

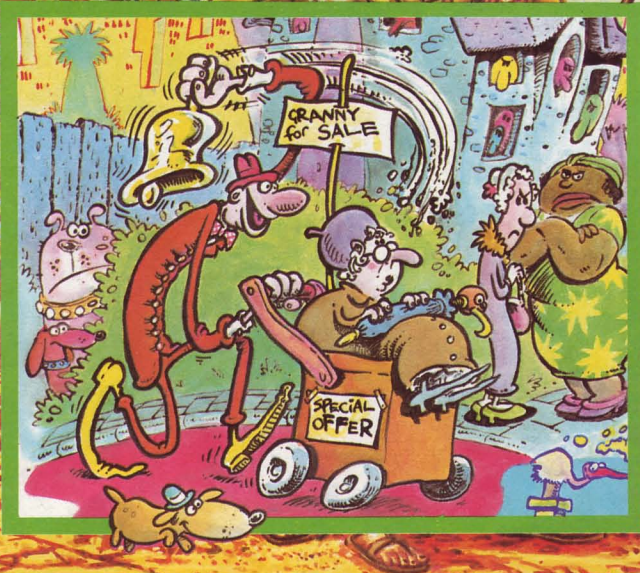


PART 10

STORY

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Teller



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STORY Teller

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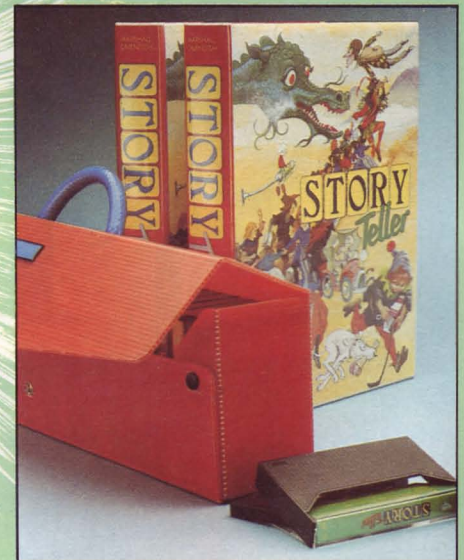
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THE BOOK

Editors: Richard Widdows & Nigel Flynn

Art Editor: Andrew Sutterby

Editorial staff: Geraldine Jones,

Brenda Marshall, Jane Edmonds,

Tessa Paul, John Farndon & Lucy Stothert
Designers: Paul Morgan & Fran Coston

Illustrators

Gulliver's Travels: Malcolm Carrick

Dot & the Kangaroo: Richard Hook

Mike's Bike: Chris Welch

The Three Wishes: Kim Whybrow

David & Goliath: Rex Archer

The Enchanted Horse: Mark Copeland

Mr Tom Narrow: Hunt Emerson

THE TAPE

Recorded at The Barge Studios,

Little Venice, London:

Produced & Directed by Joa Reinelt

Engineered by John Rowland

A Creative Radio Production

Readers

Gulliver's Travels: Joanna Lumley

Dot & the Kangaroo: Carole Boyd

Mike's Bike: Mick Ford

The Three Wishes: Carole Boyd

David & Goliath: Mick Ford

The Enchanted Horse: Joanna Lumley

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GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

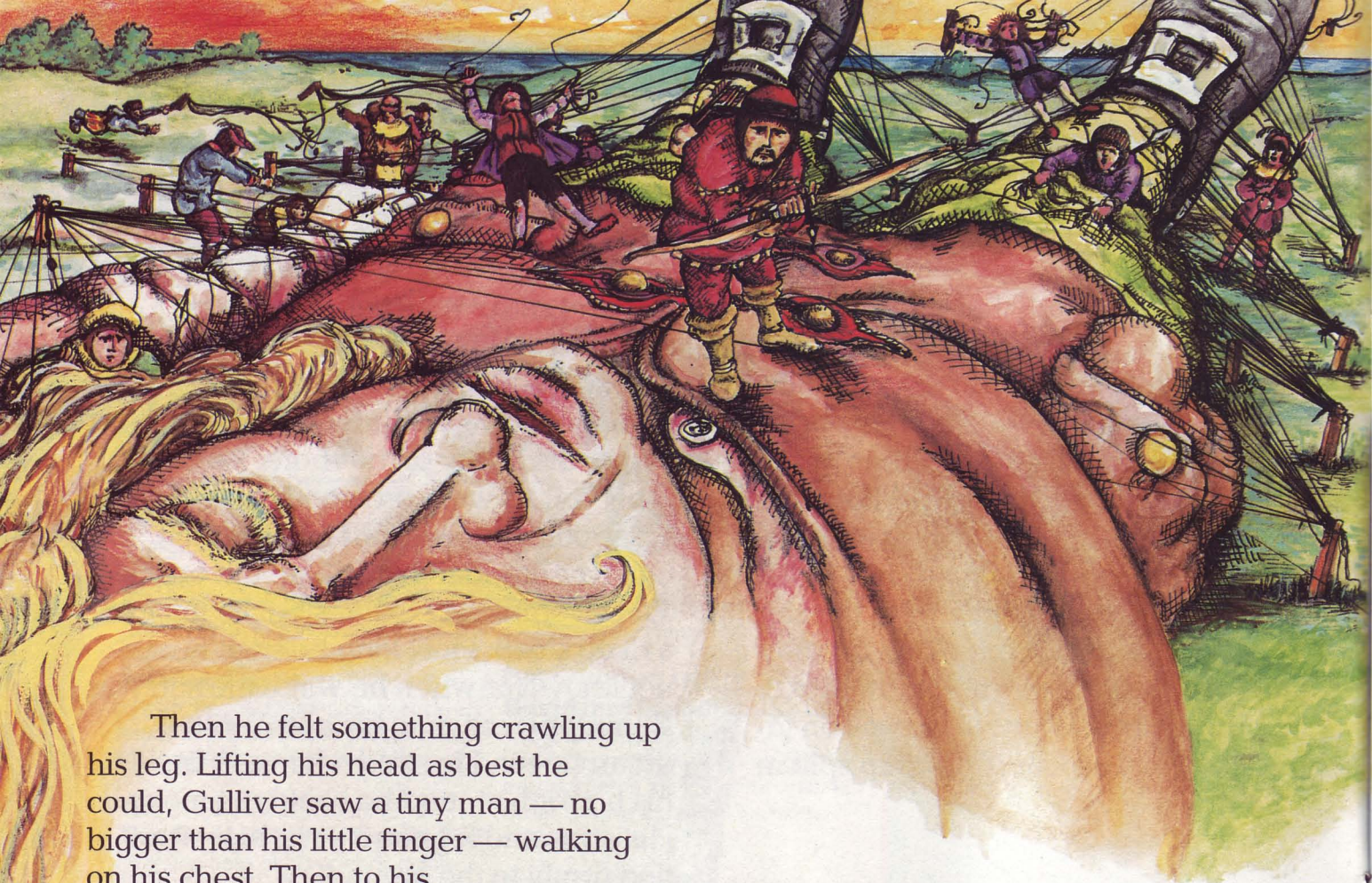
Once upon a time there was a man called Gulliver. He was a ship's doctor and often sailed to distant lands far away from home. But on one voyage, on board the merchant ship the *Antelope*, he had no idea just how far the ship would carry him, or what amazing adventures awaited him.

After many months at sea, the ship sailed close to the shores of an unknown land. Suddenly, a terrible storm broke and the wind blew the *Antelope* on to the rocks. Immediately the ship split in

two and sank. Wild with panic, the ship's crew threw themselves overboard. But only Gulliver managed to swim through the raging surf to the safety of the shore. All the other sailors were drowned.

Pulling himself out of the water, Gulliver dragged himself up the beach. Then, completely exhausted, he fell into a deep sleep. How long he slept he did not know, for when he woke the sun was shining fiercely into his eyes. With a groan he tried to stretch himself. But to his horror he found he could not move. His arms and legs and thick hair were tied firmly to the ground!



