

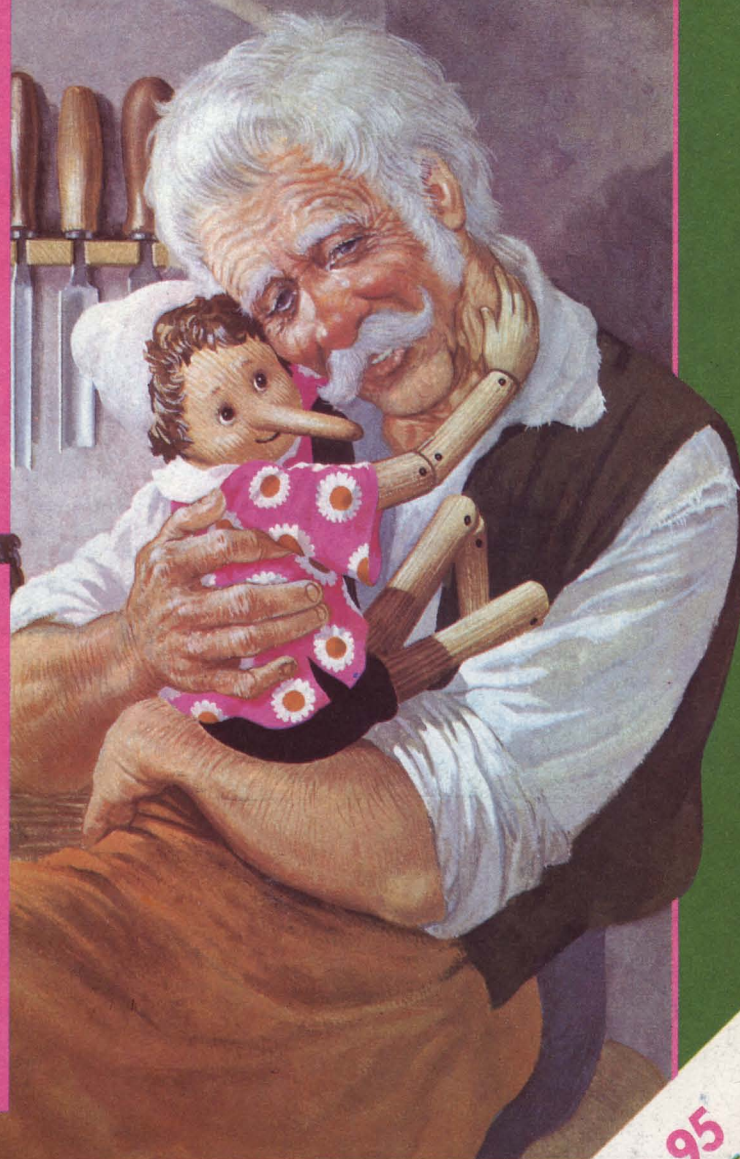
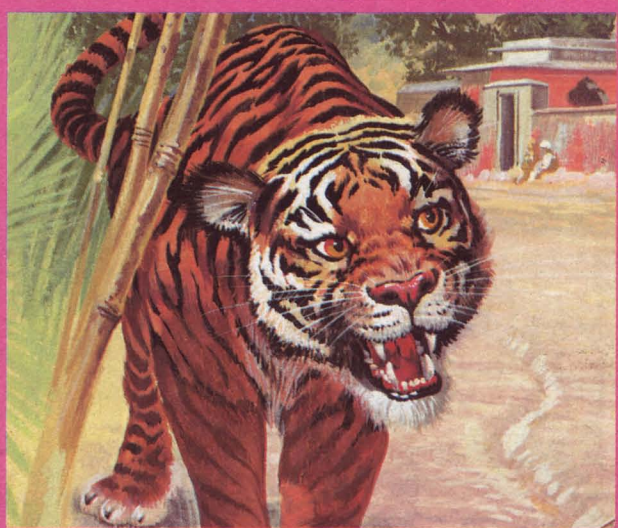
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PART II

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STORY Teller

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THE BOOK

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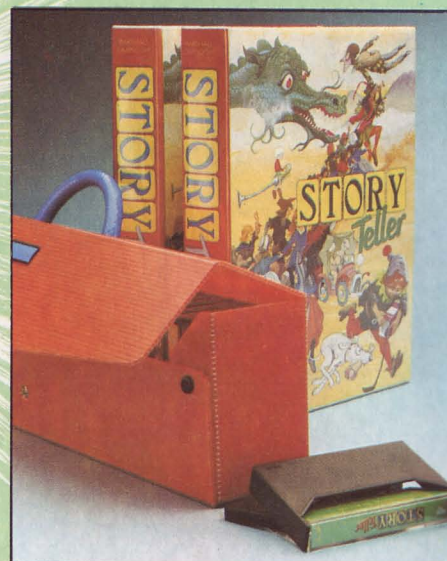
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Typeset by ABM Typographics Limited, Hull. Colour work by Melbourne Graphics, London. Printed in England by Varnicoat, Pershore.

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GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

When the people of Lilliput found out that Gulliver meant them no harm and was a gentle, friendly man, they untied him and set him free.

"But you must turn out your pockets," said the Emperor, "so we know you are not carrying any dangerous weapons."

Gulliver, who could now understand the Lilliput language, emptied his pockets and placed all their contents on the ground. The Emperor was so amazed — and so puzzled — by what he saw, that he allowed all the people of Lilliput

to come and see the wonderful objects for themselves.

"Now you must promise to live in peace with everyone in Lilliput," said Emperor Golbasto, "and promise to defend Lilliput against its enemies."

"I'm surprised to hear you have enemies, your majesty," said Gulliver politely.

"Oh yes! We're at war with the people of Blefuscu. Didn't you know? They live on an island far out across the sea."



Standing on tip-toe, Gulliver could see the island. It was not really very far away at all — just separated from Lilliput by a narrow stretch of water.

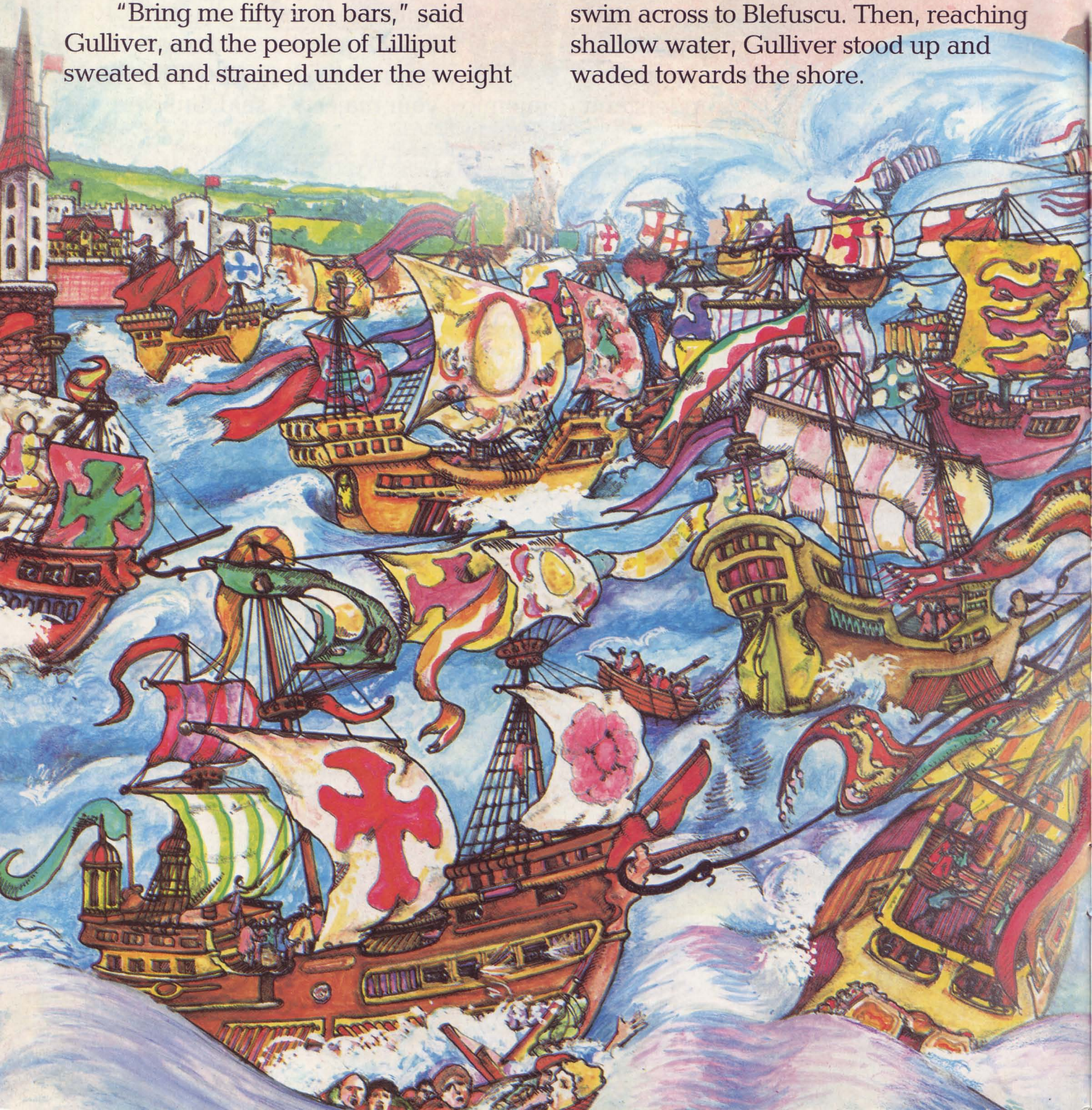
In the shelter of the island's cliffs lay the harbour of Blefuscu — and in it a fleet of fifty mighty warships, no bigger than the toy boats Gulliver had played with as a boy.

"Bring me fifty iron bars," said Gulliver, and the people of Lilliput sweated and strained under the weight

of fifty girders. They were hardly bigger than pins. Gulliver bent each one in turn into the shape of a fish-hook.

"Now bring me the strongest rope in the country," he said. And the Lilliputians brought him the fine thread he wanted. Gulliver tied the thread to the fish-hooks, and waded into the sea.

It took him only a few minutes to swim across to Blefuscu. Then, reaching shallow water, Gulliver stood up and waded towards the shore.





Thirty thousand Blefuscan soldiers and sailors were assembled on the beach ready to invade Lilliput. But the sight of Gulliver rising from the waves struck terror into thirty thousand hearts.

"*Giganticus!*" they screamed, thinking that Lilliput had found a dreadful giant to fight for them. "*Lillipeopli terriferous giganteo sendigor. Killy us ewill!*" And the sailors on the fifty warships jumped overboard and swam for their lives. Soldiers threw

down their bows and arrows, and fled inland to hide in the mountains of Blefuscu.

Gulliver stood in the surf and shook himself. Then he took out his hooks and threads, and secured them to the prow of each warship in the harbour. He cut their anchor chains with his penknife and then, gathering the fifty threads in both hands, he drew the ships out of the harbour and across the channel back to Lilliput.

The people of Lilliput cheered themselves hoarse when they saw Gulliver wading ahead of the fleet, the fifty tiny ropes over his shoulder. As he came ashore they shouted, "Three cheers for the Man Mountain. He's saved Lilliput."

Gulliver brought the ships safely to the Royal Harbour, and then went to visit the Emperor. "Now tell me," he said, crouching down by the palace. "Why is Lilliput at war with Blefuscu?"

