



PART 18

STORY

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best children's stories

Teller



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STORY Teller

CONTENTS PART 18

THE STORY TELLER SERIAL

Heidi477

For over a hundred years, Johanna Spyri's story of a little Swiss girl has captured the imaginations of countless children. In this episode, the first of four parts specially abridged for STORY TELLER, Heidi goes to live with her grandfather in his lonely mountain chalet.

RHYMES AND VERSE

Father William.....484

Lewis Carroll's hilarious interview between father and son.

GREAT MYTHS AND LEGENDS

George and the Dragon....486

The story of George, patron saint of England, is a mixture of fact and fiction. He was a Christian martyr who was beheaded by the Emperor Diocletian on 23 April 303 AD. The story of George and the Dragon is a simple allegory expressing the triumph of Good over Evil.

CLASSIC FAIRY STORIES

The Frog Prince.....491

Long before this well-loved tale appeared in Grimms' collection of fairy stories, its theme was a familiar one in medieval folklore: how a kiss could release someone from a curse placed on them.

COMIC HEROES

Bubble and Squeek.....497

From Peet Ellison, the creator of *Timbertwig*, comes an undersea adventure of two starfish who go to the annual fair with the help of a rhyming tortoise.

TALES OF TODAY

No Mules.....501

A comical story set in South Africa by writer and painter William Papas. Papas, who lives in Greece, produced special illustrations for this presentation of his story which was first published by Oxford University Press.

THE BOOK

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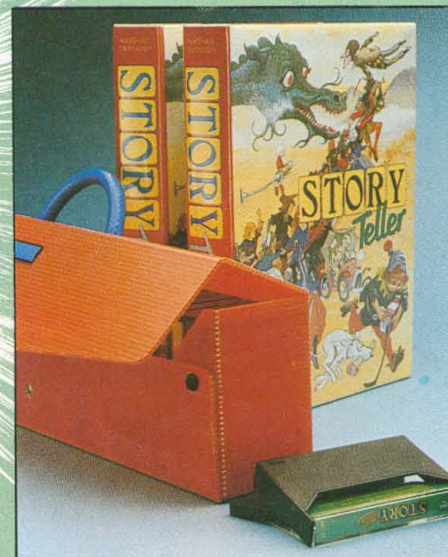
THE TAPE

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George and the Dragon: **Steven Pacey**
The Frog Prince: **Gemma Craven**
Bubble and Squeek: **Steven Pacey**
No Mules: **Gemma Craven**



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HEIDI

One sunny morning in June, a young woman called Detie climbed the winding mountain path out of the pretty little town of Mayenfield. The path was steep and rugged, but the air was fragrant with the scent of wild flowers growing in the rich pastures high up in the mountains.

In one hand she held a bundle of clothes, and by the other a little girl who looked no more than five years old. The child was hot and flushed. She was wearing far too many clothes for such a warm day — two dresses, woollen stockings, a pair of heavy boots and a thick, red, woollen scarf.

On they plodded until, half way up the mountain, they came to the tiny village of Dorfli. The young woman stopped, and the little girl slipped her hand free and sat down on the ground.

"Are you tired, Heidi?" asked Detie.

"No, but I'm very hot."

"Well, it's not very far to Uncle Alp's now. And if you take long strides we'll soon be there."





people away. Do you know, he doesn't even go to church any more!"

"Well, what else can I do? He is her grandfather, after all. He can look after her now! I've done my duty!"

While the two young women continued walking up the mountain path, chatting, Heidi skipped away from the path and into a lush green meadow. She had never felt so happy before. In the town where she had lived with her aunt she had never been allowed to play outside. Now she ran and skipped and played among the flowers in the sunshine.



Just then Barbie, a pleasant looking young woman, came running out of her house. "Detie!" she called. "What are you doing here, and where are you taking that child? Oh, is she the niece you've been looking after since her mother died?"

"Yes, and I'm taking her to stay with Uncle Alp. I can't look after her now that I've got a job in the city."

"What? You're leaving her with *him*? You must be crazy! How can you think of such a thing? He's so wild. What does he know about looking after a small girl? He lives all alone in the mountains with his two goats and hardly ever sees or speaks to anyone. When he makes a rare visit to the village he carries a big stick to frighten



scarf, stockings and dresses.

"How many goats do you look after?" she asked the boy. "What are their names? Where are you taking them? Who do they belong to?"

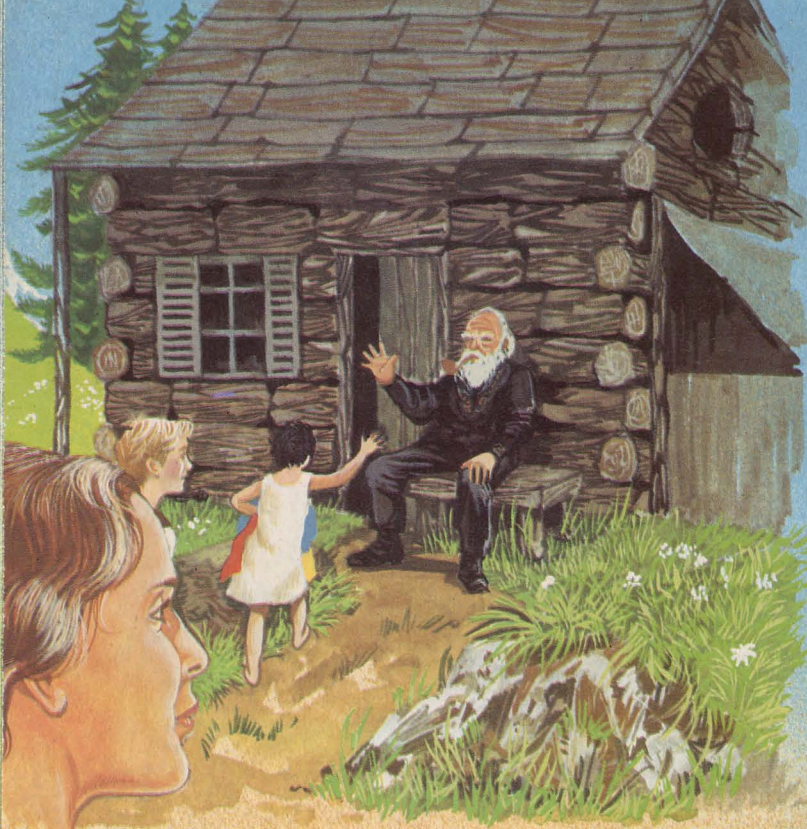
The boy smiled. Heidi was so full of questions that she did not give him time to answer a single one. Then she heard her Aunt Detie shouting, "Heidi! What are you doing? And where are your clothes?"

"Down there," said Heidi pointing to the neat little pile of clothes in the grass. "I took them off. It was so hot. Anyway, the goats don't wear any clothes!"

"Come here at once, you silly girl," said Detie, grabbing Heidi's hand. "And you, Peter, bring that bundle of clothes! You can carry them up to Uncle Alp's since you're going that way."

But just as she thought about running back to her aunt, she saw a boy in baggy trousers with no shoes, leading a herd of goats. Puffing and panting in her thick, heavy clothes, Heidi ran after him.

The boy paused for a moment for the goats to nibble at the grass. Catching them up, Heidi sat down and listened to their little brass bells clanking in the warm breeze. At once she began pulling off her boots,



"And if you can't, you'll have to find someone who *can*!"

Uncle Alp was furious. "Go away! Be off with you. I've no time for people like you. And don't let me see your face again in a hurry."

Detie did not wait to be told twice. With a quick "goodbye" to Heidi she hurried off down the mountain slope.

It was a long climb to the high mountain pasture before Uncle Alp's chalet came into view. The old man was sitting in front of the house, smoking his pipe.

Running ahead of the others, Heidi reached Uncle Alp first. "Hello Grandfather," she said, holding out her hand.

"What's all this about then?" the old man asked. He shook Heidi abruptly by the hand and stared at her from under his thick bushy eyebrows. Heidi, who had never seen anyone like Uncle Alp before, just stared back at the weather-beaten face covered in a thick tangle of grey hair.

"Hello, Uncle," said Detie. "I've brought little Heidi to live with you. I can't look after her any more. It's your turn now."

Uncle Alp's eyes blazed. "My turn? My turn? What do I know about looking after girls? And you there, Peter, what are you looking at? Be off with you — and take my goats too!"

Detie was really afraid of the old man, but determined to leave Heidi with him. "I hope you look after her properly," she said.



When Detie had disappeared, Uncle Alp sat down again and puffed hard at his pipe.

"Well," he said. "What do you want?"

"I want to see inside the house, please Grandfather."

"Come on then, and bring your clothes with you."



"But I won't need them any more. The goats run about the mountains all day and *they* don't wear dresses."

"Well, you don't have to, if you don't want to. But bring them in anyway, and we'll put them in a cupboard."

Heidi did as she was told and followed the old man into the chalet. It was just a large, bare room with a single chair, a table, a hearth and a large wooden cupboard.

"Where will I sleep, Grandfather?"

"Wherever you like. I don't mind."

Heidi was delighted, and set about finding somewhere to sleep. In one corner there was a ladder propped against the wall. Climbing up, she found a loft of sweet fresh hay. There was a round hole cut in the wall, and through it Heidi could see down to the valley. She could see the river, the trees and looking up, a snow-capped mountain soaring into the sky.

"I think I'll sleep up there, Grandfather, she called. "It's lovely!"

"All right then, but you'll need a sheet. I'll see what I can find."

When Uncle Alp climbed the ladder, Heidi had made a little mattress of hay.

"That's right," he said when he saw the little bed. "But I think you need a bit more hay so you don't feel the hard floor under you."

"But I think you've forgotten something," said Heidi when the old man had finished making the bed.

"Have I? What's that then?"

"Well, I'll need a cover, because when you get into bed you need something to cover you, don't you?"

