

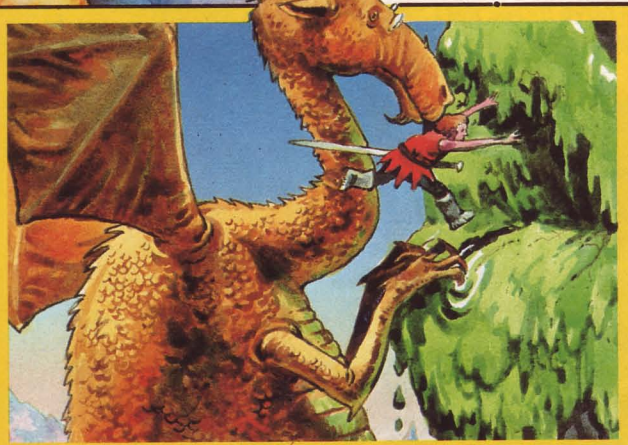


PART 15

STORY

Teller

A collection of the world's
best children's stories



A Marshall Cavendish Publication **EVERY FORTNIGHT**

S. AFRICA R4.95
£1.95
IR £2.45



STORY Teller

CONTENTS PART 15

GREAT MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Pandora's Box.....393

After Man steals fire from Heaven, the gods seek revenge. They put everything evil into a jar and entrust it to the unwitting Epimetheus. It is here that we take up the story of Pandora. When the Greeks first told this myth, it was Pandora's husband who opened the jar. It is interesting to see how blame has since been shifted on to the woman!

RHYMES AND VERSE

A Fishy Tale.....399

Christina Rossetti muses on what is and isn't so in Nature, but comes to no very serious conclusion.

THE STORY TELLER SERIAL

Pinocchio:

The Fairy's Promise.....400

The kind Fairy gives Pinocchio more reason than ever to behave himself, and his own kindness to a police dog saves him from a terrible fate.

COMIC HEROES

Grogre the Ogre.....406

The courageous Grogre sets out to slay the Slime Monster. But first he has to find it!

FOLK TALES OF THE WORLD

The Parasol.....410

The story of a little girl's parasol unfolds in the shape of a Japanese screen, painted by the author.

© Mary van Riemsdyk

TALES OF TODAY

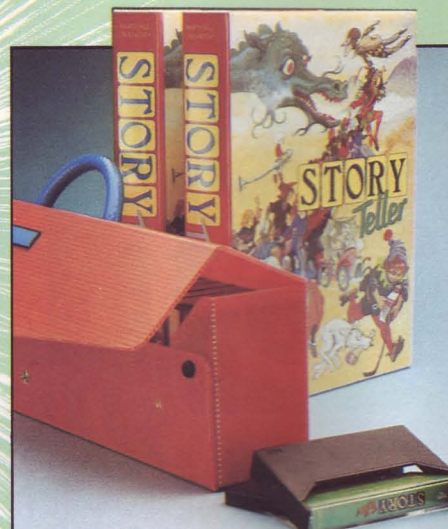
The Flying Jacket.....413

Little does Professor Popoff know it, but the elves have had a hand in making his new jacket! Betty Willsher's story first appeared in an anthology of the same name published by Blackie.

CLASSIC FAIRY STORIES

The Three Little Pigs.....419

This version, shortened from Charles Perrault's original, preserves all the elements which have made the story popular for generations.



If you want to order the binder or cassette box individually at the regular price please send your cheque or postal order, made payable to Marshall Cavendish Partworks Limited, and stating clearly what you require, to the following addresses:

BINDERS:

(Each binder holds 13 issues)

UK & Rep. of Ireland: send £3.95 (IR£4.40) per binder, including postage and packing, to Storyteller Binders, Dept 810, Marshall Cavendish Services Ltd, Newtown Road, Hove, Sussex, BN3 7DN.

South Africa: R7.95 from any branch of Central News Agency. (Please add sales tax). Or write to Republican News Agency, 31 Height Street, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, enclosing postal order for each binder plus sales tax and 85c postage.

CASSETTE BOX:

(Each box holds 26 cassettes)

UK & Rep. of Ireland: send £4.20 (IR£4.70) per cassette box, including postage and packing, to Storyteller Cassette Box Offer, Dep 815 at the above address.

South Africa: R7.95 (Please add sales tax) from any branch of Central News Agency. Or write to Republican News Agency, 31 Height Street, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, enclosing postal order for each binder plus sales tax and 85c postage.

COPIES BY POST:

Our Subscription Department can supply copies direct to you regularly at £1.95 (IR£2.45). For example, the cost of 13 issues is £25.35 (IR£31.85), and for any other quantity simply multiply the number of issues required by £1.95. These rates apply anywhere in the world. Send your order, with payment, to: Subscription Department, Marshall Cavendish Partworks Ltd, 58 Old Compton Street, London, W1V 5PA. Please state the title of the magazine and the issue with which you wish to start.

BACK NUMBERS:

Copies of any part of STORY TELLER can be obtained at the regular cover price from the following address: UK & Rep. of Ireland: Storyteller Back Numbers, Dept AG, Marshall Cavendish Services Ltd, Newtown Road, Hove, Sussex, BN3 7DN.

South Africa: Back numbers are available from any branch of Central News Agency. In case of difficulty please write to Republican News Agency, 31 Height Street, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, enclosing postal order for R4.95 (plus sales tax) per part.

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

© Marshall Cavendish Limited 1983

THE BOOK

Editors: Richard Widdows & Nigel Flynn

Art Editor: Andrew Sutterby

Editorial staff: Geraldine Jones,

Brenda Marshall, Tessa Paul,

Jane Edmonds & Lucy Stothert

Designers: Paul Morgan, Fran Coston

& Kim Whybrow

Illustrators

Pandora's Box: Graham Palfrey-Rogers

A Fishy Tale: Mark Copeland

Pinocchio: Francis Phillipps

Grogre the Ogre: Peter Dennis

The Parasol: Mary van Riemsdyk

The Flying Jacket: Tony Ross

The Three Little Pigs: Douglas Hall

THE TAPE

Recorded at The Barge Studios,

Little Venice, London:

Produced & Directed by Joa Reinelt

Engineered by John Rowland

A Creative Radio Production

Readers

Pandora's Box: Morag Hood

A Fishy Tale: Morag Hood

Pinocchio: Ian Lavender

Grogre the Ogre: Nigel Lambert

The Parasol: Kay Parks

The Flying Jacket: Lionel Jeffries

The Three Little Pigs: Lionel Jeffries

PANDORA'S BOX

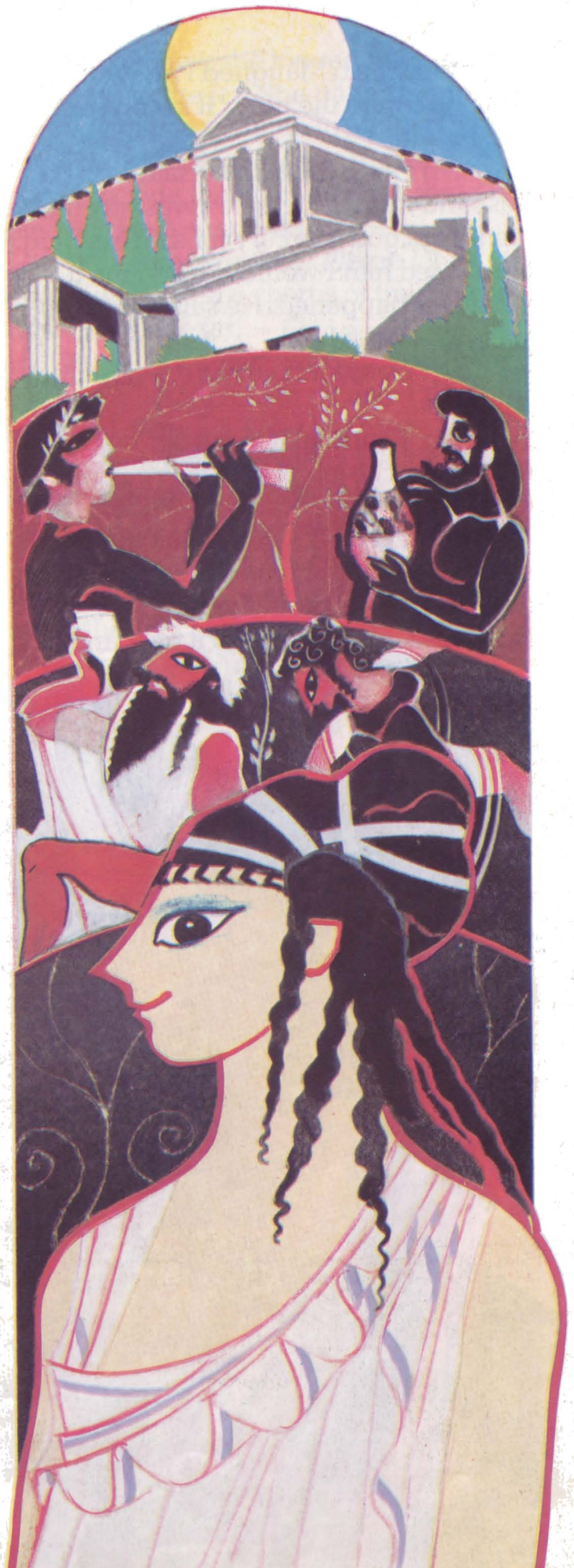
Imagine a time, many many years ago, when there was no unhappiness or illness or anger in the world. A time when no-one ever hurt themselves or grew too old. And because no man envied his neighbour, there were no fights or wars or killing. A time when there was plenty of everything for everyone, and no greed.

Husbands and wives never quarrelled. That was why Pandora and Epimetheus were content always to be together — dancing, feasting, playing games and sleeping in the sunshine of a year-long Spring.

An unkind person would have said that Pandora was spoiled. But then there was no-one unkind to say it, and Epimetheus loved to shower her with presents. Every day he brought her a new dress or some sandals or jewels or a statue for the garden.

His search for presents took him farther and farther away from the house each day. Pandora was left on her own, wandering the rooms of the sunny villa.

