

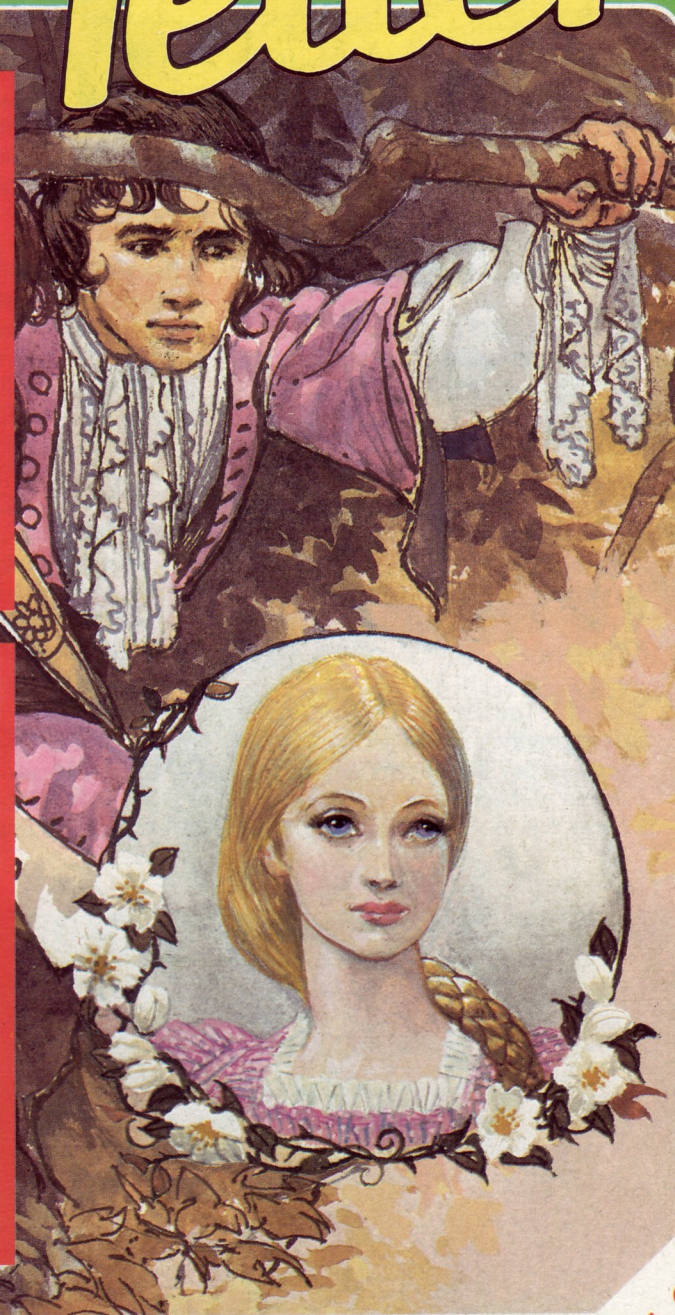
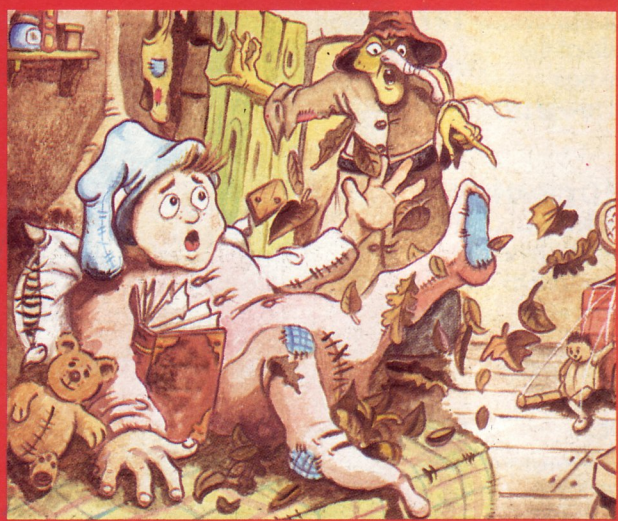
®

PART 5

STORY

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Teller



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STORY Teller

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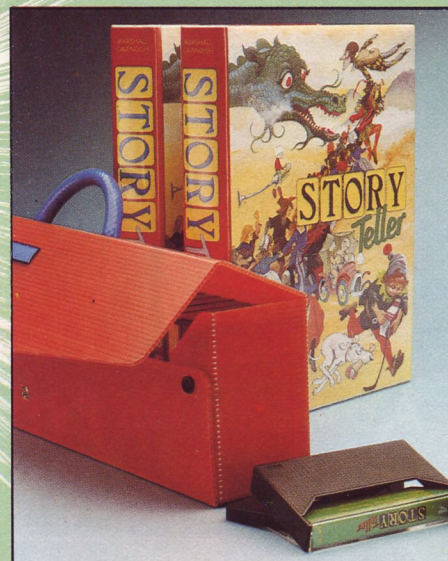
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THE BOOK

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

Illustrators

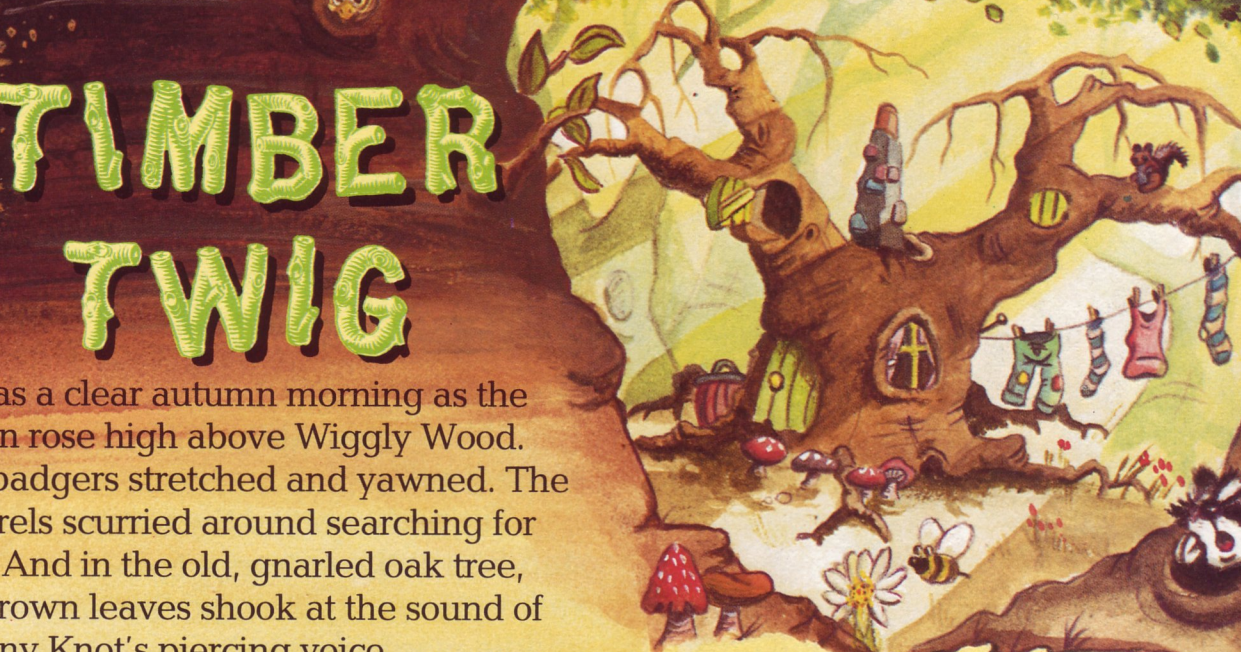
Timbertwig: **Peet Ellison**
The Fox & the Crow: **Malcolm Livingstone**
Drummerboy & the Gypsy: **Lesley MacKenzie**
Rapunzel: **Francis Phillipps**
Virgil's Big Mistake: **Ken Stott**
Jester Minute: **Peter Wingham**
O Here It Is: **Lyn Cawley**

THE TAPE

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

Readers

Timbertwig: **George Layton**
The Fox & the Crow: **Hayley Mills**
Drummerboy & the Gypsy: **George Layton**
Rapunzel: **Hayley Mills**
Virgil's Big Mistake: **Nigel Lambert**
Jester Minute: **Nigel Lambert**
O Here It Is: **Hayley Mills**



TIMBER TWIG

It was a clear autumn morning as the sun rose high above Wiggly Wood. The badgers stretched and yawned. The squirrels scurried around searching for nuts. And in the old, gnarled oak tree, the brown leaves shook at the sound of Granny Knot's piercing voice.

"Timbertwig! Timbertwig! Are you awake yet? I want you to fetch me some

blanket of dry leaves. "Come on, Abigail. Let's go."

Timbertwig kicked off his

"She'll never make a pie out of *me*," thought Abigail as she listened from the safety of Timbertwig's hat. "If my magic didn't go wrong so often, I'd turn her into a fly and catch her in one of my webs!"





"Be quick now," said Granny Knot. "And be sure to bring back some tasty toadstools and some mouldy mushrooms."

For hours Timbertwig skipped among the trees of Wiggly Wood, but he did not see a single toadstool. "Granny won't be very pleased with us."

Abigail lowered herself on to the brim of his hat. "Well, we can't go back with our ten hands empty!" So they went on searching, laughing and joking as they wandered deeper and deeper into the wood.

Suddenly they stopped in their tracks. In the distance, someone was crying.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Abigail. "It sounds as if somebody needs help."

"Yes, it's coming from over there," said Timbertwig.

"Let's hurry. We can take a short cut through this valley."

"No!" cried Abigail. "Look at the sign!"

Timbertwig read the notice standing at the entrance to the valley. "I can't quite read the middle word," he said.

"*'Beware of the . . . um, something trees'.* It looks as if we'll have to take the path over Bluebell Bridge."

As Timbertwig ran through the woods towards Bluebell Bridge, the sobbing got louder. But when he paused for breath halfway across the bridge, the crying stopped.



"Perhaps we scared it away," said Abigail.

"I hope not," said Timbertwig. "I'll try calling. Hello! Is anyone there?" But there was no reply.

"Well, is nobody there?" he called.

"Yes, nobody much is here," a voice replied. "So please leave me alone."

"But we've run all this way to help you!" said Timbertwig as he scrambled down the bank and peeped under the bridge. A miserable looking creature was sulking by the edge of the river.

"Hello. My name's Timbertwig."

"That's a nice name," the stranger sniffed. "I'm Dennis."

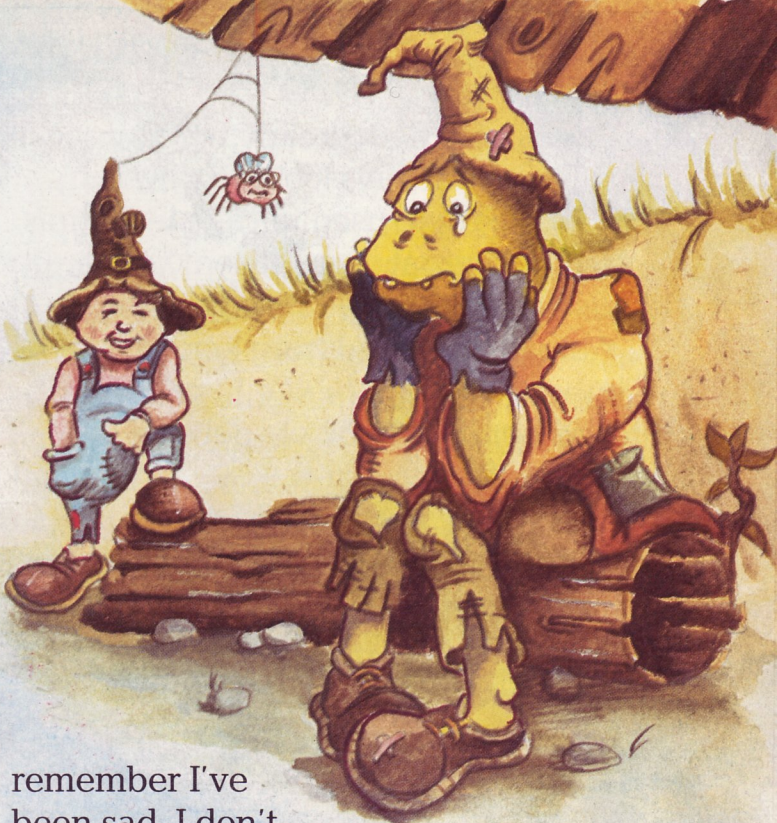
"Well, that's a nice name, too," replied Timbertwig.

"Dull, dreary, down-in-the-dumps Dennis. That's what they call me."

"I'm sorry," said Timbertwig.

"But why?"