"You do, do you?" said the old man, kindly. "Will *this* do?" And he laid a large piece of thick, coarse flax over the little bed.

"Oh, it's lovely, Grandfather. I wish it was night now so I could go to bed."

"I think you ought to have something to eat first. You must be very hungry."

Uncle Alp followed Heidi down the ladder. And while he prepared their supper, Heidi put two plates and two wooden bowls on the table.

"I'm glad to see you can be helpful," mumbled her grandfather. "But I don't



know what you can sit on. That stool's far too *small* for you to reach the table."

And with that the old man pushed his own chair in front of little Heidi for her to use as a table. Then he poured her a bowl of milk and gave her a slice of bread and golden, toasted cheese.

After supper, Uncle Alp made Heidi her own special chair. Then, as evening came and the sound of the the wind grew louder



Now go and fetch your bowl, while Peter milks the goat."

As the sun went down behind the high mountains and the wind blew stronger through the trees, Heidi sat on the bench in front of the hut and drank her milk.

"Goodnight Little Swan, goodnight Little Bear," she called out as she went back into the hut. "Goodnight Grandfather, goodnight Peter."

During the night the wind grew stronger and stronger. It blew so hard that the old beams of the little hut creaked and groaned. In the goat-shed Little Swan and Little Bear huddled together, bleating. Two big branches from the fir trees came crashing down on to the hut.

Uncle Alp got up, thinking that the child might be afraid. But when he reached the hayloft he found Heidi sound asleep, her smiling face resting on her hands. He stood there looking down at her in the moonlight until a flurry of clouds covered the moon and darkened the room.

"Goodnight little Heidi," he whispered, bending down and kissing her. "Goodnight."

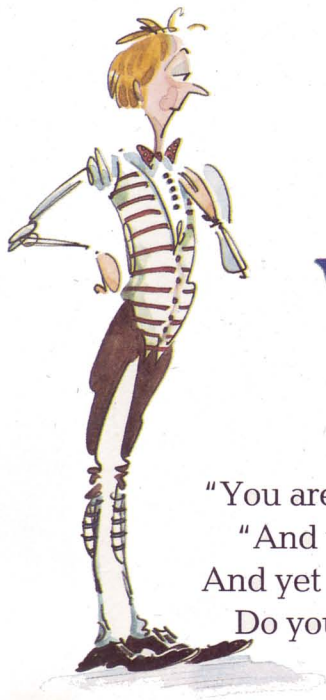
[Follow Heidi's adventures in the mountains in Part 19]

through the three old fir trees, Heidi heard a shrill whistle and the sound of bells. It was Peter returning from the mountain pasture with Uncle Alp's goats.

"Are those two ours, Grandfather?" asked Heidi. "Really ours? What are their names? Will they always live with us?"

"One question at a time, Heidi," the old man said. "The white one's called Little Swan, and the brown one, Little Bear.





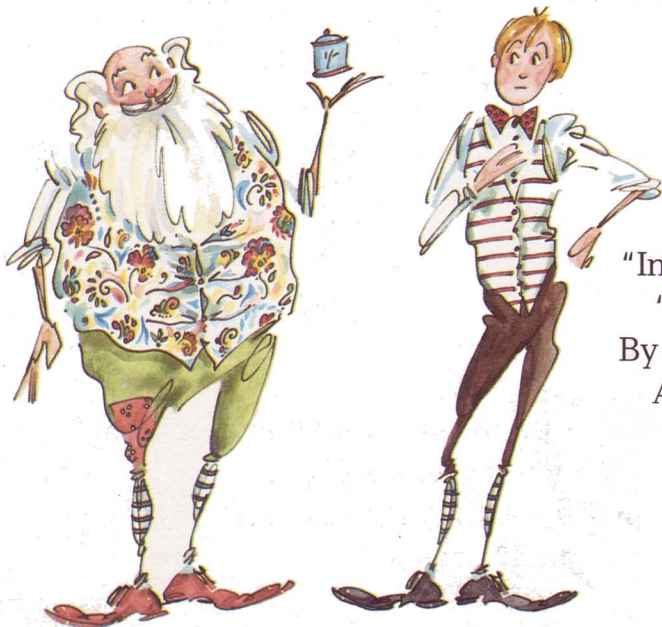
FATHER WILLIAM

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"



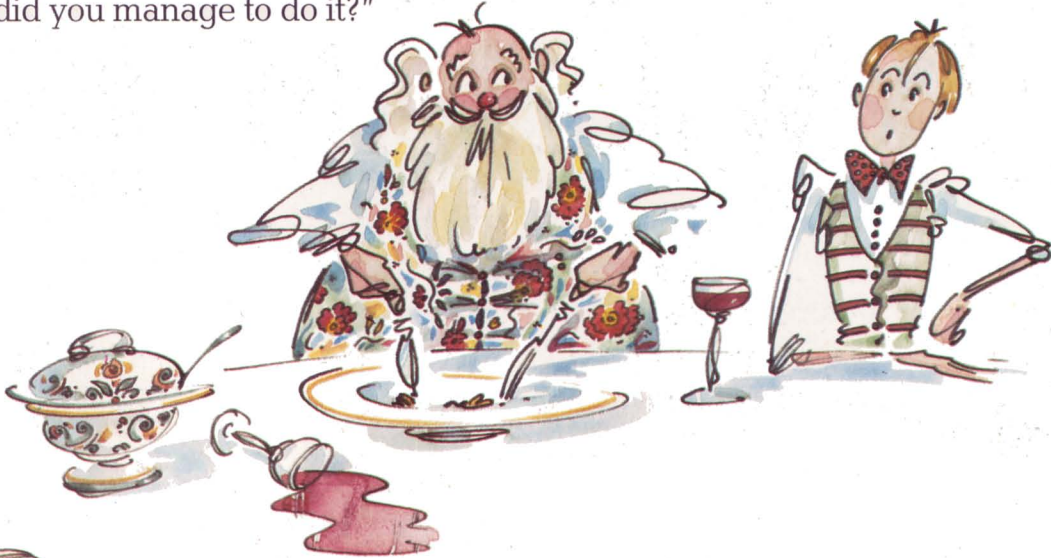
"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?"



"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything rougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak —
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"



"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."



"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balance an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"



"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff!
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

GEORGE and the DRAGON

The hideous creature crawled out of the lake — the big lake where the people of the town went to draw their water. But when it lay down on the bank of the lake, nobody dared go there any more. Its broad tail completely encircled the water. Its scaly green body sank into the mud of the bank. Its leathery wings flapped to keep off the heat of the sun. Its eyelids drooped and, beneath them,

green eyes glittered. It was the wickedest and most foul dragon anyone had ever seen.

The people shut the gates of the town. They locked their doors and they barred their windows. But they felt no safer. The dragon was bigger than the church, bigger than the King's palace. If it was to come looking for food, there was nothing they could do to keep it out.

That night, they heard it leave the lake and drag itself through the sucking mud. *Squuck, squuck, squuck* went its



feet. *Sccrrr, sccrrr* went its scaly tail dragging along the road. Fire roared from its nostrils as it burned down the town gates.

It looked in at all the windows. The women screamed, the children cried, the men hid. And in the palace, the Princess Sabra prayed. The dragon went on looking among the houses, its empty stomach rumbling like thunder.

"It's hungry," cried the people. "It's looking for food." And they trembled in their beds.

"*Roaaoorr!*" went the dragon as it came thundering down the street, crushing those fleeing in terror from their homes. The dragon continued its heavy, thudding step, looking to either side of him. It was as if he was searching for something. Then it turned and with a huge gush of fire from its nose, it set light to a whole row of houses.

In the morning, as smoke drifted

across the city, the great creature was back beside the lake.

"We must give the beast what it wants . . . whatever it is," said the King. So he sent for Balthazar, the Wisest Man in the kingdom, and asked him what the dragon was looking for.

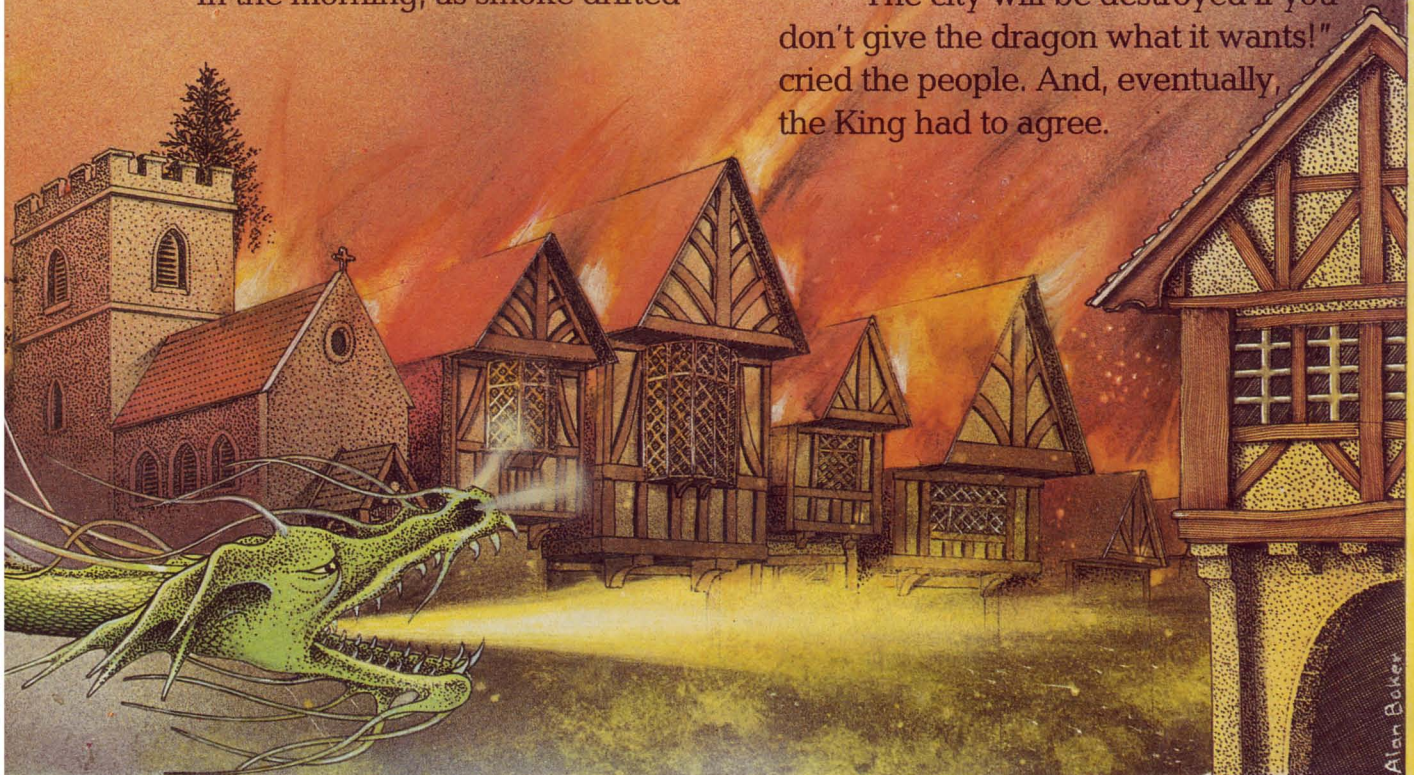
"It seeks the purest and most beautiful young woman in the city," said Balthazar. "It wishes to eat her."

