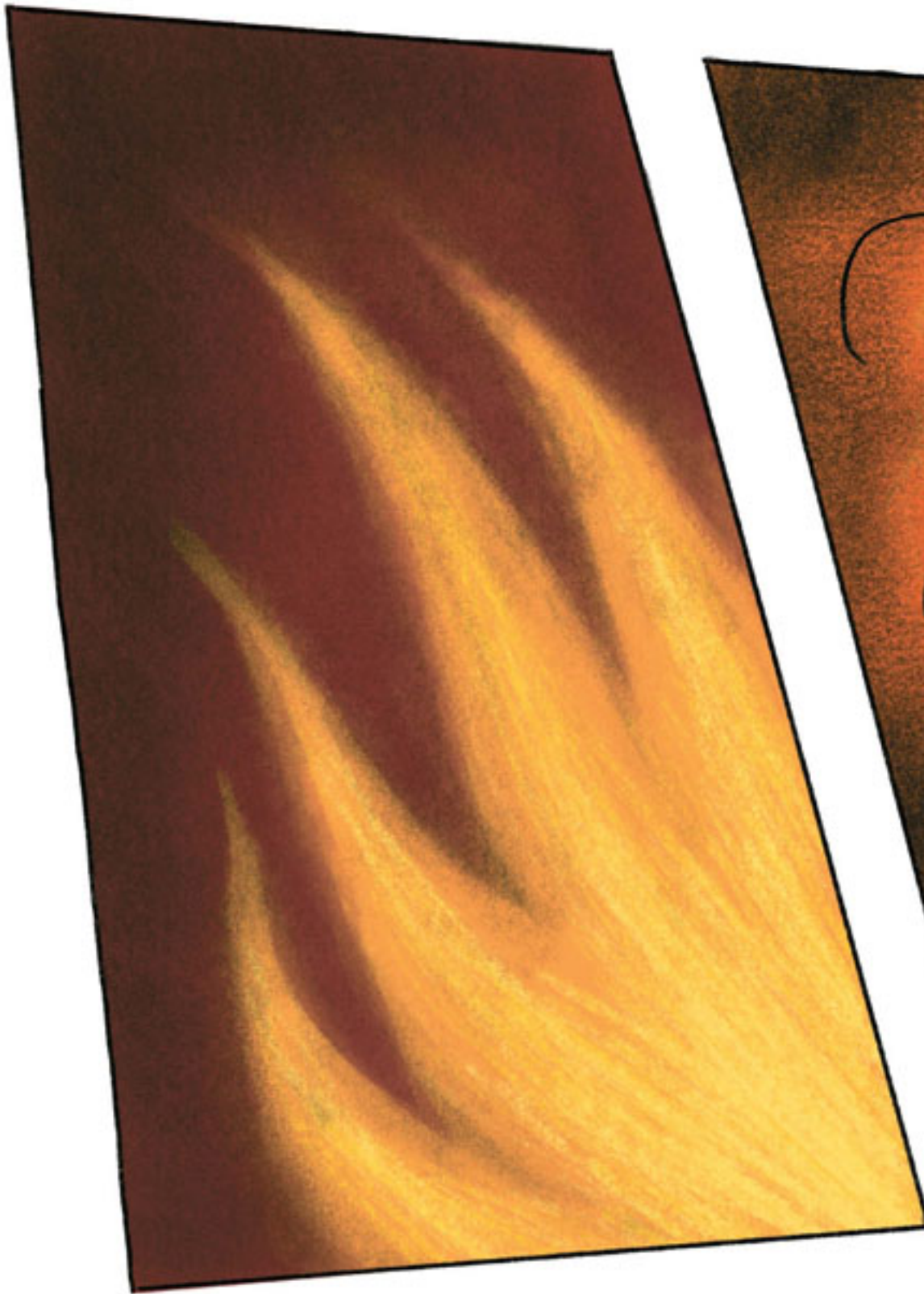
Come on, let's go
order a cocktail while
we wait. I'll have a
sip of yours.

In your
dreams,
kiddo.

Nice try,
though.







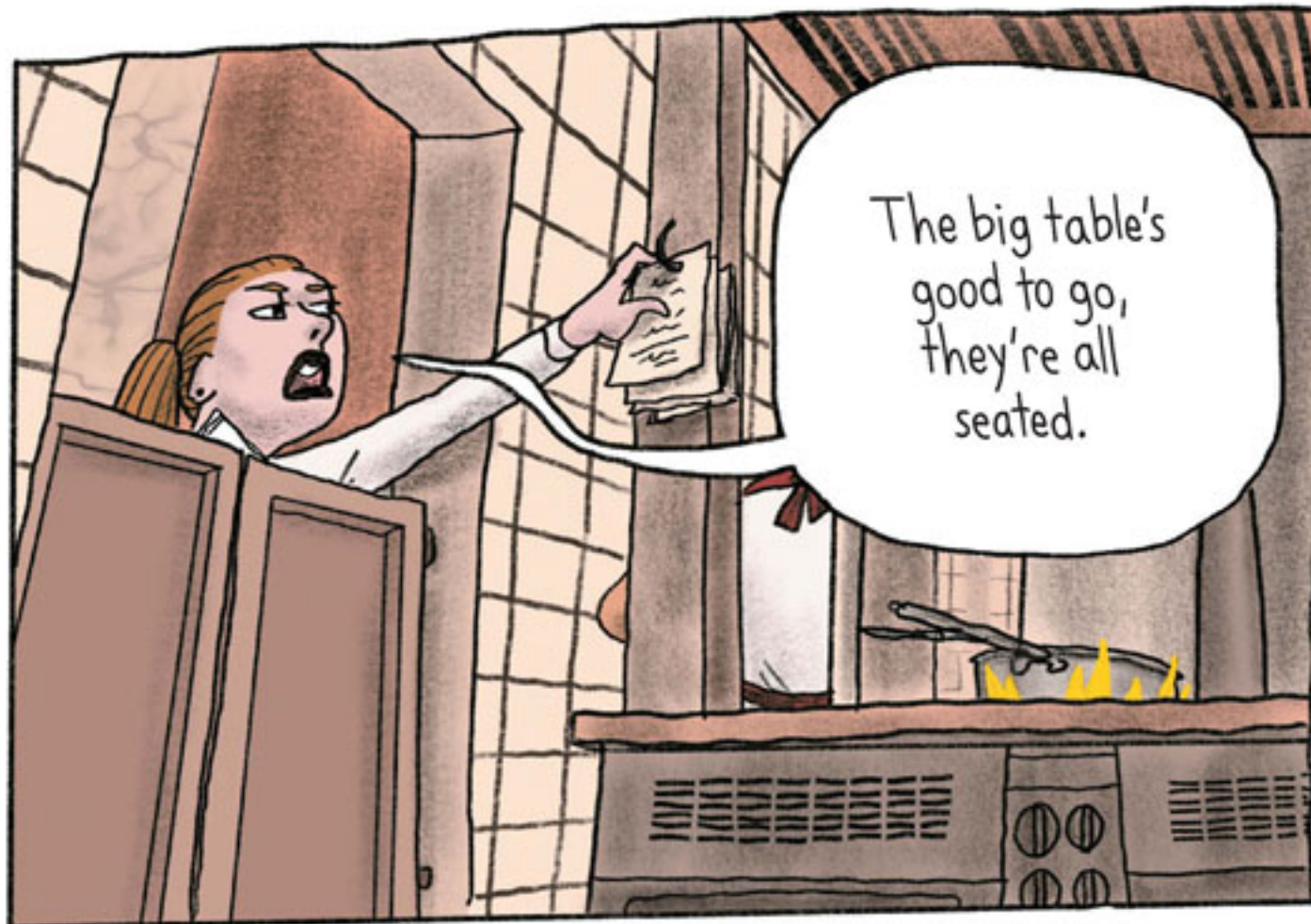


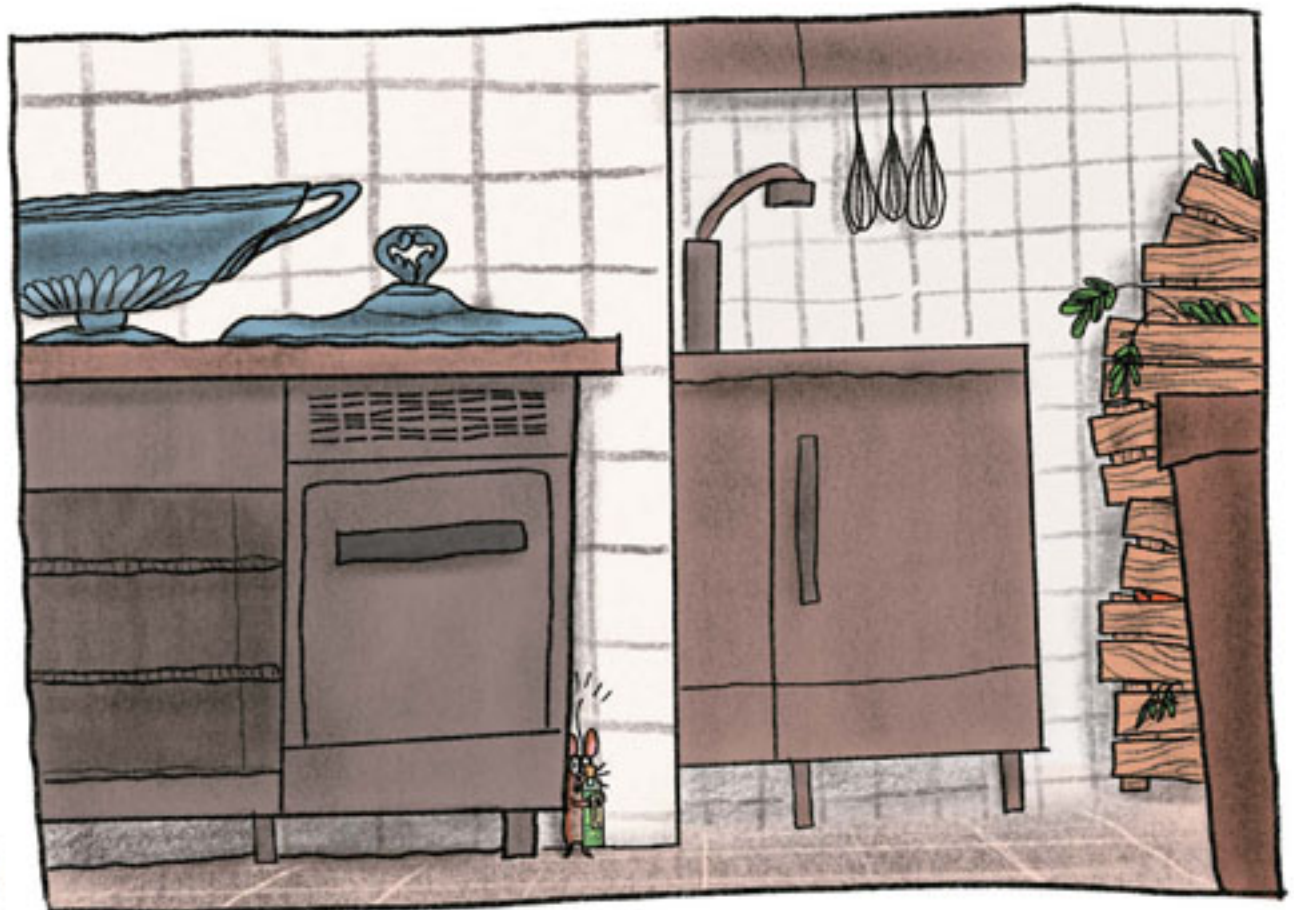
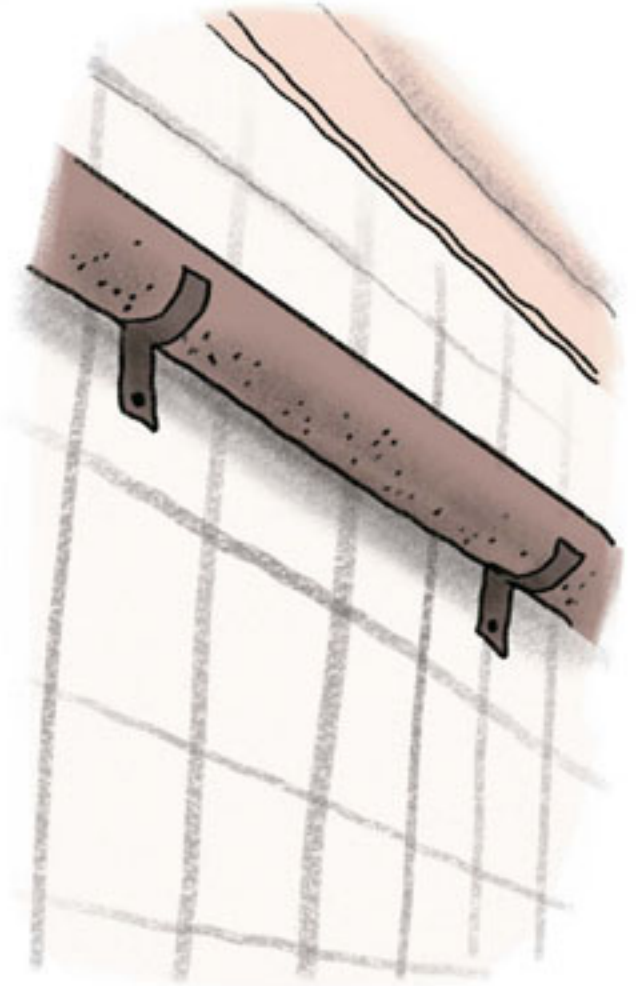
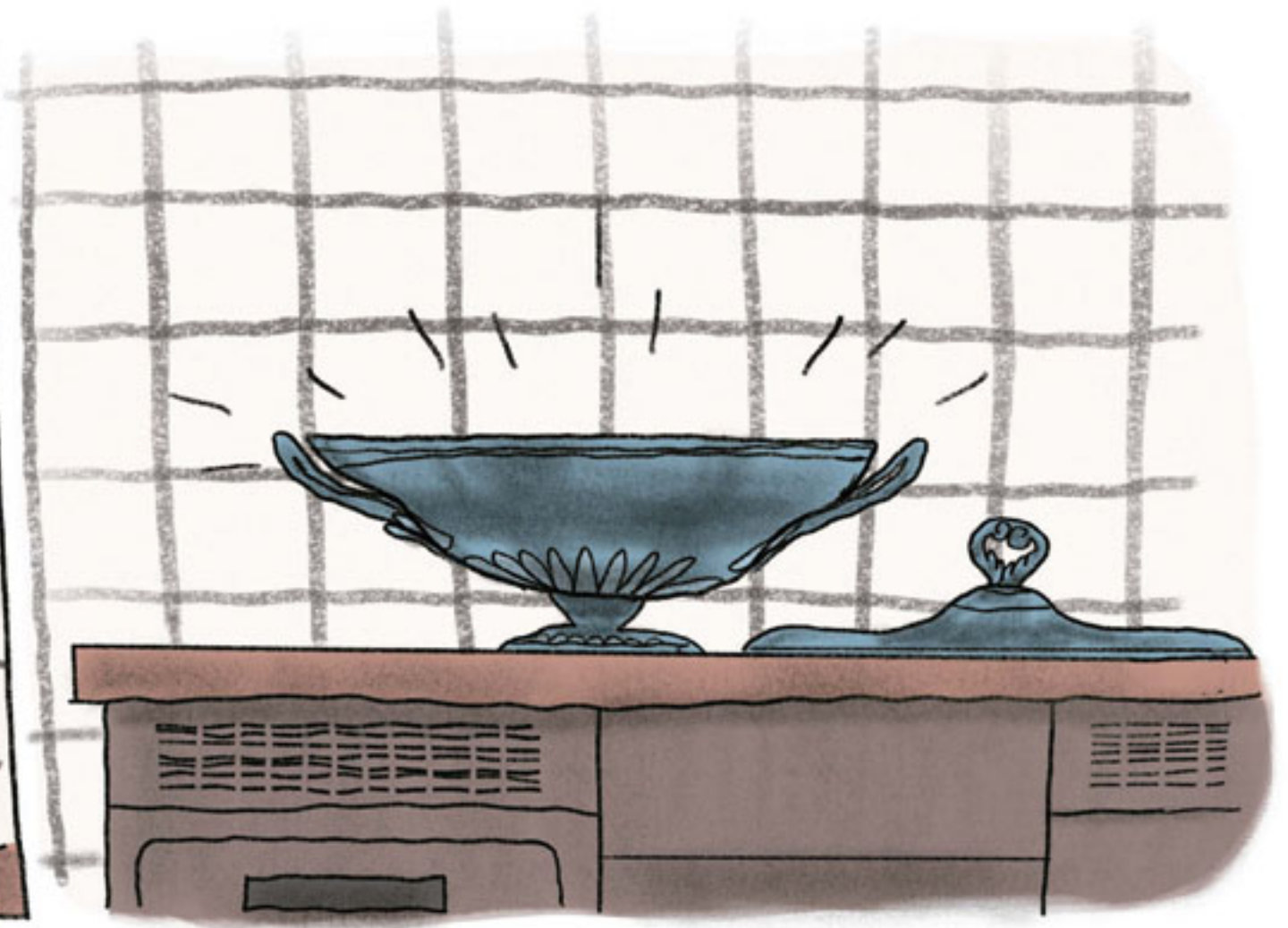
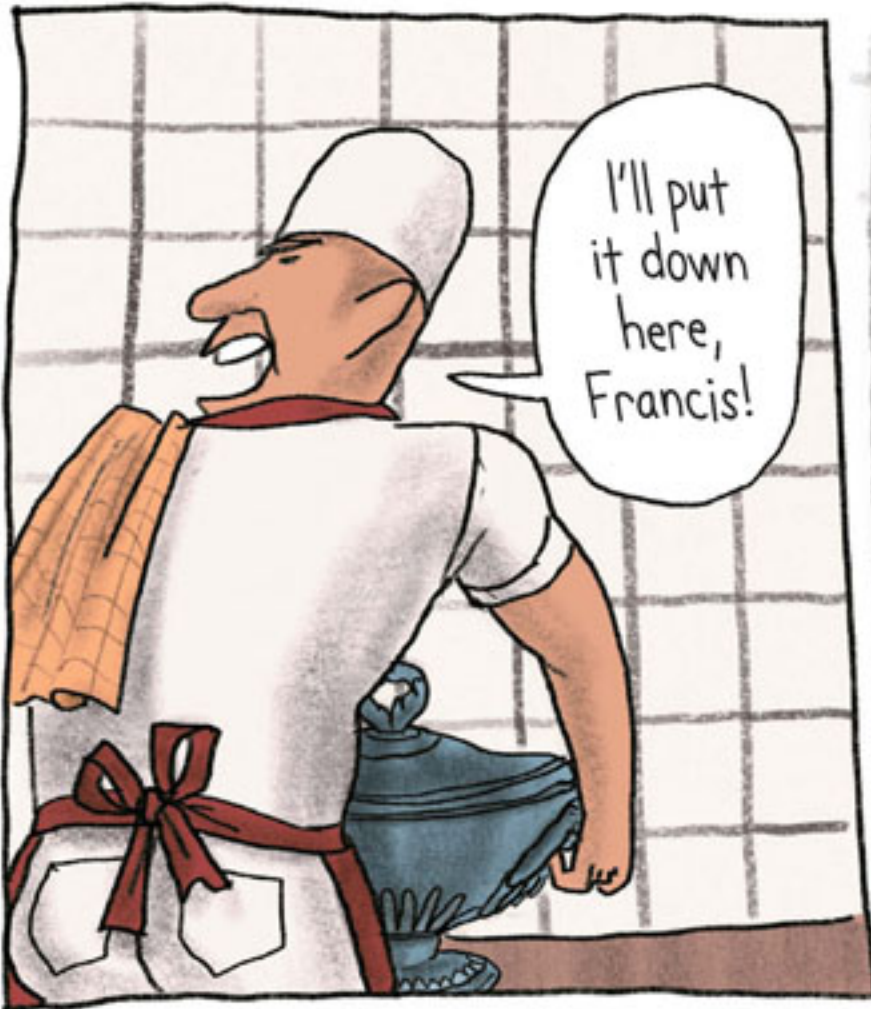
FILLET OF
SOLE!

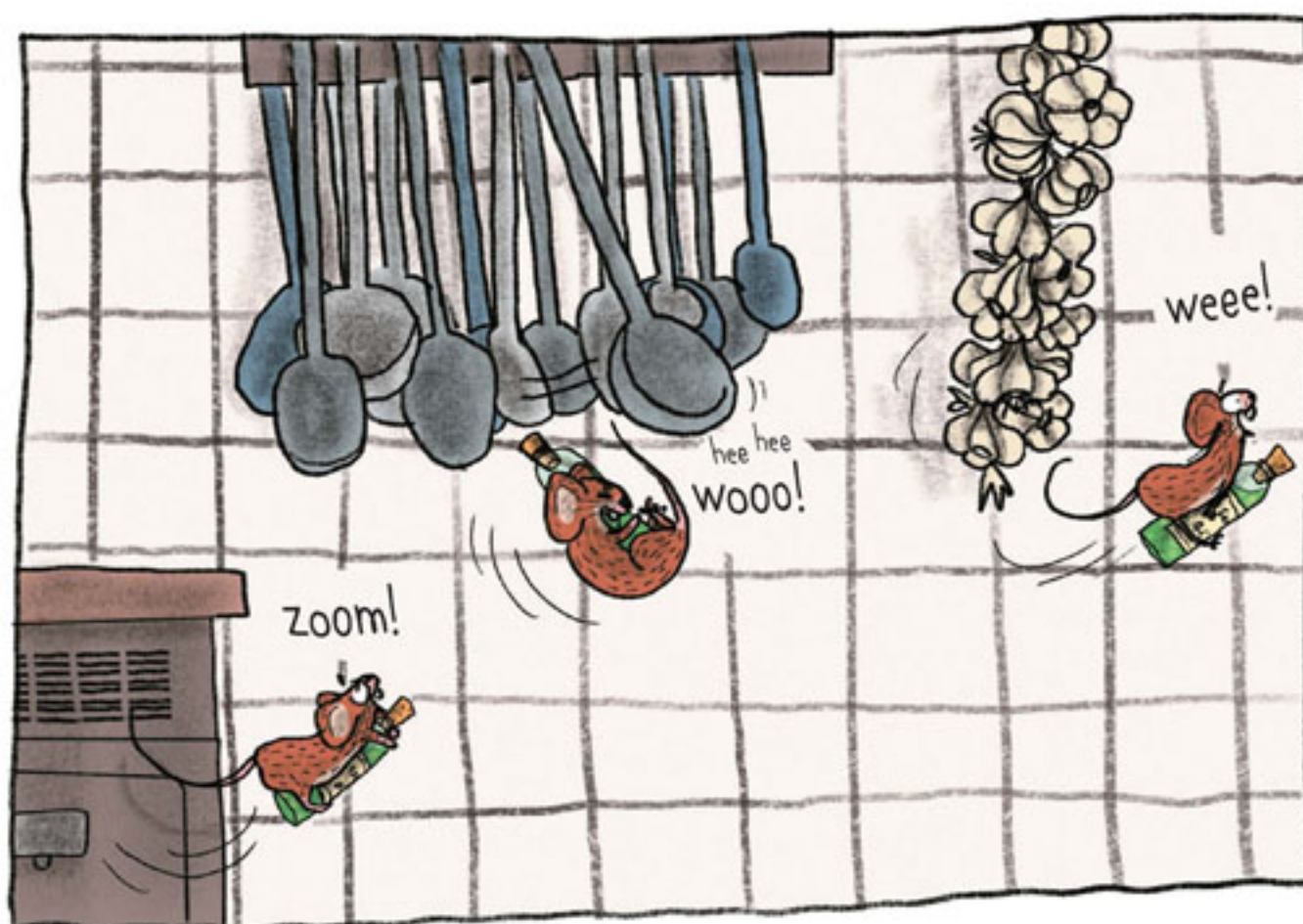
LEMON
TART!

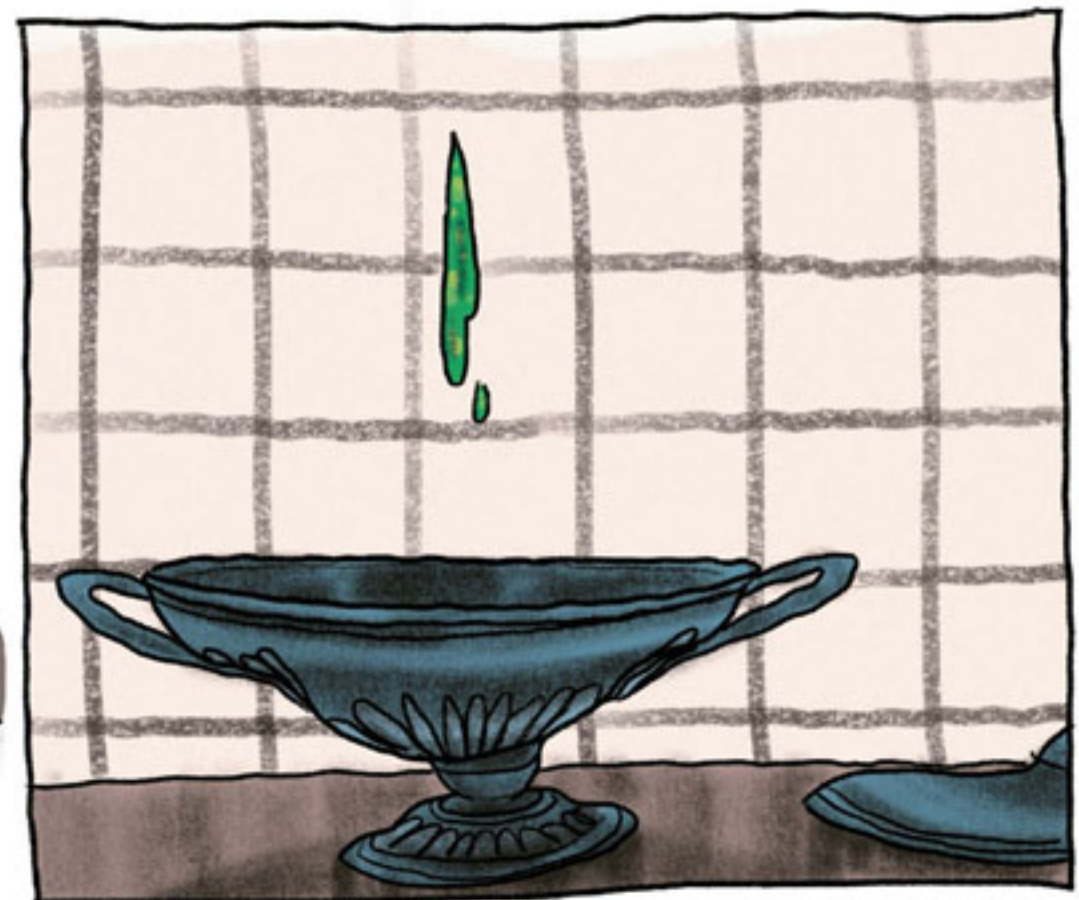
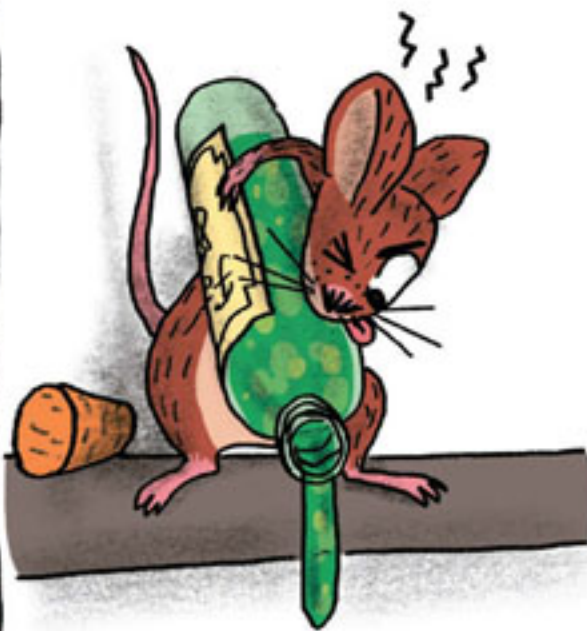
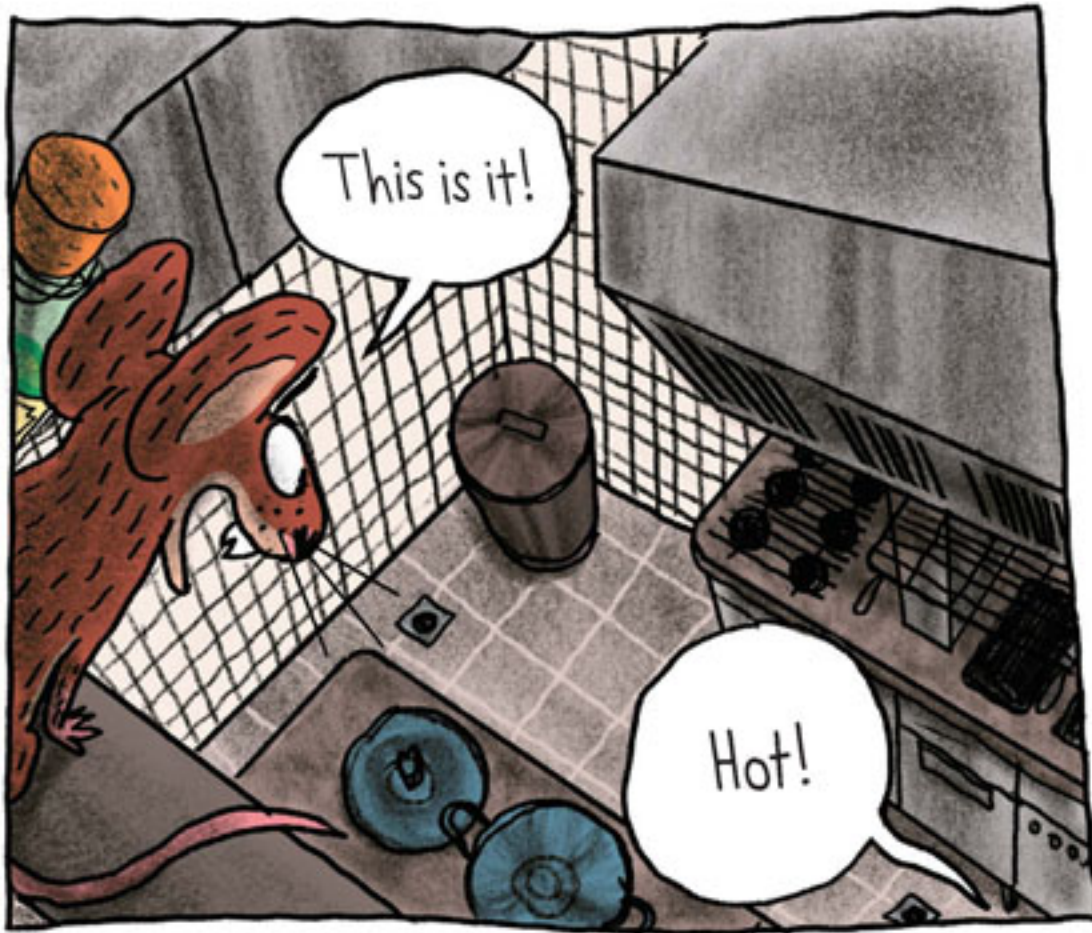
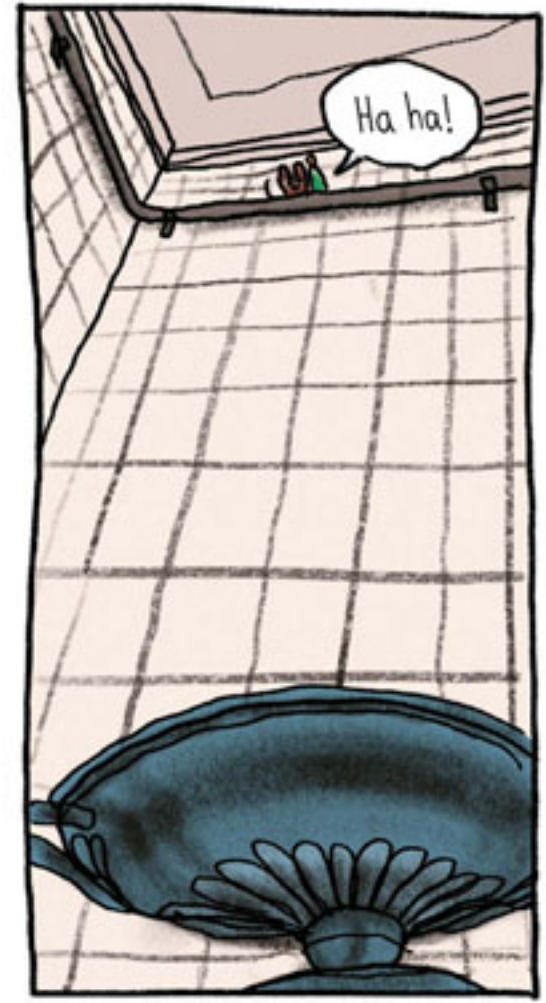
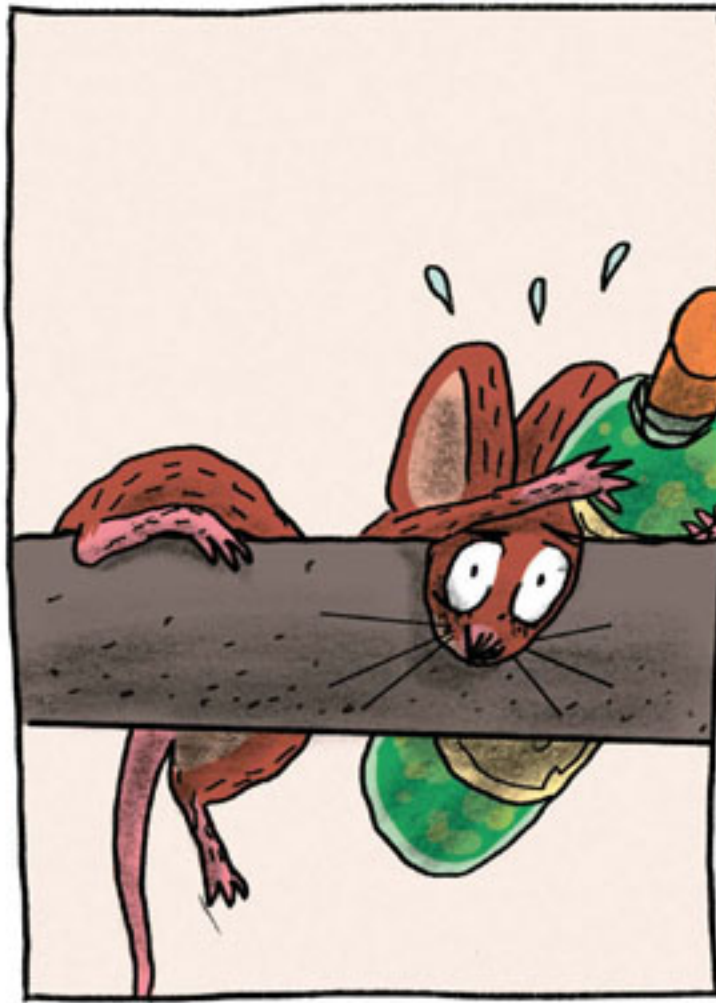
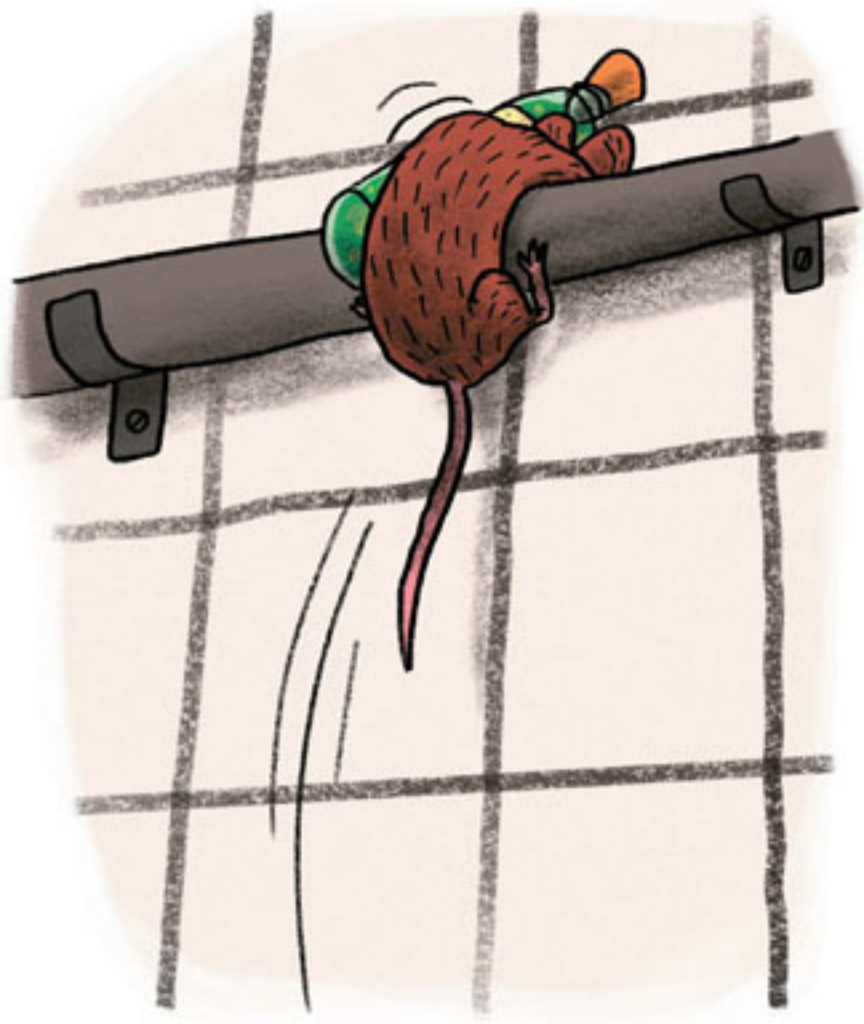
RISOTTO FOR
TABLE 8!

