



Maldwyn's Welsh Rugby Shirt

Chapter Six:- p 43.

Maldwyn looked down at himself, and his mouth fell open. His ancient, tattered, moth-eaten rugby shirt looked brand new. It was so red that it almost glowed, the three feathers sparkled, and the only holes were the ones for his head and arms to go through. 'Nooooo!' he howled. 'What's happened to my beautiful shirt? That was history, that was! Gareth Edwards ripped those buttons off his very self!'

Suddenly Betsan knew exactly what had happened. She rubbed her fingers over the end of the stick, covering them in glittery stuff. Then she grabbed Maldwyn's bright red, brand new, hole-free sleeve. In an instant the old tatty shirt was back.

The two stared at each other. Maldwyn's mouth was open.

The Old Shirt

The New Shirt