

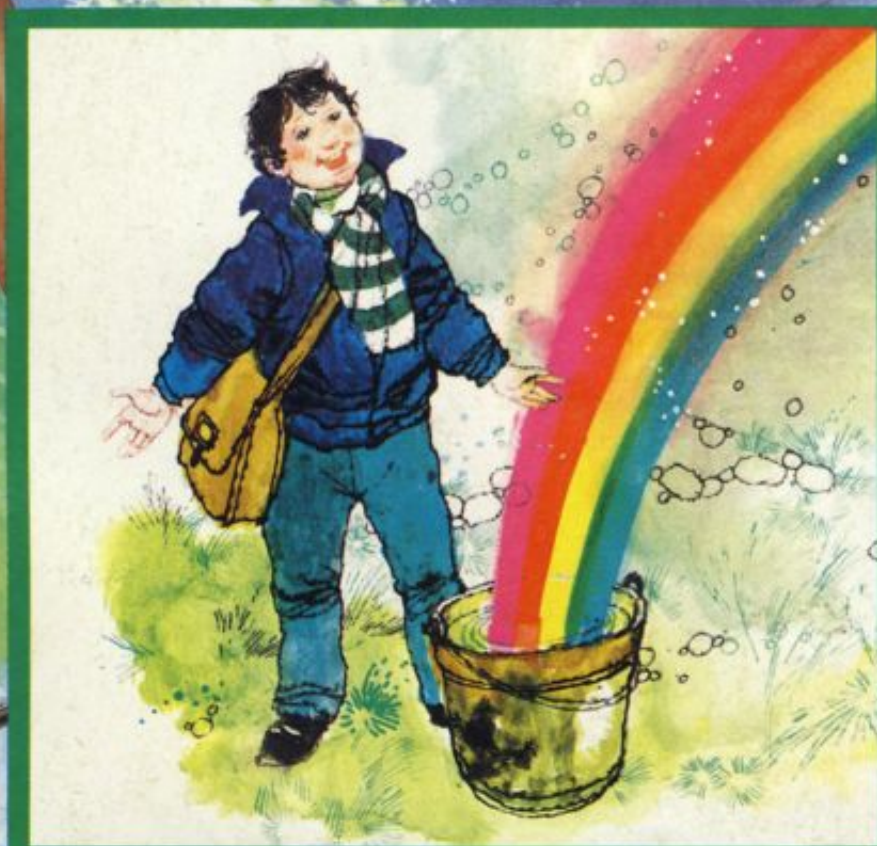
®

PART 2

STORY

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

Teller



A Marshall Cavendish Publication **EVERY FORTNIGHT**

£1.95
IR £2.45



STORY Teller

CONTENTS PART 2

CLASSIC FAIRY STORIES

The Elves and the Shoemaker page 29

Grimms' story of the shoemaker whose careful work is almost his undoing – until six naked elves come to his rescue.

FOLK TALES OF THE WORLD

Master Tiger 32

Paris writer Béatrice Tanaka has adapted this Vietnamese story to show how the tiger got his stripes. © Béatrice Tanaka

CARTOON HEROES

Aldo in Arcadia 36

Aldo and Uncle Emo visit the Man in the Moon on their flying vacuum cleaner and save the shooting stars.

TALES OF TODAY

The Last Slice of Rainbow 39

Jason is a boy who can see the wind and remember any tune. These remarkable powers lead to a very special day! © Joan Aiken 1982

THE STORYTELLER SERIAL

Gobbolino, The Ship's Cat ... 44

The witch's kitten enters the world of cat shows and finds adventure on the high seas as he continues his search for a home.

© Ursula Moray Williams 1982

FAMOUS FABLES

The Greedy Fox 50

Aesop's story shows the awful consequences of over-eating!

GREAT MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Sindbad and the Valley of Diamonds 54

Sindbad encounters the giant Roc – the most fearsome of mythical birds – in this thrill-a-minute story from the Arabian Nights.

RHYMES AND VERSE

Bring on the Clowns!

... inside cover

Written by American poet Jack Prelutsky, 'Clowns' is taken from his book *Circus* published by Hamish Hamilton.

THE BOOK

Editors: **Richard Widdows & Nigel Flynn**
Art Editor: **Andrew Sutterby**
Staff Writer: **Geraldine Jones**
Researcher: **Tessa Paul**
Designers: **Paul Morgan & Fran Coston**

Illustrators

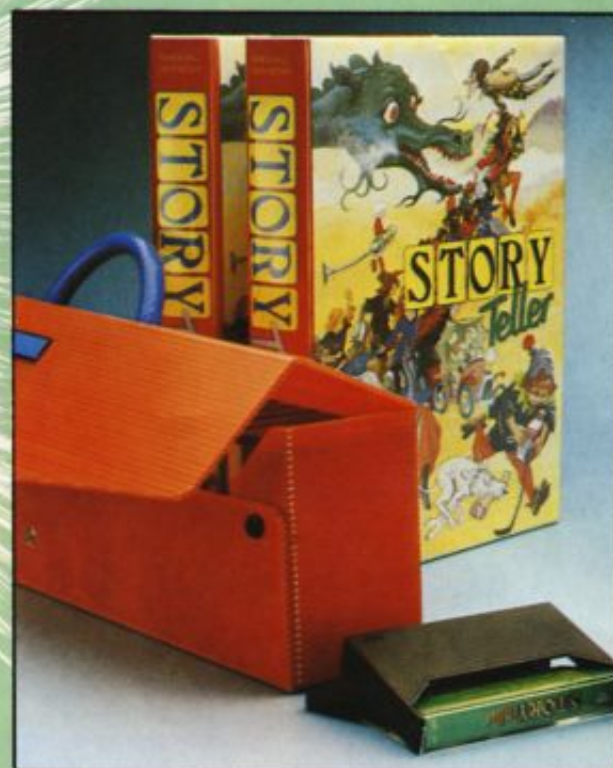
The Elves & the Shoemaker: **Richard Hook**
Master Tiger: **Gillian Chapman**
Aldo: **Malcolm Livingstone**
The Last Slice of Rainbow: **Victor Ambrus**
Gobbolino, the Ship's Cat: **Francis Phillipps**
The Greedy Fox: **Malcolm Livingstone**
Sindbad & the Valley of Diamonds: **Mark Copeland**
Bring On The Clowns: **Kevin Maddison**

THE TAPE

Recorded at The Barge Studios, London:
Produced & Directed by **Joa Reinelt**
Engineered by **John Rowland**
A Creative Radio Production

Readers

The Elves & the Shoemaker: **Brian Blessed**
Master Tiger: **Nigel Lambert**
Aldo: **Robert Powell, Nigel Lambert, John Green & John Brewer**
The Last Slice of Rainbow: **Sheila Hancock**
Gobbolino, the Ship's Cat: **Sheila Hancock**
The Greedy Fox: **Brian Blessed**
Sindbad & the Valley of Diamonds: **Brian Blessed**
Bring On The Clowns!: **Nigel Lambert**



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.

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, Dept 815 at the above address.

COPIES BY POST:

Our Subscription Department can supply copies direct to you regularly at £1.95 (€1.95). For example, the cost of 13 issues is £25.35 (€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.

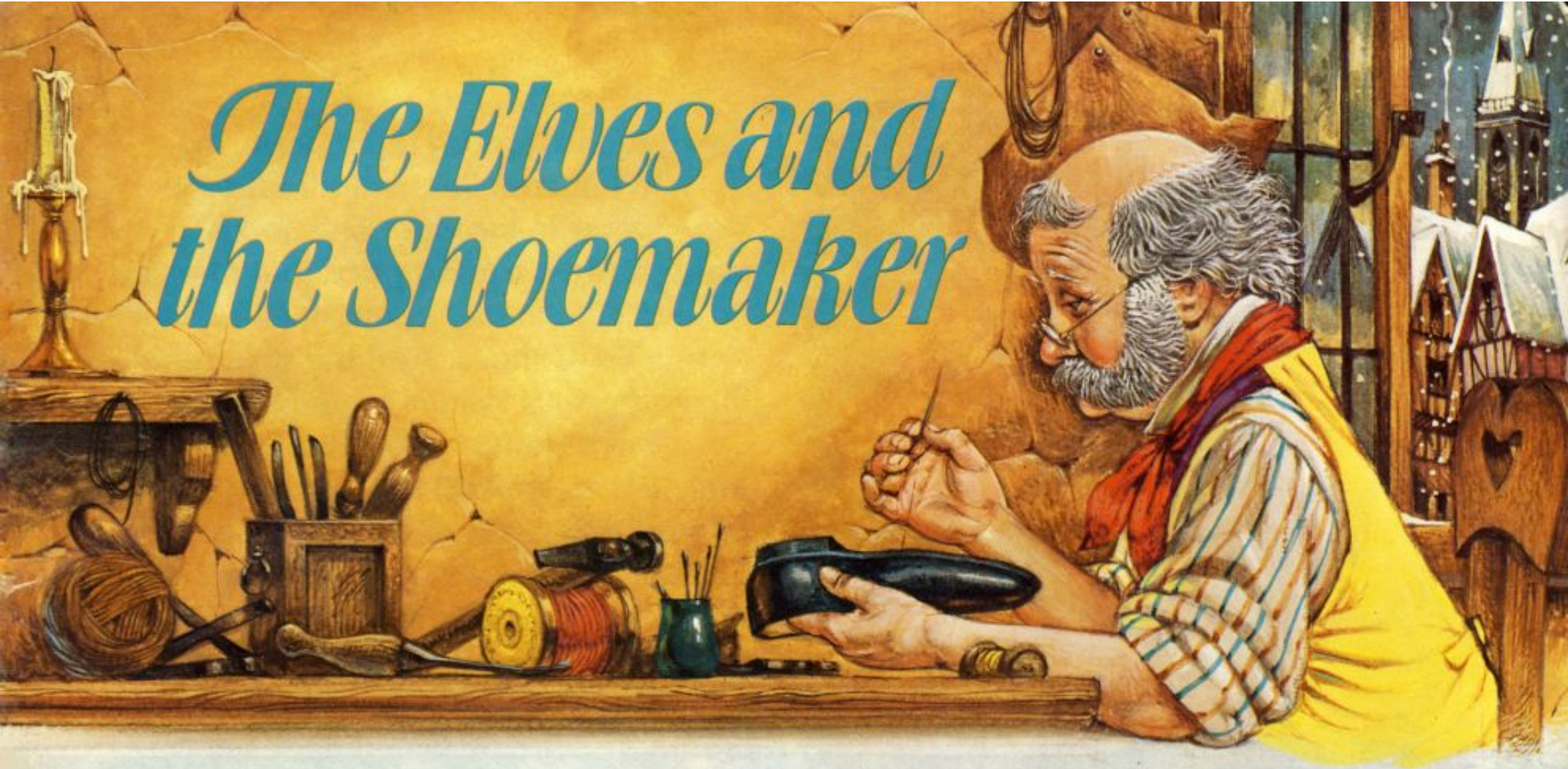
BACK NUMBERS:

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.

© Marshall Cavendish Limited 1982

Printed in England by Varnicoat Ltd., Pershore

The Elves and the Shoemaker



"Can't you work any faster, my dear?" said the shoemaker's wife anxiously.

The shoemaker smiled: "Oh. I *could* work faster," he said. "I could cut out the leather for my shoes less neatly, and I could sew with bigger stitches. But I like to give the customers my very best workmanship. And that takes time."

"I know, dear, but there's no money left over to buy more leather. You work so carefully that it takes you two days to make one pair of shoes."

"I'm doing my best," said the shoemaker sadly. "My eyesight isn't as good as it was and my fingers aren't so quick."

The shoemaker continued to do his slow, careful best. But there was soon no money left to buy leather, and all his hides and suedes were used up. Only one scrap of leather was left on his workbench.

"What shall we do tomorrow when there's no leather to sew and when there are no more shoes to sell?" asked his wife.

The shoemaker smiled. "Well, let's worry about that tomorrow."

He spent all day cutting out a pair of shoes from the last of the leather. "These are probably the last shoes I shall ever make," he thought, "so they must be my best."

When he went to bed, he left the cut-out shapes on his workbench.

"I'm sorry we are so poor, my dear," he said to his wife as he climbed into bed.

"You can only do your best," she said comfortingly. "You can't do any more."





down to the tags on their laces.

"What craftsmanship!" said the shoemaker to his wife. The shoes brought such a good price that this time he was able to buy enough leather for *four* pairs of shoes. And the next night, the mysterious visitors sewed all four pairs.

"Such perfect cobbling!" exclaimed the customers. And they came from miles around to buy the shoemaker's wares. There were long, glossy riding boots for the men and pretty velvet dancing shoes for the ladies.