One day, though, he came home with something large and square, wrapped in a cloth. It was a dusty old box, fastened with latches and tied round with a golden cord.



"What is it?" laughed Pandora, dancing round the box. "It's a present for me, isn't it!"

"No Pandora, it isn't," said her husband firmly. "This box was given to me by the god Mercury for safe keeping. I promised him I would never open it, whatever happened. He said I would be sorry for ever if I did."

"Oh please let me have a look. Just a little look!"

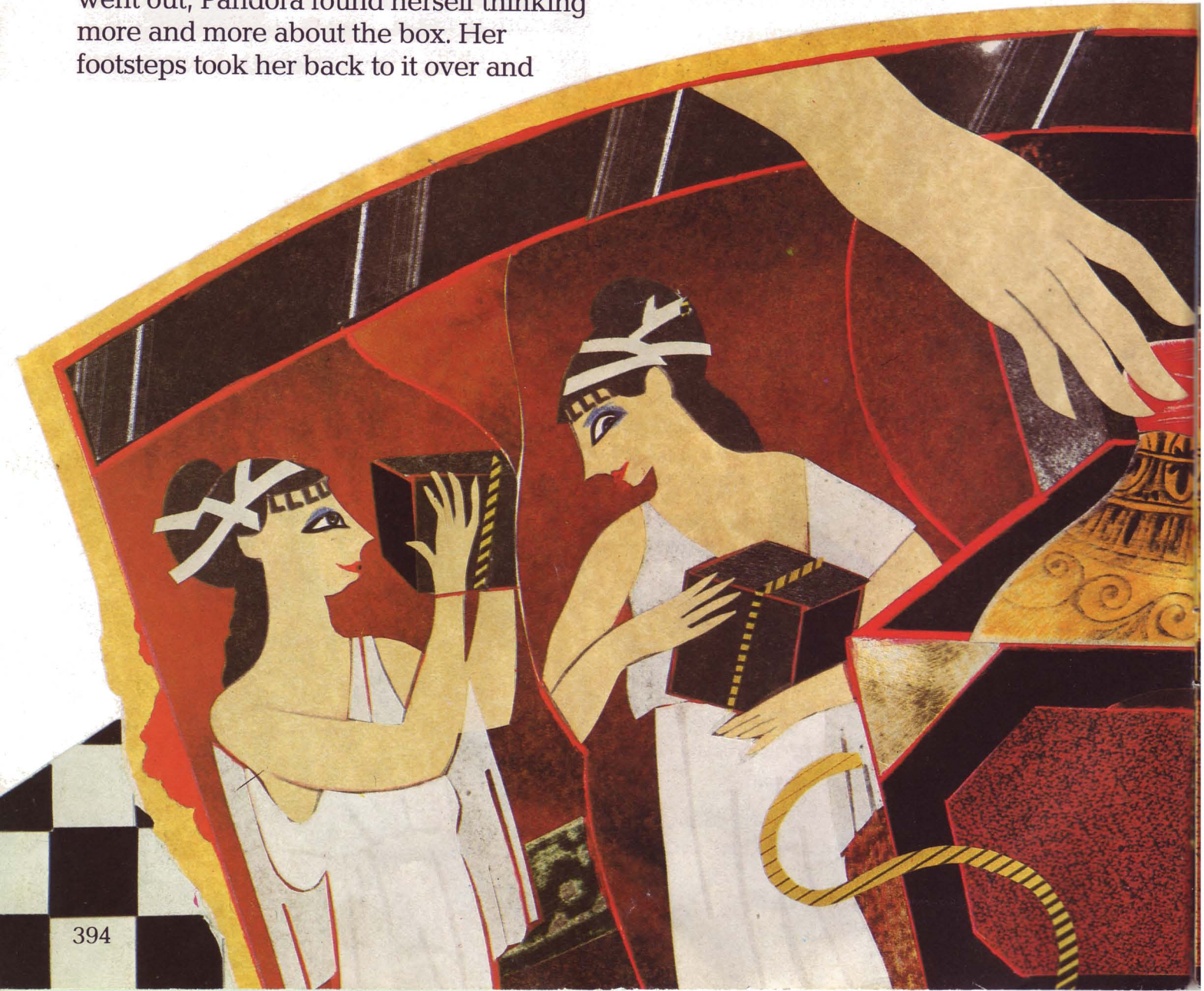
"No, Pandora! It is not our box. We must respect Mercury's wishes. Now leave it alone."

But next day, when Epimetheus went out, Pandora found herself thinking more and more about the box. Her footsteps took her back to it over and

over again, then her fingertips stroked the dusty latches and the golden cord.

"I wonder what's in it," she thought. "I think Epimetheus was joking about Mercury. It *is* a present for me, after all. Besides, *he* made the promise — I didn't. It wouldn't hurt just to have a *little* look, surely." Her fingers began unfastening the knot in the cord. She stopped herself just in time.

She busied herself with a hundred little jobs around the villa. But by afternoon, she could bear it no longer. She untied the cord . . . and flicked up the catches.



Immediately a small murmuring sound came from the box — like the wings of a butterfly fluttering against a closed window. "Oh it's some dear little creature! I can't leave it shut up in there!"

Pandora threw back the lid.

But inside there was only a jar, sealed with wax and smothered in dust. Sounds were coming from inside it — and they were growing louder.

"If I break the seal," she thought, "Epimetheus will know I've peeped inside." So she closed the box and again tried to ignore it.

But oh, how she longed to know what was in the jar! She paced the room, turning again and again to look at the box. Then, as if in a dream, she found herself beside the open box, brushing the dust off the mysterious jar.

"Pandora! Pandora! Please let us out!" whimpered a chorus of tiny voices from inside the jar.

Pandora burned with curiosity. She bit her lip. "But I mustn't, I mustn't! My husband said . . ."

"What does Epimetheus know? Please, please let us out. The world needs us. The world isn't complete without us!"

The temptation was too strong for Pandora to resist. She quickly scratched away the wax seal.





Out flew the stopper, forced from the neck of the jar by a hideous black hornet. Its sting dripped poison. In its buzz was the word *Death*.

Another leather-winged insect, *Fear*, with staring eyes, followed it, murmuring. Then a blistered bug crawled out of the neck of the jar, and its trail of slime wrote the word *Disease* on the floor.

A gnat, the colour of frost, flew out of the window and blighted the garden wherever it settled with thorns and weeds, blackspot and caterpillars. Its whine seemed to say, *Hunger!*

Pandora desperately tried to put back the stopper, but a flying beetle from the jar pricked her wrist with its sharp sting and cried, "*You can't stop us now, you foolish woman. We are all the evil*


things your world has never known — a present from the gods, who envy you your happiness. I am Old Age!"

The stopper in Pandora's hand seemed suddenly too heavy to lift, and she saw on the back of her arm the crinkles and brown blotches of age. In the bronze mirror she saw a wrinkled face and hair powdered with grey.

The cold blast of *Winter* escaped from the jar and spat on her until she was shivering with cold.

With one last great effort, Pandora forced back the stopper and slammed the lid of the box — but not until *Worry*, *Anger* and *Jealousy* had swarmed past her. Stinging and biting, they flew out of the door, down the path and settled on





the head of Epimetheus as he came home.

He dragged his wife to her feet and slapped her furiously. "You wicked, disobedient, stupid, selfish woman!" he raged. "I told you *not* to open the box. Why can't you ever do as you're told?"

And Pandora, who had never known or even imagined such unkindness, felt tears well up in her eyes for the very first time.

Unhappiness, too, had escaped.

From the street outside came the sound of fighting, crying and terror. The whole lovely world seemed to have turned horrible, ugly and wicked.



Then Pandora heard a single, tiny voice from inside the terrible jar. *"Pandora! Pandora! Don't leave me in here all alone!*

The world needs me! The world is not complete without me!"

"You won't trick me again!" sobbed Pandora, throwing herself across the lid of the box.

"But I can help you. Let me out! Oh, please let me out!" The voice sounded almost as unhappy as Pandora herself. At last she begged Epimetheus to stand farther away, threw open the lid of the box, and once again took the stopper out of the jar.

Out flew a fragile wisp of white, like the smallest of moths. The very sight of it cheered Pandora a little. Then it settled on her face, and her heart seemed to lift. "And what pretty sort of wickedness are you?" she asked.

"I am Hope," purred the small, winged creature, and away it blew to do battle with all the hideous evils. It brought the promise of Spring to the wintry garden, and dried many of the world's tears. In going, it brushed against the cheek of Epimetheus.

On her knees, Pandora asked him through her tears, "Will the world ever forgive me?"

Her husband looked at her for a long time and then gave the smallest of smiles. "I hope so," he said softly. "I hope so."