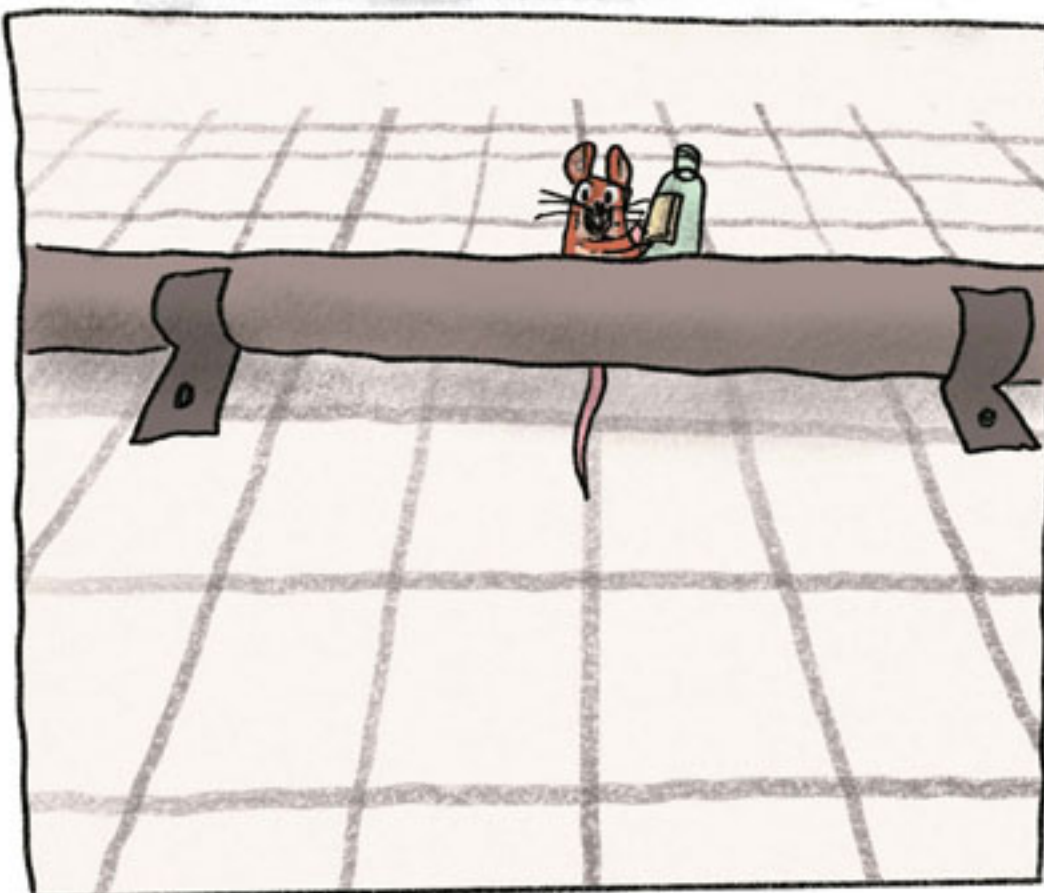
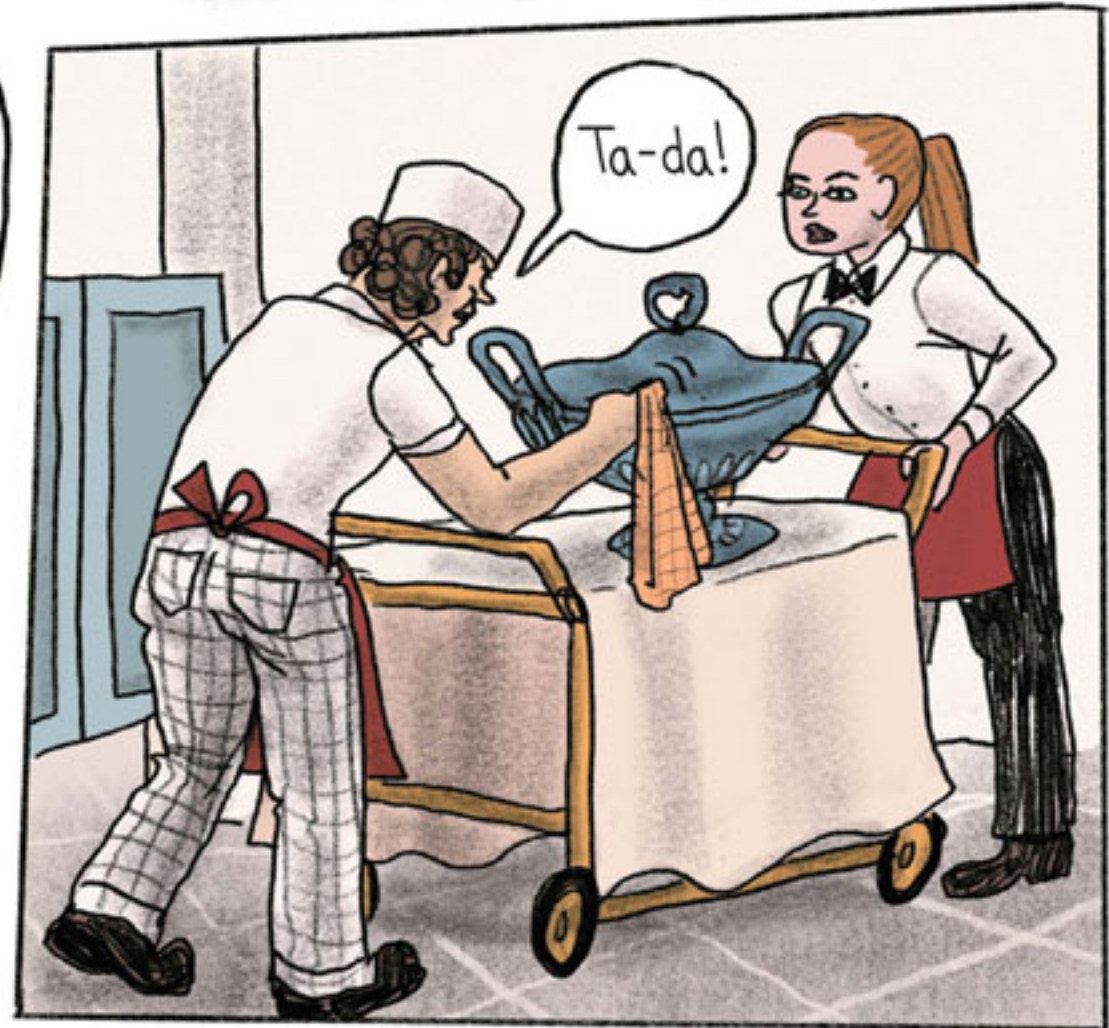
MOVE IT,
PEOPLE!

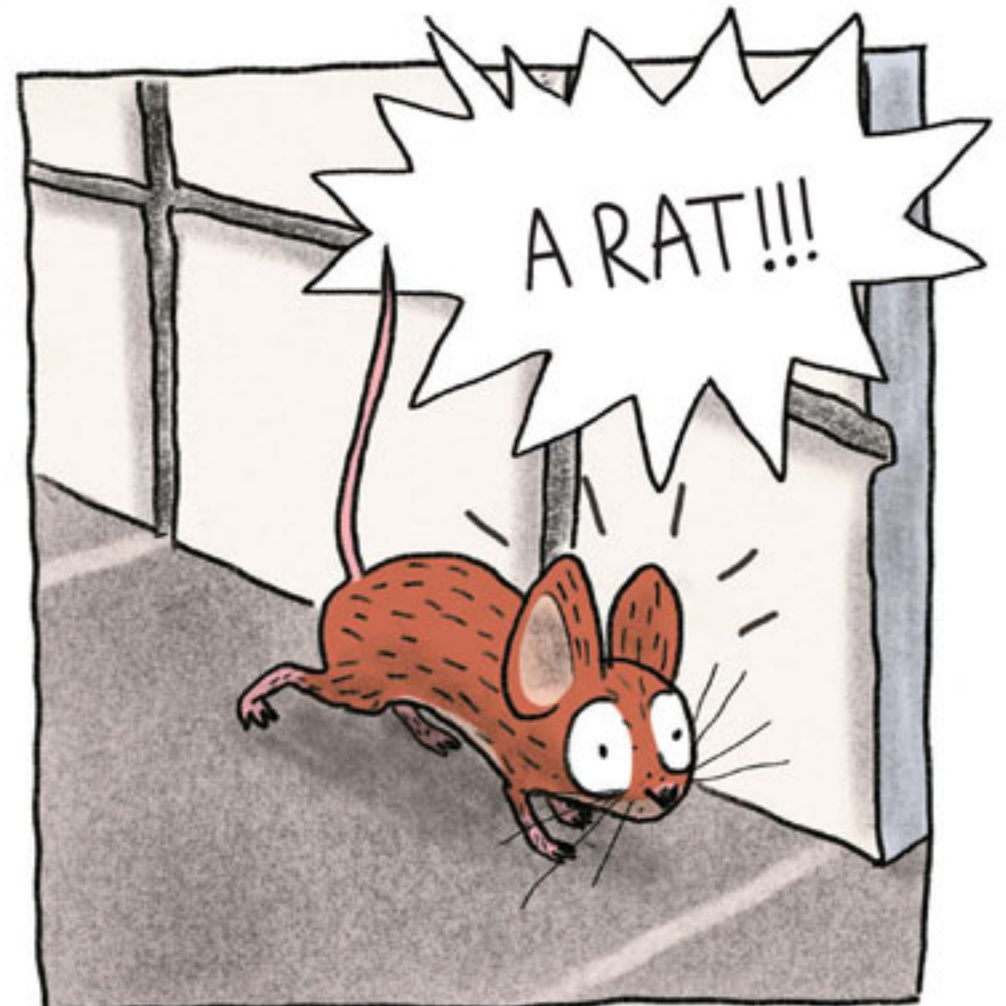
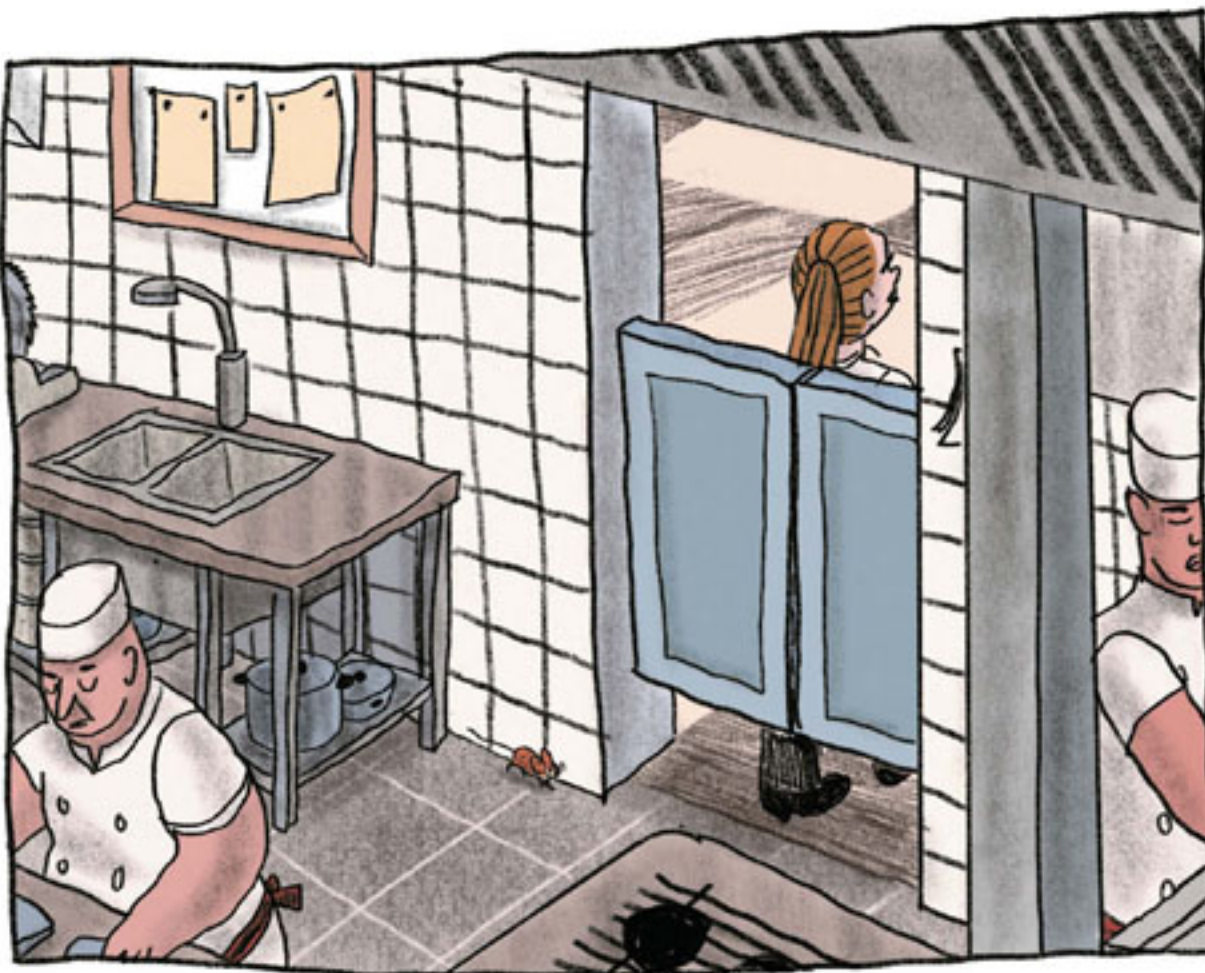
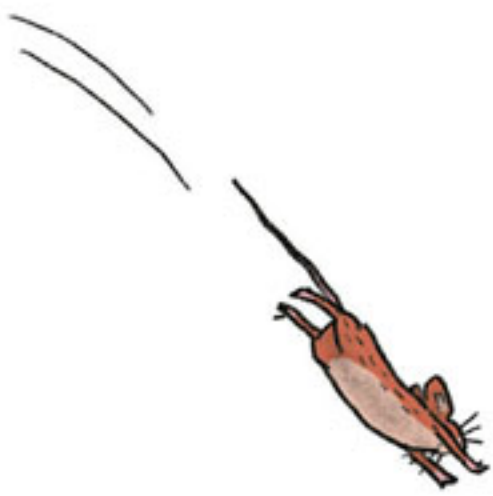
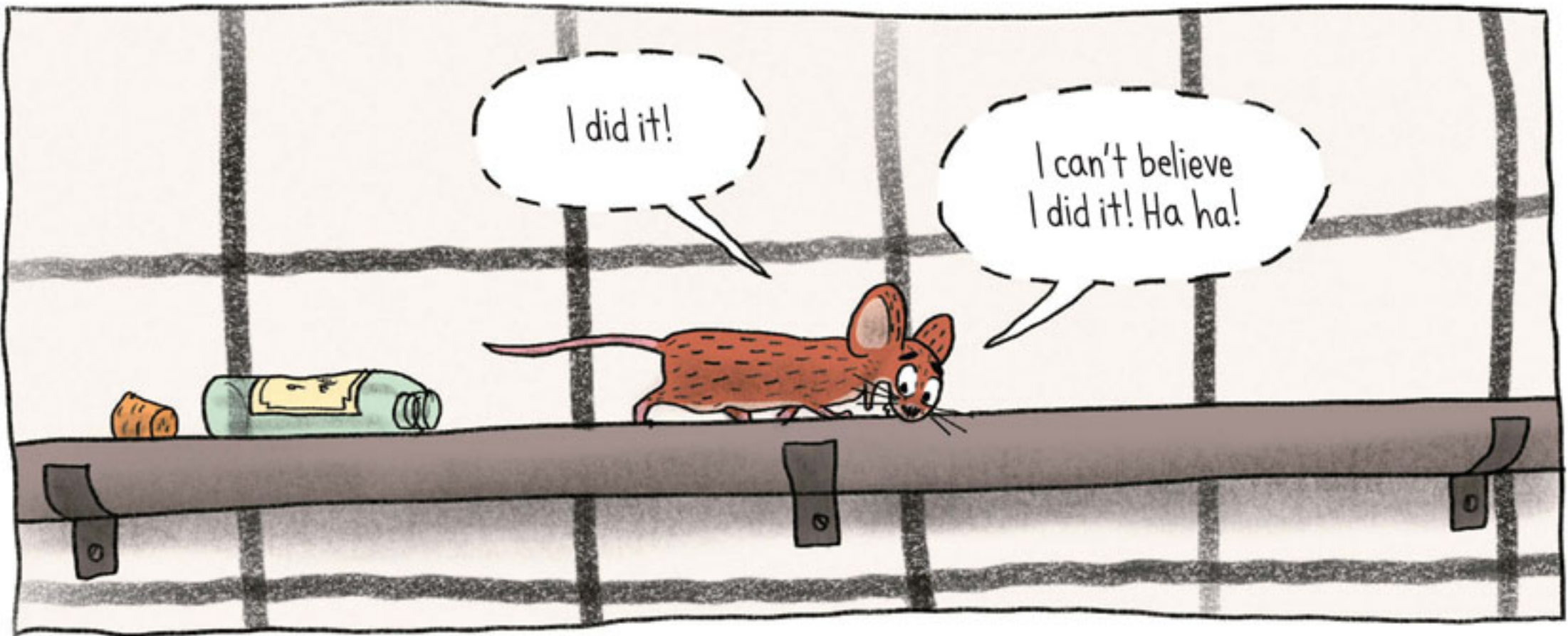


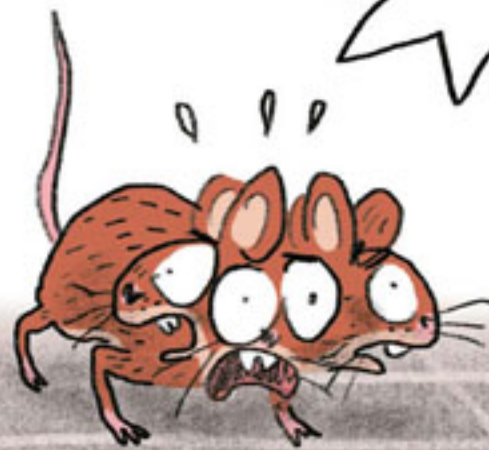


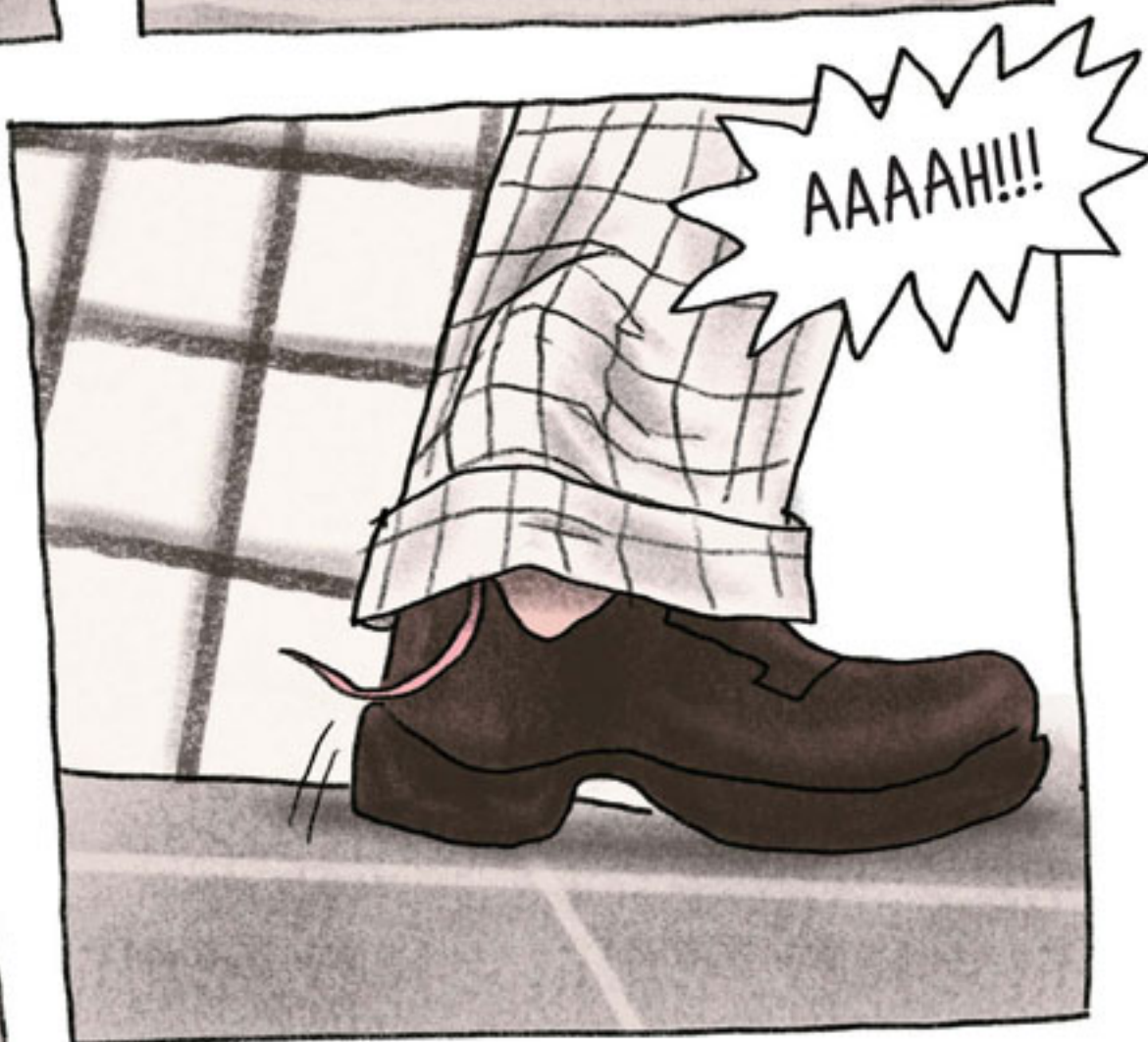
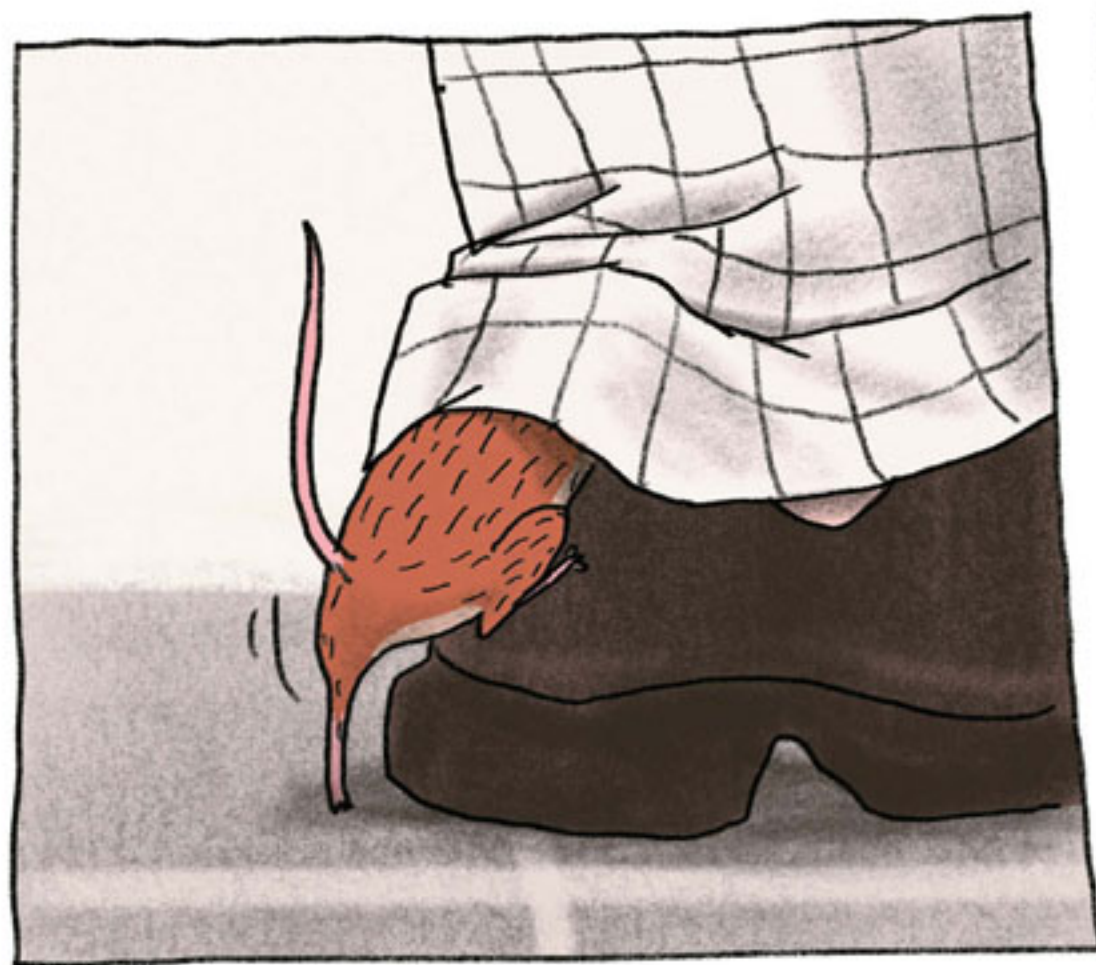
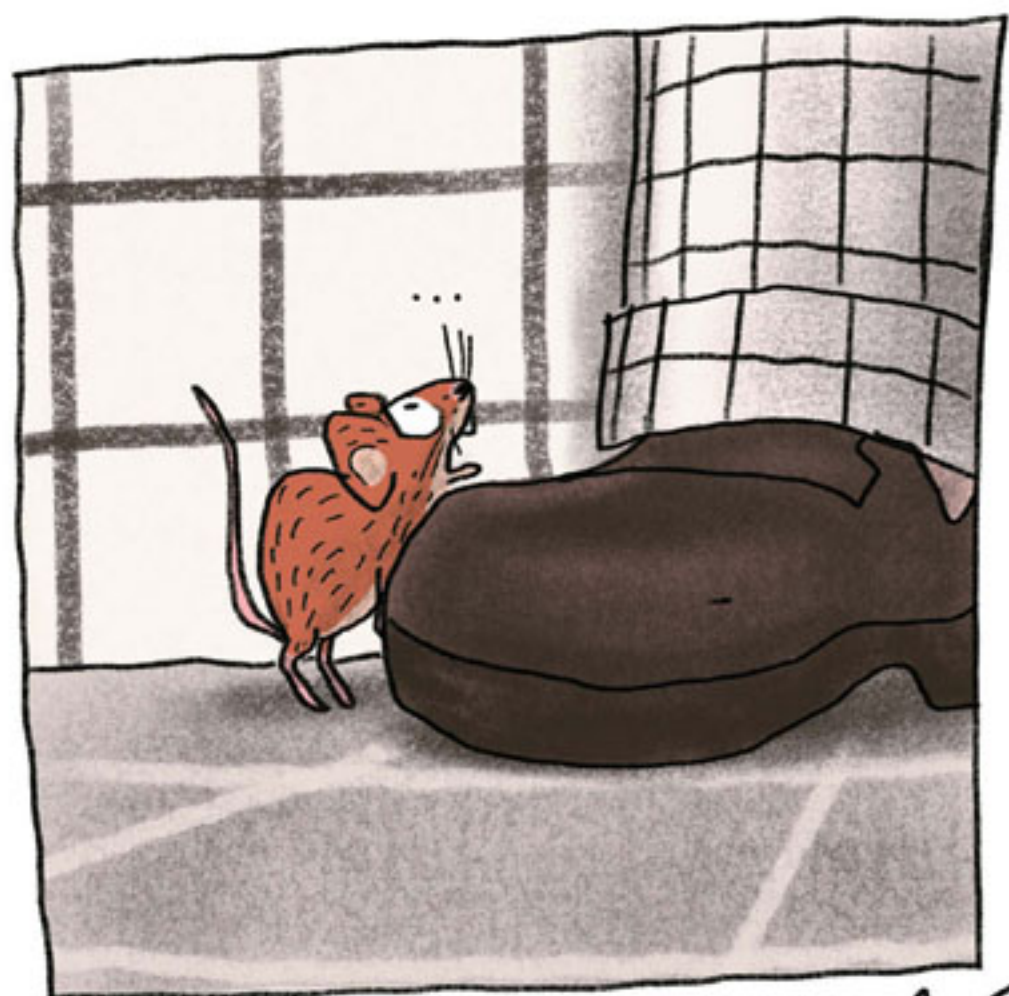




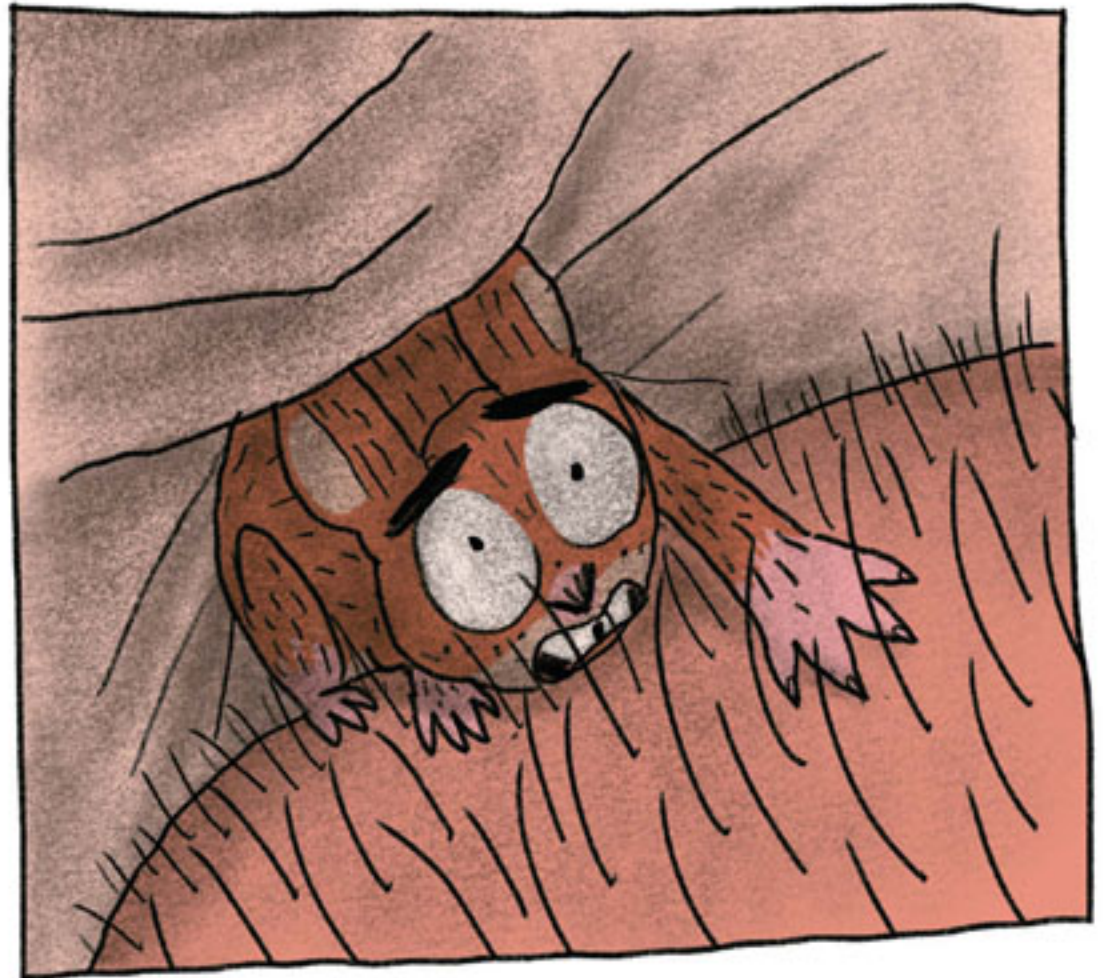


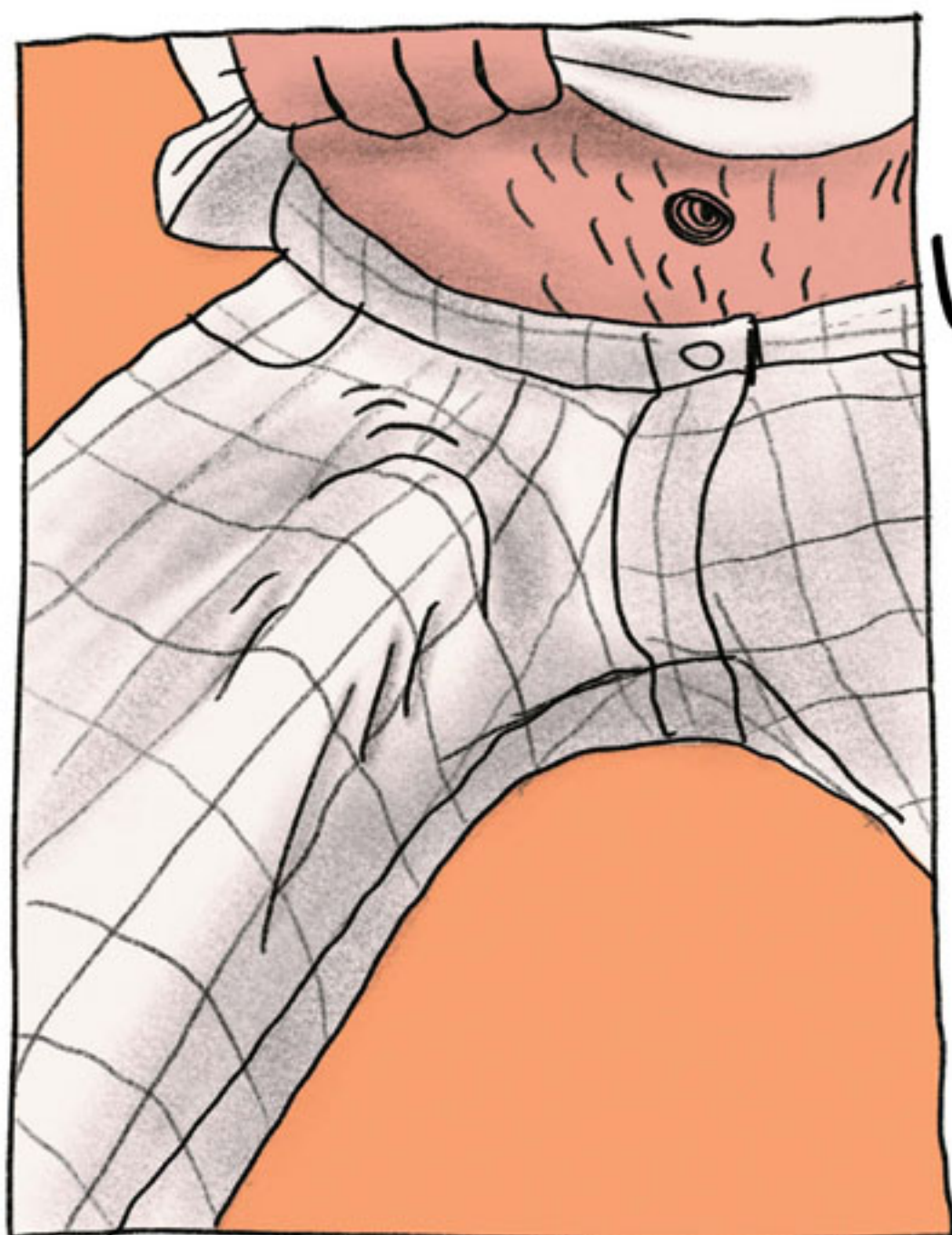
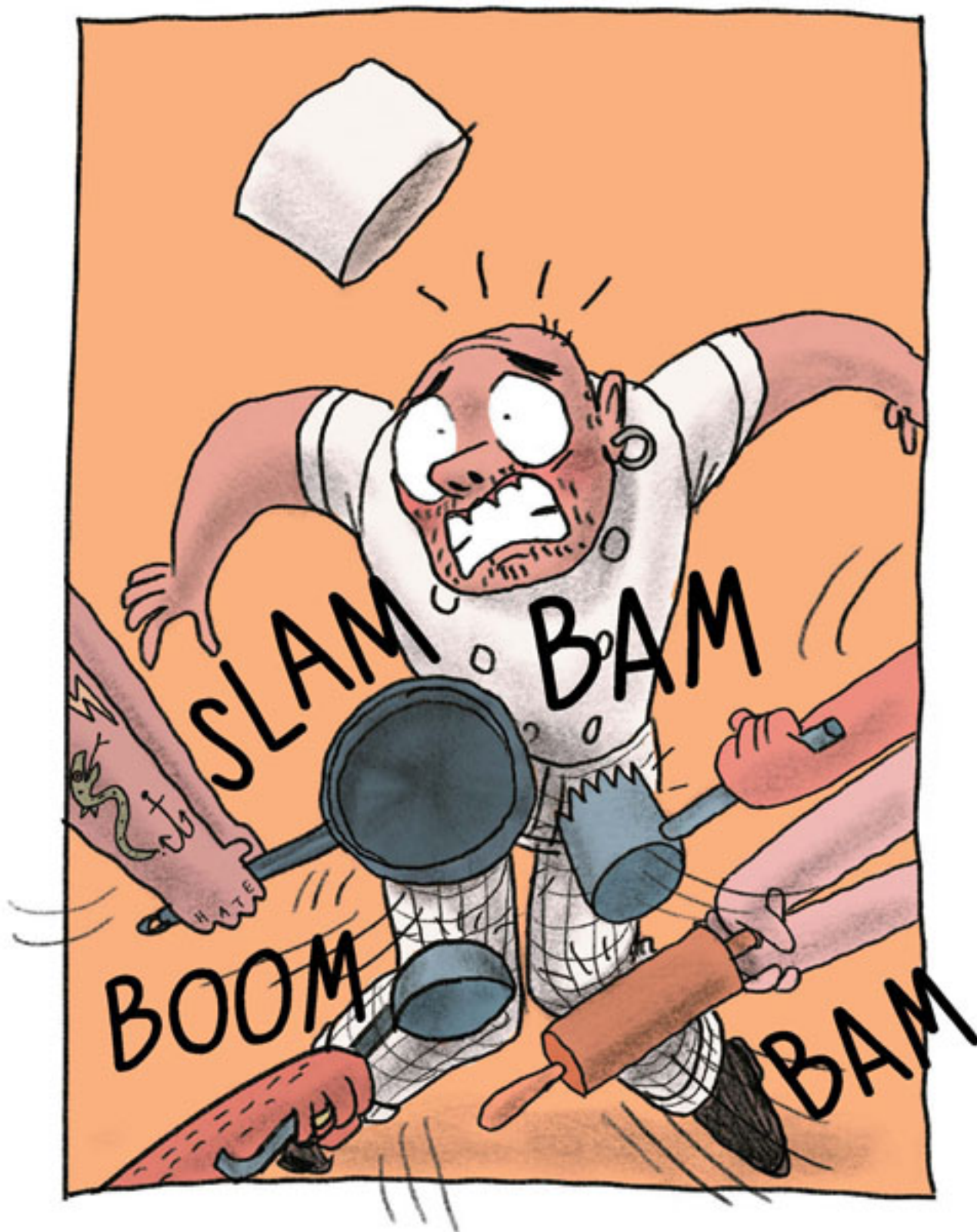