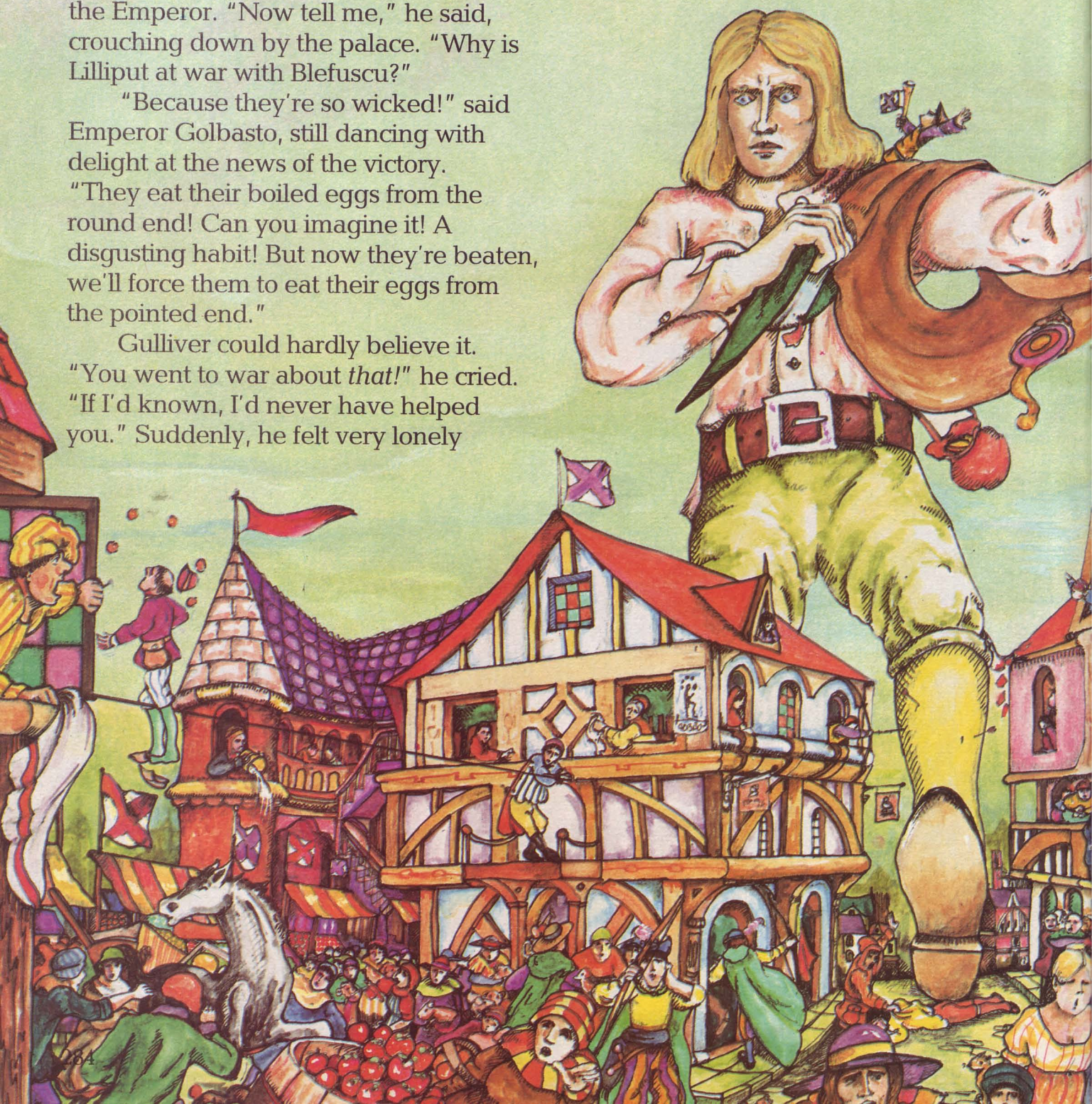
"Because they're so wicked!" said Emperor Golbasto, still dancing with delight at the news of the victory. "They eat their boiled eggs from the round end! Can you imagine it! A disgusting habit! But now they're beaten, we'll force them to eat their eggs from the pointed end."

Gulliver could hardly believe it. "You went to war about *that*!" he cried. "If I'd known, I'd never have helped you." Suddenly, he felt very lonely

among these people. And he wanted to go home.

He felt sorry for the defeated Blefuscans, and decided to visit the island and apologise. But when the Emperor Golbasto heard what Gulliver had done, he was furious.

"It's treason," he screamed, "that's



what it is! He's a traitor to Lilliput! I'll put him to death! Poison his drink! Burn down his house! *He's* probably eating a boiled egg this very minute from the round end!!"

The Prime Minister pointed out that it was rather useful having a giant around. "I don't think we ought to kill the Man Mountain, your majesty."

"All right," snapped Golbasto, "I'll put out his eyes instead."

The court trumpeter was sent to make the announcement. Gulliver had just got back from Blefuscu and was lying in the sun while his clothes dried. The trumpeter stood close to his ear and played a fanfare.

"O foreign and treacherous Man Mountain," he read aloud from a scroll, "the glorious Emperor Golbasto has decided to spare your life . . ."

Gulliver sat up and stared at the herald.

"But because you are a traitor to the nation of Lilliput, the royal archers will shoot out your eyes with their sharpest arrows at noon tomorrow. God save Golbasto!"

Gulliver snatched up his few belongings and ran through the city to the harbour. And there lay Golbasto's own royal galleon — the largest ship in the whole Lilliputian fleet.



Packing his jacket, pistol and hat into the galleon, Gulliver pushed it out of the narrow harbour and swam out to sea. Not once did he look back at the shores of Lilliput, and soon he could hear nothing but the sound of the waves rolling round him.

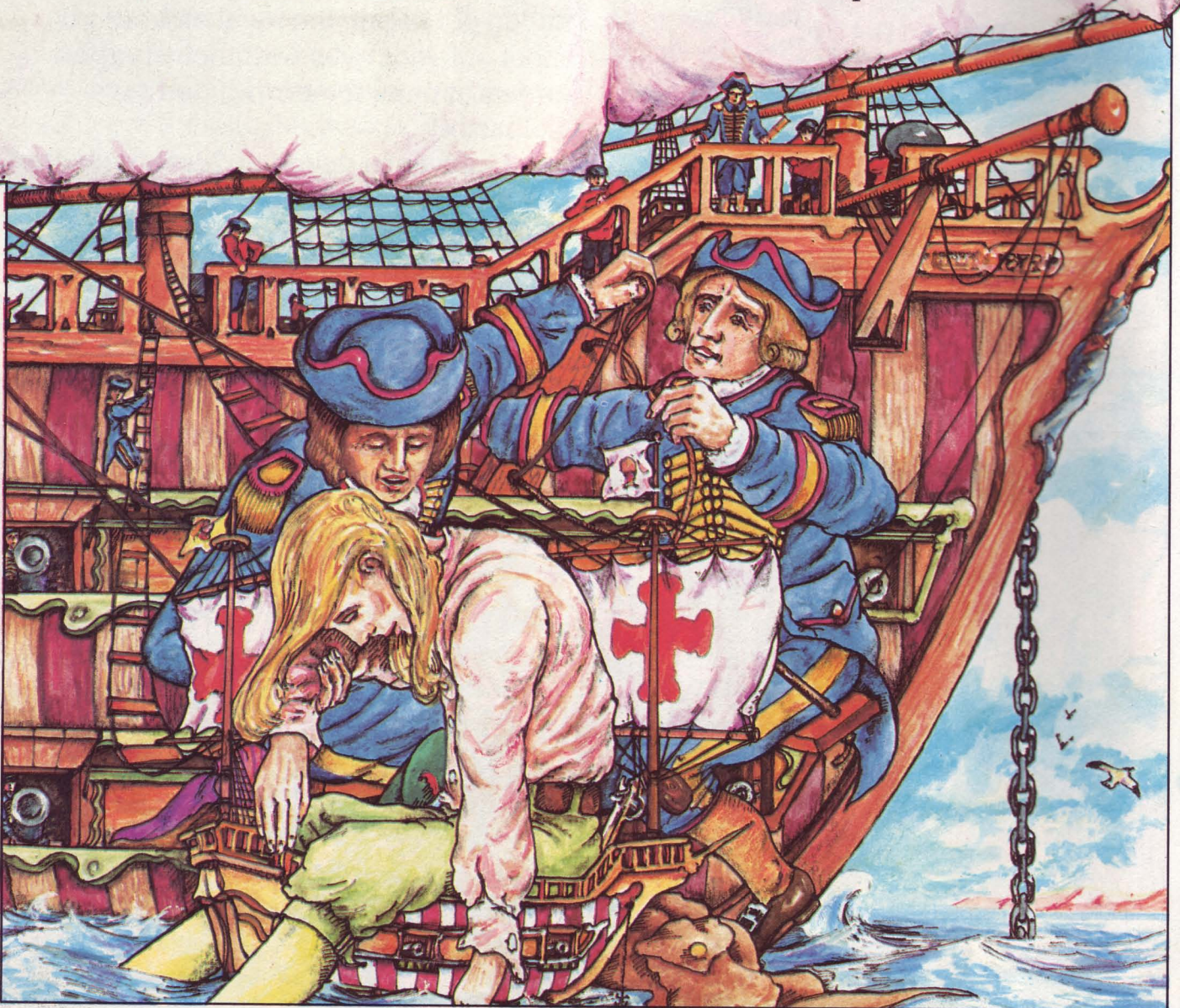
After a while he struggled into the galleon. It was the size of a baby's cradle, and his arms and legs drooped over the side. The wind and the tide carried him across many miles of ocean, and lulled by the gentle movement of the water Gulliver fell into a deep sleep.

Then, from the crow's-nest of

a merchant ship, a sailor spotted the galleon through his telescope. At first he thought it was a barrel washed overboard. But then he saw Gulliver.

Immediately a rowing boat was lowered to pick him up.

Gulliver thanked the captain for rescuing him and tucking the galleon under his arm went below to the cabin. For the first time in months, Gulliver would sleep in a proper bed! And each night, on the long journey home, he dined at the captain's table and told him all about his extraordinary adventures in Lilliput.



Pinochio



In Italy, about a hundred years ago, there lived a wood-carver named Geppetto. He was a very poor man, and he lived on his own. Although Geppetto had friendly neighbours, he was lonely at heart and he wished he had a son.

One day he had an idea. He decided to make himself a wooden puppet — a wonderful puppet that would know how to dance and fight and leap like an acrobat. With this puppet, Geppetto could travel the world. People everywhere would pay a lot to see them perform their tricks. But, more important, it would be like a son to him and keep him company.

Straight away, Geppetto chose a log from his wood pile, took his sharpest axe and set to work. But just as he aimed his first blow, he heard a very small voice. "Don't hit me too hard, please!"

You can imagine how surprised the old man was. He looked at the log, he looked all round the room — he even opened the door and looked outside. But he could see no-one. So he started again, just a little more carefully.

All went well as Geppetto stripped off the bark. But when he took his plane to smooth and polish the wood, he heard the same little voice breaking out in giggles, "Stop it. Oh, stop it! You're tickling me!" And Geppetto dropped his plane as if he had been struck by a bolt of lightning.

The wood-carver sank into his rickety chair and stared blankly at the



So he chiselled away merrily. Geppetto whistled as he worked, and thought up a name for his puppet. "I'll call him Pinocchio," he decided. "It's a good name — it will bring him luck."