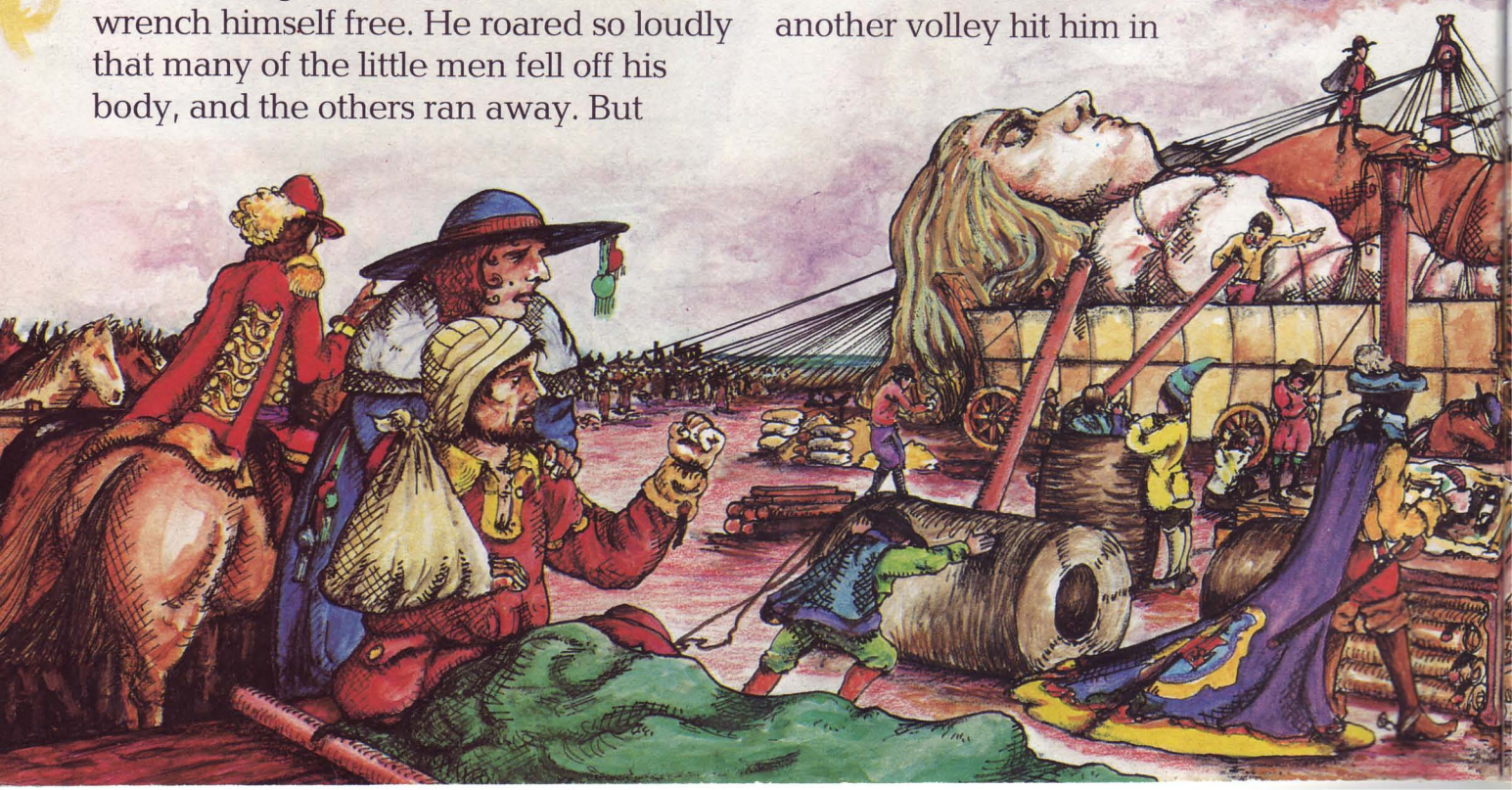


Then he felt something crawling up his leg. Lifting his head as best he could, Gulliver saw a tiny man — no bigger than his little finger — walking on his chest. Then to his astonishment he saw at least forty more of these little creatures clambering all over his body — and they were all armed with tiny bows and arrows!

With a great roar Gulliver tried to wrench himself free. He roared so loudly that many of the little men fell off his body, and the others ran away. But

when they saw that Gulliver could not break loose, they turned and let fly a shower of arrows — as small and sharp as pins.

"Ow! Ouch!" cried Gulliver as the arrows hit him in the face. Then another volley hit him in



the chest and hands. Wriggling and writhing in pain, Gulliver tried desperately to break the thousand threads that bound him to the ground.

But it was no use struggling: the bonds were far too strong. Eventually, Gulliver gave up. He lay quietly on the ground and gradually fell asleep. After a while, the sound of hammering roused him. Turning his head as far as he could, he saw that a little wooden stage had been built by the side of his head and that a well-dressed man was slowly climbing on to it.

"Hillo biggismo ad popples Lilliput! Ig Golbasto magnifellus Emperoribory . . ." the man shouted into Gulliver's ear.

"I don't understand," said Gulliver. "Did you say your country is called Lilliput?"

Gulliver tried to make the little man understand that he was hungry and thirsty. But when they brought him a drink, it was drugged!

While he slept, five hundred carpenters and engineers built a low, wooden cart to carry him away to see the Emperor of Lilliput. Nine hundred men with poles were needed to lift him on to the cart and more than a thousand horses to pull it to the city.





The procession stopped just outside the city, next to the ruins of an ancient temple. Here Gulliver was taken and heavy chains were attached to his legs, fastened with hundreds of padlocks.

Waking from his sleep, Gulliver found that the ropes around his body had all been cut. Slowly he got to his feet and looked around. To his amazement he saw a whole city in miniature — with houses, streets and parks — lying at his feet. And all around were thousands of little people staring up at him open-mouthed.

Apart from the crowd stood a magnificent little horse. Mounted grandly on its back sat the Emperor. Taller and more handsome than any of the other people Gulliver had seen so far, the Emperor of Lilliput wore a helmet of gold, encrusted with jewels and decorated with a feathery plume. In his hand he held a sword almost half

his height, with a diamond-studded hilt.

The horse reared up in terror when it saw Gulliver, so the Emperor dismounted and walked very grandly round Gulliver's enormous feet.

Close to the temple stood a high tower. Almost as tall as Gulliver himself, it was by far the tallest building in Lilliput. The Emperor and his courtiers climbed its stairs to have a better look at

Gulliver. Then they spoke to him through loud-hailers. But though Gulliver spoke to them in English, German, French, Spanish and Italian, they seemed not to understand a word he said — and *he*

could not understand *them*. The Emperor came down from the tower, and clapped his hands. Immediately, twenty carts piled high with meat and bread were brought to the giant.





Looking down on the assembled crowd, Gulliver could pick out the ladies-in-waiting by their rich robes. As they curtsied to him their satin cloaks and silver trains shimmered. They all looked so pretty that Gulliver wanted to pick one up and take a closer look at their doll-sized costumes. But he was far too polite.

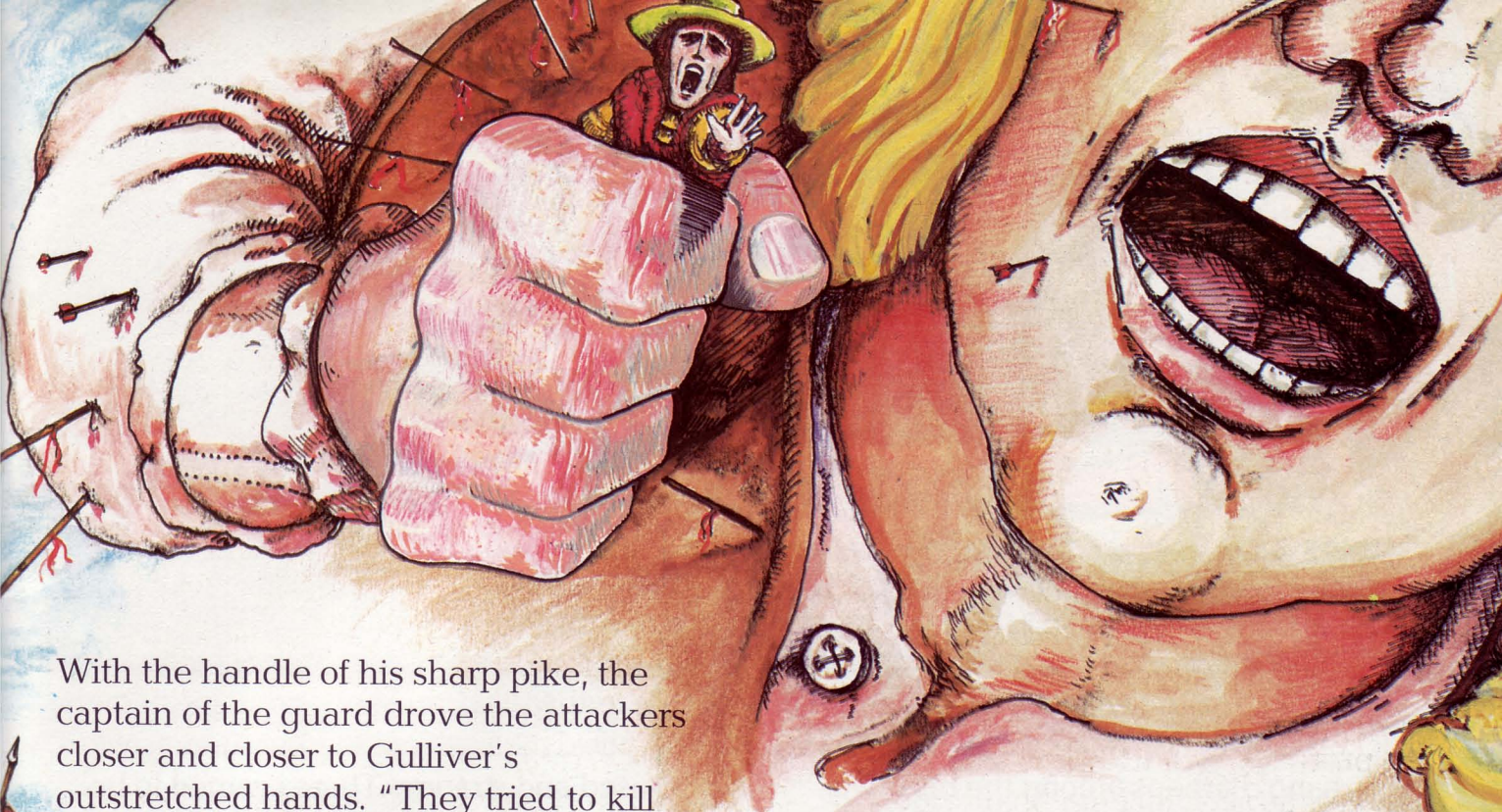
The ladies of the court in their beautiful gowns looked *shocked* and covered their eyes when they saw Gulliver picking up each cart in turn and gulping down the food. And when he

swallowed whole barrels of wine some of them actually fainted.

At last the royal visit ended and Gulliver was left alone in the temple — alone except for the hundreds of tiny soldiers guarding him.

But not everyone in Lilliput was happy with having a giant chained up so close to the city. That evening, a party of six men crept past the guards and attacked Gulliver with their arrows, spears and knives. Quickly the Emperor's bodyguards rounded them up and tied their hands behind their backs.





With the handle of his sharp pike, the captain of the guard drove the attackers closer and closer to Gulliver's outstretched hands. "They tried to kill you, giant," he seemed to be saying. "You deal with them!"

Gulliver swept his attackers up in his hand and pushed five of them into his pocket. The sixth he lifted up and held before his open mouth as if about to swallow him. How the little man shrieked and yelled!

But Gulliver was really very gentle. He set his attacker down on the ground and then stood the other five beside him. As quick as a flash, they ran off as fast as their little legs would carry them.