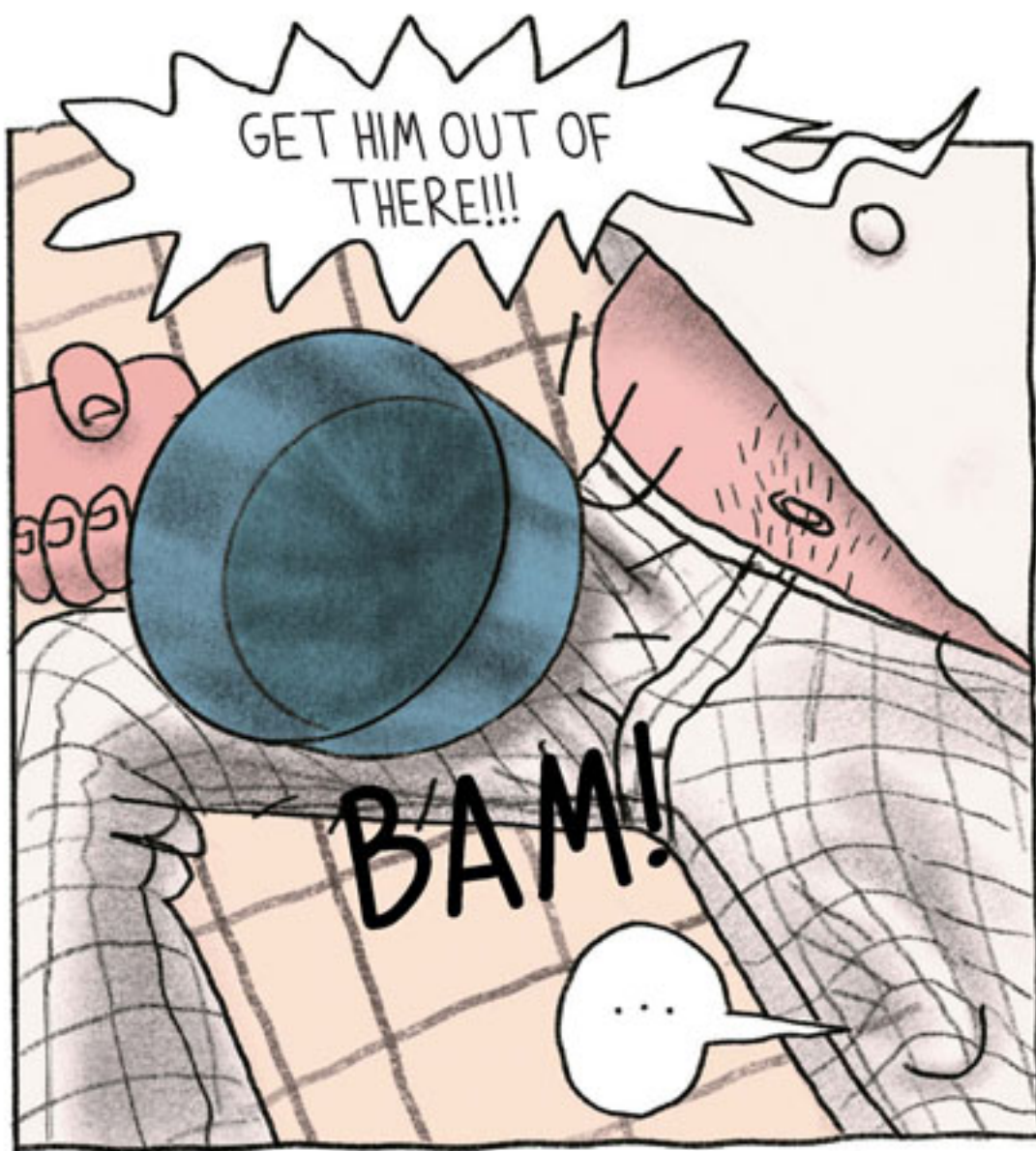




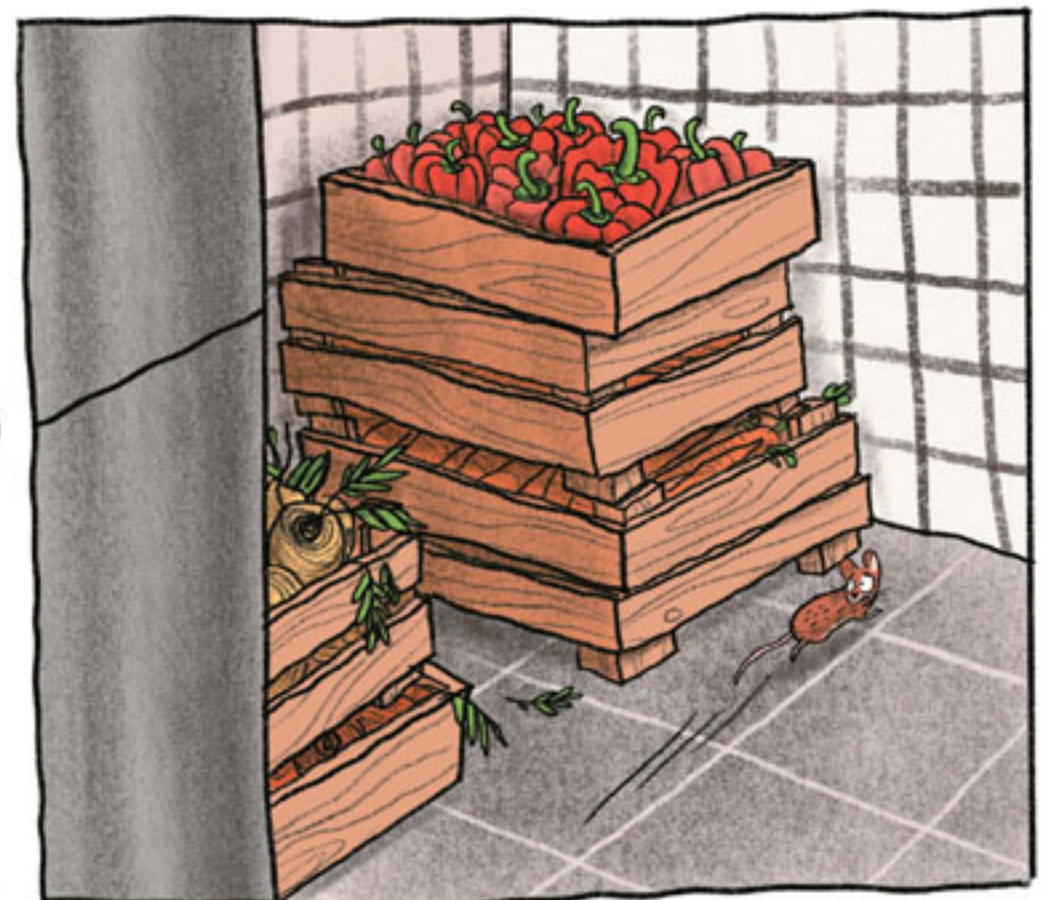
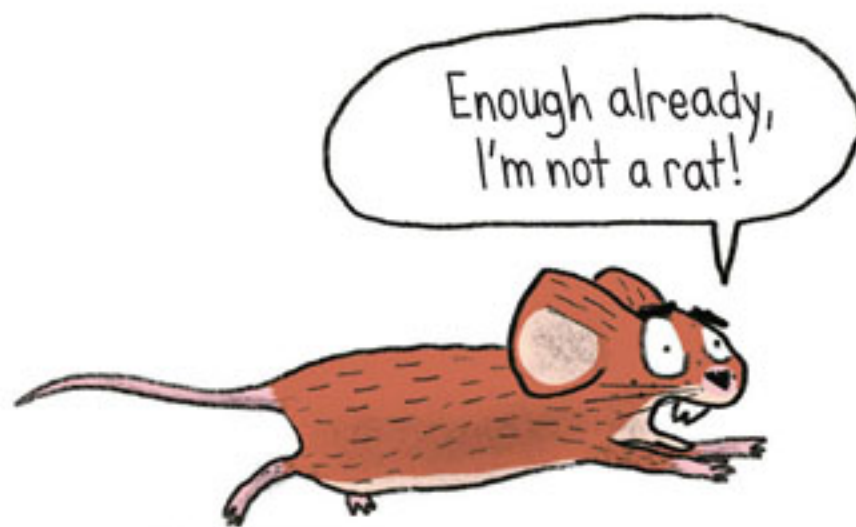
HE WENT UP MY
PANTS!!!



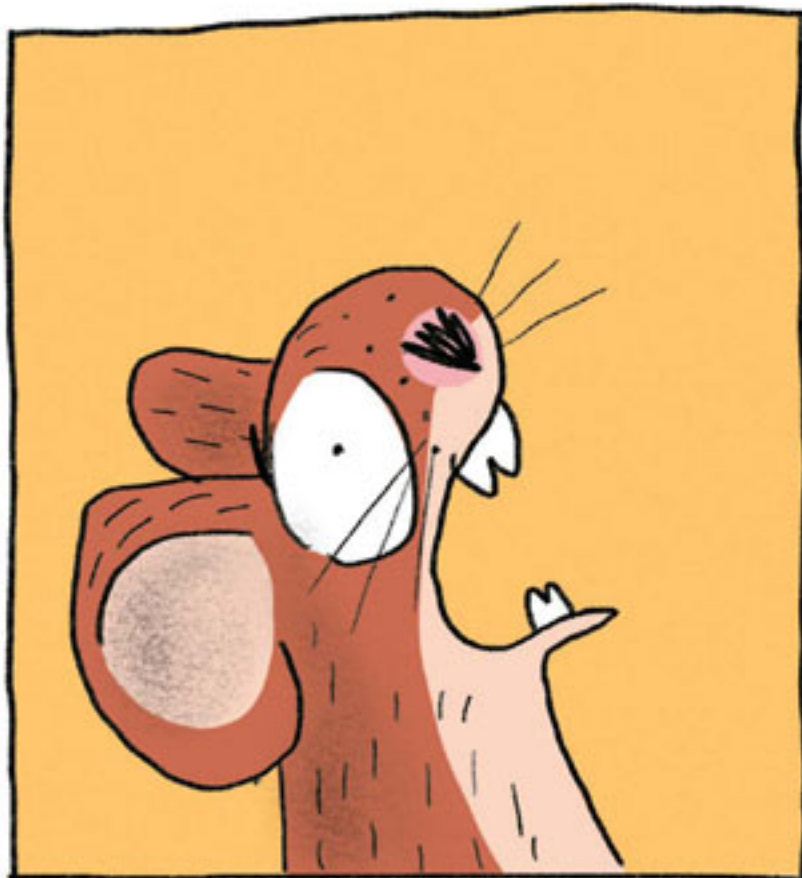
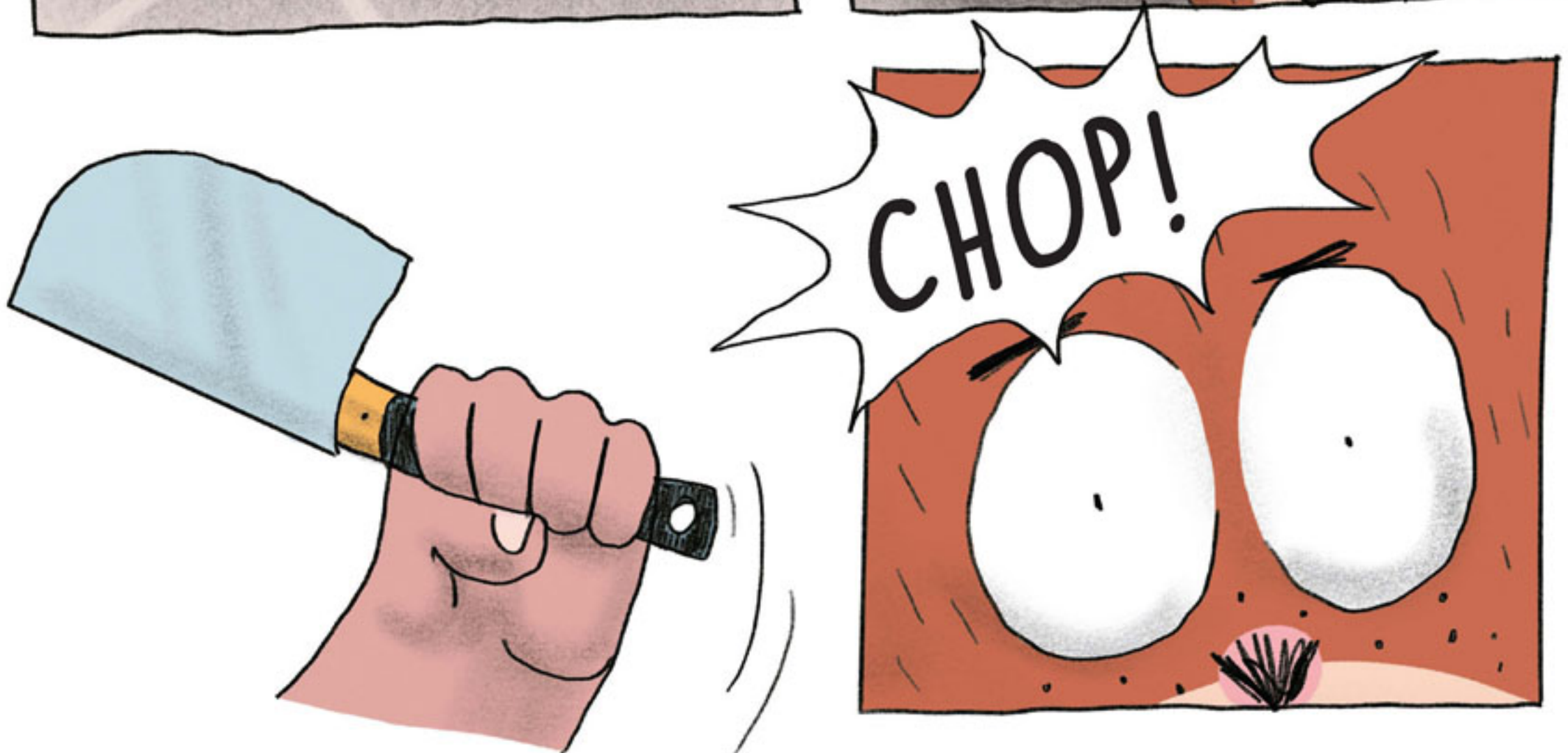
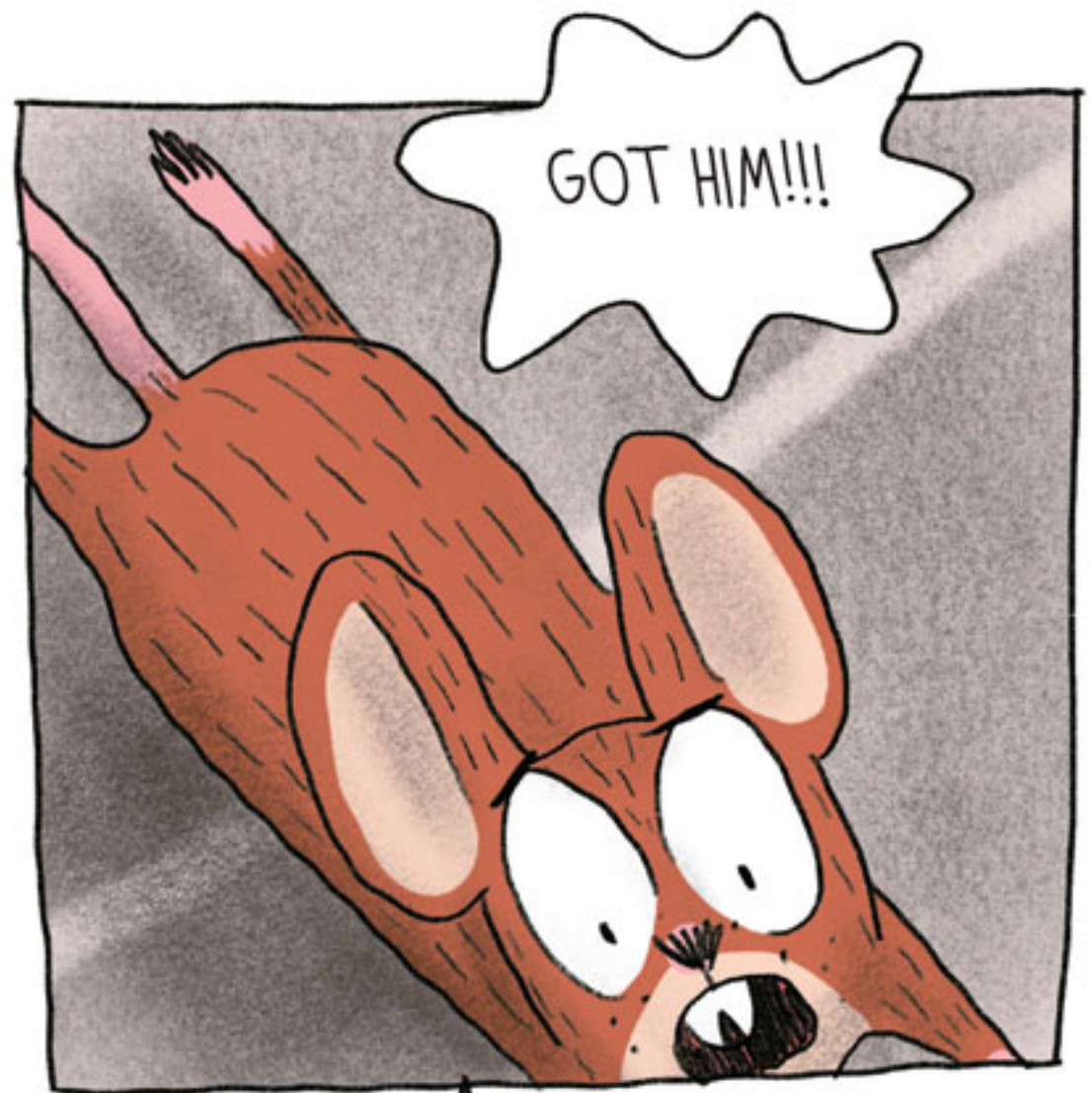
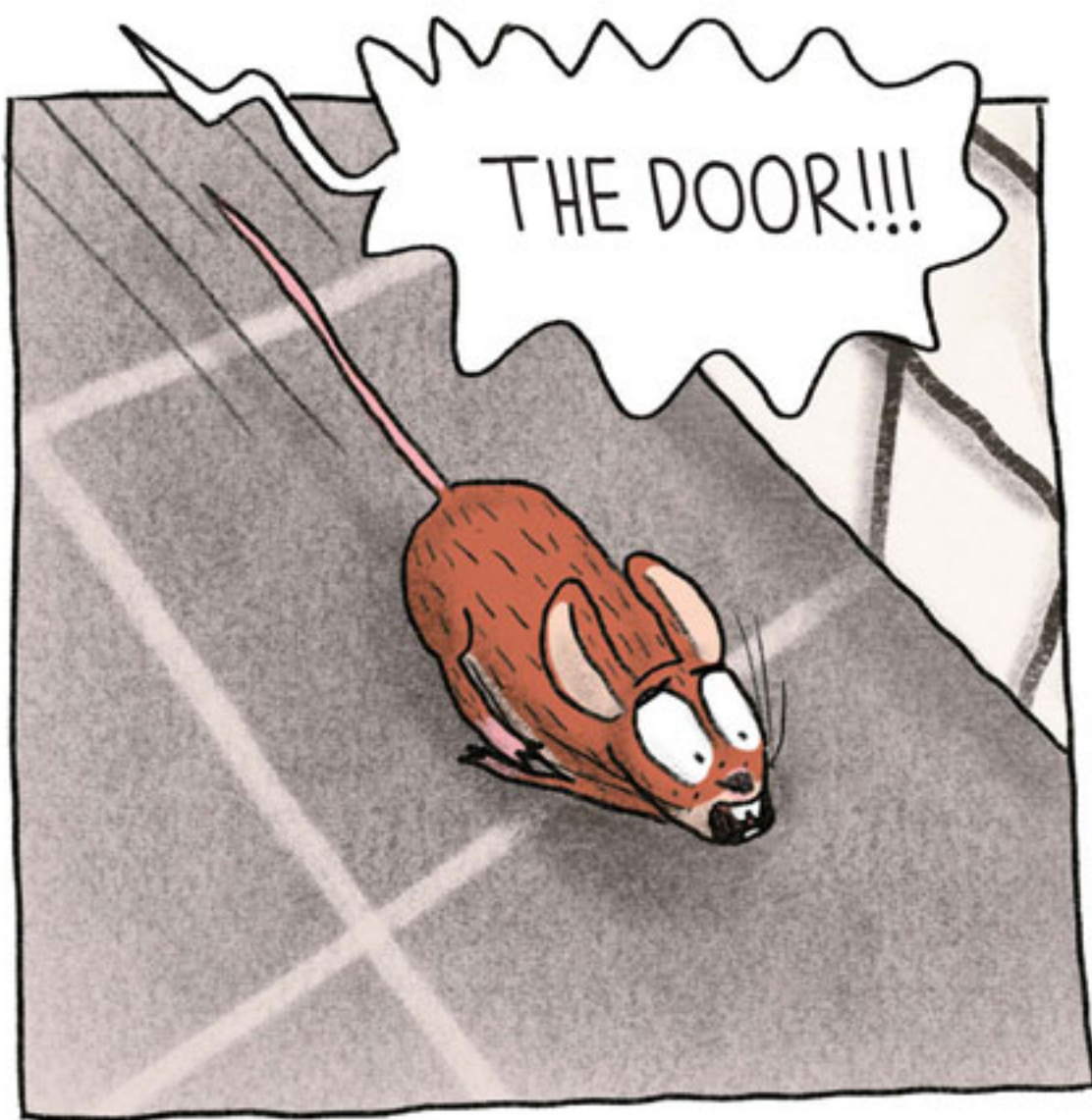


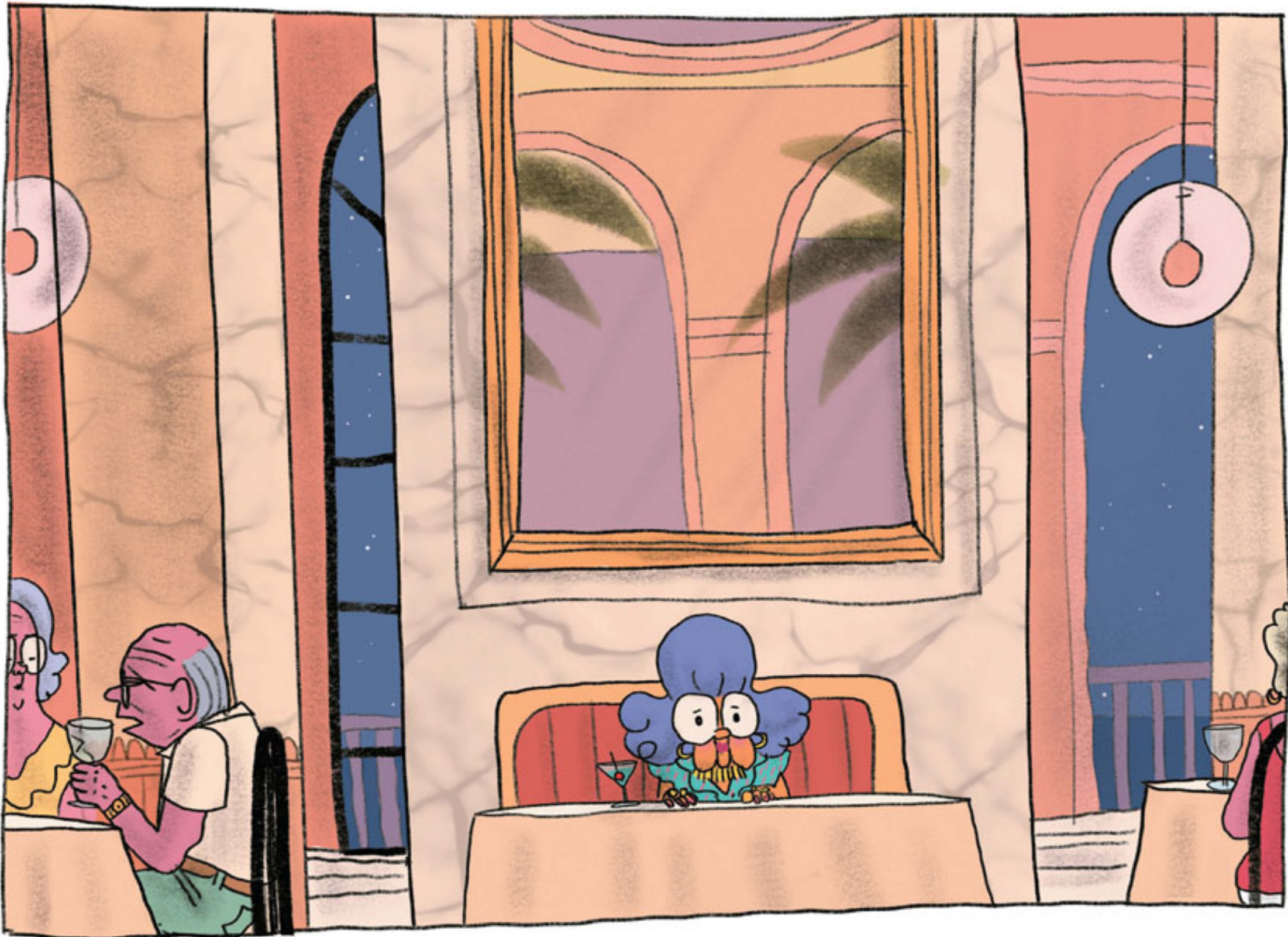


HELP ME, GUYS! I DON'T WANT SOME RAT BITING ME IN THE—





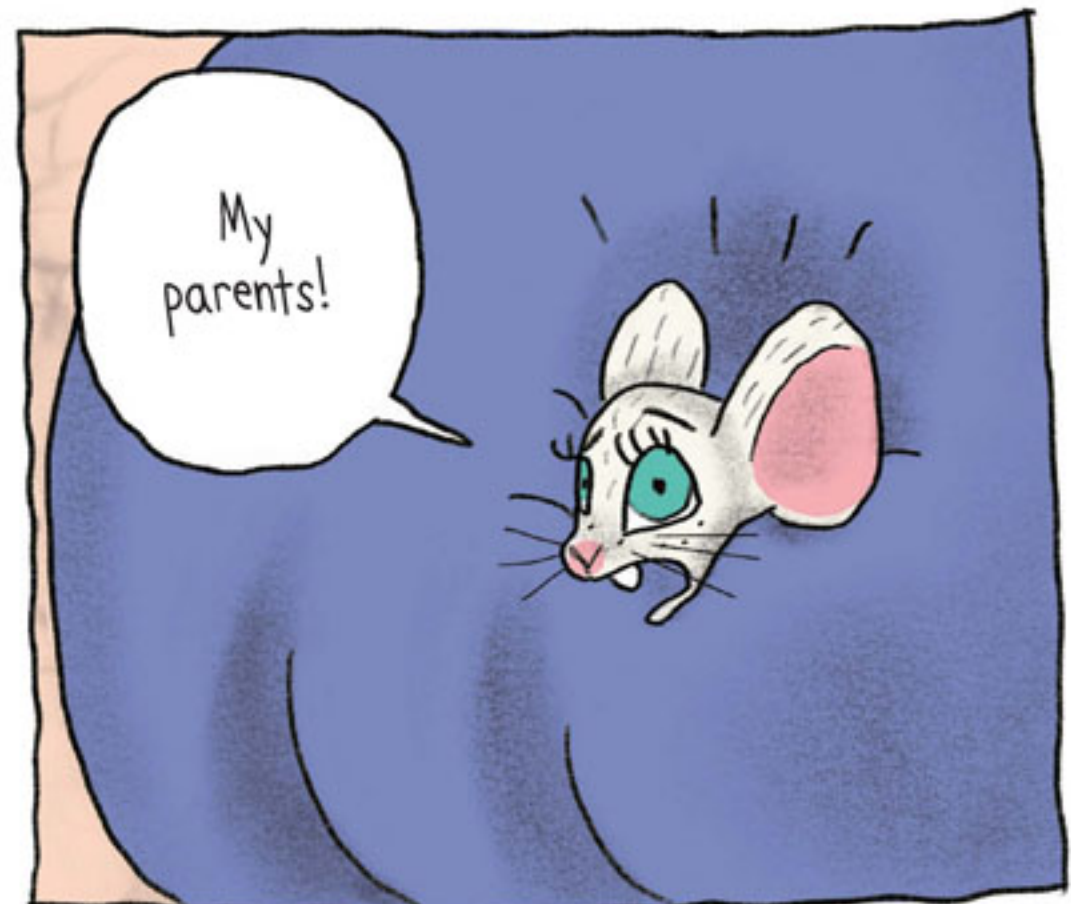
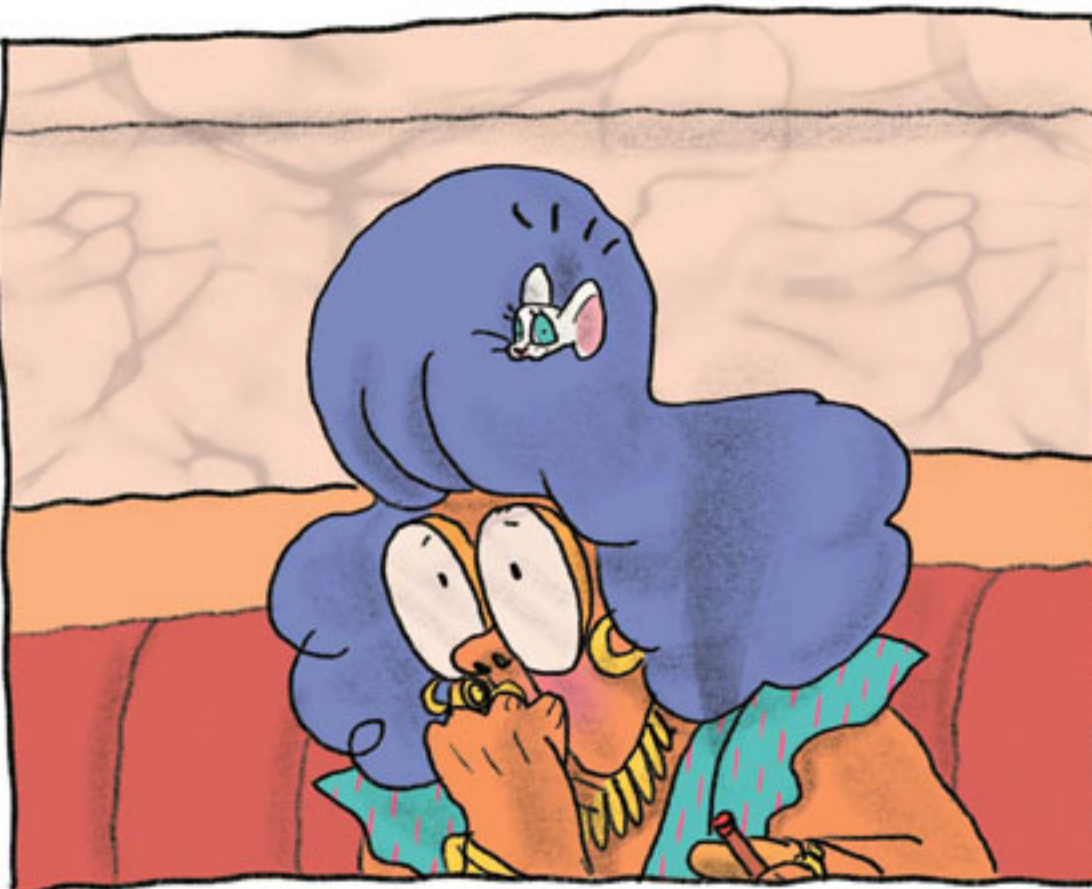
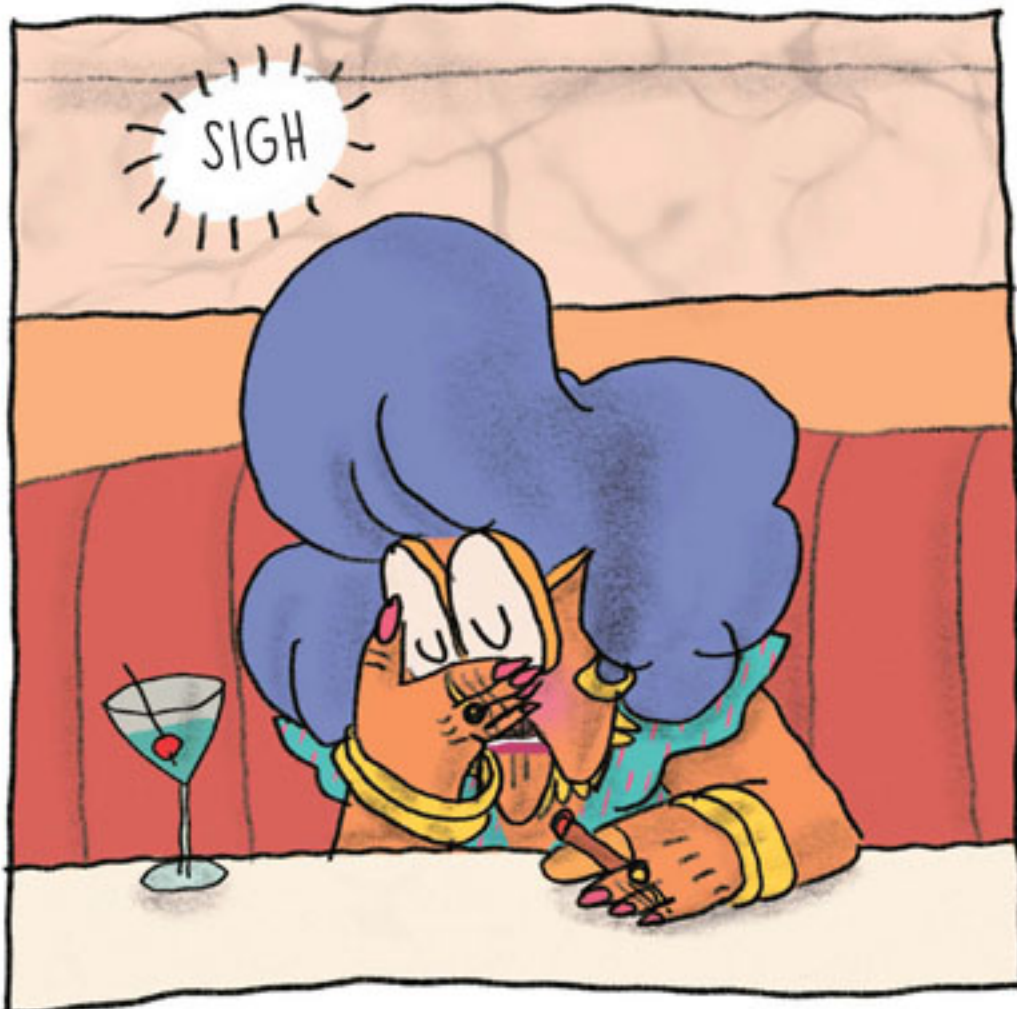
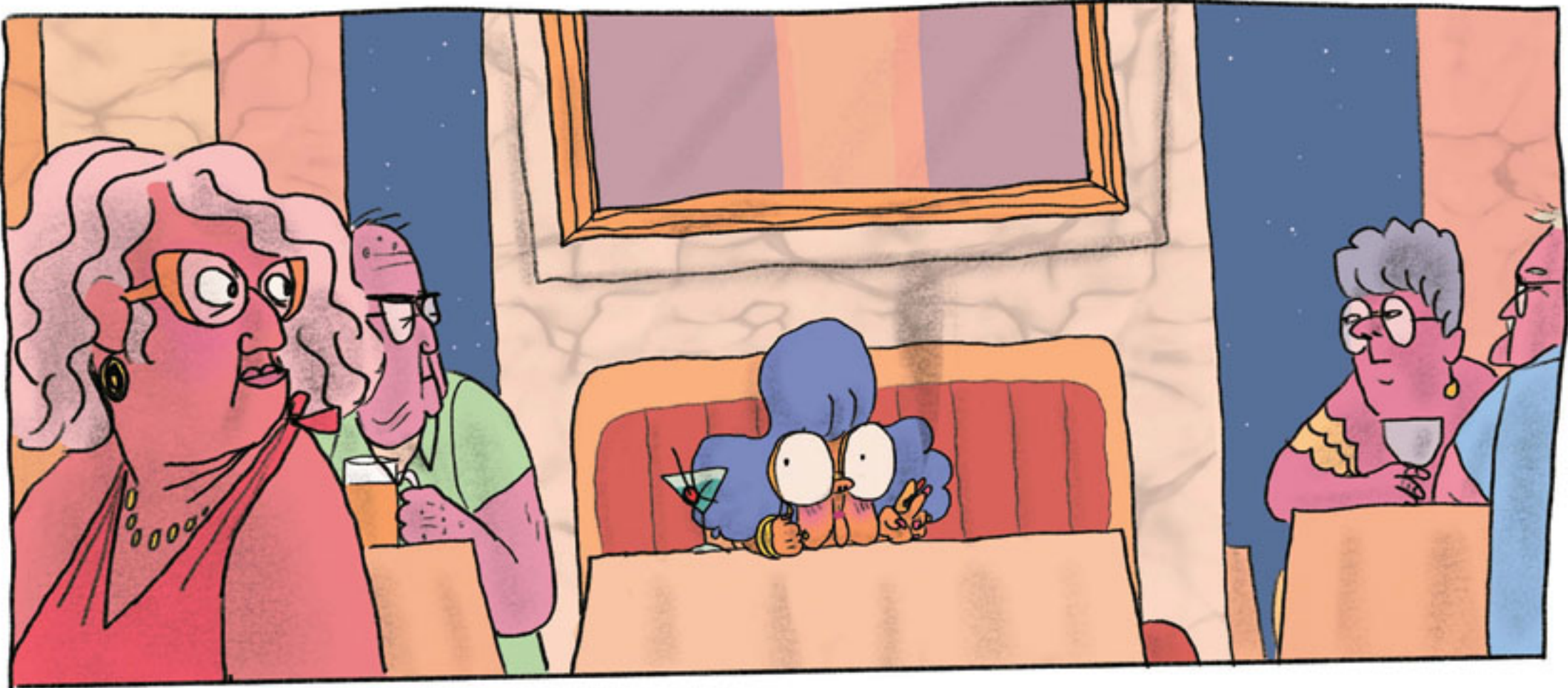