First Geppetto made the hair, then the forehead, then the eyes, and then the nose. It was there that things started going strangely wrong. The nose began to grow! And it grew and grew and

piece of wood. He stared and he stared, until it seemed he had been gazing for hours. He scratched his head and he rubbed his chin. He crossed his legs and drummed his fingers on the table. He puffed at his pipe. Then he knocked out the ash and grabbed the log again.

"Well, this couldn't be better," he said to himself at last. "Here I am, making a puppet, and before I have even carved his head, he's talking! By the time I've finished him, he'll be able to walk and run and dance and sing!"



grew. Poor Geppetto tired himself out chopping the nose down to size.

As for the mouth, it started laughing at Geppetto before it was even finished, and then stuck out a tongue at him as far as it would go!

Geppetto was alarmed, but he pretended not to notice. He pressed on with his work, and fashioned the puppet's body and arms. Then no sooner had he cut out the hands than they pulled his moustache.



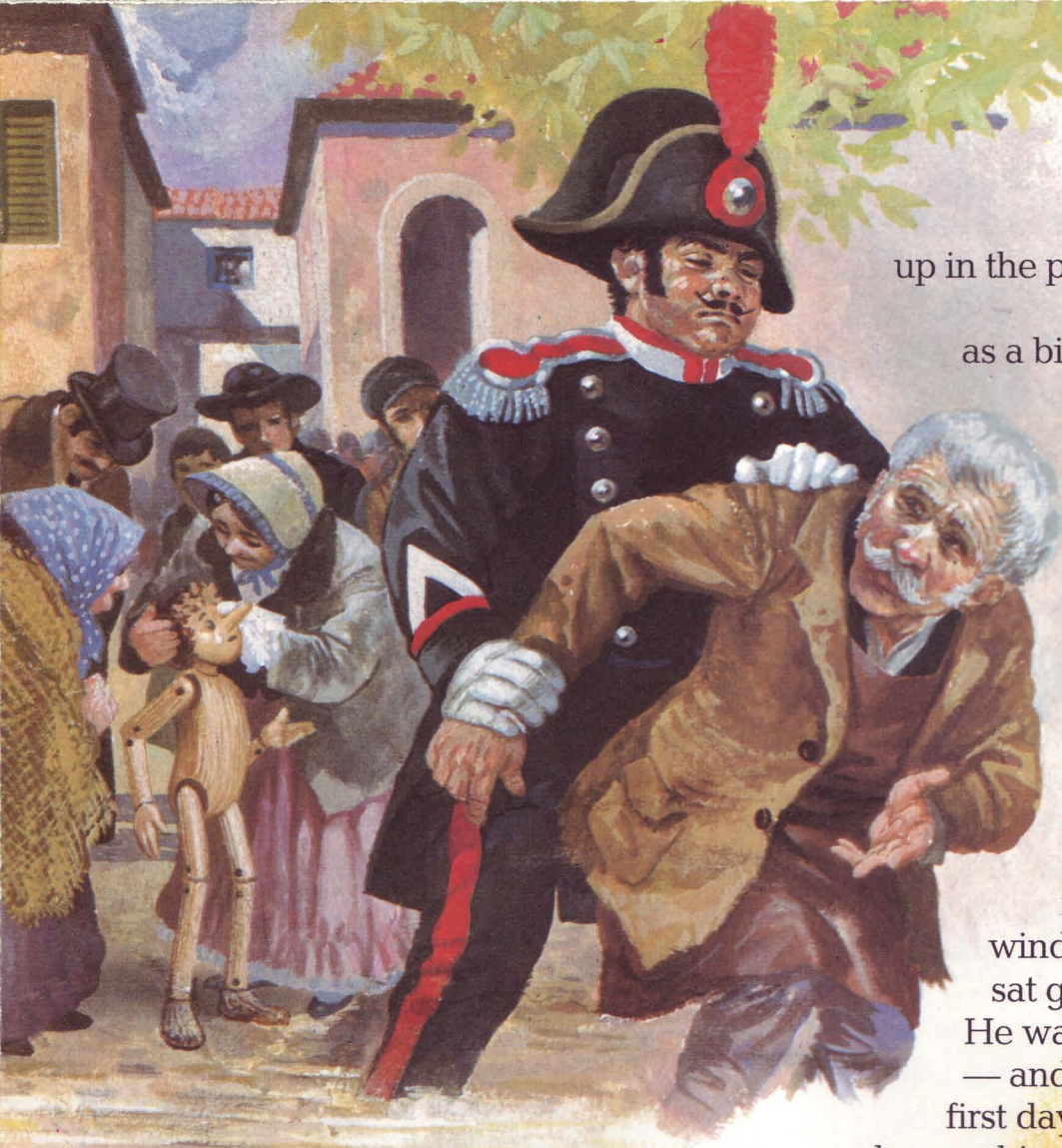
Poor Geppetto felt more miserable than he had ever felt in his life. What sort of a son was he making for himself? "You young scamp! You're not even finished and already you're being rude to your father! That is bad, very bad." And he wiped a tear from his eye.

There was worse to come. As soon as Geppetto finished off the puppet's legs and feet, Pinocchio gave him a kick on the chin, sprang down to the floor and ran out of the door and away along the street.



"Stop him! Stop him!" shouted Geppetto, as he rushed after Pinocchio. But the people were so amazed to see a wooden puppet running down the street that they could hardly move for laughing. The local policeman had more sense. He stepped out into the street and when the puppet tried to dash between his legs he picked him up by his nose.





up in the police station for the night.

Well, Pinocchio was free as a bird, and he scampered off, dancing and leaping and clicking his heels together. He played for hours in the streets and the fields, and only went back home when the sun was setting.

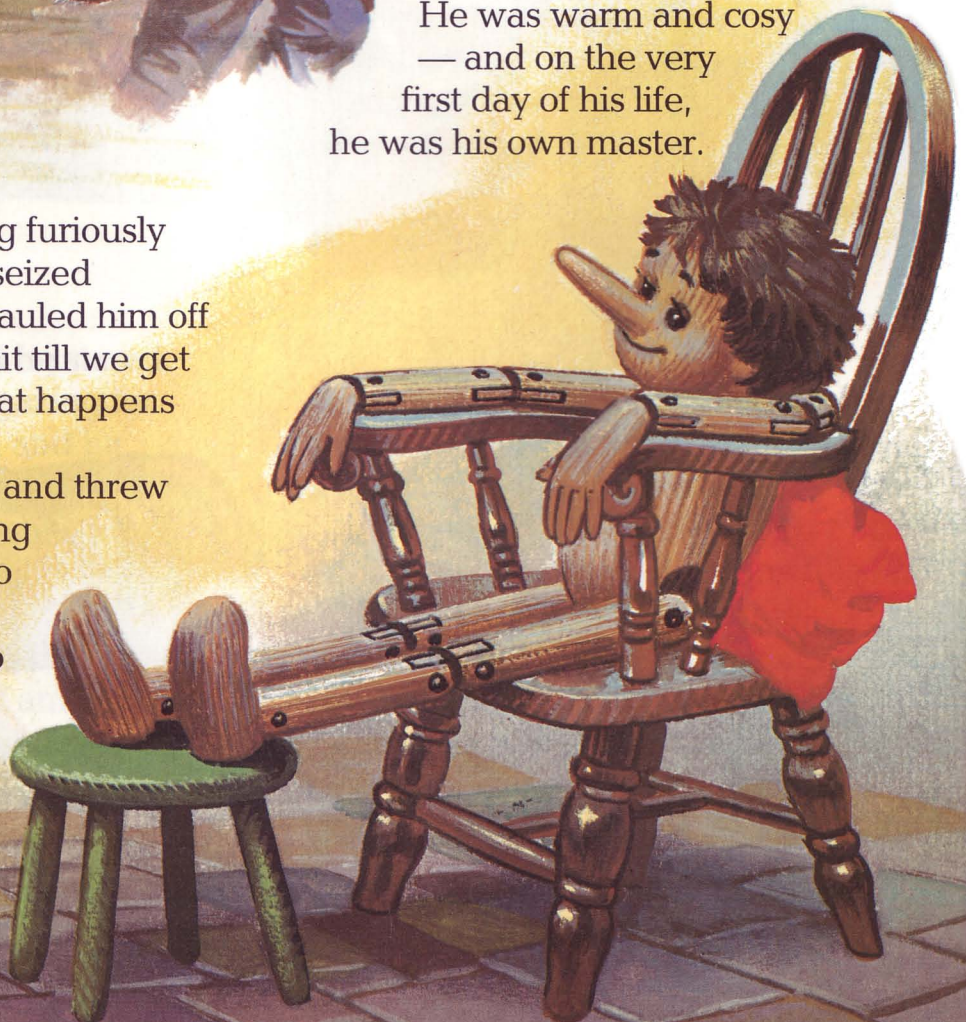
He pushed the door open, and threw himself down in Geppetto's old chair by the fireside.

Outside, darkness was falling, and it was turning windy and cold, but Pinocchio sat grinning with pleasure.

He was warm and cosy — and on the very first day of his life, he was his own master.

Geppetto was grumbling furiously when he reached them. He seized Pinocchio by the neck and hauled him off down the road. "You just wait till we get home. I'll soon show you what happens to naughty boys."

Pinocchio wriggled free and threw himself to the ground, sobbing pathetically. Before Geppetto knew what was happening, all the people were calling to the policeman. "Protect the poor puppet, or Geppetto will kill him!" And they set up such a storm of protest that Geppetto was arrested and locked





But Pinocchio was not alone in the room. As he lay back in the chair and closed his eyes, he heard a rapid clicking noise, like the teeth of a comb being scraped on a table's edge. "Cri-cri-cri-cri-cri."

"Who's there?" said Pinocchio.

"It is I." Pinocchio turned round and saw a big insect crawling slowly along the wall.

"I am the Talking Cricket, and I have lived in this room for a hundred years and more."

"So what! It's my room now, so just buzz off and leave me alone."

"I will not go until I have told you a great truth," replied the cricket.

"Boys who rebel against their parents never come to any good in the world, and sooner or later they will be bitterly sorry for what they have done."

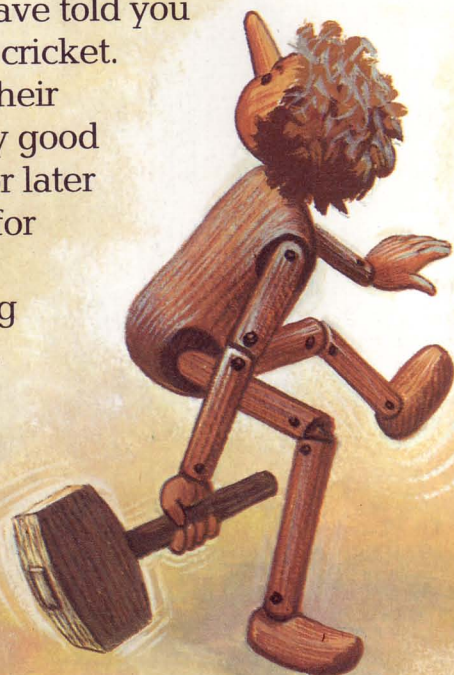
This was the last thing Pinocchio wanted to hear.

"Hold your tongue, you silly croaker. Go away."

But the cricket took no notice. "Poor Pinocchio, I pity you. You really *do* have a wooden head, and what is more you will come to a bad end."