"I don't need a reason." Dennis sniffed again. "Ever since I can

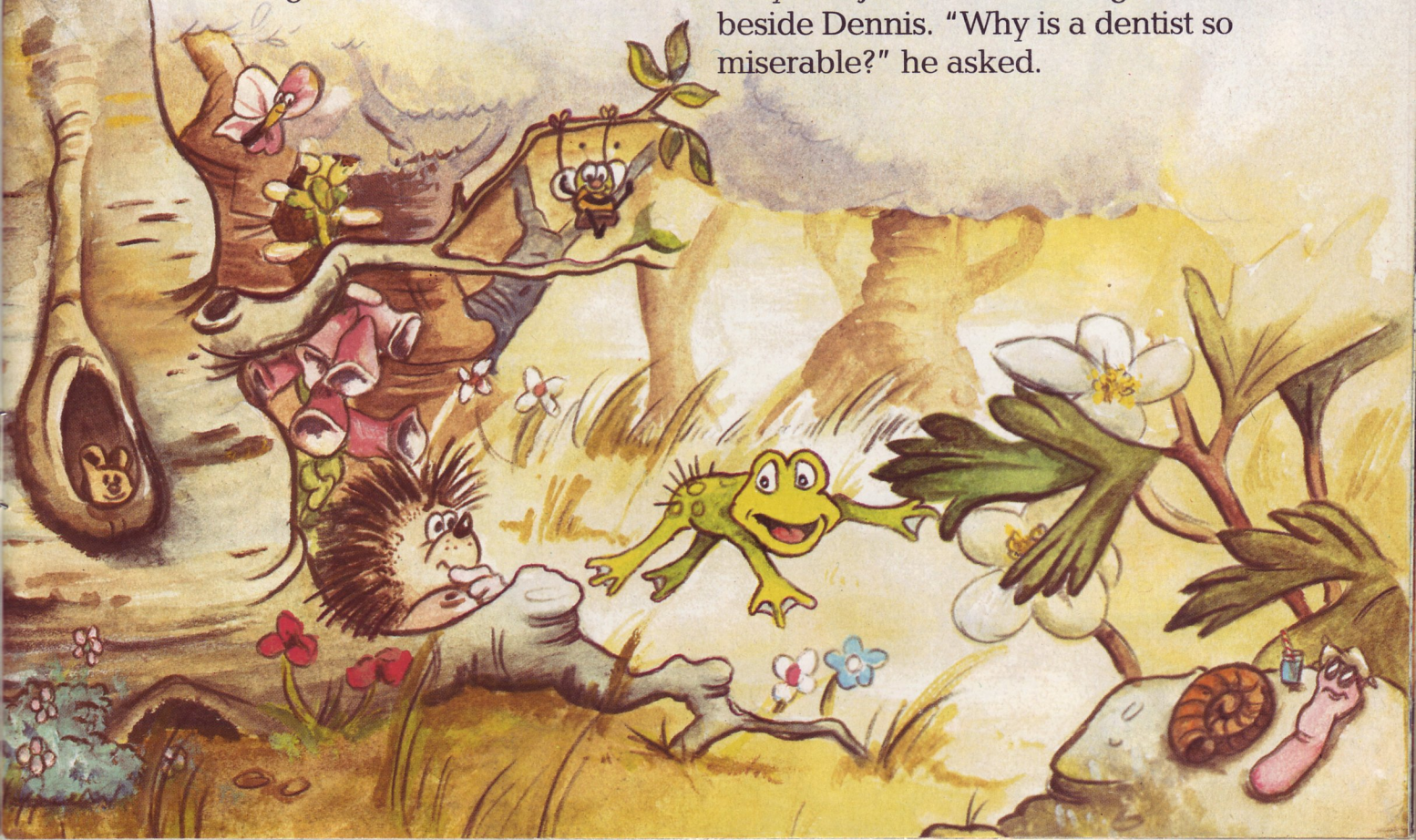


remember I've been sad. I don't know what it's like to be happy."

"But it's so easy!" cried Timbertwig. "We'll show you, won't we Abigail?"

"Of course we will. I'll just pop back inside the hat and find my book of spells."

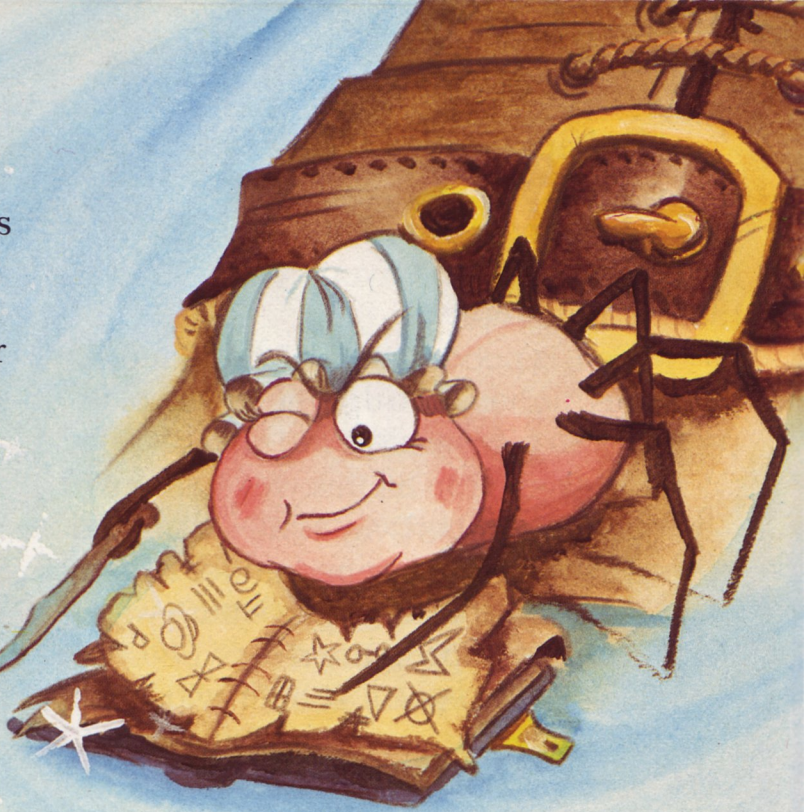
"And while she's gone, Dennis, I'll tell you a joke." Timbertwig sat down beside Dennis. "Why is a dentist so miserable?" he asked.



But Dennis had already heard it. "Because he's always looking down in the mouth. People used to call me Dennis the Dentist for that very reason!" And Dennis began to cry again.

Abigail appeared from her little door in Timbertwig's hat. In one hand she clutched her blue book of spells, in another her magic wand.

"Abigail is a *magic* spider," Timbertwig explained. "She can bring you anything you wish for. Surely that



would make you happy Dennis? Think hard and tell us what you would really like."

"I'll try," sniffed Dennis. "I'd like . . . Um, I'd like an apple pie, please."

"An apple pie it shall be," said Abigail, thumbing through her book of spells. "Now, let me see. Adder puddings . . . ant cakes . . . ah! here we are. Apple pie." And she started to jump up and down and wave her magic stick.

*"Zappity pop and a zammity zie,
Please bring our friend a large apple pie!"*

There was a brilliant blue flash and a thousand specks of sparkling dust floated to the ground.

"Did it work?" coughed Abigail, rubbing her eyes.

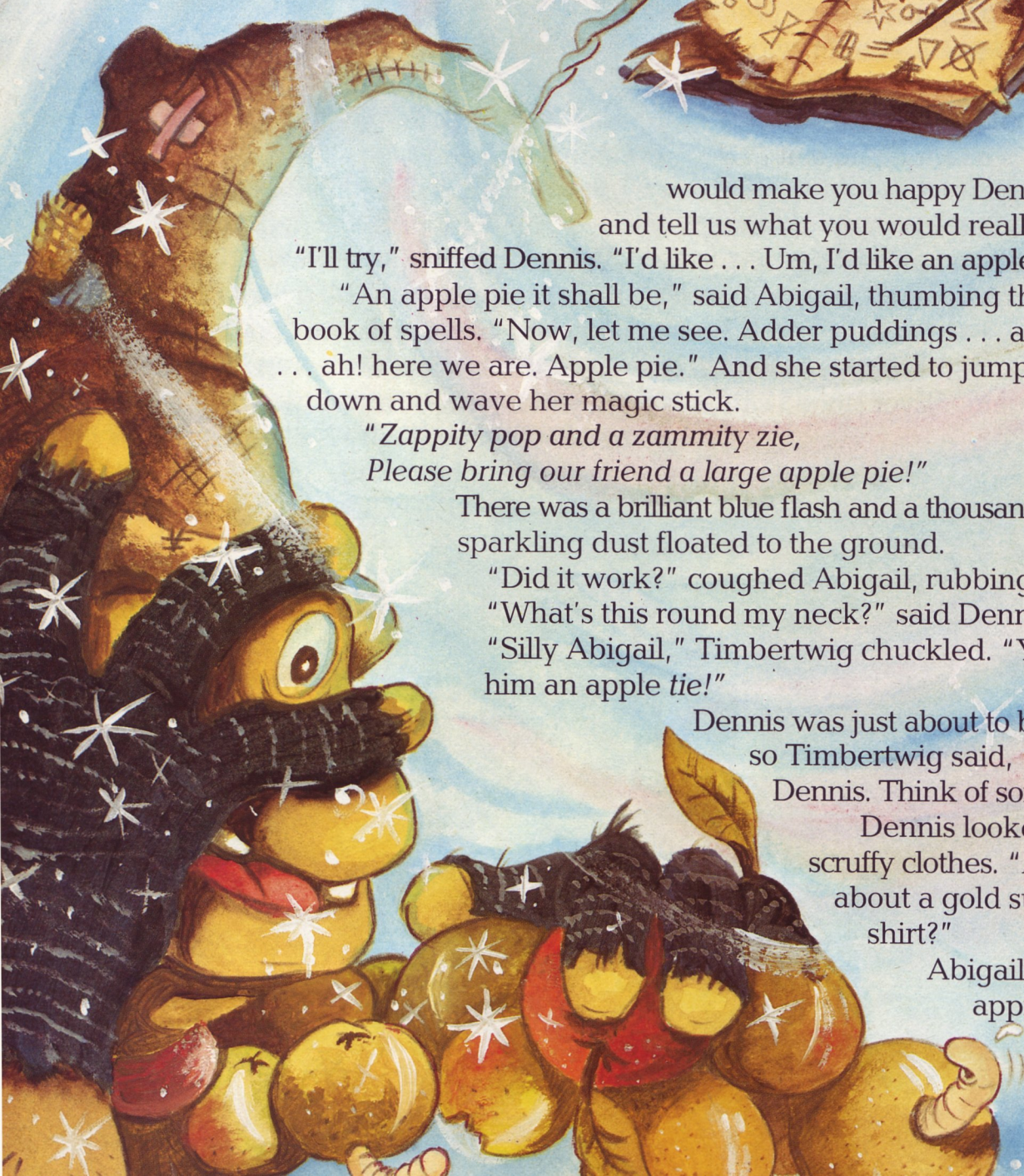
"What's this round my neck?" said Dennis. "Oh no!"

"Silly Abigail," Timbertwig chuckled. "You've made him an apple *tie*!"

Dennis was just about to burst into tears, so Timbertwig said, "Come on, Dennis. Think of something else."

Dennis looked down at his scruffy clothes. "All right. How about a gold suit and a frilly shirt?"

Abigail found the appropriate spell.



*"A zappity zoot and a wizzle
de wirt,
A natty gold suit and a frilly
shirt."*

This time there was an even brighter blue flash. But before the dust could clear, Dennis caught sight of his reflection in the river and screamed. "Oh no! It's all gone wrong again. I'll *never* be happy." And he ran away into the woods to hide.

"Abigail, what's happened?" asked Timbertwig as the magic dust settled.

"You haven't made him vanish, have you?"

Abigail peered at her book.

"Oh dear, I really must have my eyes tested. Instead of a natty gold suit and a frilly shirt . . ."

"Well? What have you given him?"

"A tatty old boot and a frilly skirt!"

"No wonder he ran away," said

Timbertwig. "Come on, we must find him."

Timbertwig and Abigail rushed through Wiggly Wood, following Dennis's footprints.

The footprints led right to the valley with the warning notice. They stopped again to try and read it. But suddenly they heard a terrible scream from the valley. "Aaah! Please! No! Stop!"

"It's Dennis and he sounds as if he's in awful trouble. Hurry!"



As they ran, the screams grew louder. But when Timbertwig and Abigail finally found Dennis, they could not believe their eyes. He was rolling around on the floor while the twigs of the trees poked and prodded him. "Oh, ha ha, ha. Stop it. Please, no more, ha, ho, he."

"Now I know what the word was on the sign," cried Timbertwig. "It said '*Beware of the TICKLING trees!*'"

Finally the trees stopped tickling Dennis. He caught his breath and wiped the tear from his eyes.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked. "Did the trees tickle you, too?"

