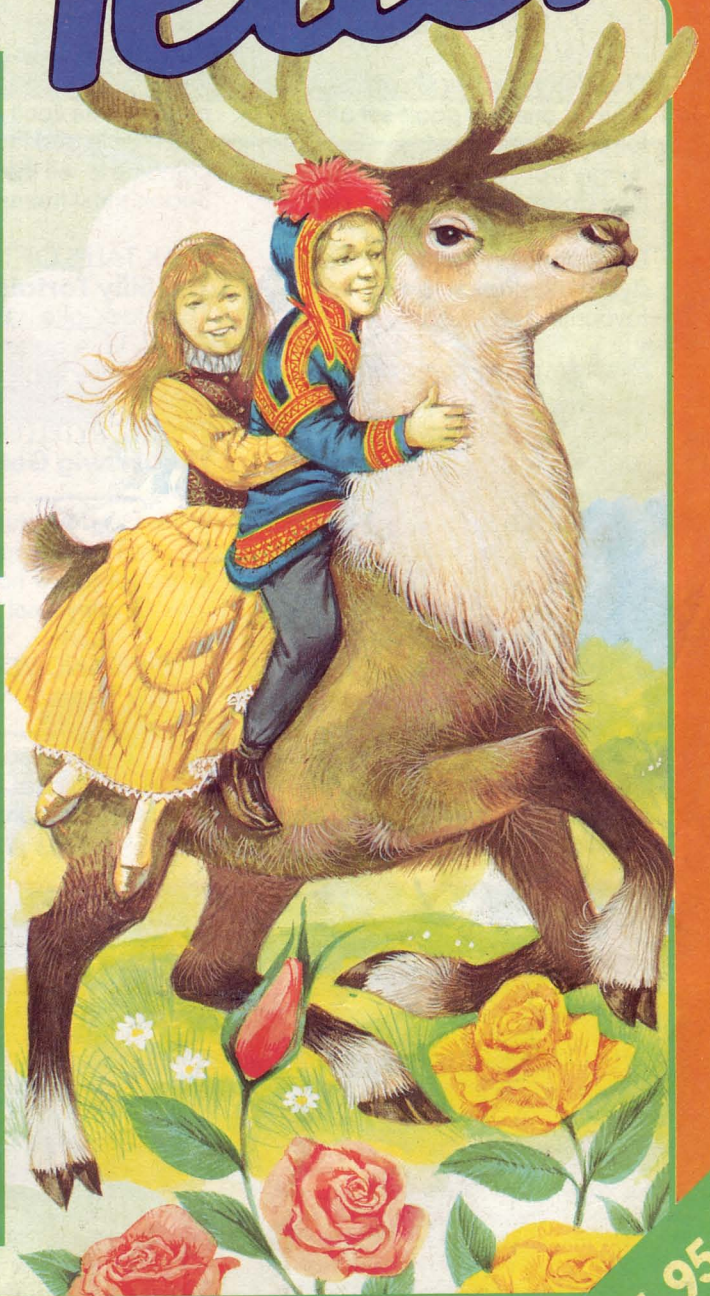
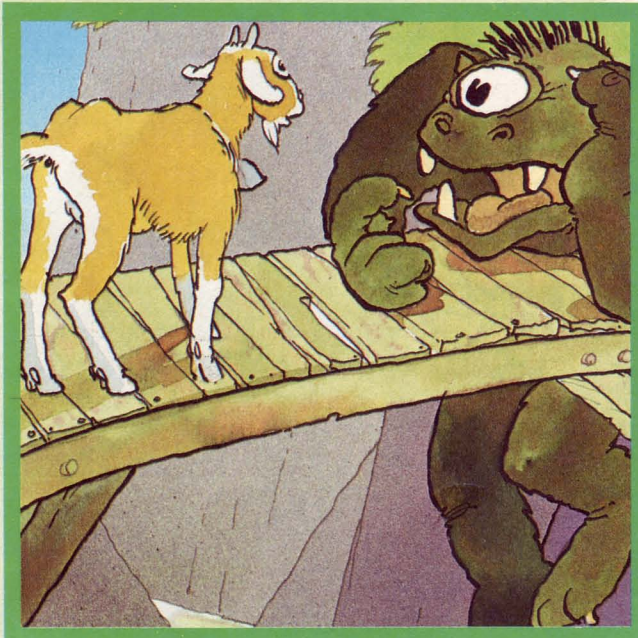


# STORY

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## Teller



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# STORY

## Teller

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

#### Illustrators

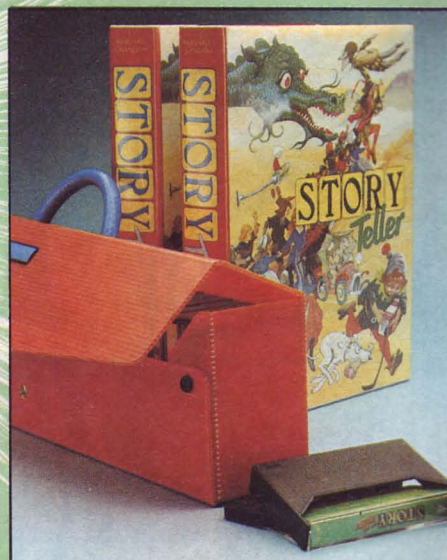
The Billy Goats Gruff: **Malcolm Livingstone**  
The Snow Queen: **Richard Hook**  
A Pocketful of Trouble: **Kim Whybrow**  
Little Spook: **Francis Phillippo**  
The Silly Tortoise: **Sue Porter**  
Timbertwig Gets a New Hat: **Peet Ellison**  
Faster Than Fairies: **Philip Schramm**

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Produced & Directed by **Joa Reinelt**  
Engineered by **John Rowland**  
*A Creative Radio Production*