"We have enough leather for a lifetime!" said the shoemaker's happy wife. "And so many people come here to buy their shoes that we are almost *rich*!"

But the shoemaker was thinking. "Wouldn't you like to know who is helping us every night? It's time we found out."

So one cold night, just before Christmas, the shoemaker left the cut-out leather on his workbench, then he and his wife hid nearby.

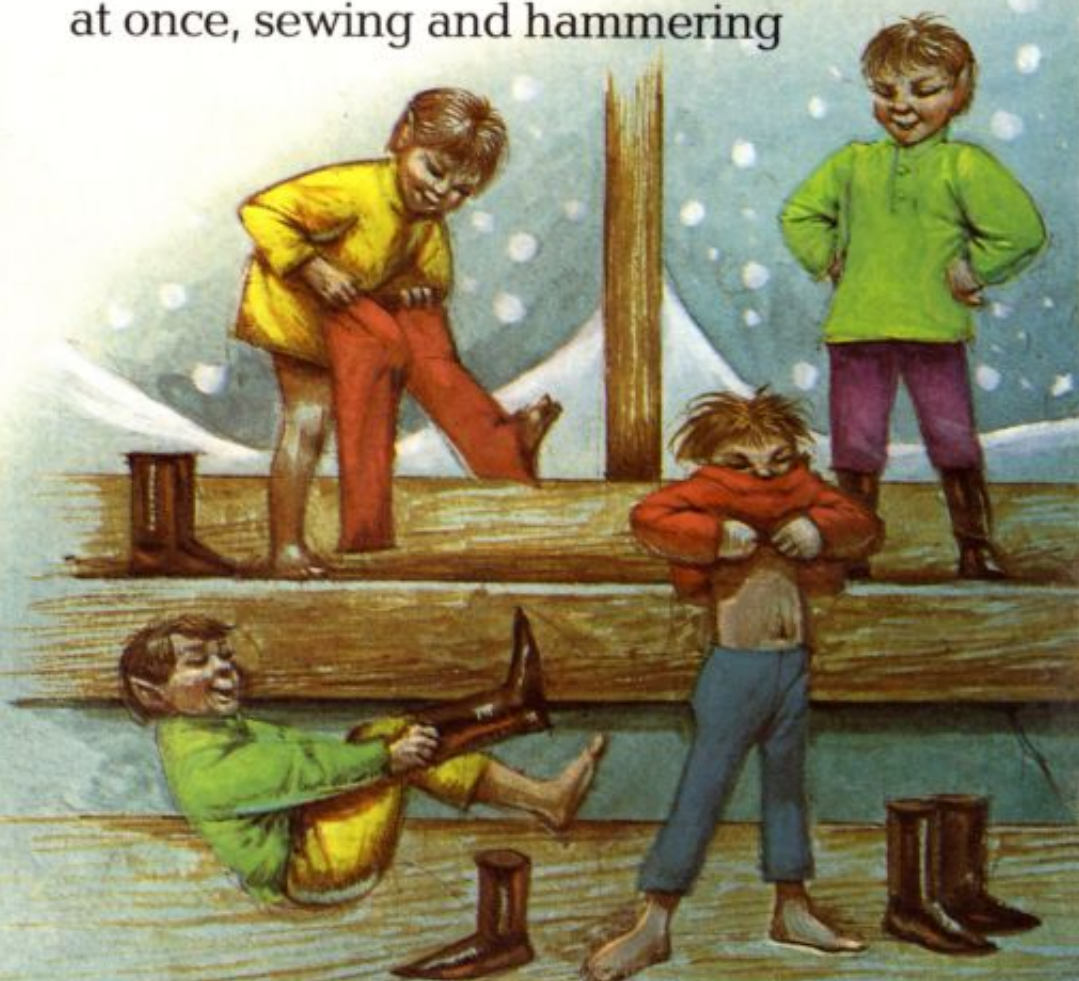
As midnight struck, out from behind the clock crept six naked little elves. They climbed on to the bench and went to work at once, sewing and hammering

In the morning, the shoemaker cleaned his glasses and threaded his needle and looked around for the pieces of leather. But something *amazing* had happened. A finished pair of shoes stood in the centre of the bench, perfect to the last shiny buckle. Someone had made the shoes for him, overnight.

"Just look at the workmanship!" he exclaimed, showing them to his wife. "And look at the beautiful tiny stitches! Who could have made them?"

The shoes were so well made that they sold for twice the usual price. So the old shoemaker was able to buy a new strip of leather and cut out *two* pairs of shoes during the day. At night he left the cut-out shapes on his workbench and went to bed a much more cheerful man.

In the morning, the two pairs of shoes were completely finished, right



and lacing and polishing. Every now and then they stopped to blow into their cold hands or stamp their cold feet or hug themselves against the chilly night air. They were shivering blue from head to foot.

"Poor little mites," said the shoemaker's wife. "All that work for us and they haven't got a shirt or even a pair of boots."

"Well, after all they've done for us, we ought to give them a thank-you present," said the shoemaker.

The next day his wife was soon busy cutting out little shirts and trousers from some bright warm cloth. The shoemaker took out his finest needle and softest leather and made a handsome pair of boots for each elf.

On Christmas night, they left their presents on the workbench and hid as they had done before. It was bitterly cold. When the six little elves appeared, they were shuddering and shivering, and their breath turned white in the frosty air.

They were confused at first, when they could find no boot leather to sew. But when they saw the clothes and realised that they were for them, they put them on and danced about, laughing and clapping their hands inside their new woolly mittens.

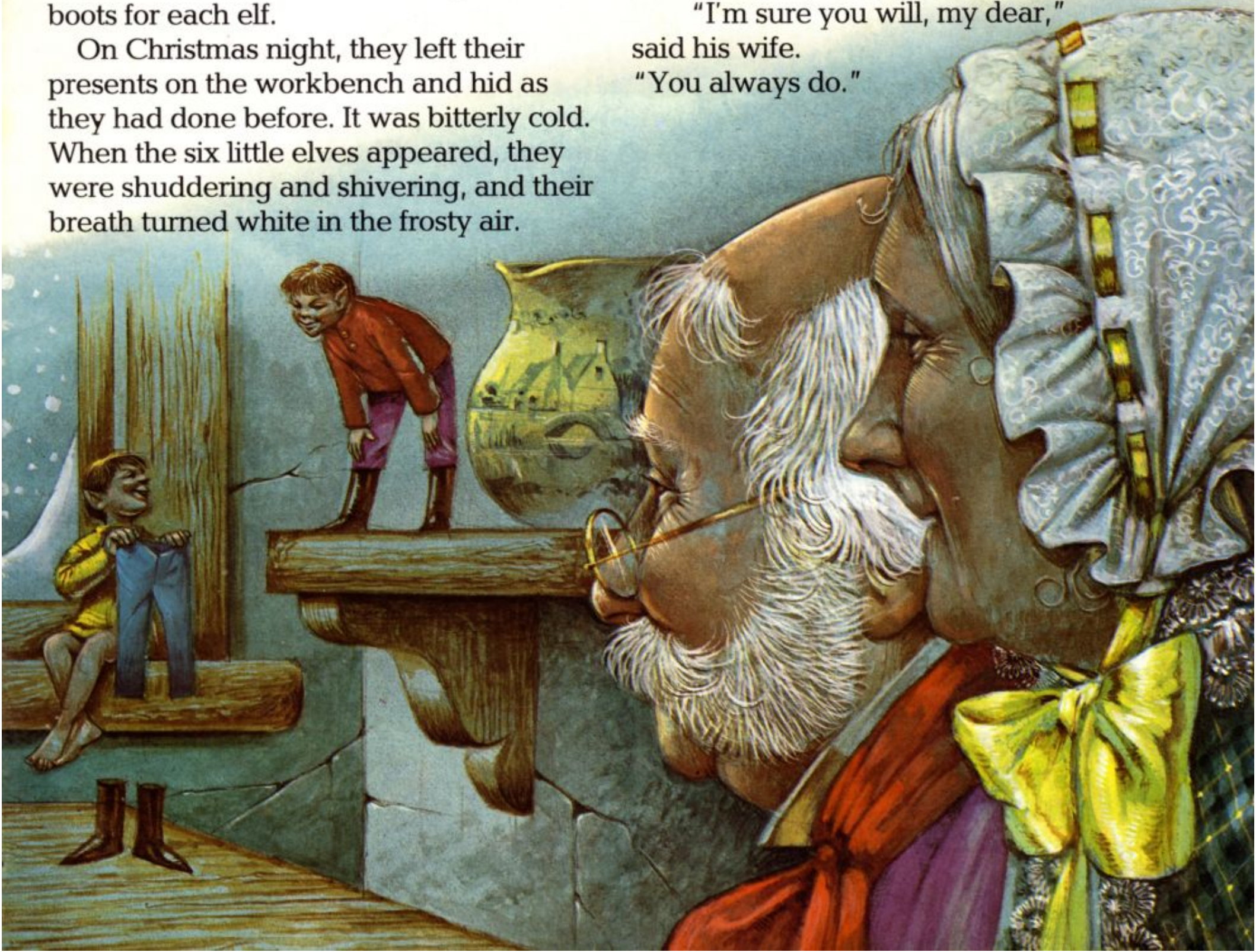
"No more cobbling for us! We're smart fellows now!" And they all sang as they danced out of the shop and down the street.

"So! No more help from the elves," said the shoemaker's wife, laughing. "How will you manage now that so many people come to you for their shoes and boots?"

The shoemaker smiled. "I'll just have to do my best," he said.

"I'm sure you will, my dear," said his wife.

"You always do."





A long time ago, when people and animals still spoke the same language and Tiger's fur was glossy yellow all over, Water Buffalo was going home after his evening bath in the river. He was humming a little song, his nose high up in the air—at that time he still had a straight nose and upper lip. But with his nose pointing skyward, he did not notice Tiger following him until he heard a purred "Good evening" right at his side.

Buffalo would gladly have run away, but he did not want to look like a coward. So he just continued on his way, with Tiger chatting beside him.

"One doesn't see you much in the forest any more," said Tiger. "Is it because you're still working with Man?"

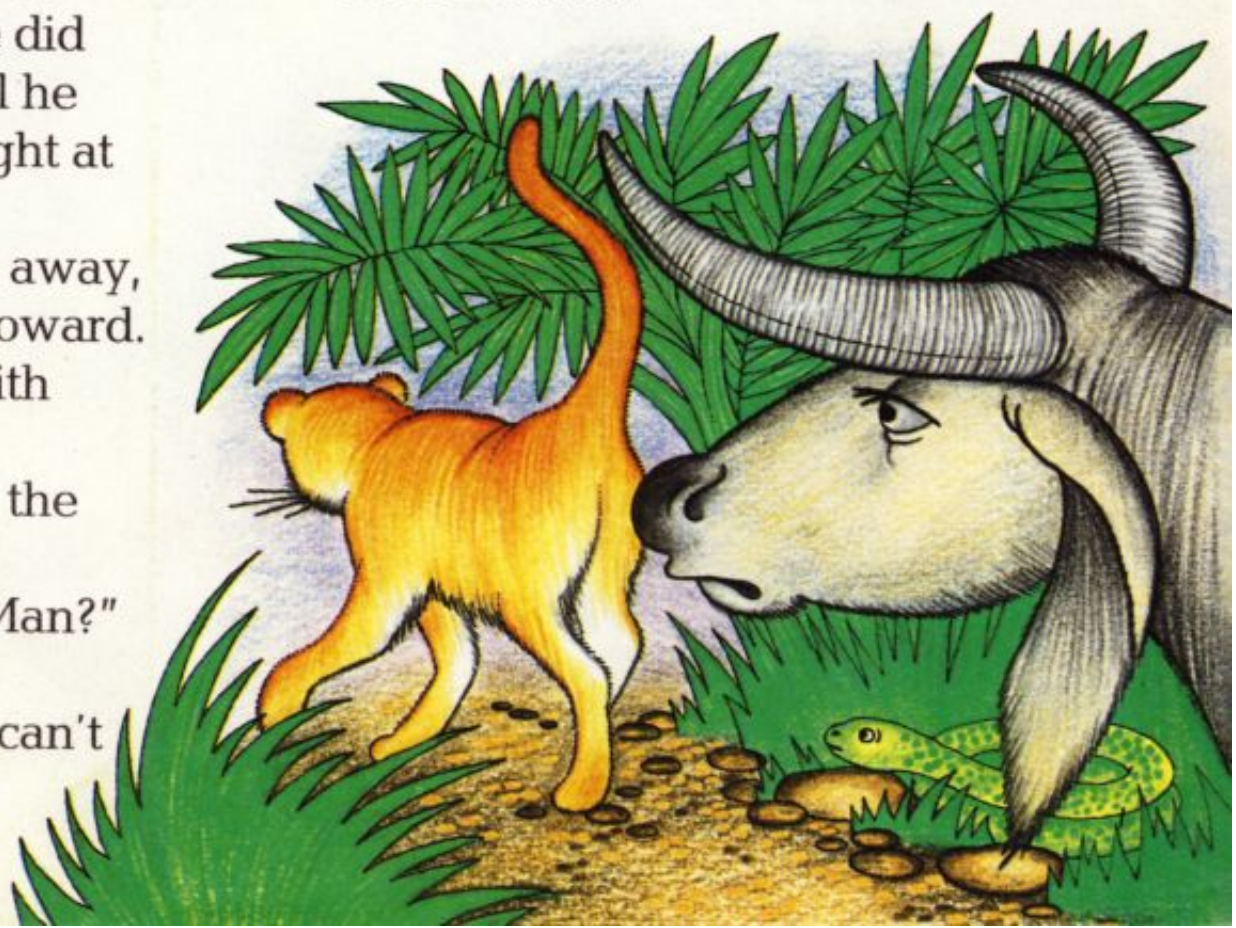
Buffalo nodded.