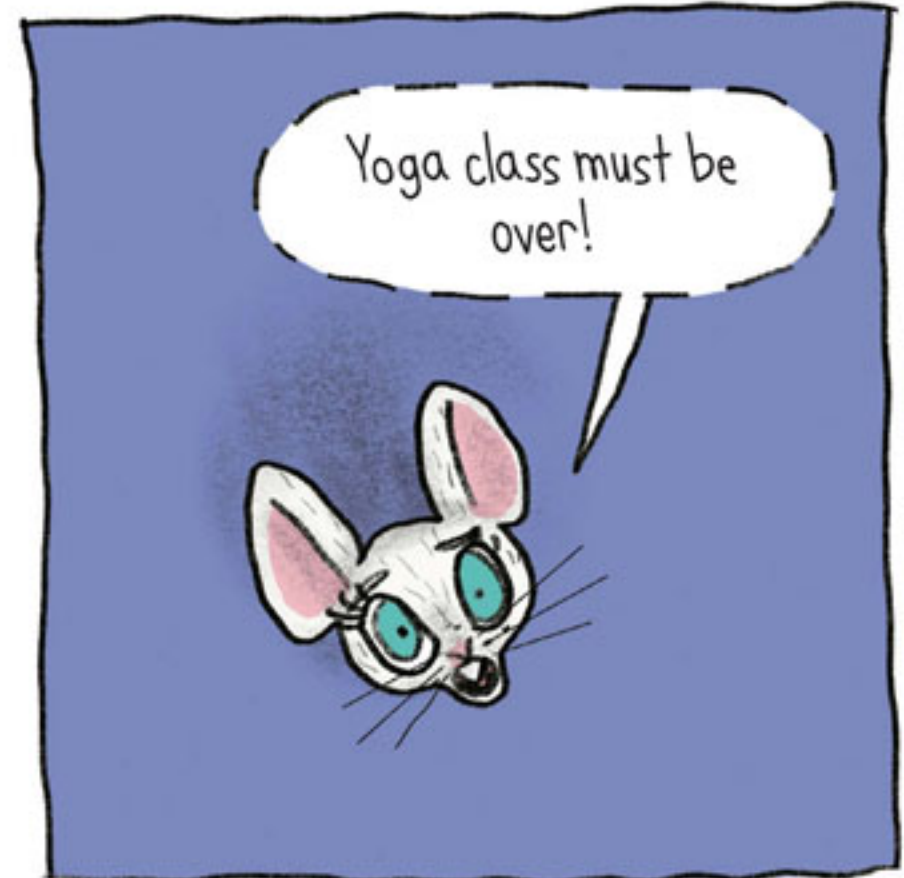
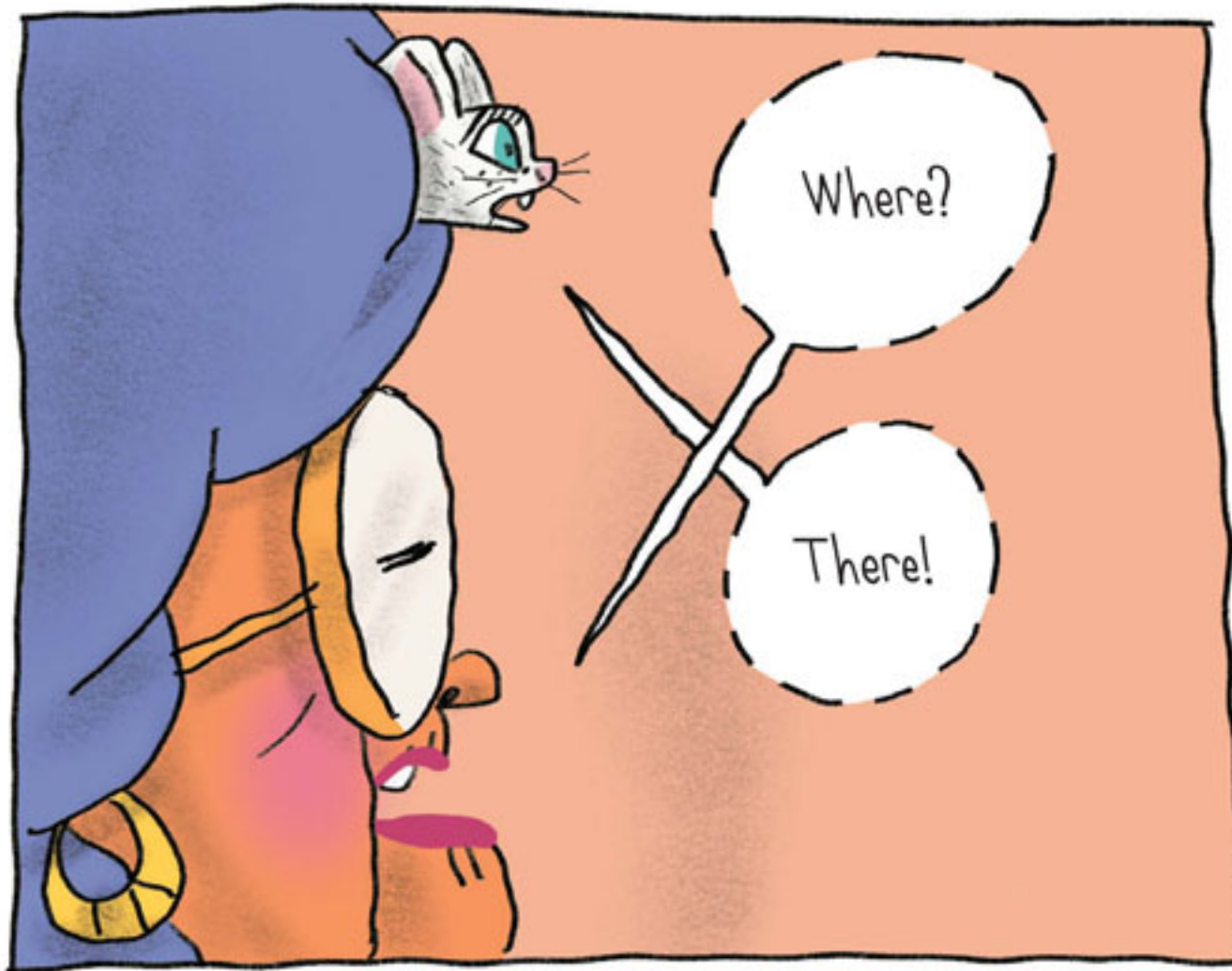




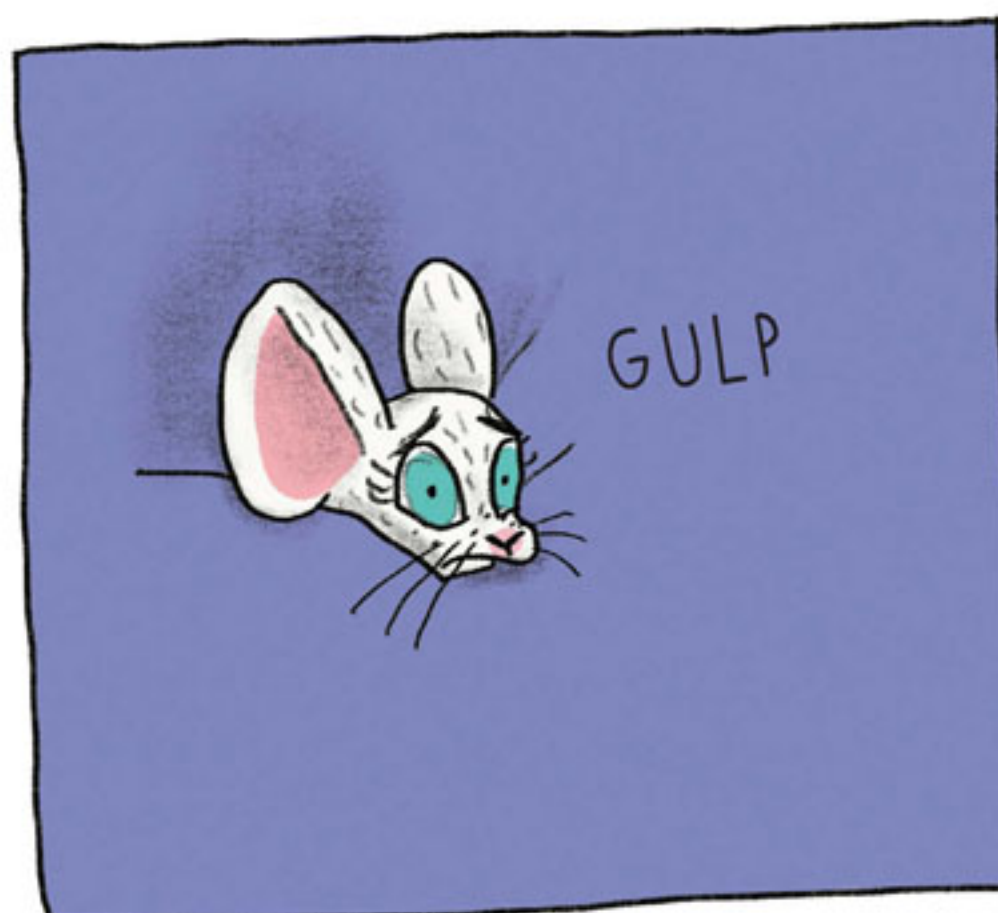
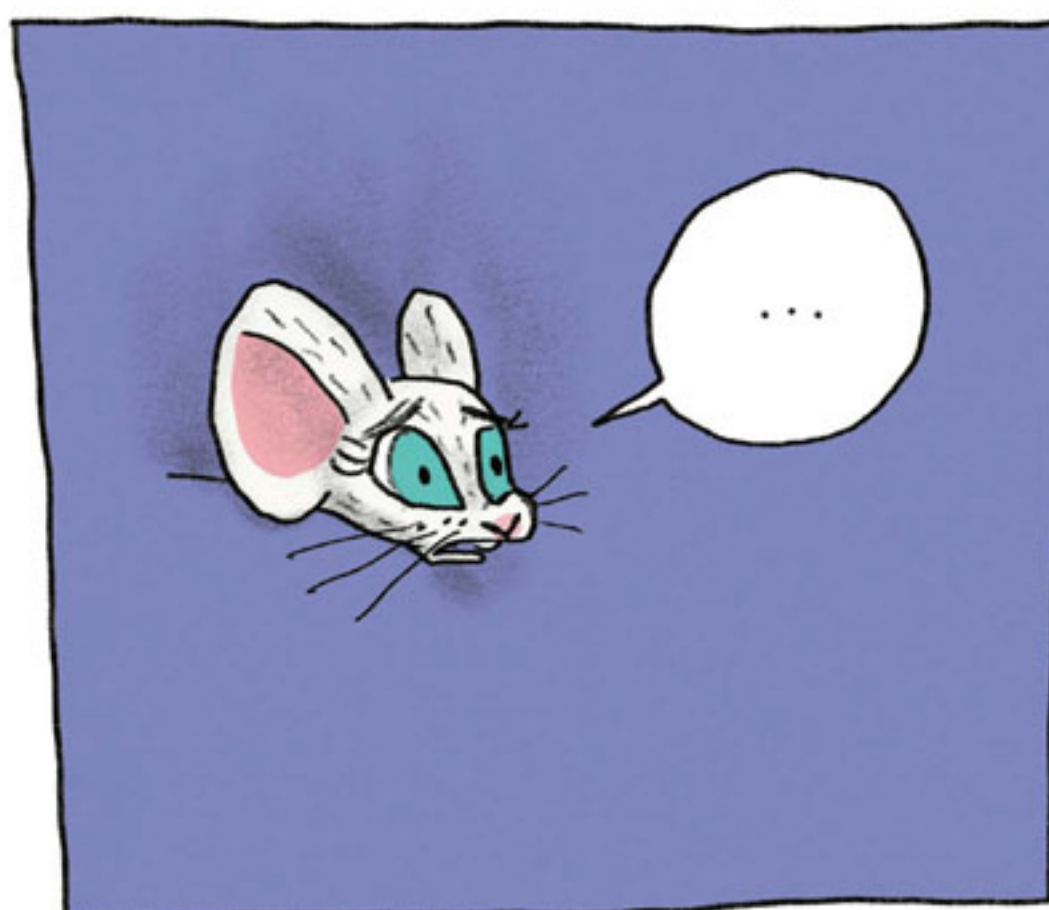
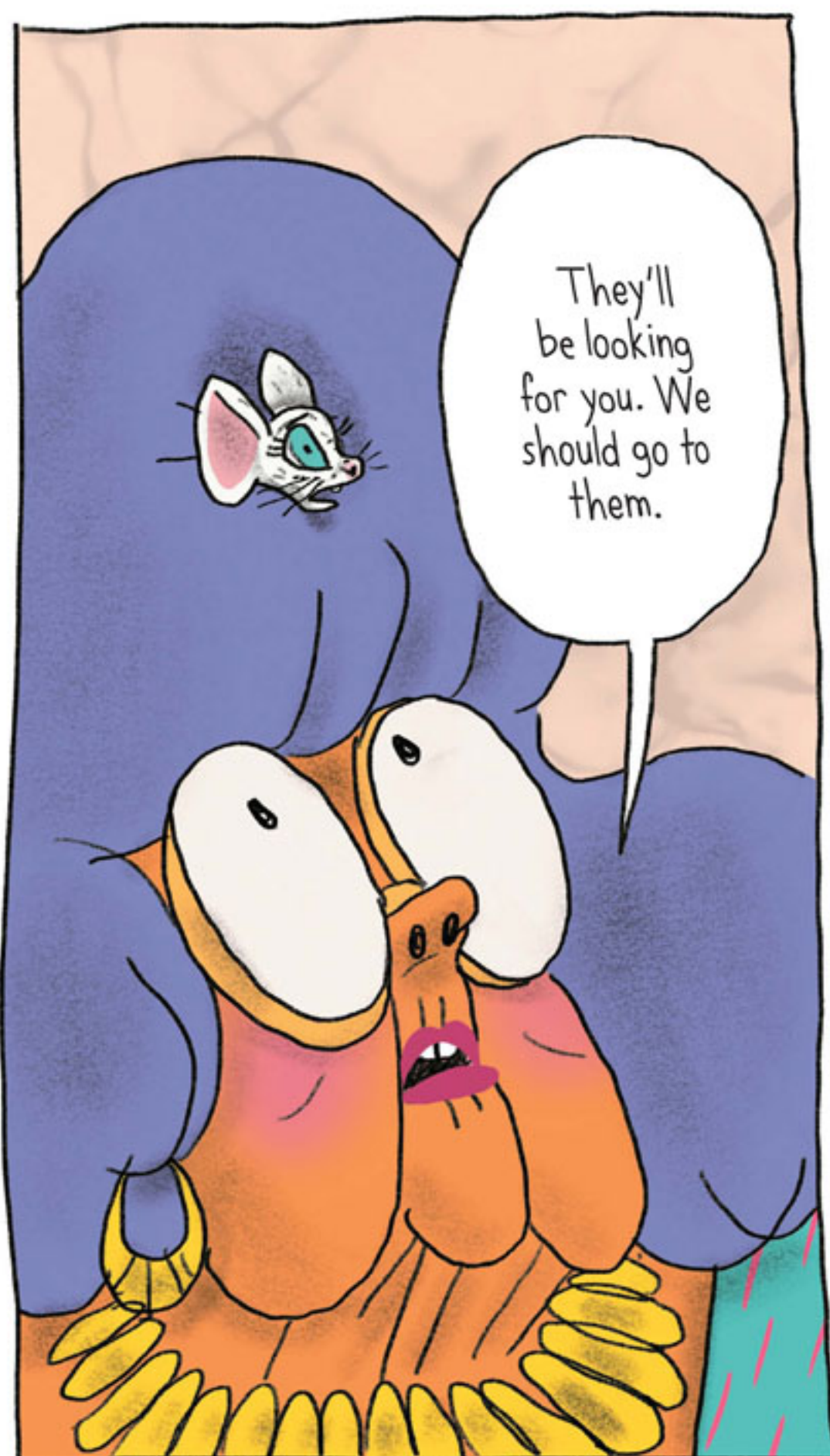
HE DOESN'T KNOW A THING!!
HE'S EIGHT YEARS OLD, AND HE'S
THE SIZE OF A DINNER ROLL!!









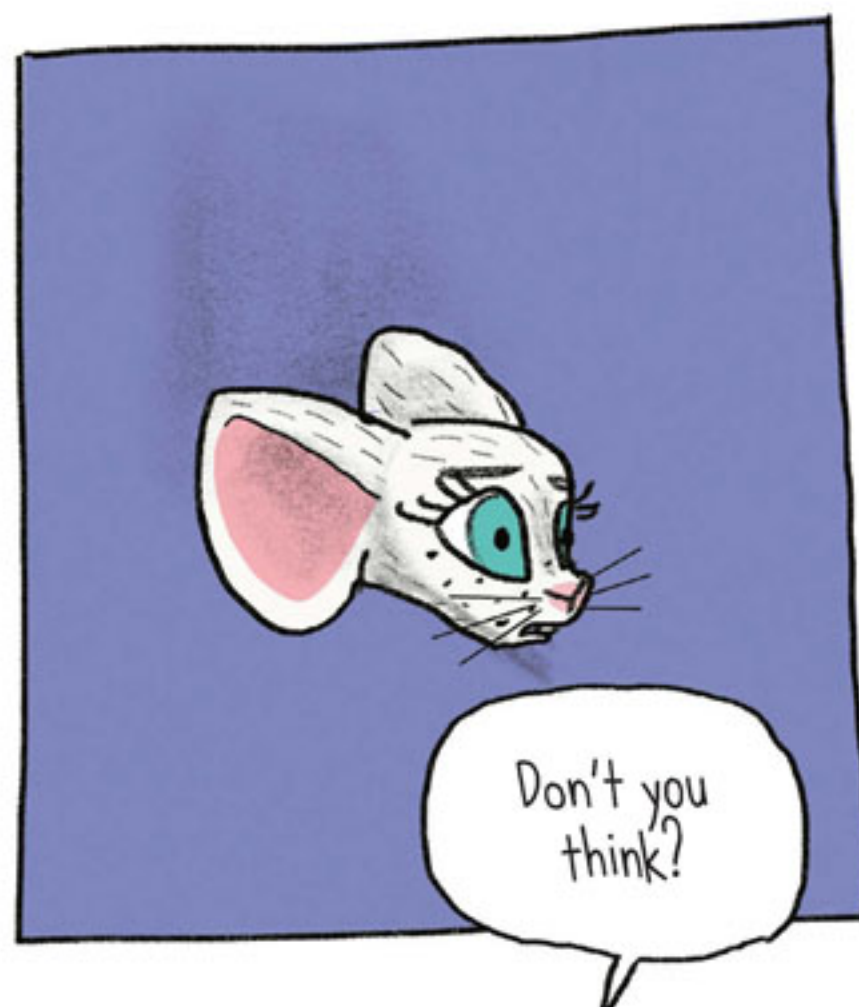
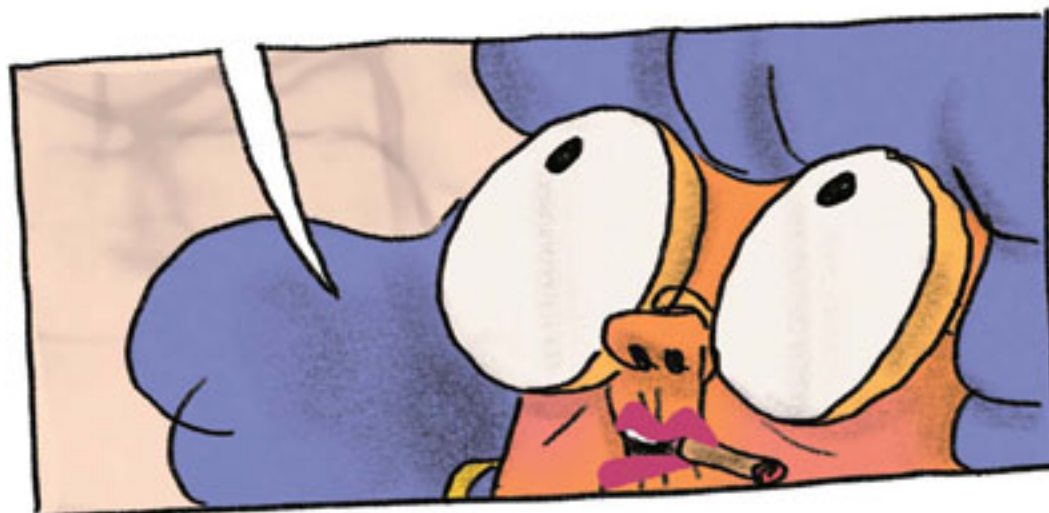


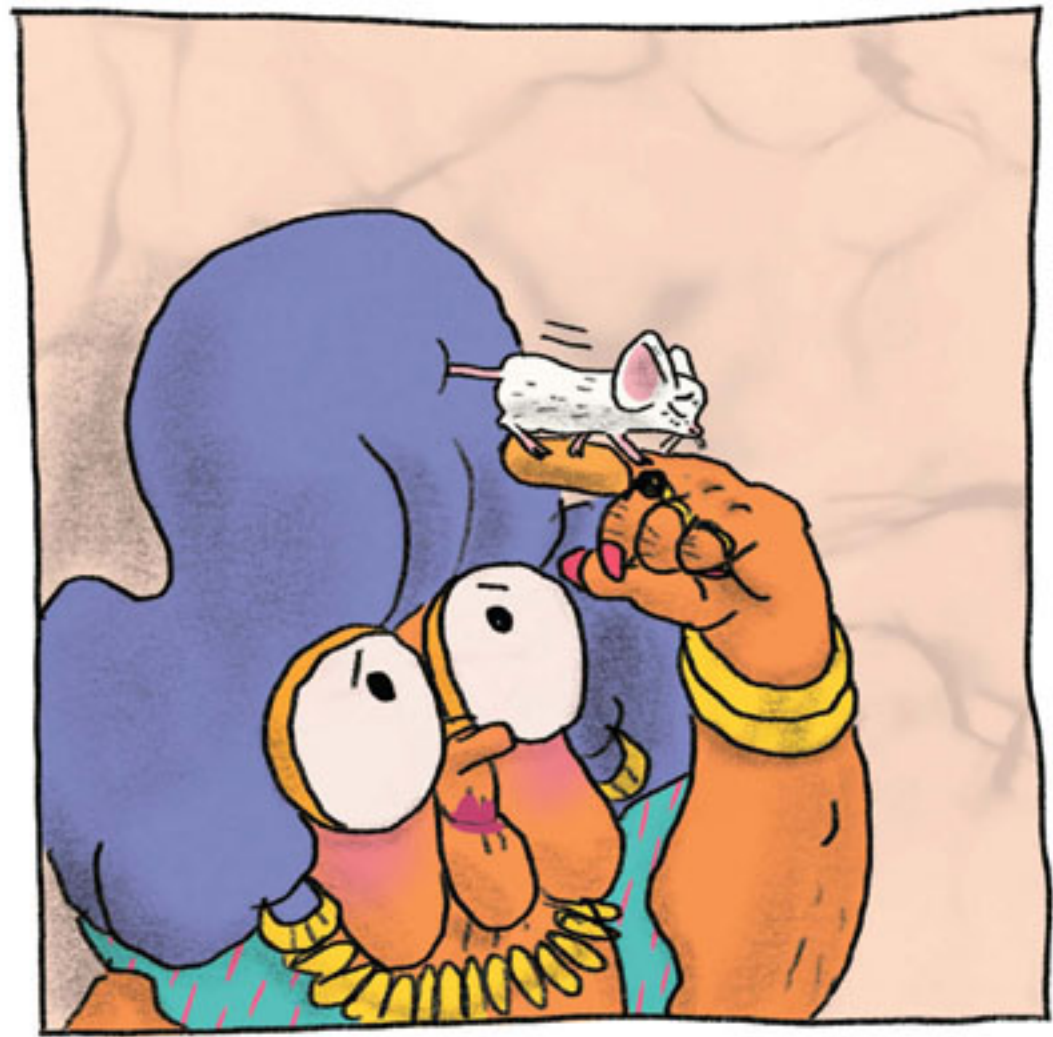
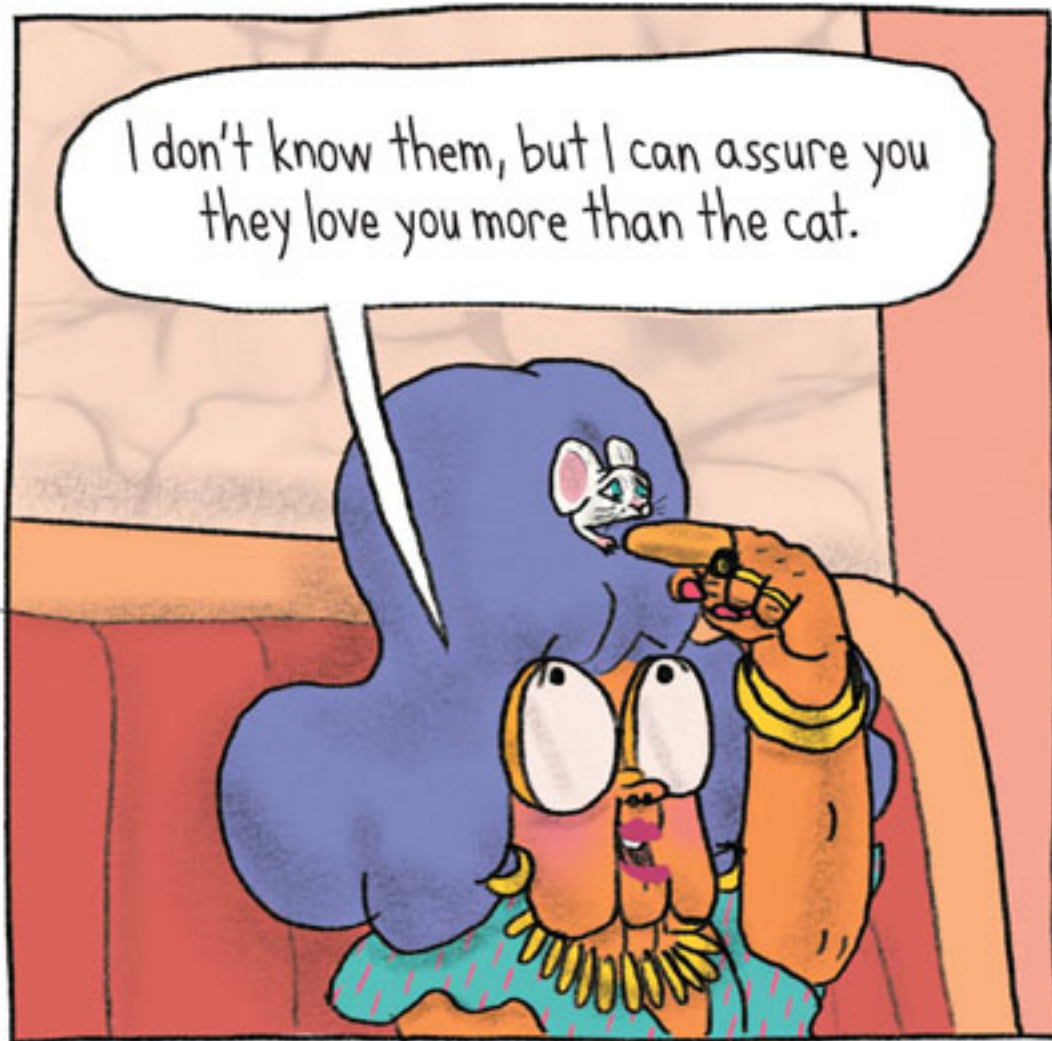


It'll be fine. Yes, they'll be a bit stunned.
But they'll get used to it.
You did, didn't you?



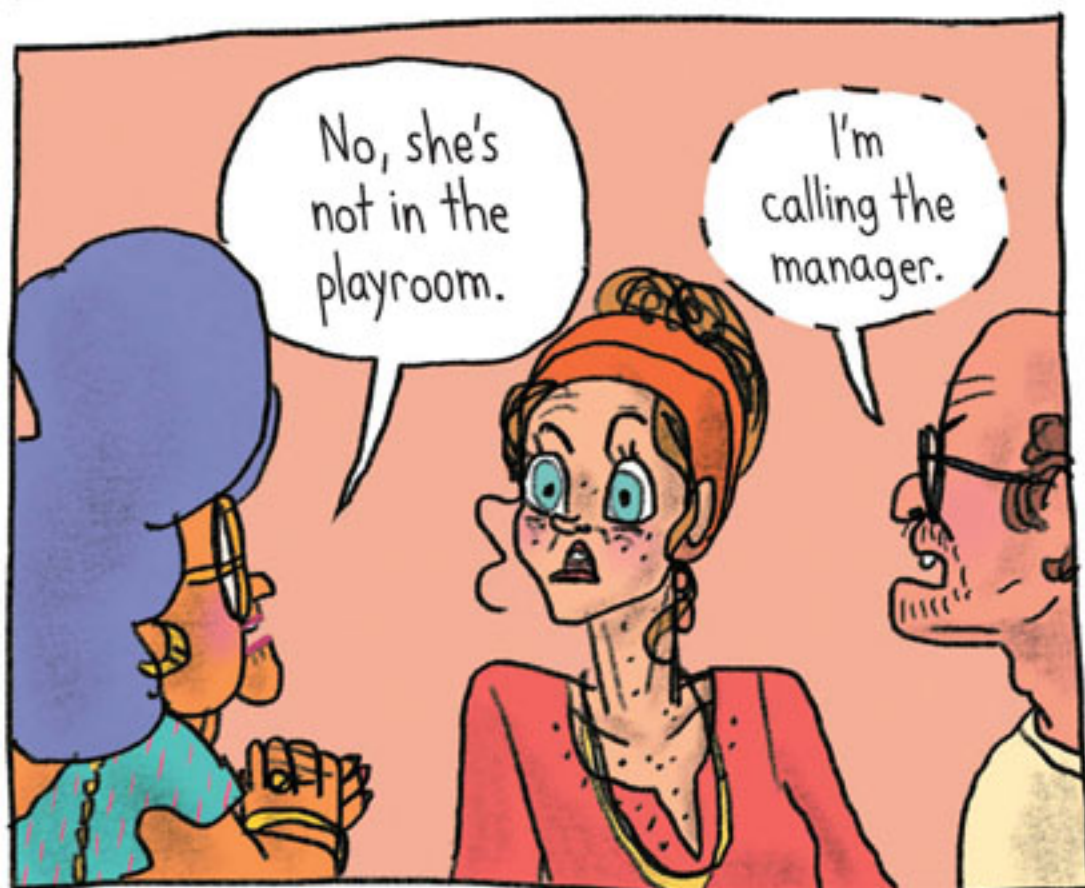
Trust me. Between a mouse
and a missing daughter, they'll
take the mouse.







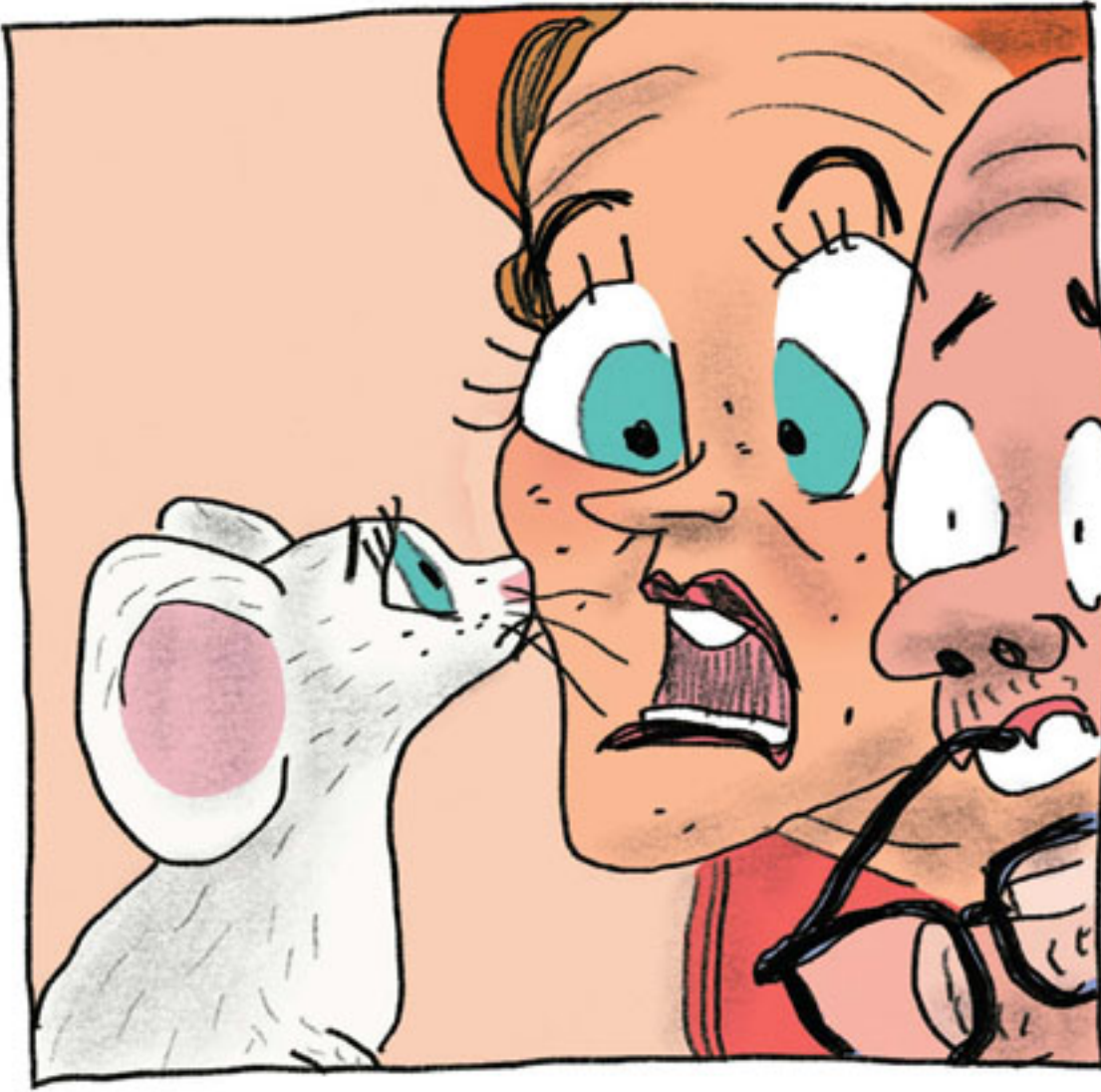
My name doesn't matter.



What are you saying? Where is she? Is there a problem? Is she in danger?!