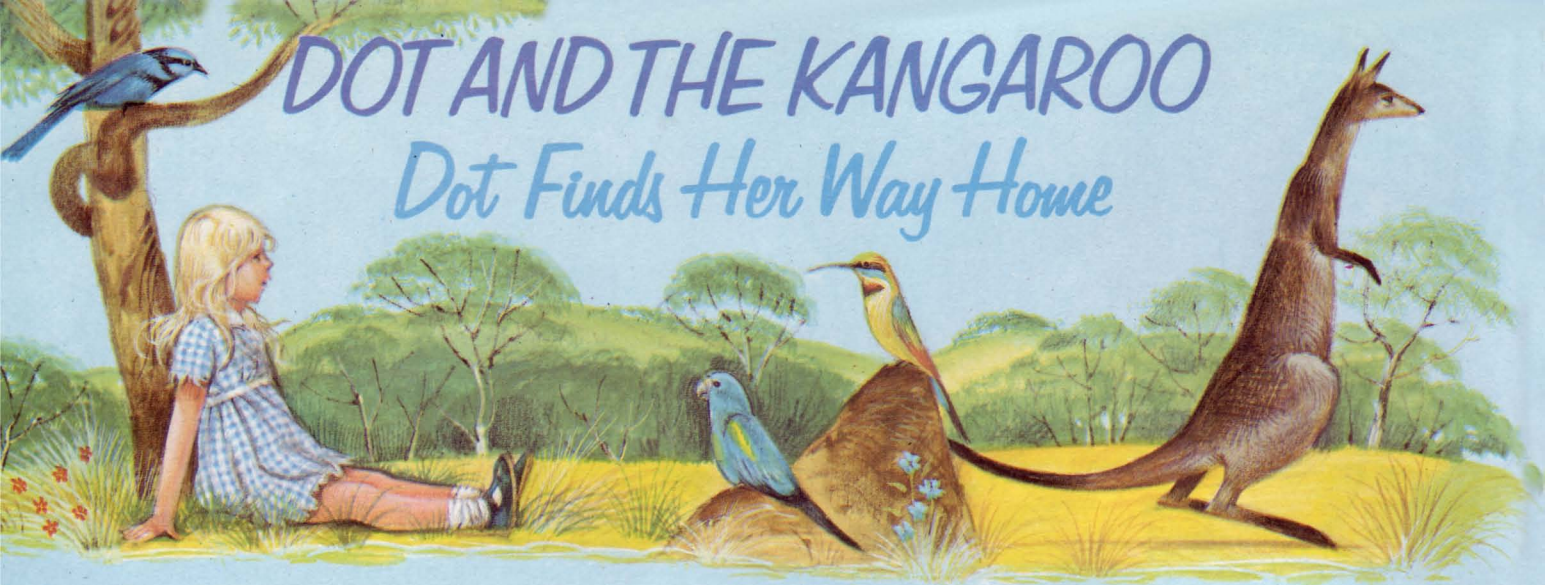
All Lilliput was amazed by Gulliver's

gentleness towards the men who had tried to kill him. They ran with the news to the Emperor's court. All the ministers of state were there, gathered to discuss what should be done with the strange giant washed up on the shores of Lilliput.

"*Ehg, likibugal biggisimo evidally,*" said the Emperor, which means: "He's obviously a friendly giant, there's nothing to fear." But chained up in the temple, Gulliver felt very lonely and wished he could escape and return home to his wife and children.

[Find out what happens to Gulliver when he tries to escape in Part 11]





DOT AND THE KANGAROO

Dot Finds Her Way Home

On the morning of Dot's third day in the bush the sun rose all gold and crimson on a bright, fresh, sweet-smelling world. The crickets chirruped, frogs croaked and the birds sang. Perhaps among the birds was Willy Wagtail, who knew Dot's way home.

The Kangaroo was very weary after escaping the Aborigine hunters and fighting off their dogs. So Dot walked instead of riding in the pouch, and by noon she was tired herself. When they reached a shady spot, the Kangaroo said, "You rest here, Dot. I'll go and look for Willy Wagtail

while you have a little nap."

Dot was not so afraid now of being alone in the bush, and she laid herself down and quickly fell asleep. But her dreams were confused and strange. There seemed to be great crowds of murmuring voices. As she woke, she realised the voices were real.

There was a great hubbub. "This isn't your place!" "Go over there!" "Has anyone seen Wombat?" "Who's going to be judge?"

Dot sat up and gazed around her. Nearly every creature she had ever heard of seemed to be there — cranes, swans and the





Pelican, the Wallaby, the Bandicoot, the Opossum, the Koala, and a rainbow of brightly coloured, screaming parrots. "Oh how kind of you all to come and see me!" cried Dot.

The animals were instantly silent, and the Pelican waddled forward. "We are here to put you on trial," he said, "for the wrongs Humans have done to the Bush creatures. We will be fair and just. I'll put the charges. Cockatoo will be the judge. The birds over there are the jury."

"How funny!" said Dot, not a bit frightened. She loved all the creatures so much that she could not believe any of them wanted to hurt her.

"It isn't funny at all," said the Magpie. "Look! The prisoner is scratching the judge's head!" The Cockatoo at once remembered he was judge, and Dot stopped scratching his head feathers. "Call the Kookaburra. Two of his kind were shot last week by white Humans!"

The Kookaburra (who had saved Dot from the snake when she was first lost) sat in a tree and laughed softly. "Why don't you

call the Platypus first? The Humans dig up his home and plague him with questions."

"Platypus won't come," cried the Rat. "He says he's got more ancestors than us all."

"Well, call Koala!" said the Pelican.

"The Humans put him into zoos."

"This trial makes my head feel empty," said the Koala, and he fell asleep in the gum-tree.

"Then call Kangaroo to give evidence," cried the Pelican. "She suffers most! The Humans hunt her and skin her and make boots and soup out of her!"

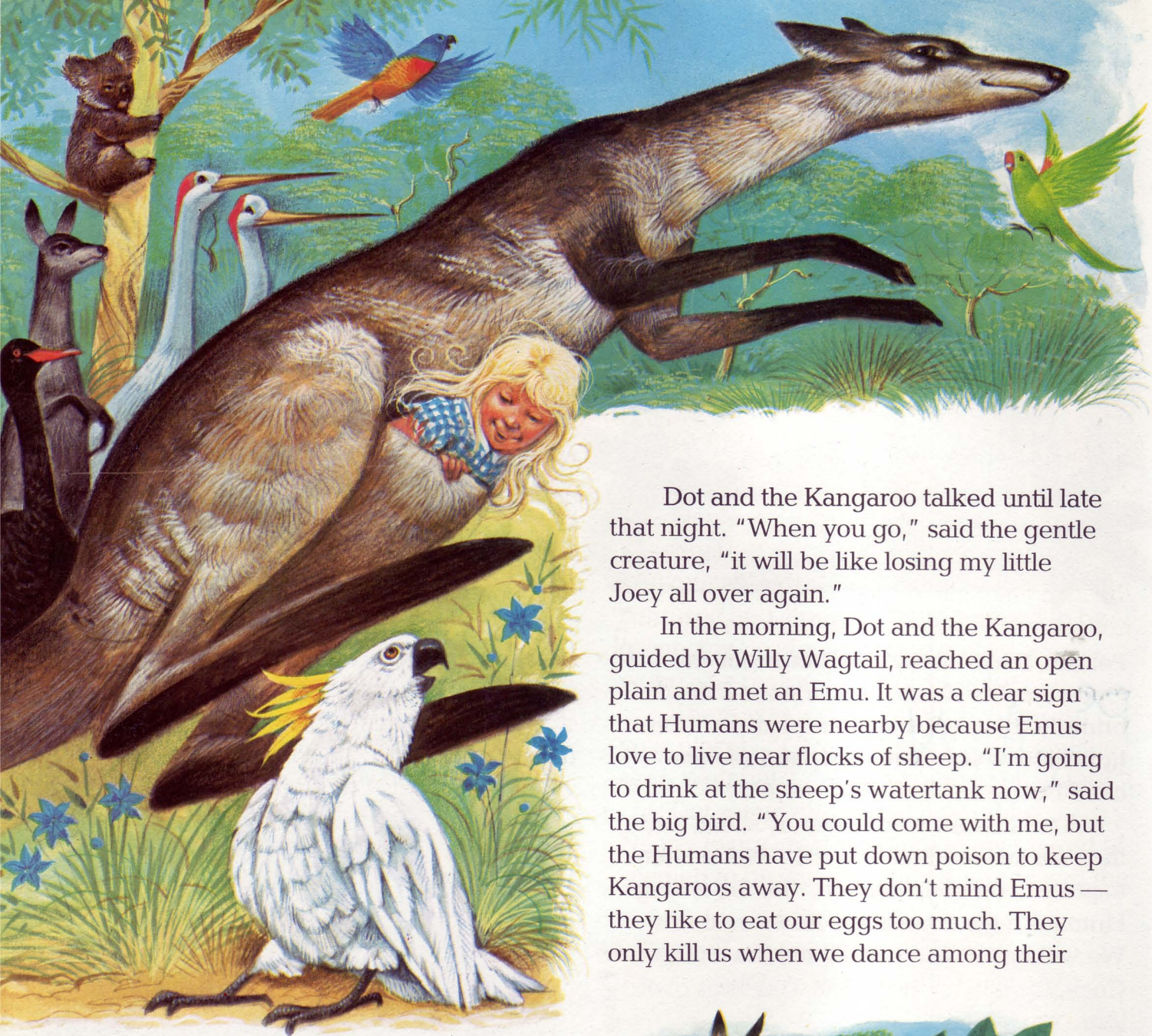
"Ha! It's no good," laughed the Kookaburra. "Kangaroo and Dot are great friends. She won't speak against the little Human."

"Is it possible?" said the Pelican. "Has the Kangaroo forgiven the hunting?"

"Yes," chuckled the Kookaburra.

"Then I give up!" And the trial came noisily to an end.