"Well! Isn't that strange! I just can't

understand it. Why, Man has no claws, no poison, no special strength, and he's so tiny. How can you accept him as your master?"

"I don't quite understand it myself," said Buffalo. "I suppose it's because of his intelligence."

"In-telli-what?"



"Intelligence," explained Buffalo grandly, happy to know more than Tiger, "is something special Man has, that helps him rule over me, and over Horse and Dog and Pig and Duck too."

"That's interesting—very, very interesting. If I had some of that intelli-what-you-call-it, life would be much more agreeable. I'd be obeyed without all that running and pouncing I must put up with now. I'd just lie in the grass and choose the fattest beasts for my dinner. Do you think Man would *sell* me some of his in-tell-igence?"

"I-I don't know," mumbled Buffalo.

"I'll ask him tomorrow. I don't suppose he'll dare say no to me!" growled Tiger, and he disappeared into the dusk.

Buffalo trudged home, a little scared and wondering whether he had not talked too much. But after dinner he felt better. Tiger never comes to the paddy fields, he thought before falling asleep.

But the next morning, when he arrived at the field with his master, Buffalo saw that he had misjudged Tiger, who was already there, waiting. And he had even prepared a speech for the occasion.

"Don't be afraid, Little Master Man," said the Tiger pleasantly. "I'm here with the most peaceful intentions. I have heard you possess something called in-tell-igence, and I would like to buy it. So please sell it quickly, for I'm in a hurry. I haven't had my breakfast yet, you see!"

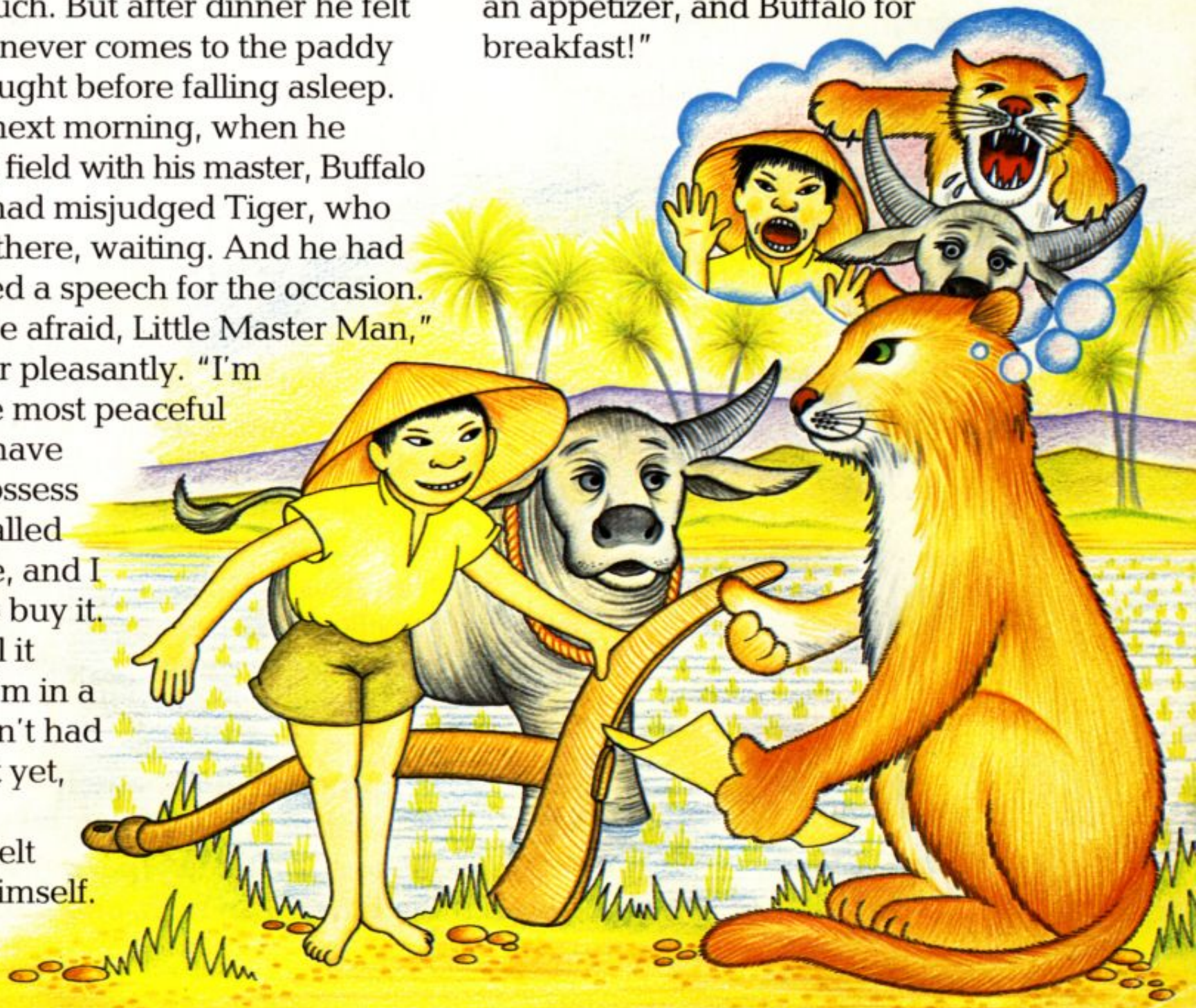
Buffalo felt angry with himself.

But then he heard the peasant say: "What a great honour—Master Tiger visiting my humble field and giving little me the opportunity to serve such a fine big beast!" And he bowed as if he were standing before the Emperor.

Tiger was very flattered and answered, "Please don't make any ceremony for a simple creature like me. I just came to buy—"

"To buy?" interrupted the peasant. "Oh, no! I insist on giving it to you, as a token of your memorable visit, which so honours me."

"That's very nice of you. I never thought Man had such good manners," purred Tiger. But he was thinking, "What a fine morning! First I'm greeted like a king, then I get in-tell-igence at no cost at all, and then I eat the peasant as an appetizer, and Buffalo for breakfast!"





This thought made his eyes glitter like two green stars as he said, "You'll give it to me right now, won't you?"

"I gladly would, but I always leave it at home when I go to the fields," answered the peasant, who had noticed the hungry gleam in the tiger's eyes. "You see, it's too precious to risk losing,

and anyway I don't need it out here. But I'll run home and fetch it for you."

He took a few steps and then hurried back again. "Did you just say you hadn't had breakfast yet?"

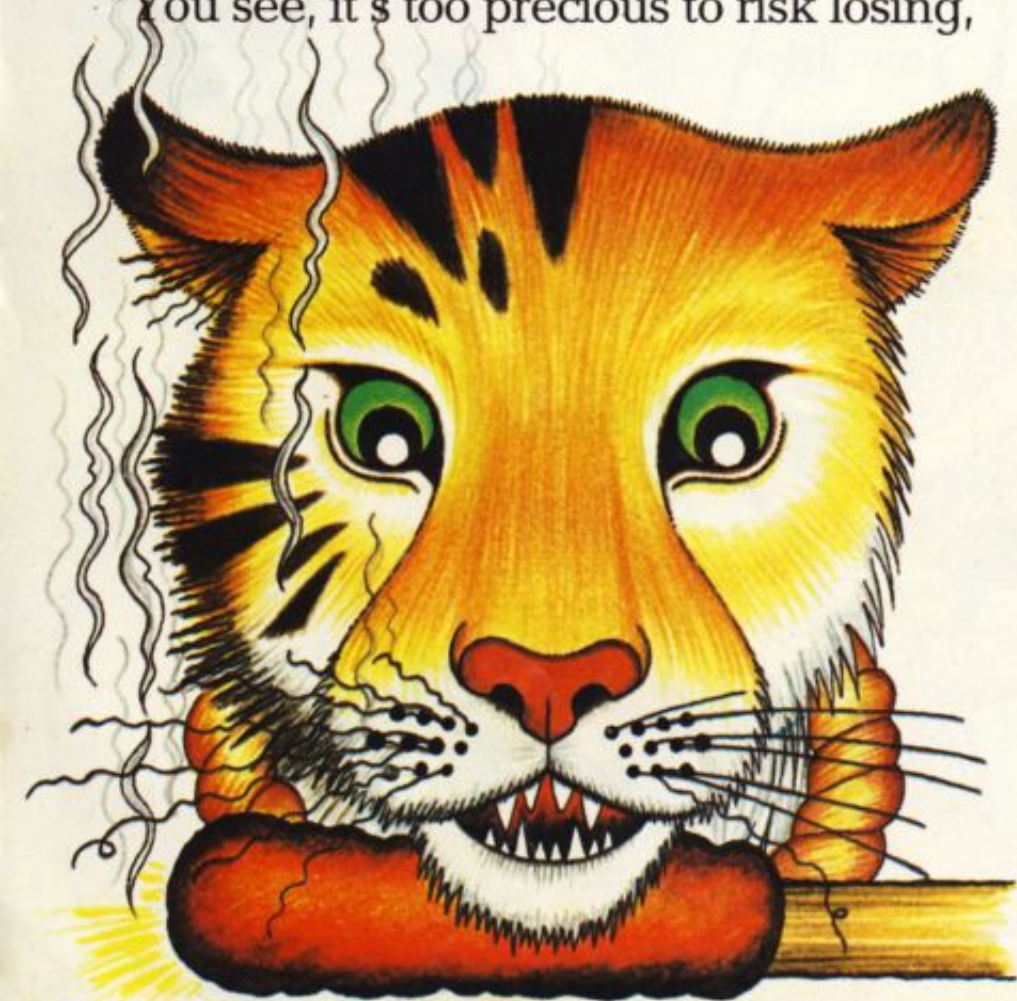
"Yes," said Tiger. "Why do you ask?"

"Because in that case I can't leave Buffalo here. You might eat him."

"I promise I won't. Please, hurry up!"

"I don't doubt your promise, but if you forgot and ate Buffalo, who would help me with my work? On the other hand, he's so slow, it will take hours to go home and return, and I wouldn't like to keep Your Highness waiting. Of course, if Your Excellency let me tie you to the tree over there, I could safely leave Buffalo here."

Tiger agreed. "I'll eat them a little later on, that's all," he thought while the peasant tied him securely to the tree. And his mouth watered as he imagined the taste of the big grazing Buffalo, the tiny brown man, and the unknown



thing called in-tell-igence.

After a while the peasant returned.

"Did you bring it?" asked the impatient tiger.

"Of course," answered the peasant, showing him a shining thing on a pole.

"Then give it to me, quickly!" ordered Tiger.

The peasant obeyed. He passed the bright, flaming torch under the tiger's whiskers, and they started to burn. He passed it on to his ears, his back, his tail, and everywhere it touched was singed.



"It burns, it burns!" yelled Tiger.

"It's intelligence," said the peasant wryly. "Come Buffalo, let's go!"