The King's face grew dark and sad. His own daughter, the Princess Sabra, was without doubt the purest and most beautiful young woman in the whole kingdom. Everybody said so.

"I won't give her up to the dragon!" said the King. "I can't!"

But that night the dragon came back to the city looking for the purest and most beautiful young woman. And when it could not find her, it set fire to another row of houses.

"The city will be destroyed if you don't give the dragon what it wants!" cried the people. And, eventually, the King had to agree.



The beautiful Princess Sabra was taken out through the ruined gates of the city and then tied to a wooden post just beyond.

The dragon raised its head off its green scaly paws and dragged its body out of the mud. It spread its wings and half-ran, half-flew towards the Princess.

Just then, a knight stopped his horse beside the lake to let it drink. His name was George, the bravest man in all the kingdom. Glancing towards the town, he saw the dragon hovering over the Princess, its wings casting a great shadow over her. Its neck was arched, its great mouth gaped open. The heat of its terrible breath had charred the hem of her white dress and the ends of her golden hair.

The knight mounted his horse and galloped towards the dragon. "Stop!" he shouted. "I am George, the bravest knight in the kingdom. You shall not devour the lady until you have fought me!"

The dragon turned, green and raging, like a great winged crocodile.

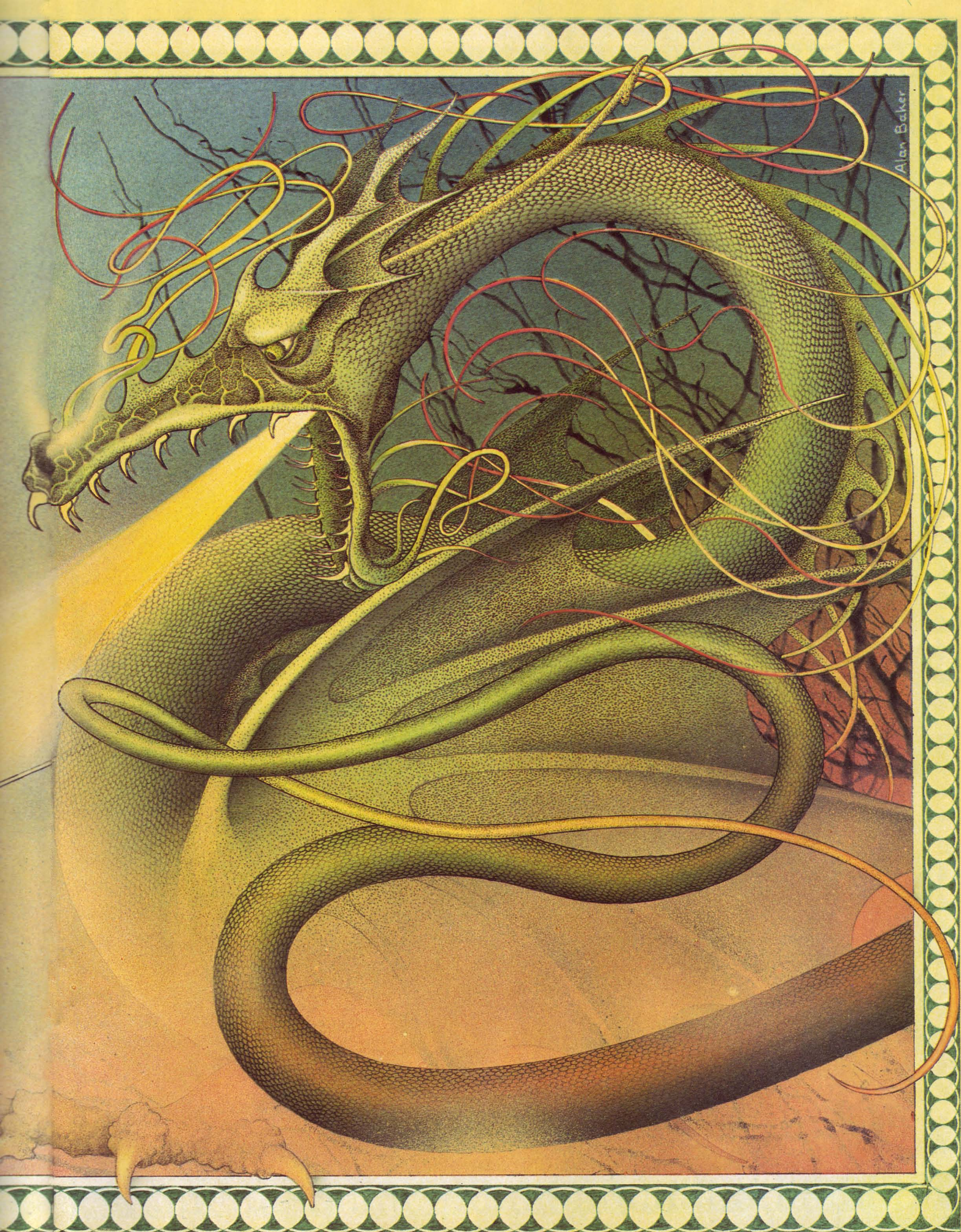
Its fire scorched the saddlecloth of George's horse, but the knight raised his shield and the flames turned back off it on to the dragon.

Then George lowered the visor on his helmet and rode down on the beast, his lance level, his shield held close to his chest. But the dragon bit right through the lance and spat it out. Its claws lashed at George and pulled him from the saddle so that his helmet and cloak were lost.

Then, George raised his battle-axe. With both hands, he swung it round and round his head, and struck a blow where he thought the dragon's heart must be. But the dragon had no heart, and the axe shattered into a dozen pieces. The great green tail knocked George off his feet.

Then, he drew out his long sword. With both hands, he swung it round and round his head, ran in under the dragon's green and scaly chest and plunged the sword between two scales. The ground shook as the dragon roared and yowled and rolled over on its back clawing the air.





Alan Baker

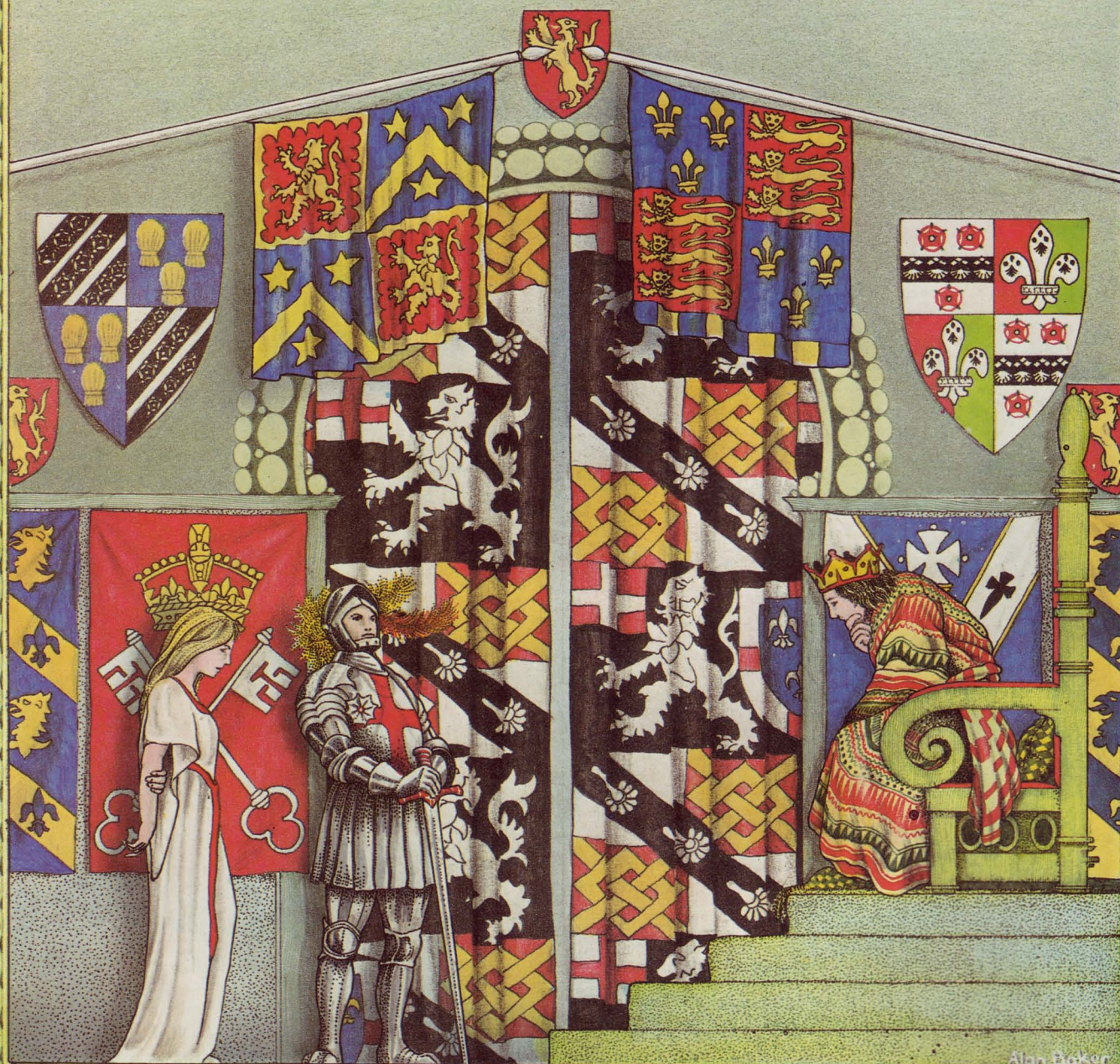
Stepping bravely forward, George raised his broadsword and with all his strength brought it down on the dragon's head.