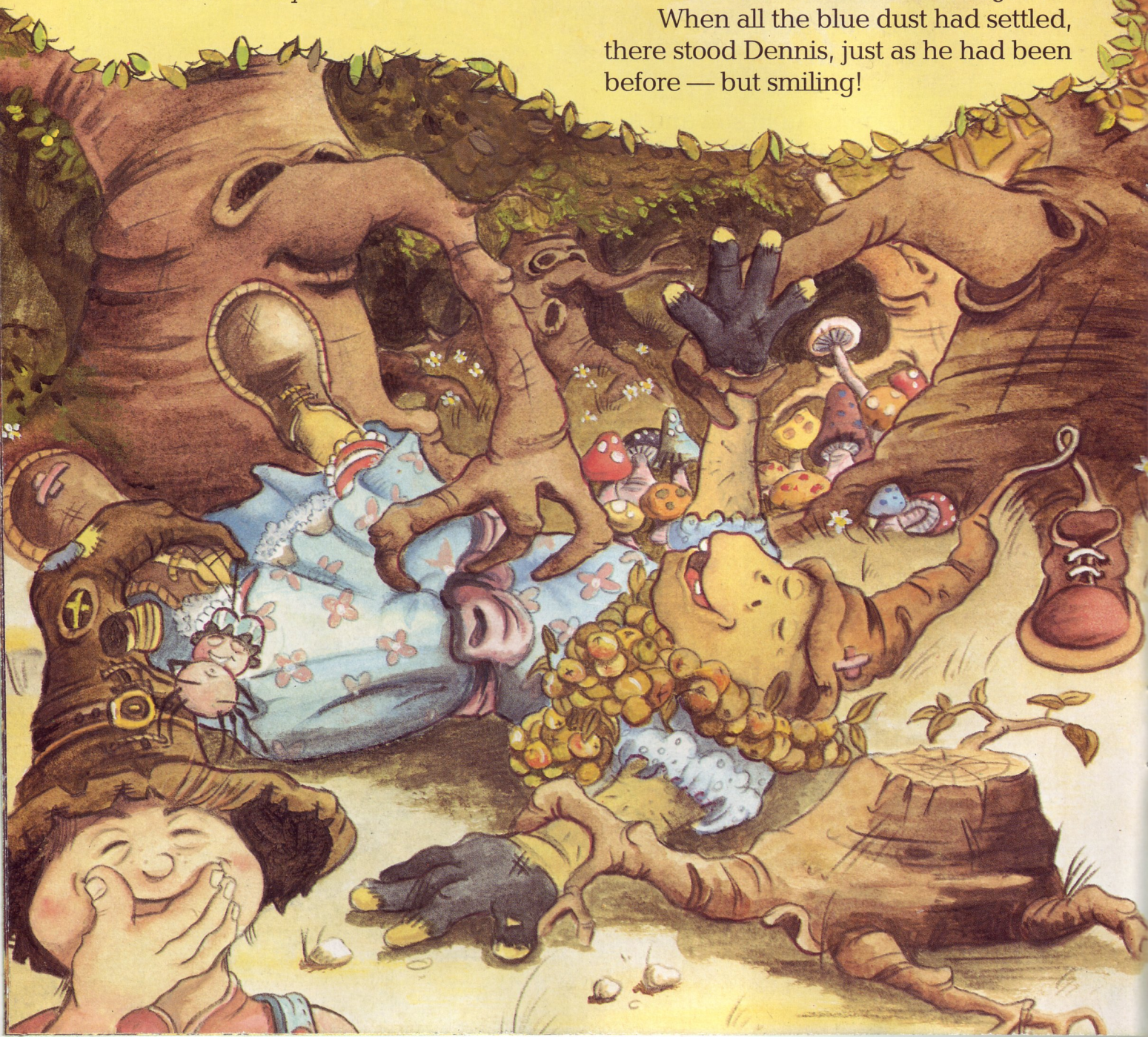
"No, it's your skirt. You look so funny!" laughed Timbertwig helplessly.

"And I feel so *happy*," said Dennis. "For the first time in my life, I've learned how to laugh. And it's all thanks to you. But please, Miss Abigail, do get me out of these ridiculous clothes!"

"Of course," giggled the spider. "And this time there won't be any mistakes!"

*"Wishity, washity, zaggity zen,
Please let Dennis be normal again."*

When all the blue dust had settled, there stood Dennis, just as he had been before — but smiling!





At that moment, Timbertwig felt several taps on his shoulder. One of the tickling trees was trying to catch his attention. The branch pointed to a spot close to Timbertwig's feet. And there, on a damp layer of moss, was a large group of toadstools and mushrooms.

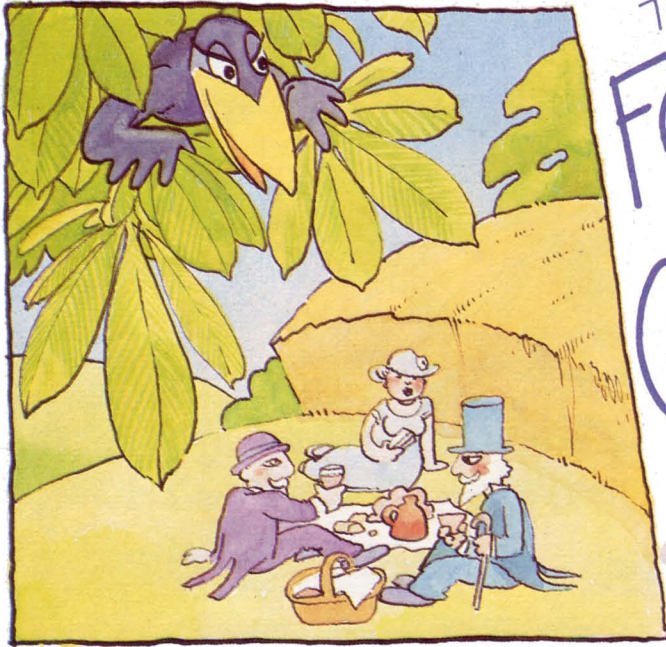
Dennis and Timbertwig collected twenty toadstools and as many mushrooms and carried them home to Granny Knot. She served toadstool toasties for dinner, followed by mushroom mousse. Everyone agreed that it was a wonderful meal.

Dennis said it was a perfect end to a perfect day.

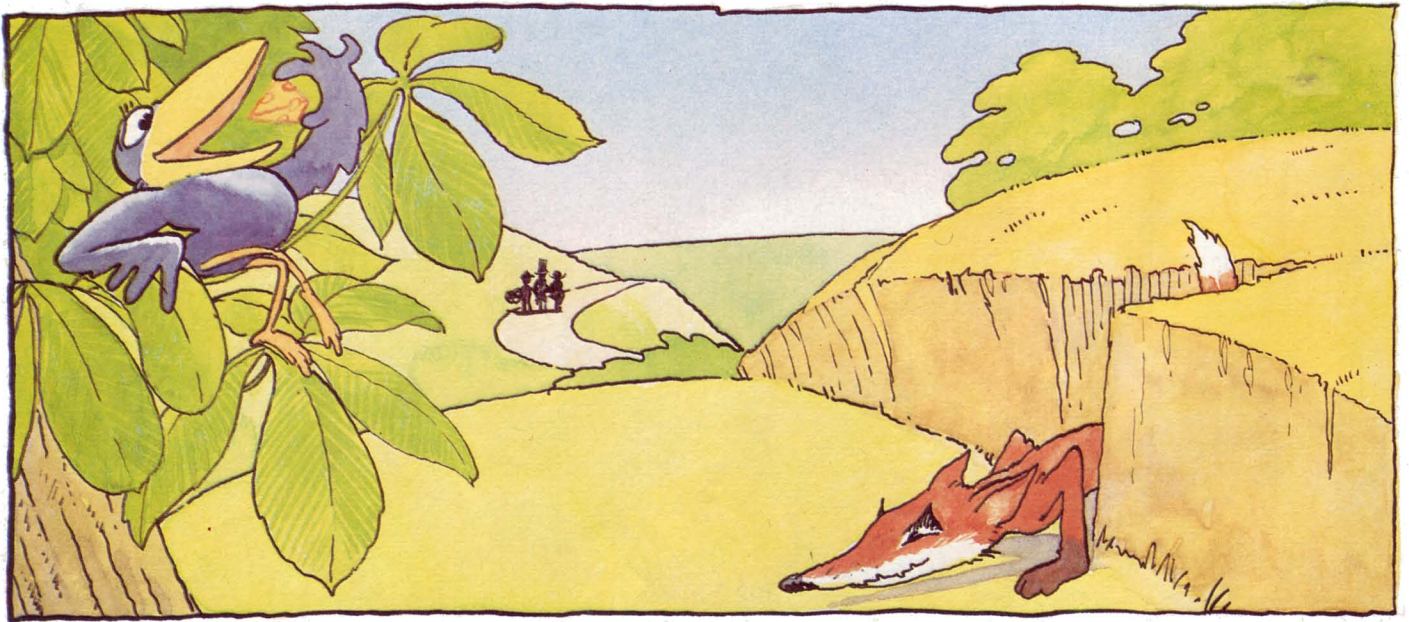
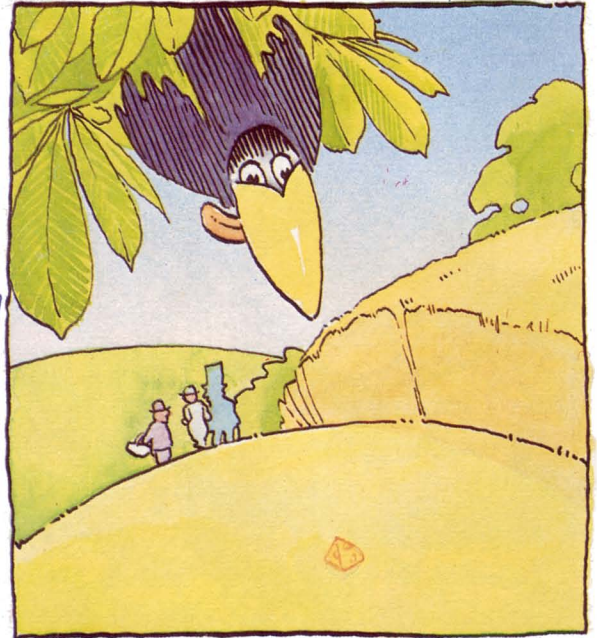
"You see, I didn't just find happiness," he said, giving Granny Knot a big kiss. "I found three good friends as well!"

[Follow another adventure with Timbertwig in Part 6]





THE FOX AND THE CROW

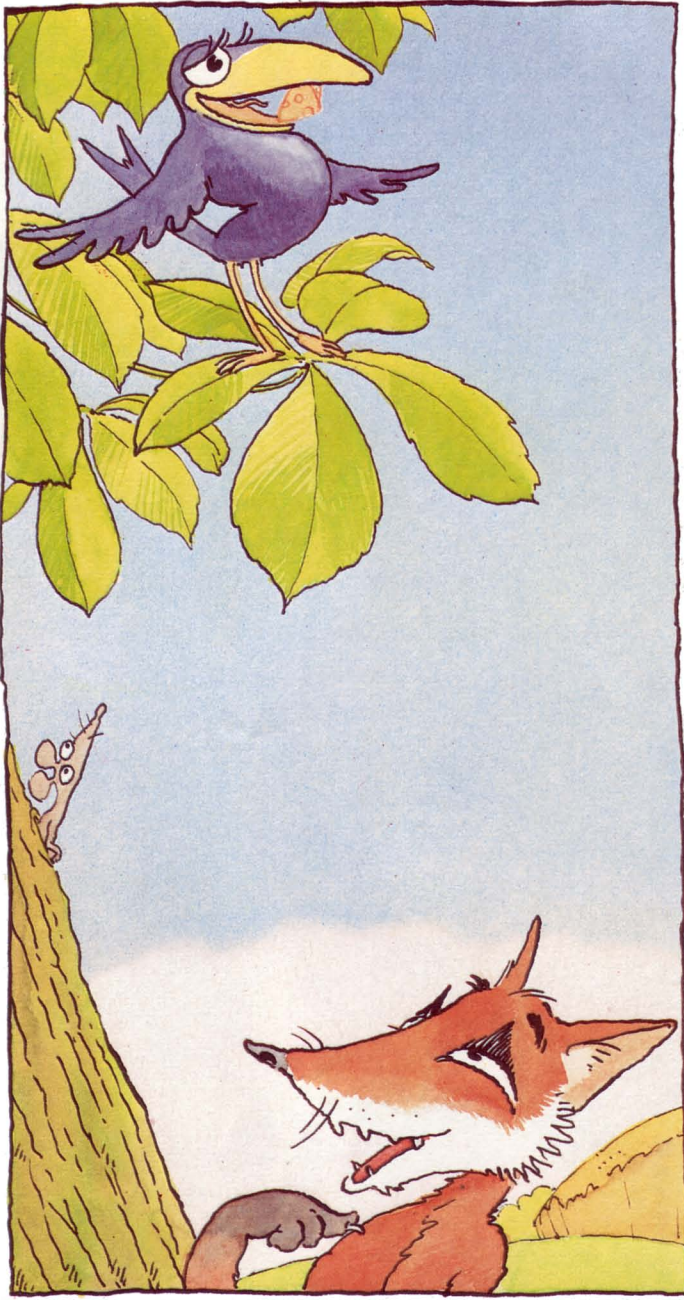


A big, black crow was flying over a field of golden corn when she spotted some people having a picnic. They were sitting in the shade of a chestnut tree. "What a stroke of luck," she thought. "There's a good chance these people will leave me with a tasty titbit." And she glided down to perch on a branch above them.

She waited and waited, and in the end her patience was rewarded. When the picnickers packed up and

walked away, they left behind a big lump of cheese. "How right I was to wait," the crow thought, as she swooped down to pick up the cheese with her beak. "How clever I am." And the crow flew back to her perch in the tree.

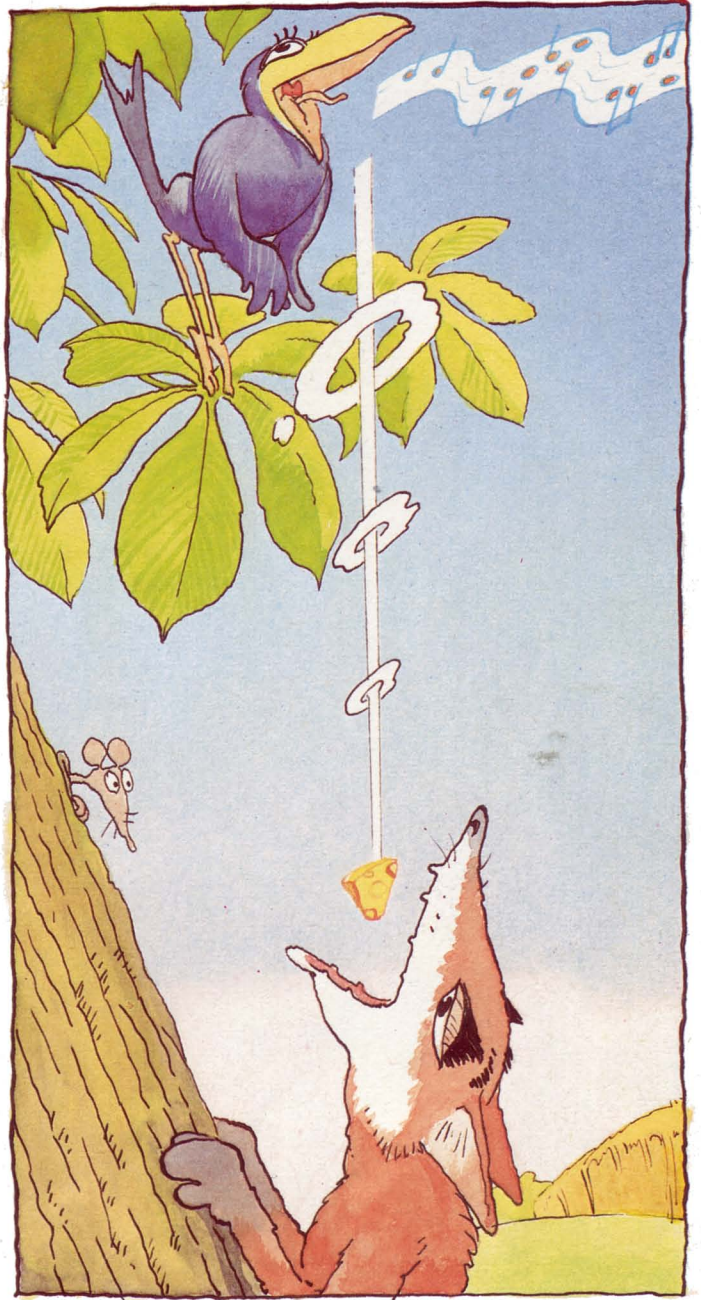
She was just about to start eating when a fox crept out of the cornfield. "What a delicious smell!" he said to himself, and he noisily licked his lips. His mouth watered as he raised his nose to have a good sniff. And then he saw the



crow with her lovely lump of cheese.