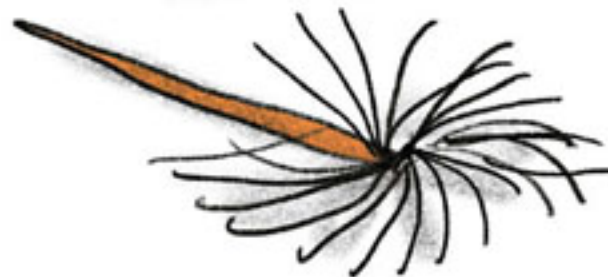


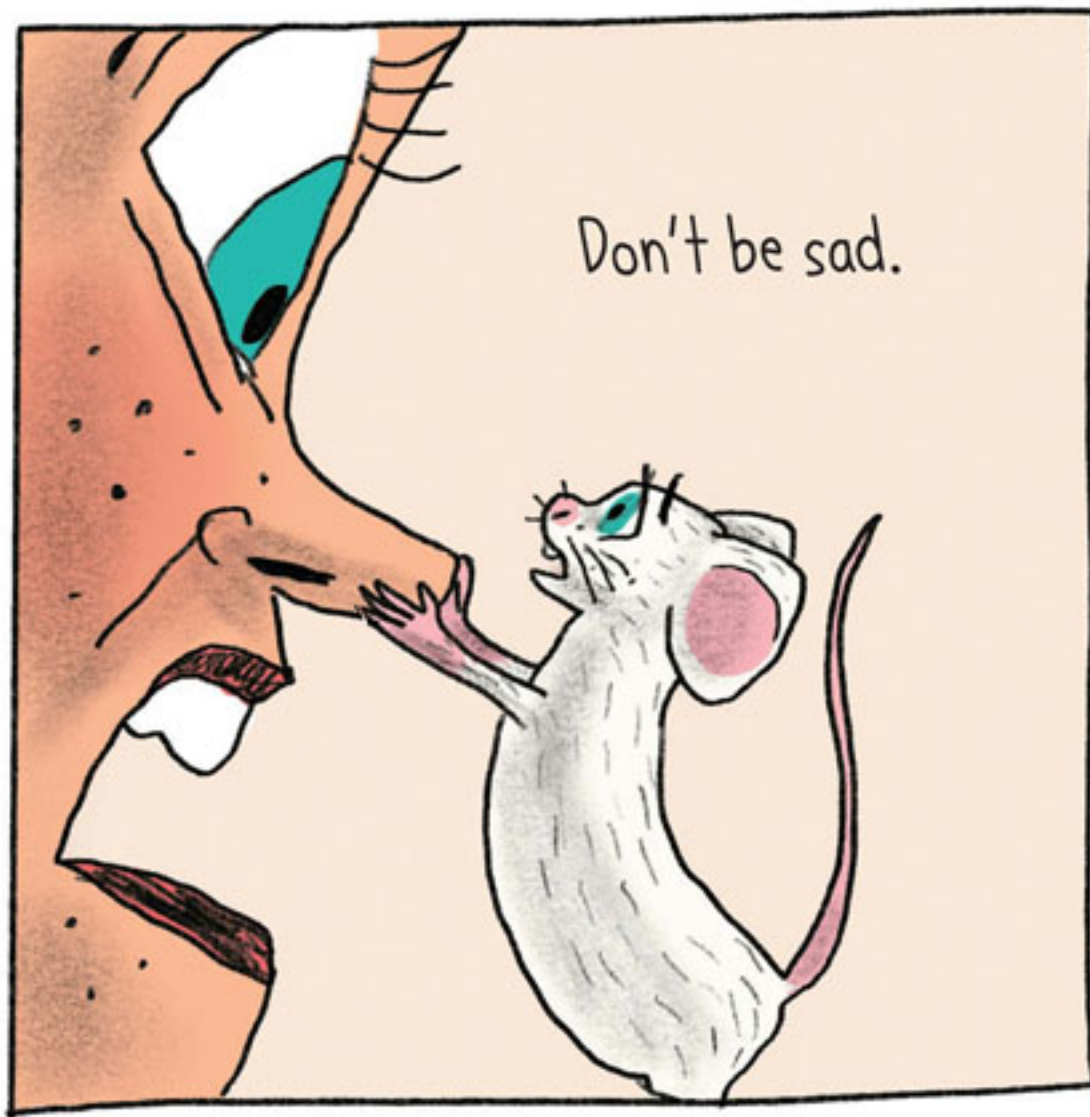


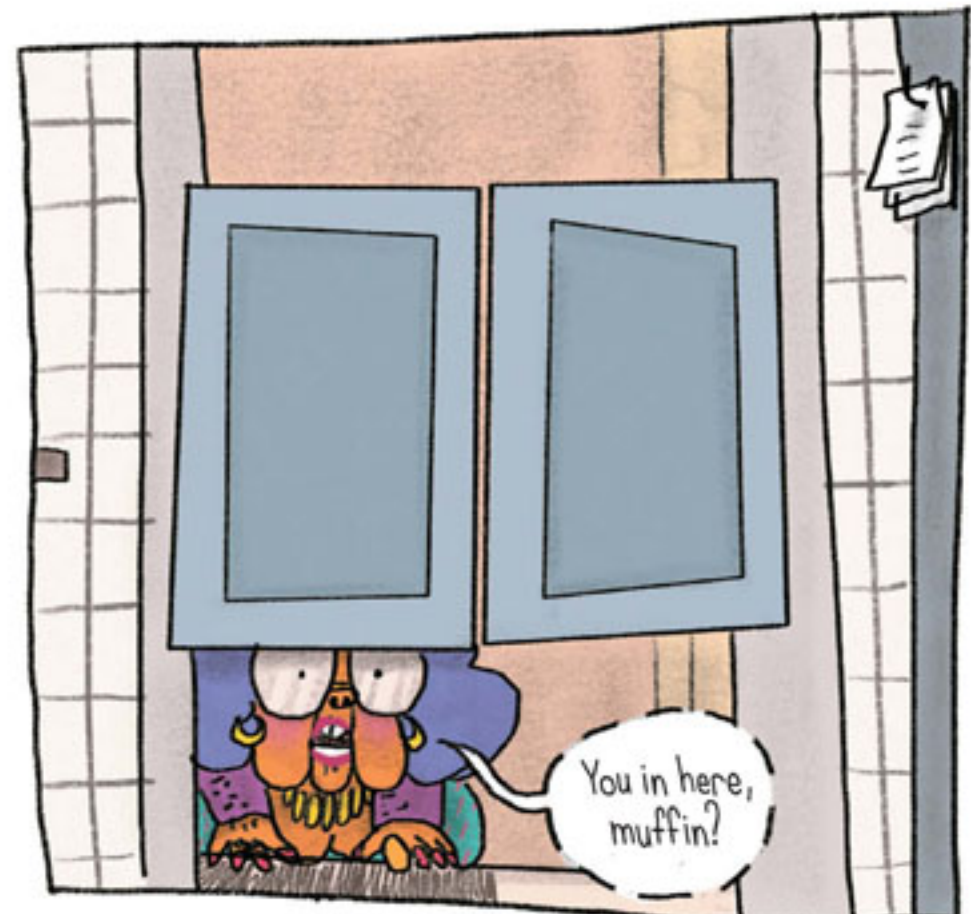
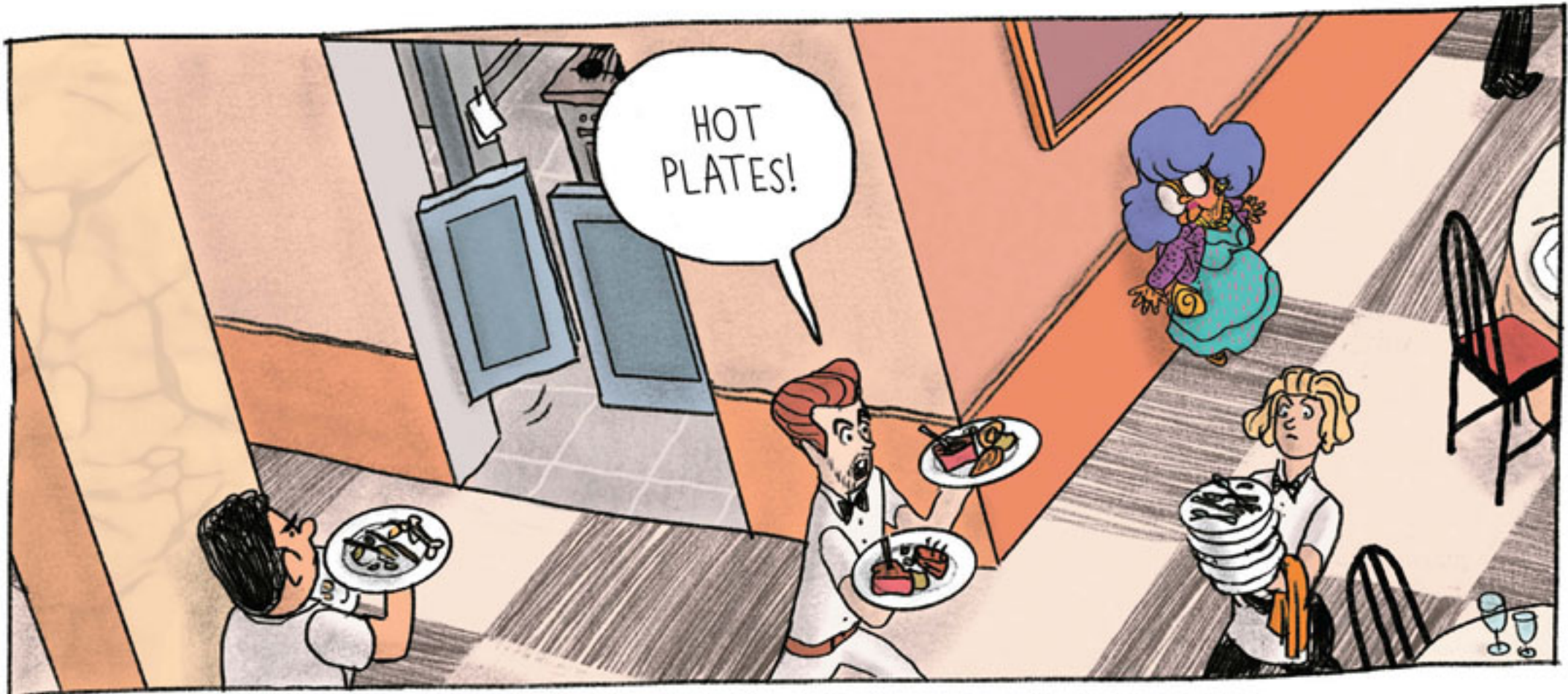
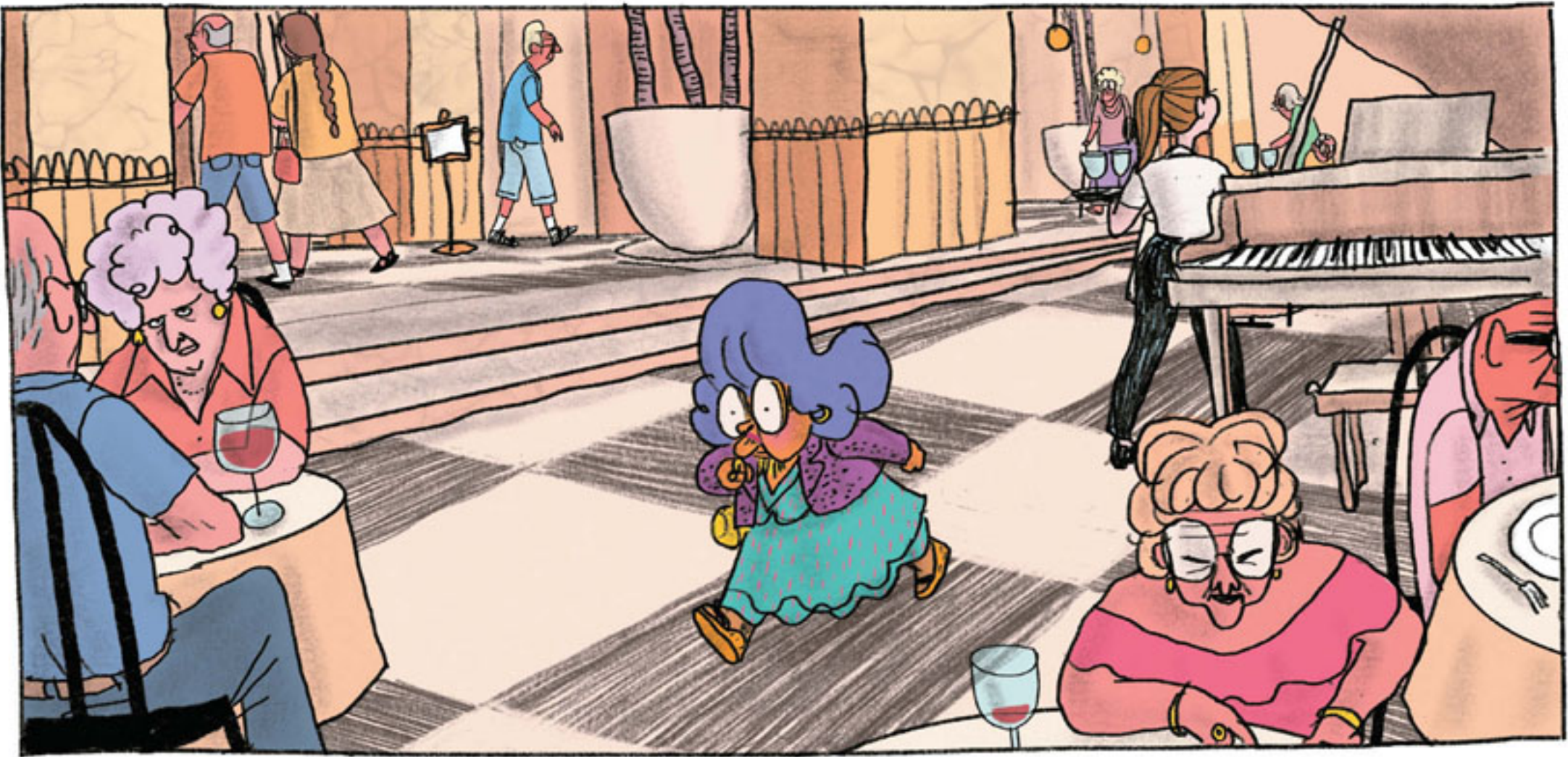


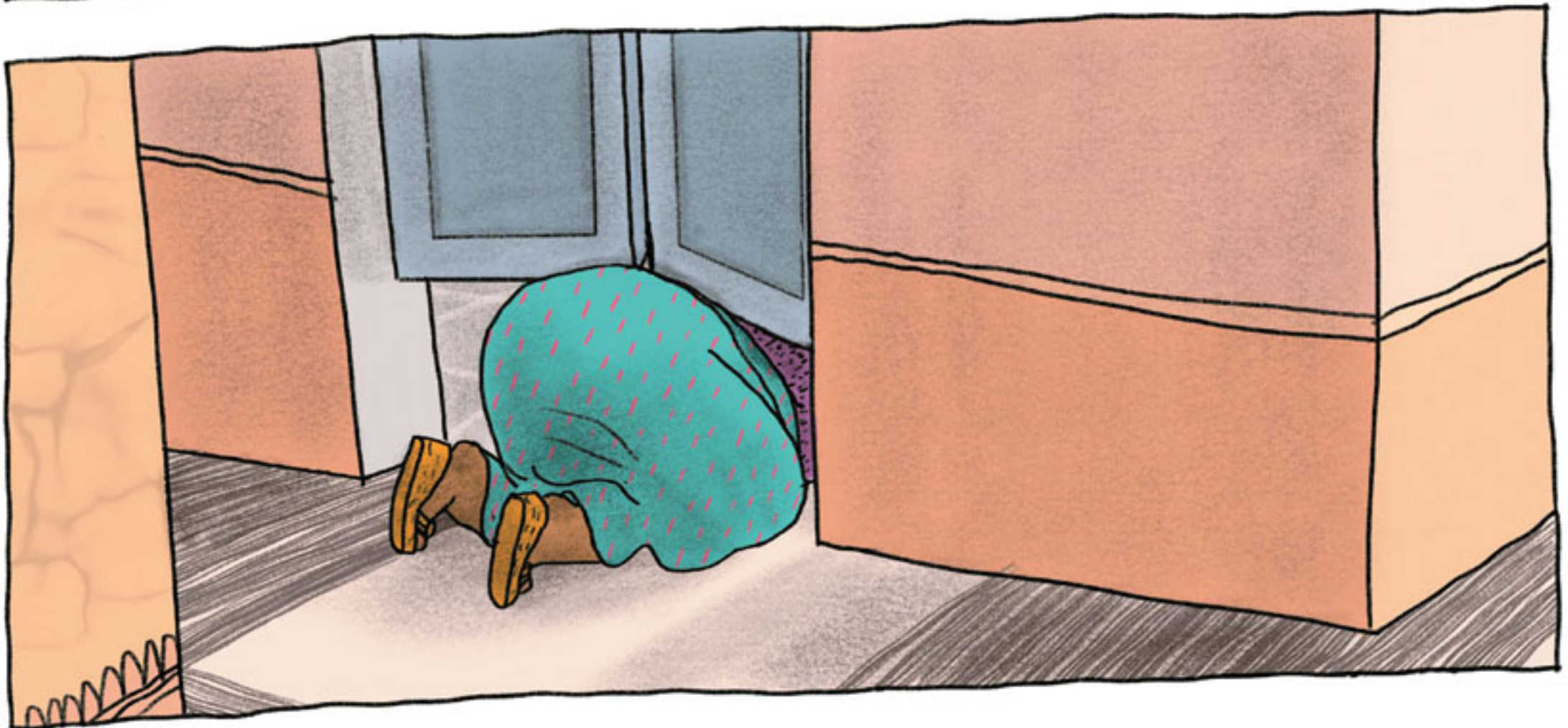
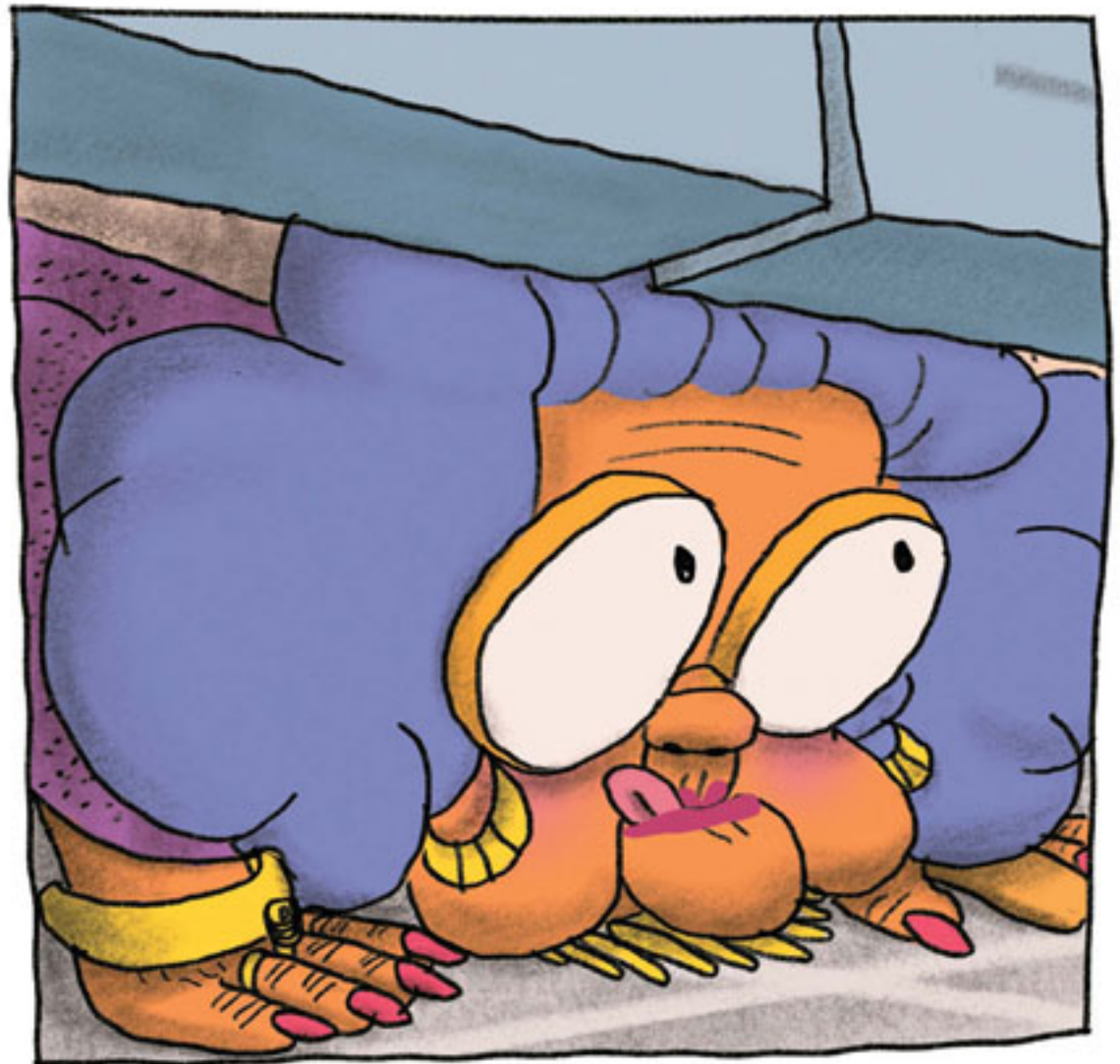
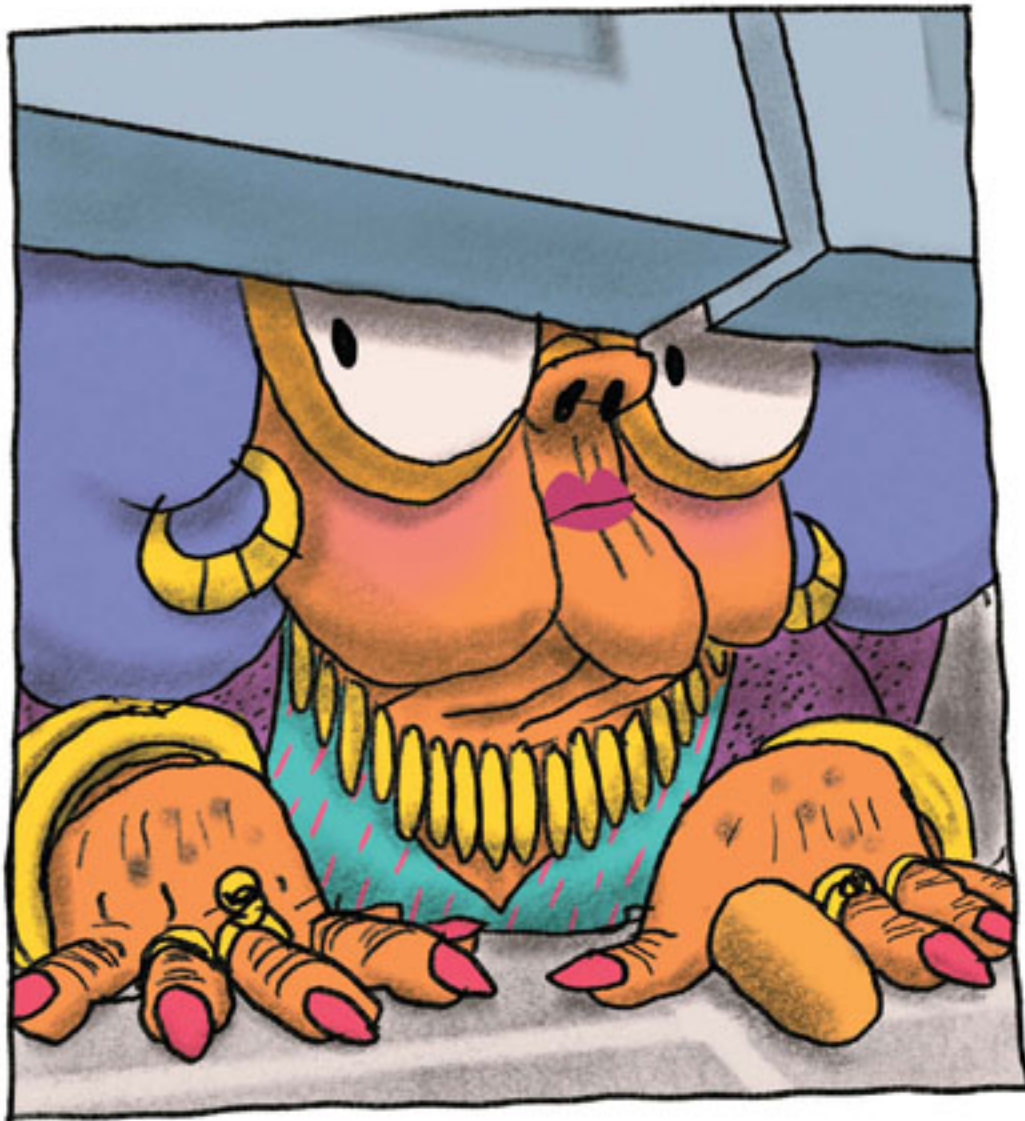
It's me ...
Don't you recognize my
voice? I-I'm fine ...
The witches at the
hotel did this ...
But I'm okay!
Don't you worry
about me!

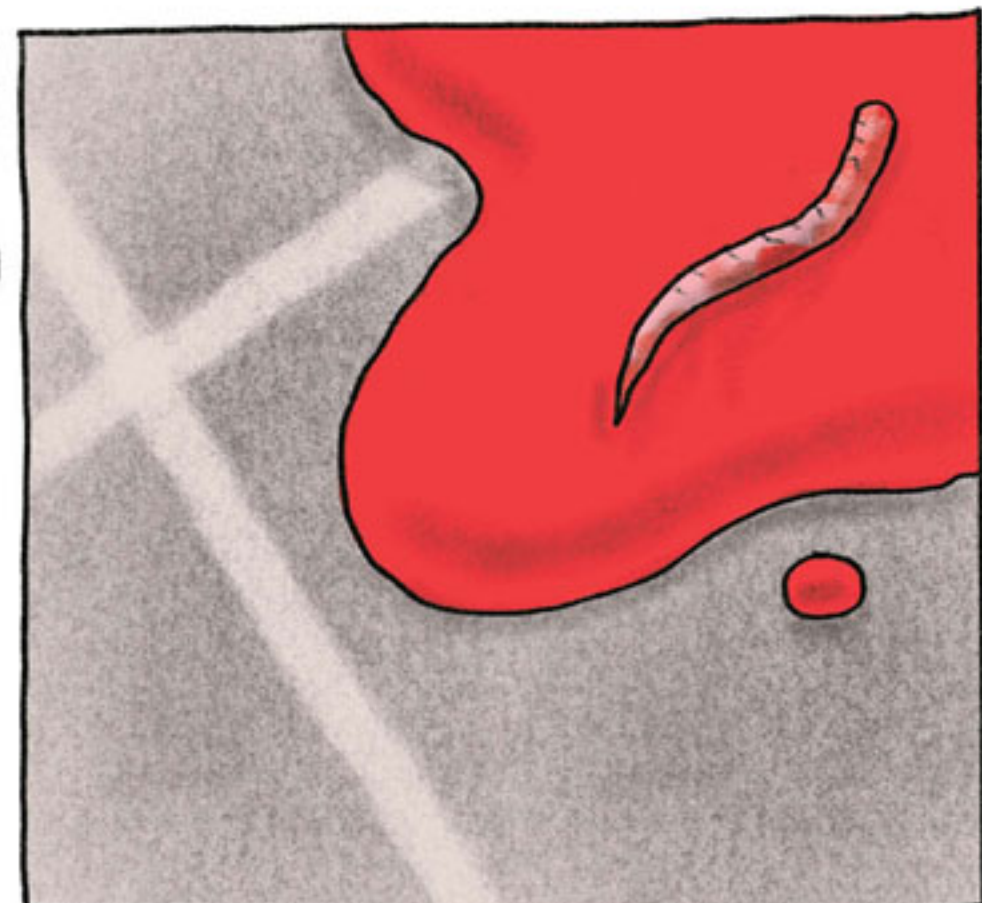
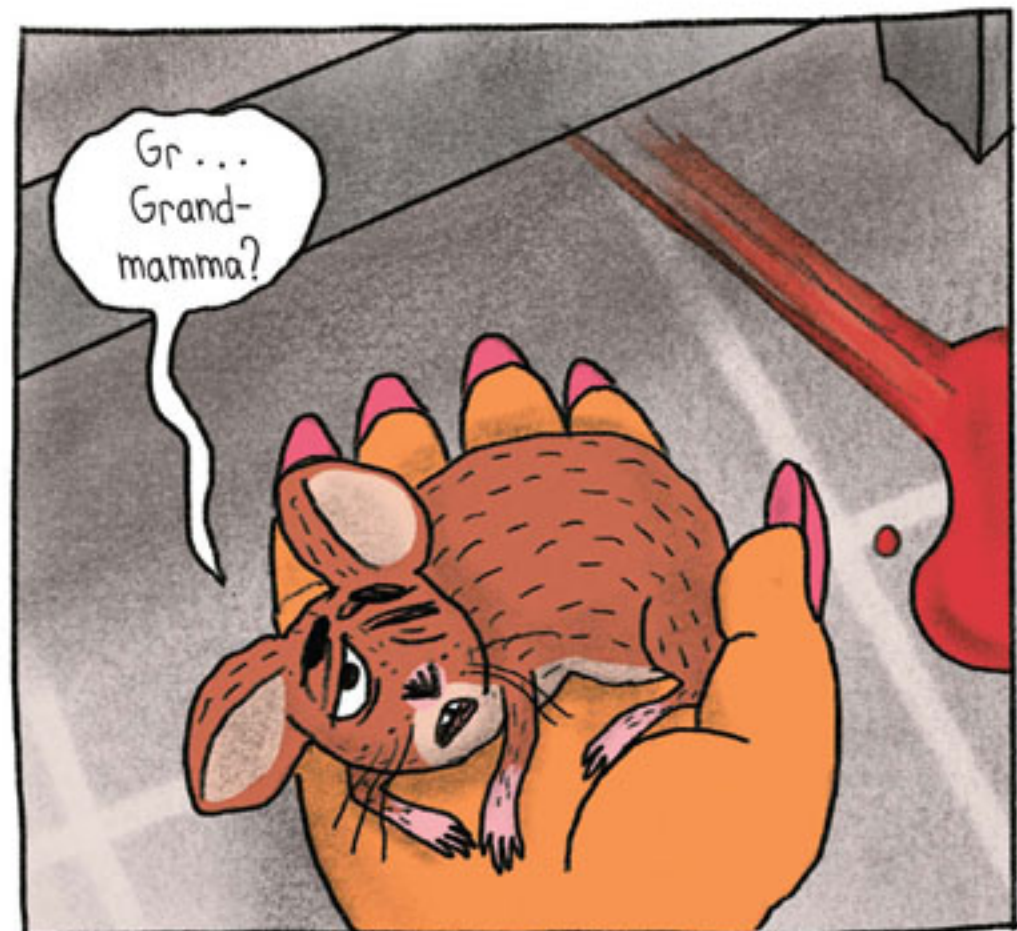
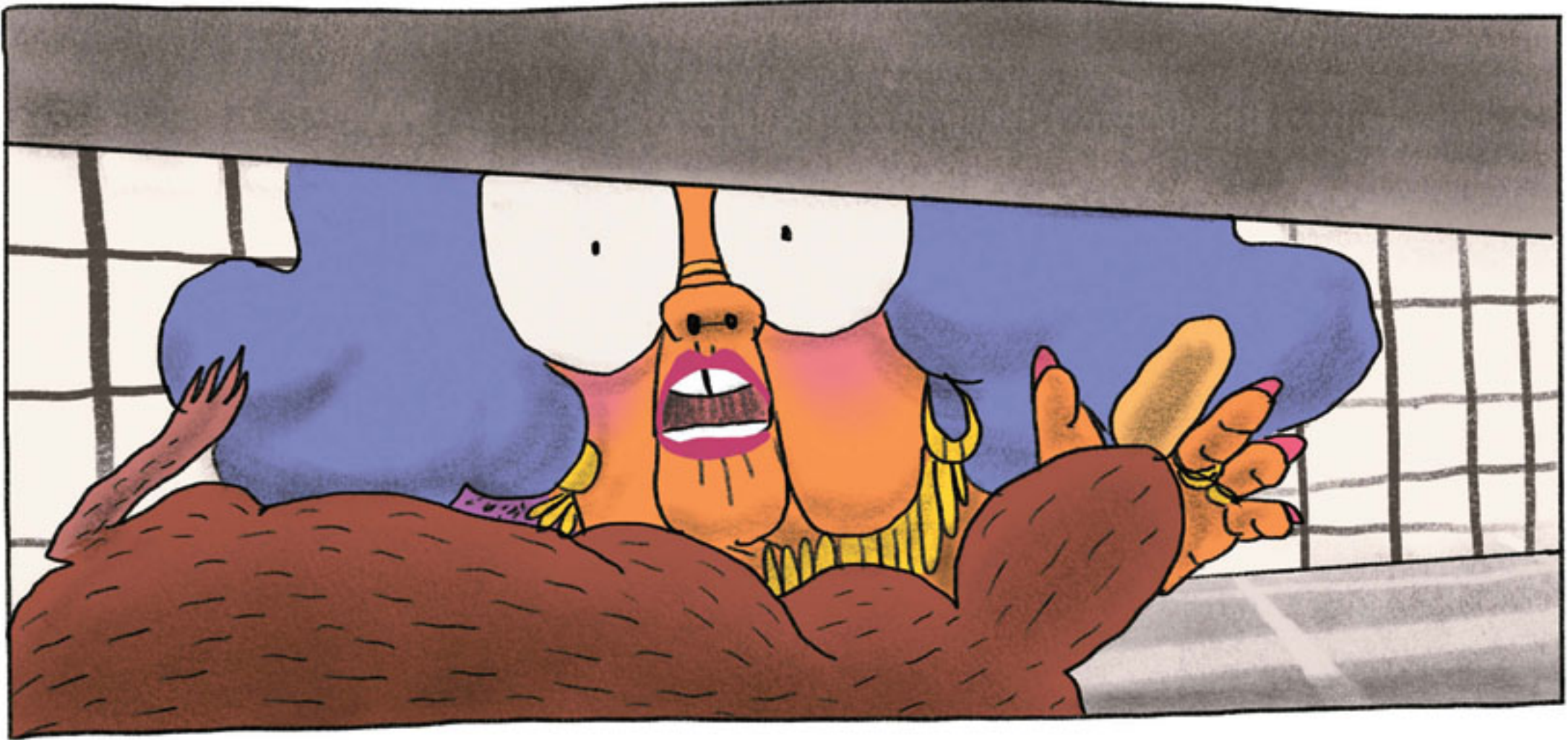
Mum ...