At these words, Pinocchio lost his temper. He snatched Geppetto's mallet from the work-bench and hurled it at the cricket. Maybe he didn't mean to hurt him, but the mallet hit the little creature right on the head and he scarcely had time to cry out before he fell limply to the ground. "That's shut you up," said Pinocchio, and he tried to go to sleep.

It was the start of a miserable night for the wicked puppet. No sooner had Pinocchio closed his eyes than he began



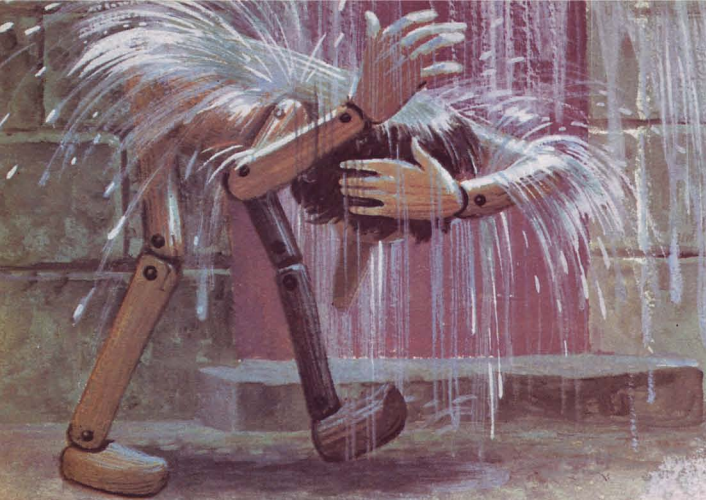
to feel hungry, so he looked around for something to eat. He hunted high and low, but he could not find a scrap of food.

Just as he was giving up, he spotted an egg lying in a pile of wood shavings.

He eagerly cracked it open over a pan — and a tiny chicken popped out, ruffled its feathers twice and flew out of the window! Pinocchio was aching

with hunger. He ran out into the empty streets and searched everywhere for food, but there was nothing to be found.





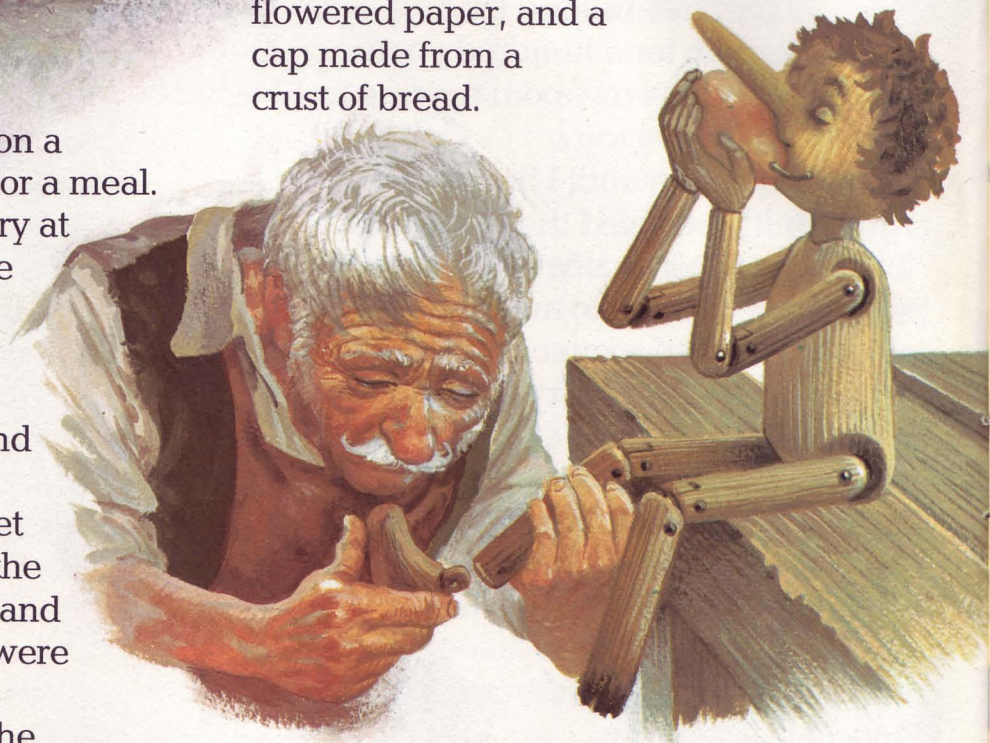
floor, he felt very sorry for him, and gave his son the three pears he had bought for his own breakfast. Then he placed him gently on the work-bench, and lovingly carved him a new pair of feet. After they were finished, the old wood-carver cut out a special set of clothes for Pinocchio: a pair of short trousers, a colourful shirt of flowered paper, and a cap made from a crust of bread.

In desperation, he rang on a neighbour's doorbell to beg for a meal. But a crotchety old man, angry at being disturbed in the middle of the night, poured a great basin of water all over him.

Pinocchio slunk home like a drowned rat, so cold and exhausted that he flopped down in the chair with his feet in the hearth. For the rest of the night he slept and snored — and all the time his wooden feet were in the fire. Little by little they burned away to cinders. By the morning he could not even stand up.

Geppetto came back from the gaol fuming with anger.

But when he saw poor Pinocchio, crawling around on the



Pinocchio was so relieved to be able to walk again, and so excited with his new clothes, that he leapt up from the work-bench, threw his arms around Geppetto's neck, and kissed him again and again. "Oh please help me, Daddy," he sobbed, and he poured out the story of the cricket's warning. "Don't let me come to a bad end — I do want to be good."

They hugged each other for a long time. Finally Geppetto spoke through his tears. "If you *really* want to be a good boy, Pinocchio, you must go to school and work hard."

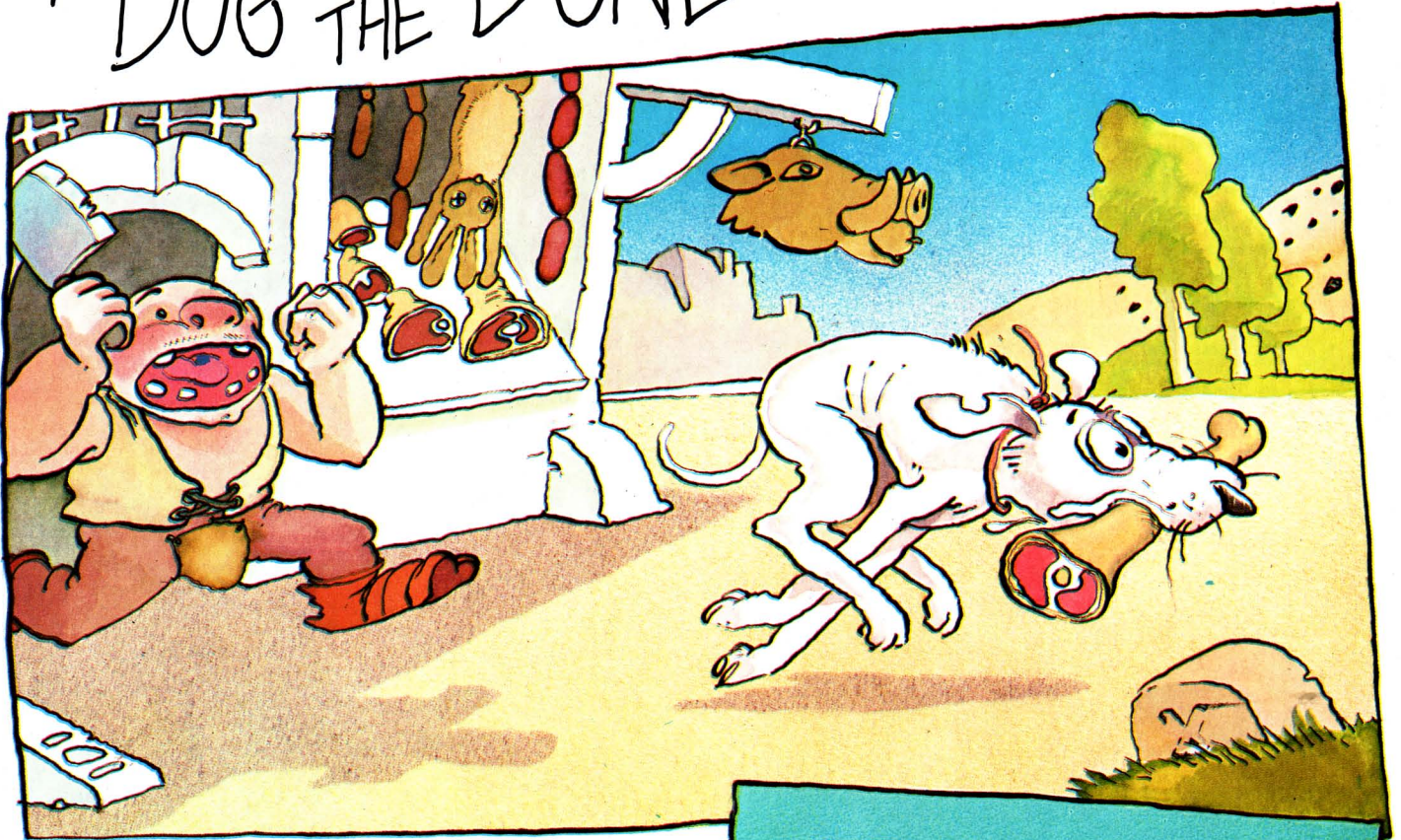
"Oh I will," cried Pinocchio. "I will! I promise I will."

[Do you think Pinocchio will keep his promise? Find out in Part 12]





THE DOG AND THE BONE

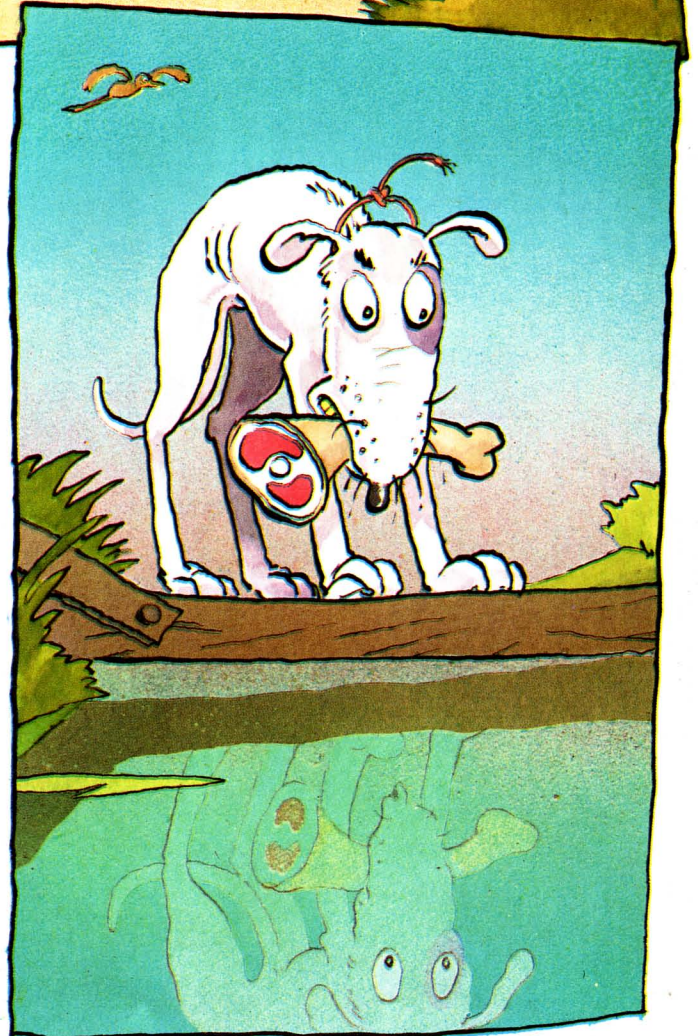


One day a dog sneaked into a butcher's shop and stole a fat, juicy bone. He was just slinking out of the door when he was spotted by the butcher. "You rascal," he shouted. "Come back here!"

