



The Magic Hat

It started out as a perfectly normal day for a Sorcerer's Apprentice. Perfectly normal... until the apprentice, Mickey Mouse, began daydreaming about the Sorcerer's magic hat!

"If only I had that magic hat," said Mickey. "I'd never have to work again!"

But, alas, Mickey did not have the hat—and there was still much to do. He already swept the cavern floor, made the beds, and was about to begin his most difficult job.

Mickey picked up two empty buckets and stared wearily up the dimly-lit staircase. It was time to fill the Sorcerer's big tub with water.

It seemed like such a shame to work so hard with all that magic in a hat! After all, if the Sorcerer got his magic powers from the hat, why couldn't Mickey? All he would have to do is point his fingers like the Sorcerer

always did and... POOF! He could turn dust into butterflies and winter into spring.

Just then, a huge shadow with two glaring eyes appeared over Mickey. It was the Sorcerer. "Mickey Mouse," he said, "if you don't stop daydreaming and get back to work, you'll never be fit to wear a magician's hat! Now get going!"

Mickey trudged up the stairs to the well outside. When he returned to the cavern, the Sorcerer was gone. But there, glowing softly in the middle of the table, was the Sorcerer's magic hat!

"Now I can be a great magician," said Mickey as he dropped the buckets on the floor. He glanced around the room to make sure he was alone. Then he put the magic hat on his head. It was a perfect fit!

"Hmmm, I've got an idea!" said Mickey as he stared wide-eyed at his old broom leaning against the wall.

Mickey pointed his fingers at the broom.

The broom quivered.

Mickey imagined the broom with two

arms and two legs. Instantly, the broom sprouted arms and legs and began sweeping around the room.

"Broom!" ordered Mickey. "Fill buckets with water from the well and pour them into the Sorcerer's tub!"

The broom did exactly what Mickey commanded. Picking up the nearest bucket with both hands, the broom swept up the stairs and out the door to the well.

Mickey was so delighted, he sang and danced around the room.

"Tra-la-la, tra-la-li, oh how happy life can be!"

"No more work for me!" Mickey cried as he fell into the Sorcerer's chair. The candlelight flickered in Mickey's tired eyes. He thought how wonderful it would be to have a whole army of brooms to do all his work....

"Work, broom, work..." he muttered, nodding his weary head, and drifted off to sleep.

Mickey dreamed he was the greatest sorcerer in the world. He dreamed of steep mountains surrounded by bright meteors and shining stars that danced at his every command.

Yes, Mickey was a magnificent magician indeed! His magic had completely changed everything! Stars no longer blinked politely from a distant galaxy but exploded and fell like fireworks. It was all great fun until suddenly... something wet and cold woke Mickey up!

The broom was flooding the room with water and Mickey was floating up the stairs.

"Stop broom!" cried Mickey. "Stop right now!"

But the broom did not stop.

Mickey tried everything! He even tried grabbing the buckets away. But the broom pushed Mickey down and kept right on going.

When Mickey stood up, a whole army of brooms, buckets in hand, were charging down the staircase, ready to dump more water on the cavern floor.

Poor Mickey! What a magical mess! Help him stop the brooms before the Sorcerer's cavern turns into a subterranean sea!