Now the fox was very fond of cheese. He was also very clever. "I say, crow," he said, "what a beautiful bird you are. Your feathers are so shiny, and your beak so splendidly curved, and your eyes so perfectly round." The crow was thrilled by all this flattery. She held her head high and strutted up and down the branch, hoping the fox would say more.

And the fox did say more. "A bird that looks as beautiful as you must have a



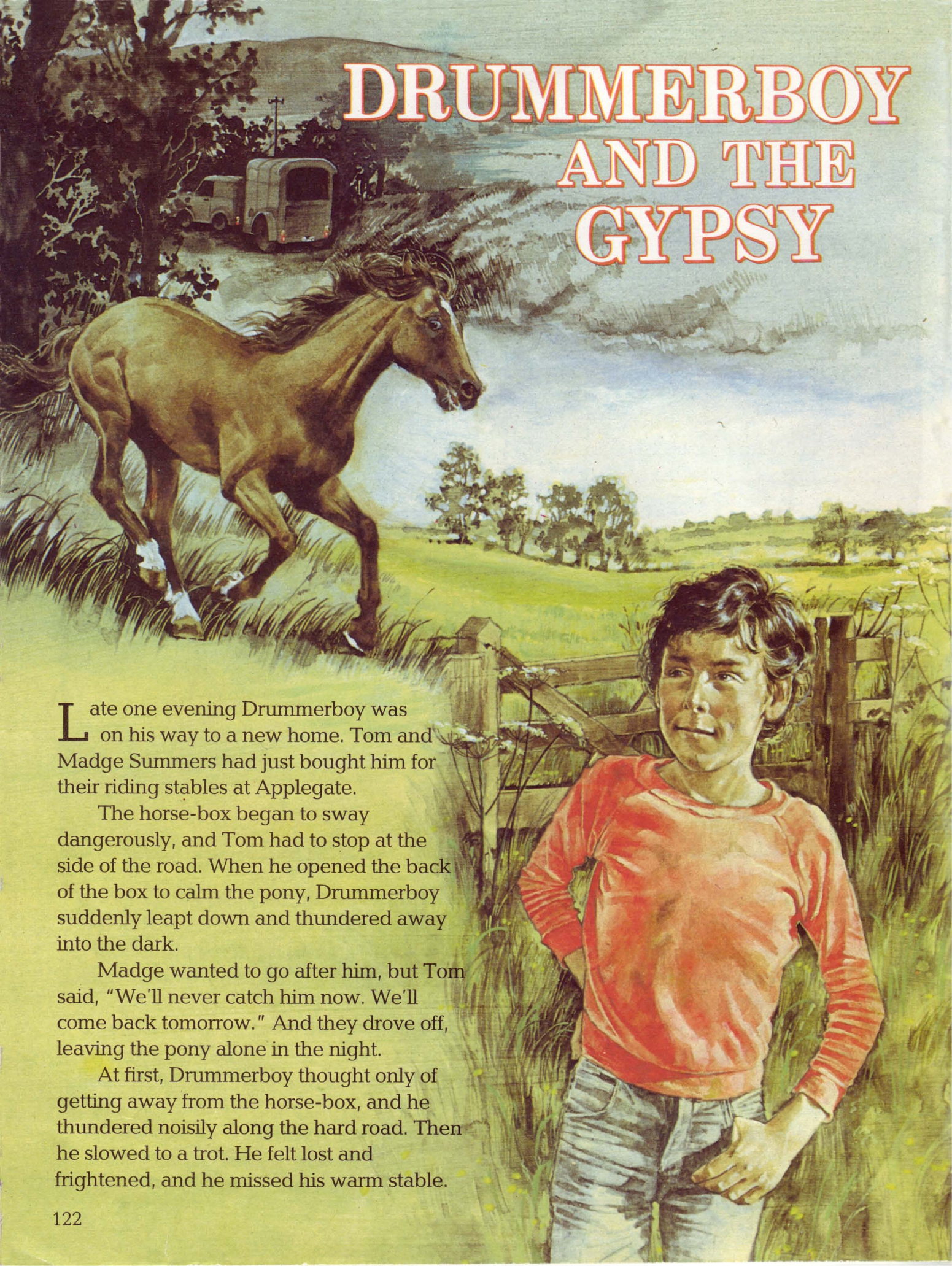
wonderful voice. If only I could hear you sing, I would be happy for the rest of the day." Hearing this, the crow puffed out her chest, opened her beak, and gave a loud caw.

And the lump of cheese fell from the crow's mouth — and straight into the waiting jaws of the fox below.

"Thank you, my dear," he said. "Now you're going to learn the price of vanity."

And then, with a chuckle, he gobbled up the piece of cheese.

DRUMMERBOY AND THE GYPSY



Late one evening Drummerboy was on his way to a new home. Tom and Madge Summers had just bought him for their riding stables at Applegate.

The horse-box began to sway dangerously, and Tom had to stop at the side of the road. When he opened the back of the box to calm the pony, Drummerboy suddenly leapt down and thundered away into the dark.

Madge wanted to go after him, but Tom said, "We'll never catch him now. We'll come back tomorrow." And they drove off, leaving the pony alone in the night.

At first, Drummerboy thought only of getting away from the horse-box, and he thundered noisily along the hard road. Then he slowed to a trot. He felt lost and frightened, and he missed his warm stable.

Sheltering beside a hedge, he fell asleep.

He was still standing there when Billy Smith came by on his way to school the next morning. Billy was a gypsy boy, with black curly hair and sparkling black eyes. If there was one thing he loved, it was horses. His father did not keep them any more, but Billy was like the old type of gypsy with horses in his blood.

"Whoa there, feller!" he whispered, stroking Drummerboy. "We're going to be friends." The pony felt that he would be safe with the boy. But how cold he was! "Poor boy," said Billy. "We'd better get you home to Grandma." And he walked back home, with Drummerboy following.

The gypsy camp was in a field just off the main road, full of shabby cars and lorries. But one painted wooden caravan stood out like a bright flower. Billy went to the door and knocked. His grandmother opened it.

"What have you got there?" she asked, peering at the pony. "I found him up by Luckton Road. He's very cold and I thought you might be able to help him."

She went back inside the caravan and returned with a bottle of evil-smelling medicine. "It's my own special recipe." She poured some down the pony's throat — it warmed Drummerboy like liquid fire — then she bedded him down on a pile of sacks, covered with old blankets. "He'll be as good as new in no time," said the old gypsy.

Billy settled down to stay with Drummerboy until he had recovered. He was still sitting there, stroking the horse, when his father appeared.

"What's that horse doing here?" he shouted. "Get that animal away from here! Horse-stealing's a crime, you know."

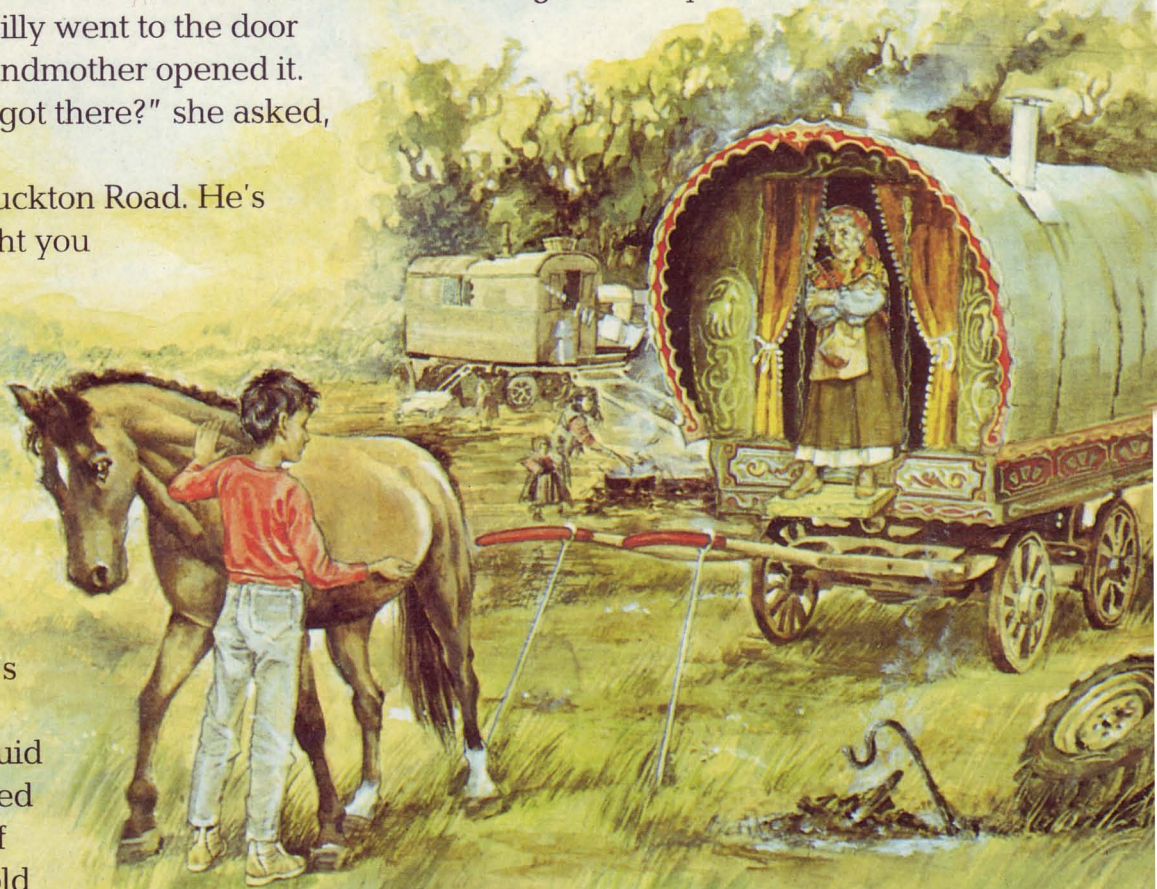
"But I didn't steal him. I *found* him."

"In that case you'd better take him to the police station in Luckton. They'll know what to do with it until the owner turns up."

"Perhaps if nobody claims him, the police will let me keep him!"

"You can put that idea right out of your head," snapped his father. "There's no room here for horses." And he stamped off.

"Billy!" called his grandmother from her caravan door. "Come in here! I've got something to show you."



From an old carved chest, she took out a parcel and slowly unwrapped the most beautiful bridle Billy had ever seen.

"It belonged to your great-grandfather — my father," she said. "He had forty horses, and this was made for his favourite. Now you look after it, do you hear? Treat it well and it'll bring you luck."

Billy could hardly find the words to thank her. He went outside and put the bridle over Drummerboy's head. "There, it fits perfect!" Then he sighed. "But by this afternoon I won't have you any more." Drummerboy knew it was time to go. He got to his feet, Billy mounted him, and he cantered out of the camp. With the gypsy boy on his back Drummerboy was content to go anywhere.

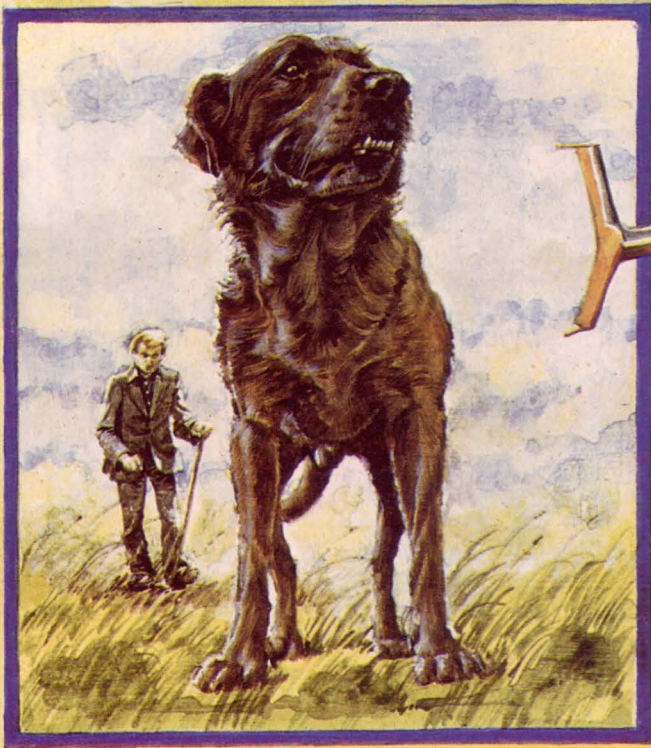
A path cut across the fields of purple heather towards Luckton and the police station.