The dog did not wait to hear any more. He began to run as fast as his legs would carry him, down the hill, over a stile and out into the country. He ran so far and so fast that he was soon very tired.

"It's no good," he panted as he reached a little bridge over a stream. "I've just got to have a rest." And, puffing hard, he stepped slowly on to the bridge.

"How refreshing that water looks," he thought, peering into the stream. "It's exactly what a hot, thirsty dog needs." And then his eyes almost popped out of his head. "That's amazing! There's a funny dog down there — and it's got a bone that's even bigger than mine."





He growled angrily. "After all I've been through, I deserve the biggest bone. And what's more, I'm going to have it."

He opened his mouth in a threatening snarl — but suddenly there was a huge splash. The bone had dropped straight out of his mouth and into the water.

As the water settled he saw that the dog in the stream had also lost his bone. And then he realised what had happened. "Oh no!" he whimpered. "I've been looking at a reflection of myself. How could I have been so stupid — and so greedy? Now I've got no bone at all!"



Sleeping Beauty



The sun was shining, and the birds were singing, but the queen was sad as she bathed in her lake.

"Oh, how dearly I wish for a child," she sighed, and a tear fell from her eye into the open mouth of a frog who was perched on a water-lily leaf.

"By this time next year you shall have a daughter!" he croaked. Then he dived into the weeds and was gone.

His words came true. The king and queen became the proud, happy parents of a beautiful baby daughter.

"The roses are just beginning to bloom," said the king. "Let's call her Rose, and she shall have the most magnificent christening ever known."

"We must invite all the most important people," said the queen.

"And the thirteen fairies," added the king.

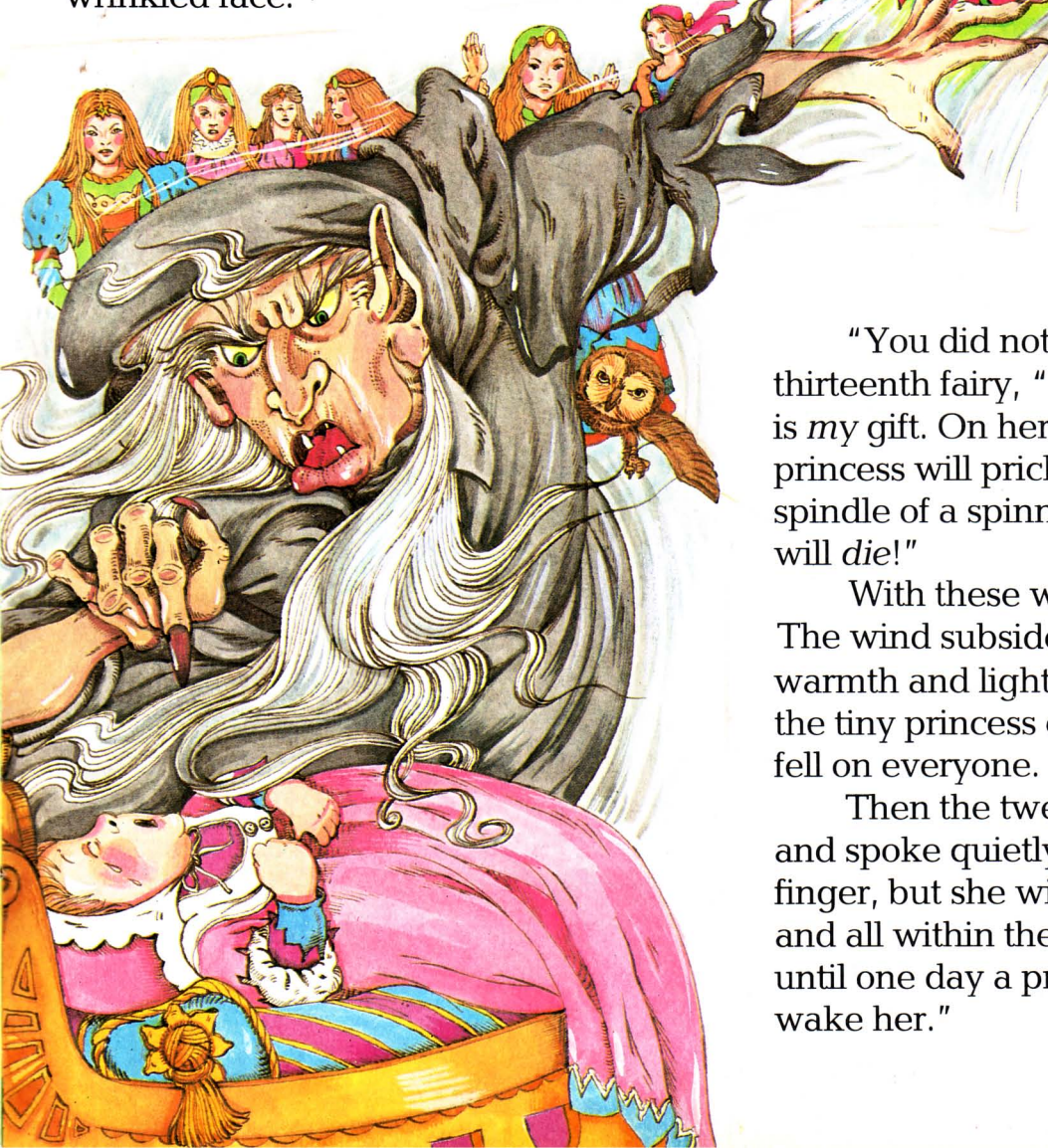
"My love, remember. The law says that fairies must eat from golden plates. We only have twelve golden plates."

"Well, twelve fairies are enough," decided the king.

After the grand feast, the guests danced and sang until it was time for the fairies to present their gifts to the royal baby.

The first gave her Beauty, the second Grace of Movement. The others in turn gave her a Sweet Voice, Kindness, Health, Gentleness, Truth, Goodness, Friendship, Happiness, a Sense of Humour, and . . . But, before the twelfth fairy could speak, the ballroom suddenly turned dark, the wind howled, an owl hooted and everyone shivered.

Standing beside the cradle was a small bent figure dressed all in black. Her green eyes gleamed in a white wrinkled face.



"You did not invite me," sneered the thirteenth fairy, "but here I am, and here is *my* gift. On her fifteenth birthday the princess will prick her finger on the spindle of a spinning-wheel, and she will *die*!"

With these words she vanished. The wind subsided, the owl grew silent, warmth and light returned. In her cradle the tiny princess cried softly and a gloom fell on everyone.

Then the twelfth fairy came forward and spoke quietly: "Rose *will* prick her finger, but she will not die. Instead she and all within the palace will fall asleep, until one day a prince's kiss will wake her."

Immediately the king ordered that every spinning-wheel in the kingdom should be destroyed. Huge bonfires were built in every market square, and a thousand spinning-wheels were burned on them.

The years flew by and Rose grew up happily with the fairies' gifts. She was loved by all who knew her. Then, on her fifteenth birthday, her parents gave her a splendid party.

Shortly before the palace clock struck six, Rose said, "Let's play hide-and-seek." So all the young guests hid in cupboards, under huge tables, and behind heavy curtains. Rose tip-toed up a winding staircase to a turret at the top of a tower where nobody had been for years.

It was very dark and musty and Rose was beginning to wish she had not hidden there when she saw a dusty door. She wrote Rose in the dust and then pushed it, gently. It swung slowly open into a tiny room.

"Come in, my dear," whispered a strange voice.



And there in the gloom, Rose saw an old woman, dressed in black, sitting before a large wheel. The room grew darker, the wind blew outside and an owl hooted. Rose shivered.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Why, a spinning-wheel, my dear."

The old woman turned her pale, wrinkled face with its gleaming green eyes towards the Princess. "I'm making the cloth for a sheet. Come closer . . . see how the spindle dances as the thread runs round it."

Rose was fascinated, she had never seen a spinning-wheel before. She held out her hand to touch the bobbing





spindle. "It hurts. Oh, it hurts," she cried. She had pricked her finger — and immediately she fell into a deep sleep.

Outside, the wind subsided, the owl grew silent, warmth and light returned. The old woman had vanished.

Sitting on their thrones, the king and queen suddenly stopped in the middle of a conversation and fell asleep. The young guests slept in their hiding places, their fingers on lips that were about to say *sh!* and the seeker slept standing up, his hands firmly over his eyes.

The clock stopped ticking. A fly hung poised in mid-air. The cook's cat slept outside a mouse-hole, and the frightened mouse slept inside. The cook fell asleep with her hand raised ready to slap the naughty kitchen boy. The poor boy slept, still unsmacked across her knee, while the goblet he had broken lay in pieces on the floor.

The dog, who had been dozing, slept still more soundly. The spiders were still and silent in their webs in the turret room. Days and then weeks passed. Months turned into years and yet more years.

After ten years, a hedge of briar roses had grown up all around the palace. After twenty, the palace was hidden completely. Ninety years passed and the thicket of roses, weeds and thistles had grown into a dense forest.

The story of the Sleeping Beauty spread throughout the world, and was passed down in every royal family. Many brave princes tried to break through the forest to find her, but none succeeded . . . until, one day, a handsome prince arrived from a far-off land. Though cruelly scratched by the thorns and

brambles he went on hacking his way through the thicket with his sword until he grew exhausted. His strength had almost given out when suddenly something very strange happened. The cruel thorns softened, and roses began to bloom on the briars. He moved as though by magic through the branches.





A hundred years had passed since Rose's fifteenth birthday, but in the palace time had stood still. The prince opened the heavy palace doors. He passed among the frozen party-goers and climbed the same winding staircase the princess had climbed a hundred years before.

At the top of the staircase he saw the letters *Rose* on the dusty door. And inside the turret room, he found the sleeping girl. He had never seen anyone so beautiful. Slowly, as if in a dream, he bent his head and kissed her.