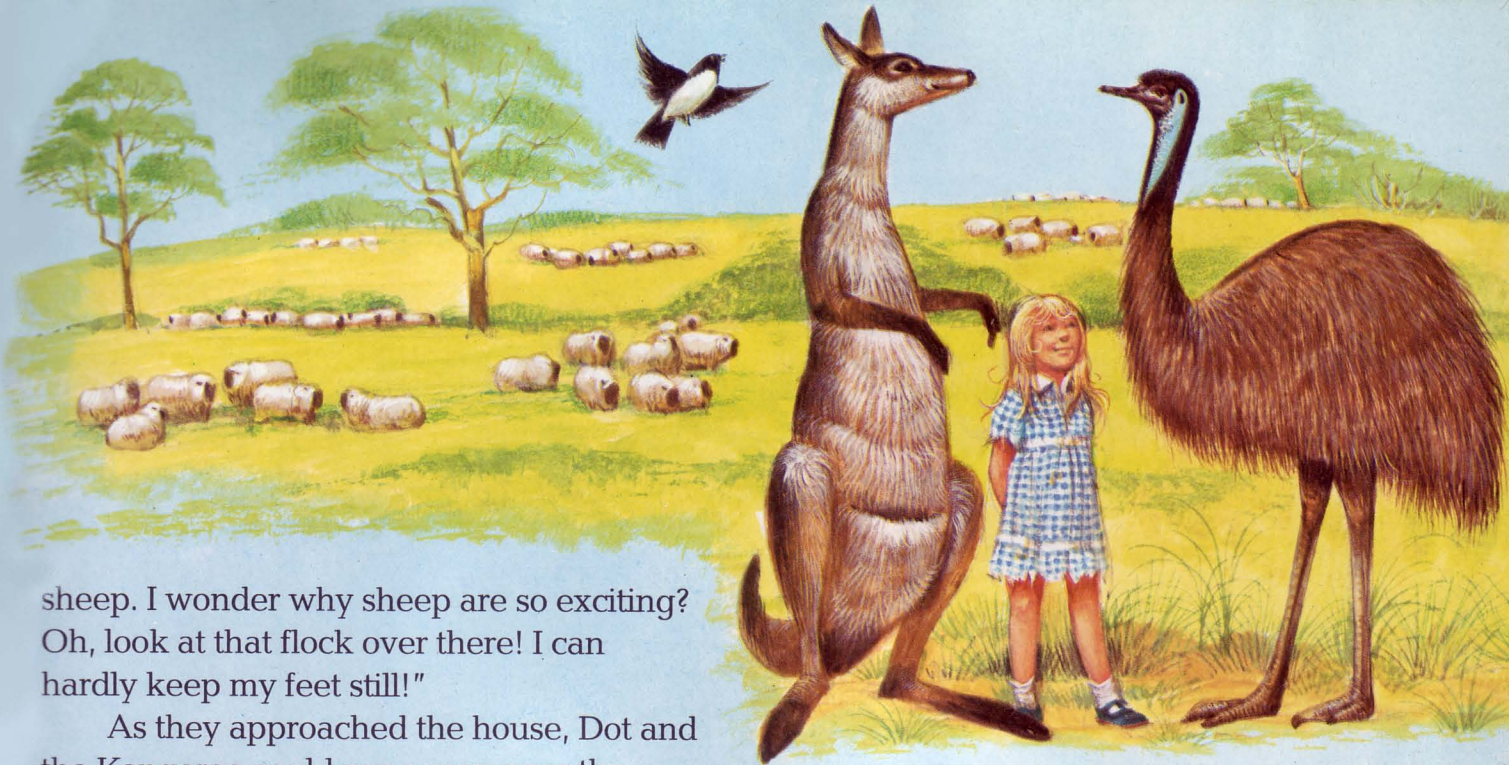
Dot and the Kangaroo talked until late that night. "When you go," said the gentle creature, "it will be like losing my little Joey all over again."

In the morning, Dot and the Kangaroo, guided by Willy Wagtail, reached an open plain and met an Emu. It was a clear sign that Humans were nearby because Emus love to live near flocks of sheep. "I'm going to drink at the sheep's watertank now," said the big bird. "You could come with me, but the Humans have put down poison to keep Kangaroos away. They don't mind Emus — they like to eat our eggs too much. They only kill us when we dance among their

Just then, the Kangaroo bounded into the glade panting with excitement. "Dot! Dot!" she cried. "I've found Willy Wagtail! And he knows your way!" Then, putting Dot into her pouch, she leaped clean over the judge and carried Dot far away.

Soon they could hear the *clicki-ti-clack*, *clicki-ti-clack* of Willy Wagtail's song. "What a fuss there's been about you!" he said. "Such a lot of Humans searching! And they're all so miserable and tired. It's late now, but tomorrow you must follow me past the line of oak trees over there. Your home is that way."





sheep. I wonder why sheep are so exciting? Oh, look at that flock over there! I can hardly keep my feet still!"

As they approached the house, Dot and the Kangaroo could see a man near the house, carrying a gun. Suddenly he peered into the bush. "Well, fancy a kangaroo coming so near the house!" he exclaimed. A woman came to the door, covered her eyes against the sun and looked out into the bush.

The next instant, the Kangaroo bounded into the paddock, and Dot's father raised his gun to shoot. But her mother ran forward and pushed it away. "No!" she shouted as the gun fired harmlessly into the air. "Look! It's Dot!"

The little girl had just tumbled out of the Kangaroo's pouch.

Arms outstretched, she ran to them and they picked her up and hugged her and kissed her. Dot's mother began to cry out of sheer happiness, and that made Dot cry too. Even her father dabbed at his eyes as he cuddled the little daughter he had thought was dead.

"I don't understand," he kept saying. "How could you possibly . . ."

"Oh I've got so much to tell you, Daddy," laughed Dot. "But first you must come and stroke my Kangaroo. You nearly shot her! And she was the one who saved me and brought me home! Promise me you'll never, never hurt a kangaroo again — or any other bush creature."

"I promise, darling," he said, and gave Dot another big kiss.





All the while, the good Kangaroo sat on her haunches, panting with fear since the bang of the gun. But she saw that Dot's father was truly grateful and would keep his promise. As all the Humans went indoors, still laughing and hugging one another, she hopped to the window for a glimpse of the home where Dot lived. While she was peering in, something very strange happened. Out of the open door hopped a little joey! With a hop, skip and a jump, it landed itself in the Kangaroo's warm pouch!

Dot's mother glanced up and saw the little grey face poking out of the pouch.

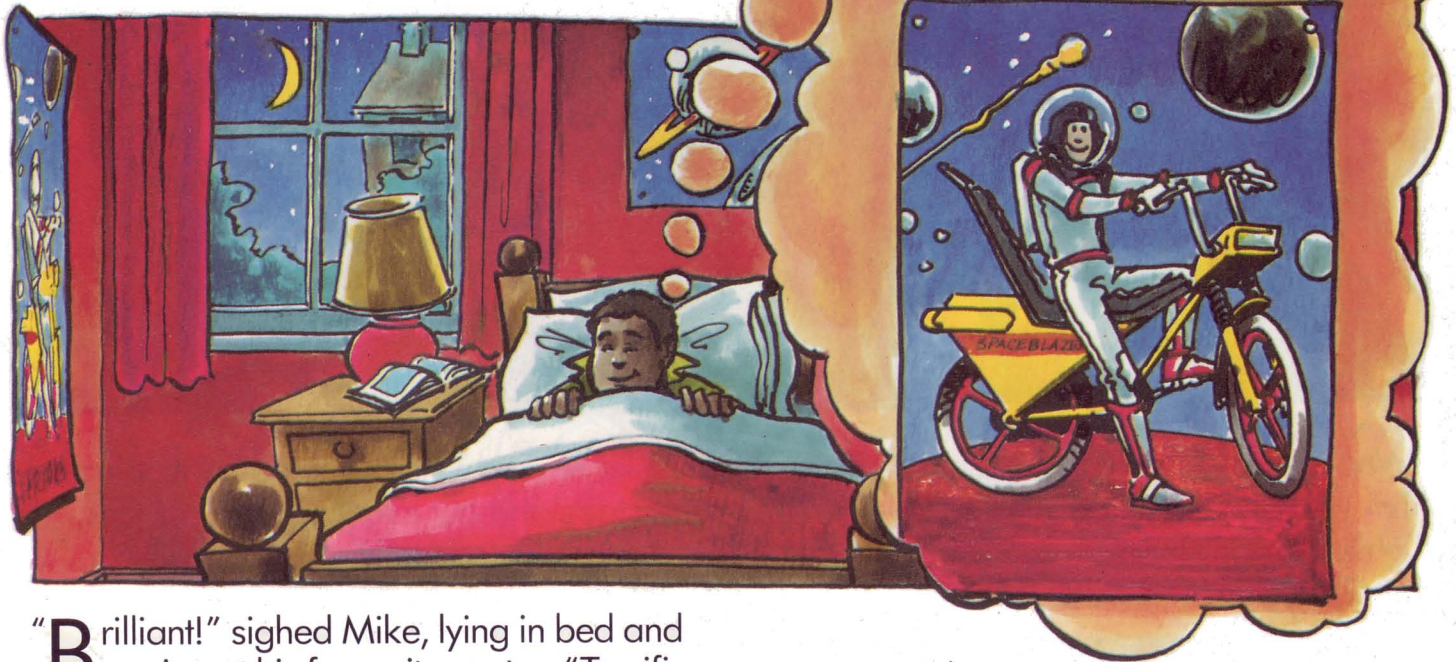
"Why, your Kangaroo's got our little joey — the one Jack found after the kangaroo hunt last week."

Looking round, Dot saw the Kangaroo and the tiny joey. "It's her lost baby!" she cried. "They've found each other. Oh, now we're *all* so happy!"

But there was sadness in Dot's heart when, at sunset, she waved goodbye to the Kangaroo and saw her dear friend hop away into the twilight. Still, she would not go far. From now on, their neighbourhood would always be a safe place for the birds and animals of the Australian bush.