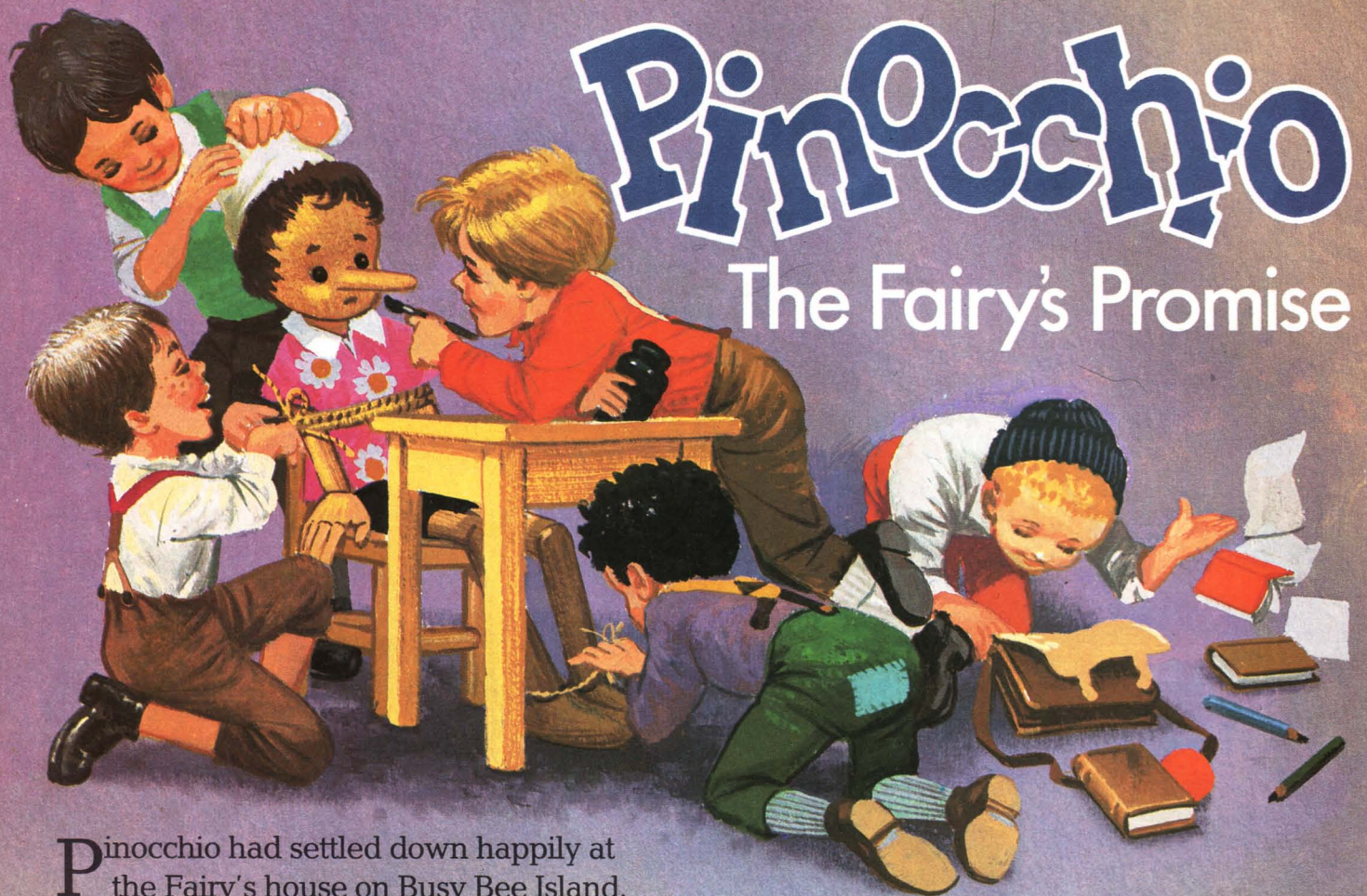
A FISHY TALE

When fishes set umbrellas up
If the rain-drops run,
Lizards will want their parasols
To shade them from the sun.

The peacock has a score of eyes,
With which he cannot see;
The cod-fish has a silent sound,
However that may be.

No dandelions tell the time,
Although they turn to clocks,
Cat's cradle does not hold the cat,
Nor foxglove fit the fox.





Pinocchio had settled down happily at the Fairy's house on Busy Bee Island. But something was bothering him. "I'm fed up with being a puppet," he suddenly said one day. "I want to become a *real* boy, and grow up to be a man!"

"Oh, that won't be so easy," replied the Fairy. "Puppets never grow. But if you are very good perhaps we can make an exception — if you deserve it. No more lies, mind, and no more lazing about round here! You'll have to go to school, and work hard!"

"You mean I *can* become a *real* boy?" shouted Pinocchio, dancing with glee.

"If you work hard for a whole year and stop all your naughty habits, I promise that you will become a real boy. So off you go to school, tomorrow!"

You can imagine what it was like when he first arrived.

The other boys thought it was hilarious to have a puppet in their class, and they played all kinds of nasty tricks on him. But when they pulled Pinocchio's long nose, he set about them with his wooden feet and wooden fists until they learned to show some respect.

Within a few weeks he was friends with almost everyone. But there was one thing the others still held against him — he was already top of the class.

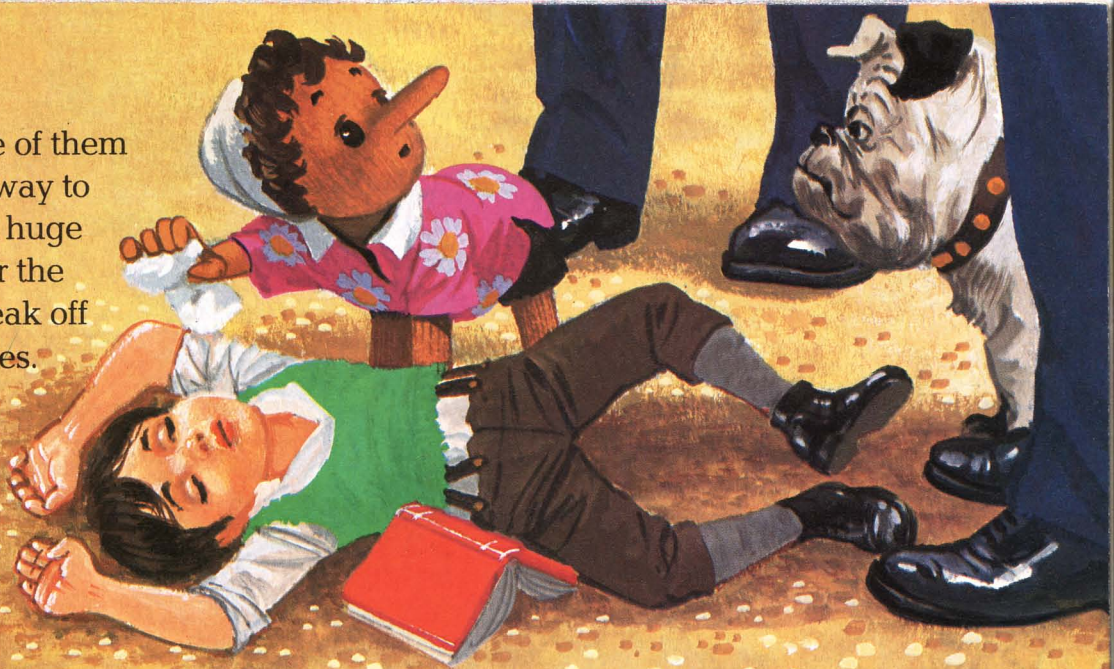


So one fine day, some of them stopped Pinocchio on his way to school and told him that a huge whale had been seen near the coast. "We're going to sneak off school and see for ourselves. Why don't you come along too?"

Pinocchio wanted to wait until after school, but the boys all laughed at him. "The whale won't wait all day for you!"

So, once again, poor Pinocchio was led astray. But it was not long before he realised he had been completely fooled. There was no whale to be seen, and the sea was as smooth as a mirror.

"He must have gone off for his breakfast!" jeered one of the boys. "Or perhaps he's having a nap!" laughed another.



Pinocchio was furious. And the more the boys laughed at him, the angrier he got. Before you knew it, a great fight had broken out and schoolbooks and satchels were being thrown in all directions.

In all the confusion, one of the boys was struck on the forehead by a flying book and sank to the ground, as white as a sheet. At this dreadful sight, the other boys ran off as fast as they could, leaving Pinocchio alone with their fallen friend.

The puppet was still there, bathing the boy's head with a handkerchief soaked in sea-water, when two policemen appeared behind him with a dog.

"You'd better come along with us. This boy is badly hurt. You're under arrest." And summoning an old man from a nearby cottage to care for the injured boy, they dragged Pinocchio back along the road towards town.



The little puppet was absolutely terrified. His legs trembled and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth so that he could not speak — even to tell them he had not thrown the book. But just as he thought he would die of fright, a gust of wind blew his cap back towards the beach. The policemen let him run after it, and Pinocchio seized his chance to escape!

This only made matters worse. The policemen unleashed their prize bulldog — a huge and savage beast called Alidoro. Soon Pinocchio could hear it panting close behind him. Then he could feel the dog's hot breath on the back of his legs. Now he was almost at the cliff edge . . . and with a last desperate leap, he flung himself into the waves and swam out.

Alidoro tried hard to stop, digging his paws into the ground, but his speed carried him

deep into the water. The poor dog could not swim! He struggled to keep afloat, but it was no good. As he came to the surface for the third time, his eyes were rolling with terror and he barked piteously. "Help me, Pinocchio! Save me from drowning!"

When he heard this feeble cry, Pinocchio's heart melted. He swam quickly back to drag the dog ashore, then dived into the waves once more and swam off. The grateful words of the bulldog followed him, "Goodbye, Pinocchio! You saved my life!"