When the people saw that the dragon was dead they waved and clapped and cheered. George freed the Princess Sabra from the wooden post, and hand

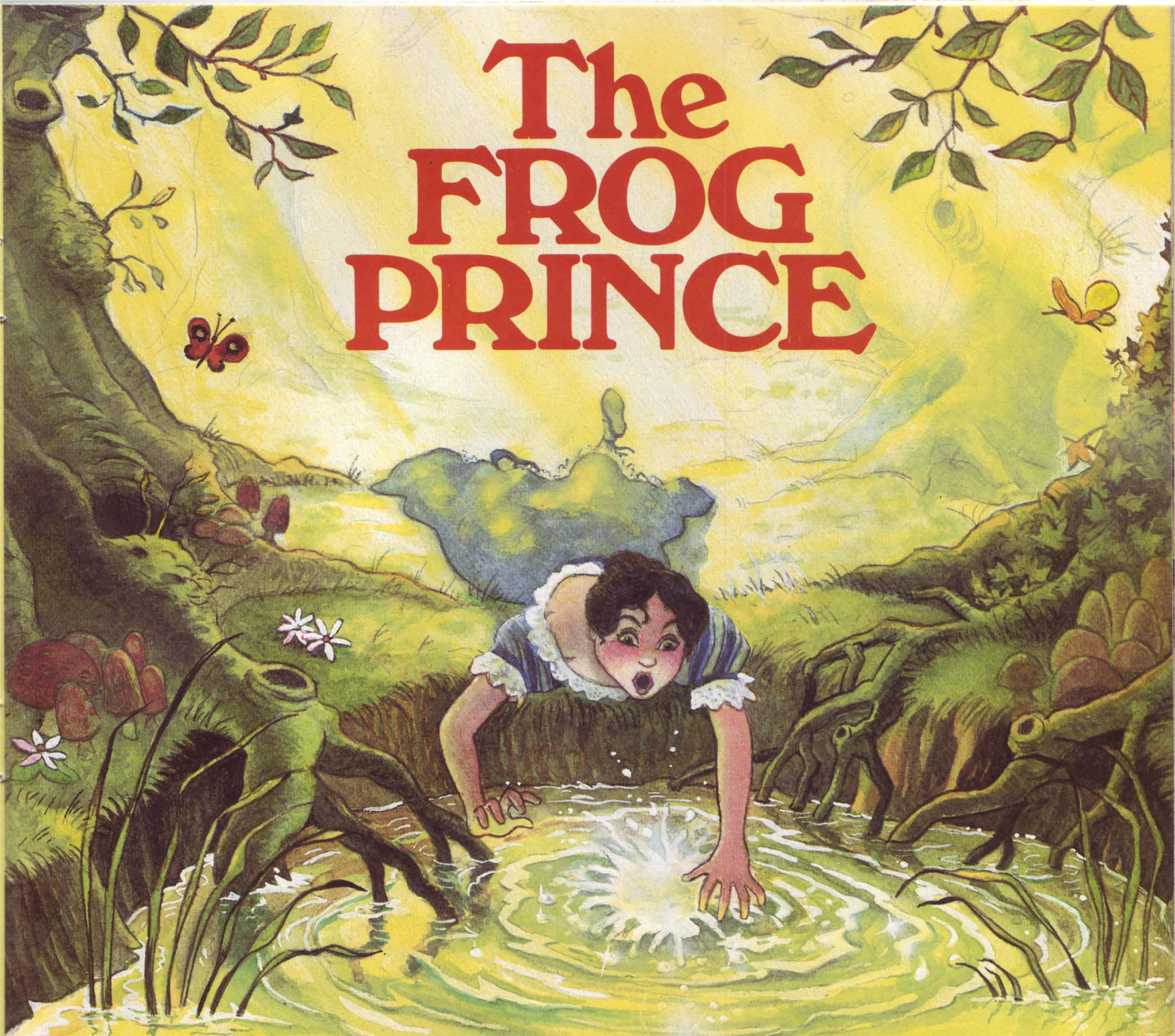
in hand they went to see the King.

"State your reward," said the King, hugging and kissing his daughter. "You shall have any reward you name if it is within my power."

So George named as his reward the most beautiful young bride in the whole kingdom — the Princess Sabra.



The FROG PRINCE



There was once a king whose daughter was so lovely that even the sun was outshone by the brightness of her smile. Every day she was happy to play alone with her favourite toy, a lovely golden ball. She would bounce it against the palace wall, spin it on her fingertip, balance it on her nose and throw it high into the air and catch it again.

One sunny day, she was playing in the royal forest, trying to see just how high she could throw the pretty ball. Suddenly, she threw it much too far. It rattled through the leaves of a lime tree

and then rolled across the forest floor until it fell over the brink of a deep pond. Slowly the glittering globe sank into the water and out of sight.

What a commotion the princess made! She hurled herself on the ground beside the pond and sobbed and wailed and cried louder and louder. "Oh, *why* did it happen? I'd have lost *anything* rather than my precious golden ball! What *can* I do?"

"Whatever is the matter?" said a strange voice. "Stop it, pretty girl, you're breaking my heart."





The princess clapped her hands in delight. "Oh, yes. Please do!"

"It's very lonely being a frog, you know . . ." said the frog, hesitating on the surface of the pool.

"Yes, yes, I'll play with you. I promise!" cried the princess. "But do hurry or it will sink into the mud!"

The frog dived deep, and came back with the golden ball held in its wide green mouth. The princess screwed up her face and took the ball between her finger and thumb. "Ugh! You could have used your feet."

But the gold polished up on the grass, and the princess was soon throwing it up in the air again as she ran back towards the palace.

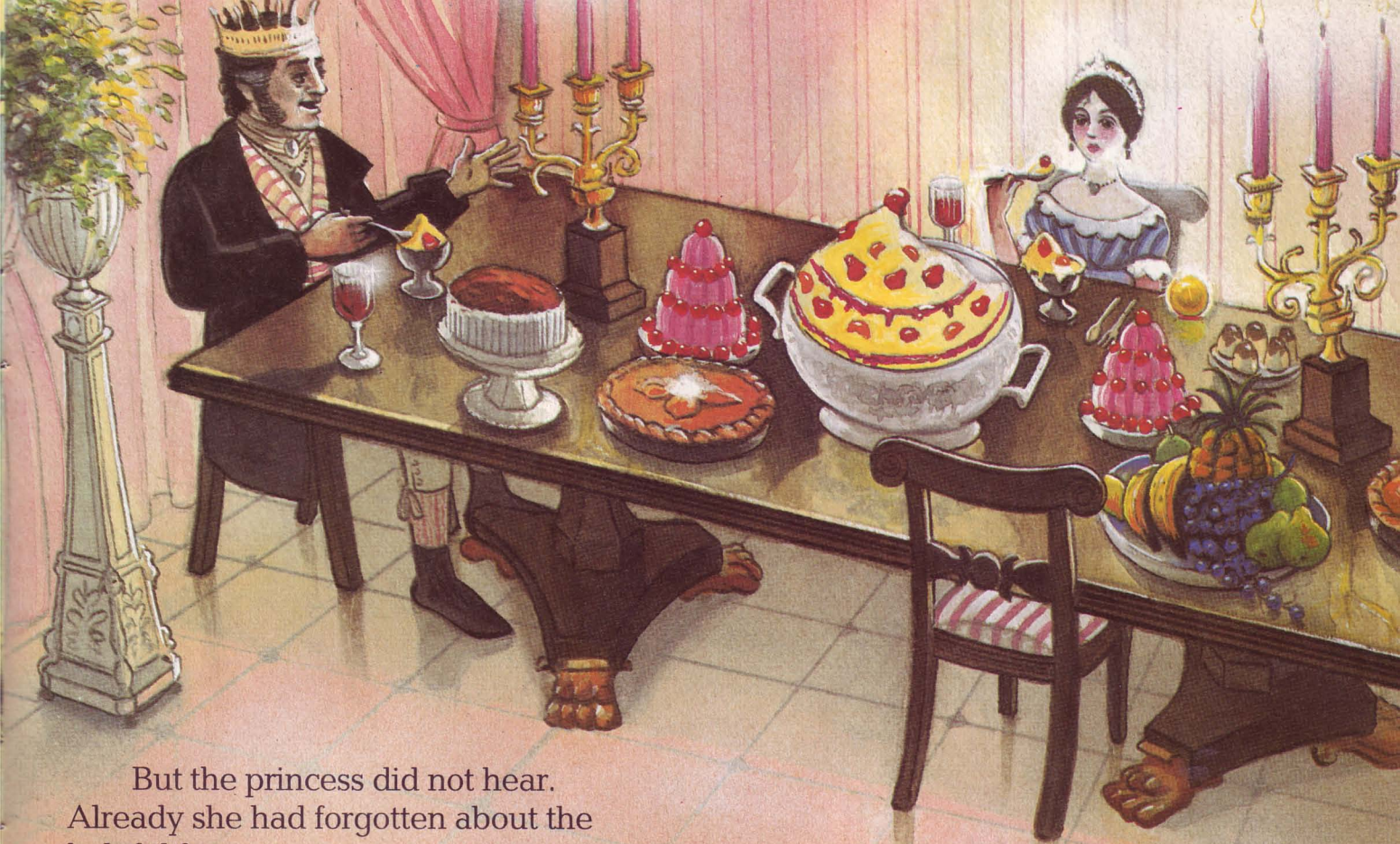
"Wait for me!" croaked the green frog, hopping after her. "I can't keep up with you!"