But Buffalo could not go. He was heaving, bursting with laughter. Fancy Master Tiger, the terror of the jungle, letting himself be tied up to a tree and



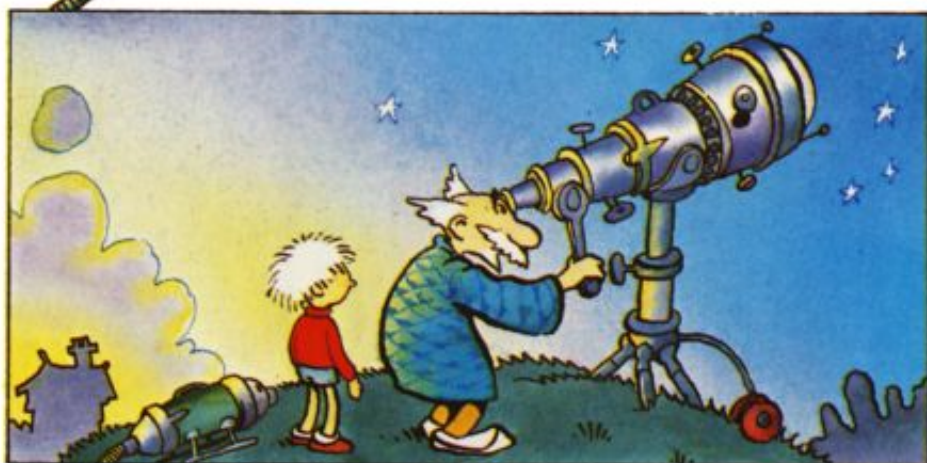
singed by a torch. It was just too funny! Buffalo rolled in the grass, unable to stop his laughter, until his mouth struck a tree stump, splitting his upper lip and hurting his nose. And you can see the result to this day.

And Tiger? Well, he howled and kicked, and after some time the flames burned through the rope so that he could get away. But the burning rope had so badly singed his yellow fur that, wash as he would, he could not get rid of the black stripes it had left as he struggled to get free. And that explains how Tiger got his stripes.

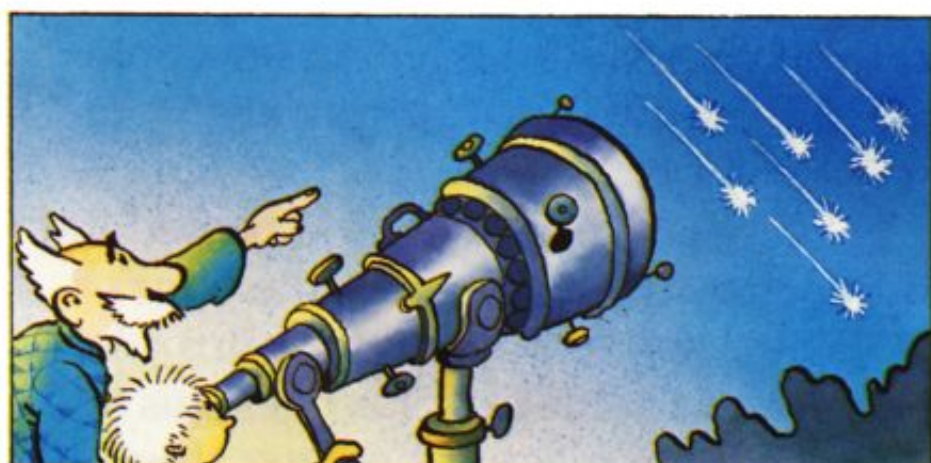


ALDO

in Arcadia



One fine evening Aldo and Uncle Emo were looking at stars through a telescope.



"Look, Aldo! There are some falling stars. Can you see them?"



"They've all landed in the wood. Come on, let's go and look."



"Just a minute. There's something else."
"It looks like a rocket!"



"It's a rocket-powered plane, and it's out of control! Quick, get down, Aldo!"



"The pilot's been thrown out on to the ground. Are you all right?"



"I-I think so. Have you seen seven stars?"
 "Yes, they just landed in the wood."



"Could you help find them, do you think?"
 "Certainly. Come on. Come on, Aldo."



"You too, vacuum. You may be able to help." "Good old vacuum!"



"Look at all these holes. The stars must have landed right here."



"I can see one!"
 "And there's another, and another . . ."

"And another. I think we've found all seven."
 "Are you all right, stars? What happened?"



"We all fell down. But how are we going to get back again?"



"I don't know. My plane crashed when I came to look for you."



"I know, I'll take you back on my flying vacuum cleaner. It'll be easy. Climb on!"



"Where do you live?"
"On the moon, of course."



"I never thought I'd help to hang the stars back up in the sky."



"Look, Aldo! There's your friend."
"It's the man in the moon. Hello!"

THE LAST SLICE OF RAINBOW

Jason walked home from school every day along the side of a steep grassy valley, where harebells grew and sheep nibbled. As he walked, he always whistled. Jason could whistle more tunes than anybody else at school, and he could remember every tune he had ever heard. That was because he had been born in a windmill, just at the moment when the wind changed from south to west. He could see the wind, as it blew—and that is a thing not many people can do.

One day, as Jason walked home along the grassy path, he heard the west wind wailing and sighing. "Oh, woe, woe! Oh, bother and blow! I've forgotten how it goes!"

"What have you forgotten, Wind?" asked Jason, turning to look at the wind. It was all brown and blue and wavery, with splashes of gold.

"My tune! My favourite tune."

"The one that goes like this?" said Jason, and he whistled.

The wind was delighted. "That's it! That's the one! Clever Jason!" And it flipped

about him, teasing but kindly, turning up his collar, ruffling his hair. "I'll give you a present," it sang to the tune Jason had whistled. "What shall it be? A golden lock and a silver key?"

Jason could not think what use *those* things would be, so he said quickly, "Oh, please, what I would like would be a rainbow of my very own to keep." For in the grassy valley, there were often beautiful rainbows to be seen, but they never lasted long enough for Jason.





me back and I'll reward you with a gift."

"Yes," said Jason. "Yes, I'll put you back, and please—may I have a rainbow of my very own, to keep in my pocket?"

"Humph!" said the Genius. "I'll give you a rainbow, but rainbows are not easy to keep. I'll be surprised if you can even carry it home. Still, here you are." And the Genius leapt out of Jason's pail, in a high soaring leap, back into its waterfall, and, as it did so, a rainbow poured out of the spray and into Jason's pail.

"Oh, how beautiful!" And Jason took the rainbow, holding it in his two hands like a scarf, and gazed at its dazzling colours. He rolled it up carefully, and put it in his pocket. Then he started walking home.

"A rainbow of your own? That's a hard one," said the wind. "A very hard one. You must take a pail and walk up over the moor till you come to Peacock Force. Catch a whole pailful of spray. That will take a long time. But when you have the pail full to the brim, you may find something in it that might give you a rainbow."

Luckily the next day was Saturday. Jason took a pail, and his lunch, and walked over the moor to the waterfall that was called Peacock Force—because the water, as it dashed over the cliff, made a cloud of spray in which wonderful peacock colours shone and glimmered.

All day Jason stood by the fall, getting soaked, catching the spray in his pail. At last, just at sunset, he had the whole pail filled up, right to the brim. And now, in the pail, he saw something that swam swiftly round and round—something that glimmered in brilliant rainbow colours.

It was a small fish.

"Who are you?" said Jason.

"I am the Genius of the waterfall. Put



There was a wood on his way, and in a dark place among the trees he heard somebody crying pitifully. He went to see what it was and found a badger in a trap.

"Boy, dear boy," groaned the badger. "Let me out, or men will come with dogs and kill me."

"How can I let you out? I'd be glad to, but the trap needs a key."

"Push in the end of that rainbow I see in

your pocket. You'll be able to wedge open the trap."

Sure enough, when Jason pushed the end of the rainbow between the jaws of the trap, they sprang open, and the badger was able to clamber out. "Thanks, thanks," he gasped, and then he was gone down his hole.



Jason rolled up the rainbow and put it back in his pocket. But a large piece had been torn off by the sharp teeth of the trap, and it blew away.

On the edge of the wood was a little house where old Mrs Scagell lived. She had a very sour nature. If children's balls bounced into her garden, she baked them in her oven until they turned to coal. And everything she ate was black—burnt toast, black tea, black olives. She called to Jason, "Boy, will you give me a bit of that rainbow I see sticking out of your pocket? I'm very ill. The doctor says I need a rainbow pudding to make me better."

Jason did not much want to give Mrs Scagell a bit of his rainbow, but she did look ill. So, rather slowly, he went into her kitchen, where she cut off a large bit of the rainbow with a breadknife. Then she made a stiff batter with hot milk and flour, stirred in the piece of rainbow, and cooked it.



She let it get cold and cut it into slices and ate them with butter and sugar. Jason had a small slice too. It was delicious.

"That's the best thing I've eaten for a year," said Mrs Scagell. "I'm tired of black bread. I can feel this pudding doing me good."

She did look better. Her cheeks were pink and she almost smiled. As for Jason, after he had eaten his small slice of pudding he grew three inches. "You'd better not have any more," said Mrs Scagell.

Jason put the last piece of rainbow in his pocket.

There was not a lot left now.

As he drew near the windmill where he lived, his sister Tilly ran out to meet him. She tripped over a rock and fell, gashing her leg. Blood poured out of it, and Tilly, who was only four, began to wail. "Oh, my leg! It hurts dreadfully! Oh Jason, please bandage it, please!"

Well, what could he do? Jason pulled the rest of the rainbow from his pocket and wrapped it round Tilly's leg. There was just enough. He tore off a tiny scrap, which he kept in his hand.

Tilly was in rapture with the rainbow round her leg. "Oh! How beautiful! And it's stopped the bleeding!" She danced away to show everybody.

Jason was left looking rather glumly at the tiny shred of rainbow between his thumb and finger. He heard a whisper in his ear and turned to see the west wind frolicking, all yellow and brown and rose-coloured.

"Well?" said the west wind. "The Genius of the waterfall did warn you that rainbows are hard to keep! And even without a rainbow, you are a very lucky boy. You can hear my song, and you have grown three inches in one day."

"That's true," said Jason.

"Hold out your hand," said the wind. Jason held out his hand, with the piece of rainbow in it, and the wind blew as you blow on a fire to make it burn bright. As it blew, the piece of rainbow grew and grew, until it lifted up, arching into the topmost corner of the sky. Not just a single rainbow, but a double one, with a second rainbow underneath that, the biggest and most brilliant that Jason had ever beheld. Many birds were so astonished at the sight that they stopped flying and fell, or collided with each other in mid-air.

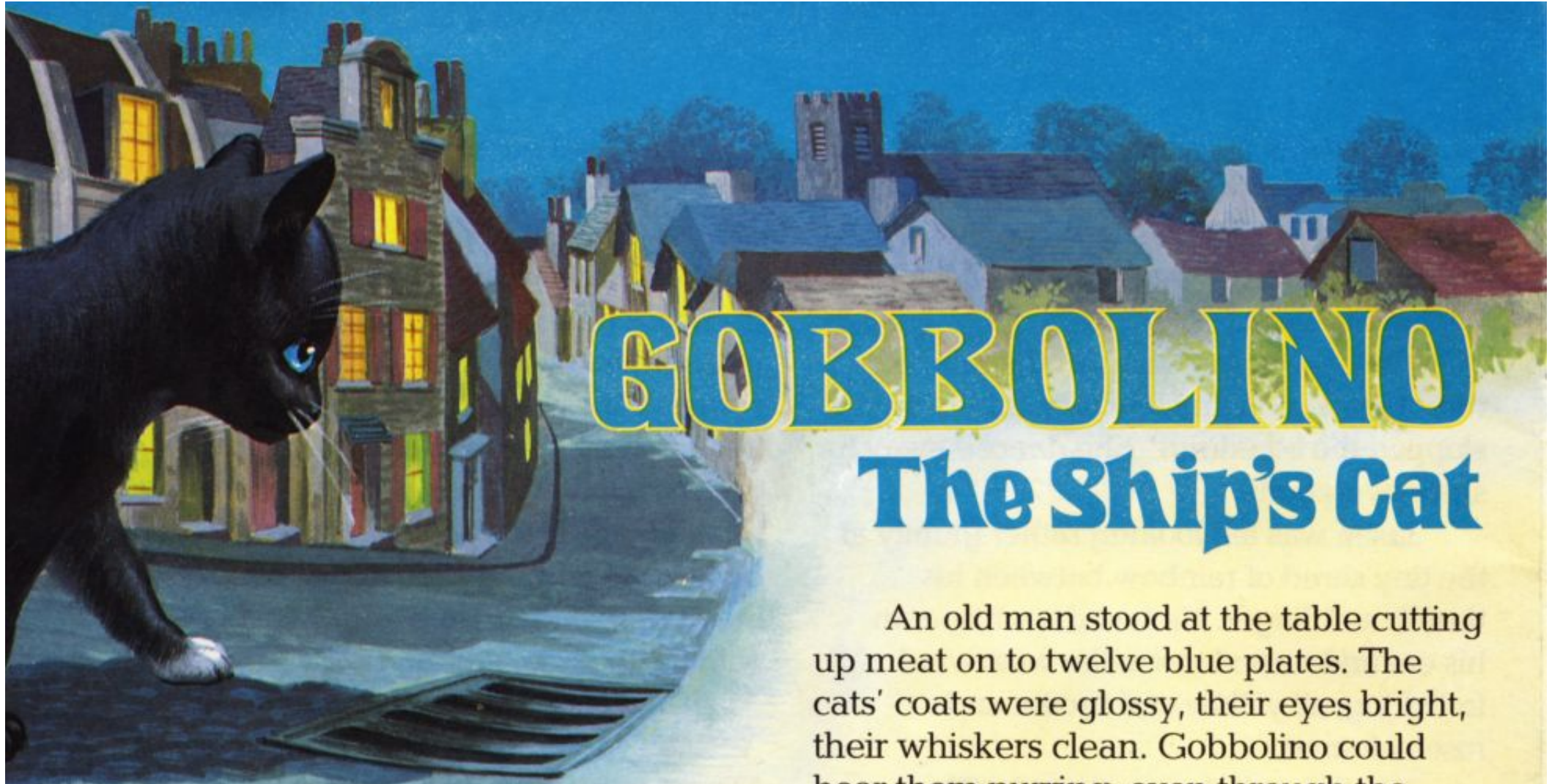
Then the rainbow melted and was gone.