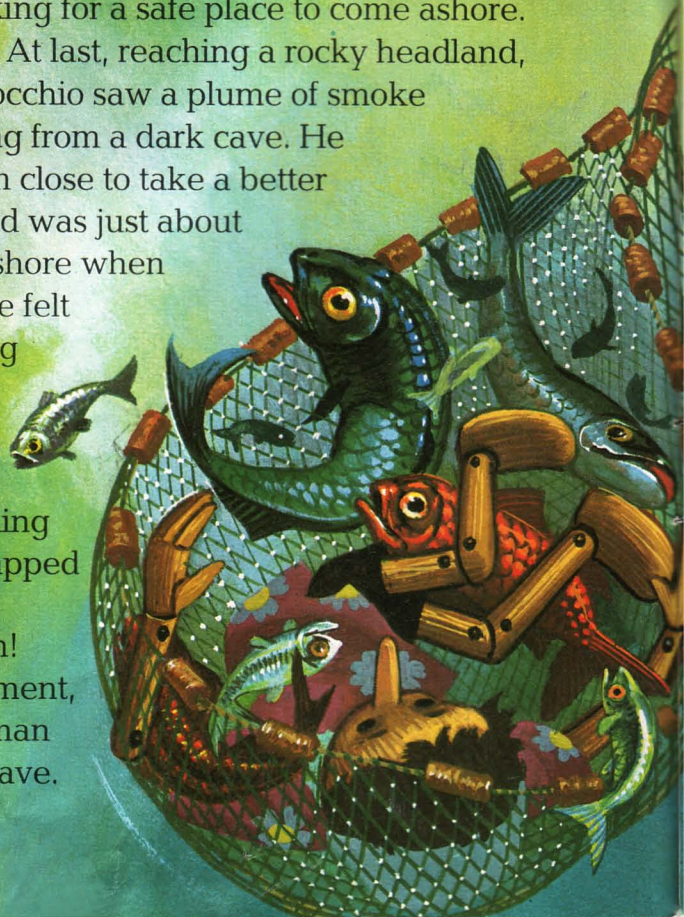
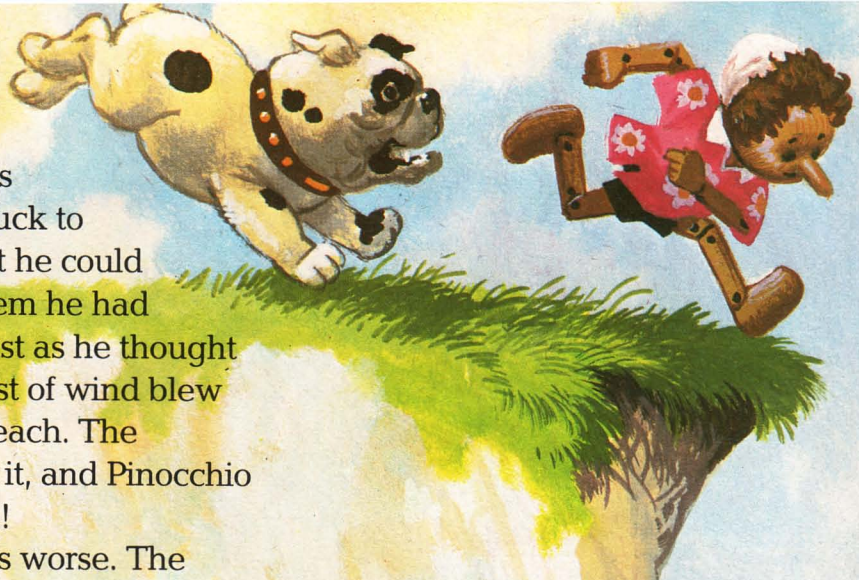
The puppet swam on round the coast, looking for a safe place to come ashore.

At last, reaching a rocky headland, Pinocchio saw a plume of smoke rising from a dark cave. He swam close to take a better

look, and was just about to climb ashore when suddenly he felt himself being hoisted clean out of the water.

He had been caught in a fishing net and was trapped in a shoal of wriggling fish!

At that very moment, a gigantic fisherman emerged from the cave.





He was as ugly as a sea monster, and scaly all over. His head was covered with a thatch of seaweed, his scaly body was green, his bulging eyes were green and his beard was long and slimy.

"So, another good catch today," he growled, hauling in the net. And he stamped back into the cave, where a huge frying pan was sizzling over the log fire.

"Now then, what have we got here. This mullet looks good." And one by one he seized the fish, dabbed them in the flour, and tossed them into the pan. "Oh, these sardines look delicious! And what beautiful whiting! But what's this? This is a new one!"

And he plucked poor Pinocchio out of the net, all dripping wet and shaking with fear.

"I'm not a fish, I'm a puppet! Please let me go! I won't taste very nice!"

"Let you go? You must be joking!"

Do you think I'd miss the chance of tasting

such a rare fish? I've never caught a puppet before!" He rolled Pinocchio slowly in the flour — well seasoned with salt and pepper — and held him over the pan.

Just then there was a great growl and in rushed Alidoro, drawn to the cave by the wonderful smell of cooking.

"Get out!" shouted the fisherman, trying to kick the dog.

"Save me, Alidoro!" cried Pinocchio, struggling pathetically in the giant's hand.

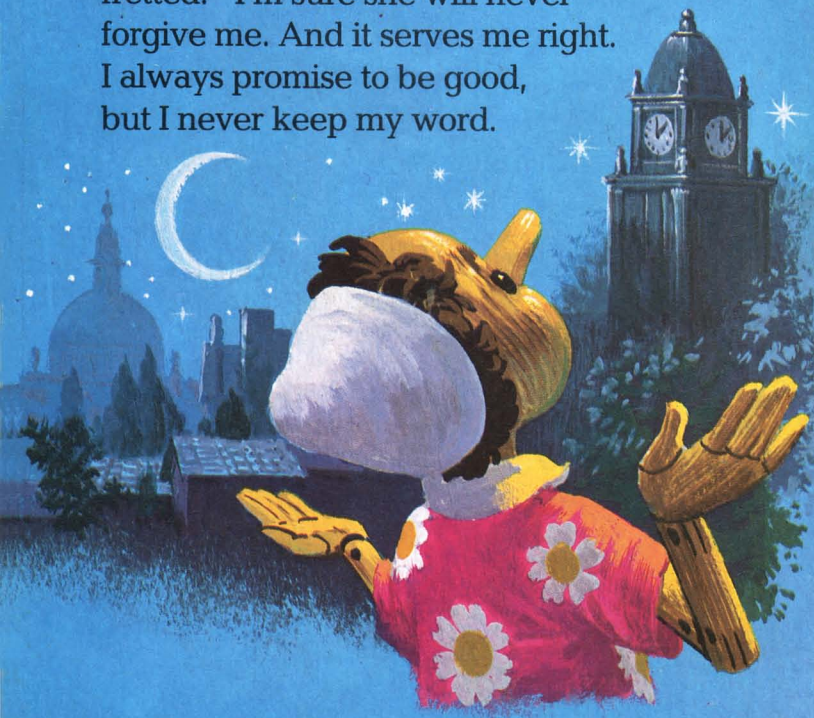
The faithful hound leaped into the air, snatched the floury puppet from the giant's grasp, and bolted out of the cave.



Alidoro carried Pinocchio back to the beach where their adventure had started. "There!" he said. "You saved me first — now I've saved you. In this world we must all help each other." And Alidoro licked the puppet warmly before heading off again in search of his masters.

It was late in the day now, and Pinocchio was eager to get home. The road to the village took him past an old man's cottage, where he was told that the injured boy had recovered and that the police were no longer searching for him. It was a great relief, but the puppet was still worried about owning up to the Fairy.

"What on earth will she say?" he fretted. "I'm sure she will never forgive me. And it serves me right. I always promise to be good, but I never keep my word."



I'll never become a *real* boy!"

By the time Pinocchio reached the Fairy's house, night had fallen and he was cold and tired and very hungry. But when he knocked on the door, there was silence. Had the Fairy left him again? He waited and waited. At last, after half an hour, a window opened at the top of the house, and a big snail looked out, with a lighted lamp



balanced on her head. "Who's there at this time of night?" she asked.

"It's me, Pinocchio. Is the Fairy home?"

"The Fairy is asleep and must not be woken. But I will come down and let you in."

An hour passed, and then two, but still the door did not open. Pinocchio was freezing cold, so he knocked again. This time a window on the third floor opened. The snail looked out again. "My dear boy, there's no use knocking like that. I'm a snail — and snails never hurry." And she pulled the window shut.

Shortly afterwards, midnight struck, then one o'clock, and then two — and the door was still closed.

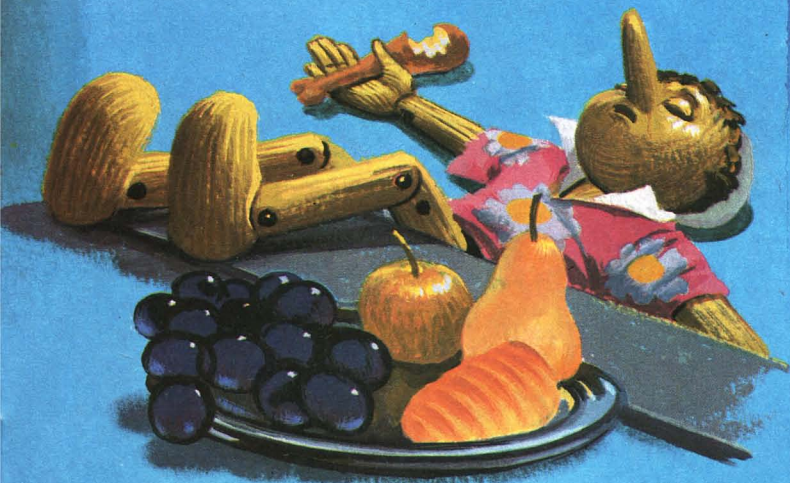


Poor Pinocchio! There was nothing he could do but wait. He stood there by the door all night, until at dawn the door finally opened. The snail had taken nine hours to come all the way downstairs!

"You cannot come in yet," she said.

"The Fairy is still asleep."

"Then at least bring me something to



eat!" pleaded the puppet. "I'm starving!"

"At once," said the snail — and she returned two hours later with bread, roast chicken and fruit, all on a silver tray. Pinocchio tore hungrily at the food, but to his horror he found that none of it was real. It was all made of cardboard! Exhausted by all his dreadful ordeals, he fainted.

When he came to, he was lying on a sofa inside the house, with the Fairy beside him. She was not angry, but she gave Pinocchio a solemn warning: "You know you've done wrong. I will pardon you once more. But woe betide you if you behave badly a third time . . ."

Pinocchio promised again and again to change his ways for ever. And this time he meant it. He never wanted to go through a day and night like that again!