Looking up, the princess saw the boggling black eyes of a big bullfrog squatting on the edge of the pond. Its bulging face was right next to hers and she drew away from it.

"I've . . . I've lost my golden ball," she sobbed. "It fell in the pond and now it's gone for ever."

"Don't worry," croaked the frog. "If you promise to keep me company, and play with me, and let me eat off your plate, and sleep on your pillow, I'll swim down and fetch it for you."





But the princess did not hear. Already she had forgotten about the helpful frog.

That evening at dinner there was trifle and cream for pudding and the princess filled her plate to overflowing. But, just as she lifted her spoon, there was a noise on the staircase — a flap, flap, flapping of small, flat feet. It was the green frog! With one great hop, it landed on the table beside the princess's bowl! "Why didn't you wait for me?" it asked, its head on one side, its eyelid blinking in the bright light.

"Go away! You're making the table wet," snapped the princess.

"Ugh, you smell of the pond!"

"Did you invite this, this frog to dinner?" asked the king.

"No, but she did promise I could eat off her plate and keep her company and be her friend."

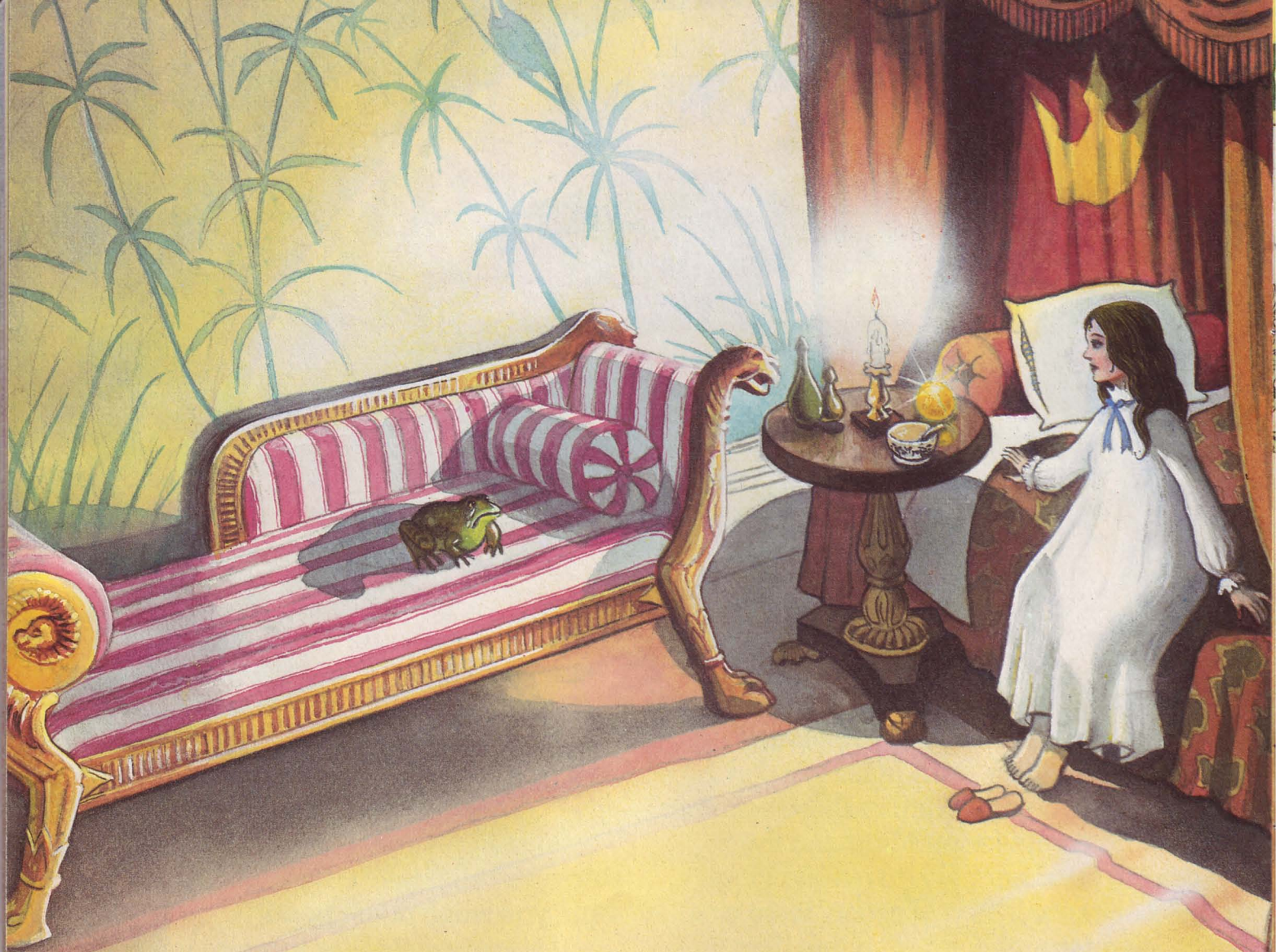
"Is this true?"

The princess blushed. "Well, I may have said something."

"Then I hope and trust you will keep your word, my girl!"

The princess dropped her eyes and kept silent and as soon as she could she slipped away from the table and hurried off to bed.





"Wait for me!" cried the frog, hopping down from the table as she ran towards the door. "You promised to let me sleep on your pillow!"

The princess looked in desperation from the frog to her father, and from her father to the frog.

"It seems a very foolish and silly thing to promise," boomed the king. "But I hope and trust that you'll keep your word, my girl!"

At her father's harsh words, the princess began to cry. "But it's so horrible!" she muttered through her tears. "It's so revolting. Please don't make me sleep with it, father." But the king insisted, and made her pick the slimy frog up between her fingers. But

when she reached her bedroom the princess threw it down on the sofa.

"You can sleep there! And don't move!"

The frog watched the pretty princess with his sad, blinking eyes as she got ready for bed. "Do you really think I'm revolting?" he asked.

"Well, not really. And you did help me, so I suppose I should be grateful."

"Then let me sleep on your pillow."

"No!" shouted the princess.

"But you promised."

"I said *no*!"

"Then I'll tell your father tomorrow."

"I don't care. I don't care who you tell. You are not going to sleep on my pillow!" And with these words the



princess blew out the candle.

"I'll cry," said the voice from the sofa.

The princess lit her candle again. "If you're going to talk all night because you can't sleep on my pillow, then I suppose you'll have to. But please, please, keep to *your* side of the bed."

In a blur of green, the frog jumped on to the pillow, its throat bulging and croaking. "Kiss me!" it said.

"Good heavens, no!" shouted the princess.

"Just once, please!"

"No!"

"Oh please!" pleaded the frog.

"All right," said the princess. "Just once. But first I'll blow out the candle."

"Don't! I'm afraid of the dark. Just kiss me goodnight."





So the princess closed her eyes and leaned over and kissed the frog quickly.

"It's all right. You can look now," said a soft voice beside her on the pillow. And there, stretched out on the bed, his head resting on one hand and his dark eyes gazing at her, lay the most handsome man she had ever seen.

"Who . . . who are you?" she stammered.

"I am the Prince of Rana. Many years ago, when I was just a boy, a sorceress cast a spell on me to turn me into a frog. She said that I would be a frog for ever unless I was kissed by a beautiful princess. And you, my dear, lovely lady, you have lifted the curse. Will you marry me, for I love you dearly?"

"Yes, my prince, I will."

"Then tomorrow we must go to my kingdom and be married."

The next morning, as the sun rose over the palace, the prince asked the king for the hand of his beautiful daughter. And with his blessing, they drove off towards the prince's kingdom. Everyone clapped and cheered as they drove to his castle in a shining coach pulled by eight elegant horses. And the princess and her 'frog prince' lived happily ever after.



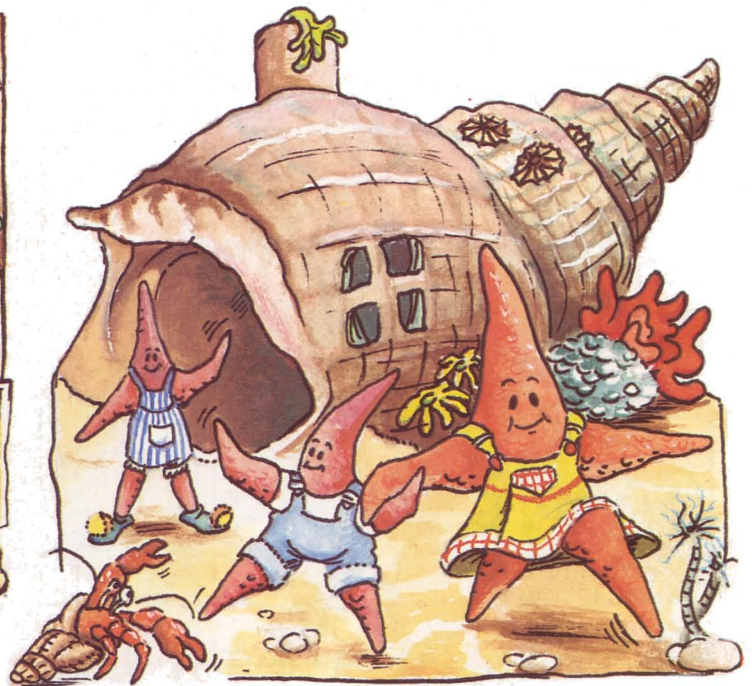


One wet sunny morning, Bubble the starfish woke very early in her home on the bottom of Coral Lagoon. She shook her dress to chase out any sleepy shrimps, then called out excitedly to her little brother. "Come on, Squeek, don't say you've forgotten!"