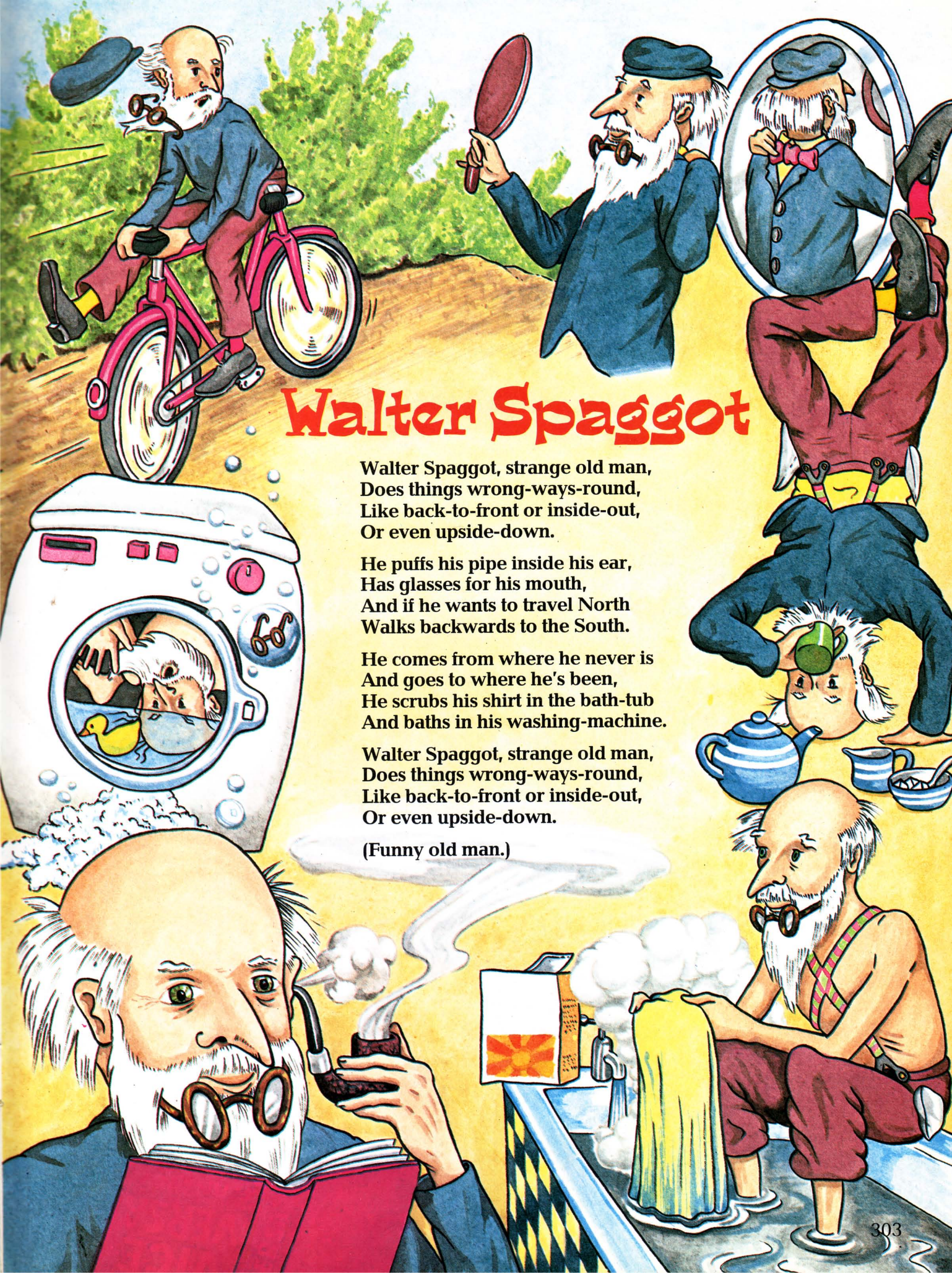
The princess woke immediately. "I have waited for you so long," she said, gazing up at him.

At once everyone in the palace awoke. The king turned to the queen and said, "I quite agree with you, my dear." The mouse scuttled further down the hole away from the hissing cat. The dog rolled over. The seeker took his hands from his eyes, and called out "Ready!" and the children hiding smiled, fingers on lips and whispered *sh!* The naughty kitchen boy scrambled off the cook's lap and she slapped her own knee instead. The fly landed on a jammy



spoon, and the palace clock struck six.

Many years later, when Rose and the prince were married, they would often tell their children the strange tale of the thirteenth fairy, the spindle, and the hundred sleeping years.



Walter Spaggot

Walter Spaggot, strange old man,
Does things wrong-ways-round,
Like back-to-front or inside-out,
Or even upside-down.

He puffs his pipe inside his ear,
Has glasses for his mouth,
And if he wants to travel North
Walks backwards to the South.

He comes from where he never is
And goes to where he's been,
He scrubs his shirt in the bath-tub
And baths in his washing-machine.

Walter Spaggot, strange old man,
Does things wrong-ways-round,
Like back-to-front or inside-out,
Or even upside-down.

(Funny old man.)

GROWLING AT TIGERS

Once upon a time there was a little Indian boy whose name was Sudi, who loved growling at tigers.

"You be careful," his mother told him. "Tigers don't like being growled at."

But Sudi did not care, and one day, when his mother was out, he went for a walk to find a tiger to growl at.

As soon as Sudi came up the tiger sprang out and growled, "Grrrr-Grrrrr-Grrrr-Grrrrrrr!" And Sudi growled right back, "Grrrr-Grrrrr-Grrrr-Grrrrrrr!"

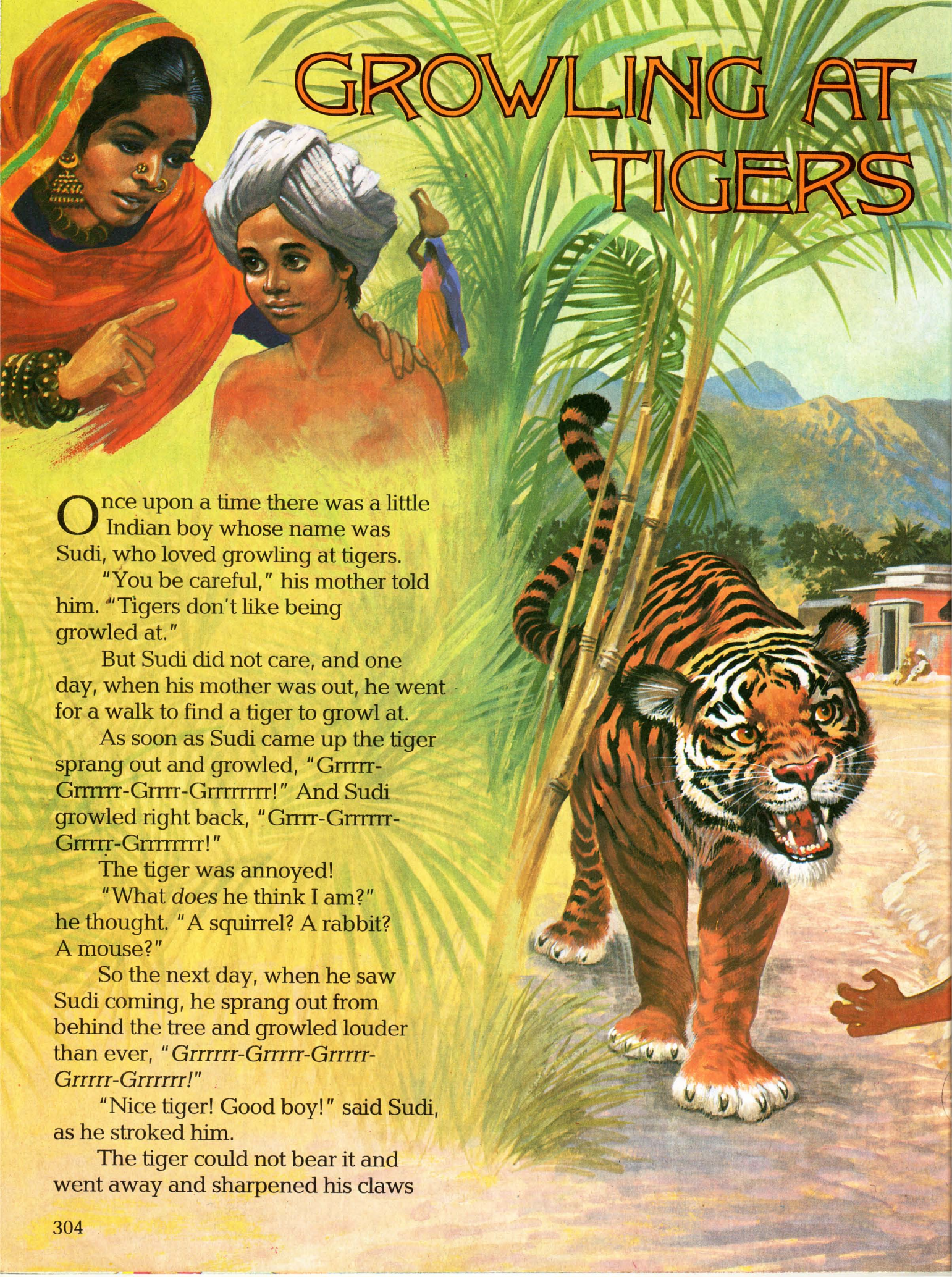
The tiger was annoyed!

"What does he think I am?" he thought. "A squirrel? A rabbit? A mouse?"

So the next day, when he saw Sudi coming, he sprang out from behind the tree and growled louder than ever, "Grrrrr-Grrrrr-Grrrr-Grrrrr-Grrrrr!"

"Nice tiger! Good boy!" said Sudi, as he stroked him.

The tiger could not bear it and went away and sharpened his claws



and lashed his tail and practised growling.

"I am a tiger!" he said.

"T-I-G-E-R: TIGER. GRRRRRRR!"

And then he went and had a drink at the pond. When he had finished drinking he looked at his reflection in the water. There he was, a lovely yellow tiger with black stripes and a long tail. He growled again, so loudly that he frightened even himself, and ran away. At last he stopped.



"What am I running away for?" he thought. "It's only me. Oh dear, that boy has upset me! I wonder why he growls at tigers?"

The next day, when Sudi passed, he stopped him.

"Why do you growl at tigers?" he asked.

"Well," said Sudi, "it's because I'm shy, really. And if I growl at tigers it sort of makes up for it, if you see what I mean."

"Oh, I see!" said the tiger.

"After all, tigers are the fiercest animals in the world and it is very brave to growl at them."

The tiger was pleased.

"Fiercer than lions?"

"Oh yes!" said Sudi.

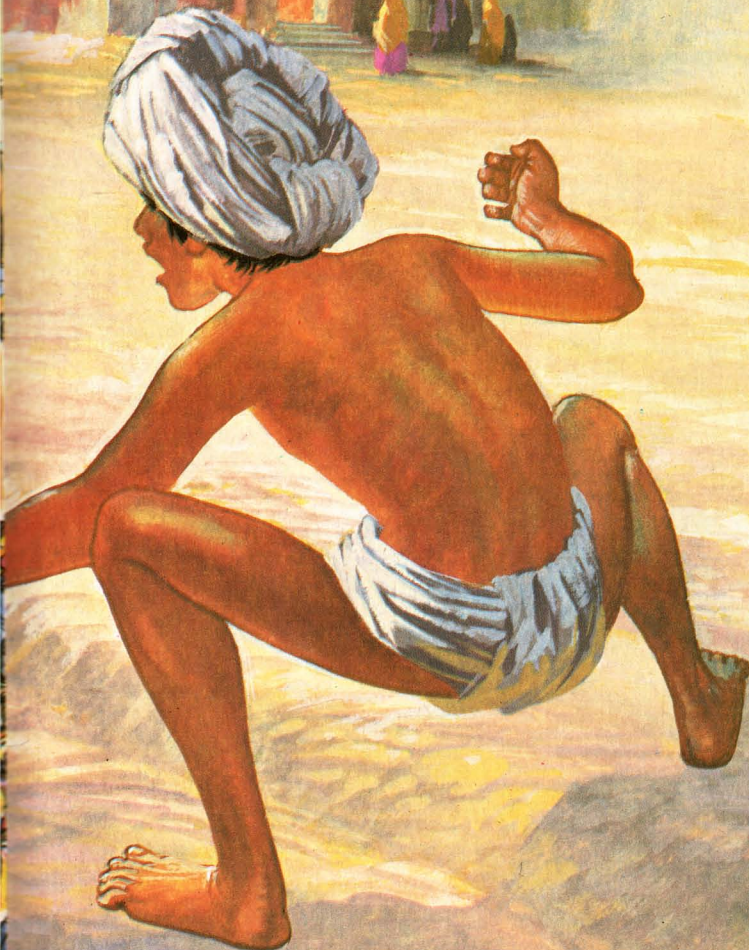
"And bears?"