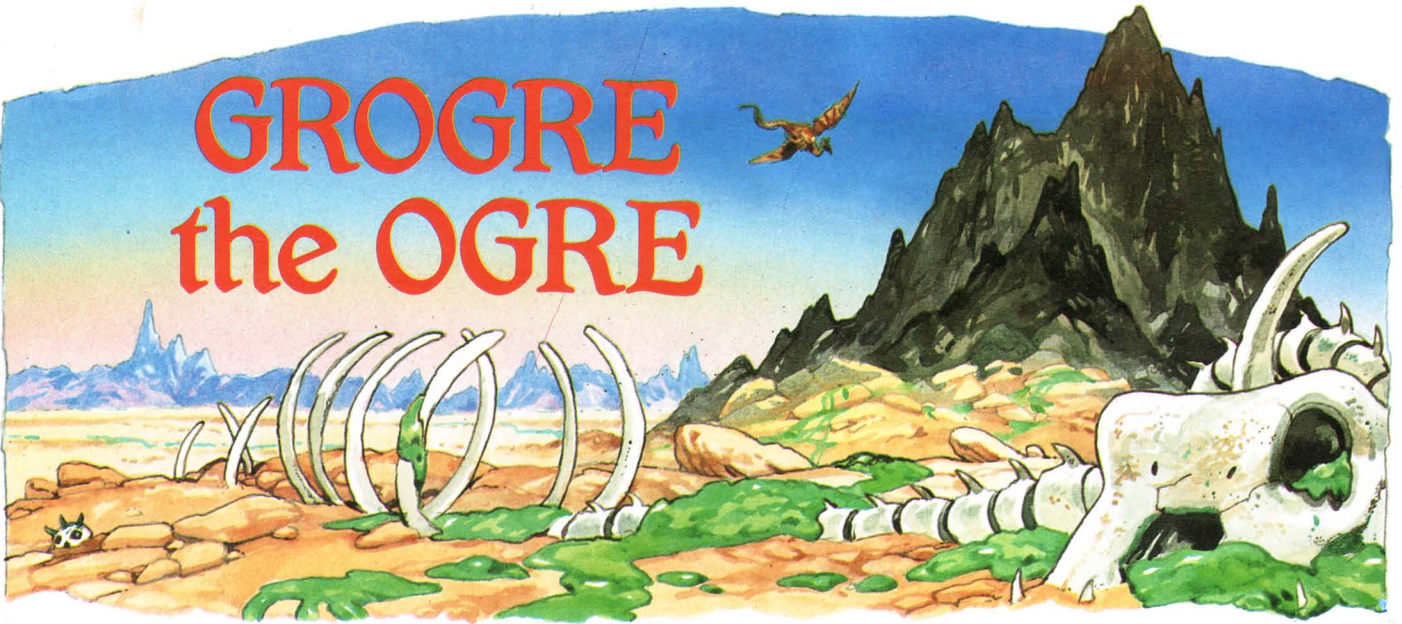
He had learned his lesson, and he kept his word perfectly for one whole year. The following summer he won the prize for the best student at the school, and his behaviour was so good that the Fairy was delighted. When he came home from school she said, "Your wish shall be granted. You shall be a wooden puppet no longer. Tomorrow night you will become a *real* boy!"

In bed that night, Pinocchio could hardly sleep he was so excited. Only one more day! If only he could be good for just one more day!

[Will Pinocchio become a real boy? Find out in Part 16]



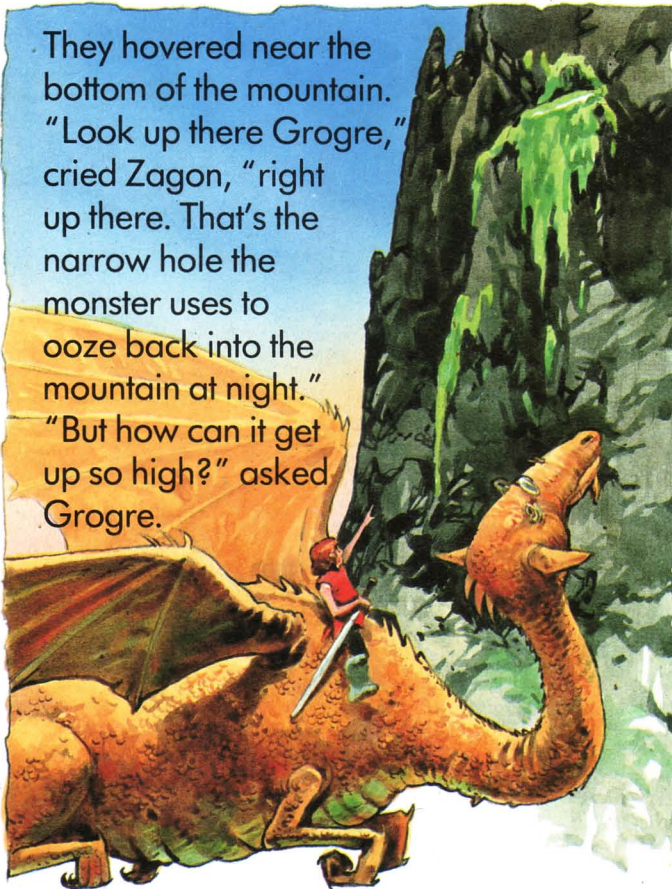
GROGRE the OGRE



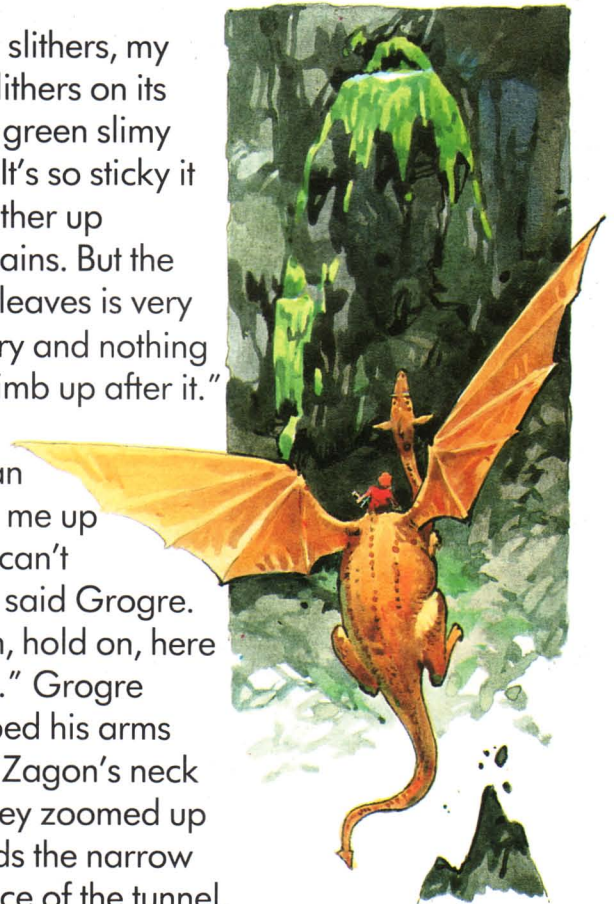
Grogre the ogre and Zagon the dragon flew fast for five days towards the land of the Slime Monster. They crossed high purple mountains, a vast stormy lake and the black mud plains until they came to a strange and desolate land. A land where no tree was left alive, no animal lived and no bird

sang . . . nothing but dust, rocks, clouds of sand and a huge, ominous black mountain. All around the mountain, and dripping from holes in the rocks, was green, slippery slime. And stuck in that slime were the bones of all those ogres, dragons and demons that the Slime Monster had eaten.

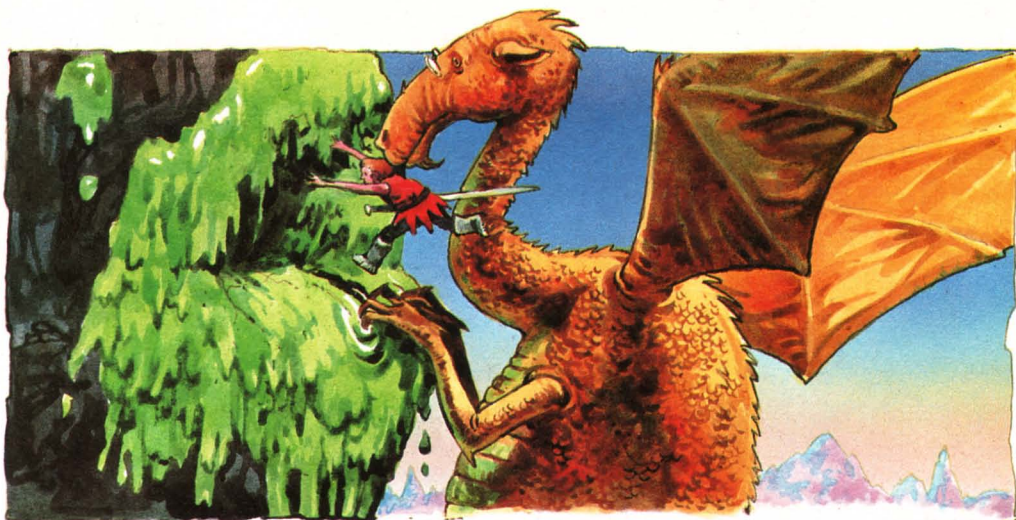
They hovered near the bottom of the mountain. "Look up there Grogre," cried Zagon, "right up there. That's the narrow hole the monster uses to ooze back into the mountain at night." "But how can it get up so high?" asked Grogre.



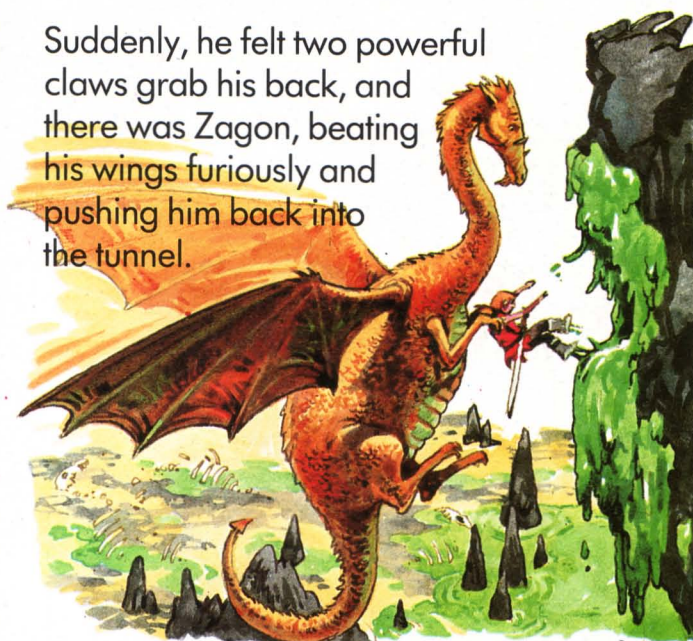
"It just slithers, my boy, slithers on its great, green slimy body. It's so sticky it can slither up mountains. But the trail it leaves is very slippery and nothing can climb up after it." "But you can just fly me up there, can't you?" said Grogre. "Hmm, hold on, here we go." Grogre wrapped his arms round Zagon's neck and they zoomed up towards the narrow entrance of the tunnel.