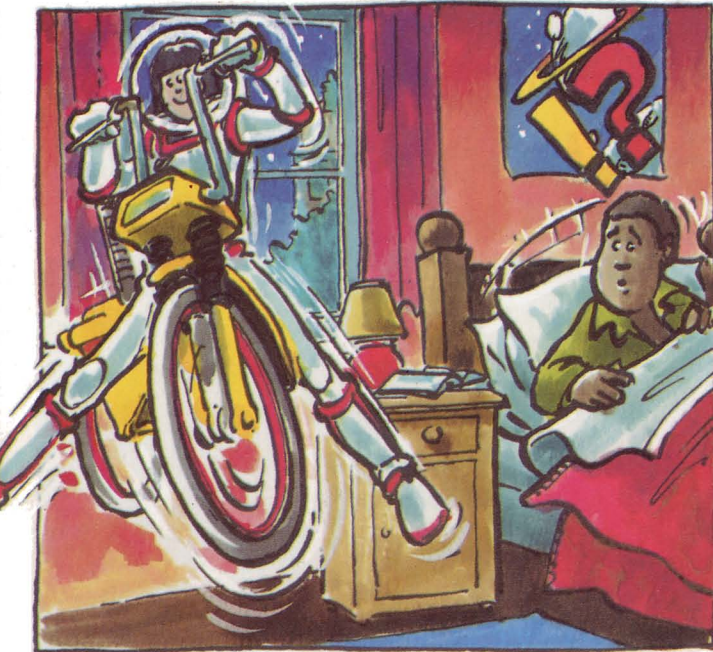


MIKE'S BIKE

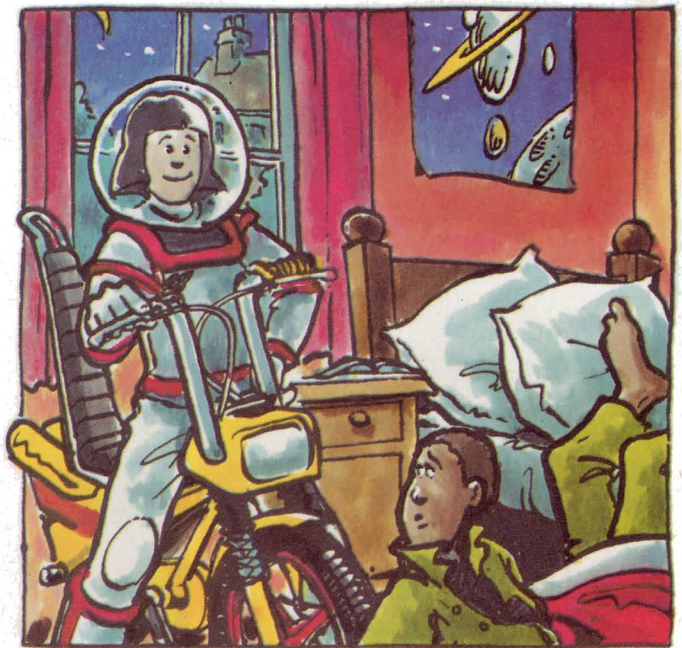


"Brilliant!" sighed Mike, lying in bed and staring at his favourite poster. "Terrific. *Spaceblazer*, the bike for the Space Age! What a machine!" Every night before he went to sleep, he gazed at it for ages.

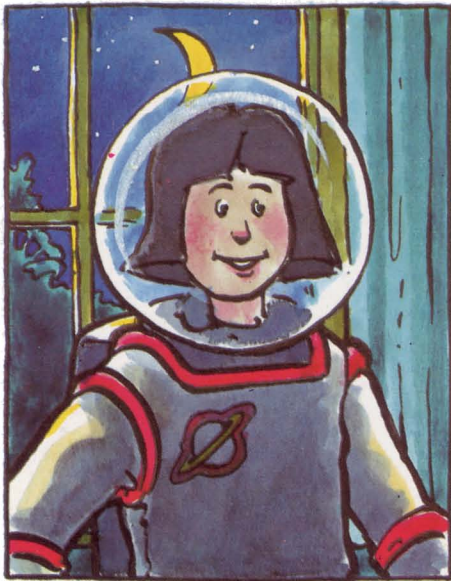
One particular summer night, he had just closed his eyes when he heard a strange humming sound . . .



He sat bolt upright and saw the poster shaking wildly. Then, with a sudden whoosh, the bike burst off the wall and roared on to the floor!



Mike gasped in amazement — and fell out of bed. There, in his room, was a full-size *Spaceblazer* . . . and the girl from the picture, as large as life.



"Who are you?" gulped Mike.
 "I'm Tina and I'm a Spacerider.
 Come on, don't just sit
 there! Let's go for a ride!"



Very quietly, Mike helped Tina carry the Spaceblazer
 down the dark stairs and out into the garden. "Cor,
 Mum and Dad will have a fit if they see me!"



As soon as they were outside
 in the moonlight, Tina jumped
 on to the Spaceblazer and
 zoomed off. "Watch this,
 Mike! You can do super
 wheelies on the Spaceblazer!"

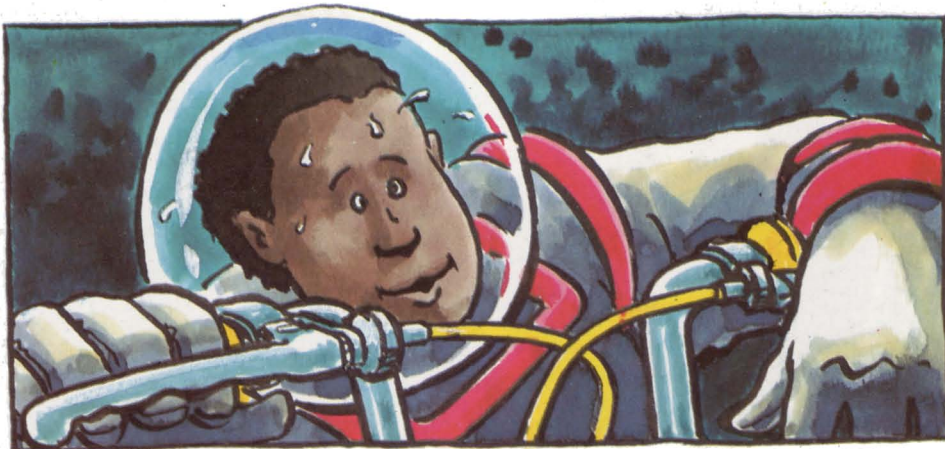


Mike was itching for a
 ride and as soon as Tina
 dismounted he leaped
 on to the Spaceblazer.
 "That was all right, I
 suppose. But watch me!"
 He was just about to
 move off when he
 stopped short. "But I
 haven't got a space
 helmet!"

Tina pointed at his head. "You're wearing it!" she laughed. It was so light that he hadn't even noticed. Every now and then it hissed softly. "That's the oxygen." Mike had a shimmering spacesuit too, with big pockets for space rations. He jumped on to the bike and rode off to practise wheelies.



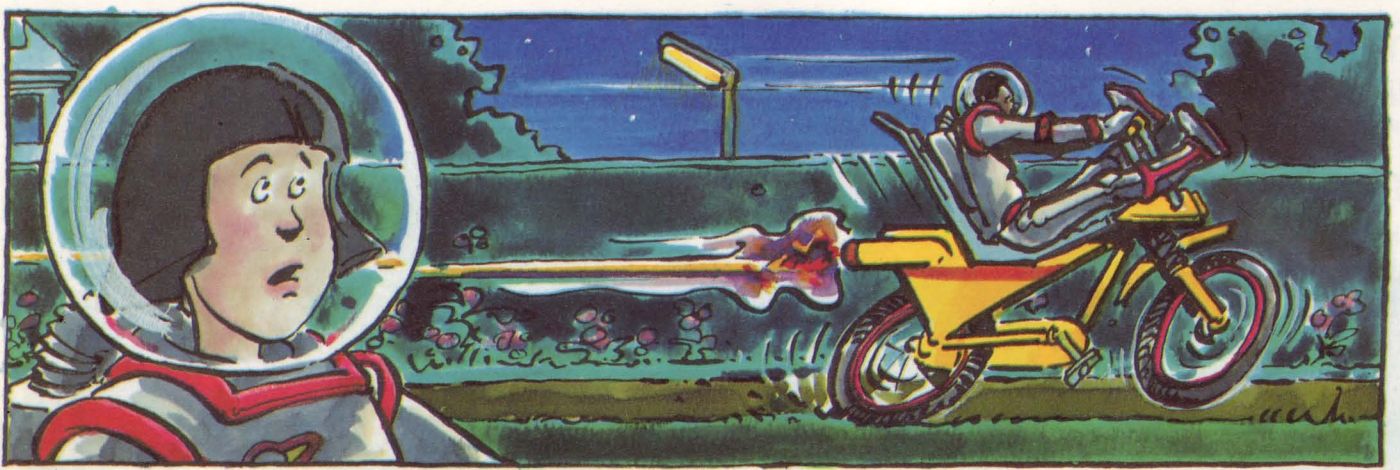
First he wobbled one way... .. then the other. But at last he made it!



But doing wheelies was hard work. "I wish it had an engine," he complained. "But it's got power rockets . . .

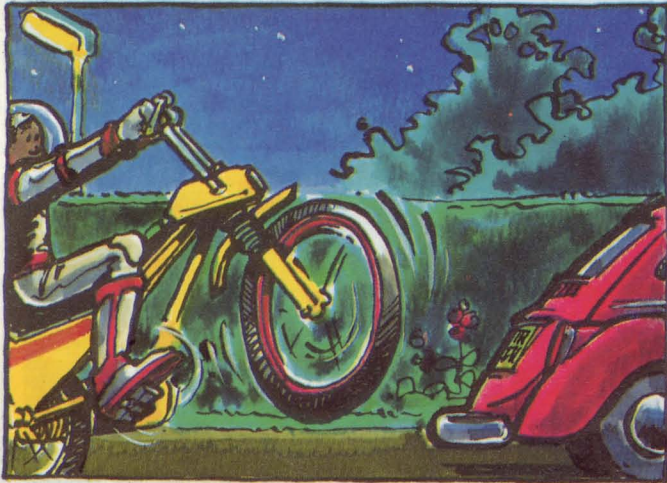


You just push that button on the handlebars. No, don't touch it! **DON'T!**" But it was too late . . .

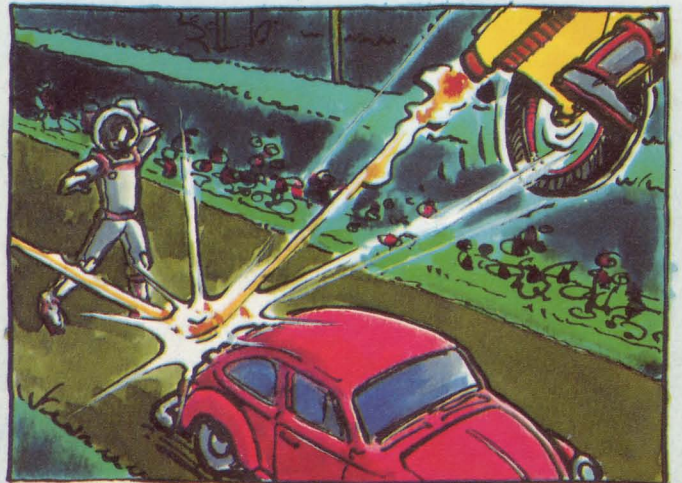


As Mike pressed the button, there was a low rumble under the seat and the rockets spluttered into life. "Push the cut-out switch!" yelled Tina.