"Never mind!" said the west wind.

"There will be another rainbow tomorrow. And if not tomorrow, next week."

"And I did have it in my pocket," said Jason. And he went inside for his tea.





GOBBOLINO

The Ship's Cat

An old man stood at the table cutting up meat on to twelve blue plates. The cats' coats were glossy, their eyes bright, their whiskers clean. Gobbolino could hear them purring, even through the window. "They look very content and cared for," he thought. "But nobody who has so many cats can possibly want another."

The next minute the door opened wide and a voice called: "Pussy! Pussy! Pretty pussy! Come here!"

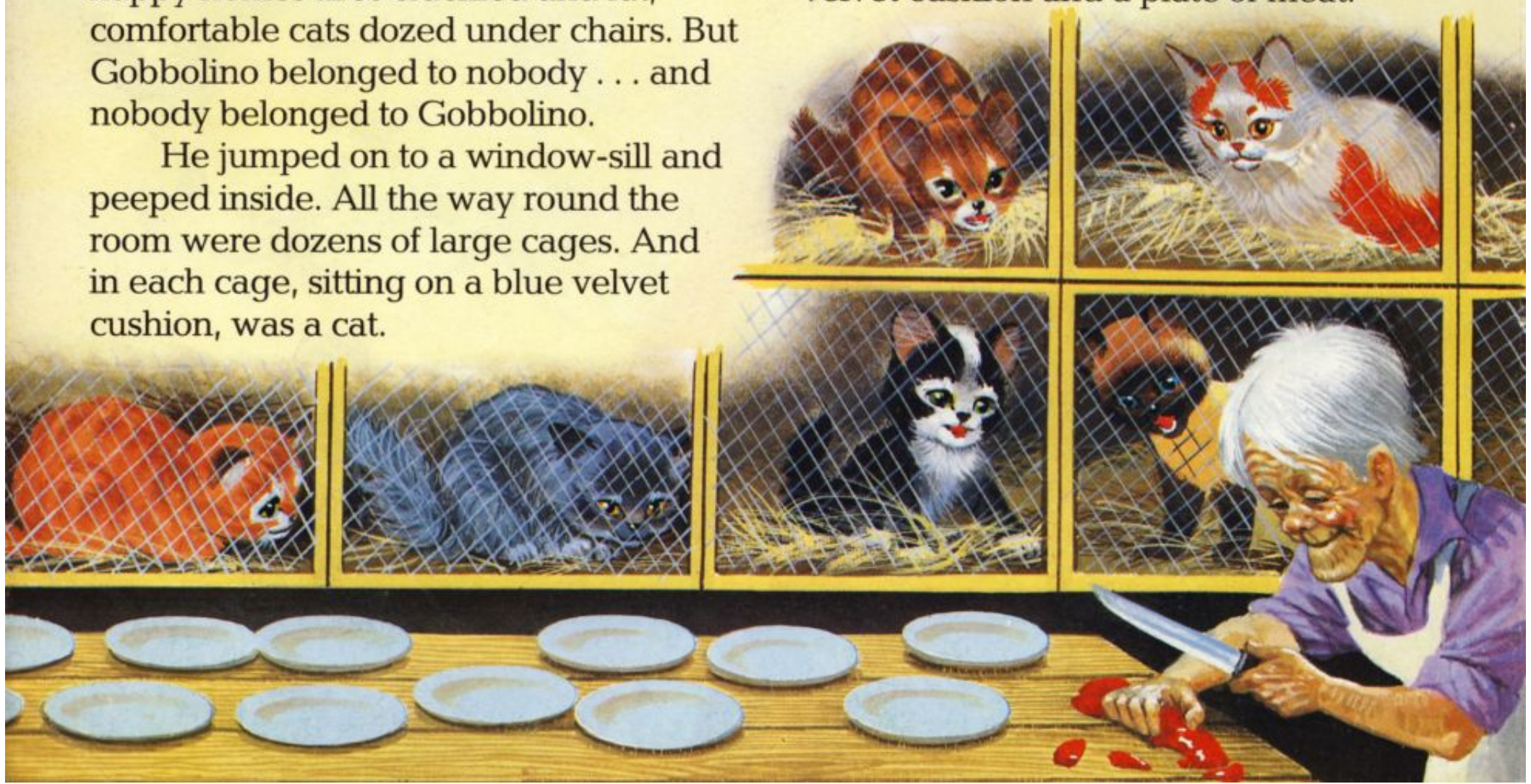
"Oh! He really is calling *me*!"

The old man picked up Gobbolino and put him into an empty cage with a velvet cushion and a plate of meat.

Trotting along the dusty road little Gobbolino wondered what adventures awaited him. He had been born a witch's cat. Only yesterday he had been happy to be a kitchen cat. Now he had to find some other kind of life.

By evening he came to a busy town. The lights in the windows winked at him like yellow, friendly eyes. In a hundred happy homes fires crackled and fat, comfortable cats dozed under chairs. But Gobbolino belonged to nobody . . . and nobody belonged to Gobbolino.

He jumped on to a window-sill and peeped inside. All the way round the room were dozens of large cages. And in each cage, sitting on a blue velvet cushion, was a cat.



After a while Gobbolino spoke to the cat in the next cage. "What are we all doing in cages?"

"Don't you *know*?" she sneered. "You're a show cat *now*."

In the morning the old man brushed and combed his cats one by one. He was a little surprised by the coloured sparks that flew from

Gobbolino's coat, but he did not stop telling him how beautiful he was. "Such fur! Such a tail! Such colouring! And such beautifully blue eyes!" The other cats growled.

"Ha! They're jealous," said the little old man as he tied a red ribbon round Gobbolino's neck.

"What's all the fuss about?" Gobbolino asked the cat next door.

"Don't you know?" she said scornfully. "Tomorrow is the Cat Show and we're all going."

Long before they arrived, Gobbolino could hear the mewing of hundreds and hundreds of show cats—big cats, little cats, black cats, white cats, tabby cats, Persian cats, fat cats, thin cats, handsome cats, ugly cats . . . and all the old man's cats. And Gobbolino the witch's kitten, with his beautifully blue eyes.

The other cats began to whisper. "Who's that odd-looking black cat? He wasn't here last year."

"No, he's new. To tell you the truth . . ." Though Gobbolino could not



hear what she said, a kind of hiss went round the cages, "Gobbolino! Gobbolino! Gobbolino!"

The judges went past, looking at the cats. After a while they brought coloured cards and pinned them onto the cats.

The one next door to Gobbolino had a red card with "FIRST PRIZE" written on it. The cat

opposite had a blue one. The old man trotted among the cages stroking his prize-winners and promising them all kinds of good things for supper.

Then the chief judge stood up to name "the best cat in the show".

It was Gobbolino!

For a moment there was a silence, then a hissing, then a spitting, then a yowling. The angry cats yowled on and on, till one great roar arose from every cage:

"Gobbolino is a witch's cat!" Round and round the cages ran the angry murmur:

Gobbolino is a witch's cat!

At the sound of the hissing and the spitting the judges turned pale.

"Why, oh why was I born a witch's cat?" said Gobbolino, cowering in his cage. "I don't want to win prizes! I only want a home. What's going to happen to me now?"





The old man was told to leave at once and take his cats with him. Outside, he opened the door of Gobbolino's cage and dropped him into the road.

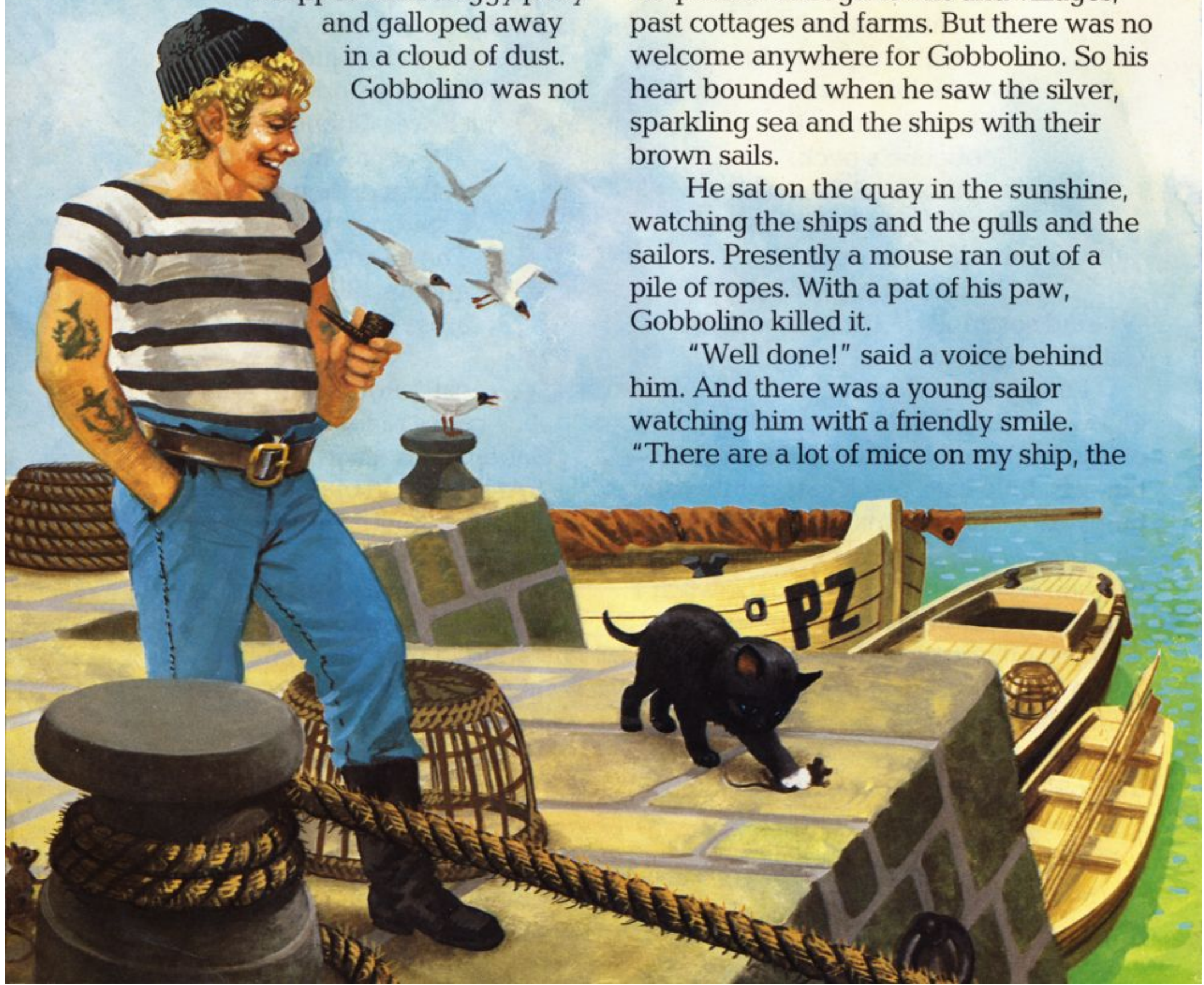
"Miserable creature! Be off with you. I don't ever want to see your face again!" He put all the other cats on to his cart, whipped the scraggy pony and galloped away in a cloud of dust. Gobbolino was not

sorry to see them go. He had not really enjoyed being a show cat and living in a cage had become very boring. "I'm sure there's a home somewhere where I'll be welcome," he thought.