#### Readers

The Billy Goats Gruff: **Nigel Pegram**  
The Snow Queen: **Liza Goddard**  
A Pocketful of Trouble: **Nigel Pegram**  
Little Spook of Spook Hall: **Liza Goddard**  
The Silly Tortoise: **Nigel Pegram**  
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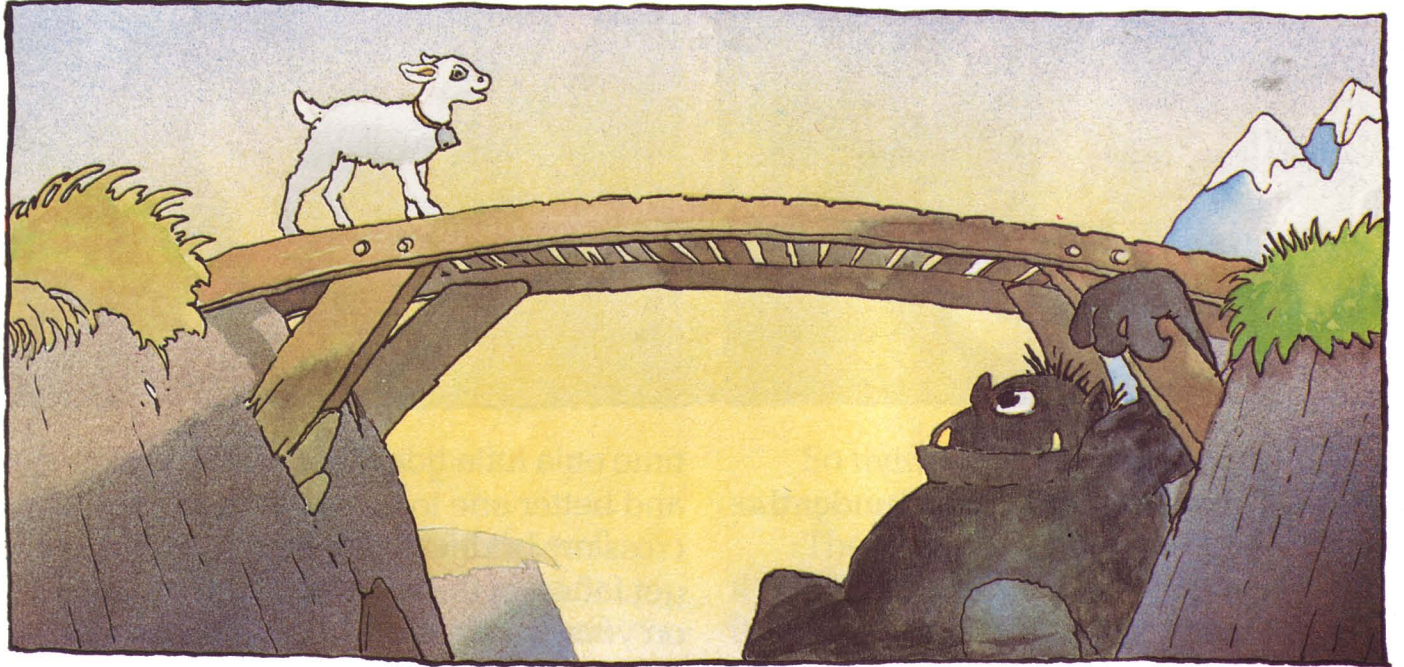
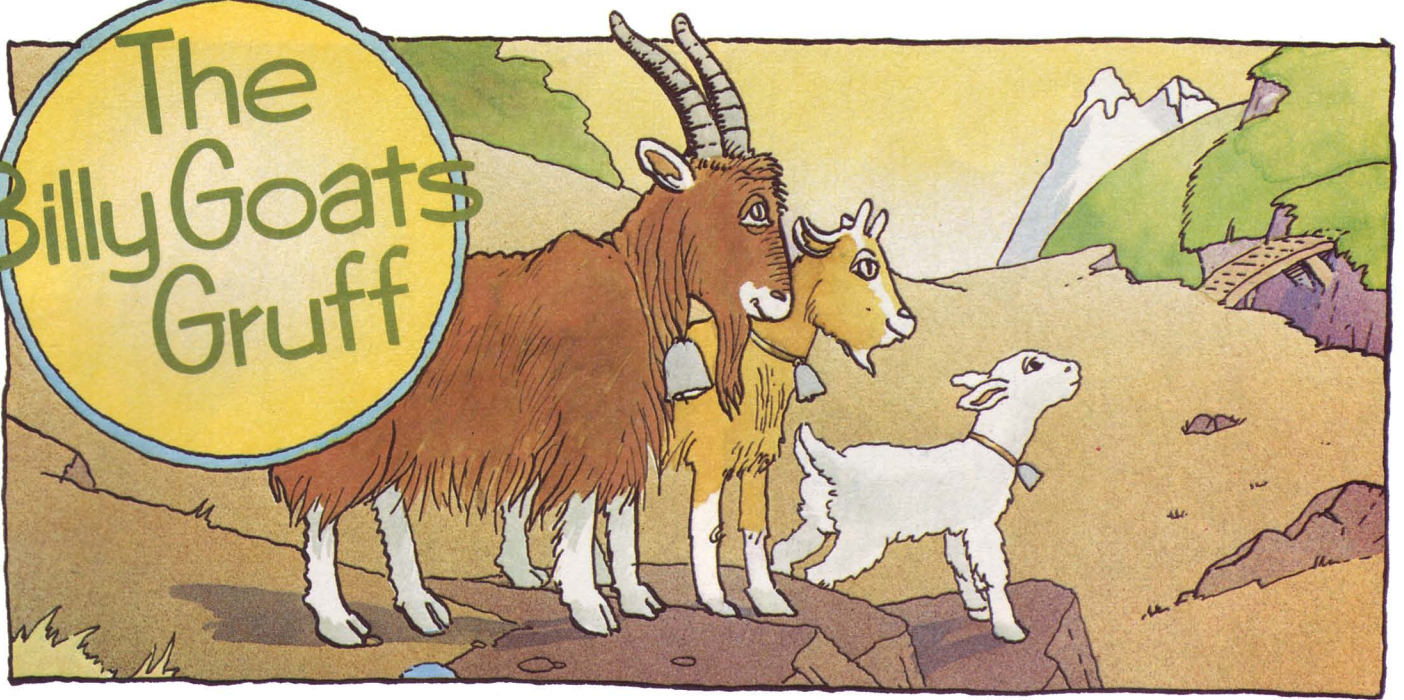
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# The Billy Goats Gruff



Once upon a time there were three billy goats called Gruff. In the winter they lived in a barn in the valley, but when the spring came they longed to travel up to the mountains to eat the lush sweet grass.