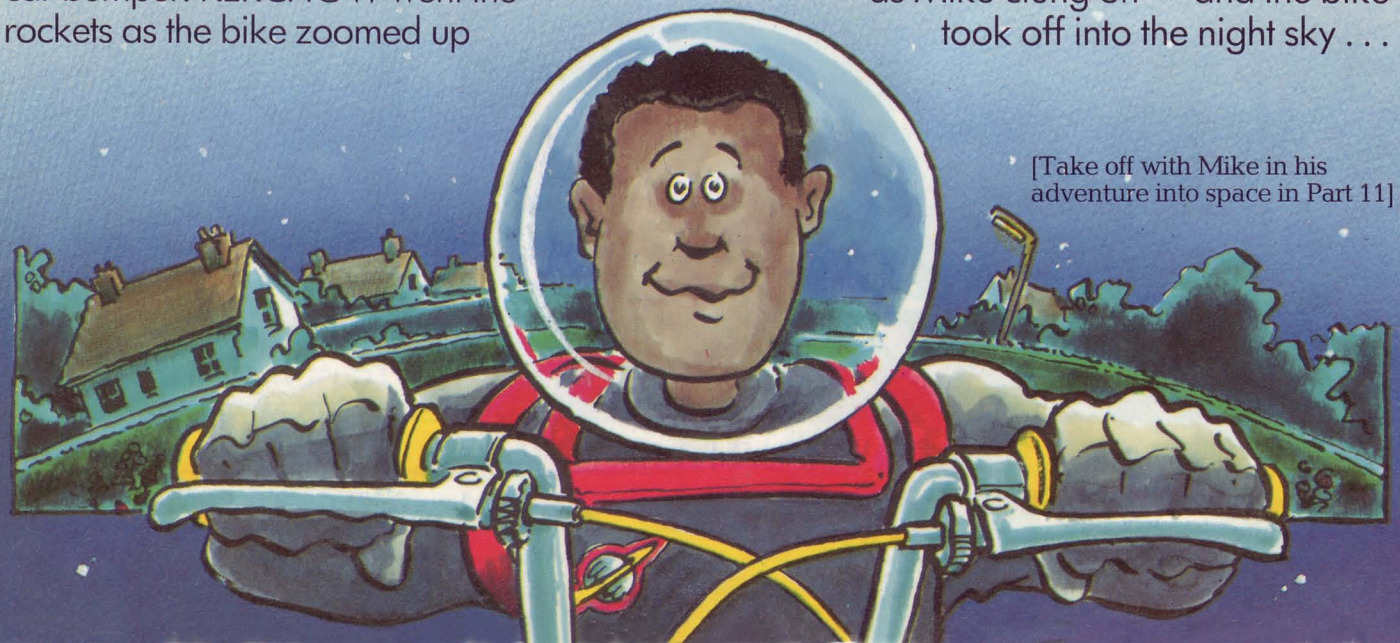
"Where is it?" Before Tina could reply there was a mighty roar, and a sheet of purple flame burst from the back of the bike. Mike shot off across the garden and



screamed straight towards his Dad's car . . . PTANG went the front wheel as it hit the car bumper. KERCHOW went the rockets as the bike zoomed up



its sloping back. But it didn't come down on the other side. Tina watched helplessly as Mike clung on — and the bike took off into the night sky . . .



[Take off with Mike in his adventure into space in Part 11]



gold and jewels . . . Well, I was so busy making the list that I didn't have time to make dinner!"

"What!" snapped Cedric. "No dinner?" How am I expected to make important decisions on an empty stomach? It's not much to ask is it? You're so lazy, Magda. I do wish there had been something cooked and waiting — even if it was just a few sausages."

THE THREE WISHES

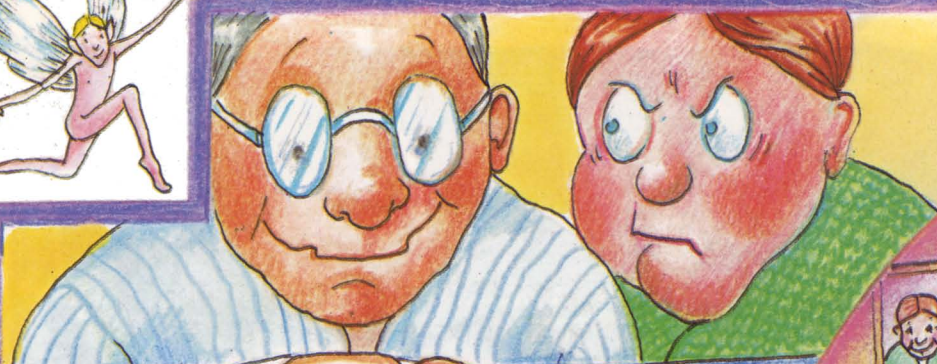
When Cedric got home one evening, sour and grumpy as usual, his wife was sitting in the kitchen chair with a very strange look on her face. Crumpled in her lap was a letter. "What's the matter with you?" he growled.

"Come in and close the door, Cedric. You won't believe it, but we've had a letter from the fairies. They've granted us *three wishes!*"

He snatched up the letter and slowly read it. "We must make the most of this, Magda. We mustn't be hasty. Three wishes can make us rich — important — famous! But we must ask for the right things."

"I've already made a list," said Magda, jumping up. "Look. A palace for me, a king's crown for you. Beauty for me, long life for you. A queen for a maid,





There was a funny humming noise, like fairy wings and — *Plop!* — a string of sausages appeared on a plate on the kitchen table. Cedric stared at them as they steamed on the plate, and he licked his lips.

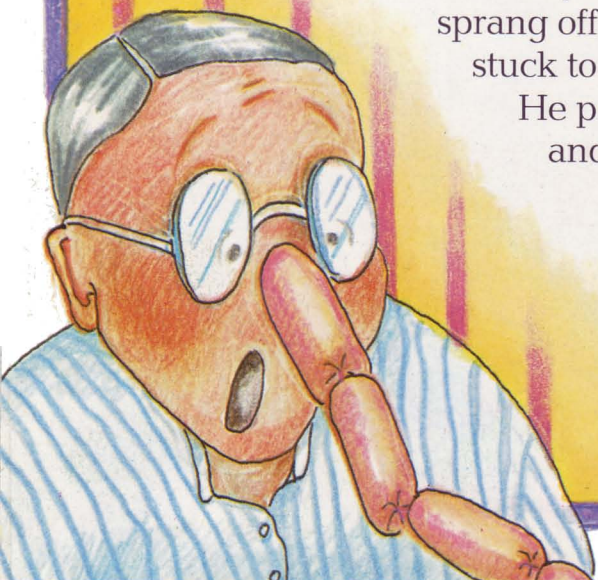
"You've wasted a wish!" Magda shouted, beating him over the head with a loaf. "You always were stupid! If a thing needs doing, I have to do it myself, don't I? Cedric Blunder, you make me so angry. I . . . I . . . I wish those sausages were hanging on the end of your silly nose!"

There was another small magical sound, like fairies singing and — *Wop!* — the sausages sprang off the plate and stuck to the tip of Cedric's nose. He peered down at them and burst into tears.

They both pulled and tugged and tugged and pulled at the dangling sausages. "Ow, they're so hot!" yelled Cedric.

"Sit still! I'll cut them off."

"Put down that knife, woman!"





Oh, how could you?" But the sausages were stuck fast.

Just then, someone knocked at the door. Cedric and Magda stared at each other. "Don't answer it! Do you want all the neighbours to know you've got sausages stuck to your nose?"

"What?" cried Cedric. "Do I have to hide for the rest of my life? Oh, I never realised how lucky I was before, when I had an ordinary nose. If only we weren't so quick to quarrel!"

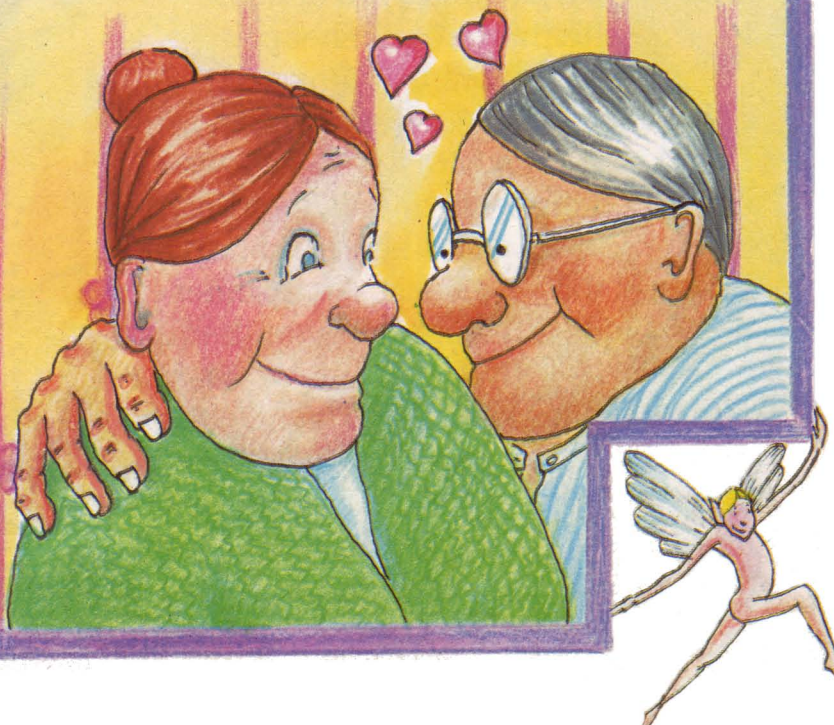
"Yes, I know, and I'm so very sorry, Cedric."

"No, no, it wasn't your fault, dear. I just wish the fairies had kept their wishes to themselves and left everything as it was."