Zagon dug his strong claws deep into the rock near the hole. "Quick, Grogre, I can't hold on. It's too slippery! Jump, Grogre, jump!" Far, far below were black, grisly rocks, as sharp as needles. Grogre was afraid, but he was also brave. He jumped.



He landed just inside the hole. He was safe. But no — he was slipping back on the oozing slime! There was nothing to hold on to. He was going to fall!



Suddenly, he felt two powerful claws grab his back, and there was Zagon, beating his wings furiously and pushing him back into the tunnel.



Inside, the tunnel was a horrible dark green. It smelled foul. Grogre could see nothing as he crawled along on all fours. All he could hear was the *drip, drop, drip, drop* of the oozing slime and the *squelch, squelch, squelch* of his hands and knees sticking in the

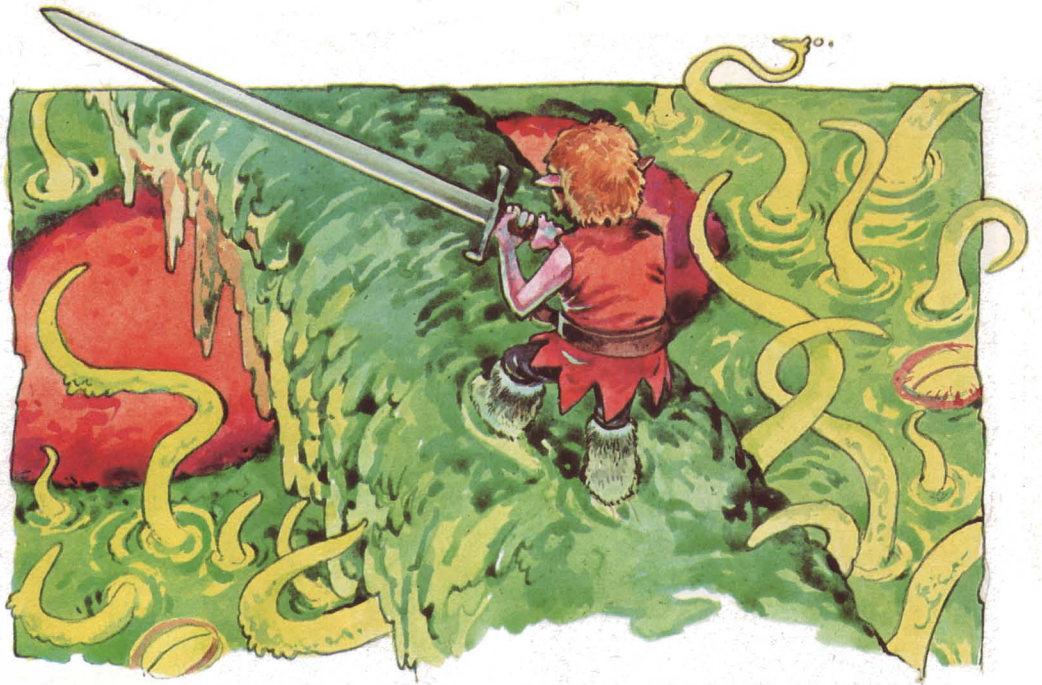
mud. After a long time he began to hear a deep thud, slow and even. It was the sound of the monster's enormous heart, beating slowly. Then he saw a faint green light. It was the glow of the monster's body. Grogre was at the end of the tunnel.

Before him was the vast, hollow inside of the mountain, half-filled with the monster. It lay like a green sea, roving and rippling as it slept. Hundreds of tentacles waved. Hundreds of closed eyes moved up and down as it breathed.

Over the monster curved a long, narrow bridge of rock. Grogre had to cross this to reach a ledge that led down close to the monster's heart.

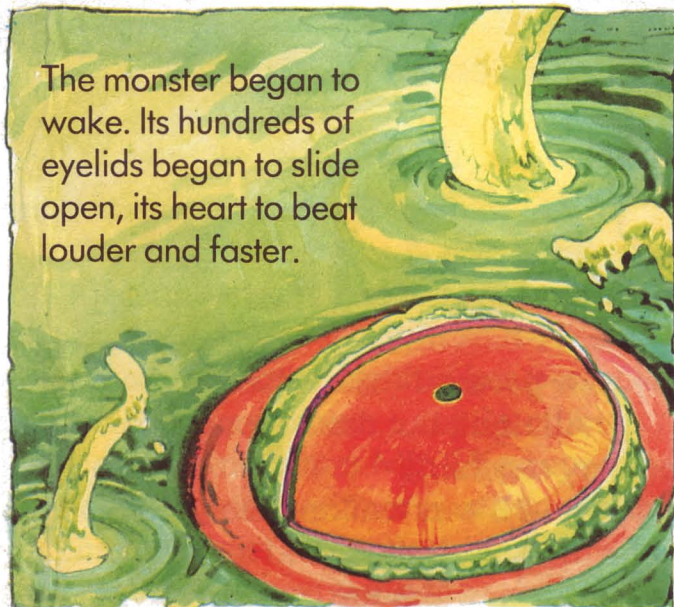


"Be brave and *think*," Zagon had said to Grogre. So, holding his breath, he raised his father's sword and stepped forward. The bridge dripped with slime and the rock was so slippery that Grogre could only ease his way forward, inch by inch, over the glowing monster. Now he was right over its dark, drumming heart.



Then a long, thick tentacle touched his foot. Grogre jumped back in horror. But, as he jumped, his foot slipped. He thrust the sword out to support himself, but it jarred against the rock. A loud CLANG! rang out through the hollow mountain.

The monster began to wake. Its hundreds of eyelids began to slide open, its heart to beat louder and faster.



And then it saw Grogre, alone on the bridge. It reached out with powerful, sucking tentacles. Trembling, Grogre raised his sword . . .



[What will happen to Grogre now? Find out in Part 16!]



THE PARASOL

Min-Hi's birthday fell in the hot season when the sun burned down and people sought the shade. So for her birthday she was given her very own parasol.

"Can I go for a walk on my own, with

my new parasol?" she asked her mother.

"All right, but not for long and do be very careful."

Min-Hi was walking along the edge of a paddy-field and into the jungle when she saw a huge gorilla swaying



in the trees, its long arms dangling.

"Oh dear! There's nothing for me to do but hide behind my parasol and wait for him to get me," thought Min-Hi. So, trembling, she knelt behind her parasol. But nothing happened . . . and nothing happened. And when Min-Hi peeped out, all was peace — there was no gorilla!

She had not walked on much further when she saw a large menacing



shape slinking in the bushes. It was a big growling tiger moving silently towards her!

"Oh dear! What can I do but hide behind my parasol and wait for him to get me?" she thought. So, trembling, she crouched behind the parasol. But nothing happened . . . and nothing happened. And when she peeped out, all was peace — there was no tige-



She had not walked on much further, when a dark shadow made her glance up into the sky. A great bird with huge, ragged wings, a hooked beak and sharp talons, was bearing down on her.

"Oh dear! What can I do but hide behind my parasol and wait for him to get me?" she thought. So, trembling, she sat behind her parasol and waited. But nothing happened . . . and nothing happened. And when she peeped around the edge of it, all



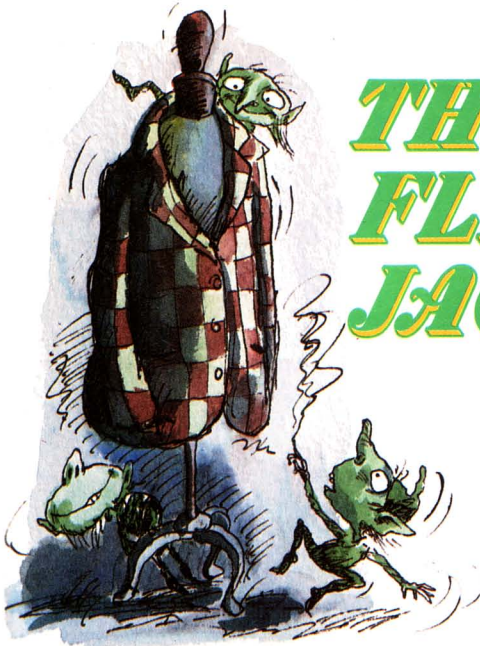
was peace — there was no eagle.

When Min-Hi reached home again, she told her mother of her adventures.

"Ah! Have you looked at the outside of your parasol?" asked her mother.

So Min-Hi opened her parasol and walked around it to have a look. She jumped back in fright. Because on it was painted a brilliant, fearsome dragon, with snarling, flaming nostrils and spiky claws.

"Now you see," said her mother, "how well the dragon protected you."



THE FLYING JACKET

Professor Popoff lived with his wife in a fine yellow house by the seaside. He spent his days teaching, gardening and fishing — and most of the time he was very happy. Just two things made him miserable: one was buying clothes for himself, and the other was travelling by train to his meetings in London.

One fine morning — in fact, it was Midsummer's morning — the Professor was digging in his garden when he heard an awful ripping noise right behind him.

"Oh dear," he muttered. "I have a horrible feeling that's my jacket."

The Professor was right. His jacket was so old and worn that it had split completely in two. He could still wear it if he buttoned the front together, and put it on the wrong way round. But even the Professor realised that it looked rather silly with the split part flapping loose at the front and the row of buttons down his back.