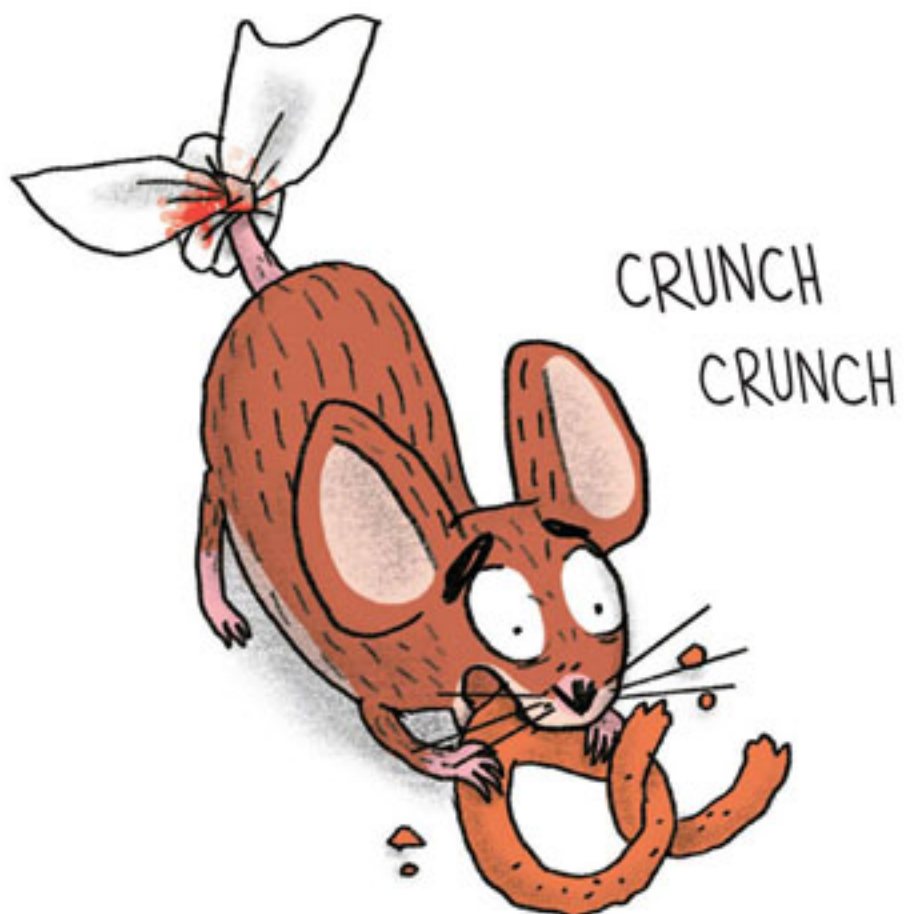
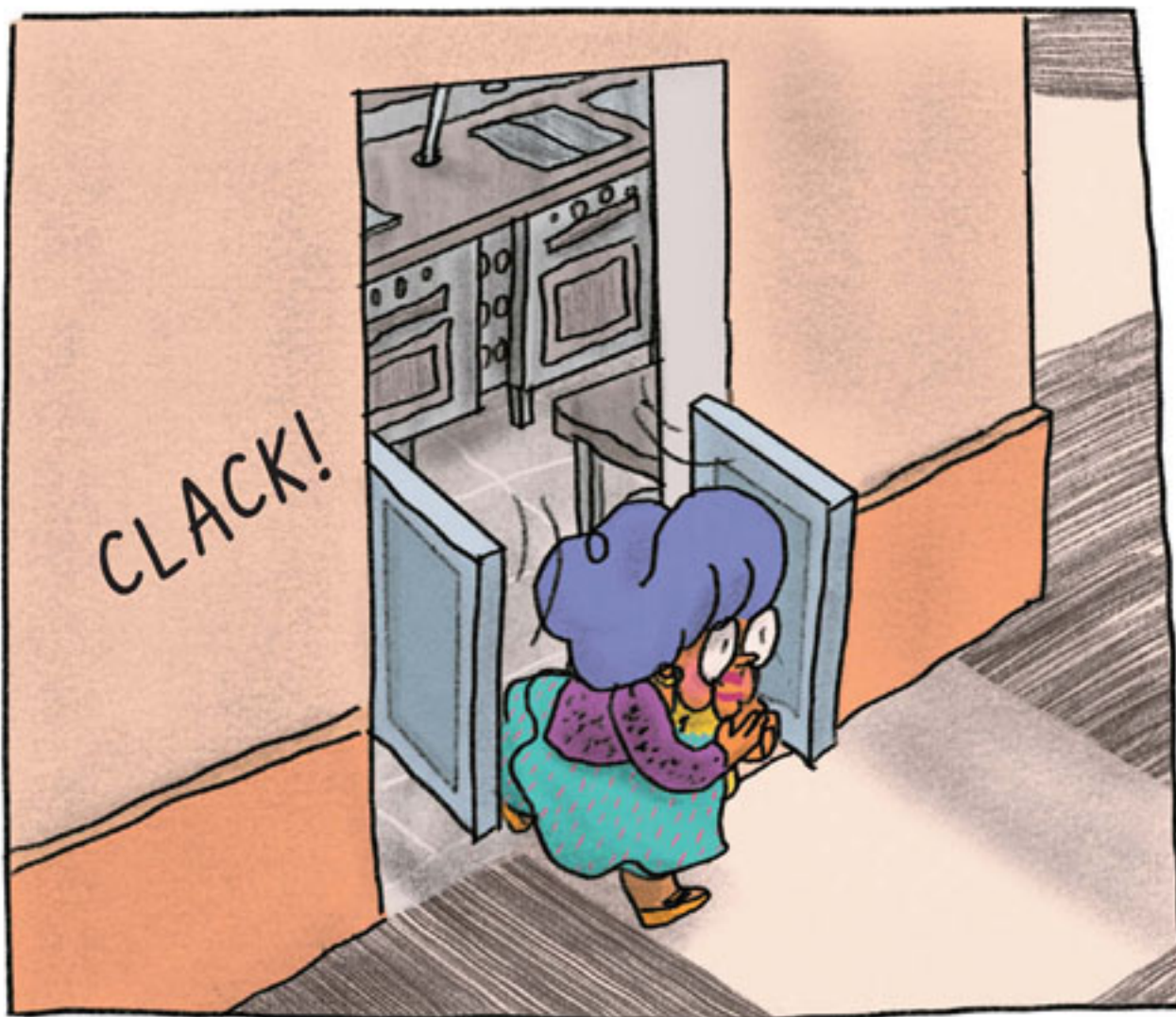


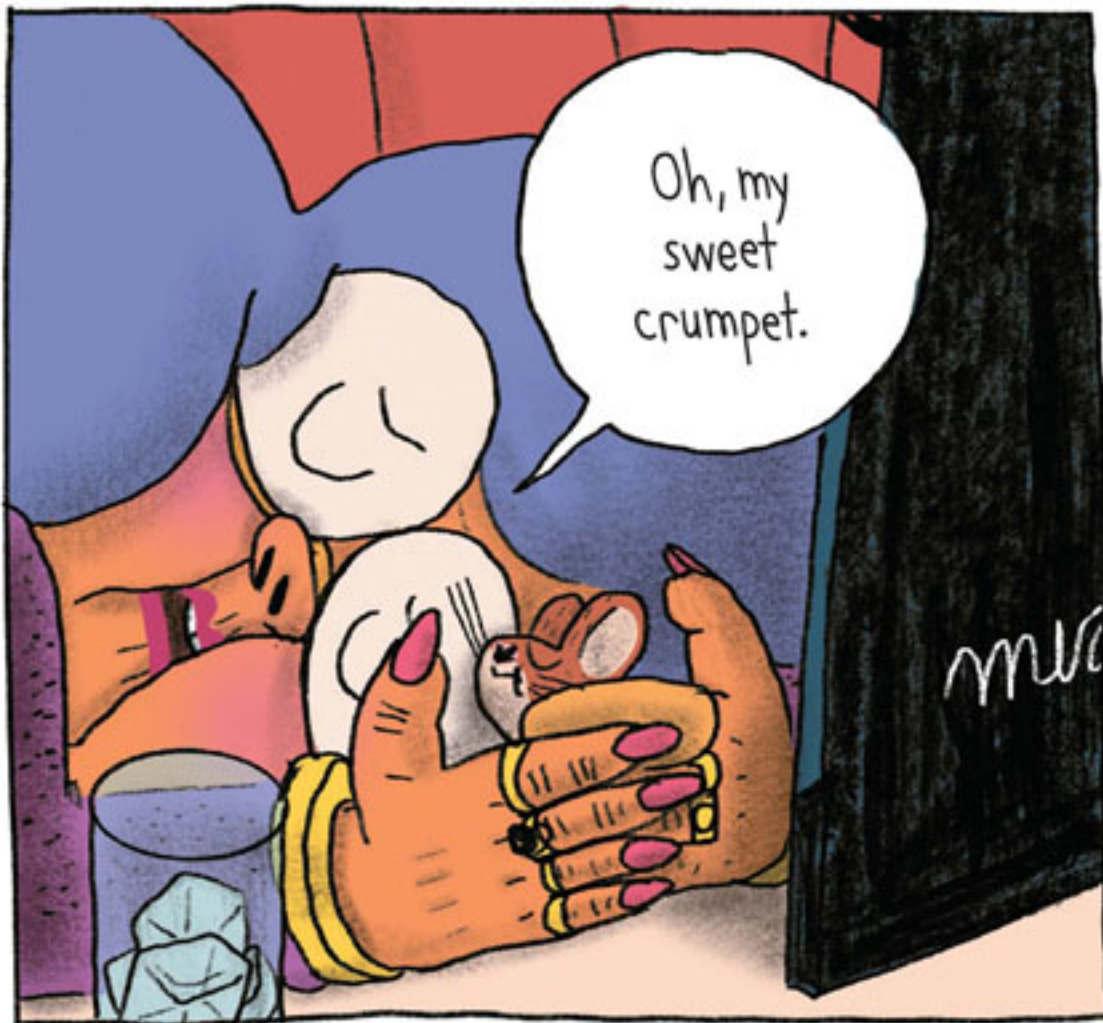




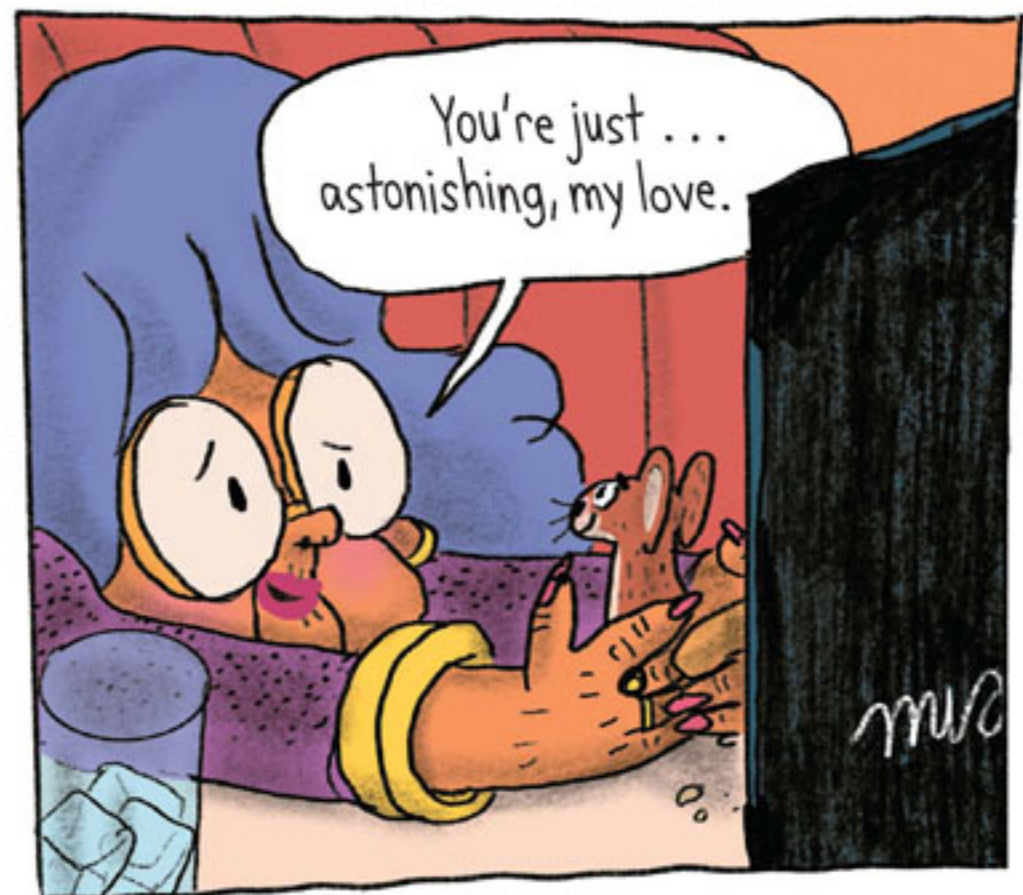
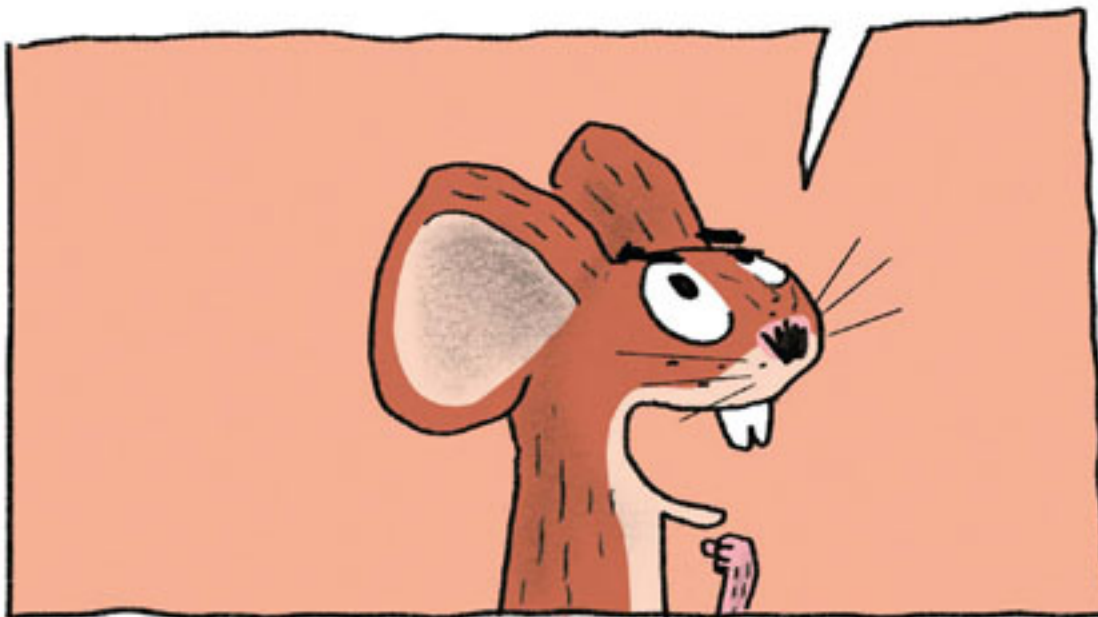


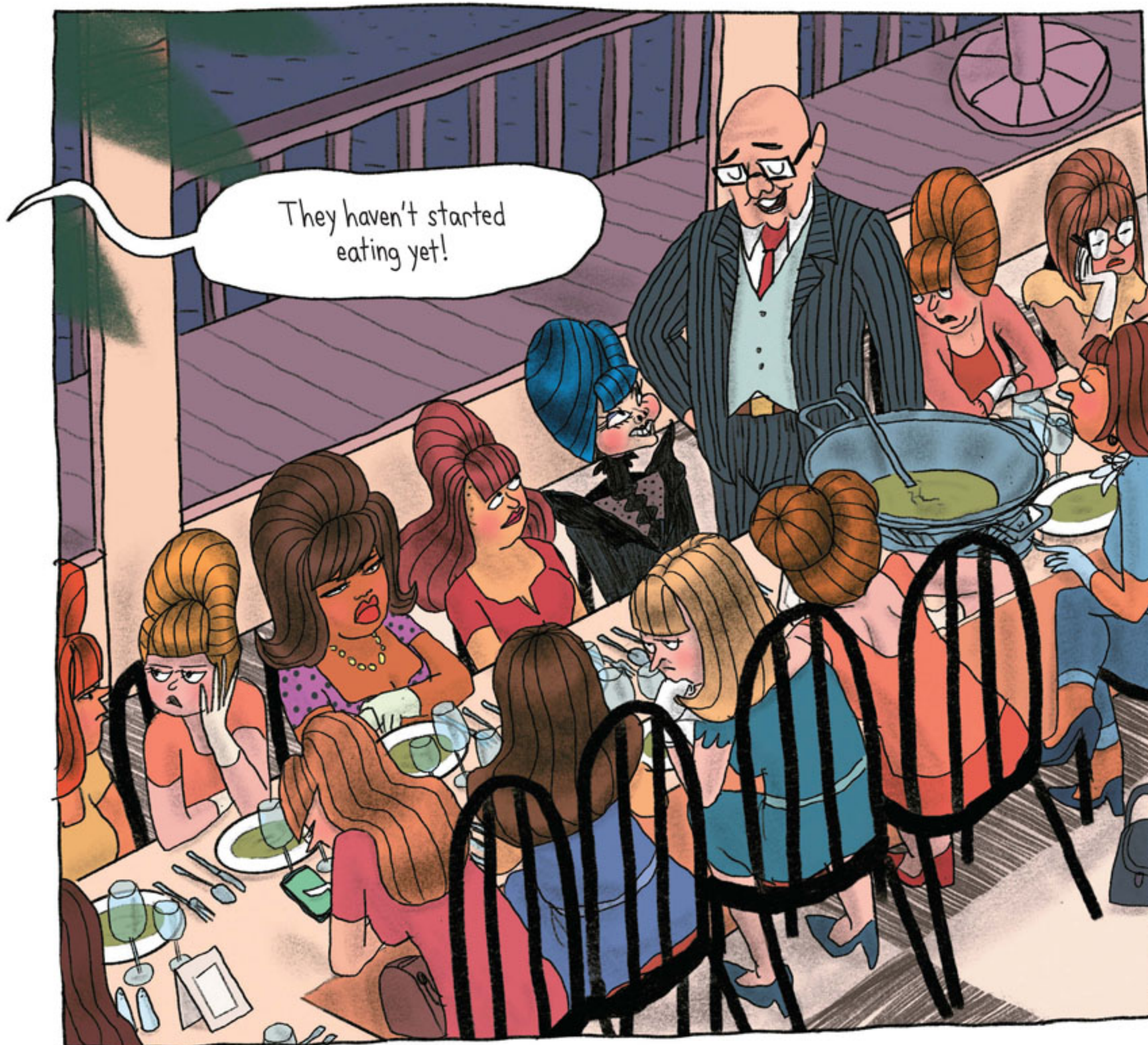






It cost me the tip of my tail, but I dumped
the entire bottle into the soup!

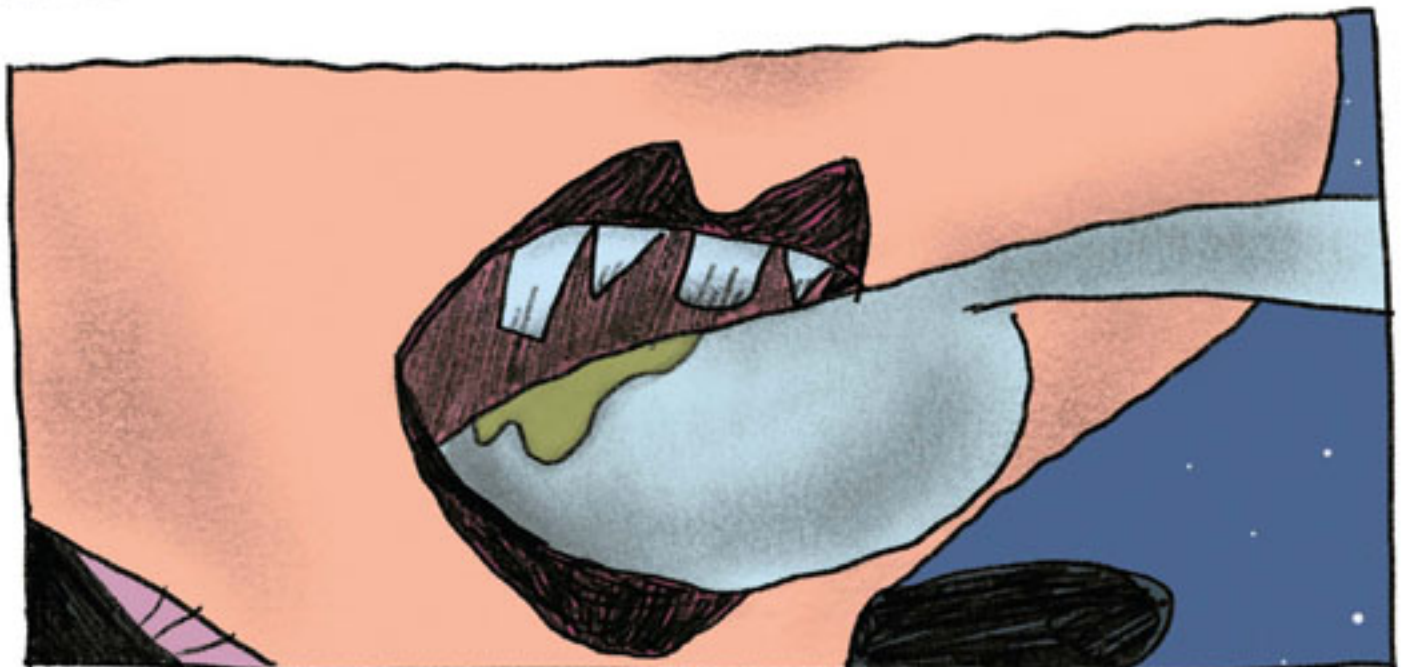
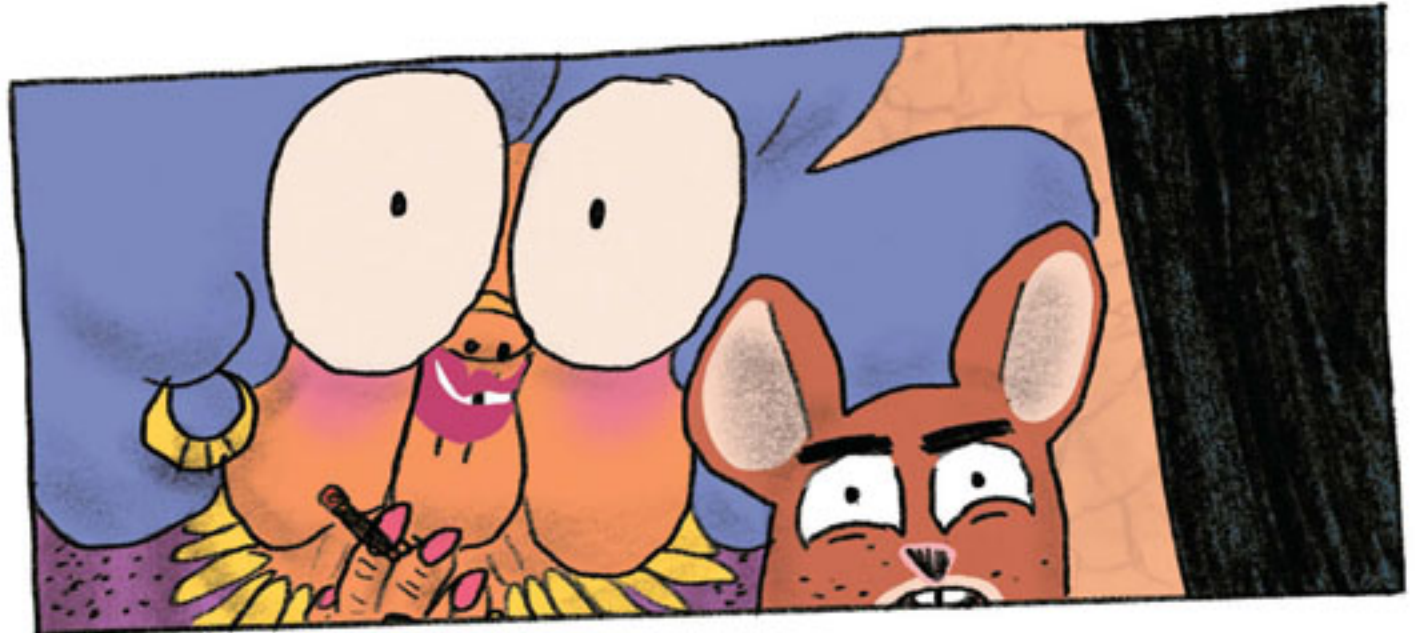


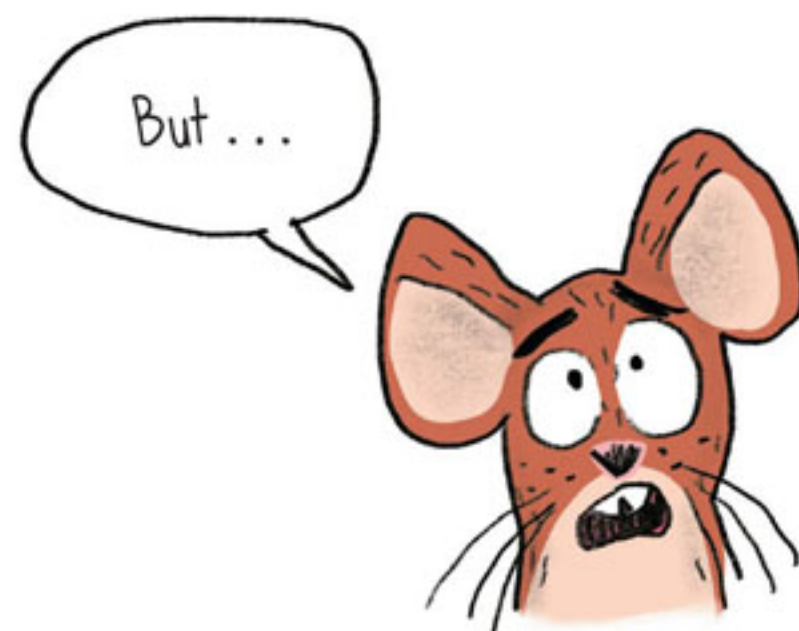
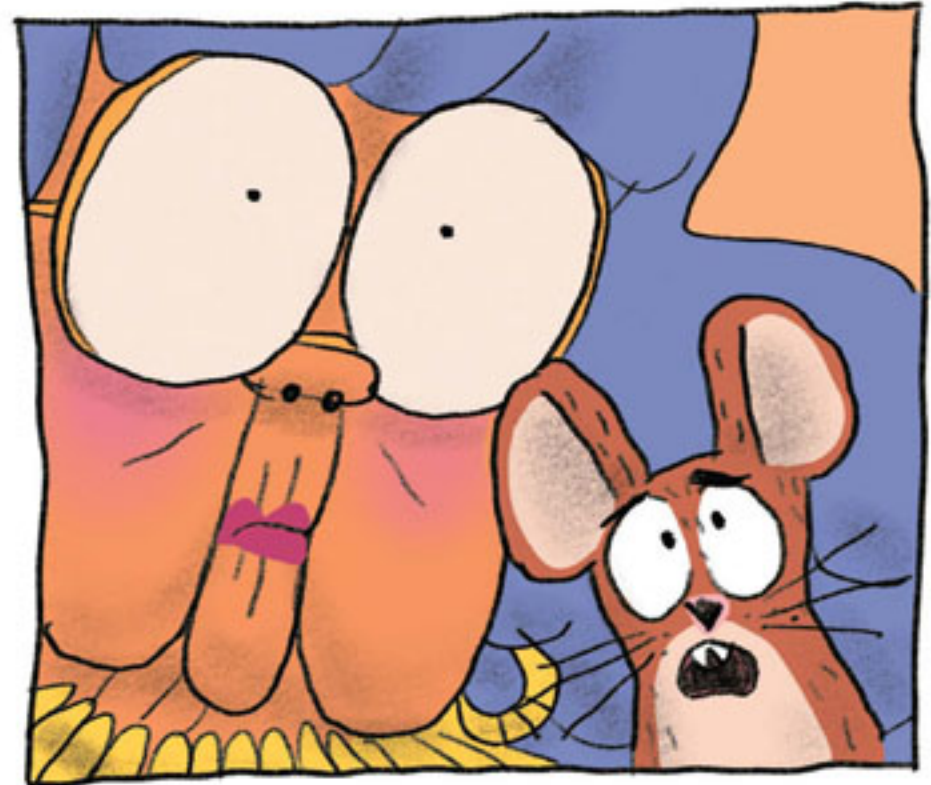


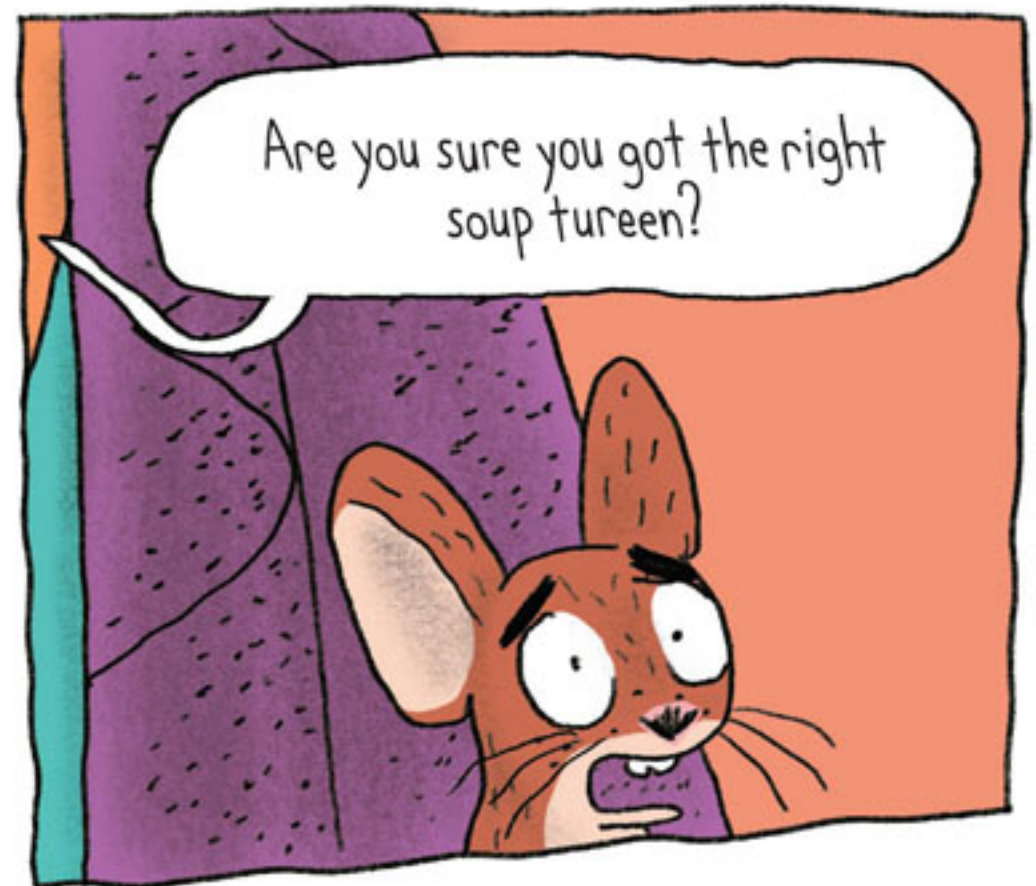


The Grand High Witch looks thrilled!

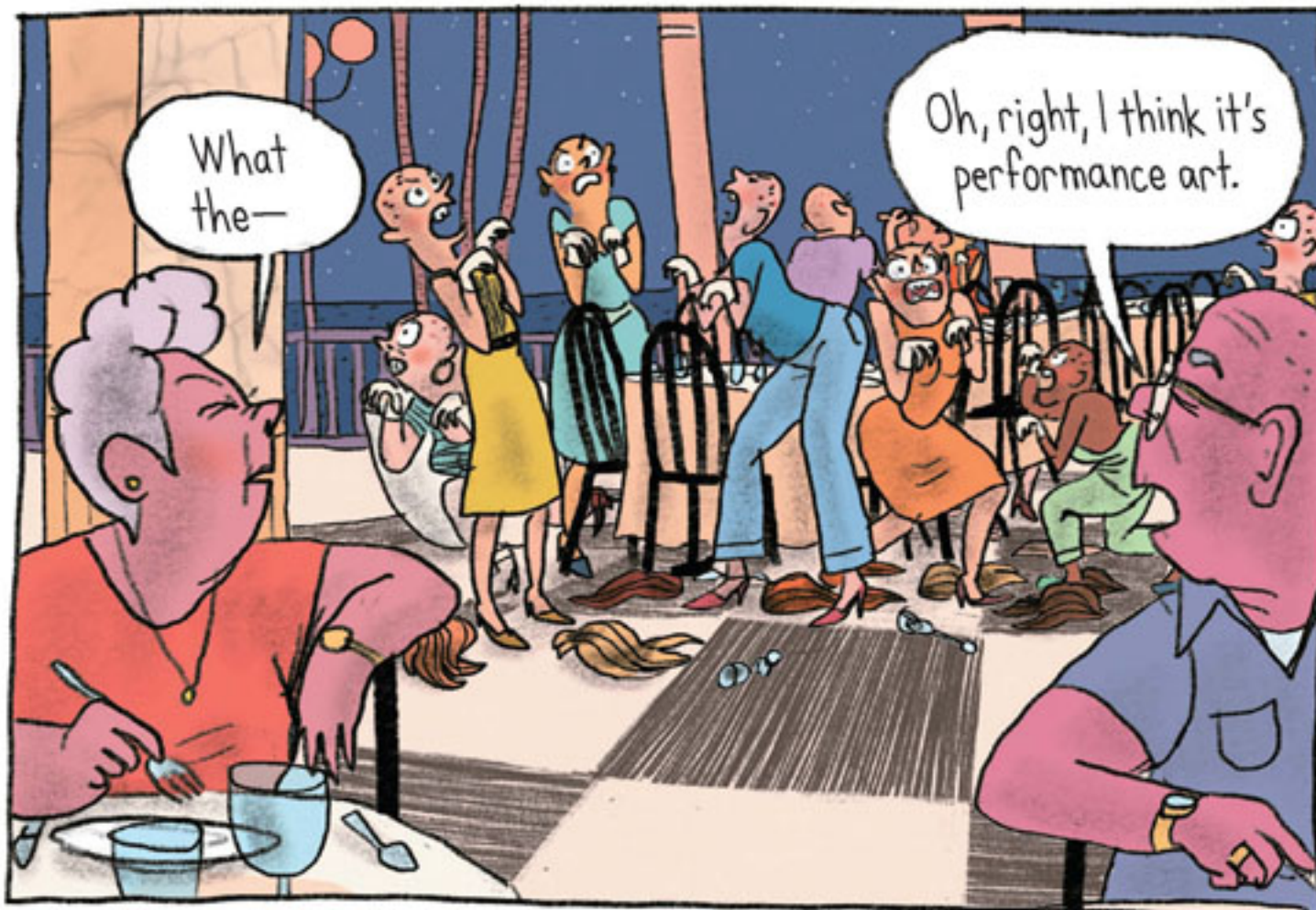




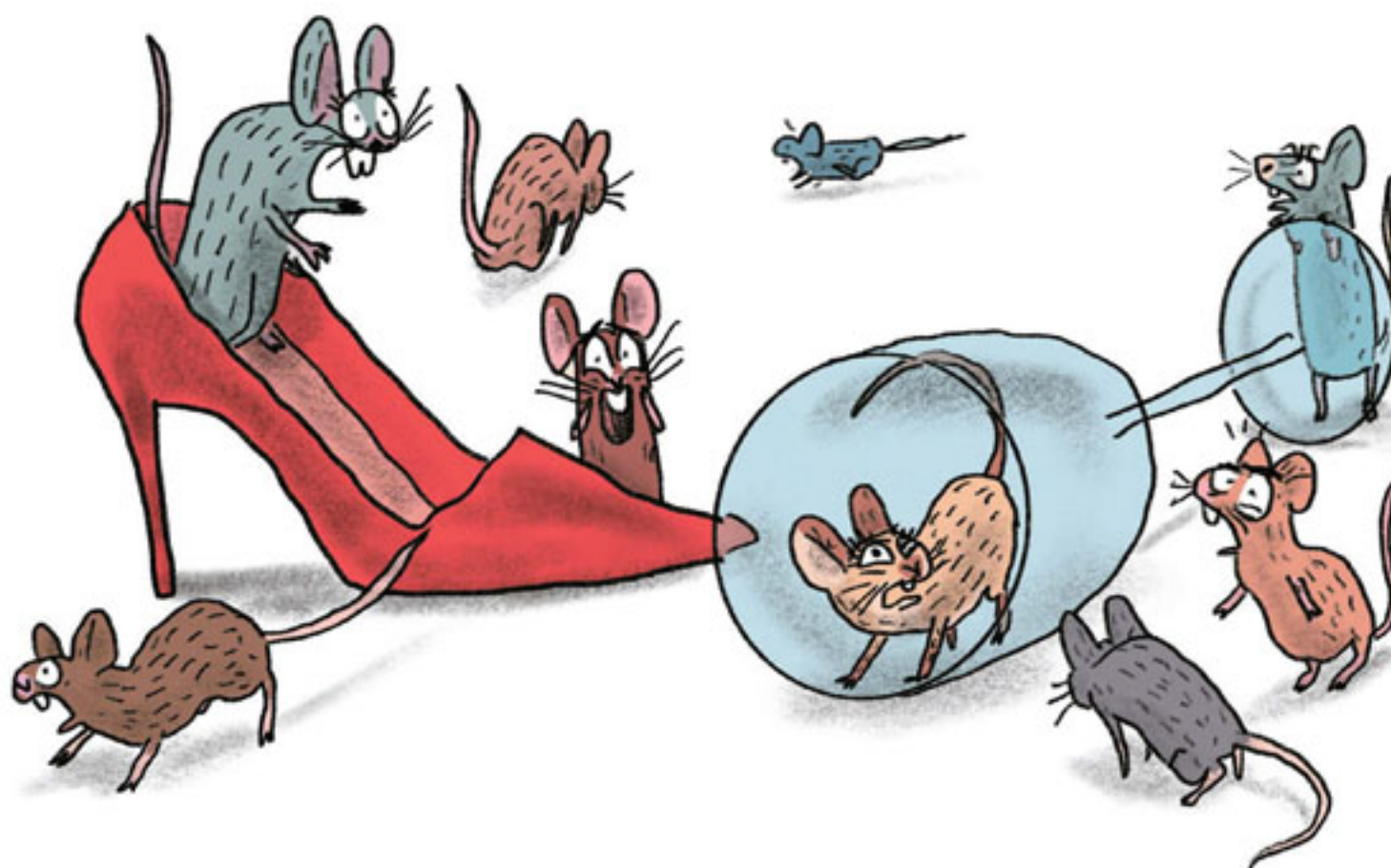
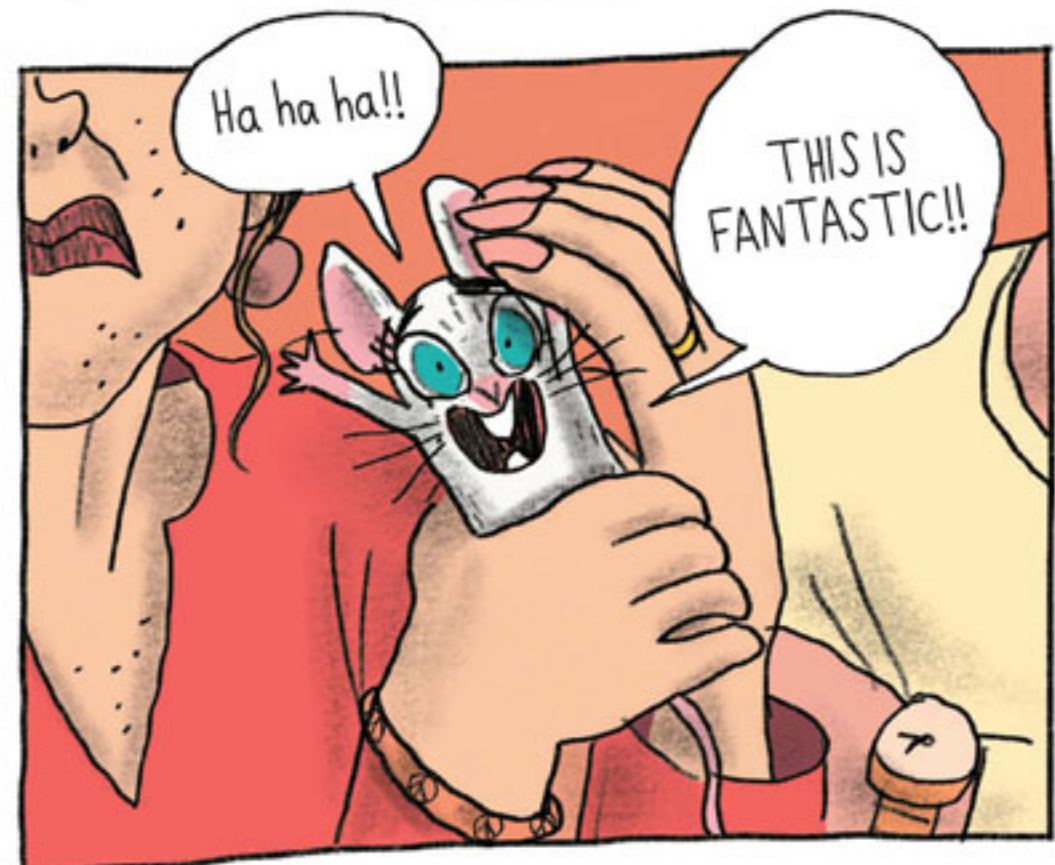