Squeek stretched and yawned, then rubbed his eyes with his pink arms. "Forgotten what?" "The fair!" said Bubble. "The travelling sea-fair is coming to Shipwreck Reef today." "Crikey!" Squeek kicked aside his blanket and jumped out of his scallop-shell bed.



"Just look at this mess," snapped their mother as she came in. "There's sand in your sandals, rocks in your socks and kippers in your slippers! Now clear it up at once!" "But Mum, today's the..." "No buts. You two aren't going anywhere until you've tidied up your room."

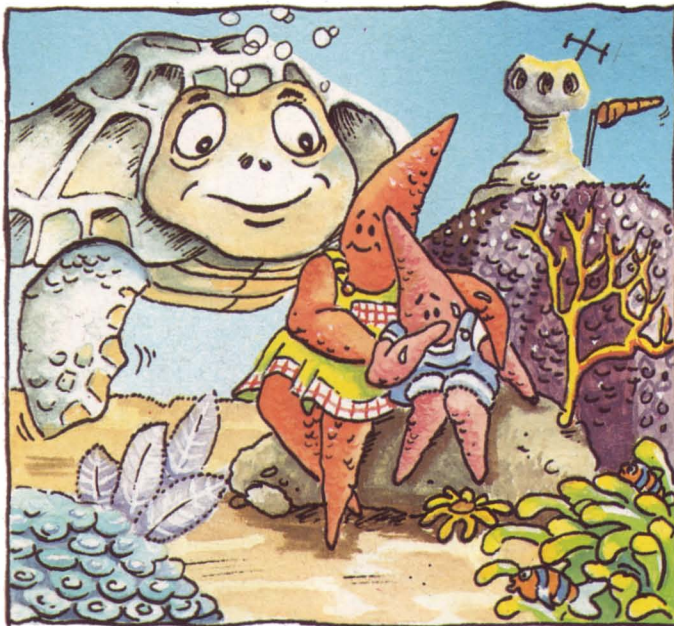


"We'll never make it now," said Bubble. "The last flight leaves in five minutes." "That's *much* better!" said their mother, coming back. "Now off you go to the fair, and here's some extra pocket money." "Cor, thanks Mum." And they ran off in the direction of the airport.



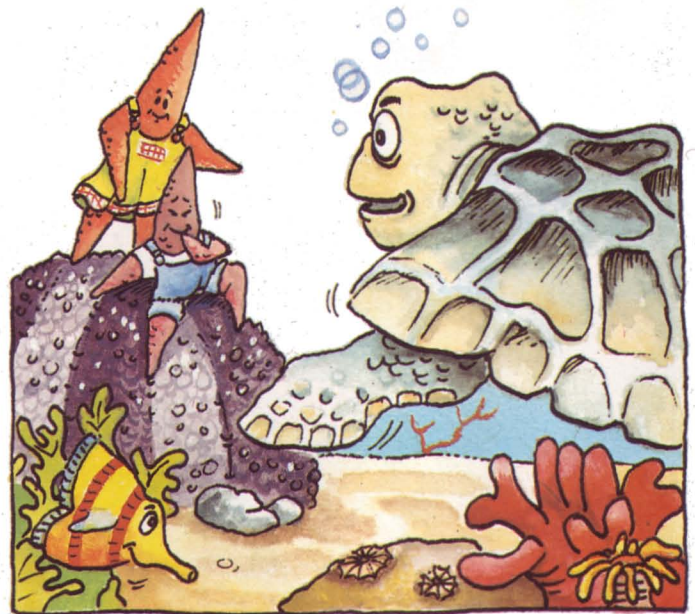
When they reached the airport, a flying fish was just taking off. Bubble went up to the jellyfish attendant. "Excuse me, when does

the next fish leave for the fair?" "I'm sorry," wobbled the jellyfish, "but that was the last flight out today."



Squeek sat down and began to cry. "Oh Bubble, now we'll never get to the fair." "Don't worry, something will turn up." Just then, a large friendly face appeared from behind a rock.

"I don't believe my eyes and ears,
You'll flood the ocean with those tears.
Just tell old Myrtle why you're crying,
I hope it's not a fear of flying!"

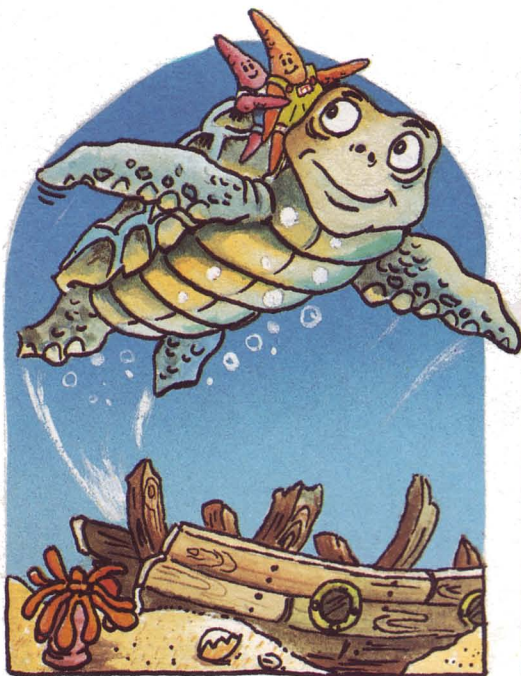


Squeek stopped sobbing and began to chuckle. "Do you always speak in rhyme?" he asked.

"You ask me if I speak in rhyme,
I do it nearly all the time.

But I only speak in lines of four,
It doesn't work if I try more . . ."

"Actually, we've missed the last flying fish to the fair," said Bubble. "I don't suppose you can help, can you?"

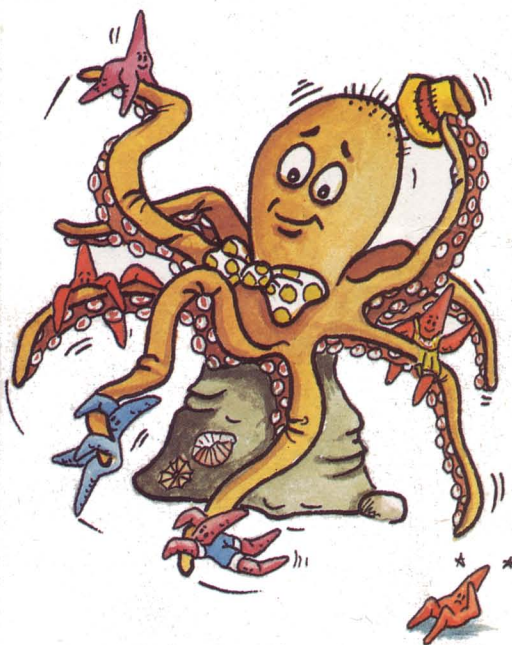


Myrtle was only too glad to help.
 "Just climb on board to see the fair,
 The Turtle Shuttle's flying there.
 We must be quick to catch the show,
 So hold on tight . . . and here we go-o-o!"
 Myrtle floated off the sea-bed and headed
 for the fair at Shipwreck Reef.

"Wheel!" called Squeek. "This is as good as
 any fair ride."
 "Look down there," shouted Bubble
 suddenly. "It's the fair!"
 Myrtle landed safely and, after thanking her,
 Bubble and Squeek entered the magical
 world of the fair.



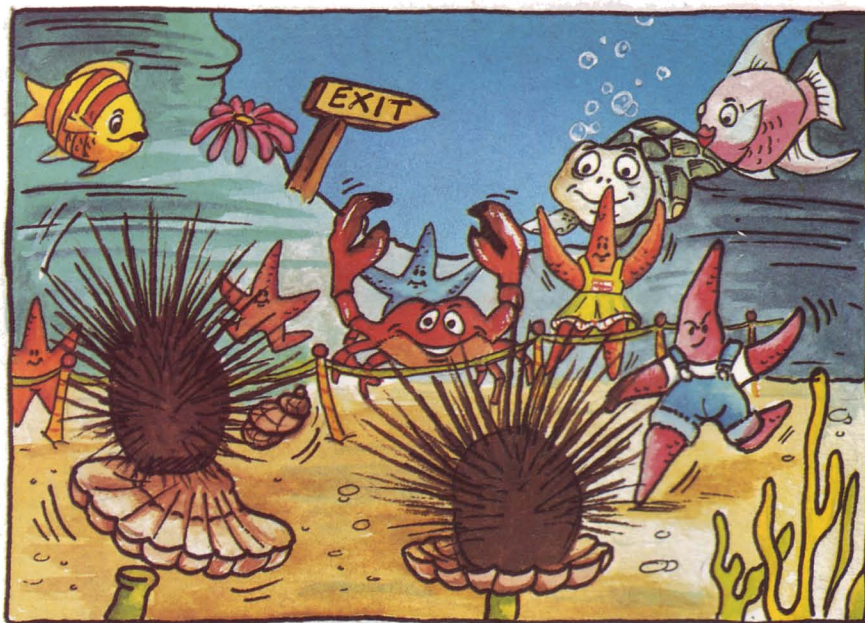
They walked past the Bumper Crabs, Spooky
 Shark's Ghost Train, the Big Wheel powered
 by Electro the Eel and Willie Whelk's Punch
 and Judy Show.