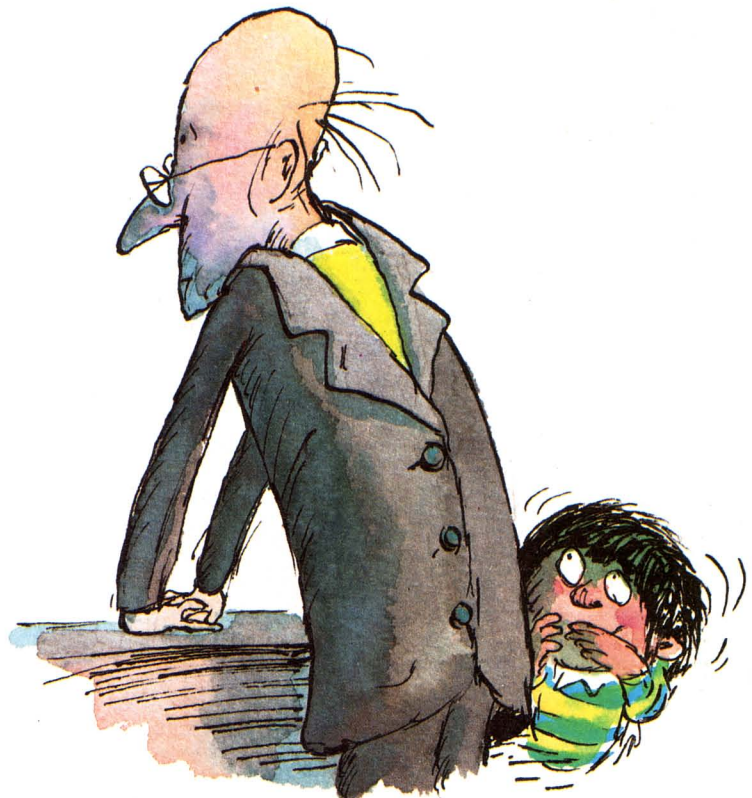
"Oh, it's no good," he sighed. "I shall have to buy a new one." And he hurried off to see his tailor.

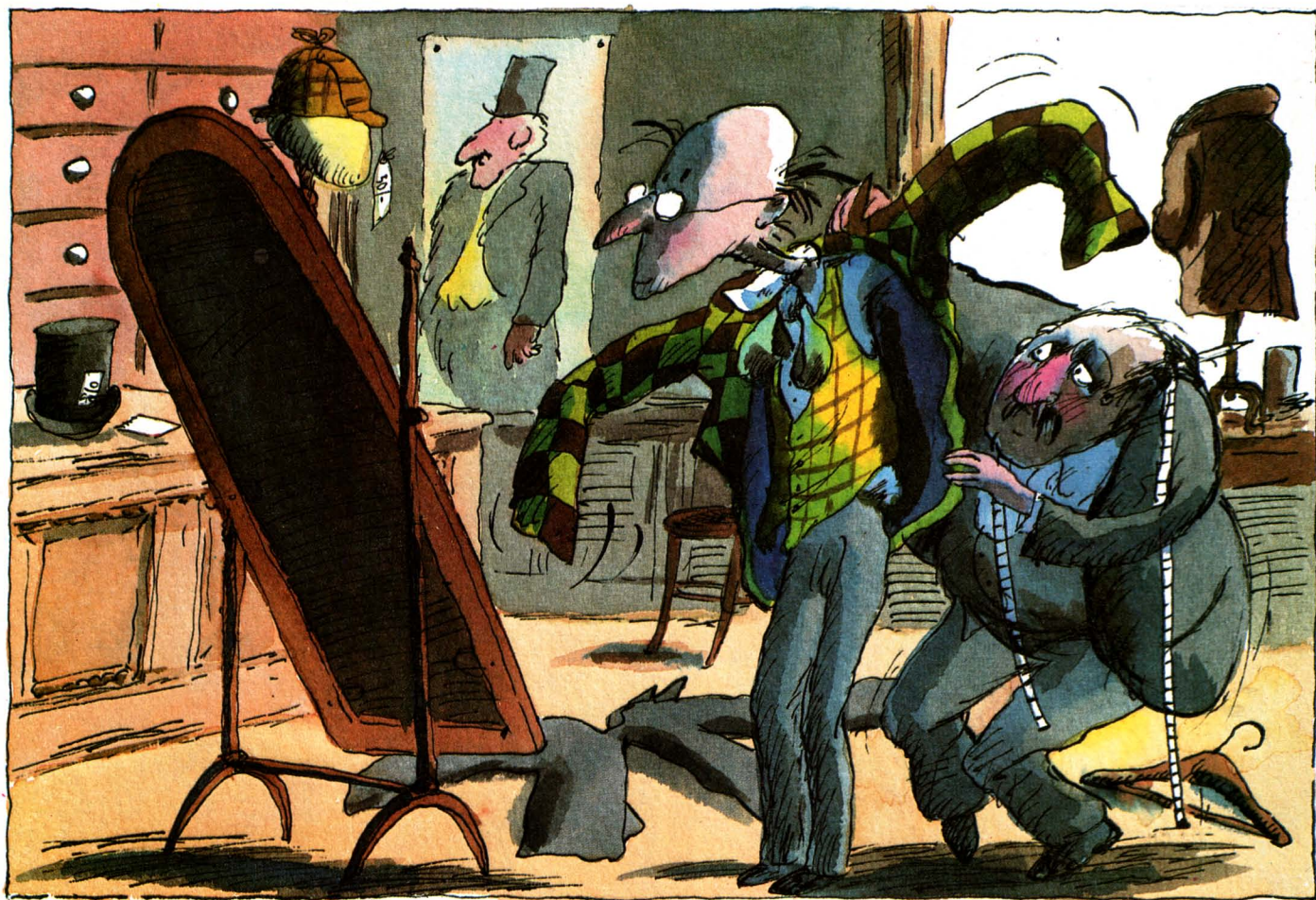
Now, on Midsummer's eve some naughty elves had crept into the tailor's shop . . . and put magic into a jacket standing in



the corner of the window. They had made it into a flying jacket! This meant that if anyone was wearing it and wished to be somewhere else, the jacket would at once fly up into the air.

Of course, Professor Popoff did not know anything about this. When he saw the jacket in the window, he decided to have it because he liked its green and brown check pattern. So he went into the shop to try it on.





The tailor was delighted that at last someone wanted the old-fashioned jacket.

"Oh, it fits beautifully," he said as he helped the Professor put it on. "Could have been made for you."

The Professor happily agreed. "There's no need to wrap it up," he said. "I'll keep it on and give my wife a pleasant surprise. She's been complaining about my old jacket for months and months."

The Professor paid his money and walked out of the shop feeling very proud. He was looking forward to showing off the jacket to his wife — but he thought that first he would catch some fish for lunch. So he marched jauntily down to the harbour and before long he was out at sea in his little boat.

"What a beautiful day this is," he said as he looked up at the bright blue sky. And

with a sigh of contentment he reeled out his fishing line and cast into the perfectly calm sea. He had high hopes that he would soon get a bite. But time passed without even a tug at the line — and then the wind began to pick up. Large black clouds appeared on the horizon and waves began to splash against the boat.





"Oh bother! Not only have I not caught a fish but now my new jacket is getting wet. I do wish I were at home in my garden."

The magic began to work at once. Up into the air went the flying jacket . . . with the Professor inside it.

"Good grief, what's happening? I'm flying! I'm flying towards the town. I'm over the pier! I'm over the university! I'm over my house!"

Then the jacket began to go down and down, slowly and gently. "Well I never! I'm in my garden! I can't believe it. It's this jacket — it must be a magic wishing jacket."

The Professor ran excitedly inside to find his wife.

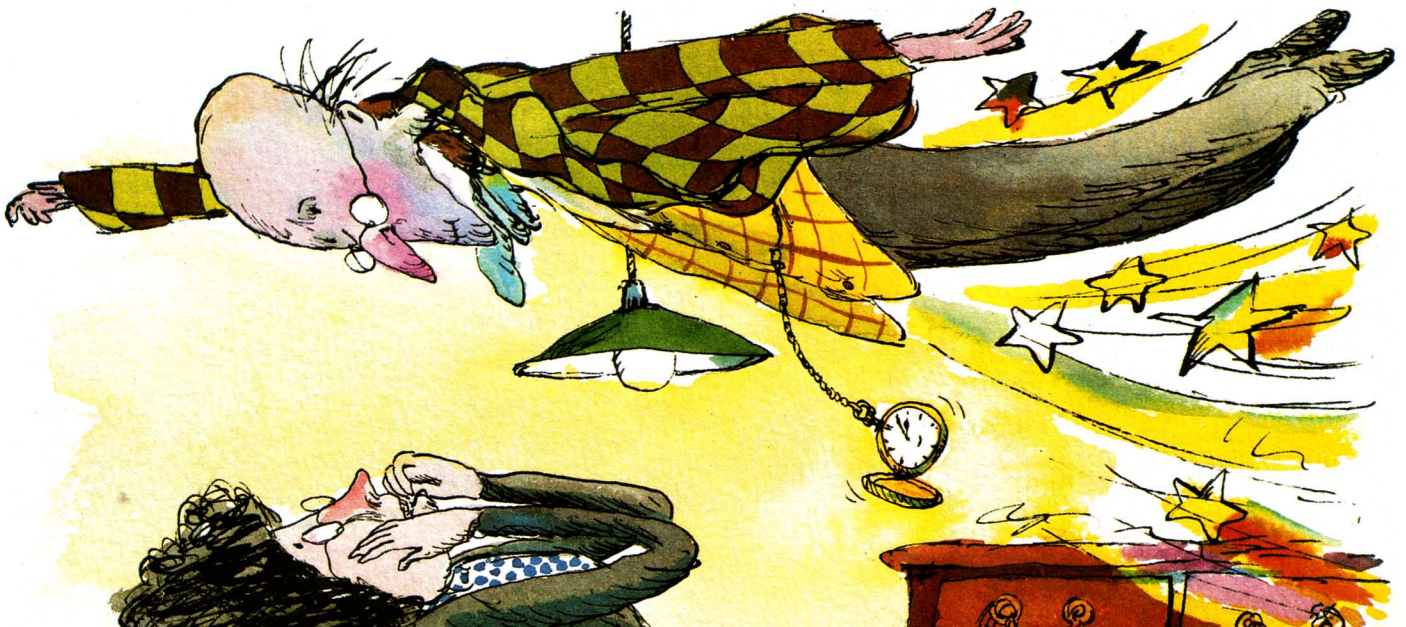
"Look at this amazing jacket."