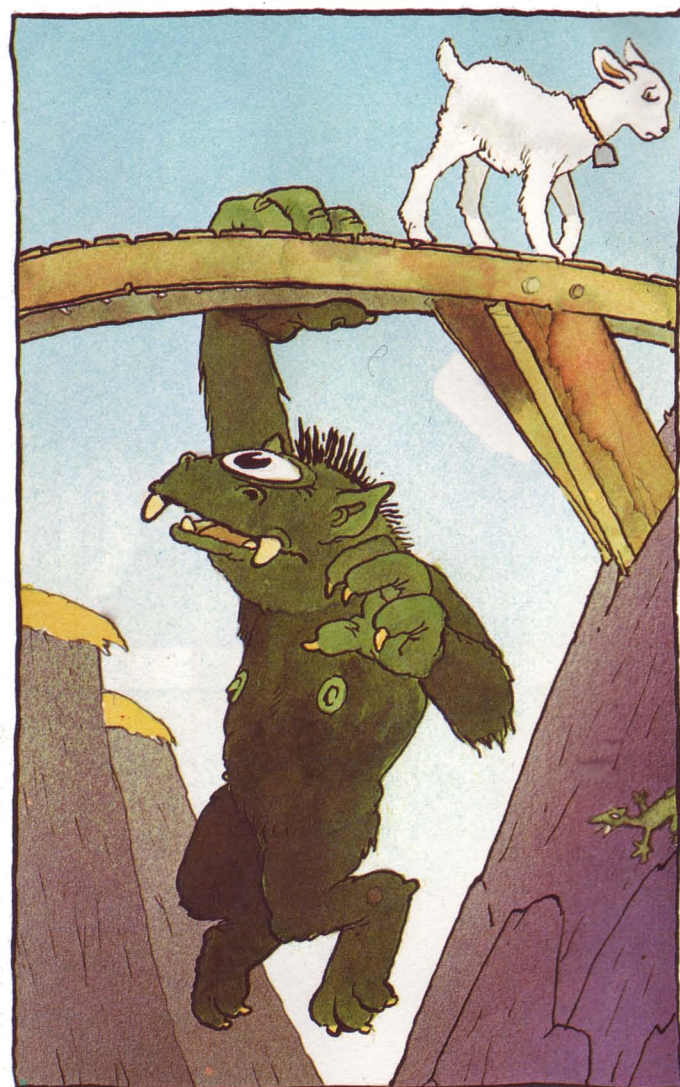
On their way to the mountains the three Billy Goats Gruff had to cross a rushing river. But there was only one bridge across it, made of wooden planks. And underneath the bridge there lived

a terrible, ugly, one-eyed troll.

Nobody was allowed to cross the bridge without the troll's permission — and nobody ever got permission. He always ate them up.

The smallest Billy Goat Gruff was first to reach the bridge. Trippity-trop, trippity-trop went his little hooves as he trotted over the wooden planks. Ting-tang, ting-tang went the little bell round his neck.





"Who's that trotting over *my* bridge?" growled the troll from under the planks.

"Billy Goat Gruff," squeaked the smallest goat in his little voice. "I'm only going up to the mountain to eat the sweet spring grass."

"Oh no you're *not*!" said the troll. "I'm going to eat you for breakfast!"

"Oh no, please Mr Troll," pleaded the goat. "I'm only the smallest Billy Goat Gruff. I'm much too tiny for you to eat, and I wouldn't taste very good. Why don't you wait for my brother, the second Billy Goat Gruff? He's much bigger than me and would be much more tasty."

The troll did not want to waste his

time on a little goat if there was a bigger and better one to eat. "All right, you can cross my bridge," he grunted. "Go and get fatter on the mountain and I'll eat you on your way back!"

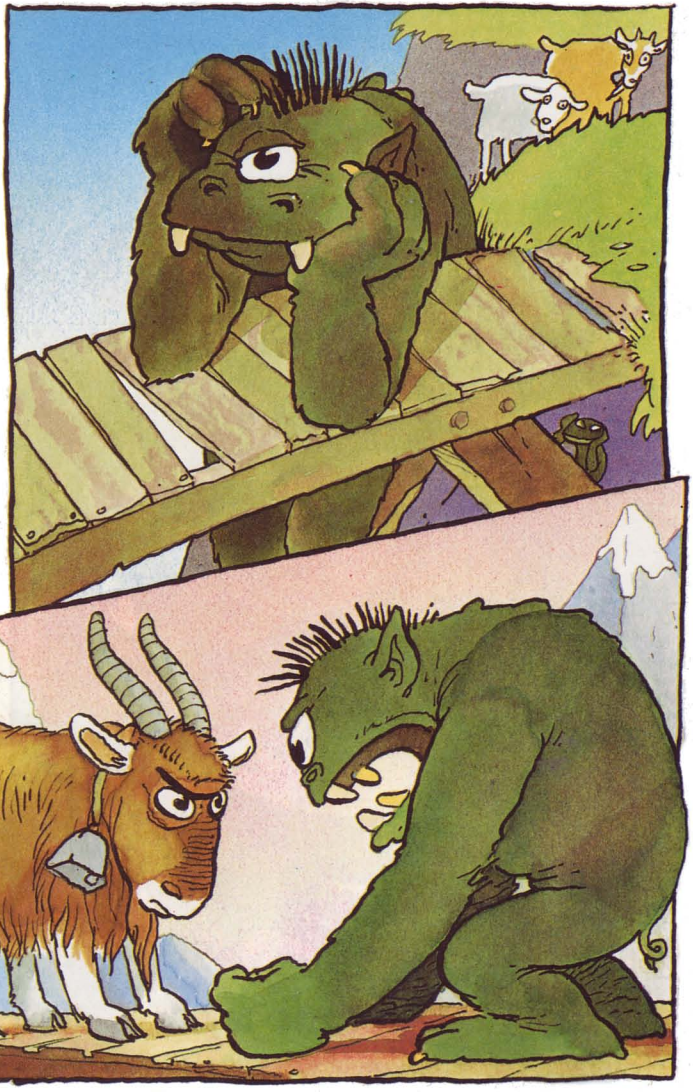
So the smallest Billy Goat Gruff skipped across to the other side.

