

The Sleepy Wizard



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In a crooked cottage at the edge of a sunny meadow lived Wizard Noodle. He had a fluffy white beard, a purple robe covered in stars, and the sleepest blue eyes in the whole kingdom. Wizard Noodle loved afternoon naps more than anything—even more than magic. 'A little snooze never hurt anyone,' he would say with a yawn.



Wizard Noodle's young apprentice, Pip, was the opposite. Pip had bright green eyes, curly black hair, and a gap-toothed grin that never stopped. He wore a yellow tunic and oversized brown boots that clomped when he ran. Pip loved magic and practiced every day. 'One day I'll be a great wizard,' he said, 'and I'll finish every spell I start!'



One sunny afternoon, Wizard Noodle decided to cast a tricky spell to tidy the cottage. He waved his wand and mumbled words, but his eyelids grew heavy. 'Just a quick nap,' he whispered. His head drooped, his wand slipped, and he fell fast asleep in his big armchair. The spell was only half done—and magic does not like to wait.



At first, nothing happened. Then the teapot on the table grew four little legs and scampered away! 'Oi! Come back here!' Pip shouted, chasing it around the kitchen. The curtains flapped their fabric and turned into colorful birds, chirping and flying out the window. The chairs began to dance a jig around the room, bumping into walls.



Pip ducked as a dancing chair twirled past his head. 'Wizard Noodle! Wake up!' he called, but the old wizard just snored softly. The spell was still working, and it was getting wilder by the minute. A broomstick started sweeping by itself, and the soup pot began to sing a silly song. Pip knew he had to do something fast.



Just then, the spellbook on the shelf began to flutter. It had a worn leather cover with a goofy face and two button eyes. 'Pip! Pip!' it cried, flapping its pages like wings. 'The spell is unfinished! You must find the missing pages before everything goes completely bonkers!' Pip gulped. 'Missing pages? Where?' The book fluttered its ribbon bookmark. 'Follow me!'



The spellbook led Pip to the garden, where the teapot was hiding under a bush. 'There's a page!' the book chirped, pointing with a corner clasp. Pip grabbed the page from under the teapot's spout. 'One down!' he said. But then he heard a crash from inside the cottage. The chairs were now dancing on the table!



Pip ran back inside and found a page stuck to the ceiling, held by a flying curtain-bird. 'Please give that back!' Pip begged. The bird tilted its head and dropped the page into Pip's hands. 'Thank you!' Pip said. He tucked the page into his satchel. The spellbook fluttered beside him. 'Two pages found! But there are more!'



The next page was in the kitchen, where the soup pot was using it as a lid. 'Excuse me, Mr. Pot,' Pip said politely. 'May I have that page?' The pot burped and rolled the page across the floor. Pip caught it just in time. The spellbook clapped its covers. 'Three pages! You're doing great, Pip!' But the magic was still growing.



A dancing chair knocked over a lamp, and the lamp turned into a hopping frog. 'Ribbit!' it said, and jumped onto Pip's boot. Pip laughed despite himself. 'This is the strangest day ever!' He spotted another page under the frog. 'Got it!' he said. The spellbook nodded. 'Only one page left! Hurry, before the wizard wakes up!'



The last page was floating high above the wardrobe, caught in a spiderweb. Pip climbed on a dancing chair to reach it. 'Steady now,' he told the chair. It stopped dancing and held still. Pip stretched up and grabbed the page. 'I've got all the pages!' he cheered. The spellbook fluttered with joy. 'Now you must read the spell aloud and finish what Wizard Noodle started!'



Pip opened the spellbook and found the unfinished spell. The words were tricky, but Pip sounded them out carefully. 'Abracadabra, twinkle and spin, make all the magic go back in!' He waved his wand just like Wizard Noodle had taught him. A soft golden glow filled the room. The teapot's legs disappeared, the curtain-birds turned back into curtains, and the chairs stopped dancing.



Everything went back to its proper place. The soup pot stopped singing, and the frog turned back into a lamp. The cottage was tidy and quiet again. Wizard Noodle stirred in his armchair and opened his sleepy eyes. 'Oh my,' he yawned. 'Did I miss anything?' Pip grinned his gap-toothed grin. 'Just a little magical chaos, that's all!'



Wizard Noodle looked around the neat room and then at Pip's satchel full of pages. 'You finished my spell!' he said, amazed. 'I'm so proud of you, Pip.' The spellbook fluttered its pages happily. 'Pip is a hero!' it said. Wizard Noodle chuckled. 'I suppose I should finish my spells before napping from now on.' He gave Pip a warm hug.



From that day on, Wizard Noodle tried to finish his tasks before his afternoon nap. Sometimes he still forgot, but Pip was always there to help. The spellbook kept a close eye on things, too. And whenever the teapot started to grow legs, Pip would say, 'Not today, Mr. Teapot!' and everyone would laugh.



Finishing what you start is a kind of magic all its own. It keeps teapots from running away and chairs from dancing on tables. Wizard Noodle learned that lesson, and Pip proved that even a small apprentice can save the day. So if you ever start a spell—or a chore—remember to finish it. You never know what might happen if you don't!