

SÍLE AND THE PÚCA



Ghost
SAFARI

HIGH STREET
SAFARI



**DEEP IN THE GLOOMWOOD, ON THE SPOOKIEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR, LIVED A LITTLE
TRAINEE BANSHEE NAMED SÍLE (PRONOUNCED SHEE-LA).**



SHE WANTED TO BE SCARY, MORE THAN ANYTHING. SHE TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND LET OUT HER BIGGEST WAIL... POOF!



IT WAS NO GOOD. AND WORSE, HER SPECIAL SILVER COMB WAS GONE! A BANSHEE IS NOTHING WITHOUT HER COMB.



SO, WITH A BRAVE LITTLE WOBBLE, SHE FLOATED INTO THE DARK WOODS TO FIND IT.



SUDDENLY, SHE SAW A GIANT, HAIRY MONSTER! SÍLE SUMMONED ALL HER MIGHT. POOF!



BUT THE MONSTER WASN'T A MONSTER AT ALL. IT WAS GRUG, A SHY GROGOCH, AND HE WAS MORE SCARED OF HER! HE SAW SHE WAS SAD AND GENTLY OFFERED TO HELP.



THEY LOOKED UNDER TOADSTOOLS AND PEEKED IN HOLLOWES. GRUG WAS BIG AND STRONG, AND SILE COULD FLOAT INTO TINY SPACES.



THEN, THEY SPOTTED A FLASH OF SILVER... IN THE MANE OF A MISCHIEVOUS PÚCA!



**"MY COMB!" SHE CRIED. WITH A GRUNT, GRUG LIFTED SÍLE RIGHT ONTO THE PÚCAA S
BACK. "HOLD ON TIGHT!"**



**WHOOSH! THEY ZIPPED PAST SLEEPING OWLS AND ZIPPED UNDER DROOPING BRANCHES.
IT WASN'T SCARY AT ALL... IT WAS FUN!**



THEY TUMBLED INTO A SOFT PILE OF LEAVES. THE COMB WAS SAFE! FROM THE BUSHES, A LITTLE APPLAUSE RUSTLED. THE WOODLAND ANIMALS LOVED HER SPOOKY SHOW!



SÍLE DIDN'T NEED A SCARY WAIL AFTER ALL. SHE HAD HER OWN KIND OF MAGIC... AND TWO WONDERFUL NEW FRIENDS.