Drummerboy began to enjoy himself, and he raced over the ground. Billy seemed as light as a feather on his back. They galloped uphill towards a low stone wall. How Drummerboy loved to jump! He shortened his stride and prepared to leap the wall. "Up and over!" cried Billy.

But on the other side of the wall lay nothing but the steep sides of a flooded quarry. Drummerboy was gripped by fear. The ground gave way under his feet as he landed, and he began to slide down towards the water. Billy leapt off. But Drummerboy hit the muddy water with a huge splash.

"He'll drown for certain," thought Billy. "The water's so deep!" But Drummerboy struggled to the ledge by the side of the pool.





Billy slithered and crawled down the side of the quarry until he was near enough to catch Drummerboy's bridle. "Easy, boy, easy," he whispered. "Keep still now. It'll be all right. Help will come."

But Billy was wrong. Help did not come. For hours he sat there with the pony's head in his arms. Billy shouted and shouted until he lost his voice. But no-one heard his cries for help. The light began to fade as evening came.

Suddenly, overhead, he heard a dog bark. Then he saw a large black labrador at the top of the quarry. Billy called. "Fetch your master. Fetch him, boy. Fetch him!" The dog ran off and in a few minutes was back with its owner. "We'll have you out of there in no time lad!" shouted the man, peering down at the boy and his horse. "Don't worry!"

In half an hour, a rescue helicopter was hovering overhead. First one of the crew was lowered with a special sling, then Billy helped him fit it round Drummerboy.





The astonished pony could not understand what was happening. He tried to keep his eyes fixed on his young friend. Would they leave Billy down there and take only him? Up, up he went, until he was lowered again well away from the quarry. Billy did not wait for help from the helicopter — he quickly climbed out to make sure Drummerboy was safe.

After that there were cups of cocoa and biscuits for Billy, and a delicious bran mash for Drummerboy. They were both taken to the home of the dog's owner. The police, Billy's Dad and Tom and Madge Summers all called there to see the boy.

"I was taking him to the police station when we fell into the quarry," Billy told them. "He's called Drummerboy," said Madge. "And you can come and see him whenever you like."

So Billy spent every weekend and school holiday working at Applegate Stables. A lot of children rode Drummerboy, but he only wore the gypsy bridle when Billy was on him. And that was not the last time that it brought them adventure.





Rapunzel

Long, long ago, in a wild and dangerous land, there lived a good man and his wife. They longed to have a child and waited patiently, year after year. Then, at last, the woman found that she was expecting a baby.

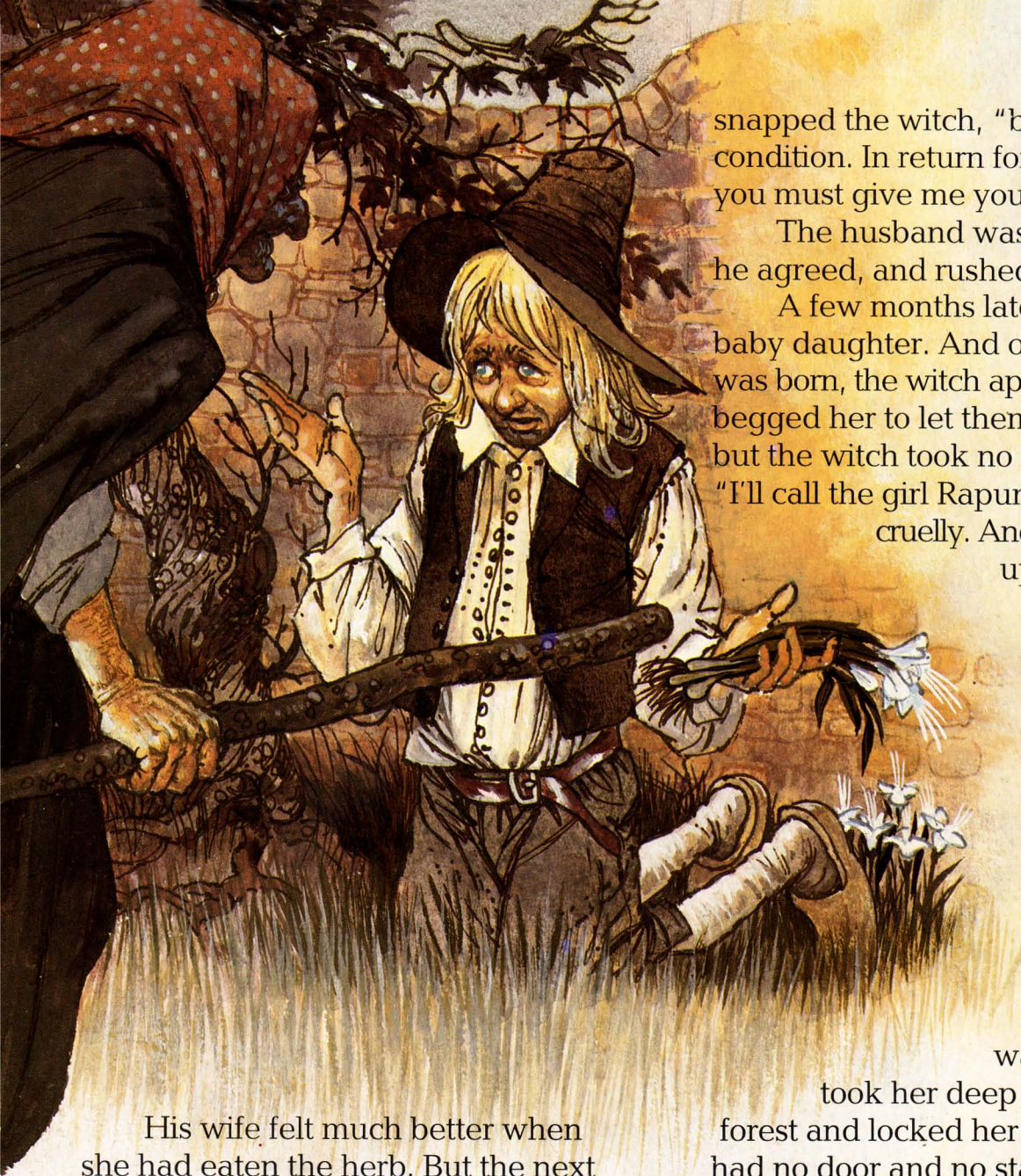
Now the couple lived next door to a beautiful garden which was surrounded by a high wall. The garden belonged to a fierce witch, and nobody had ever dared go in, for fear the witch would cast a wicked spell on them. At the back of the couple's house a little window overlooked the garden. The woman often stood there, gazing down at the wonderful things the witch had grown—flowers, trees and herbs with magic powers.

One day the woman fell ill. She had to stay in bed, and lost her appetite.

Every day her husband brought her good things to eat, but she would not touch any of them. "Please," he begged her, "tell me what I can bring. There must be something that will cure you."

"Bring me a sprig of the rapunzel herb that grows in the witch's garden," she whispered. "That will make me well again."

The husband was very frightened, but he was ready to do anything to help his wife get better. "The old witch won't harm me," he told himself. He waited until nightfall, then he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden. With a pounding heart, he looked around him. Nobody was there. He quickly found some rapunzel, snatched a sprig of it, and hurried home.



snapped the witch, "but on one condition. In return for the rapunzel, you must give me your first-born child."

The husband was so desperate that he agreed, and rushed back to his wife.

A few months later, the couple had a baby daughter. And on the very day she was born, the witch appeared. The couple begged her to let them keep the child, but the witch took no notice of them.

"I'll call the girl Rapunzel," she laughed cruelly. And she swept the baby up into her cloak and carried her away.

Rapunzel grew up to be a very beautiful girl. She had eyes the colour of violets and long, long hair as fine as spun gold, which she wore in a thick plait.

When Rapunzel was twelve, the witch took her deep into a dark, gloomy forest and locked her up in a tall tower. It had no door and no stairs — just one tiny window in the chamber at the very top.

Rapunzel was shut away from the world. It forgot her. The only person she

His wife felt much better when she had eaten the herb. But the next day she wanted some more. "Please," she begged her husband, "if you don't bring more rapunzel, I'll die."


So late that night, her husband climbed back over the wall into the witch's garden. Just as he was pulling up the herb, the witch suddenly appeared.

"Thief!" she screeched. "A curse on you! How dare you come into my garden and steal my plants!"

"Oh, please!" begged the man. "My wife is very ill and she'll die if she doesn't have this herb."

"Very well, you can have the herb,"



A full-page illustration depicting a scene from the fairy tale 'Rapunzel'. In the upper left, Rapunzel, a young woman with long, golden-blonde braided hair, is perched on the stone battlements of a tall, cylindrical tower. She is wearing a light blue dress with a white lace collar and is looking down at her hair. In the lower right, a prince is riding a grey horse with white spots. He is wearing a red tunic with white lace, a brown hat, and a sword is visible in a scabbard on his hip. He is looking towards Rapunzel. The background features a dense forest with a large, gnarled tree in the foreground and a small, pointed-roof tower visible in the distance. The overall style is that of a classic children's book illustration.

climbed up it as if it were a rope.

One day, a prince who was riding through the forest lost his way and came past Rapunzel's tower. He heard Rapunzel singing, which she often did so that she would not feel so lonely.

ever saw was the old witch, who visited her every day with food. She stood at the bottom of the tower and called out, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"

Then Rapunzel would unwind her plait and throw it down to the witch, who



down your hair!" he called out. There was a soft swishing sound and the golden plait came tumbling down the wall to him. The prince quickly climbed up and scrambled through the window into the tower room.

Rapunzel had never seen a man before. She was very frightened, and backed away. "Who are you?" she gasped.

"Don't be afraid," the prince said gently, taking her hands in his. He had fallen in love the very moment he saw her. "I had to find out who was singing so sweetly." And he told her how he had listened to her every day. Gradually Rapunzel stopped feeling afraid. "Marry me and leave this dreadful prison," he said.

The prince was young and handsome, and Rapunzel liked him. "I'd gladly come with you," she said, "but how shall I ever escape from the tower?"

The prince had never heard such a pure, sweet voice, and he stopped his horse and strained to listen. He looked for a door to the tower, but could not find one, and he rode away. But the next day he came back, and then every day after that. He was enchanted by the singing and he was determined to find out who the singer was.

One day, as the prince stood listening, the witch came. He hid behind a tree and peered out to see what would happen.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!" called the witch. Down came Rapunzel's plait and up went the witch into the tower room.

"So that's what I must do to see the singer," thought the prince.

That evening, he went back to the tower. "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let



You can climb down my hair, but I have no-one's hair to climb down!" She thought for a moment and then said, "Come and see me every evening, and each time bring me a bundle of silk threads. I'll plait them into a strong rope. When it's finished, we can both climb down and ride away together."

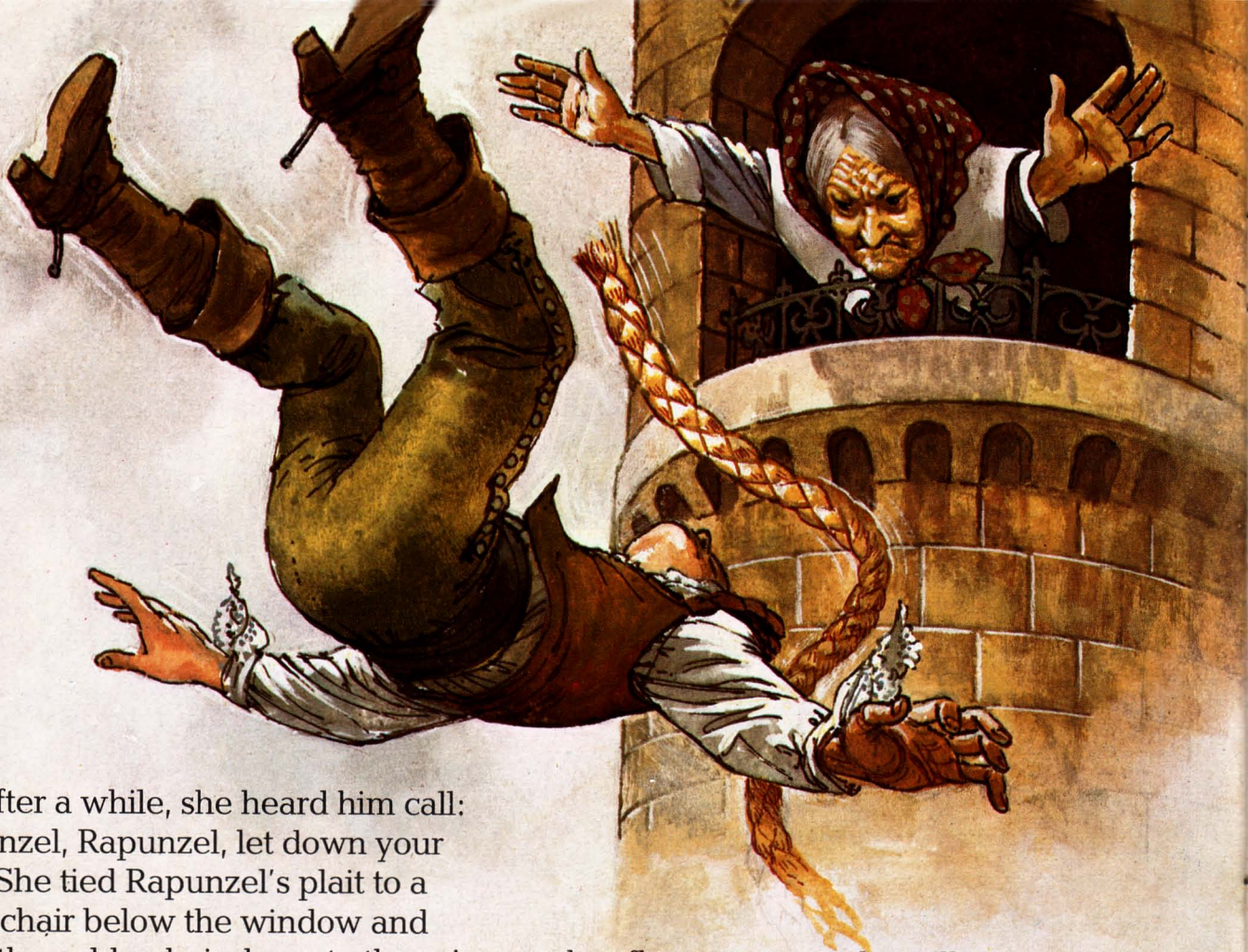
So the prince went to see Rapunzel every evening. And each day she plaited rope with the threads that he brought her. The witch noticed nothing. But Rapunzel was so much in love that she could think of nothing but the prince. One day, as the old woman scrambled over the window-sill, Rapunzel said, without thinking, "Why are you so much heavier to pull up than the prince?"