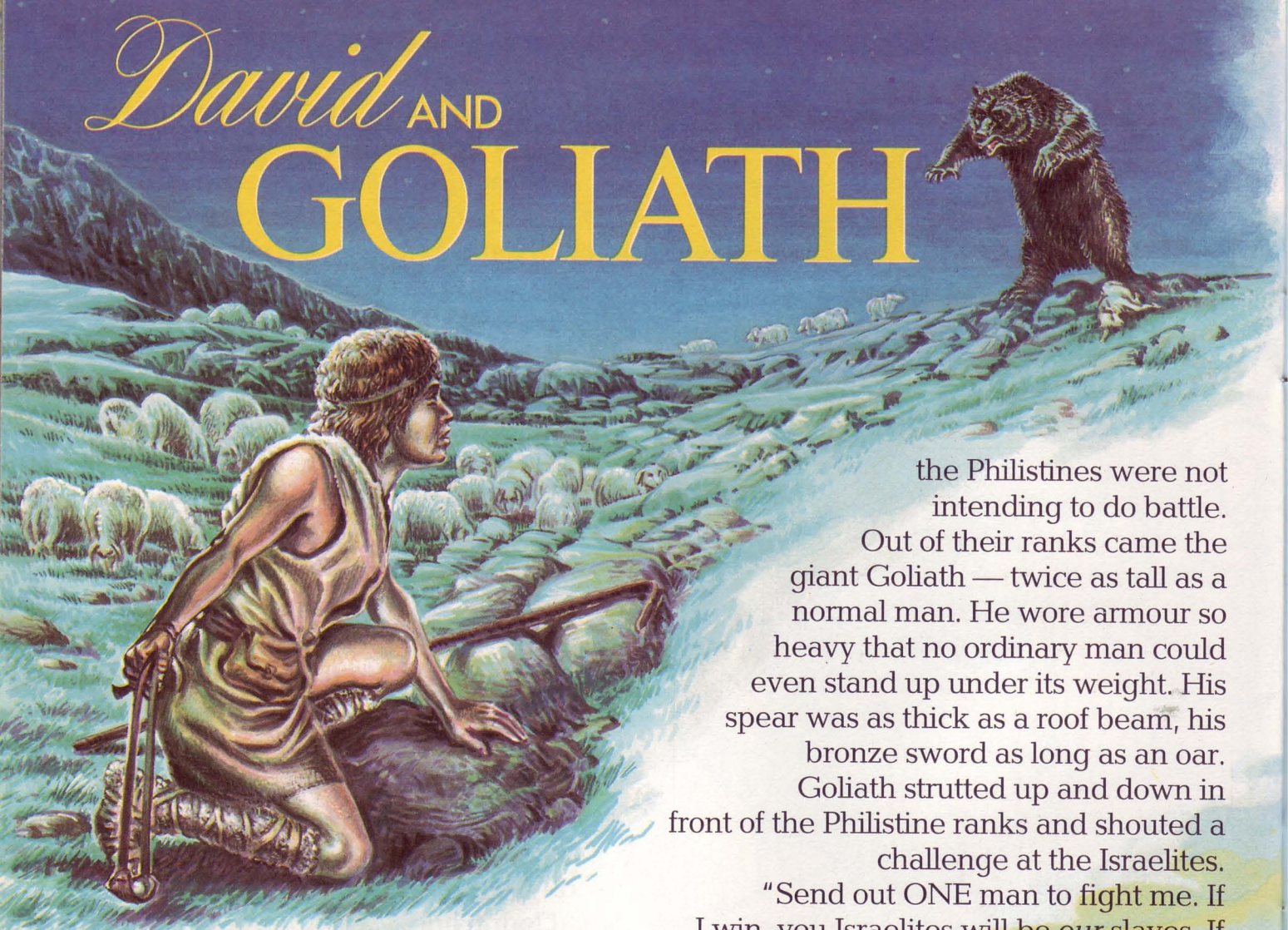
"So do I."

There was a small sniggering noise, like fairies laughing, and — *Blip!* — the sausages dropped off Cedric's nose.

Cedric and Magda hugged each other and laughed and danced round the kitchen. And the fairies at the door ran away to post another letter.



David AND GOLIATH



the Philistines were not intending to do battle. Out of their ranks came the giant Goliath — twice as tall as a normal man. He wore armour so heavy that no ordinary man could even stand up under its weight. His spear was as thick as a roof beam, his bronze sword as long as an oar. Goliath strutted up and down in front of the Philistine ranks and shouted a challenge at the Israelites. "Send out ONE man to fight me. If I win, you Israelites will be *our* slaves. If

David was the youngest of Jesse's eight sons. While three of his brothers were away fighting in King Saul's army, David stayed at home looking after his father's sheep.

Sometimes hungry lions and bears attacked the sheep at night. But David never ran away. If a lamb was carried off, he went after it, whirling his leather sling over his head and hurling stones at the wild beast. Many times he killed bears three times bigger than himself.

One day, Jesse sent David to the camp of the King's army with presents of food for his three sons. When he arrived, he saw the Israelite and Philistine armies facing each other, ready for battle. But



I'm beaten, the Philistines will be *your* slaves." Three times Goliath repeated his challenge: "You cowards!" he boomed. "Won't anybody fight me? You *deserve* to be slaves!"

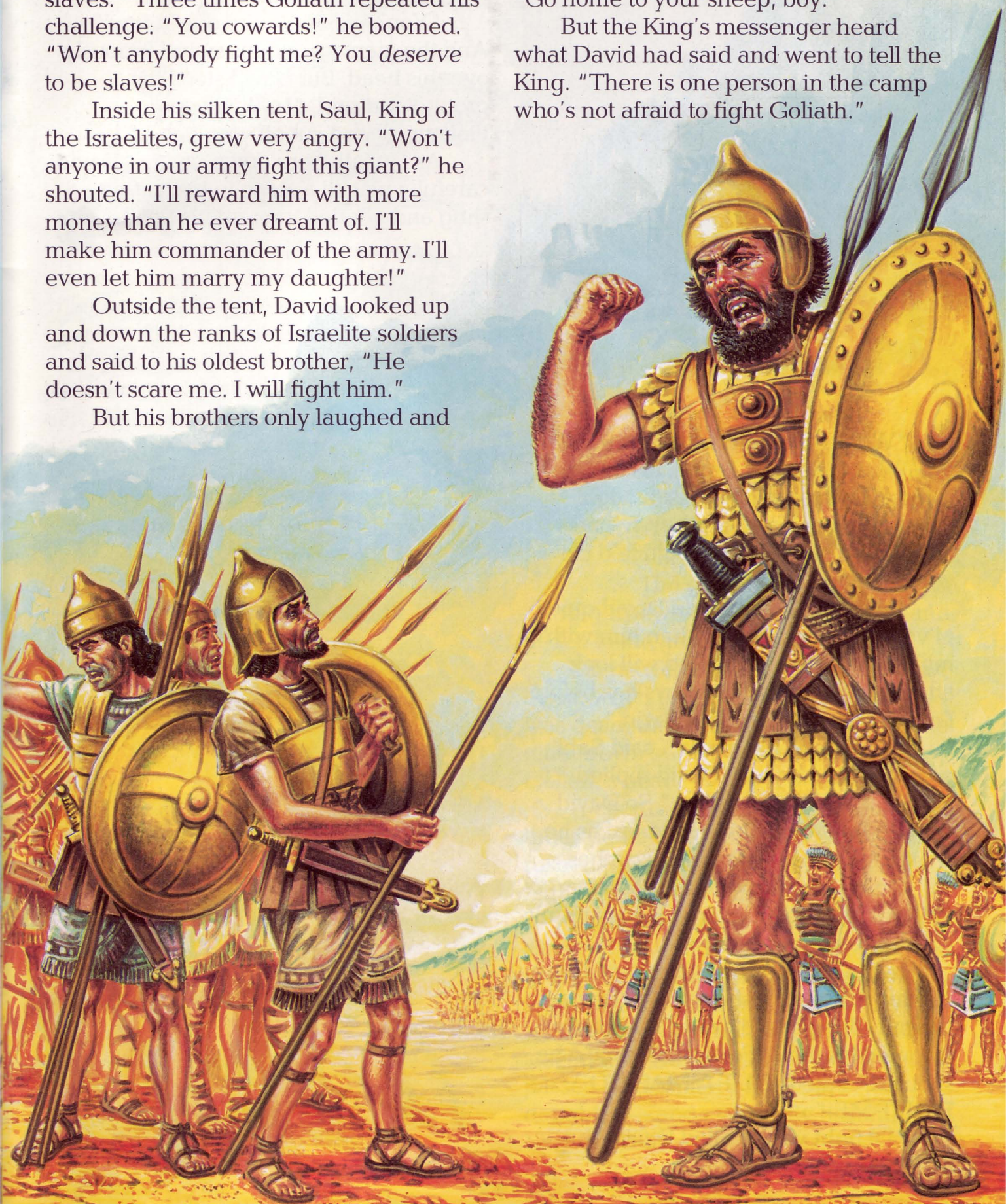
Inside his silken tent, Saul, King of the Israelites, grew very angry. "Won't anyone in our army fight this giant?" he shouted. "I'll reward him with more money than he ever dreamt of. I'll make him commander of the army. I'll even let him marry my daughter!"

Outside the tent, David looked up and down the ranks of Israelite soldiers and said to his oldest brother, "He doesn't scare me. I will fight him."

But his brothers only laughed and

turned their backs on David, saying, "Go home to your sheep, boy."

But the King's messenger heard what David had said and went to tell the King. "There is one person in the camp who's not afraid to fight Goliath."





the giant did not hear his small voice.

"I'll fight you, Goliath."

"You? YOU!! You're only a boy!"

And the giant swung his sword furiously over his head. But David stood his ground and said, "I will kill you Goliath . . . and cut off your head."

As Goliath bore down on him, David carefully placed a stone in his leather sling and whirled it round his head.



"Who? Bring him to me!" cried Saul.

When Saul saw David, his heart sank. "How can a boy possibly fight a trained soldier like Goliath. Why, he's three times bigger than you! He'd cut you to pieces!"

"I don't think so," said David quietly. "I've killed bears bigger than him with my sling. And besides, God will look after the Israelites. He always has before. I'm sure He would help me win."

"Then take my sword," said Saul.

"No, thank you," David replied. "I need nothing but my sling." So David went to fight Goliath dressed just as he was, in his simple shepherd's clothes.

On his way to fight, he crossed a little stream. Stooping down, he carefully chose five round pebbles.

In the distance he could see Goliath waiting, the sun flashing on his bronze armour. The ground shook as Goliath stamped his foot. "For the last time," he shouted, "SEND OUT A MAN TO FIGHT ME!"

"I'll fight you," called David. But





Once, twice, three times he whirled the stone, then let it fly. At terrific speed it struck Goliath right between the eyes.

The giant halted, dropped his mighty sword, his legs crumpled and he fell to the ground like a great tree.

Silence fell over the Philistine army. Then, when they realised that Goliath was dead, they turned and ran. With the giant's own sword, David cut off Goliath's head.

A chorus of cheers swept through the Israelite ranks, and David's brothers rushed forward to carry him shoulder-high to the tent of King Saul.

"You have saved our people from slavery!" he cried. "From today you are commander of my army, and you shall live at court, with me."

So David the humble shepherd boy stayed with King Saul, and as the years passed he *did* marry the King's daughter — and eventually became King himself.