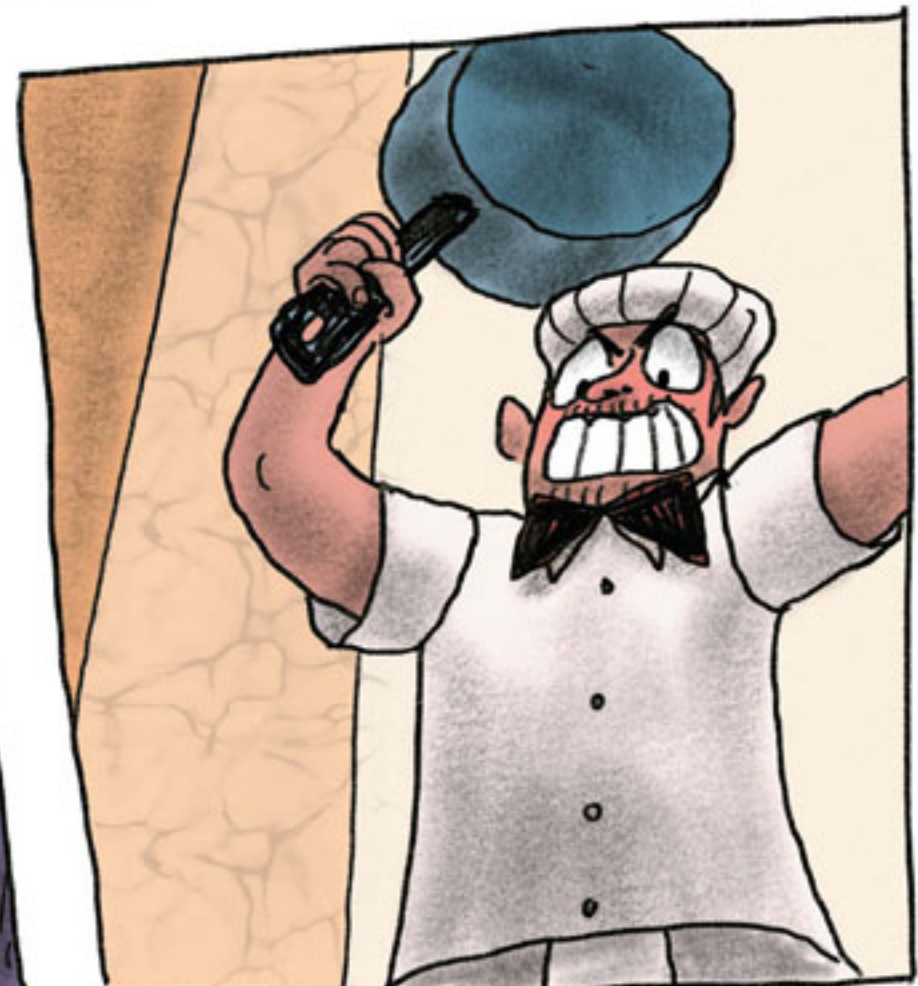
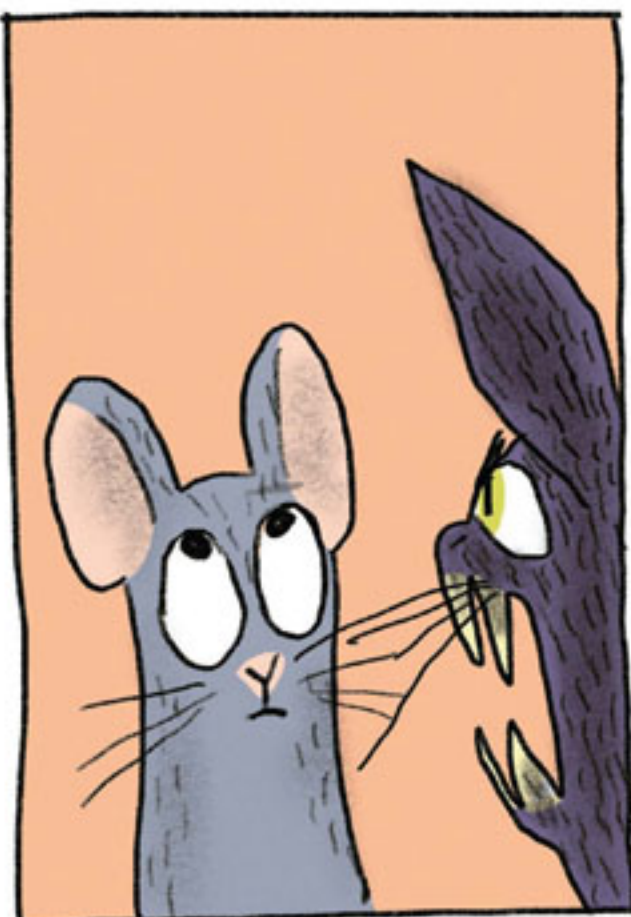
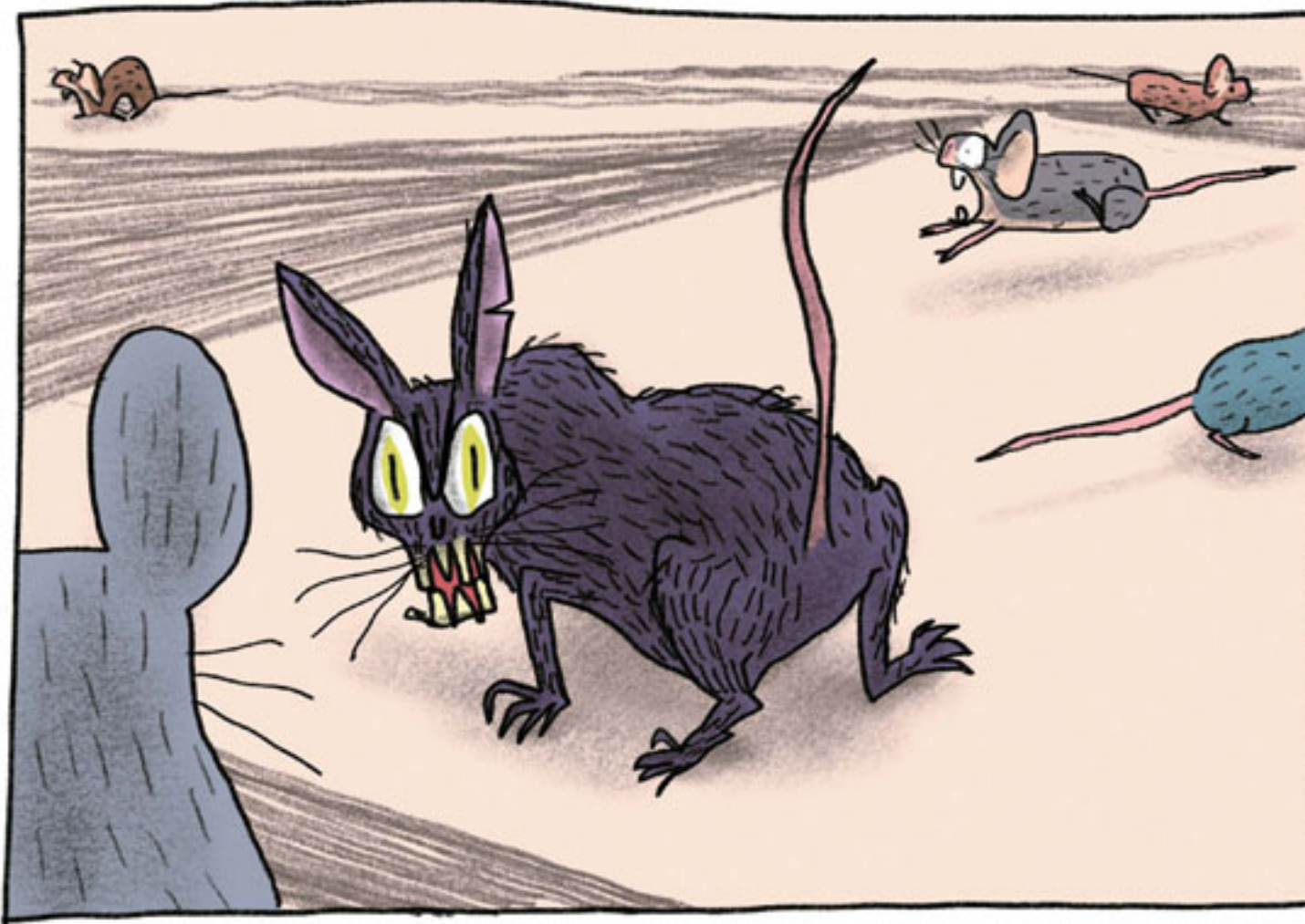


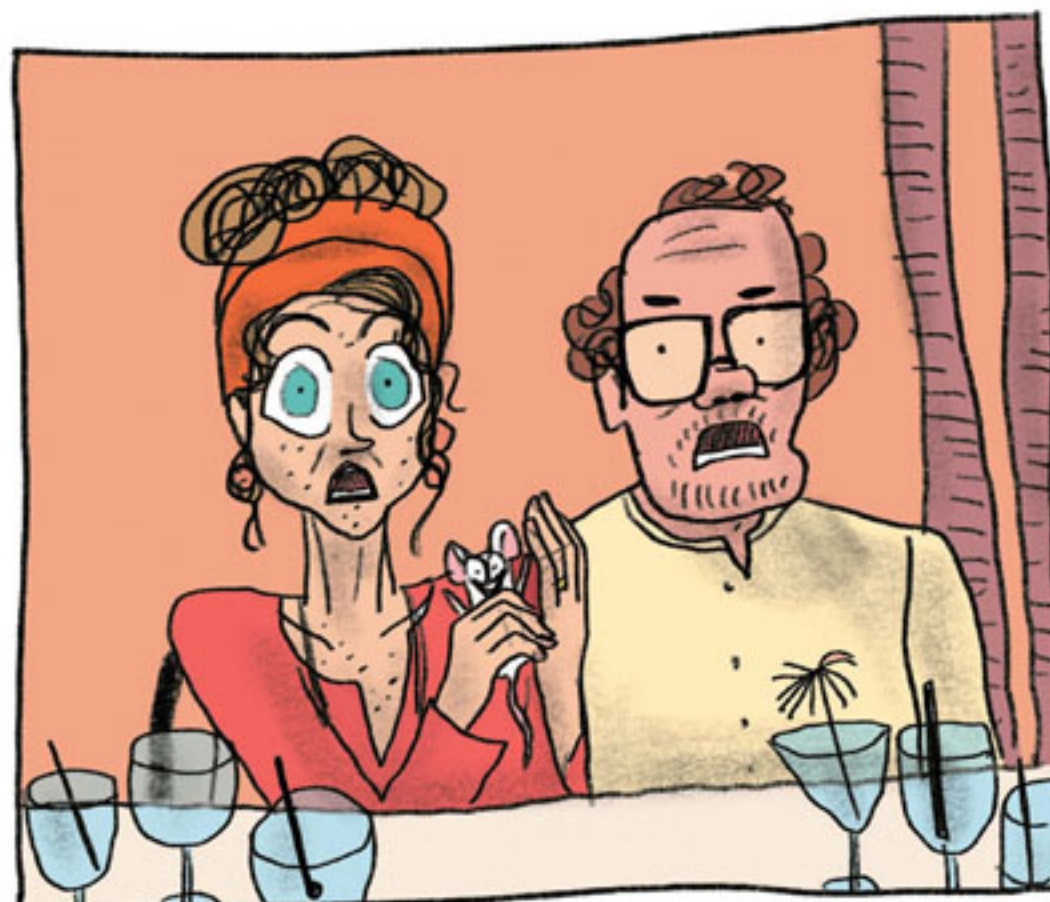


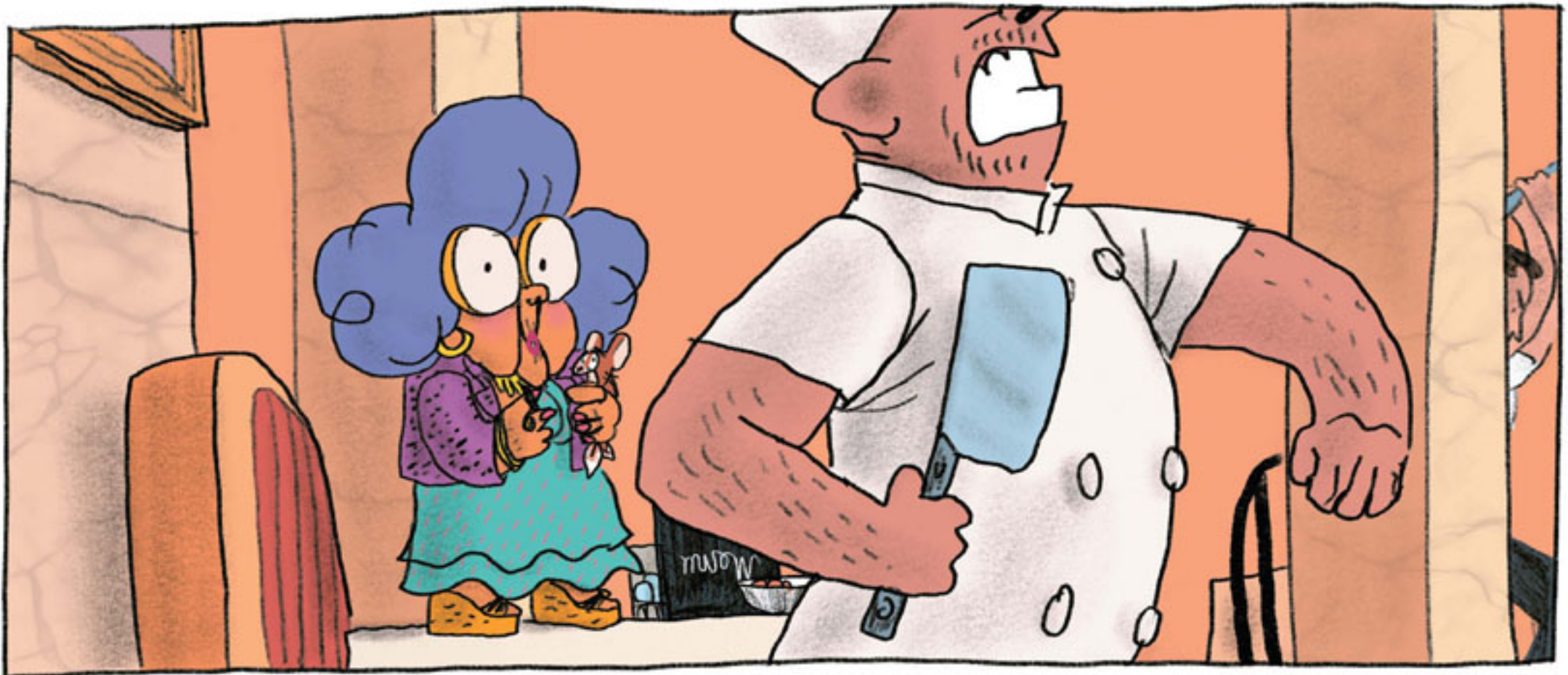
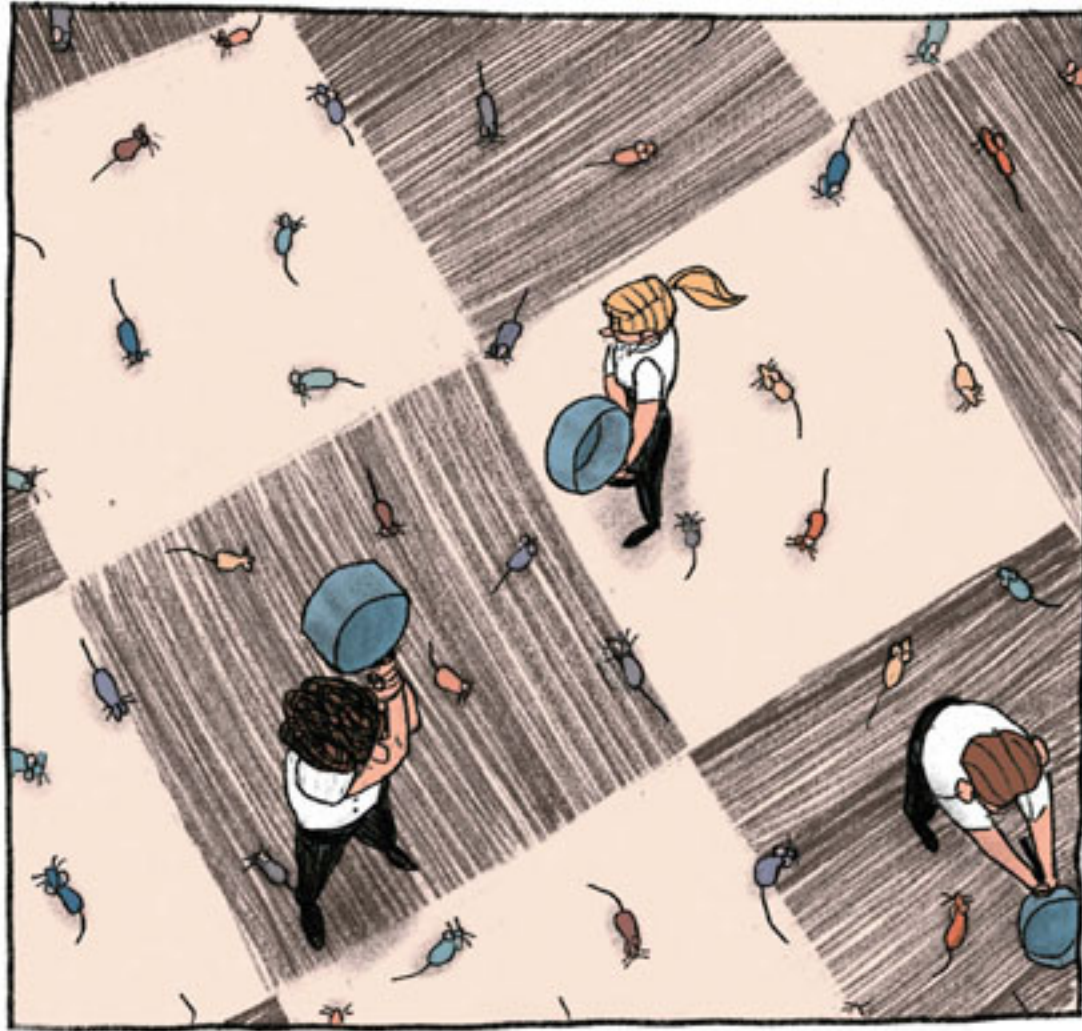


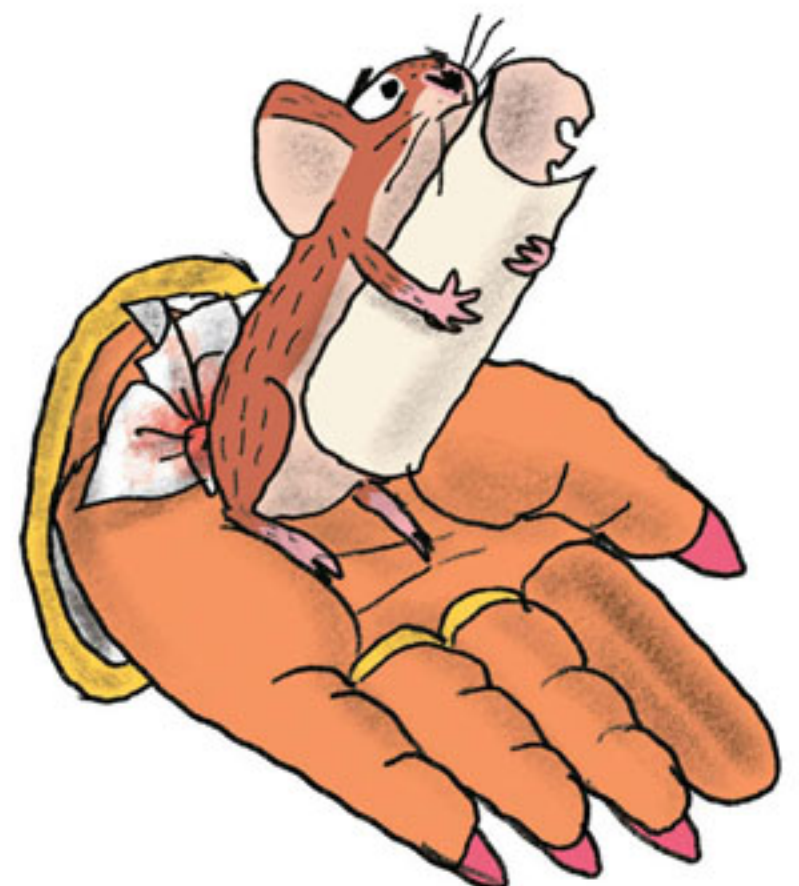
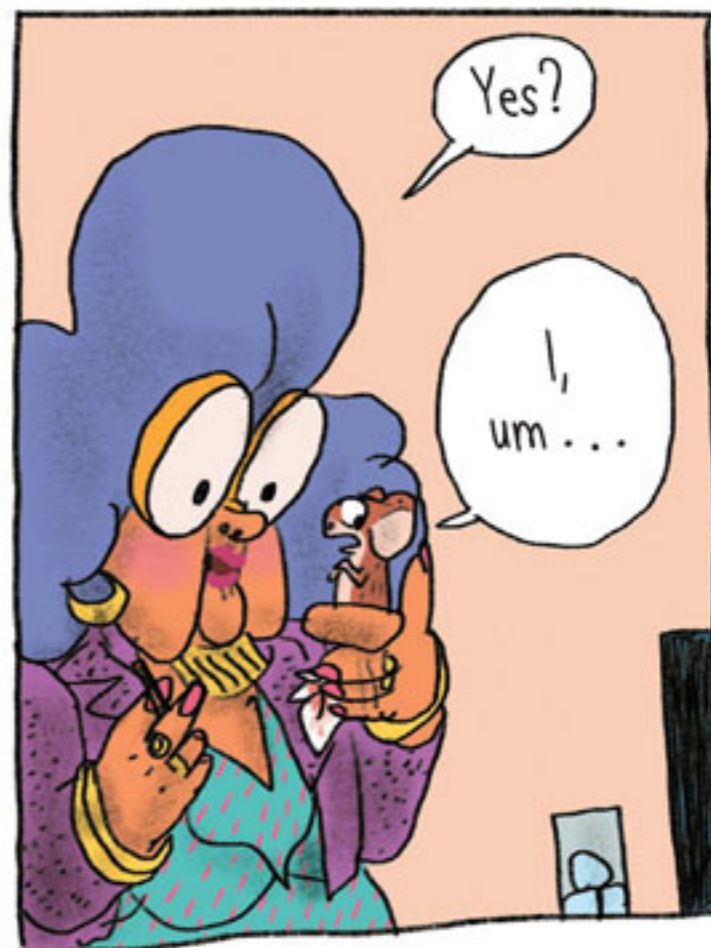
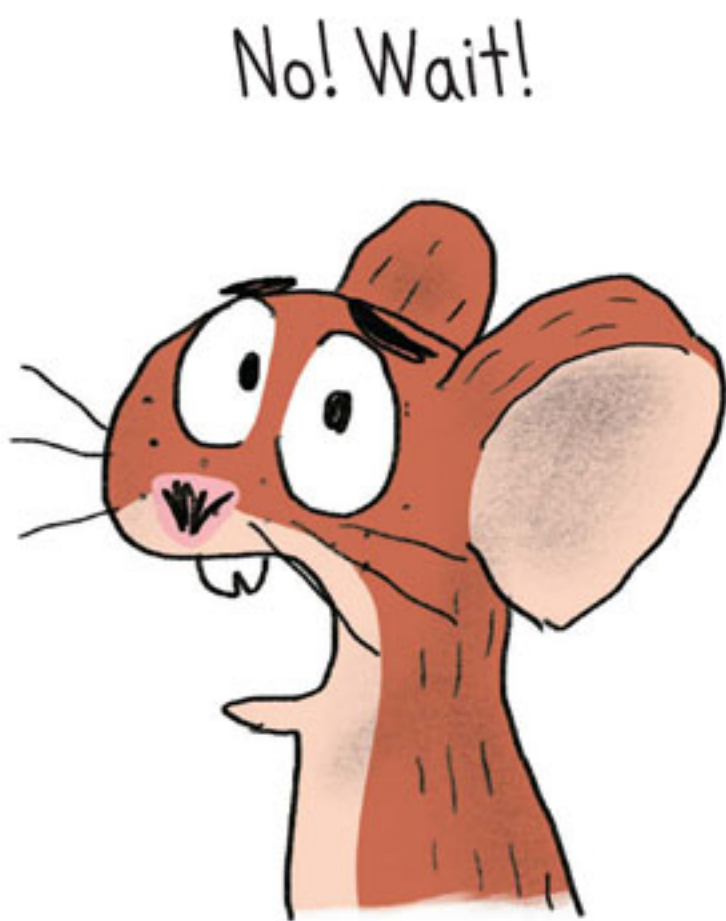


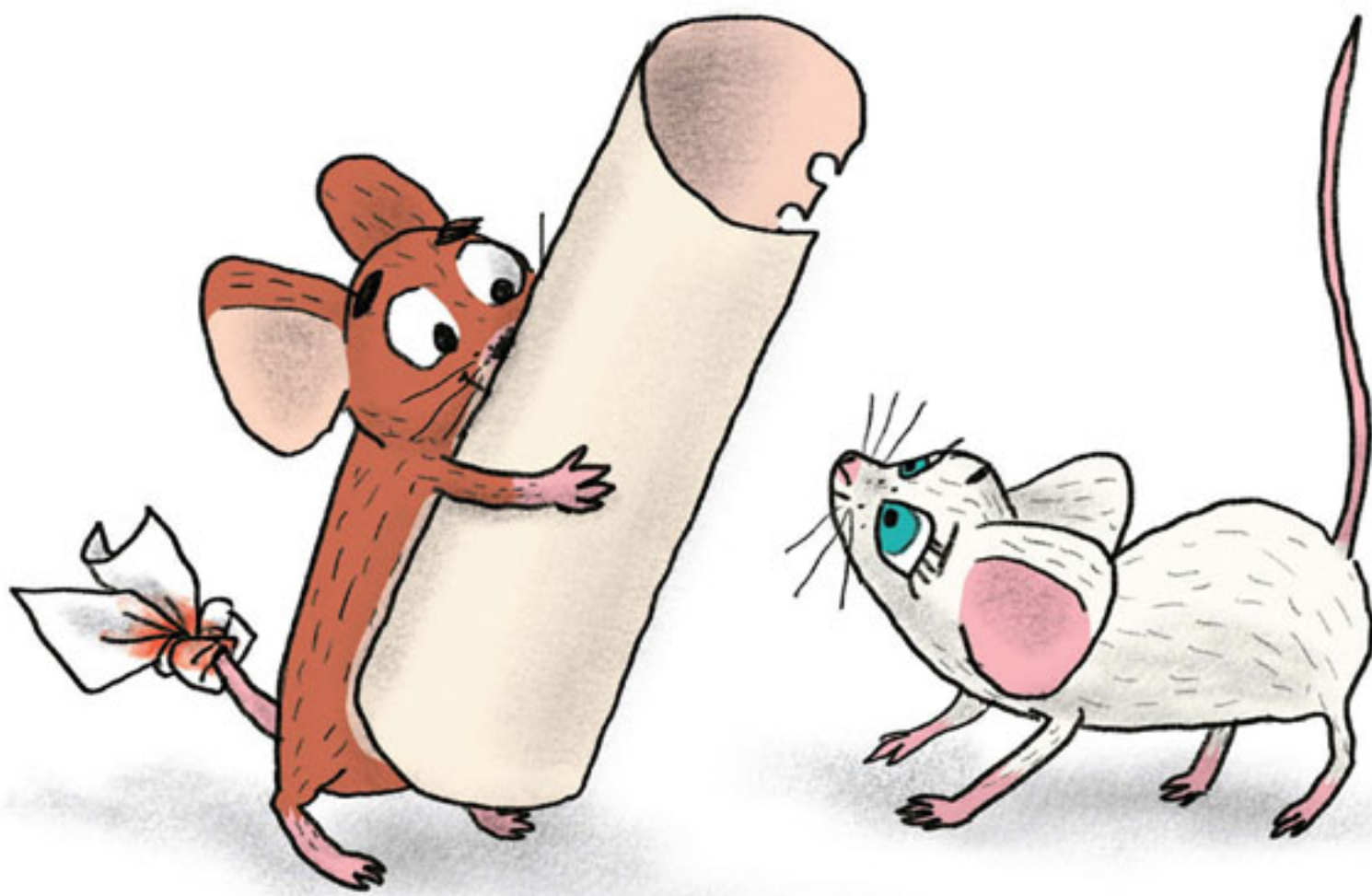


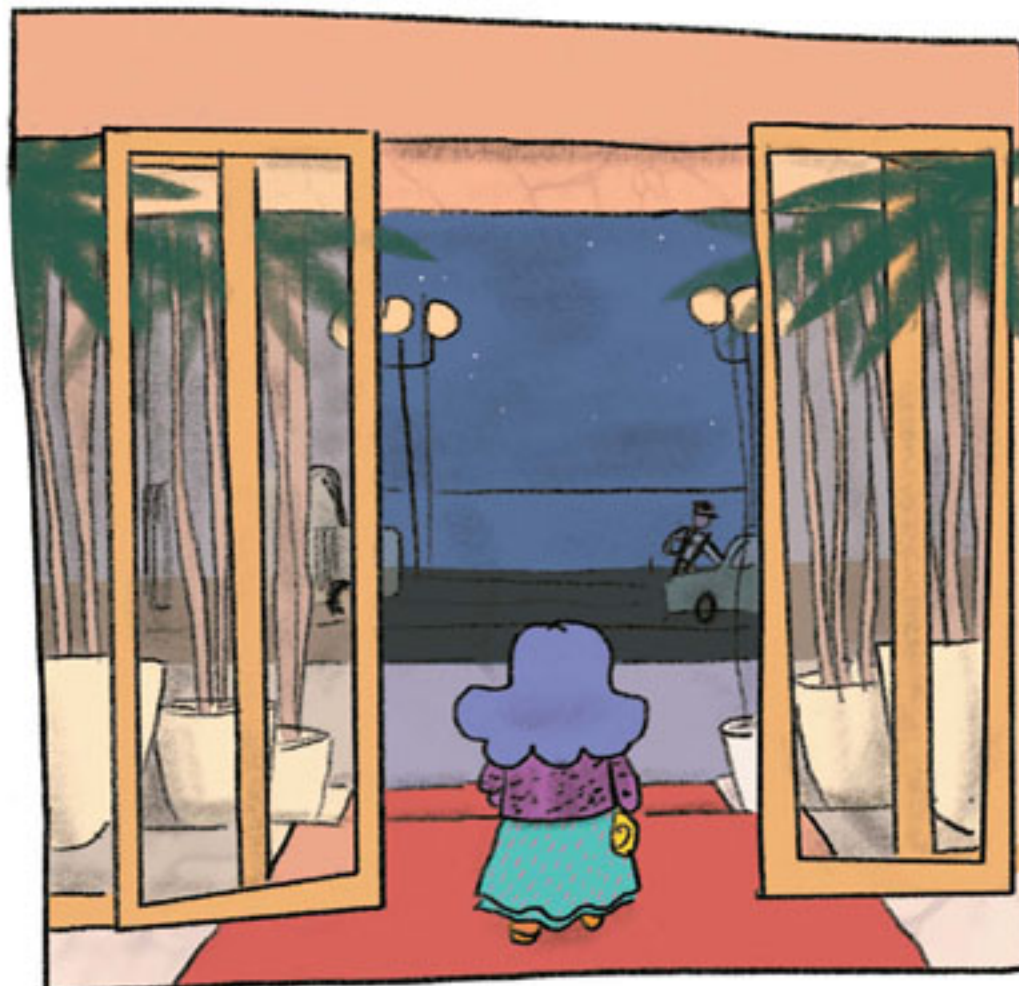


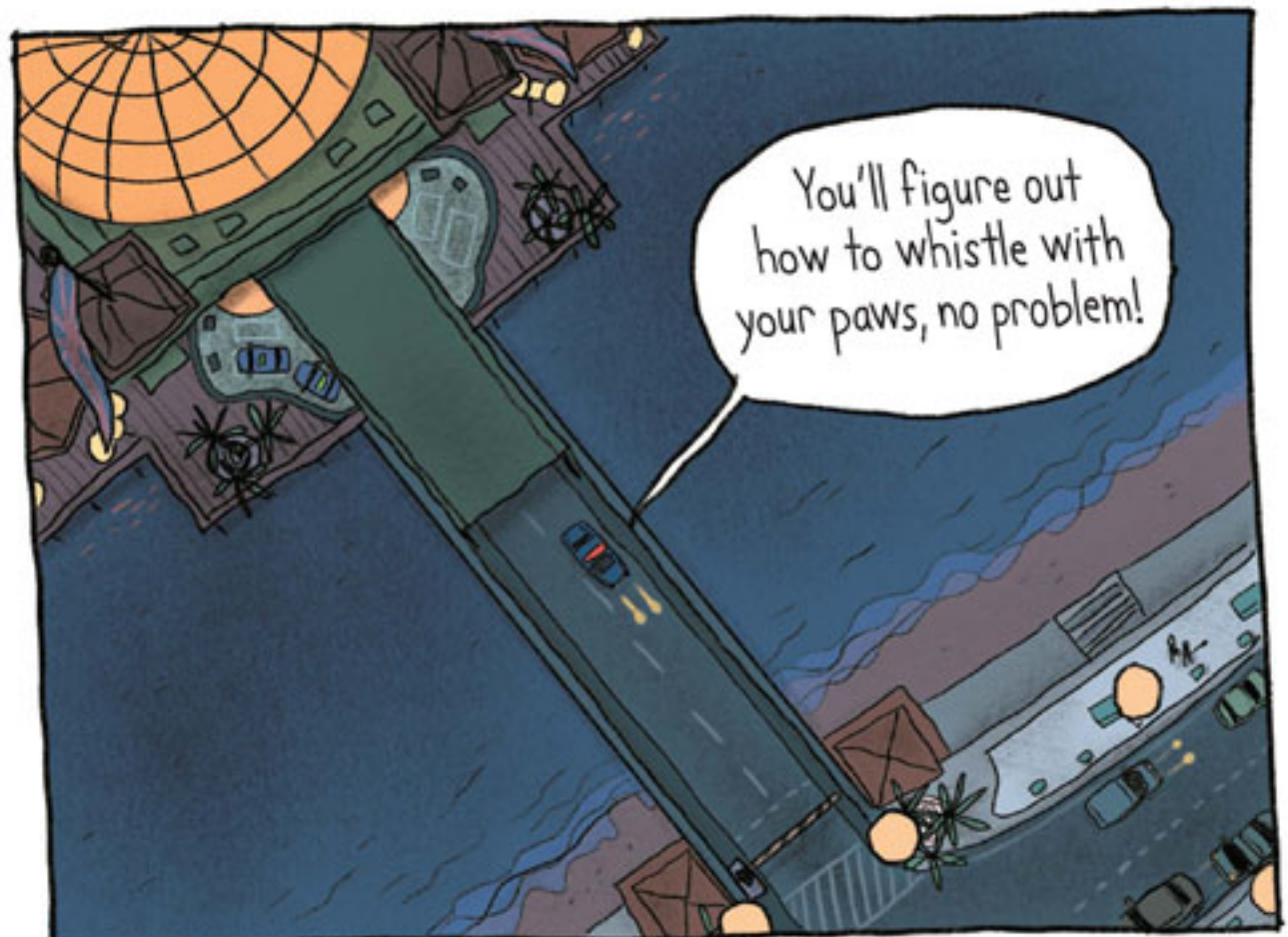
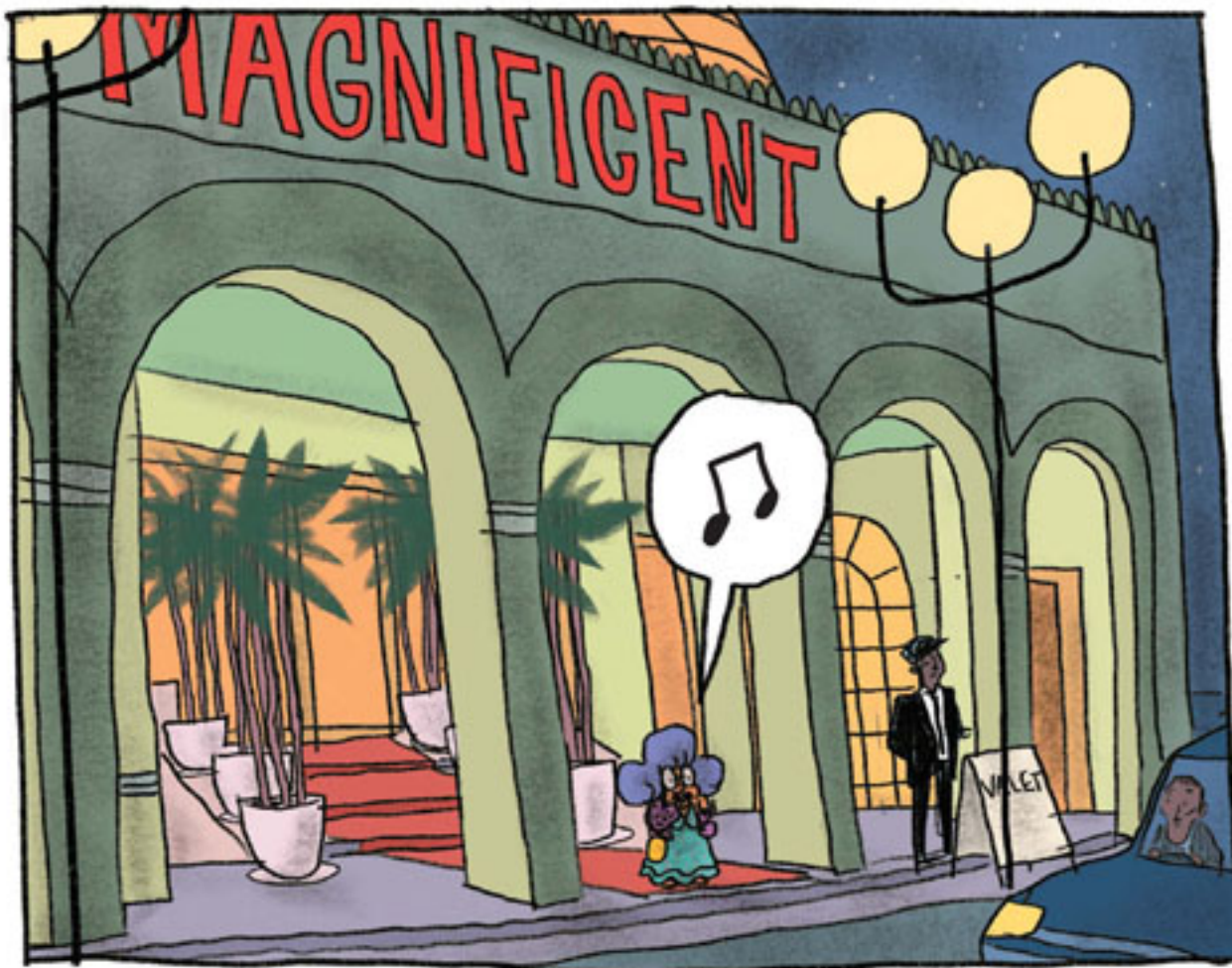