"You wicked girl!" screamed the witch. "I thought I had locked you up safely. But you've been deceiving me all this time!" She seized an enormous pair of scissors and grabbed hold of Rapunzel's hair. The scissors flashed and

snipped, and the golden plait lay in a coil on the floor. "Now, you ungrateful madam, we'll see how well you do without me!" shrieked the witch. She flew with Rapunzel to a lonely valley, and left her there, all on her own, to live in misery.

Later, as night was falling, the witch went back to the tower to wait for the prince.





After a while, she heard him call: "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair." She tied Rapunzel's plait to a heavy chair below the window and threw the golden hair down to the prince. He quickly climbed up, but when he reached the top it was the old witch and not Rapunzel who greeted him at the window.

"She's gone! The girl's gone," cackled the witch. "Your little songbird

has flown away and you'll never see her again!" Then she flung the prince down from the tower. He fell into the brambles below, and the sharp thorns scratched his eyes and blinded him. And he staggered away into the forest.



For many years the prince wandered, sad and blind, through forests and mountains. He would have searched for Rapunzel, but how can a man search without eyes? He asked after her, but nobody had seen a beautiful girl with violet eyes and short, golden hair.

Then, one day, he came to a valley. It was a lonely place, but somewhere he could hear sweet singing.

"I know that voice!" he cried. "It's my own love! My Rapunzel!" He followed the sound of her voice, and there, at last, he found her.

The prince was thin and ragged, but Rapunzel recognised him at once. She put her arms round him and wept for joy. And as she cried, her warm tears fell on the prince's eyes. In a few seconds, he could see again.

He took Rapunzel back to his kingdom and married her. The marriage was so happy that the news of it spread throughout the world. And when Rapunzel's mother and father heard tell of the beautiful Princess Rapunzel, they knew that their daughter was well and happy, and they were very proud.



VIRGIL'S BIG MISTAKE



Virgil was a mean old buzzard. Nobody liked him much. He came rushing into the trading post last Spring shouting and hollering about how clever he was.

"I'm going to catch every animal on that there mountain," he cackled. "Then you'll all want to buy me a drink and slap me on the back and take my photograph."

"Have you bought yourself a new gun then, Virgil?" someone asked.

"Nope," he said. "I took my penknife and a piece of wood and I whittled myself a musical pipe, that's what I did." Everyone in the store laughed at the thought of Virgil playing music to the wild animals on the mountain. But he glared around him. "When I blow through that there pipe, I can make the noise of any animal you name — deer, racoon, beaver . . ."

"Skunk," said somebody. And Virgil stormed out of the trading post and stomped off into the Smoky Mountains with all his food *and* his musical pipe.

Well, they say he went deep among the maple trees before he took out his pipe and made the noise of a deer.

Sure enough, a little red deer heard the sound and came out of the trees. Calm as you like, Virgil loaded his gun and aimed at the little critter.

Bang, he took a shot at it. And he missed.



But the deer was not the only animal to hear his deer-call on the pipe. A big bobcat came down through the trees, licking his lips and thinking of deer for dinner. And when he saw old Virgil, he grinned with all his teeth.



Now, Virgil's gun was empty. But quick as a flash, he blew down the musical pipe and made the noise of a mountain lion. And he frightened that bobcat so much that he took off through the trees as fast as if a real mountain lion was on his furry heels.

But the bobcat was not the only animal to hear his lion-call on the pipe. A big hungry mountain lion came down through the trees, thinking that her mate had found something tasty for dinner. And when she saw old Virgil standing there, she grinned with all her teeth.

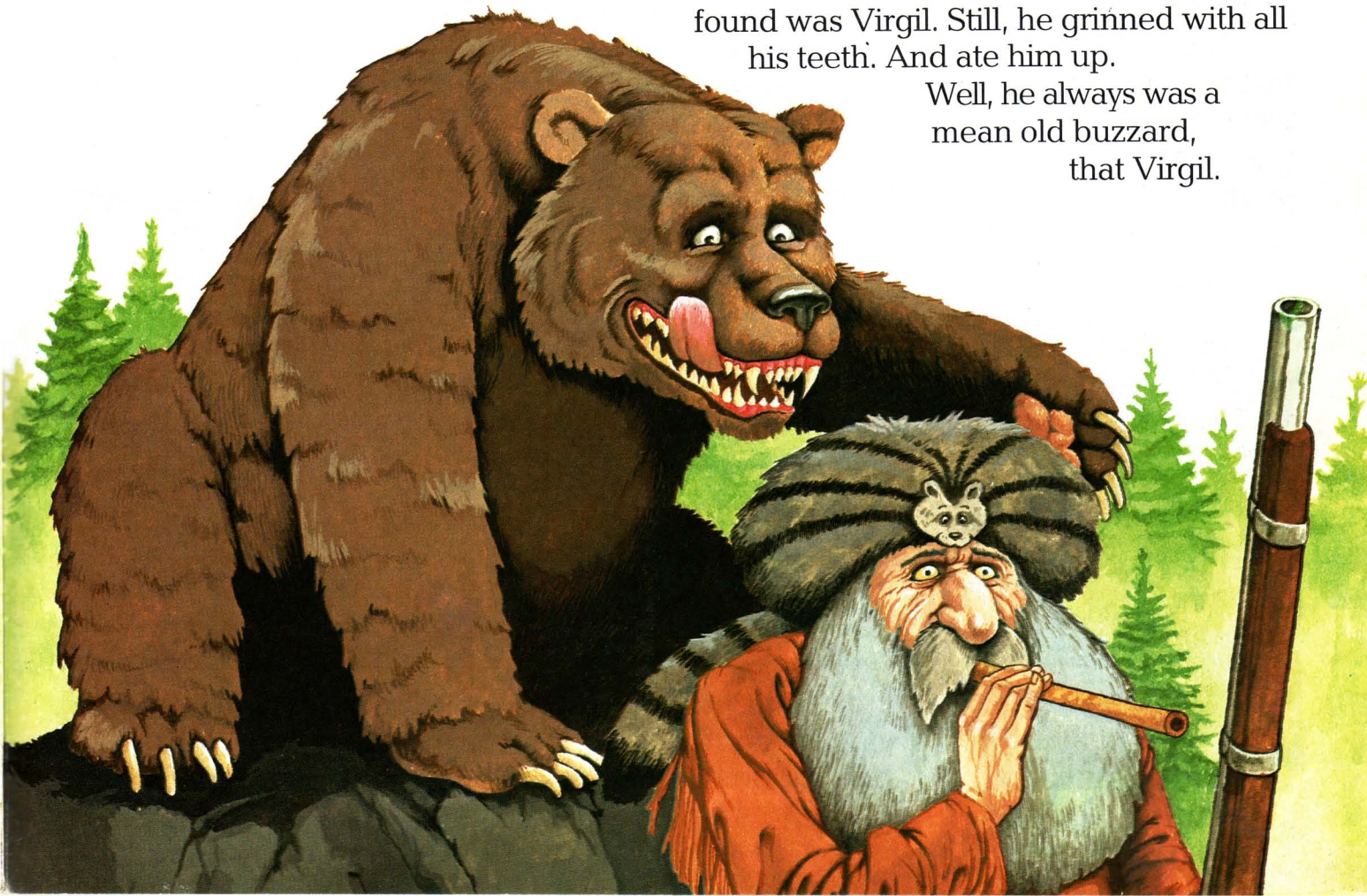
Quick as a flash, Virgil blew down the musical pipe again and made the noise of a great grizzly bear. And he frightened that mountain lion so bad that she took off through the trees as fast as if a real grizzly was on her furry heels.

But the mountain lion was not the only animal to hear his bear-call on the pipe. A huge lonely grizzly bear heard it and came down through the trees with love in his big grizzly heart.



But he did not find a mate. All he found was Virgil. Still, he grinned with all his teeth. And ate him up.

Well, he always was a mean old buzzard, that Virgil.



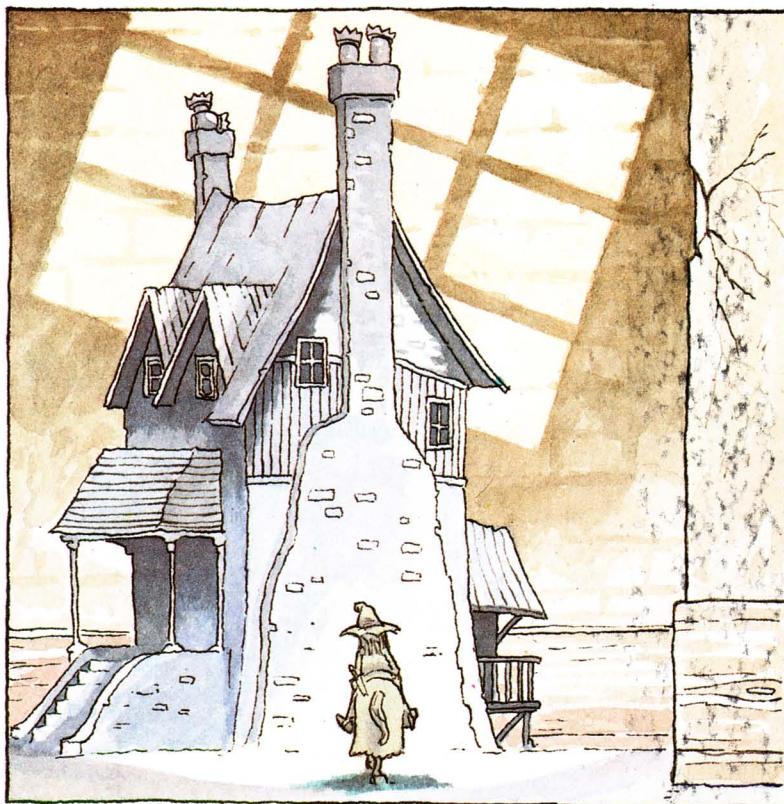
JESTER NINTE



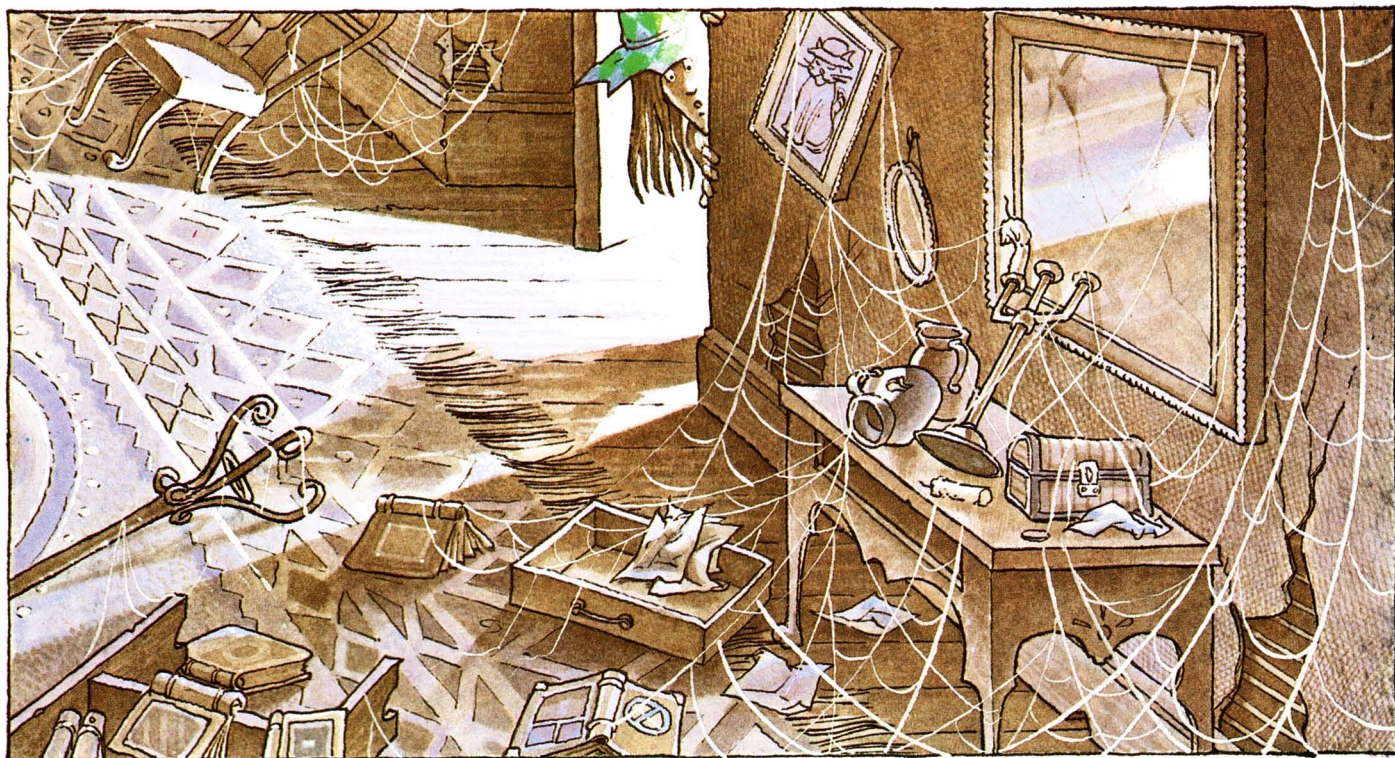
"When I r-rescue the White Queen," cried Jester, "n-nobody will ever laugh at me again!" And he galloped at full tilt across the snakes-and-ladders board.