Leaving the town far behind him, Gobbolino trotted south towards the sea. He passed through towns and villages, past cottages and farms. But there was no welcome anywhere for Gobbolino. So his heart bounded when he saw the silver, sparkling sea and the ships with their brown sails.

He sat on the quay in the sunshine, watching the ships and the gulls and the sailors. Presently a mouse ran out of a pile of ropes. With a pat of his paw, Gobbolino killed it.

"Well done!" said a voice behind him. And there was a young sailor watching him with a friendly smile. "There are a lot of mice on my ship, the



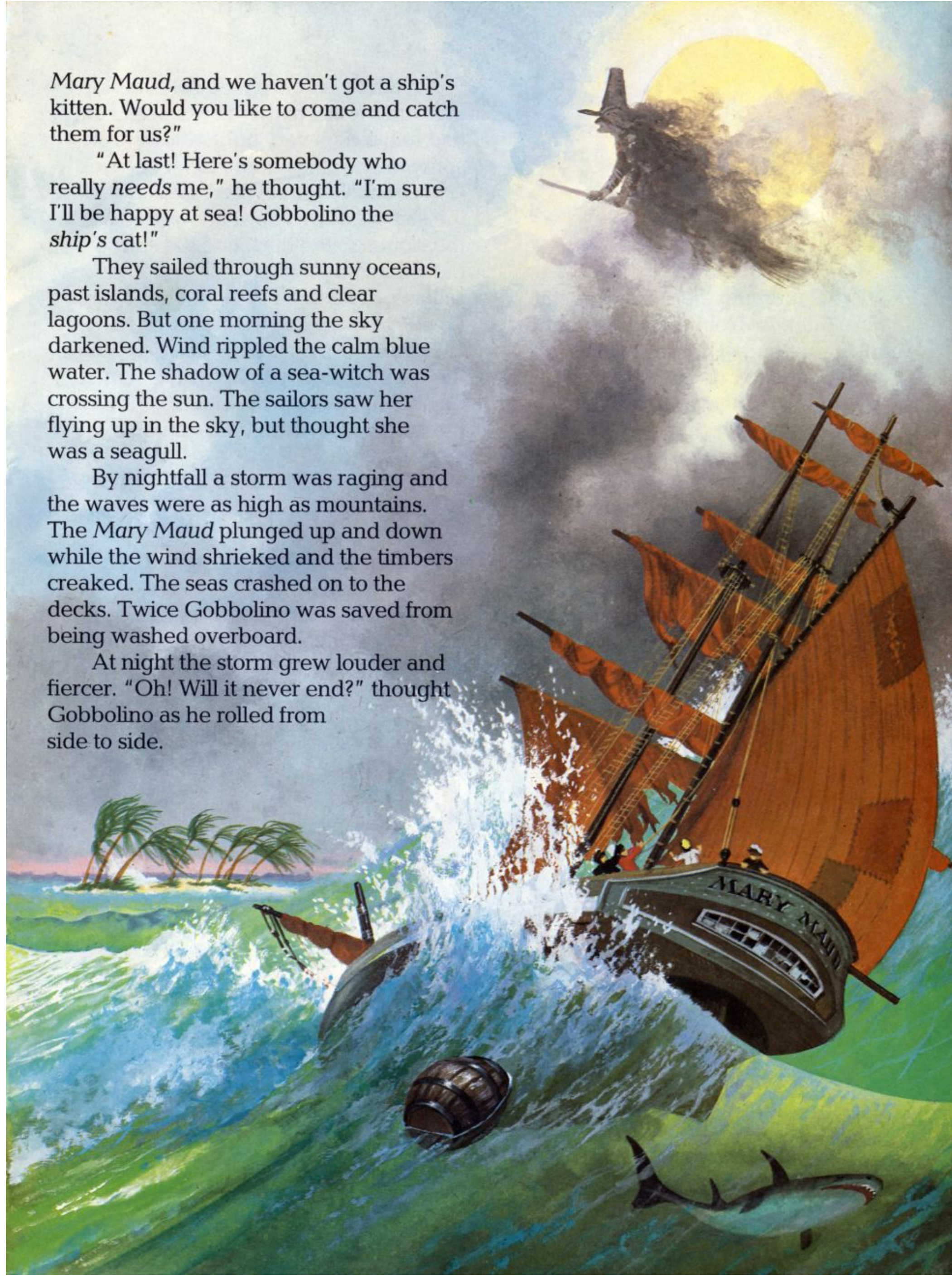
Mary Maud, and we haven't got a ship's kitten. Would you like to come and catch them for us?"

"At last! Here's somebody who really *needs* me," he thought. "I'm sure I'll be happy at sea! Gobbolino the ship's cat!"

They sailed through sunny oceans, past islands, coral reefs and clear lagoons. But one morning the sky darkened. Wind rippled the calm blue water. The shadow of a sea-witch was crossing the sun. The sailors saw her flying up in the sky, but thought she was a seagull.

By nightfall a storm was raging and the waves were as high as mountains. The *Mary Maud* plunged up and down while the wind shrieked and the timbers creaked. The seas crashed on to the decks. Twice Gobbolino was saved from being washed overboard.

At night the storm grew louder and fiercer. "Oh! Will it never end?" thought Gobbolino as he rolled from side to side.





In the morning the storm was still raging. But now Gobbolino heard a new sound—the song of the sea-witch:

*"I'll send her down, the Mary Maud
And every man on her aboard.
For not a sailor here can tell
The way to break a witch's spell!"*

An old memory stirred in Gobbolino. He remembered long, long ago, lying in his witch's cave and hearing the words:

*"There's only one way to break a witch's
spell. You must pounce
on her shadow
and shout
"Fiddlesticks!"*

Nobody saw the little cat climb up the ship's ropes to the crow's-nest. He had to hang on very tight. Showers of spray soaked his fur and filled his eyes.

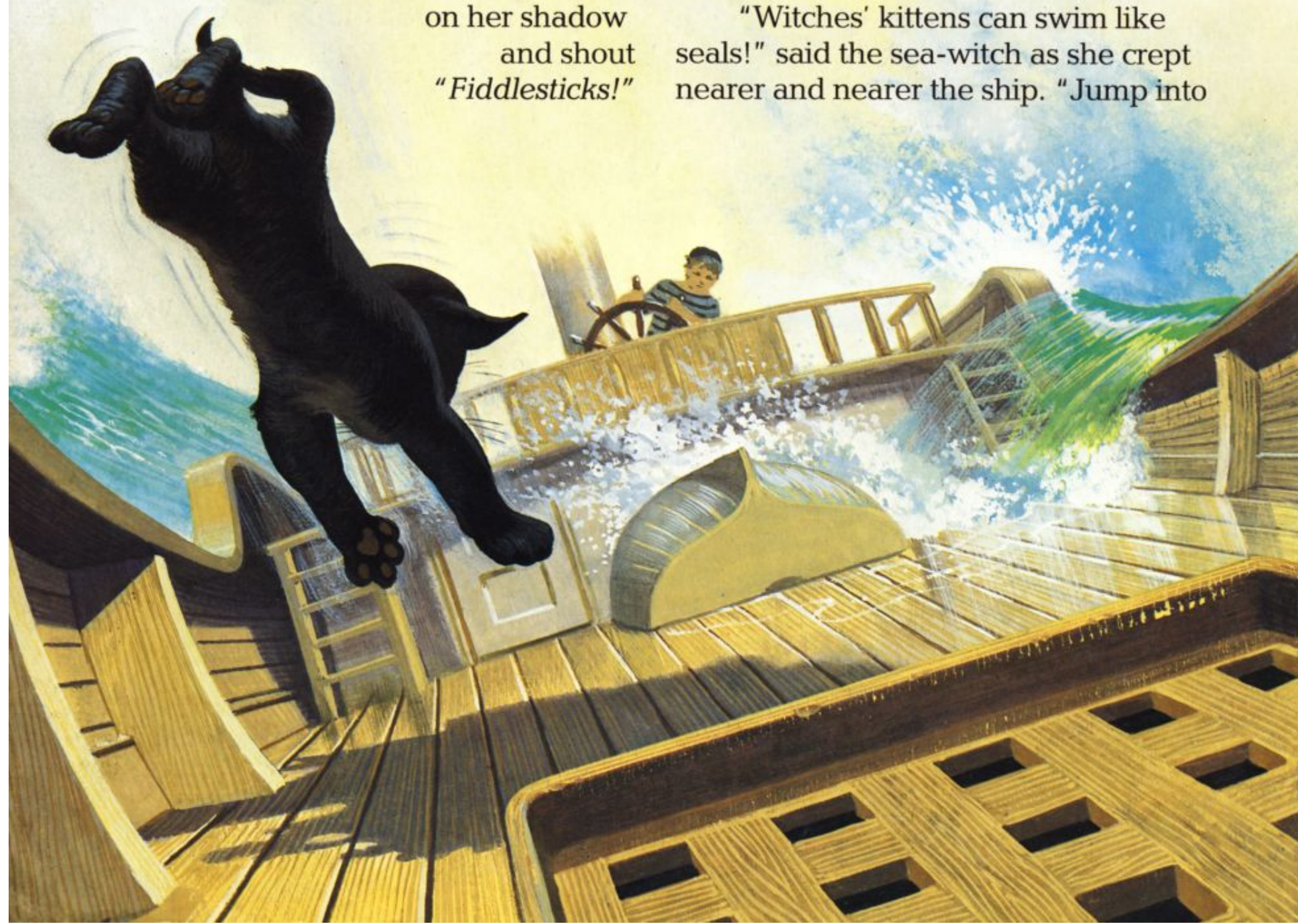
Great clouds covered the sun—so the sea-witch cast no shadow! Suddenly, the clouds rolled back and the sun moved into a patch of blue sky. The sailors caught sight of Gobbolino high up above them and heard his voice.

"Mistress! Oh, mistress!" he cried above the storm. "Don't you know me? I'm Gobbolino, the witch's kitten. Don't leave me here to drown on this miserable ship!"

The sea-witch heard him. "Is it true? What are you doing on board the *Mary Maud*?"

"The sailors took me aboard. I couldn't escape!"

"Witches' kittens can swim like seals!" said the sea-witch as she crept nearer and nearer the ship. "Jump into



the sea and swim. When the ship has gone down, I'll pick you up on my broomstick and take you home again."

"It's so far and so deep!" sobbed Gobbolino. "I'm afraid! Oh! I'm falling!"

"Oh all right, all right," snapped the witch. "Be ready to jump on to my broomstick as I pass."

Just as the sunlight began to fade, the sea-witch swooped past. Her shadow fell for one moment on the deck.

Gobbolino sprang—not on to her broomstick—but right on to her shadow, shouting loudly *Fiddlesticks!* as he landed.

With a shriek of rage, the sea-witch disappeared. "Traitor! Traitor!" she cried, as the wind swallowed her up. Suddenly a dead calm fell on the sea. The *Mary Maud* was safe.

But the sailors did not understand. They whispered together about Gobbolino.

"It wasn't a seagull. It was a witch!"

"He was talking to her! I heard him!"

"He said he was a witch's kitten."

"No wonder she followed the ship!"

So they stared at Gobbolino, and none of them wanted to pick him up or stroke him any more.

The cat sat on the deck, lonely and sad. At midday, the captain came to talk to him.