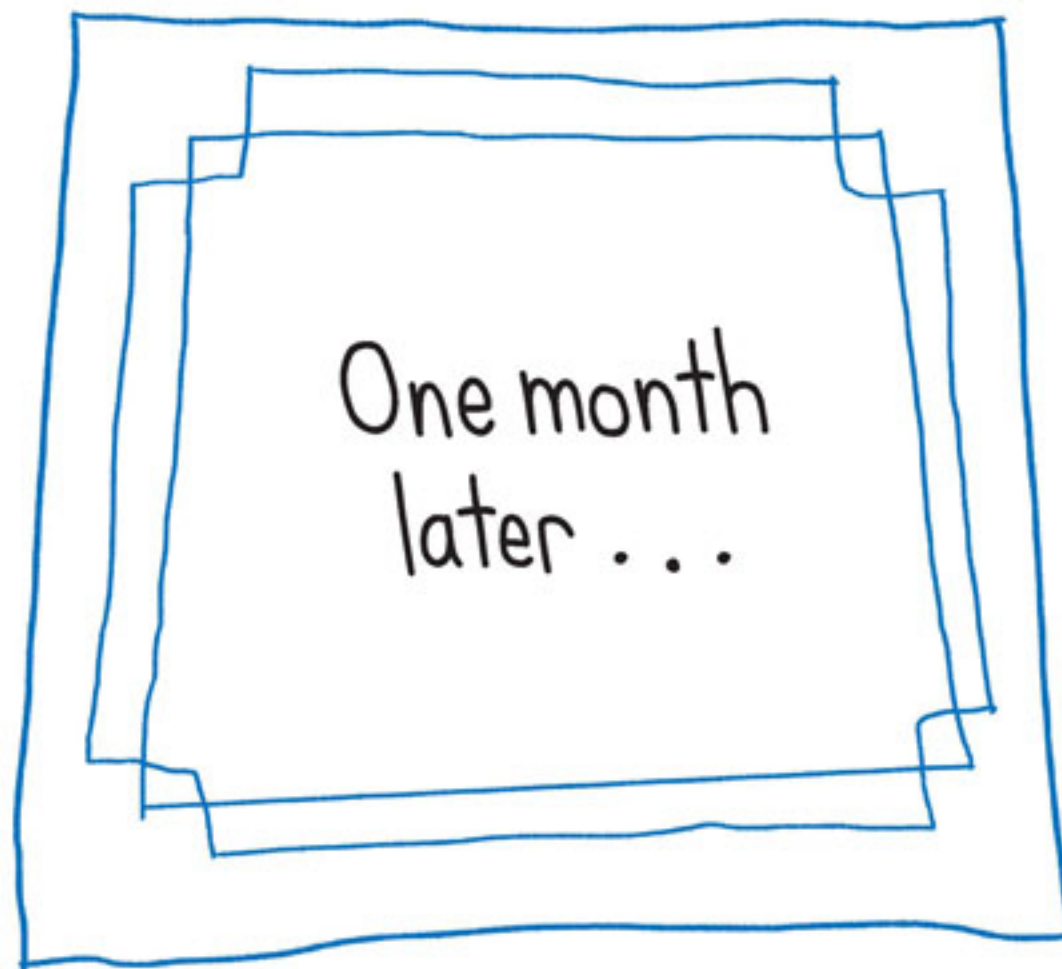




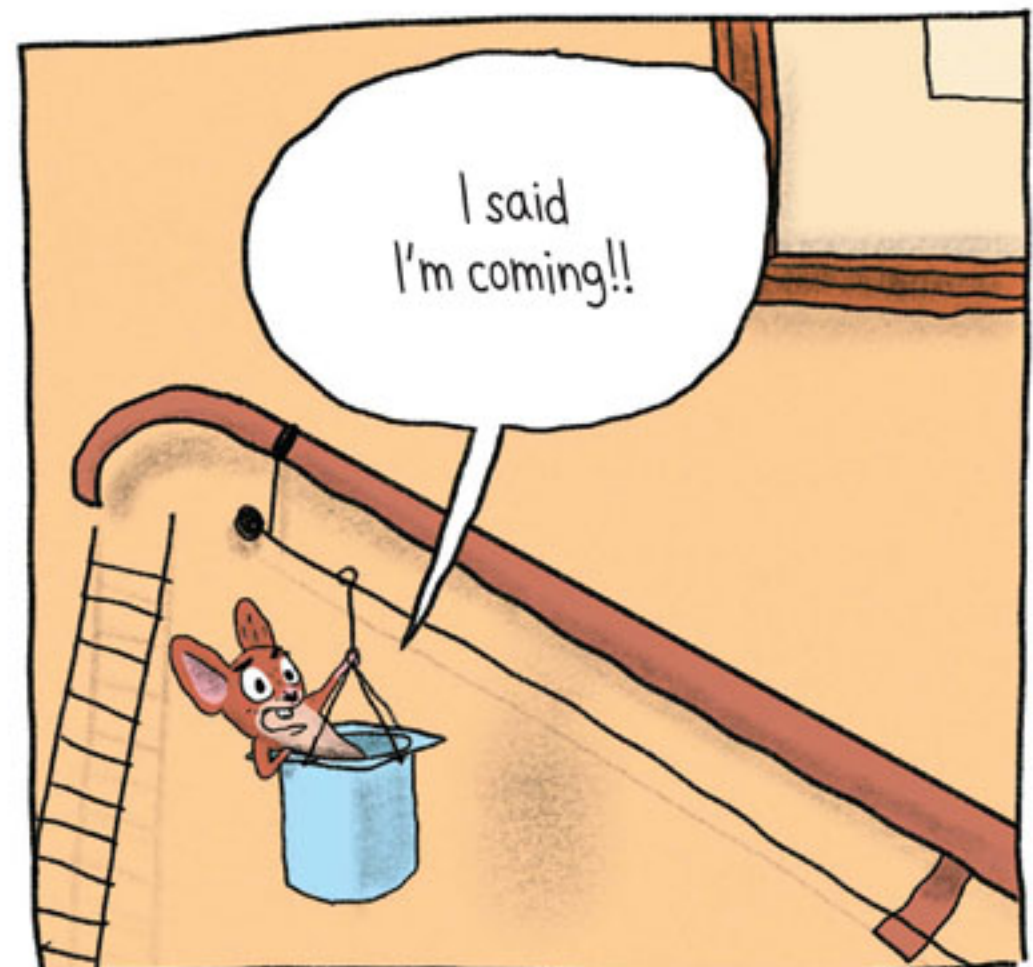
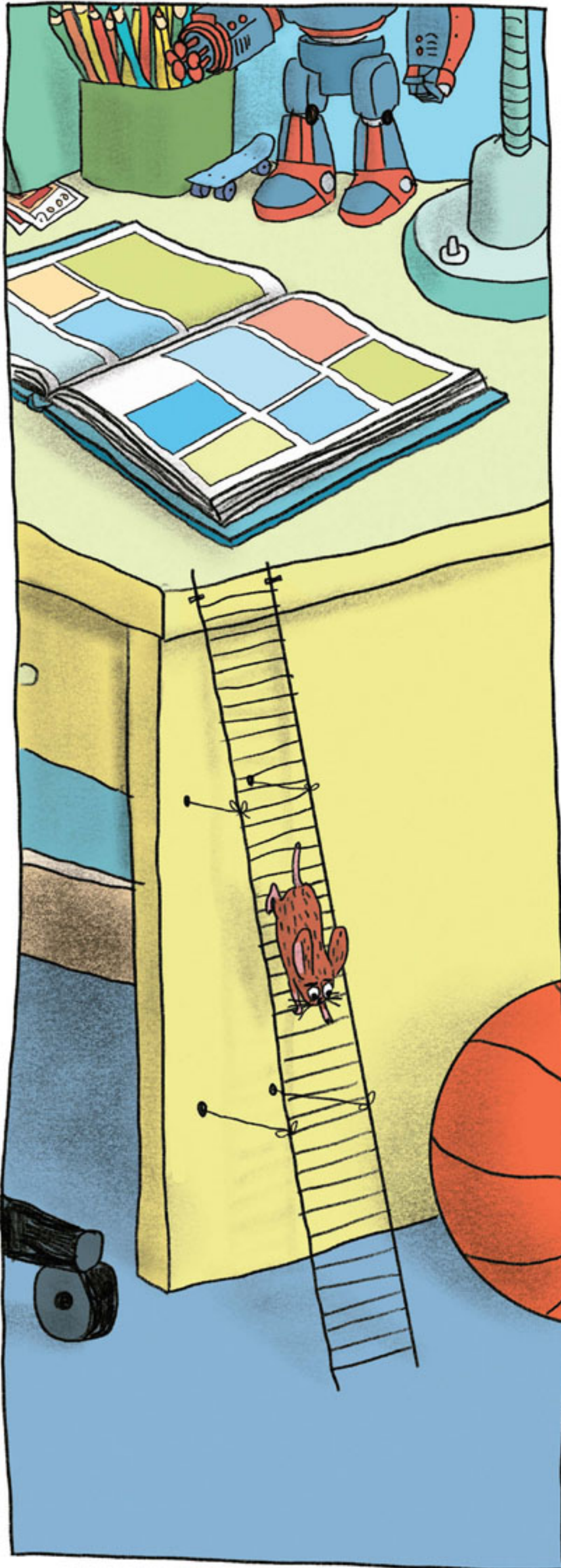


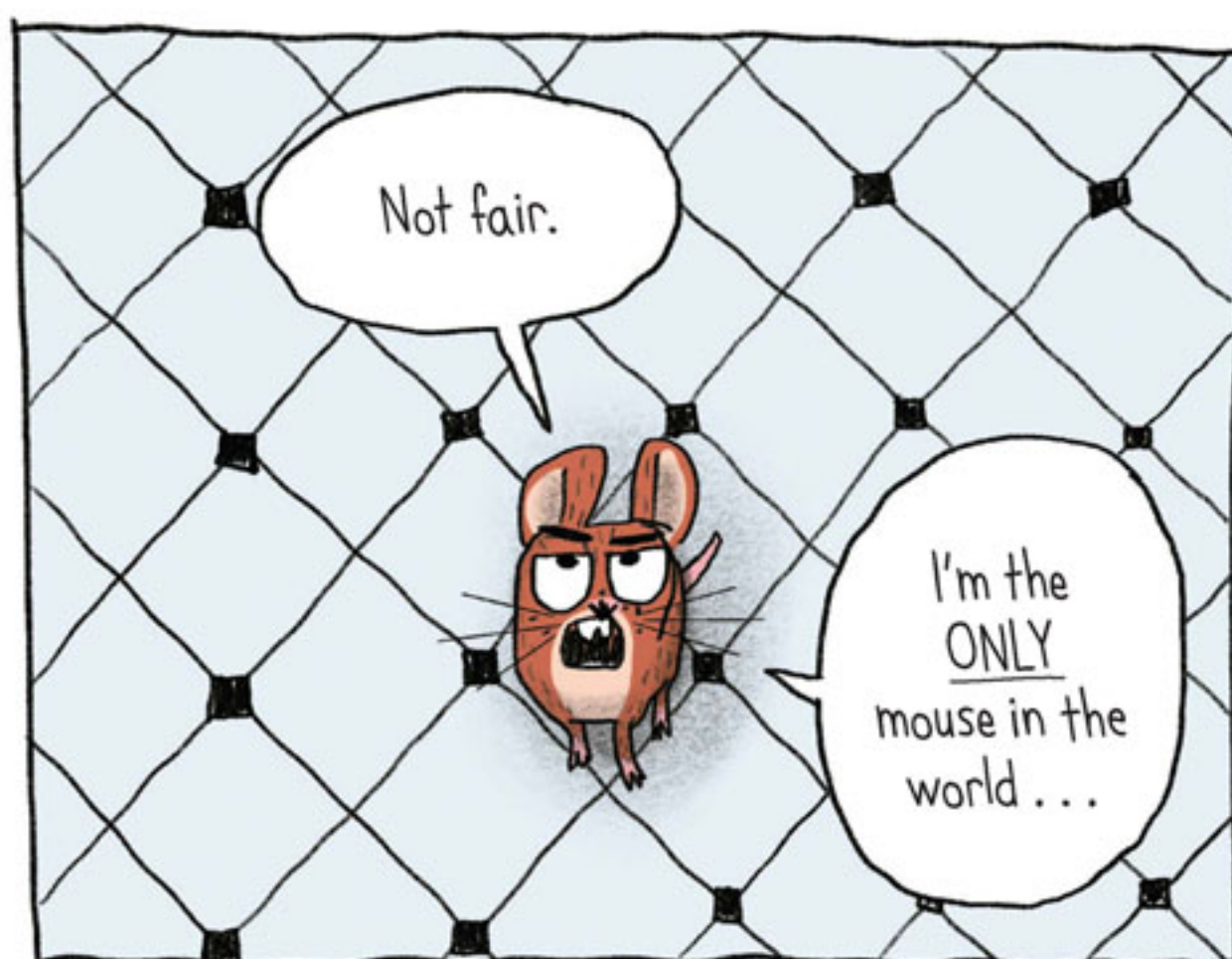


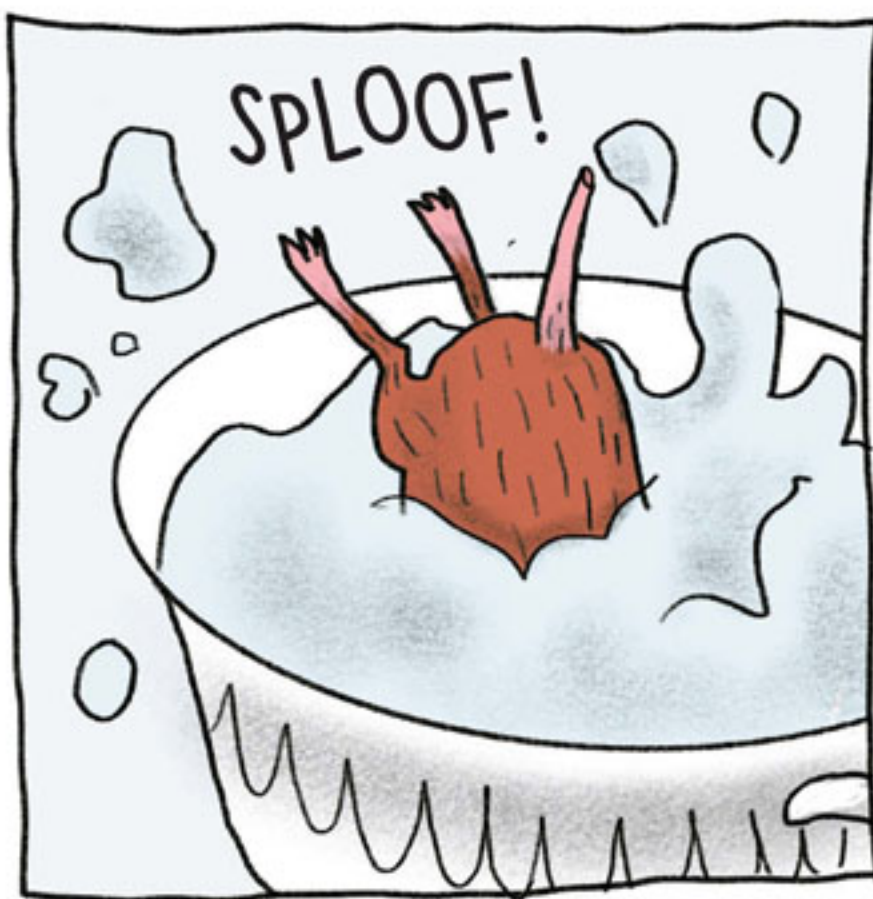






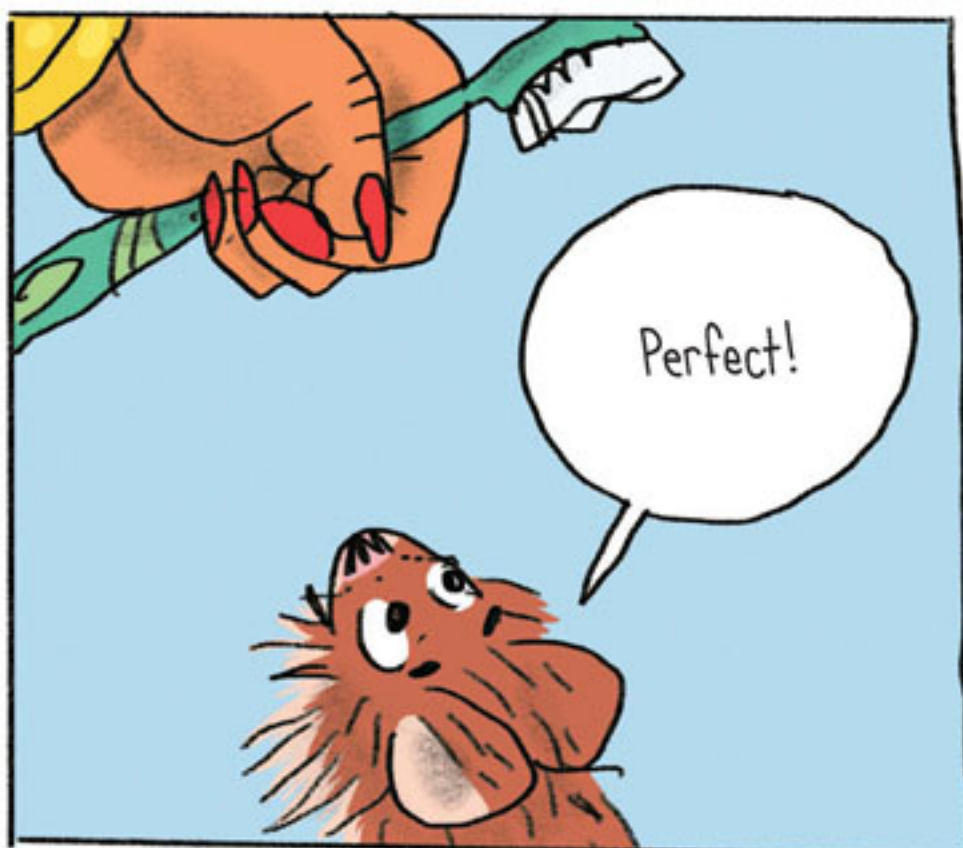














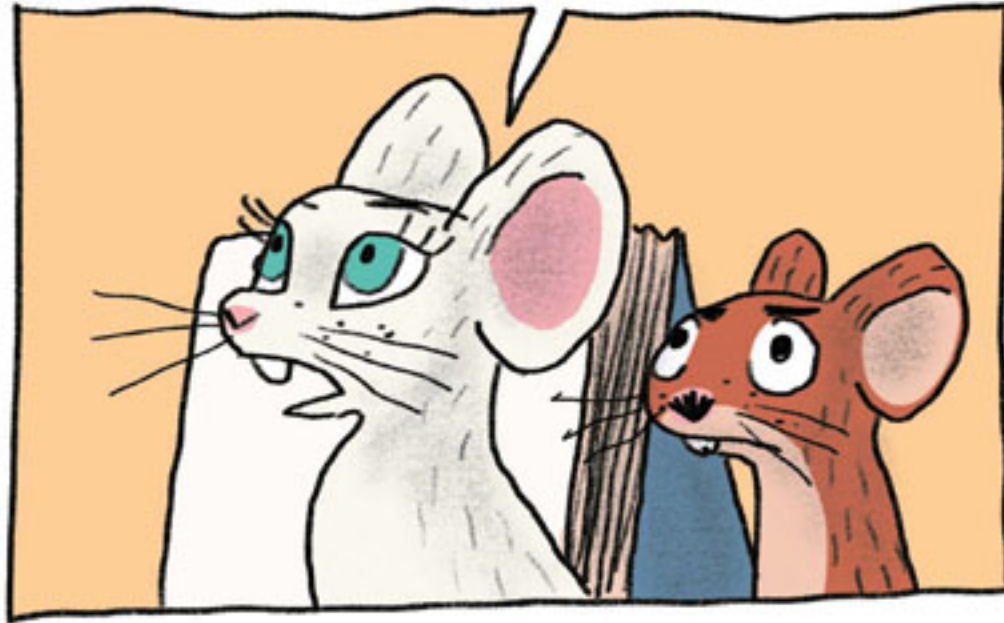




Right now, all we're missing is:



Now obviously, a gruntle's egg is too heavy for us. But my parents said they could fetch one.

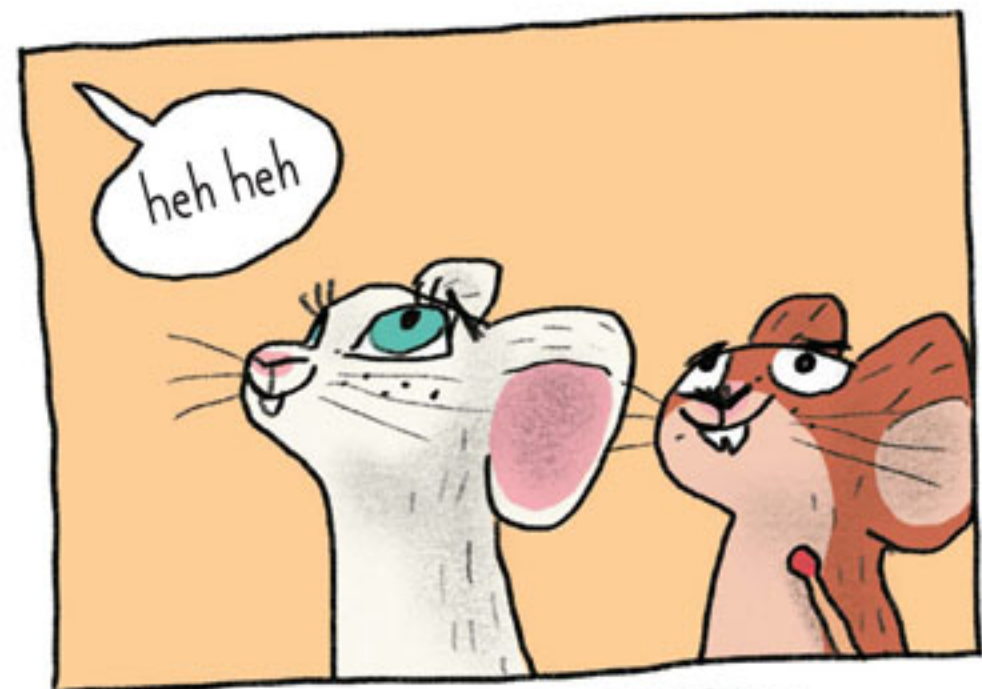


Um well... I don't know if you recall, but... I mean...



What about you, Grandmamma? Any progress?

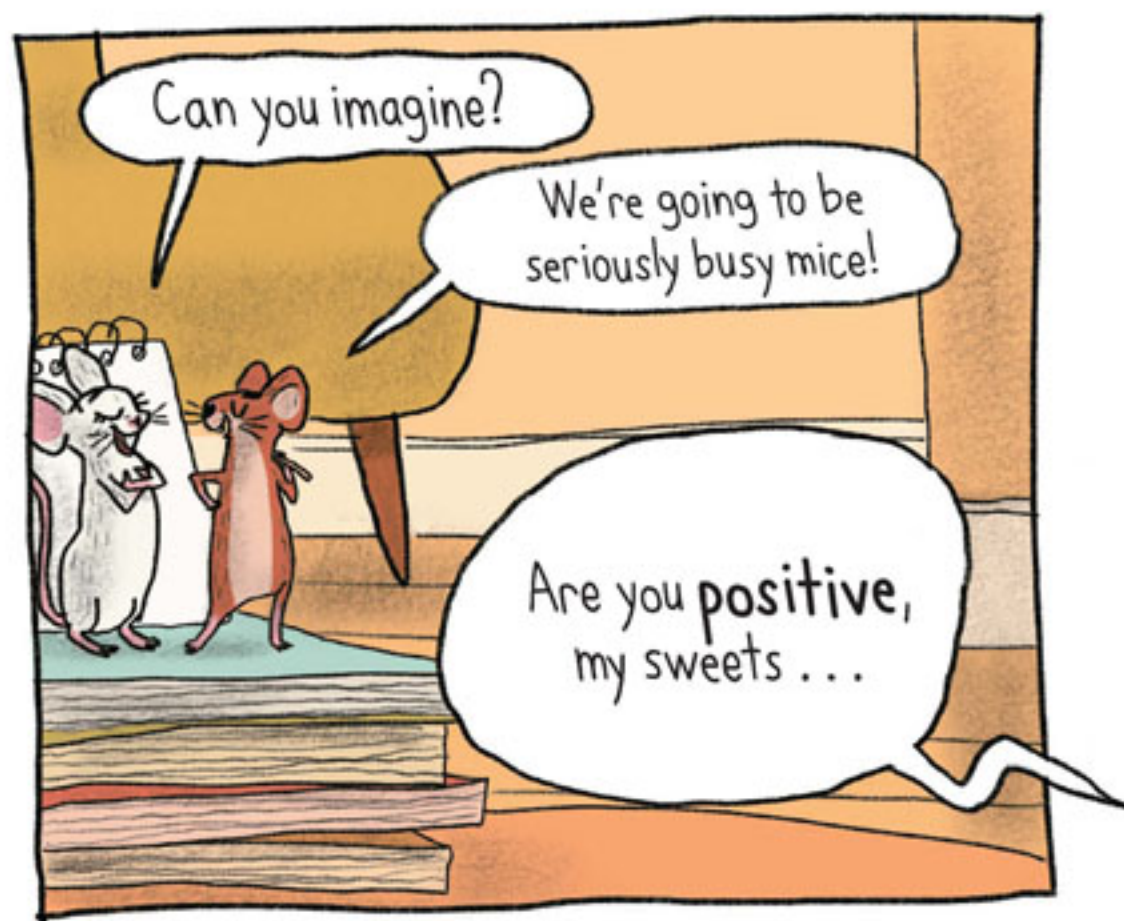


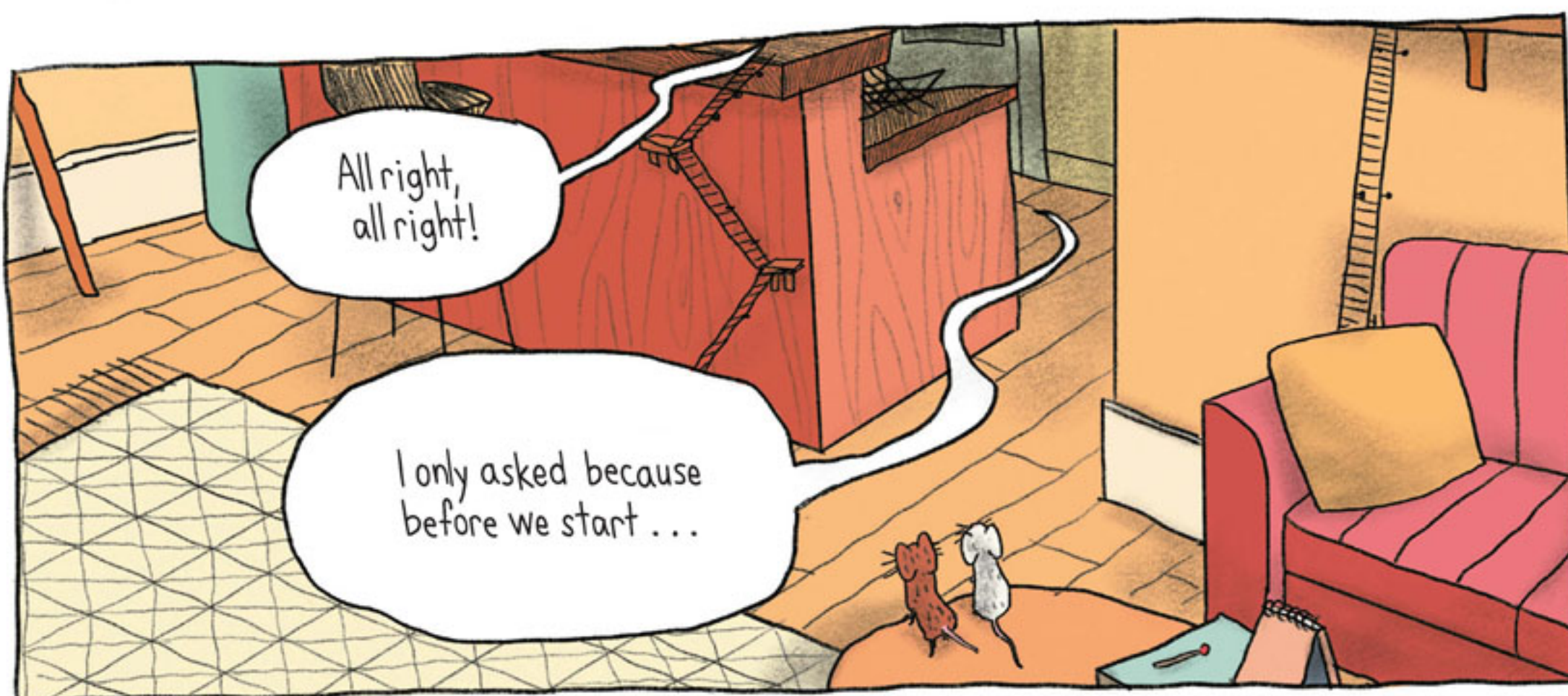
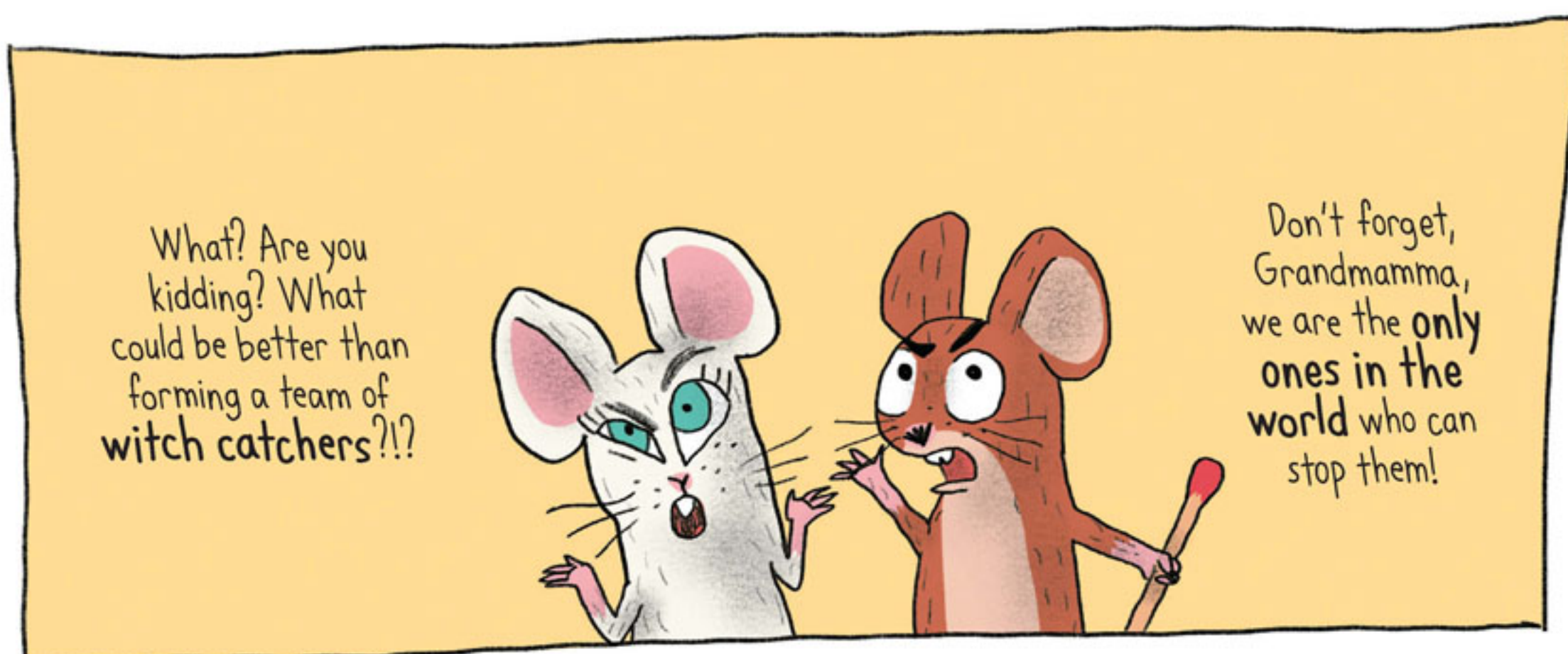


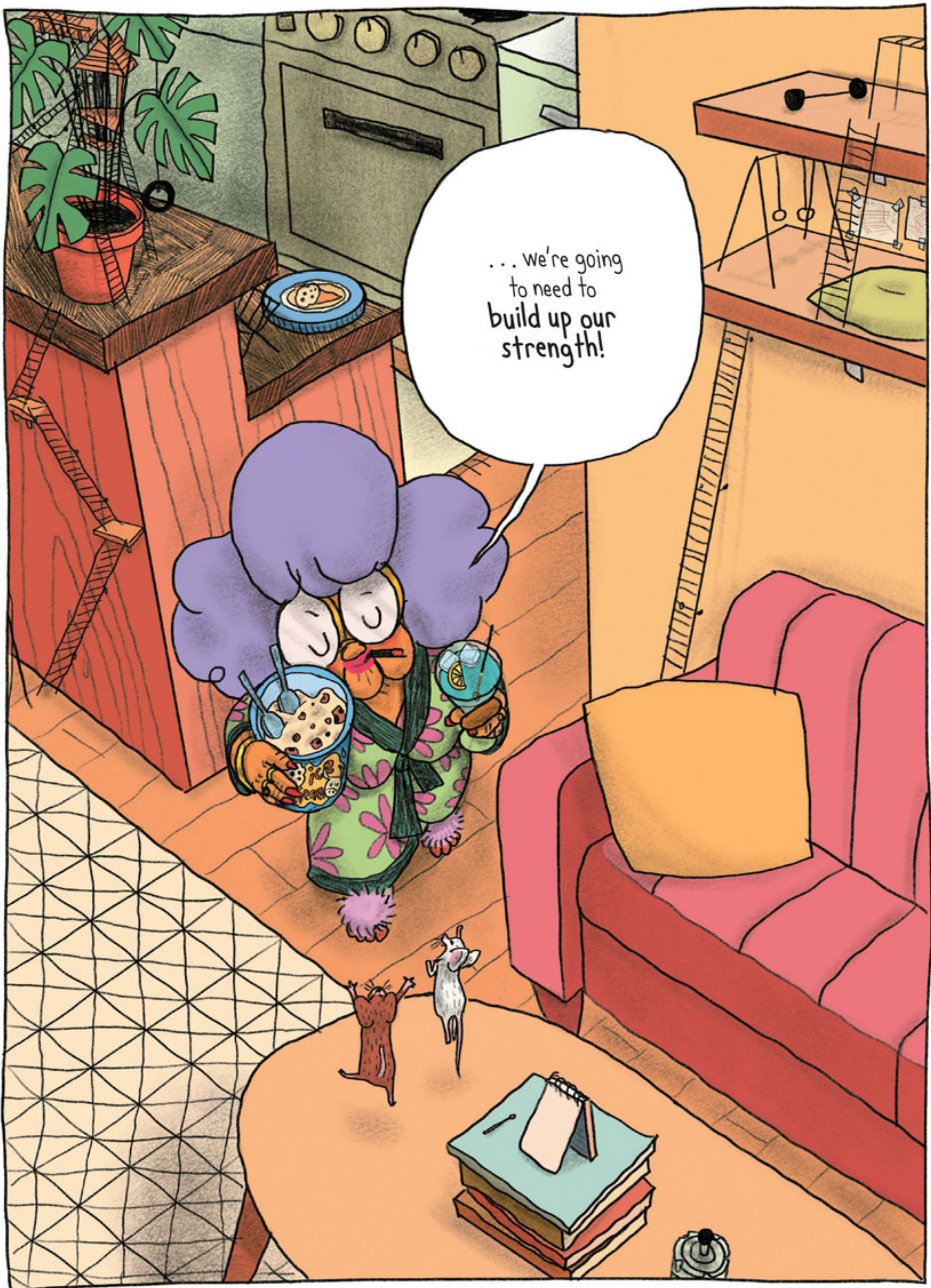




We pack our bags and zoom!
We take Formula 86
ALL AROUND THE WORLD!







THE END



ROALD DAHL was a spy, ace fighter pilot, chocolate historian, and medical inventor. He was also the author of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *Matilda*, *The BFG*, and many more brilliant stories. He remains the World's Number One Storyteller.

PÉNÉLOPE BAGIEU was born in Paris in 1982, a few months before the original publication of Roald Dahl's *The Witches*. She is the bestselling author of several graphic novels, including the Harvey Award winner *California Dreamin'* and Eisner Award winner *Brazen: Rebel Ladies Who Rocked the World*, which has been translated into seventeen languages and adapted into an animated series. Pénélope Bagieu lives in Paris.



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And finally, huge thanks to Benjamin.

— P. B.