Everywhere he looked, angry faces hissed. "Ssss . . . who isss thiss?" "Oooh," thought Jester. "What have I g-got myself into n-now?"

Ahead, the path was cluttered with a pile of building blocks. "Maybe if I c-climb up here, I-I'll get a b-better v-view." Then he saw it . . .

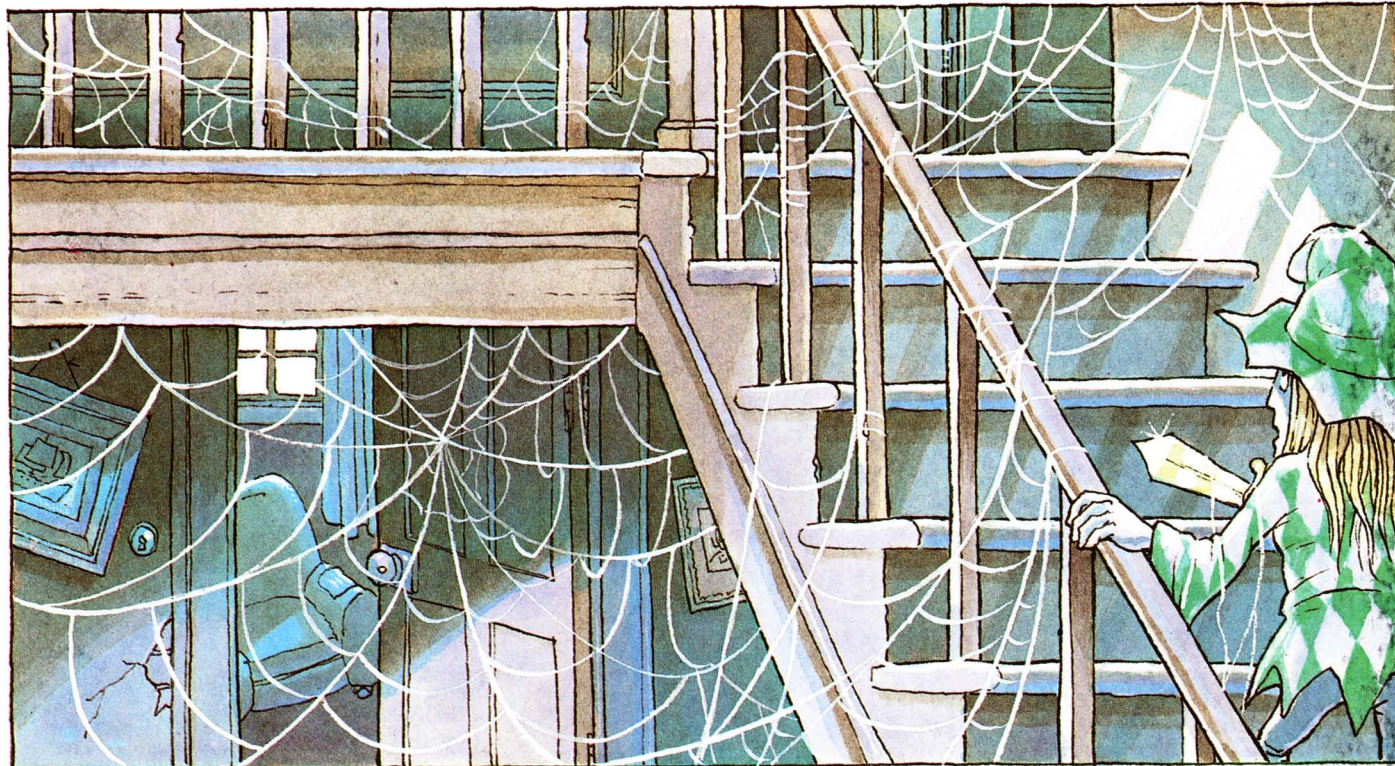


. . . a tall, gloomy house with a ramshackle roof and tumbledown chimneys. "I d-don't like the l-look of this place one little b-bit."



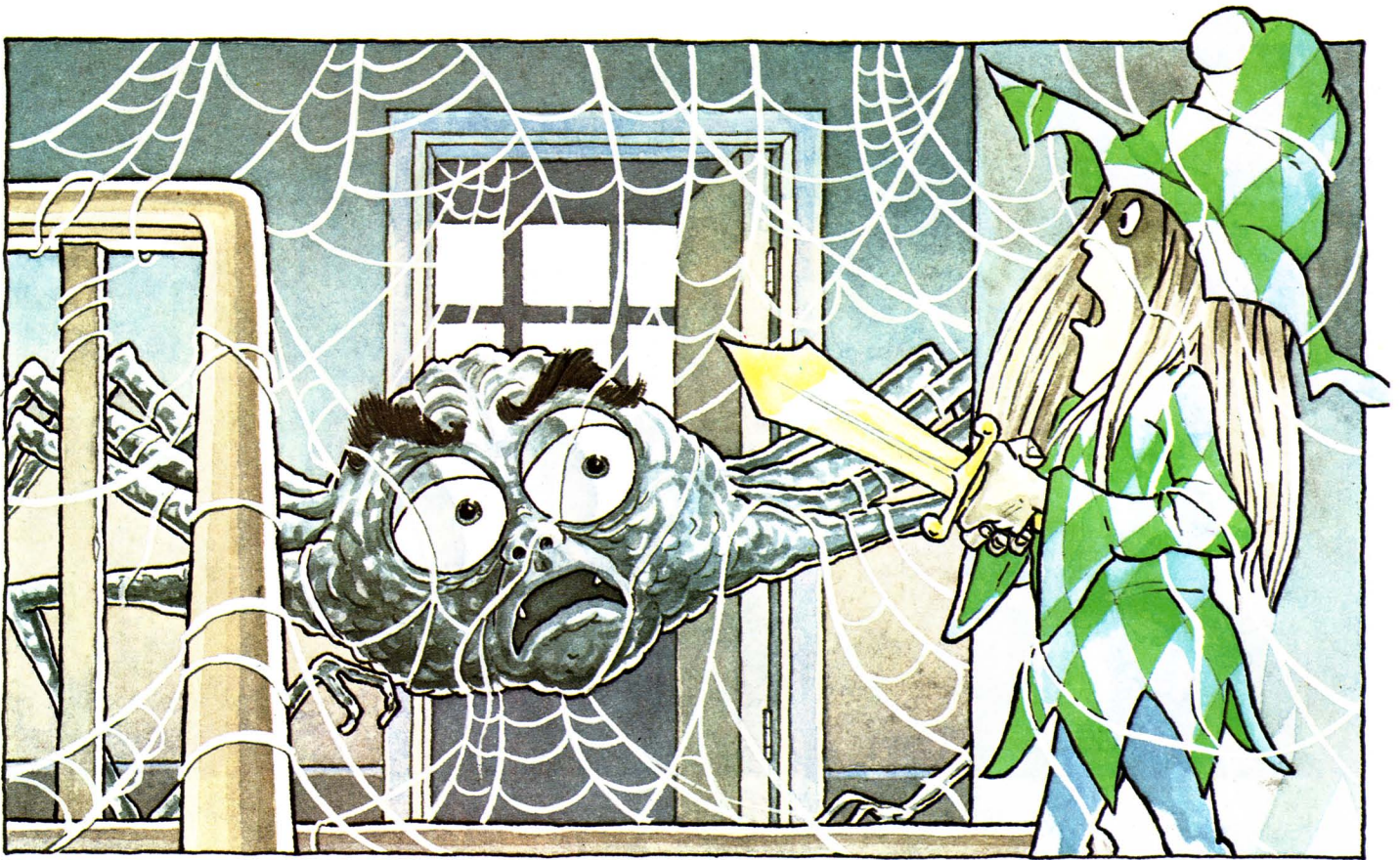
But Jester crept up to the front door. It creaked open, and he peeped into the hall. "W . .w . .what an awful m-mess!"

The hall was dark and dusty. "The house seems to be c-completely d-deserted. Perhaps it's h-h-haunted."



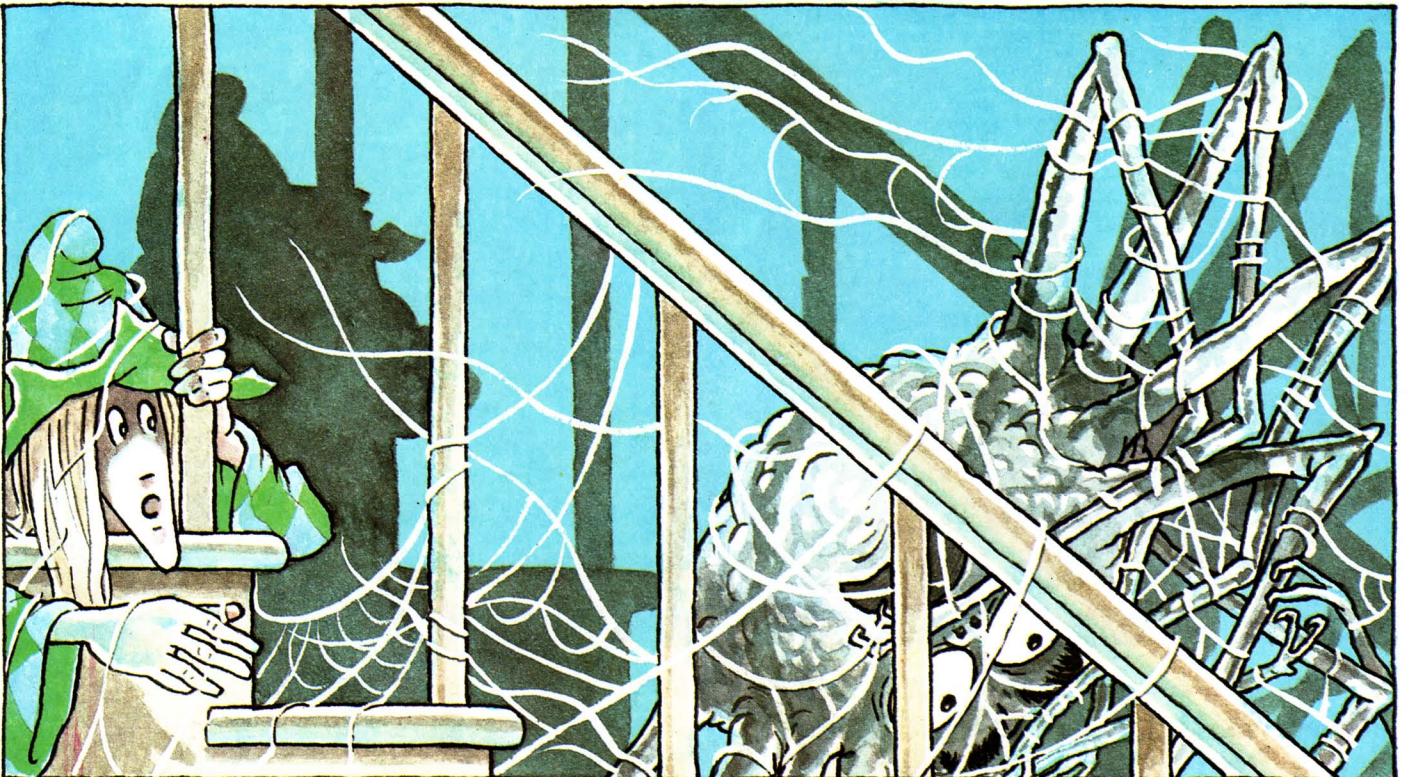
Everything was draped in sticky cobwebs. His heart thumped as he set one foot on the stairs and drew the King's sword.

But his hand was shaking. Jester pushed aside the cobwebs and took another trembling step, clutching the banister.