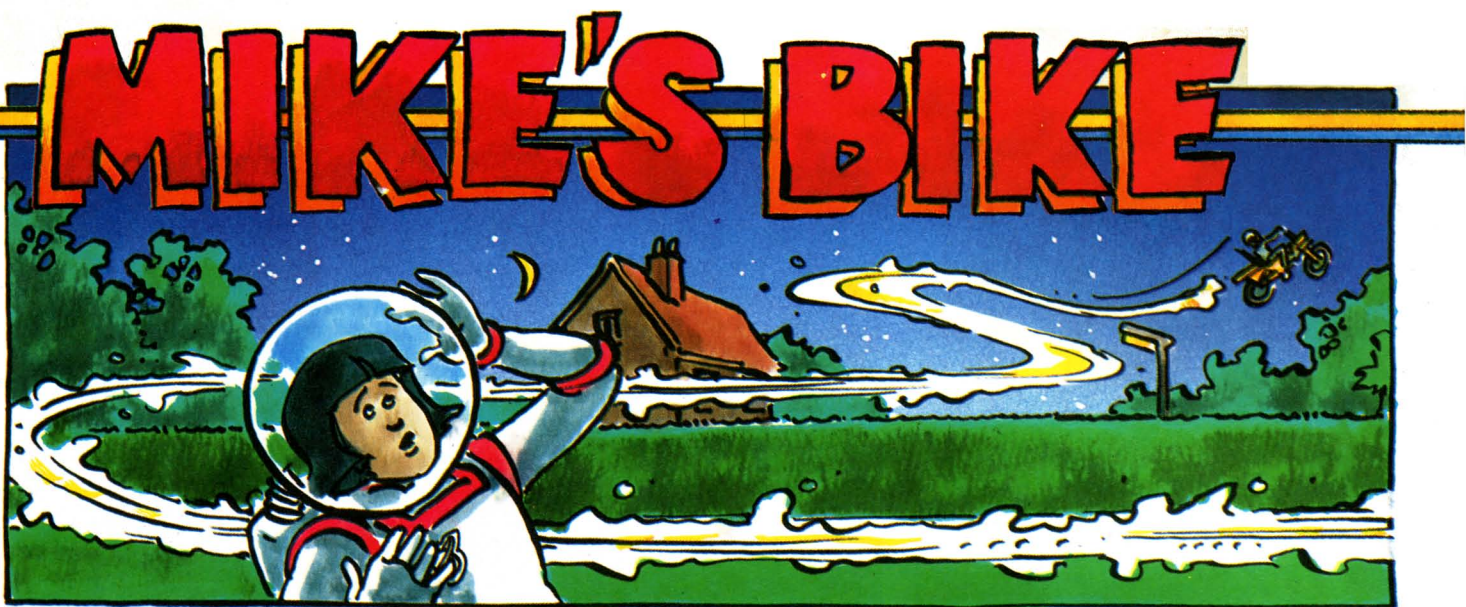
"Much fiercer."

The tiger purred and felt friendly.

"You *are* a nice boy!" he said, and gave him a lick.

After that they often went for walks together — and every now and then they growled at each other.





Tina could only watch as the Spaceblazer carried Mike away into the night.



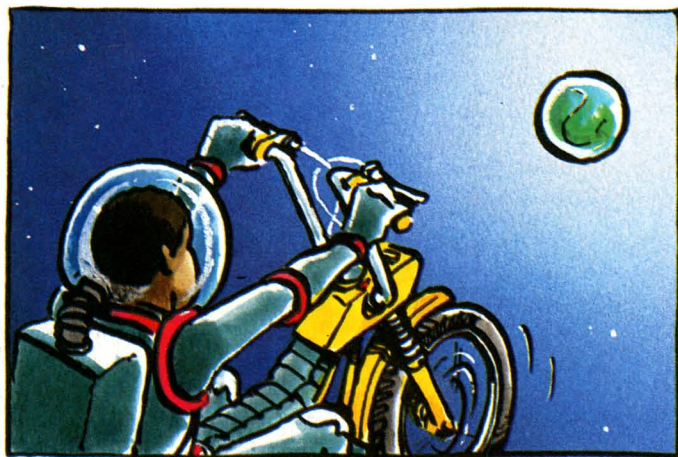
Within a second, he was a thousand feet up . . .



Within two seconds, he was a mile up . . .



And a minute later, he was still going up . . .



At last, Mike found the cut-out switch and the bike slowed to a stop. He looked down for the first time and hanging there in the darkness was a tiny green and blue ball. "That's a funny colour for a tennis ball," he thought.

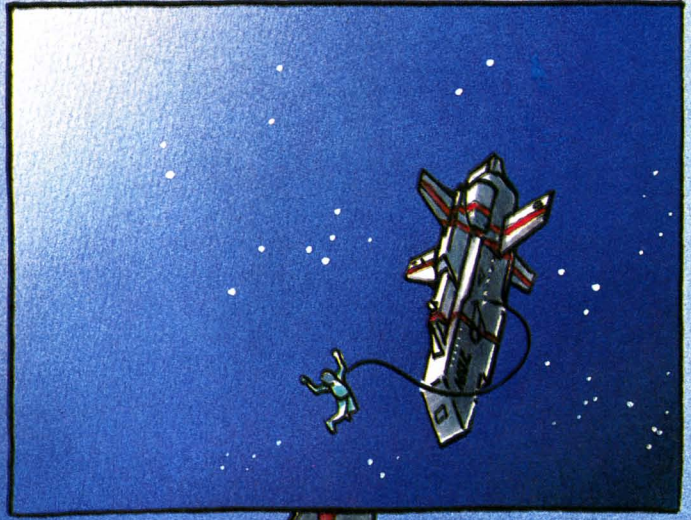


But it was not a ball. It was the World! You could make out Africa and India quite easily. When Mike realised how far away he was from home, he began to feel rather small and lonely — and just a little frightened.

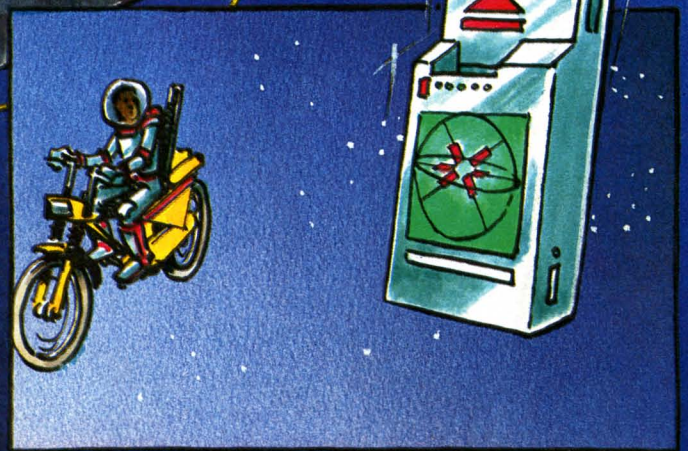
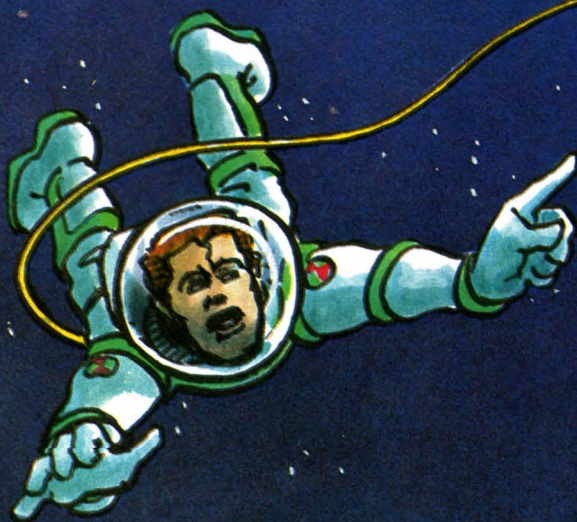
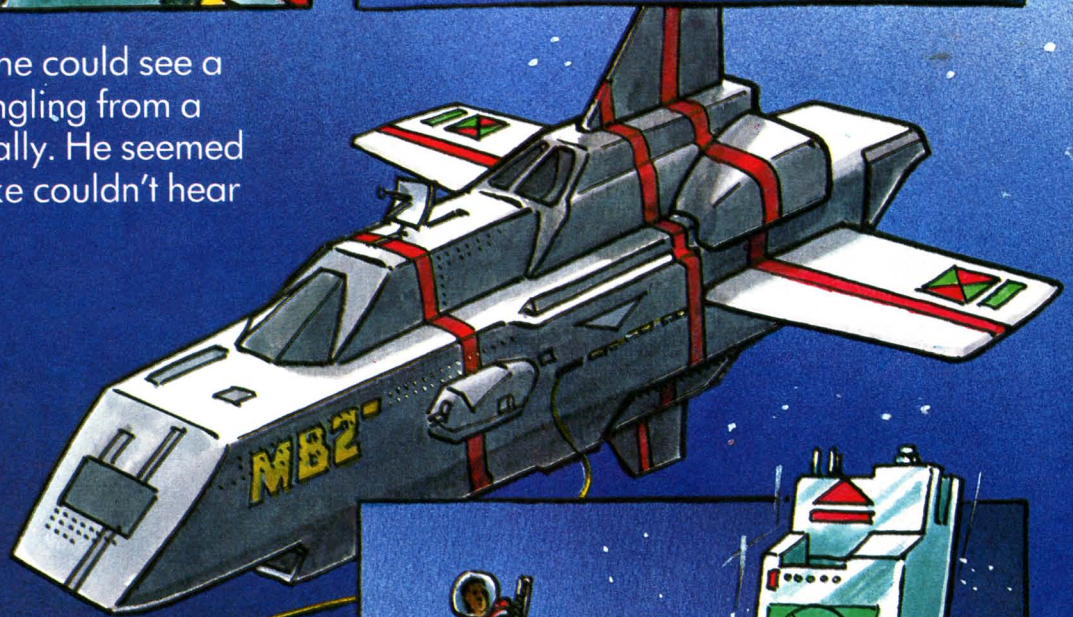
As he drifted in space, he dug his hands in the pockets of his spacesuit. But all he found was the wrapper from a Venus chocolate bar.



Then, suddenly, he saw the welcoming lights of a spaceship twinkling ahead of him, and he felt much better. But something was not quite right . . .