The troll did not have to wait long for the second Billy Goat Gruff. Clip-clop, clip-clop went his hooves as he clattered over the wooden planks. Ding-dong, ding-dong went the bell round his neck.

"Who's that clattering across *my* bridge?" screamed the troll, suddenly appearing from under the planks.

"Billy Goat Gruff," said the second goat in his middle-sized voice. "I'm going





up to the mountain to eat the lovely spring grass."

"Oh no you're *not*!" said the troll. "I'm going to eat you for breakfast."

"Oh no, please," said the second goat. "I may be bigger than the first Billy Goat Gruff, but I'm much smaller than my brother, the third Billy Goat Gruff. Why don't you wait for him. He would be much more of a meal than me."

The troll was getting very hungry, but he did not want to waste his appetite on a middle-sized goat if there was an even bigger one to come. "All right, you can cross my bridge," he rumbled. "Go and get fatter on the mountain and I'll eat you on your way back!"

So the middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff scampered across to the other side.

The troll did not have to wait long for the third Billy Goat Gruff. Tromp-tramp, tromp-tramp went his great hooves as he stomped across the wooden planks. Bong-bang, bong-bang went the big bell round his neck.

"Who's that stomping over my bridge?" roared the troll, resting his chin on his hands.

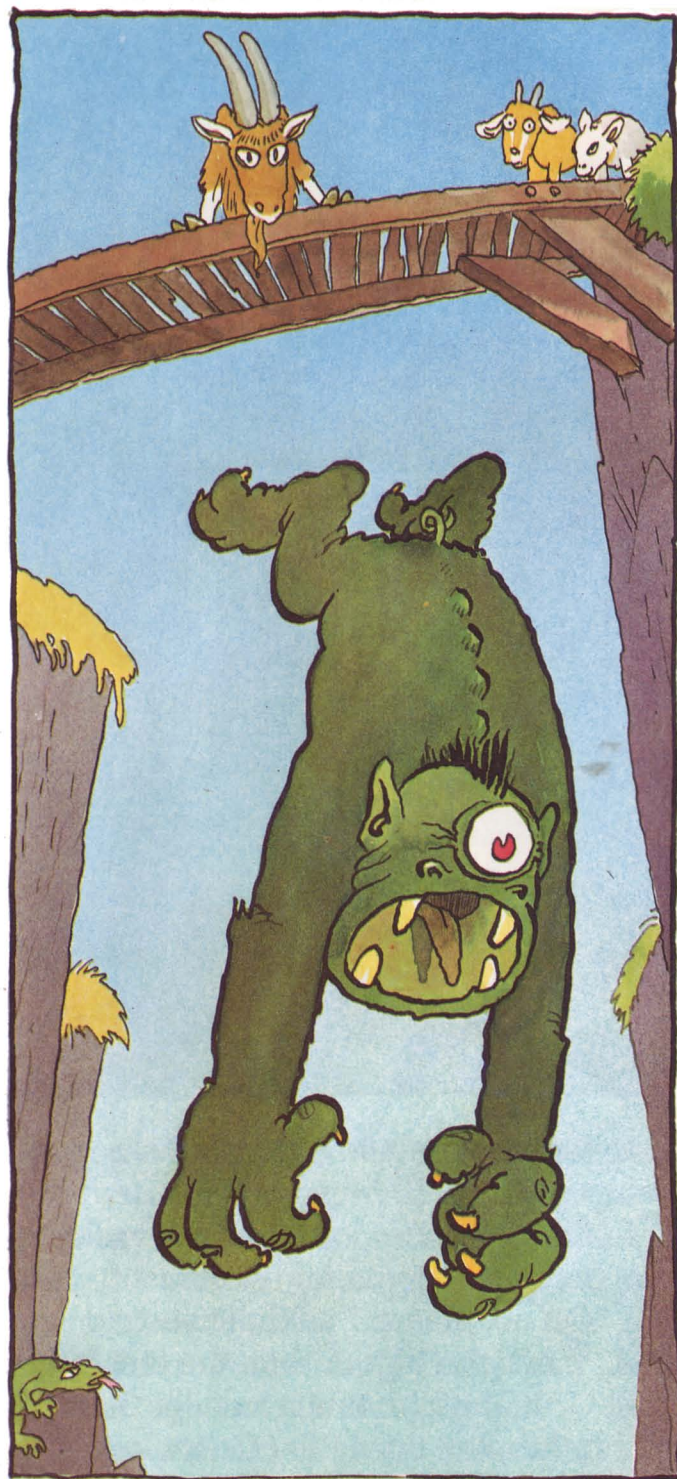
"Billy Goat Gruff," said the third goat in a deep voice. "I'm going up to the mountain to eat the lush spring grass."

"Oh no you're not," said the troll as he clambered up on to the bridge. "I'm going to eat you for breakfast!"





"That's what *you* think," said the biggest Billy Goat Gruff. Then he lowered his horns, galloped along the bridge and butted the ugly troll. Up, up, up went the troll into the air . . . then down, down, down into the rushing river below. He disappeared below the swirling waters, and was drowned.



"So much for *his* breakfast," thought the biggest Billy Goat Gruff. "Now what about *mine*!" And he walked in triumph over the bridge to join his two brothers on the mountain pastures. From then on anyone could cross the bridge whenever they liked — thanks to the three Billy Goats Gruff.





Once, long ago, there was a little boy called Kai and a little girl called Gerda. They lived next door to each other, and they loved each other very much.

Between their two houses was a garden where Kai and Gerda played among the flowers all summer long. Gerda's favourite flowers were the roses, and she made up a verse about them, specially for Kai:

*"Until the last rose blooms and dies,  
We will be friends, Gerda and Kai."*

When winter came, they sat inside by the warm stove and listened to Kai's grandmother telling stories about the wicked Snow Queen.

"She flies with the sleet and smothers the fields with snow. She stiffens the flowers with frost and freezes the rivers. Her heart is a block of ice. And she would like to make everyone's heart as icy as her own."