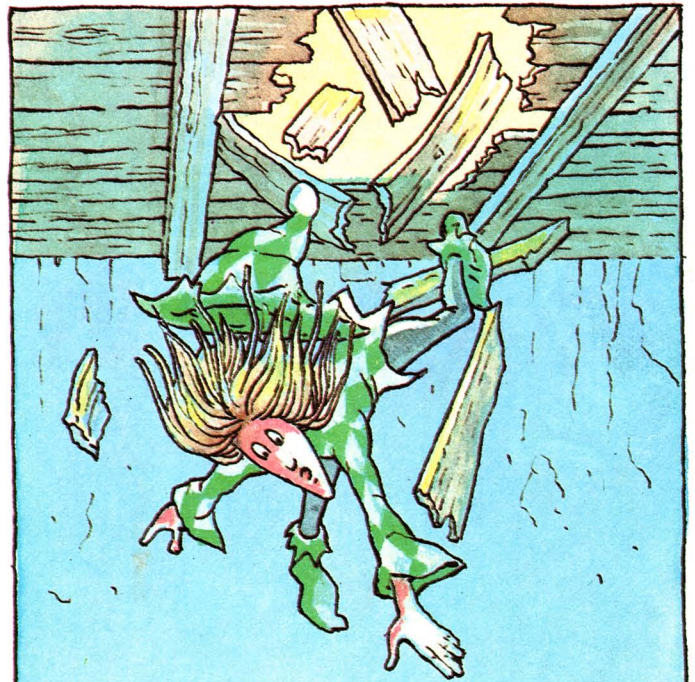
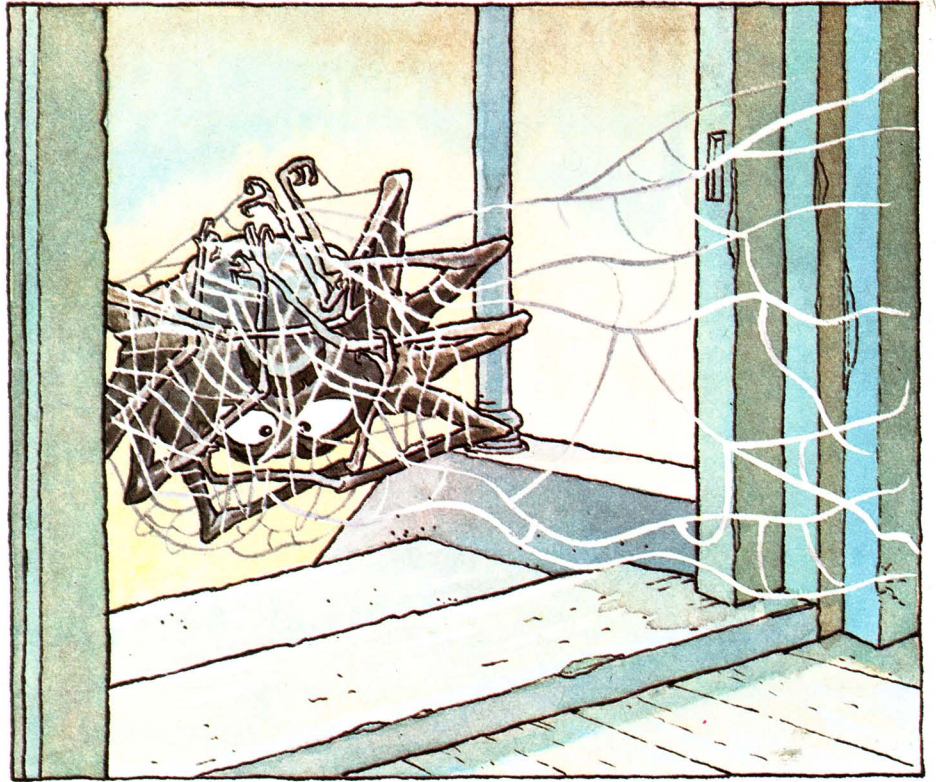


CRASH! A door flew open and there stood Badweb, the fierce, ugly spider. Jester crouched in terror as its huge eyes rolled. A leg reached out to grab him.

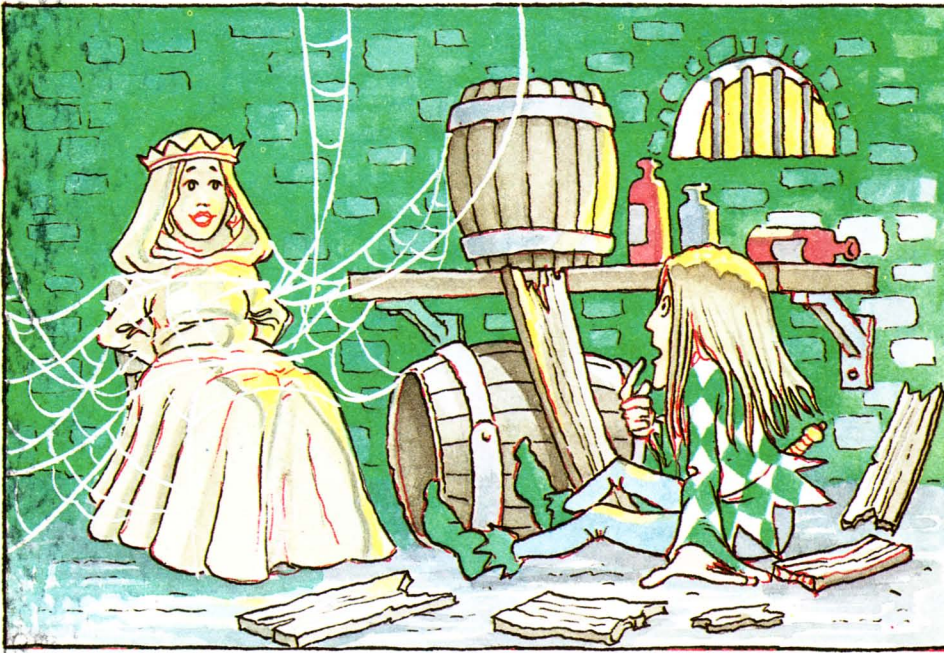
But it got tangled in a mass of webs. The spider screeched with anger, and the whole house shook as he struggled to get free. Then Badweb lost his balance . . .



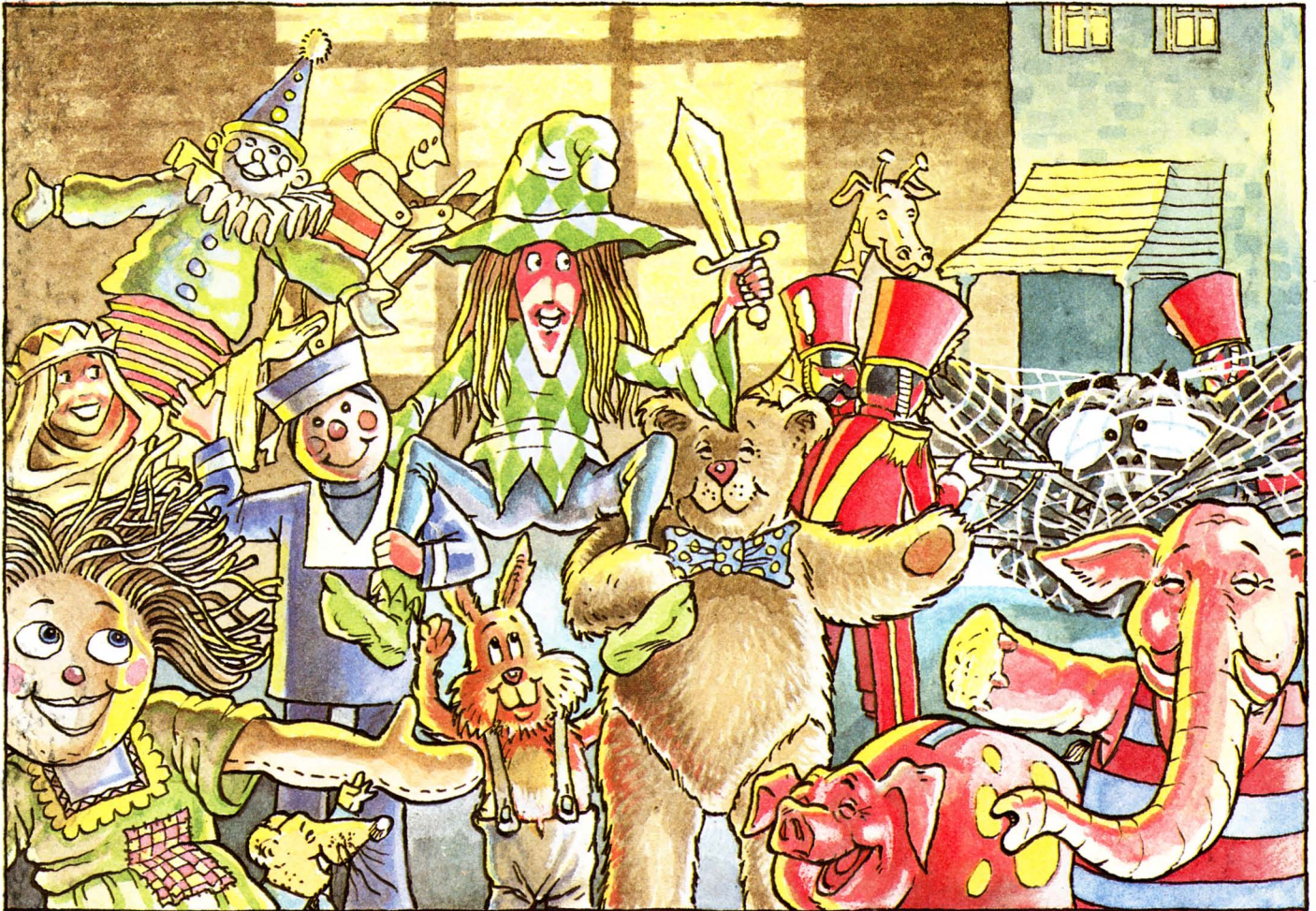
Jester just had time to jump aside as the wriggling spider rolled head over heels and plunged down the stairs over his head. Like a great ball of string, Badweb tumbled out of the front door. He sat outside the house, unable to move. Jester picked up the King's sword, which he had dropped in a panic. "Oh dear, I-I *still* have to f-find the Queen!" I wonder where she c-can be?"



He looked everywhere — in every room. "Oh, I g-give up." Then he heard something. "Yes . . . there it is again!" Suddenly, the floor under him gave way, and he found himself falling into the darkness below!



Jester landed with a bump on a cold stone floor. And there, right in front of him, was the White Queen, all tied up in Badweb's sticky cobwebs. "I'm s-sorry to c-come in without knocking, your majesty," he gasped. And he quickly set about cutting her free with his sword. "I'm very pleased to see you, Jester," said the Queen. "You're so brave."



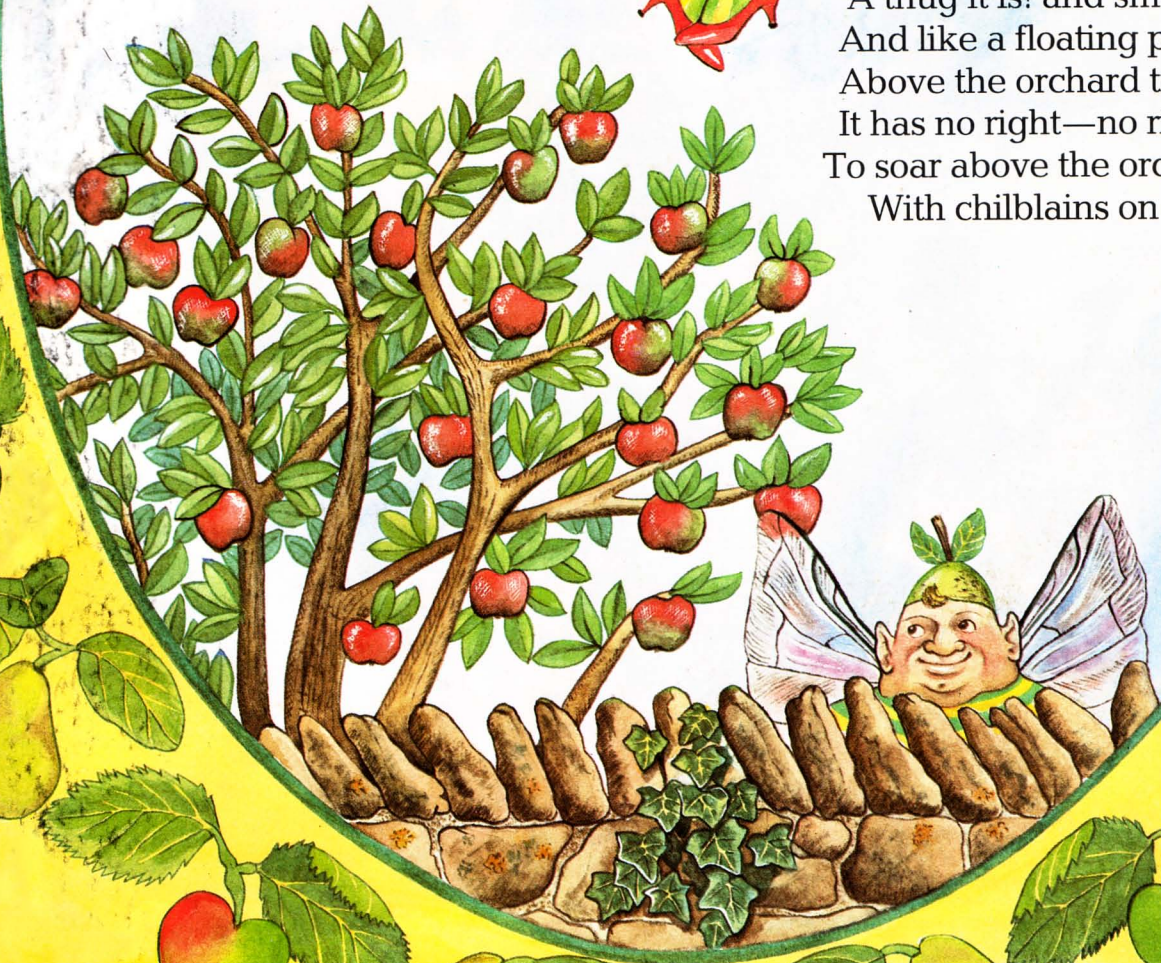
Outside the old house, a huge crowd was waiting to cheer Jester. All the toys heard that Badweb had been defeated. The house was safe to live in once again.

Jester found his trusty horse waiting for him and, taking the Queen's hand, he returned in triumph to the Court of the White Chessmen.

Where it is and there it is...

O here it is! and there it is!
And no-one knows
 whose share it is,
Nor dares to stake a claim.
But we have seen it in the air,
A fairy, like a William pear—
With but itself to blame.

A thug it is! and smug it is;
And like a floating pug it is,
Above the orchard trees.
It has no right—no right at all
To soar above the orchard wall,
With chilblains on its knees.





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