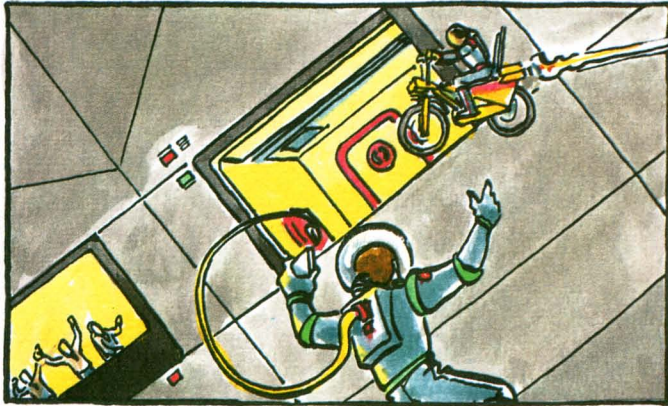
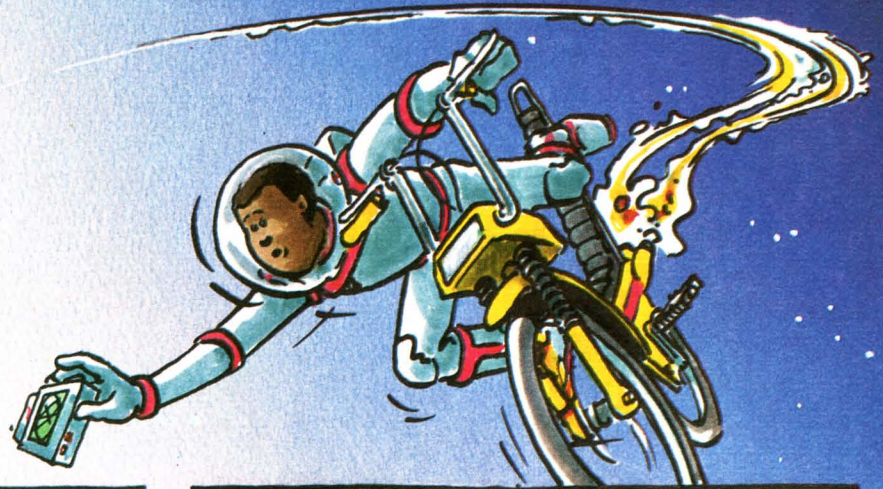


As the craft got closer he could see a man in a spacesuit dangling from a lifeline, waving frantically. He seemed to be shouting, but Mike couldn't hear a word.



Then he saw a tiny silver box moving rapidly off into space. He knew what he had to do at once, and pressed the bike's rocket button.

The machine roared into life and Mike zoomed after the floating, spinning box. Scooping it up, he tucked it in his space pocket and headed towards the spaceship.



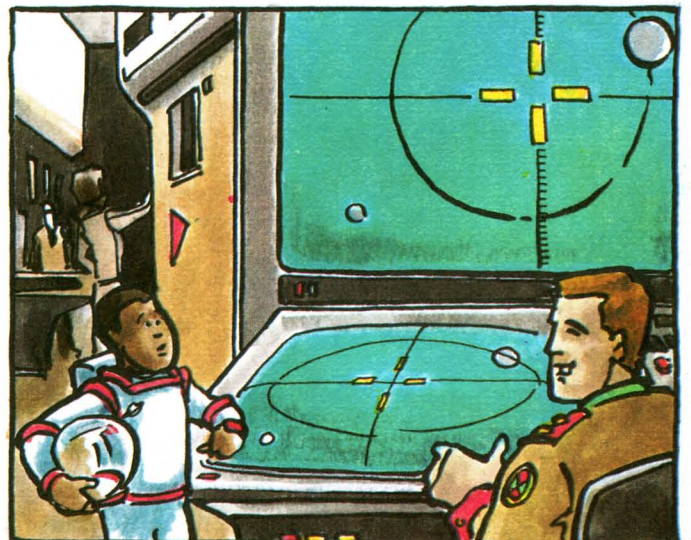
He pulled alongside the enormous grey hull. As he climbed into the airlock, a great cheer went up from the crew. He was a hero.



"Smart work, kid," said the captain. "That box is vital you know. It's our space compass. We'd have been lost without it."



He tried to mop his brow, but he was still wearing a helmet. "You deserve a reward." "I'd just like to go home, please," said

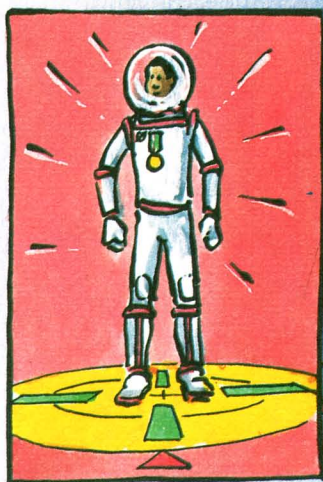


Mike. "I'm feeling really tired." So the captain put the ship into hyperdrive and set his course for Earth, using the space compass.

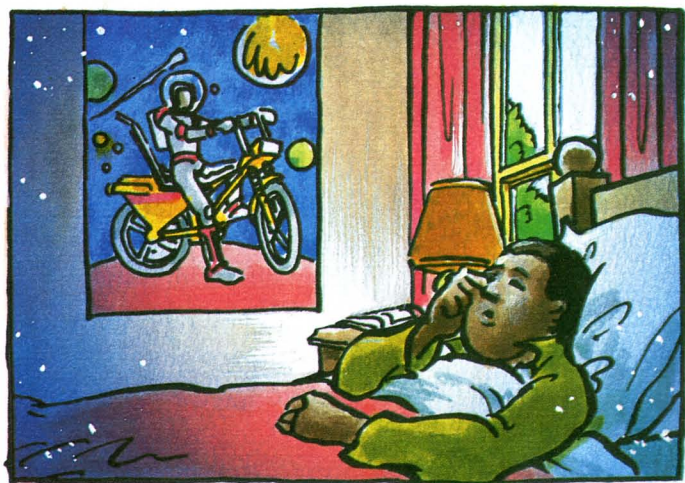
Mike's 'tennis ball' got larger and larger, until it filled the whole window. Soon Mike began to see fields glistening in the moonlight . . . and then the river snaking towards his home town. "That's where I live!" he shouted. "Can you drop me off here?"



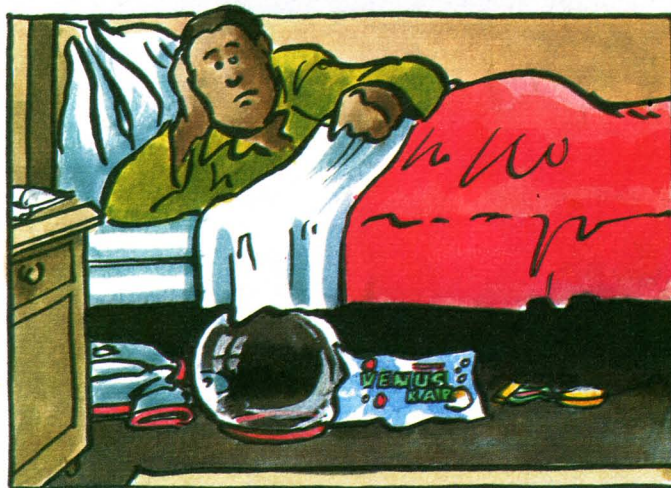
The captain pinned a special medal on Mike's suit and steered the ship carefully until it hovered right over his house. "Stand over the launch chute!" he said.



Mike picked up his helmet and walked to the tube. Suddenly, there was a strange noise and he felt himself falling. Mike clutched wildly at the air with his hands — and then shut his eyes . . .

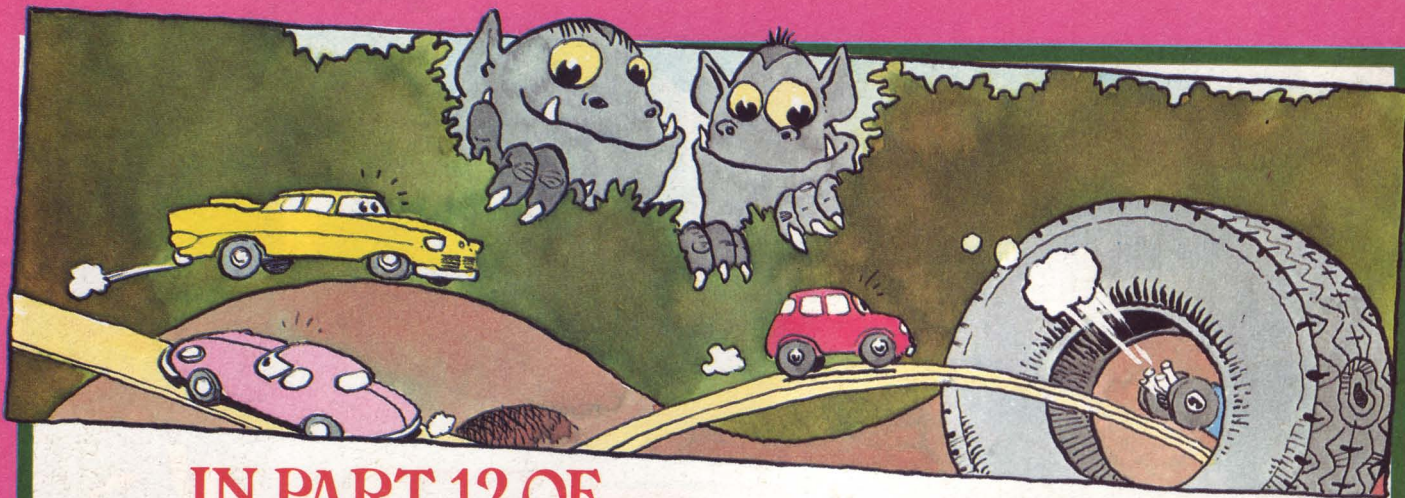


When he opened them again, he was in his bed and the sun was streaming in through the window. He rubbed his eyes, and looked up at the poster on the wall.



"There's the Spaceblazer — and Tina! So it was all a dream."

But he had not looked under the bed . . .



IN PART 12 OF **STORY**Teller

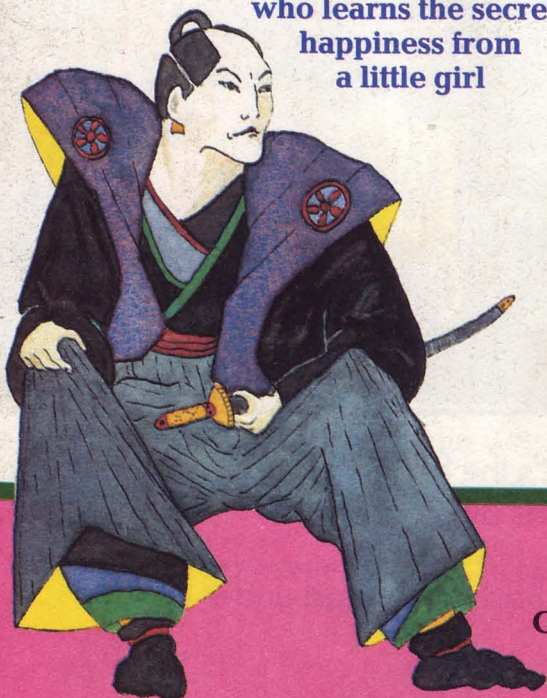
PINOCCHIO does mean well –
but a lot of temptations are out there
in the big bad world!

THE COUNTRY MOUSE goes to
town – but perhaps she should have
known better!

A young gull perches high above
the sea and tries to pluck up
courage for his **FIRST FLIGHT**

"You can't catch me!" cries
THE GINGERBREAD MAN. But
the fox proves him wrong

From ancient, mysterious Japan comes
the story of **THE MIGHTY PRINCE**,
who learns the secret of
happiness from
a little girl



FORD'S TOY CARS roar round
their new adventure roadway –
blissfully unaware that they are
about to be kidnapped by two
tyre-eating goblins!

The gypsy camp is threatened –
but that's nothing compared to
the danger facing Billy's pony
when **DRUMMERBOY**
RACES FOR HIS LIFE



Readers include
UNA STUBBS,
GEORGE LAYTON &
IAN LAVENDER