As the old woman spoke, the wind howled round the house, and a window clattered open. A flurry of sleet blew into Kai's face, and a splinter of ice pierced his eye. Instantly, it travelled to his heart and lodged there.





Kai cried out in pain. But a few moments later he was laughing again. And Gerda thought no more about it.

The next day, Kai went to play in the town square with the other boys.

"Can I come?" said Gerda.

But Kai turned on her angrily. "Of course not. You're only a stupid girl."

Gerda was very hurt. How could she know that the icicle in Kai's heart was turning it to ice?

The boys liked to tie their sledges to the farmer's cart, which pulled them across the snow. But this day a big white sleigh stood in the square, its driver dressed in white fur.

"This will be better than the farmer's cart," thought Kai, and he tied his sledge to the back of the white sleigh.

The sleigh moved off — faster and

faster, until Kai began to get frightened. He wanted to untie his sledge, but could not undo the rope. On and on they went, out of the city gates, on and on, flying with the wind.

"Help! Help!" shouted Kai, but nobody heard him. They flew for hours, until suddenly they stopped and the driver stood up. The driver was a tall, thin woman and her coat and hat were made of snow. Kai stared in wonder. There before him stood the Snow Queen!

She lifted Kai into the sleigh beside her and wrapped him in her coat. "You're cold," she said, and kissed him on the forehead. Though her kiss was like ice, Kai no longer felt the cold. He thought that nobody in the







"Perhaps the boat will carry me to Kai," she thought.

The boat carried Gerda down the river until it passed a little thatched house beside a cherry orchard. A strange old lady came out of the cottage wearing a large hat. With her crooked walking stick, she hooked the boat and pulled it to the shore.

world could be more beautiful than the Snow Queen. For it was she who had sent the wind to plunge an icicle into Kai's heart. By now, it had turned to solid ice. And he forgot all about Gerda and his grandmother.

Gerda wept bitterly when Kai did not come home. Everyone said he must be dead, lost somewhere in the deep snow. All winter she waited, but Kai did not come back. At last the warmer weather came. And Gerda was given new red shoes to wear with her Spring clothes.

She put them on and went to the wide river. "Have you seen my friend Kai?" she asked the waves. "I'll give you my new red shoes if you tell me where he is!"

The tumbling waves nodded their foaming heads. So she climbed into a little boat moored among the reeds, then tossed her shoes as far as she could into the water. As she did so, the boat drifted away from the bank and began racing downstream. Gerda was frightened, but she dared not jump out.







"Poor child," she said to Gerda. "How did you come to be floating all alone through the wide world?"

So Gerda told the old lady her whole story, and asked if she had seen Kai.

"He's not been here yet, my dear, but I expect he will be very soon." She took Gerda into the house and gave her cherries to eat. And while she ate them,

the old lady combed the girl's hair.

Now in truth, the old lady was the loneliest of all magicians, and she wanted to keep Gerda with her. So she combed away all her memories. Soon Gerda forgot all about Kai.

For days Gerda played in the cottage. But one sunny morning she was wandering among the flowers in the garden when she saw a bush blossoming with red roses. Gerda kissed the flowers in delight, and straight away she remembered Kai.

"I've stayed here too long!" she cried out — and her voice disturbed a big black crow from a nearby tree.

"Caw! What's the matter, little girl?"

"I have to find my friend Kai. Have you seen him?"

"I saw a boy pass this way last week. He had won the heart of a princess, and now he's a prince. They live together in a beautiful palace not far from here."

"Oh, I would be so happy for Kai if he had become a prince," laughed Gerda.

"Can you show me the way there?"

So the crow flew off and led Gerda to the palace. Inside they both crept up a shadowy







staircase until they came to the royal bedchamber. Gerda peeped in at the sleeping prince — and burst into tears.

"Oh, Crow! It isn't Kai at all! I'll have to go on looking. But I'm so tired!"

Her crying woke the young prince and princess, and they were amazed to see a little girl sobbing at the foot of their bed. But when they heard her story, they understood her tears.

"I'll give you my prettiest dress to cheer you up," said the princess.

"And I'll give you my golden coach," said the prince, "so you can travel farther

and faster, and find little Kai all the sooner."

In the prince's coach, Gerda rode through a dark forest. The coachwork glistened among the trees — and some wicked robbers saw it, shining in the moonlight.

"It's gold! All gold!" they shouted, and they ambushed it at the next crossroads.

They dragged Gerda out of the coach and carried her away to their robber castle. At the door stood a black-eyed girl, the daughter of the robber chief.

When they found out that Gerda was not a rich princess and had nothing to steal, they decided to kill her. "Oh don't do that!" cried the robber's daughter. "She can play with me, and I can wear her pretty clothes!"







the Queen has her summer palace there."

"I must get there quickly!" exclaimed Gerda. "Now I understand why he was unkind to me that day. His heart was turning to ice!"

The robbers were sleeping. The chief's daughter crept to her father's pillow and stole the key to set Gerda free. "Take her to Lapland," she told the reindeer. "Help her to find Kai."

The reindeer was delighted to be going home, and he leapt over the moors and marshes. They travelled for several days and nights, until at last they came to Lapland. It was very, very cold, with ice and snow everywhere.

The robber chief scowled. "All right, then. But I'll keep her under lock and key, or she might escape and give away our hiding place."

That night, Gerda told her new friend about Kai, and how she longed to find him. As she spoke, the doves in the rafters and an old reindeer listened to her story.

Suddenly one of the doves said, "Coo, coo. We've seen little Kai. He rode in the Snow Queen's sleigh as she flew towards Lapland."

"Ah yes," said the reindeer. "I was born in Lapland. It glitters with ice and snow, and







"Look! Over there!" cried Gerda. Sparkling in the distance was the Snow Queen's summer palace, like a mountain of diamonds.

Inside her palace, the Snow Queen had made Kai her slave. She was as sharp-tongued and spiteful as frost, forcing him to polish the vast, icy floors. He would have wept, but his heart was too frozen for tears.

The Snow Queen gave Kai some icicles and said, "Shape these into the word ETERNITY, and I *may* set you free." Then she flew away to heap snow on the cities and fetch down avalanches on the heads of climbers. Kai was left alone with the icicles. His hands were blue with cold, but he felt nothing. He was still trying to shape the word ETERNITY when Gerda found her way into the palace and to his vast, frozen room.