The ENCHANTED HORSE

On the 50th birthday of King Sabur of Persia, presents arrived at his palace from all over the land.

There were swords and silk and silver, coats and camels and caravans of cambrick cloth. But the best present of all was brought by a weird, ugly dwarf dressed all in black. He gave the king a horse carved in ebony, with a saddle of scarlet leather and a jingling golden harness.

"It's beautifully made," said King Sabur. "It looks *exactly* like a real horse."

"But it does not *move* like a real horse, your majesty," said the dwarf with

an evil grin. "This is a magic horse. It can fly over the rainbow and to the far side of the farthest ocean."

King Sabur was overjoyed. And his only son, the handsome Prince Kamar, leapt into the saddle. "Tell me how it works!" he yelled. "Oh, do let me ride it!" But the king held up his hand for silence.

"This is such a wonderful present," he said to the ugly dwarf. "I must give you something in return. Ask anything you like, anything at all. If it's within my power, I will grant it."

"I thought you might say that,"



sneered the dwarf. "I ask for your only daughter, your *beautiful* daughter, as a bride." The king's face dropped.

"It is within your power to give her to me, I suppose?"

"Well, yes . . ." said the king unhappily.

"And you did promise me anything — anything at all?"

"Well, er, yes..." mumbled the king, and tears crept into his eyes.

"Don't do it, father!" shouted Prince Kamar from the horse's back. "Don't give away your only daughter, my *beautiful* sister, to this stranger. He tricked you into giving that promise. You don't have to keep it!"

"Ah, that's true," said the king. "I'm sorry, but I really don't think I can give you my only daughter, my *beautiful* daughter, for a bride."

The dwarf was furious, especially with Prince Kamar. He reached out

and pulled the reins of the horse.

Instantly, the strange beast sprang into life. Its hooves clattered on the marble floor. Then it bounded over the balcony rail and flew into the air, galloping upwards, higher and higher, while Kamar hung on for dear life.

The king gaped up at the flying horse. "Come back, Kamar! Come back down!"

"He can't!" sniggered the dwarf. "He doesn't know where the switch is that makes the horse come down. He will fly on up and up until he burns in the heat of the sun. You wouldn't give me your only daughter, so I took your only son. And now you will never see him again!"

King Sabur threw the dwarf into the darkest dungeon in his palace, and he cancelled his birthday party. In all his 50 years, he had never been so unhappy.





On the back of the flying horse, Kamar grew hotter and hotter as they climbed nearer and nearer to the sun.

He had tried everything to make the horse go down. He had shouted at it and kicked its flanks. He had pulled on its reins and heaved on its silken mane. Now he had given up hope.

"I'm sorry I shouted at you and kicked you and pulled on your mane," he said to the horse as if it were a real animal. And he patted its ebony neck.

And there it was, no bigger than a pin. Under the silken mane, Kamar felt the switch. He pushed it down.

The ebony horse plunged down out of the sky, and Kamar had to pull hard on the reins to keep it from diving into the sea.

Soon he came to the dry land of a foreign country. He flew over a magnificent city, and set the horse down on the roof of a glorious palace.

Climbing down through a skylight, he found himself in a beautiful bedroom. And on the bed lay a lady, fast asleep. Kamar instantly fell in love with her.

"Wake up, my lady," he whispered. "Who is your father? I must ask his permission to marry you." The Princess Shaleem woke up and saw Kamar's blue eyes and curling, jet-black hair. And she instantly fell in love with him.

"What are you doing in my daughter's bedroom, you thief, you burglar, you, you *foreigner*?"

The king was standing in the doorway, shaking his fist.

"I'm not a burglar, sire. I'm Prince Kamar of Persia. Please may I marry your daughter?"

"Certainly not!" shouted the king. "I shall have you beheaded for such impudence!"





The Princess Shaleem gave a little scream.

"That would not be honourable for a Prince of Persia," said Kamar politely. "I would fight your whole army for the right to marry the Princess."

"Then you shall!" laughed the king. He had an army of a thousand horsemen, so Kamar would be killed anyway. "You will need a war-horse?"

"Thank you, sire, but I have my own," said Kamar.

The next morning, at one end of the field behind the palace, a thousand horsemen stood ready.

The horsemen drew their swords, and a thousand sharp blades flashed in the sun. The war-horses' hooves tore up the grass as they quickened to a gallop.

Shaleem watched as Prince Kamar waited, perfectly calm. His black horse stood completely still, almost as if it was made of wood.

"Oh ride away, Kamar!" she called. "Don't be killed for my sake!" But Kamar waved to her, smiling, and picked up his horse's reins.





Just as the first horseman reached the prince, gnashing his teeth and waving his sword, Kamar pulled on the reins and rose up into the air. He flew over the thousand heads and the flashing swords, and landed on the other side.

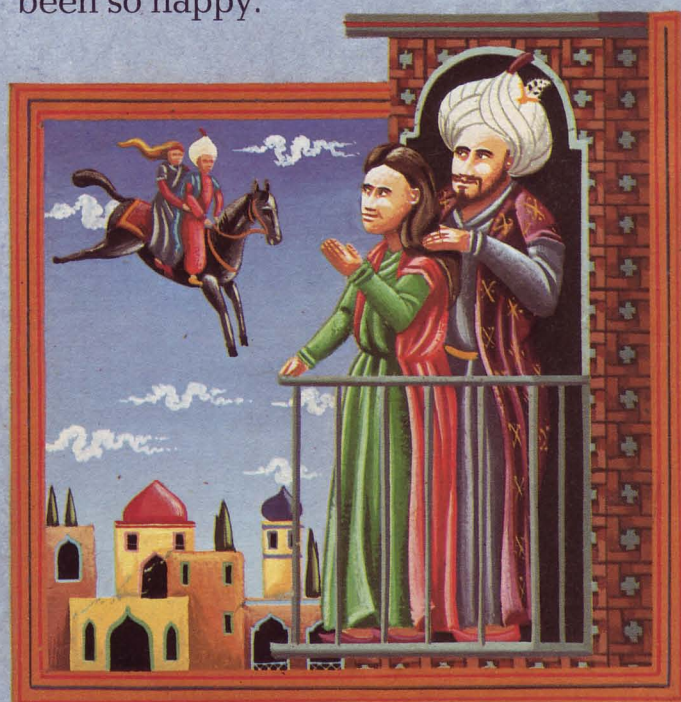
The astonished horsemen turned back, barging into each other and falling over. But as they galloped back down the field, Kamar took off again and flew low over their heads, cutting the plumes off their helmets with his curved Persian sword.

An hour later, a thousand soldiers lay about on the grass, exhausted. They had *all* fallen off their horses. And they had *all* lost the plumes off their helmets.

Prince Kamar flew to the window where Princess Shaleem sat laughing and clapping her hands. Then he lifted her on to his saddle and flew across the blue sky.

King Sabur and his only daughter,

his *beautiful* daughter, were standing on the balcony of the Persian royal palace. At first they thought that the dark shape in the sky was a bird. Then they saw the black silk tail and the blonde hair stream out behind. And two riders were waving. In all his 50 years, King Sabur had never been so happy.



MR TOM NARROW

A scandalous man
Was Mr Tom Narrow.
He pushed his grandmother
Round in a barrow.
And he called out loud
As he rang his bell,
"Grannies to sell!
Old grannies to sell!"

The neighbours said,
As they passed them by,
"This poor old lady
We will not buy.
He surely must be
A mischievous man
To try for to sell
His own dear Gran."



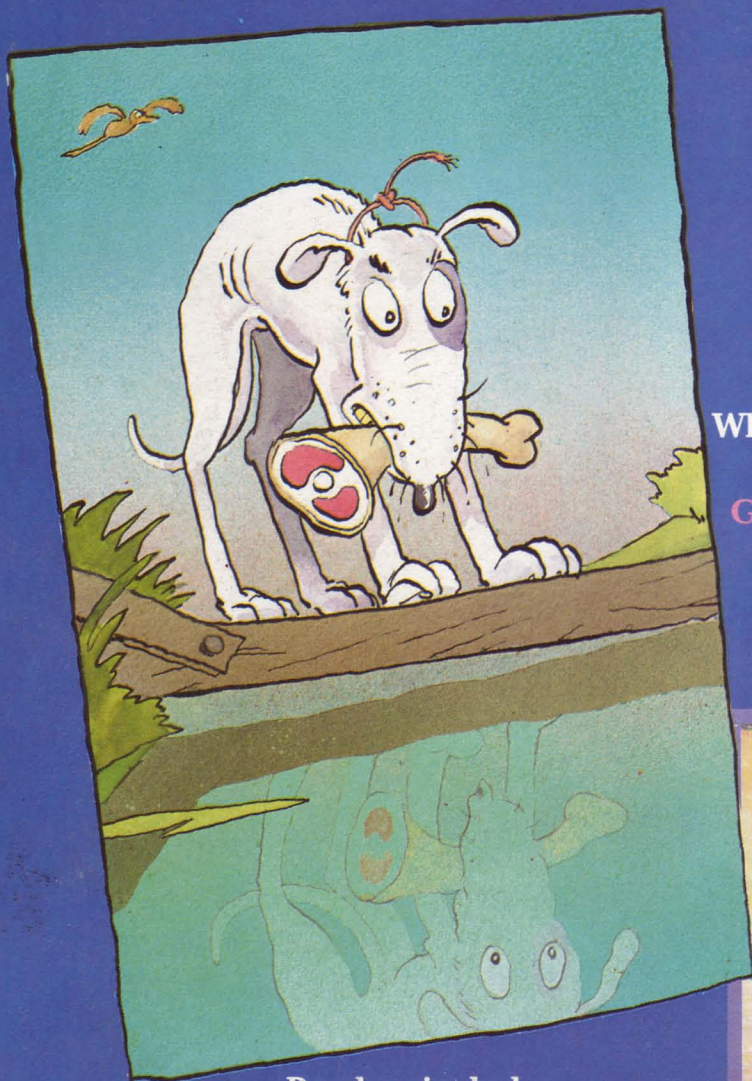
"Besides," said another,
"If you ask me,
She'd be very small use
That I can see."
"You're right," said a third,
"And no mistake —
A very poor bargain
She'd surely make."

So Mr Tom Narrow
He scratched his head,
And he sent his grandmother
Back to bed.
And he rang his bell
Through all the town
Till he sold his barrow
For half a crown.

Pinocchio



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