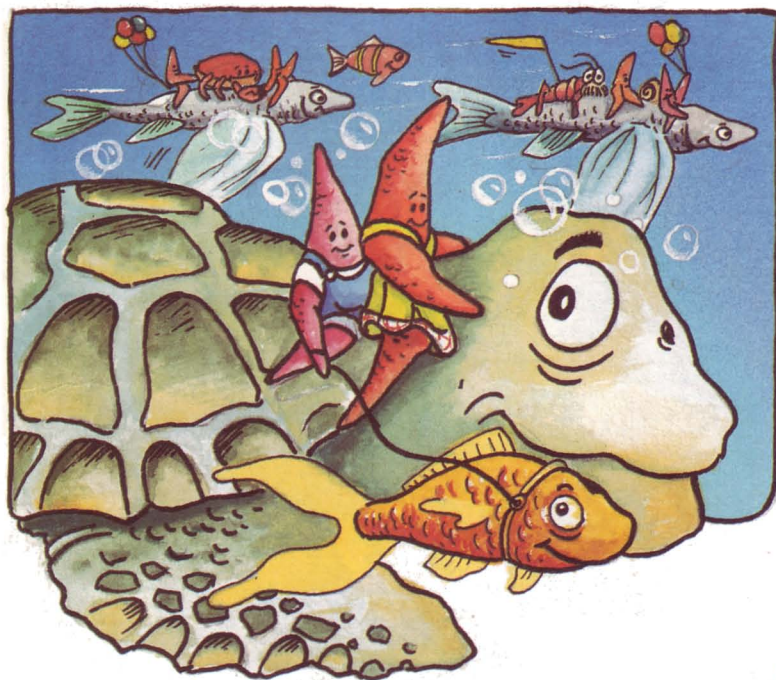
But the first ride they went on was Ollie
 Octopus's Flying Loop. He twirled them
 round and round on his long arms and they
 had to cling on very tight.



Then they entered the Sea-horse Derby and rode with the other starfish across the sea-bed. That was the best fun of all.



With the last of his pocket money, Squeek had a go at the Sea-urchin Shy. He missed at first, but with his final throw knocked a sea-urchin right off its stand. "Hooray!" shouted everyone. Squeek had won a goldfish!

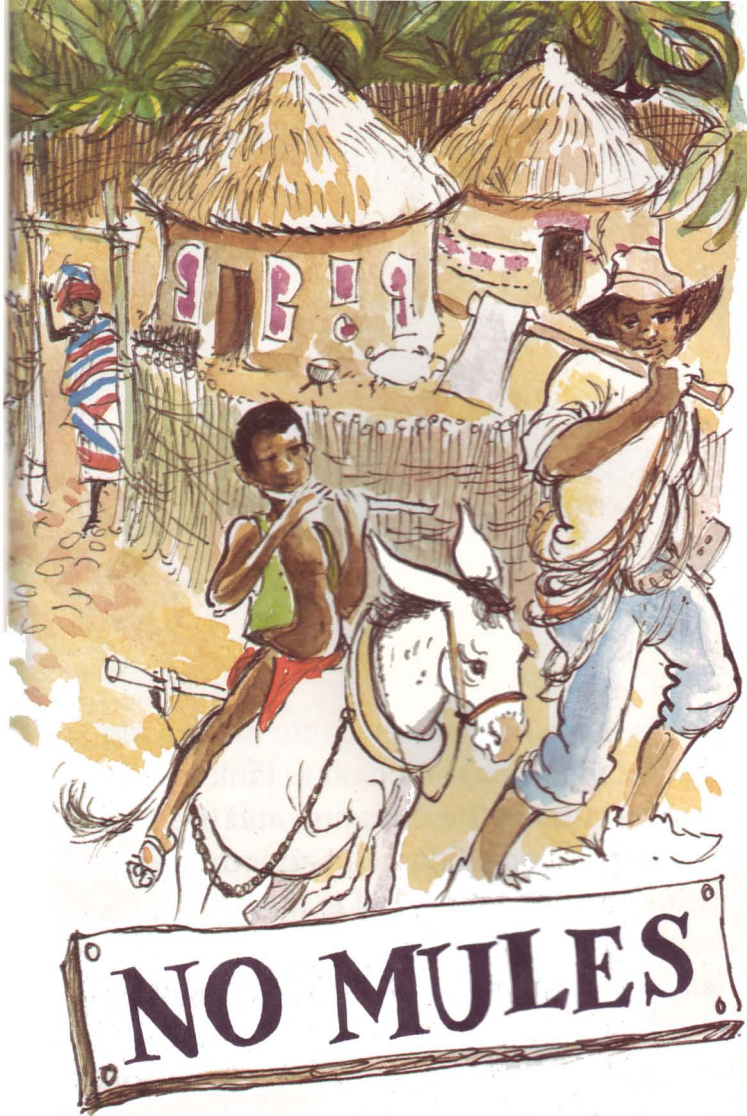


Then Bubble led the way to the exit, where they found their friend Myrtle waiting for them.

"Your money's gone, it's getting late,
That's why old Myrtle had to wait.
You must be home in time for tea,
So hop on board — this ride's on me!"



It was the perfect end to a perfect day. When they got home, Bubble and Squeek said goodbye to Myrtle and raced to tell their mother all about the fair. And she was very pleased with the present they gave her.



Faan lived right next to a water-hole on a deep wide river in South Africa. He lived in a kraal with his mother and father and his mule, called Golo. Golo was a pure white mule, except for his nose, which was pink.

Every morning after breakfast Faan, Dad and Golo set off to work in the forest. As they went along Faan played on his flute, which he had made for himself from a reed. When he was going to work he liked to play the woodmen's favourite song. It went like this:

*"The tree is tall
So chop it down.
I hope it will fall
On the boss's crown."*

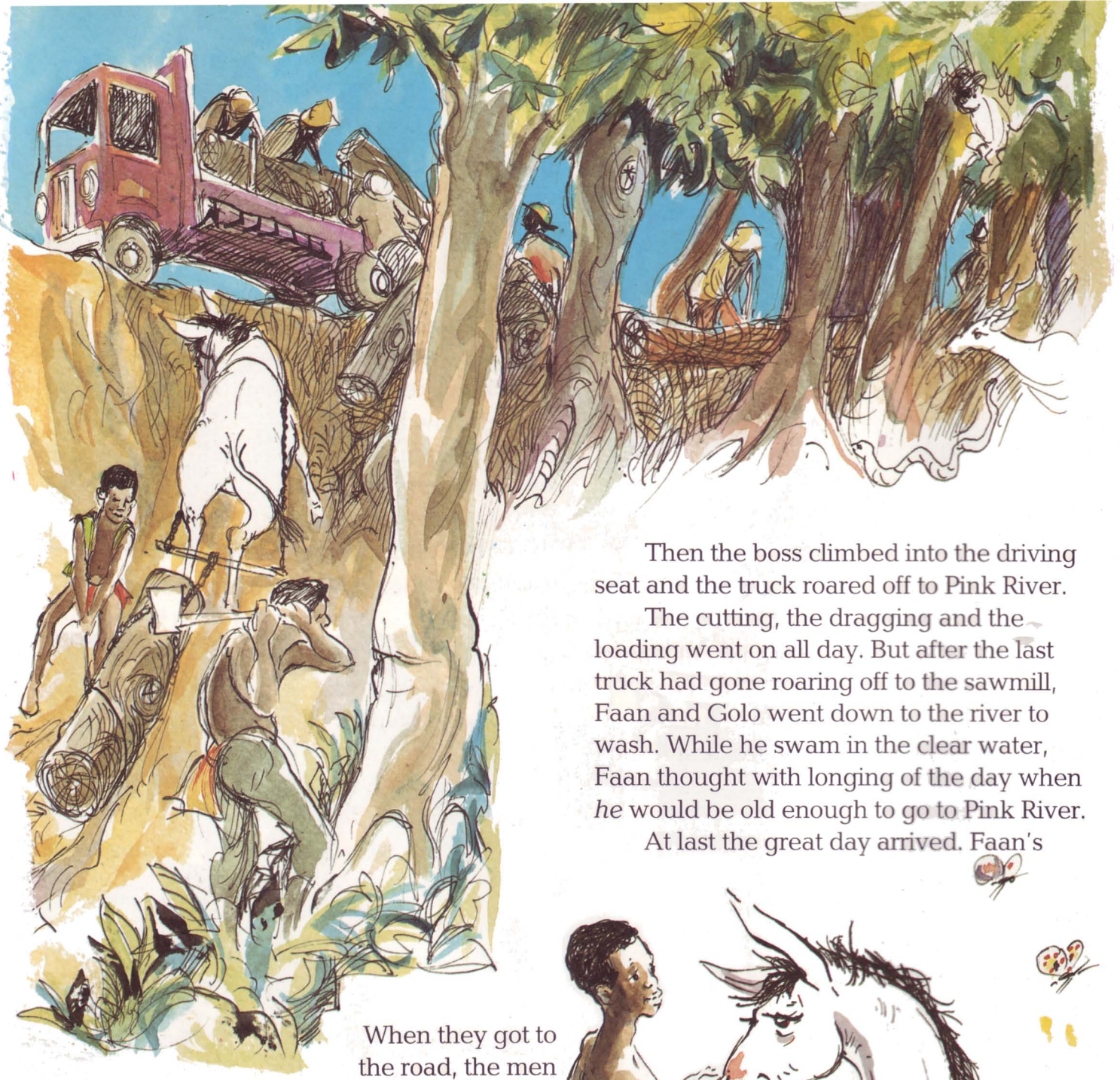
All the woodmen liked this song

because the tune had a jolly rhythm and even the boss had to smile when he heard it.