"Kai!" she cried. "I've found you at last!" And she flung her arms around him.

But Kai stood still and cold and unsmiling. "Who are you? What are you doing here? Are you another of the Snow Queen's slaves? Go away. Let go of me!"

Gerda refused to let go. Despite his unkind looks, she wept tears of happiness at seeing him again. And as she cried, her warm tears trickled into Kai's eye . . . and melted the ice

in his heart. And Kai remembered her.

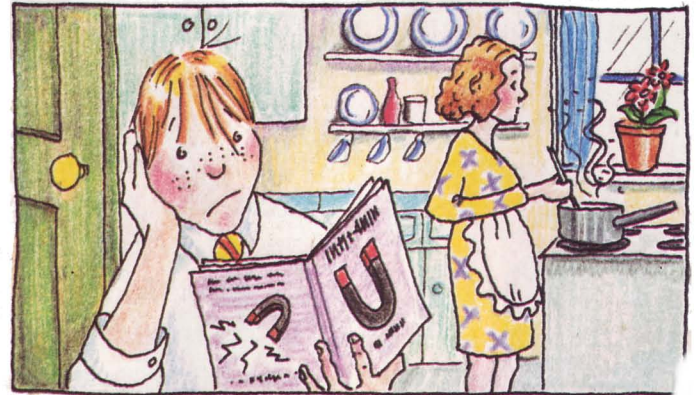
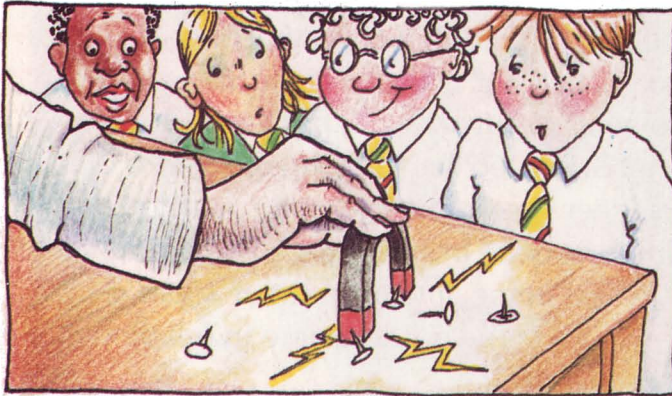
"Gerda! It's you!" he laughed. And they hugged and kissed each other and danced for joy. The pieces of ice danced too, and shaped the word ETERNITY on the icy floor. "Now I'm free!" cried Kai. "I'm free of the Snow Queen's Powers and my heart is my own again."

Gerda led Kai to the place where the reindeer was waiting. As they travelled back, the sun shone brightly, and by the time they reached home, it was Summer again. And the roses in the garden were in full bloom.



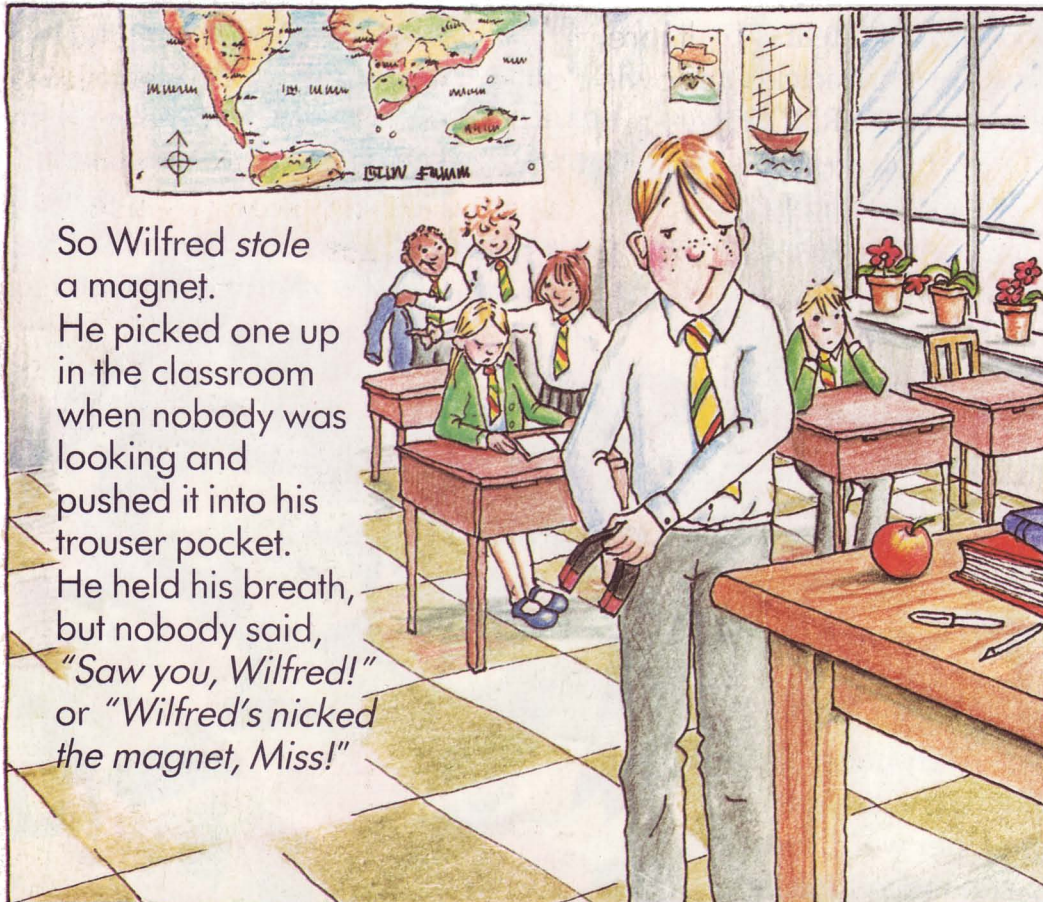


# A POCKETFUL OF TROUBLE



Wilfred loved the lesson on magnetism — all about magnets picking up pins, and magnets picking up other magnets. There's something wonderfully gluey about magnets — except that only metal things stick to them. And then the metal things turn into magnets, too!