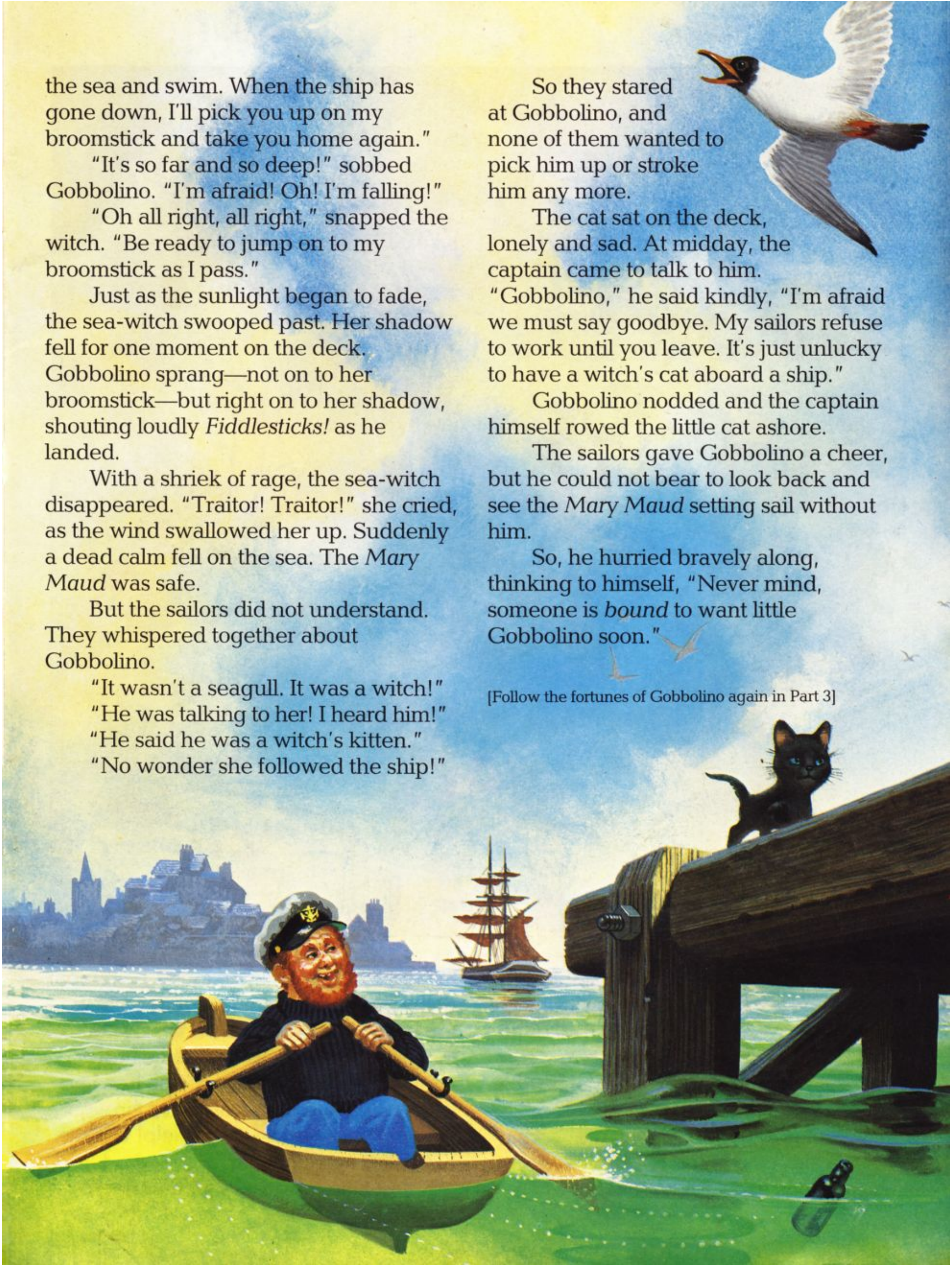
"Gobbolino," he said kindly, "I'm afraid we must say goodbye. My sailors refuse to work until you leave. It's just unlucky to have a witch's cat aboard a ship."

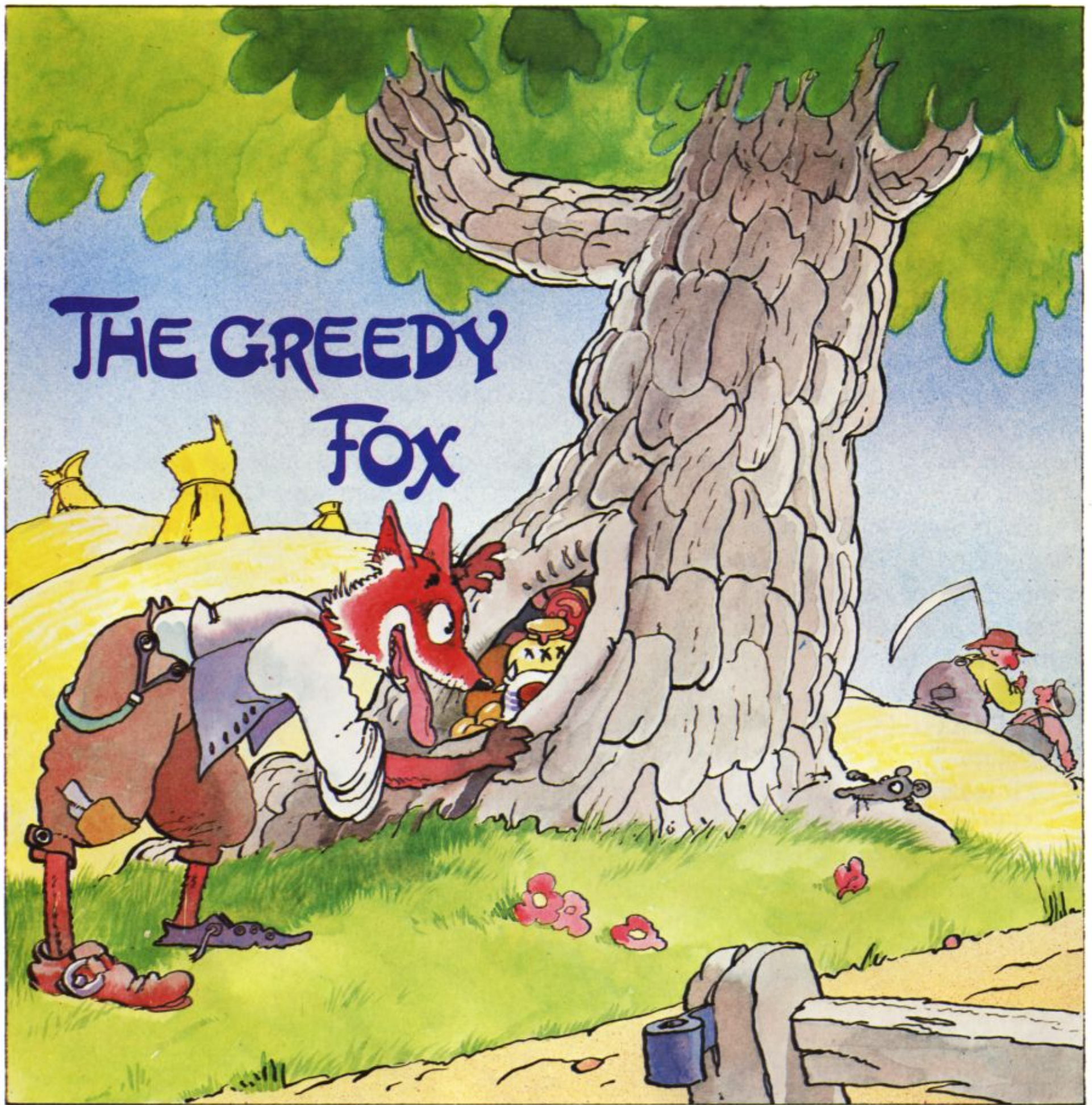
Gobbolino nodded and the captain himself rowed the little cat ashore.

The sailors gave Gobbolino a cheer, but he could not bear to look back and see the *Mary Maud* setting sail without him.

So, he hurried bravely along, thinking to himself, "Never mind, someone is *bound* to want little Gobbolino soon."

[Follow the fortunes of Gobbolino again in Part 3]





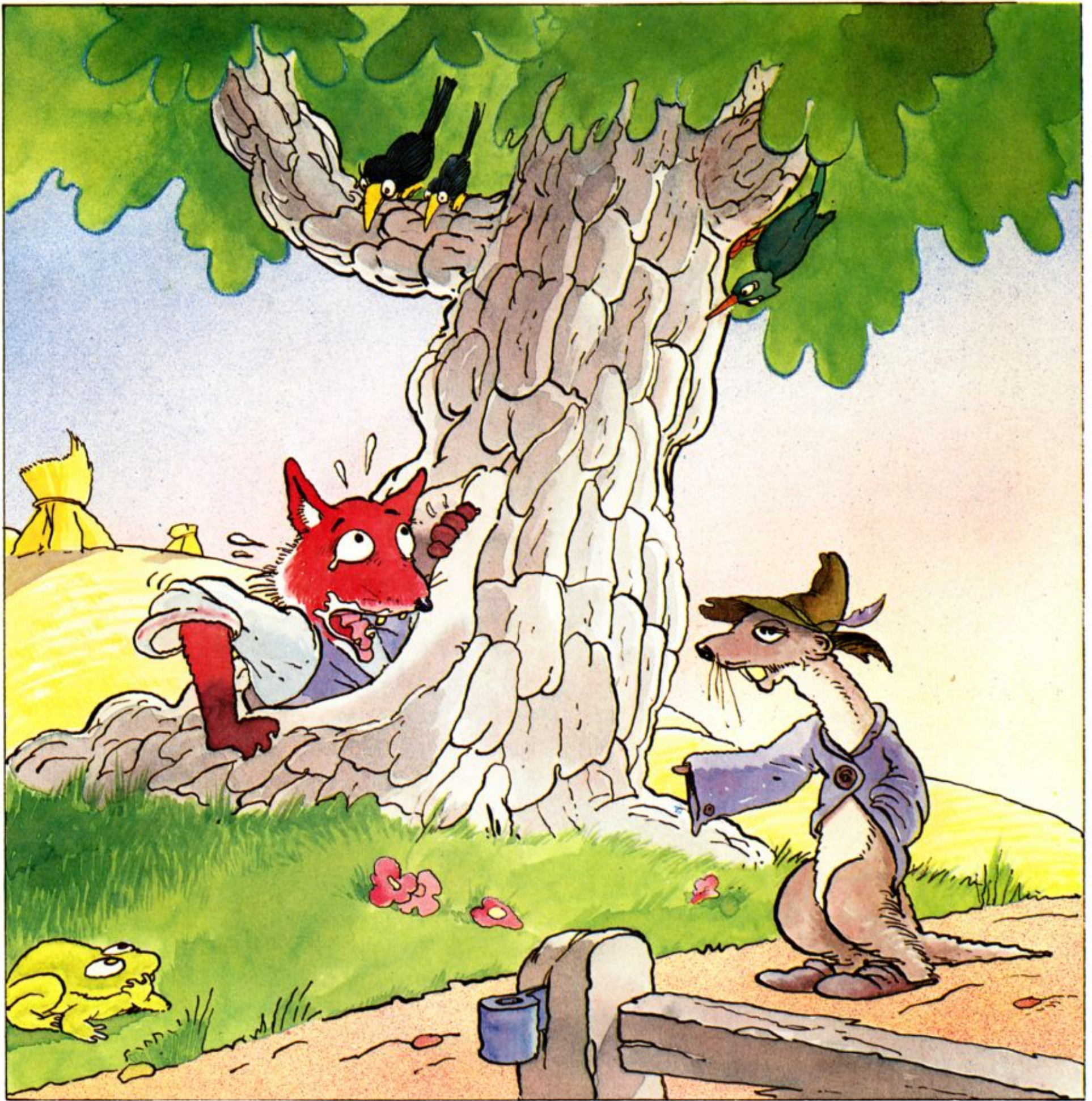
THE GREEDY Fox

One fine day a fox found a store of food left by some farmers inside a hollow tree. Making himself as small as he could, he squeezed through the narrow gap, so that the other animals would not be able to see him gobbling up the lovely food.

The fox ate, and ate, and ate . . . and then he ate some more. He had never eaten so much food in his life! But when

he had finished it all and tried to climb out of the tree he just could not move. He was too big to get through the hole! Of course, the greedy fox did not realise he had eaten too much—he thought the tree had got smaller! He poked his head through the gap and yelled, "Help! Help! Get me out of this horrible hole."

Just then a weasel shuffled past the



tree. "Hey, weasel, help me out! This tree is shrinking. It's crushing me to death!"

"Oh, I don't think so," laughed the little weasel. "The tree looks about the same size as when I came past this morning. Perhaps you've got bigger."

"Stop talking nonsense and get me out!" shouted the fox. "I'm dying I tell you."

"Well, it serves you right for eating

too much. The trouble with you is that your eyes are bigger than your stomach. You'll just have to stay there until you get thinner . . . *then* you can clamber out. And perhaps next time you won't be so greedy."

So the fox had to stay in his miserable hole for two days and two long nights. But he never ever ate too much food again.



~ ~ SINDBAD ~ ~

And the Valley of Diamonds

My name is Sindbad. You must have heard of *me*. After all, I am the richest and most famous merchant in all Baghdad. But I wasn't always so rich. It took seven great sea voyages to make me the man I am today. Perhaps I'll start by telling you about the most amazing one of all . . .

After sailing to many ports, buying and selling cargoes, my ship came to a wonderful island. Here we found fine fruit trees and streams of crystal water, lovely flowers and pretty singing birds. But there were no people. I decided to explore this beautiful place and set off alone to climb the cliffs. After a while I began to feel weary and

lay down to rest on a grassy bank, where I soon fell fast asleep.