Faan's father was a woodcutter. Every day he and the other woodcutters had to chop down the tall trees that the boss had marked out. Then Golo was harnessed to the great trunks and Faan had to lead him to the road, where a truck was waiting to carry the logs away to the sawmill on Pink River.

Faan liked it best when he had to drag the logs downhill to the waiting trucks. It was fun rushing down the hill. But sometimes the road was higher up the hillside, and then Faan and Golo had to heave and struggle to pull the heavy trunks up to it.





Then the boss climbed into the driving seat and the truck roared off to Pink River.

The cutting, the dragging and the loading went on all day. But after the last truck had gone roaring off to the sawmill, Faan and Golo went down to the river to wash. While he swam in the clear water, Faan thought with longing of the day when he would be old enough to go to Pink River.

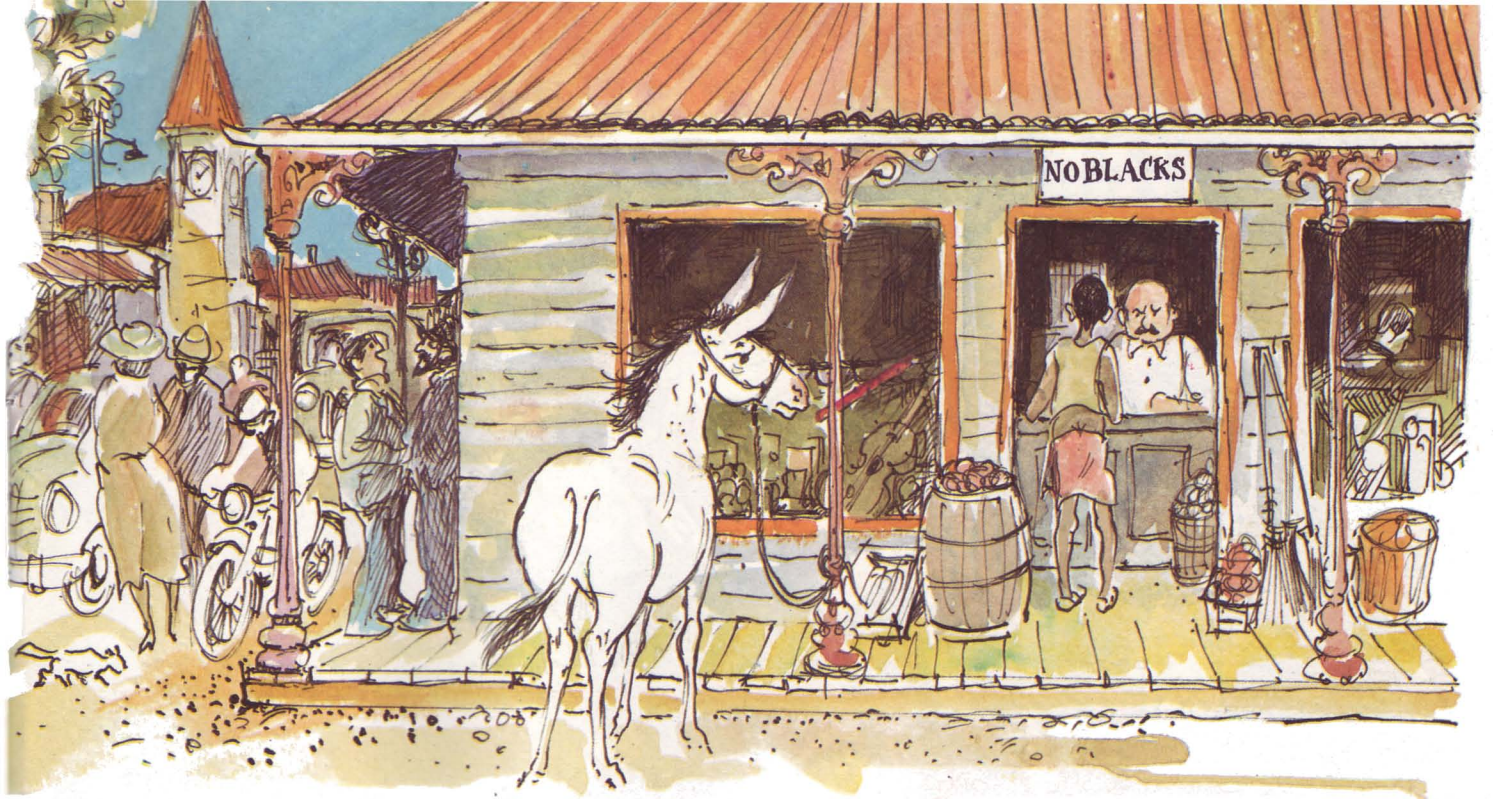
At last the great day arrived. Faan's



When they got to the road, the men took the harness off Golo and began to load the trunks on to the trucks. They chanted and sang and Faan, when he had got his breath back, joined in on his flute.

*"The boss is in a hurry
So-get-a-move-on.
Do not linger,
Load the timber.
The boss is in a hurry
So-get-a-move-on.
The boss is in a hurry
So-get-a-move-on."*





father and mother had decided to make a trip to Pink River and said that Faan could go too. Faan jumped up and down with excitement. Then he remembered that Golo had never seen Pink River either, and he asked Dad whether he could take him too.

Dad agreed and they set off. Mum and Dad rode in front and Faan and Golo came behind.

When they arrived at Pink River, Faan was amazed, and even a little frightened, to see so many people, shops, cars and bicycles — and so was Golo.

Dad sent Faan to look around the town while he and Mum went visiting. Faan led Golo along the busy street, staring all round him, and especially into all the shop windows.

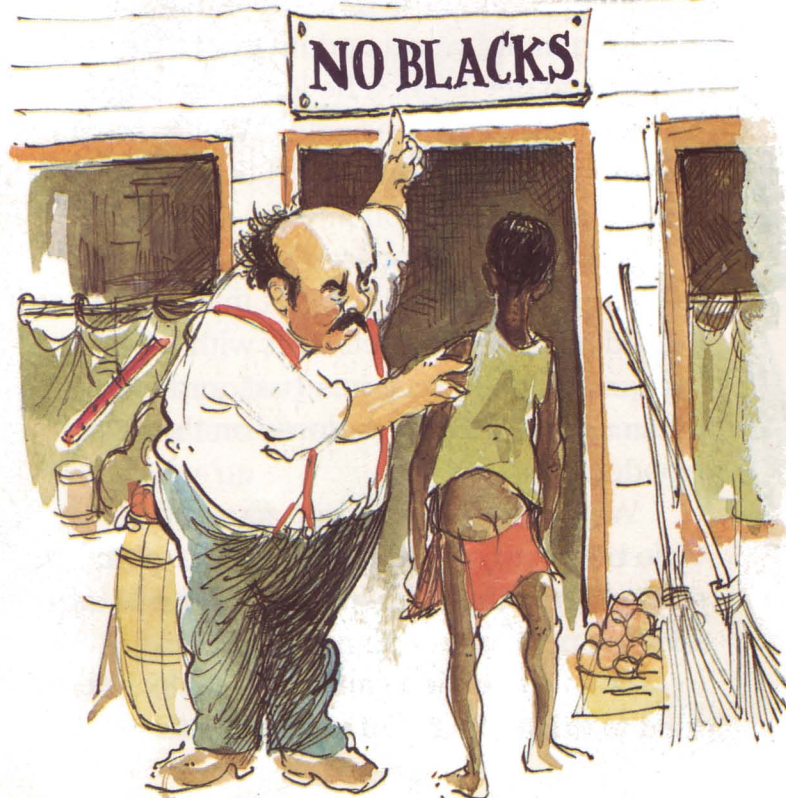
Suddenly, in the window of a general store, he saw a shiny new flute. He knew at once that he wanted that flute more than anything else in the world.

He gripped the money he had saved for his trip tightly in his hand and walked boldly into the shop to buy the flute.

The shopkeeper was very surprised to

see Faan coming into his shop, and before Faan could ask for the flute, he took him by the arm and pointed to a sign hanging outside the door.

"Can't you read what it says?" he asked. "It says '*No Blacks*'. I only serve whites in here." And he went back inside his shop, leaving Faan in the street.





Faan wanted the flute more than anything in the world and he tried to think of a way to get it. Then he looked at Golo.

"You're white," he said. "Well, except for your pink nose, but I don't think he'll mind that. I'll send *you* into the shop for it."

But Golo was not used to shops — or to being indoors at all, for that matter. He flicked a bottle of sweets over with his tail, his ears got caught up in a coat, and his hooves slithered and clattered on the wooden floor.

Women inside the shop screamed and Golo began to be frightened. But he did remember to drop the money in front of the shopkeeper.

Then some men came after Golo and tried to drive him out. They began to shout,

and Golo thought he had better get outside very quickly. He kicked out his hooves and made a dash for the street — straight through the plate-glass window!

Faan was astonished to see Golo coming out of the window. Then he saw the flute flying through the air. As he caught it, people came rushing out of the shop trying to catch Golo. Faan saw that the best thing to do was to run away as fast as possible.

He leaped on to Golo's back and shouted, "Home!" But the mule did not need to be told. He was already streaking down the street as fast as he could gallop.

The shopkeeper ran after them until he was too breathless to run any more, and when Faan saw that he had given up the chase he slowed Golo down to a walk. Then

he took out his flute and blew a few notes.

Soon he was playing merrily, and Golo began to trot to the tune of the woodcutters' song:

*"The boss is in a hurry
So-get-a-move-on.
Do not linger,
Load the timber.
The boss is in a hurry
So-get-a-move-on.
The boss is in a hurry
So-get-a-move-on."*



The shopkeeper returned to his shop. It was in a terrible mess. Slowly he began to clear things up.

He put everything back in its place, swept up the broken glass, and soon his shop was looking almost as it did before.

Except for one thing . . . the sign outside the door.

He changed that to 'NO MULES'.

IN PART
19 OF

STORY *Teller*



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