Wilfred took a book out of the library about magnets. There was even a picture of one on the cover. But it was not as much fun. Nothing stuck to it. "I want a *real* magnet," said Wilfred. His mother only said, "Maybe for Christmas . . ." But that was far too long to wait!



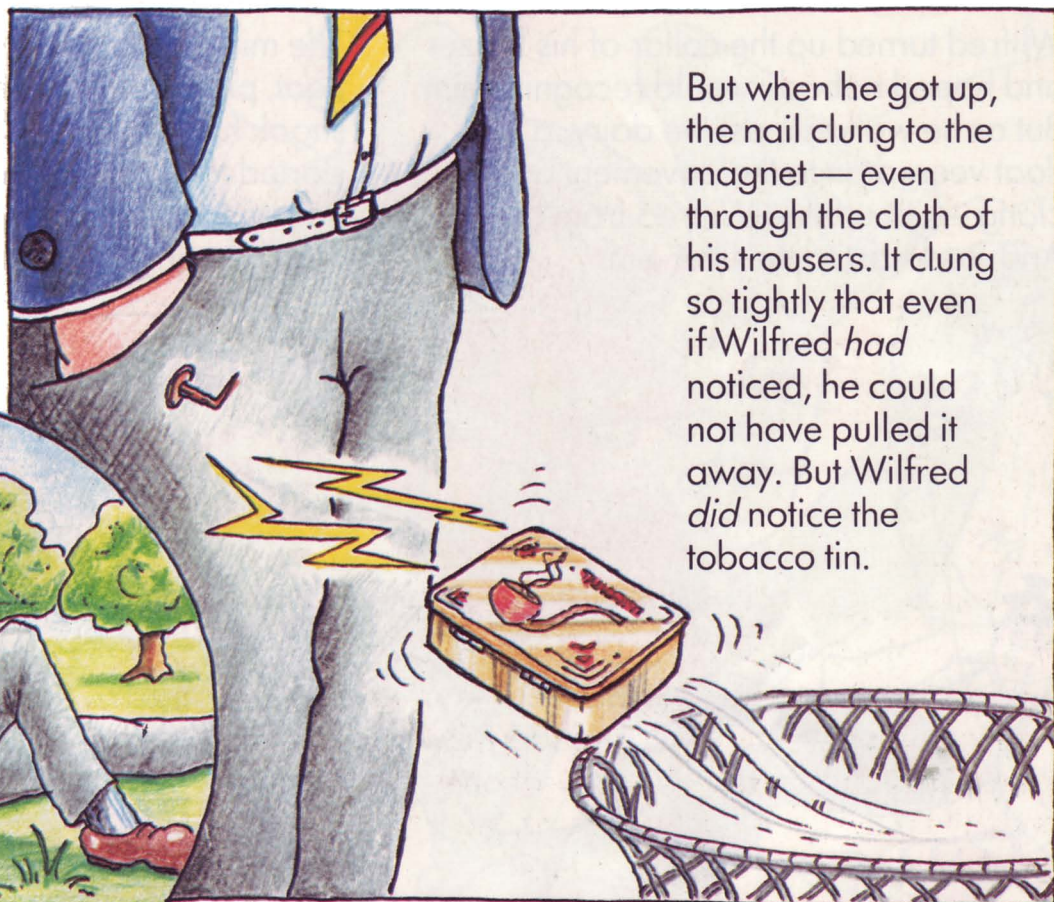
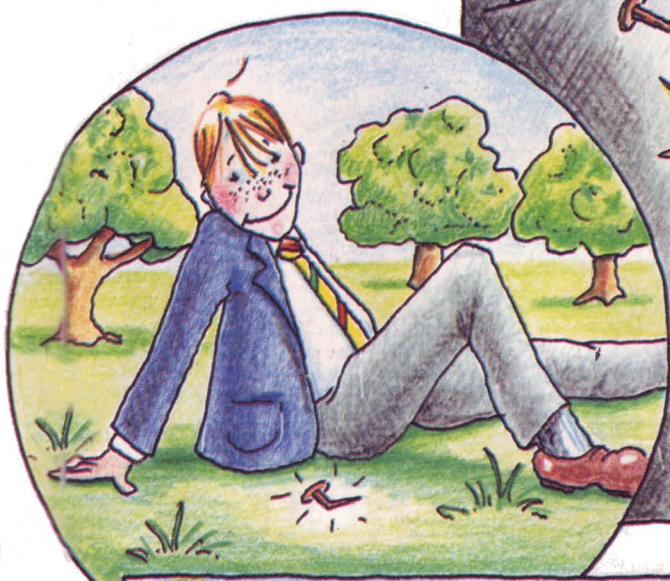
So Wilfred *stole* a magnet. He picked one up in the classroom when nobody was looking and pushed it into his trouser pocket. He held his breath, but nobody said, "Saw you, Wilfred!" or "Wilfred's nicked the magnet, Miss!"



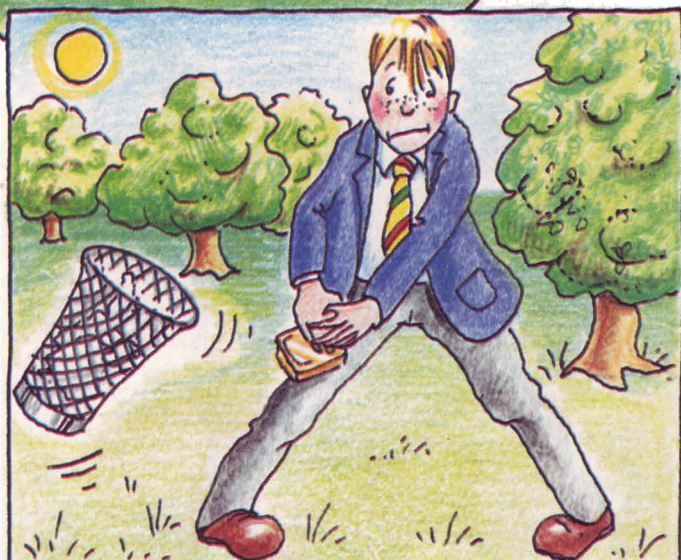
He whistled all the way to the school gates, patting his trouser pocket. Stealing was easy. He might even take it up for a living!