When I awoke, I saw to my horror that the ship had gone. I gazed far out across the water and I could see its sails like a white speck on the horizon. Lonely and afraid, I decided to climb to the top of a nearby hill, hoping to find a town or village on the other side. But there was nothing. Nothing, that is, except a strange white shape nearby which I approached.

It was shaped like a gigantic dome. To walk right round it took fully fifty paces. There was no way in. I touched it gently and its surface was quite smooth.





Suddenly the sky darkened and the wind gusted around me. I looked up and saw a monstrous black bird swooping down towards me. Its mighty wings spread wide as it settled on the great dome. From the very size of the bird I knew that this was the giant Roc, and the dome was the top of its huge egg. I had heard stories of this fantastic beast, of its size and strength, but I had not believed them. Now I lay smothered under its huge belly.

Soon the great bird was asleep. I thought of a plan to help me off the island. I unwound my turban and twisted it into a crude rope. I tied one end round the bird's leg (which was the size of a tree trunk) and

the other round my waist. I lay awake all night. Nothing stirred. But at first light the colossal creature lurched into the air with a deafening screech, carrying me with it.

Up and up she soared, almost to the sky, with me clinging on tight. At last she started to come down, fast at first but then drifting gently to the bottom of a deep valley. I had just untied myself from the bird when she took off again—this time clutching a wriggling black serpent in her beak.

The dusty valley was closed in by steep hills on all sides, and I had no hope of climbing them. I had been better off on the island, where at least there was fruit and water to keep me alive.



Then I noticed that the whole valley was bathed in a soft, glowing light. It was the light of the dawn reflected in a million diamonds which lay all over the ground. Everywhere I could see gems so large that they made me gasp. Never before, even in the finest houses of Baghdad, had I seen such riches. But all around these precious stones crawled deadly snakes, some so large they could have swallowed me whole. I realised then that I, Sindbad, had come to the famous Valley of Diamonds, which no man had ever left alive.

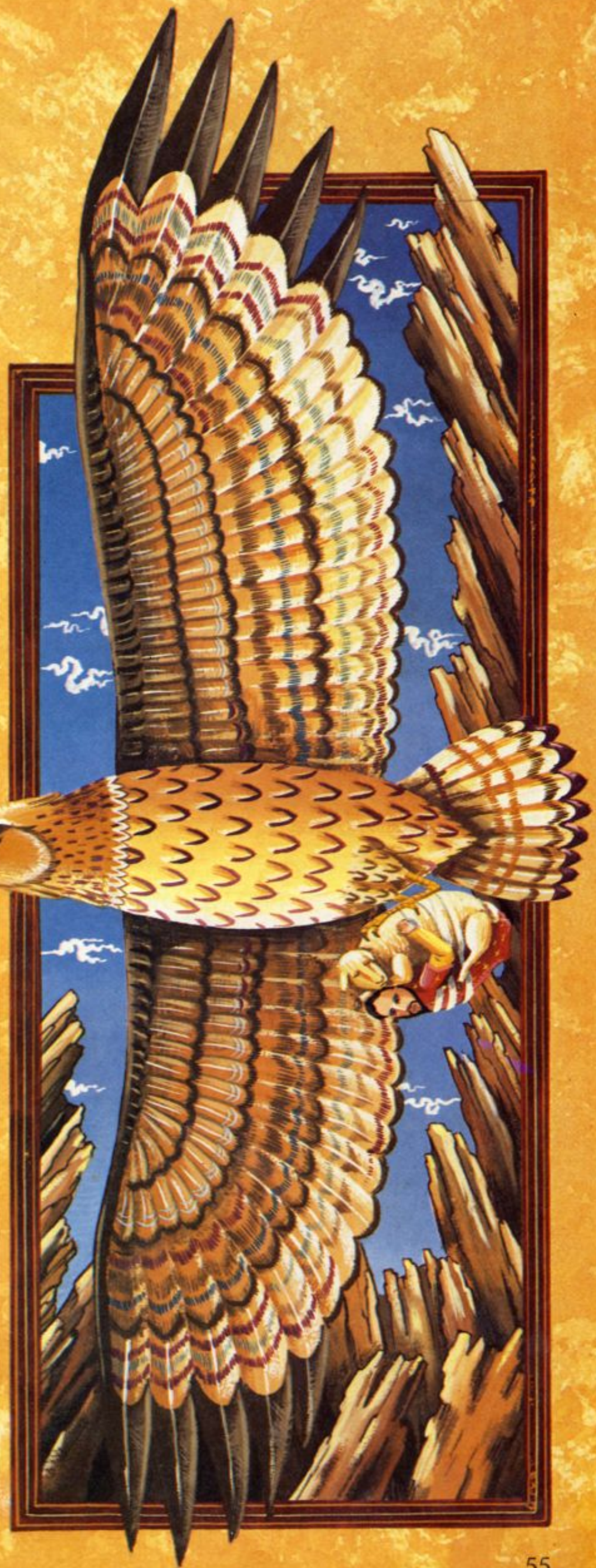
I was terrified, but as the sun rose the evil creatures slid softly away into their dark holes. I roamed this bowl-shaped valley all that day, searching for water and a safe place to shelter for the night. At last I found a small cave on a slope. After looking all around to make sure there were no dangers inside I hauled a massive stone across the entrance to leave just a chink of light. All night I lay quaking with fear as the snakes and serpents hissed around the opening to my cave, their whip-like tongues poking through the gaps round the stone. At dawn, the creatures began to slink away to their hiding places. So, tired and very hungry, I



rolled back the stone and ventured out again into the sunlit valley.

I had walked only a few paces when something hurtled past me down the hillside. It was the body of a sheep. Then two or three more crashed down nearby. These were being thrown down the steep slope by diamond hunters in the hope that the gems would stick in the animals' fleece. Giant eagles pounced on the sheep and carried them off for food to their nests high in the mountains. There the hunters could frighten away the birds and collect the diamonds.

Now, I had feared that there was no escape from the valley. But when I saw an eagle swoop on the carcass of a sheep and carry it off, I had an idea. First, I crammed all the diamonds I could into my pockets. Then I chose the largest sheep, unwound my turban again and tied myself to it. I waited under the beast, my head squashed between its body and the dry earth. One or two snakes sniffed round the carcass but went away. Then suddenly I was in the air, lifted by the sharp talons of the biggest eagle I had ever seen. Up, up he went, coming to rest on a high ledge.





Before I had a chance to escape, the eagle started tearing into the sheep, its sharp beak slashing closer and closer to my face.

But suddenly the eagle flew into the air, frightened by a gang of men all yelling and throwing stones. I quickly freed myself and stood up. The hunters were terrified by the sight of me, covered with the sheep's blood.

"I have more diamonds than you have ever seen, more than you'll ever need!" I shouted. "And I collected them all myself!" I showed them my bulging pockets and told them my strange story. They took me to their master's tent, where he gave me food and drink—and a welcome bath to rid me of the foul smell of the sheep. I offered the kind man as many diamonds as he wanted, but he took just a few. "These will be enough," he said. "You must keep the rest, my friend. You have earned them."

And so I made my way back to the nearest town and sold all the stones, but one, for a vast sum of money. Then, I bought a fleet of ships with rich cargoes to sell here, back home in Baghdad. And this fine stone you see shining in my turban is the one diamond I kept to remind me of my amazing journey.



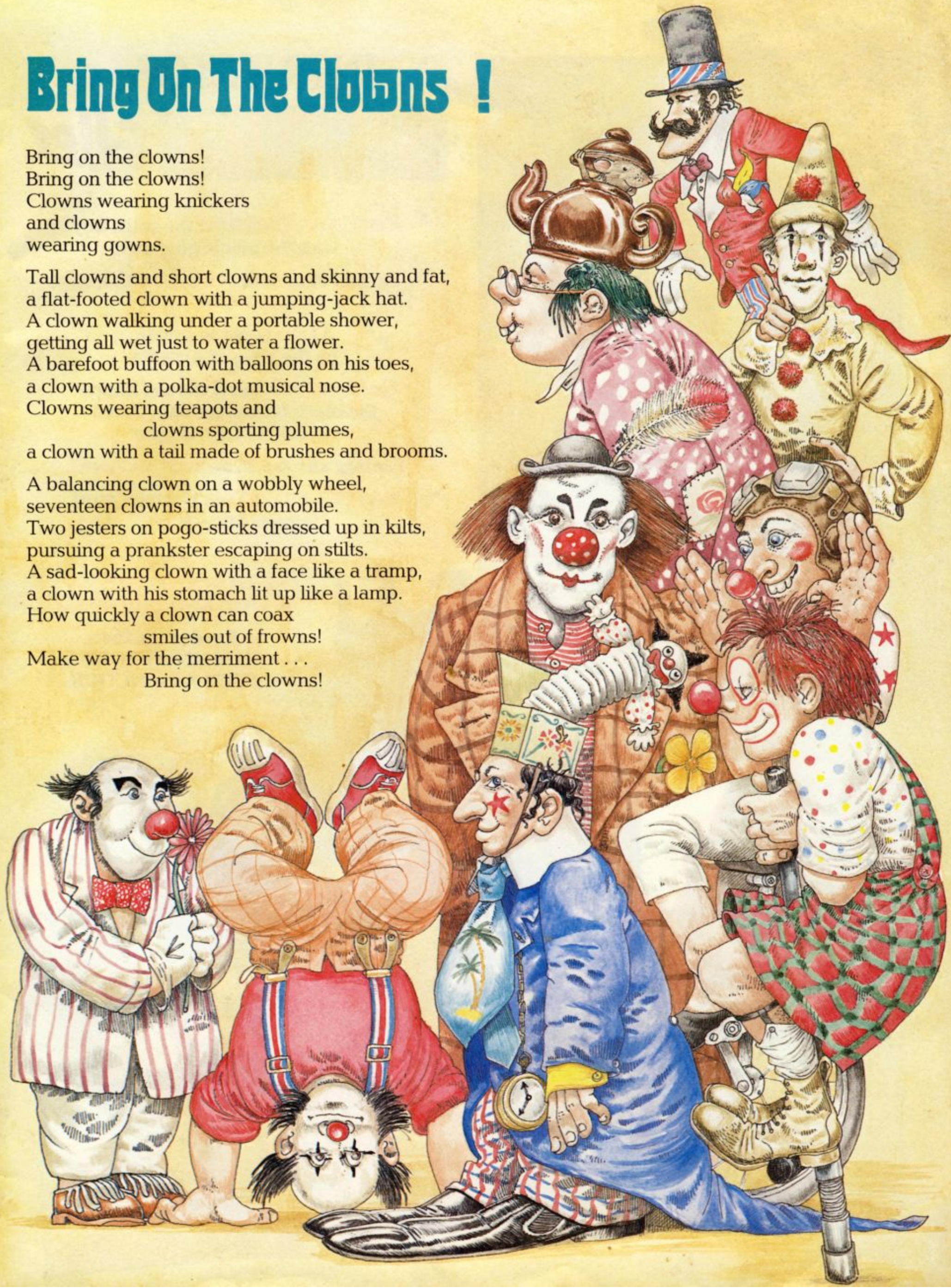
Mark Copeland

Bring On The Clowns !

Bring on the clowns!
Bring on the clowns!
Clowns wearing knickers
and clowns
wearing gowns.

Tall clowns and short clowns and skinny and fat,
a flat-footed clown with a jumping-jack hat.
A clown walking under a portable shower,
getting all wet just to water a flower.
A barefoot buffoon with balloons on his toes,
a clown with a polka-dot musical nose.
Clowns wearing teapots and
clowns sporting plumes,
a clown with a tail made of brushes and brooms.

A balancing clown on a wobbly wheel,
seventeen clowns in an automobile.
Two jesters on pogo-sticks dressed up in kilts,
pursuing a prankster escaping on stilts.
A sad-looking clown with a face like a tramp,
a clown with his stomach lit up like a lamp.
How quickly a clown can coax
smiles out of frowns!
Make way for the merriment . . .
Bring on the clowns!





IN PART 3 OF **STORY**Teller

CHILD OF THE SUN: the spirit boy
with the magic powers

Farmer Jude fools **THE GREAT BIG
HAIRY BOGGART**

ALDO is put in prison
by the King of Arcadia

GOBBOLINO meets the sad knight,
the black baron, the Lady Alice
...and the lazy dragon

Fantasy and fun in **SIMON'S CANAL**

HANSEL & GRETEL: Grimms' most
famous fairy story

PLUS

THE LION AND THE MOUSE
THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

Readers include
**SUSANNAH YORK &
SHEILA HANCOCK**