"Oh, that's very nice dear — much too nice for gardening."

"Never mind that," the Professor said impatiently. "Just watch this. I wish, um, I wish I were in the garden."

The Professor shot up towards the ceiling, across to the window, and then out into the garden.

Mrs Popoff had never been so surprised in her life. She rushed out into the garden and just stood there, staring.



"It's magic. It's a flying jacket," the Professor called.

"It's incredible," stammered Mrs Popoff. "But just think, dear, how useful it will be. You'll be able to fly down to your meetings in London instead of making those train journeys you hate so much."

Professor Popoff looked a bit doubtful. "I don't know if it's a long-distance jacket."

"Well, we'll see. You'll have to practise a lot first."

"I'll start right away." And the Professor spent the rest of the morning flying in and out of the dining-room window into the

garden, learning to control the jacket.

By the time the summer was over, Professor Popoff was an expert. At last the exciting day arrived. He was to attempt the long journey to London to attend a meeting of professors. With a rucksack on his back he marched cheerfully into the garden and waved goodbye to his wife.

"Expect me back when you see me," he called. Then taking a big breath, he said, "I wish I were in London," and he flew up into the air.

"This is the way to travel to London," he chuckled, as he soared over the patchwork





of fields and villages. But he had not been flying long when he began to feel extremely hungry.

"What I need is some sandwiches," he said, and he began to fumble through the contents of his rucksack.

"Oh fiddlesticks! I forgot to pack any food. All I've got in here are my pyjamas and washing things."

At that moment the jacket gave a sudden swoop downwards as a silver monster roared just above him.

"Good heavens!" he shouted, almost startled out of his jacket. "It's a big plane coming in to land. Oh, how I wish I was safely on the ground with something tasty to eat."

The Professor had forgotten that the jacket would act on any wish. He got quite a surprise when he began to drift down through the clouds, down and down, until he landed in the grounds of a school. The teacher of Class I also got quite a surprise when the visitor walked into her room. She thought he must be the School Inspector — and went off to get him some coffee and biscuits.

While she was away the Professor played with the children. They were using poster paints and the Professor got very excited. "I'd really love to have some like that," he said.

"We'll give you some," said the children, "and put them in pots for you."

"All my favourite colours," he said. "Red and green and blue and yellow and purple and orange. Thank you very much."

Soon it was time for the Professor to go. The delighted children watched as he took off from the playground and disappeared into the clouds. He spread out his arms to steady himself as the wind began to howl around his ears.





The wind was very strong. It was so strong that as the Professor approached Newcastle it blew all his paints into the clouds. "Oh dear," he gasped, "I do wish I were in London." The magic worked quickly. In less than an hour he was in London addressing the meeting of professors.

"My jacket can fly faster than a plane," he thought. "I could fly back home tonight and arrive in time for breakfast."

And so, as night fell, the Professor rose above a city which was a mass of twinkling lights. Exhausted by his eventful day he soon fell fast asleep. He only woke up as he landed, with a bump, in his garden.

Mrs Popoff was delighted to see him back, and hear all about his adventures. And she had a good chuckle when, over breakfast, he read out a headline from a newspaper.

"Listen to this dear. *Coloured Rain Falls Over Newcastle. Scientists Baffled!*"

"Are you going to tell them that it was you spilling poster paints in the rain clouds that did it?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't think so, do you?" said the Professor. Let's keep it a secret. Let's not tell anyone about the flying jacket."

And do you know, they never did.





THE THREE LITTLE PIGS



Once upon a time, there were three little pigs who lived together with their mother and father in a little house. But as they grew bigger the house seemed to get smaller and smaller.

"There's just not enough room!" cried their mother one day. "You must go out and make your own way in the world!"

"I'll build a house of my own," declared the first little pig.

"So will I!" said the second.

"I will too!" said the third.

The first little pig built himself a house of straw. The second little pig built himself a house of sticks. And the third little pig built himself a house made of stone. It took much longer to build than the other two, but it was very warm and cosy inside.

Soon after the first little pig had finished his house of straw, there was a knock at the door. "Little pig, little pig, please let me in," said a big black wolf, who was thinking of pork chops for lunch.

"No, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin, I won't let you in," said the first little pig, bolting his straw door.

"The wolf growled. *"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!"*



And that's exactly what he did. The straw house blew away like a flimsy haystack, and the first little pig ran squealing to the house of the second little pig.



The wolf came panting after him and arrived at the door of the stick house. "Little pigs, little pigs, oh please let me in," called the wolf through the letter-box, thinking of the nice juicy bacon he would have for tea.

"No, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin, I won't let you in," squealed the second little pig, and he bolted his door of twigs.

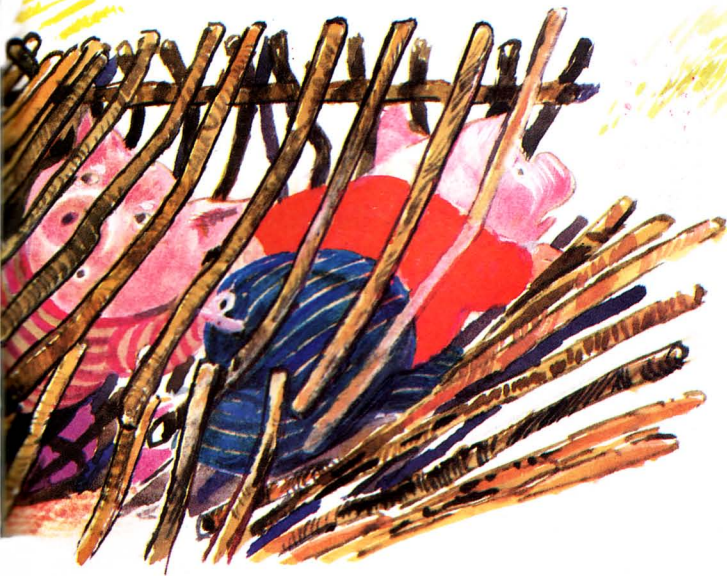
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!"

And that's exactly what he did. The house of sticks blew away like a rickety bonfire, and the two little pigs ran away squealing to the stone house of their brother.

The wolf came panting after them and snarled through the letter-box of the third little pig's house. "Little pigs, little pigs, please let me in," cried the wolf, thinking of delicious ham for supper!

"No, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin, I won't let you in," squealed the third little pig, and he bolted the big oak door of his stone house.

The wolf only laughed. "*Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!*"



Inside the three little pigs heard the wolf's claws scrabbling on the roof. "Oh! Mercy!" cried the first and second little pigs. "What shall we do?" But the third little pig, who was busy making soup in a cooking pot over the open fire, only fanned the flames and listened to the hot soup bubbling.

The wolf slithered down the chimney and fell — SPLASH! — into the cooking pot. There was one loud screech, and that, I'm glad to say, was the end of the wicked wolf.

And that's exactly what he tried to do. He huffed and he puffed. And then he puffed and he huffed. But however much he huffed and however much he puffed, not one stone of the house moved.

"I've had enough of this little pig!" growled the hungry wolf. "He thinks he's safe inside his stone house — but there's more than one way of getting indoors."

He fetched a ladder and climbed up on the roof of the stone house. "Three little pigs for dinner," he thought. "Yum, yum, yum." And he began to climb down inside the chimney.

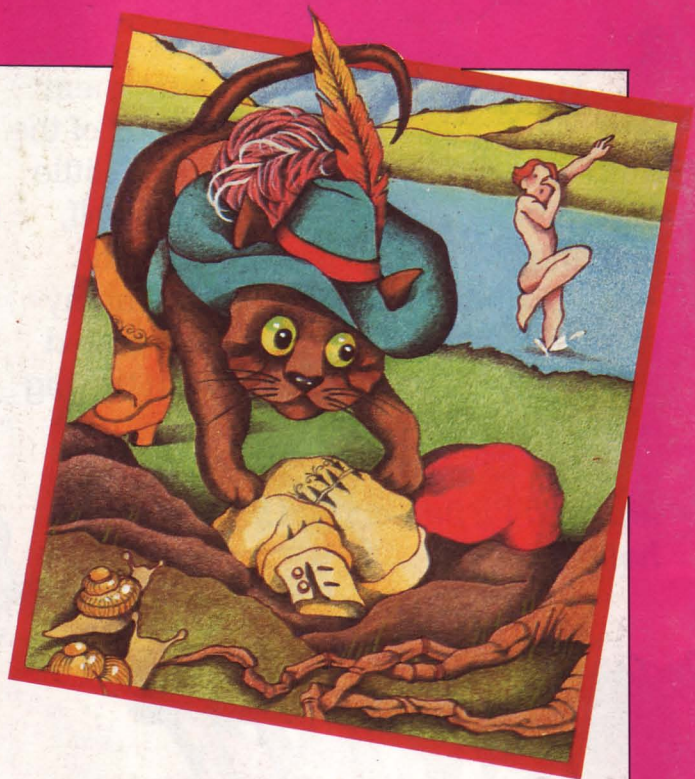


IN PART 16 OF **STORY**Teller

Jack the miller's son has nothing in the world but **PUSS IN BOOTS**. It doesn't seem much...but Puss turns out to be a very remarkable cat

All's well in the hen-house – until **HEN-HUSTLER KLUK** puts in an appearance

In **THE MANGO-SELLER** an Indian prince finds out that beauty is sometimes only skin deep



Playland! Can it really be as wonderful as Candlewick says? **PINOCCHIO** just has to find out...

Sam wants to be bigger, braver, brighter – like his hero Rory. And Rory's adventure in Number 40 proves to be **SAM'S BIG BREAK**

PLUS

GROGRE'S final struggle with the Slime Monster

Readers include

**JUDY GEESON
IAN LAVENDER
NIGEL LAMBERT**