As he sat down in the park, he didn't notice the bent iron nail in the grass. It didn't hurt when he sat on it — it was under the pocket with the magnet in.



But when he got up, the nail clung to the magnet — even through the cloth of his trousers. It clung so tightly that even if Wilfred *had* noticed, he could not have pulled it away. But Wilfred *did* notice the tobacco tin.



It leapt out of the litter-bin by the park gate and clung to the bent iron nail. He was so embarrassed. People might think he smoked. He tugged and pulled, but the tin was magnetic now. It stuck fast. And then the litter-bin followed!

It tore itself free of its concrete base and bowled out of the park gate. Wilfred tried to run, but the bin was too fast for him. With a clang, it stuck to the tobacco tin, which was stuck to the bent nail, which had stuck to the magnet . . .



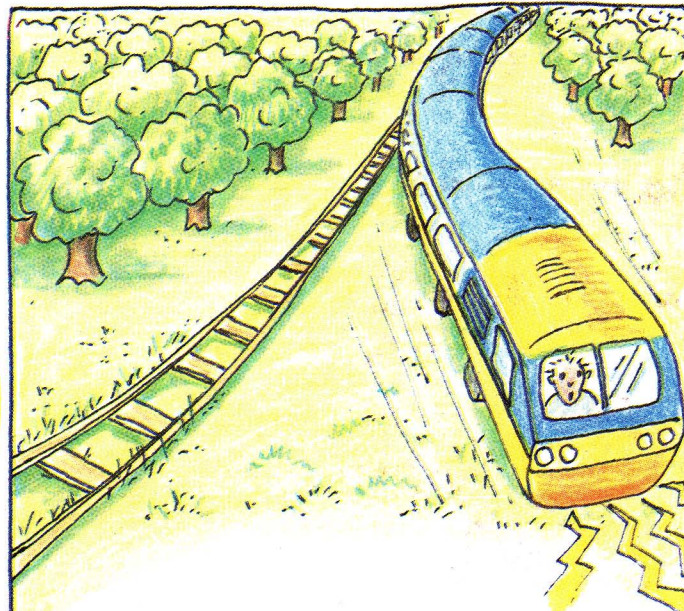


Wilfred turned up the collar of his blazer and hoped nobody would recognise him. But as he walked past the dairy, a milk float veered on to the pavement and — *clang* — it buffeted Wilfred from behind. And stuck fast to the litter-bin.

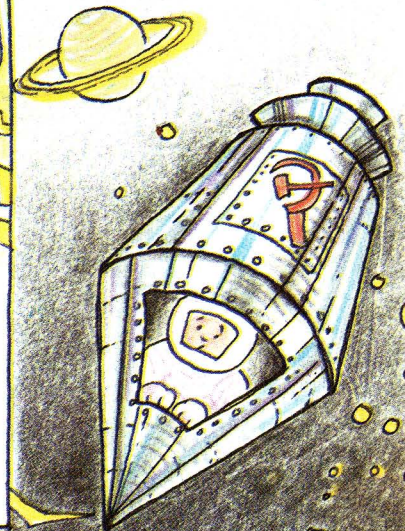
The milkman, who had fallen out of his float, picked himself up and shouted and shook his fist. Wilfred took fright and started to run. But it was not easy, with the nail and the tin and the bin and the milk float hanging on behind.



It was even more awkward when the Number 14 bus joined on. It was full of passengers!



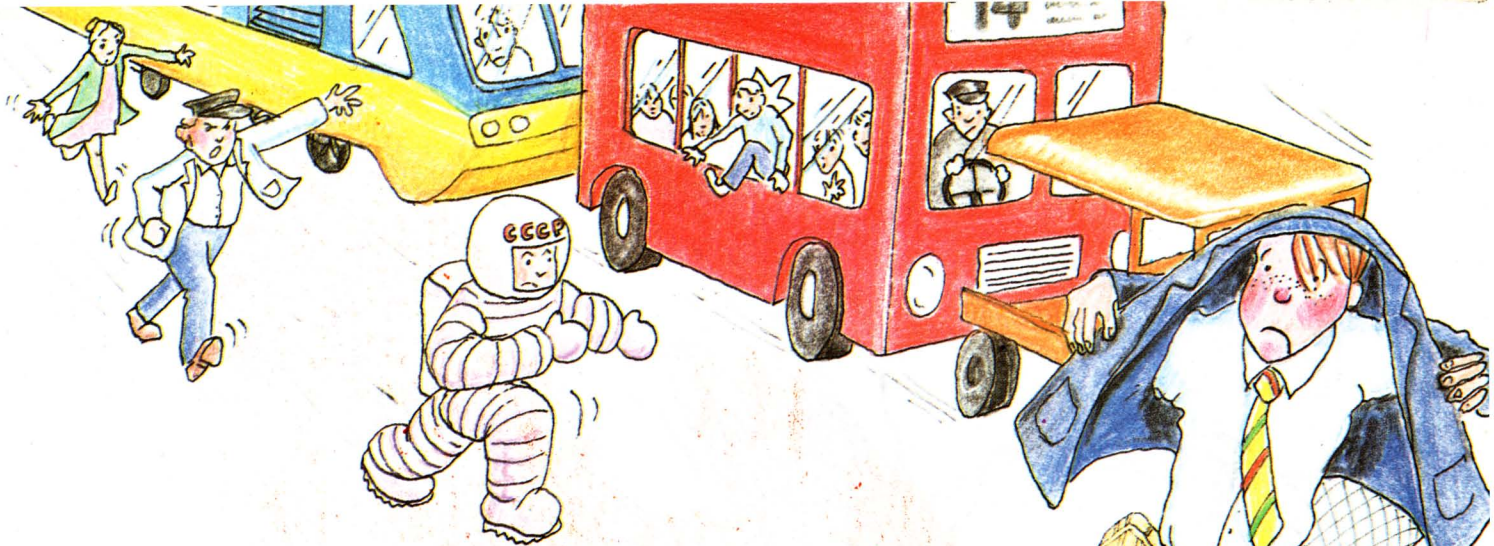
It was just about then that the Russian spacecraft fell to earth. It seemed to have been pulled out of its orbit by a *huge* magnetic force . . .



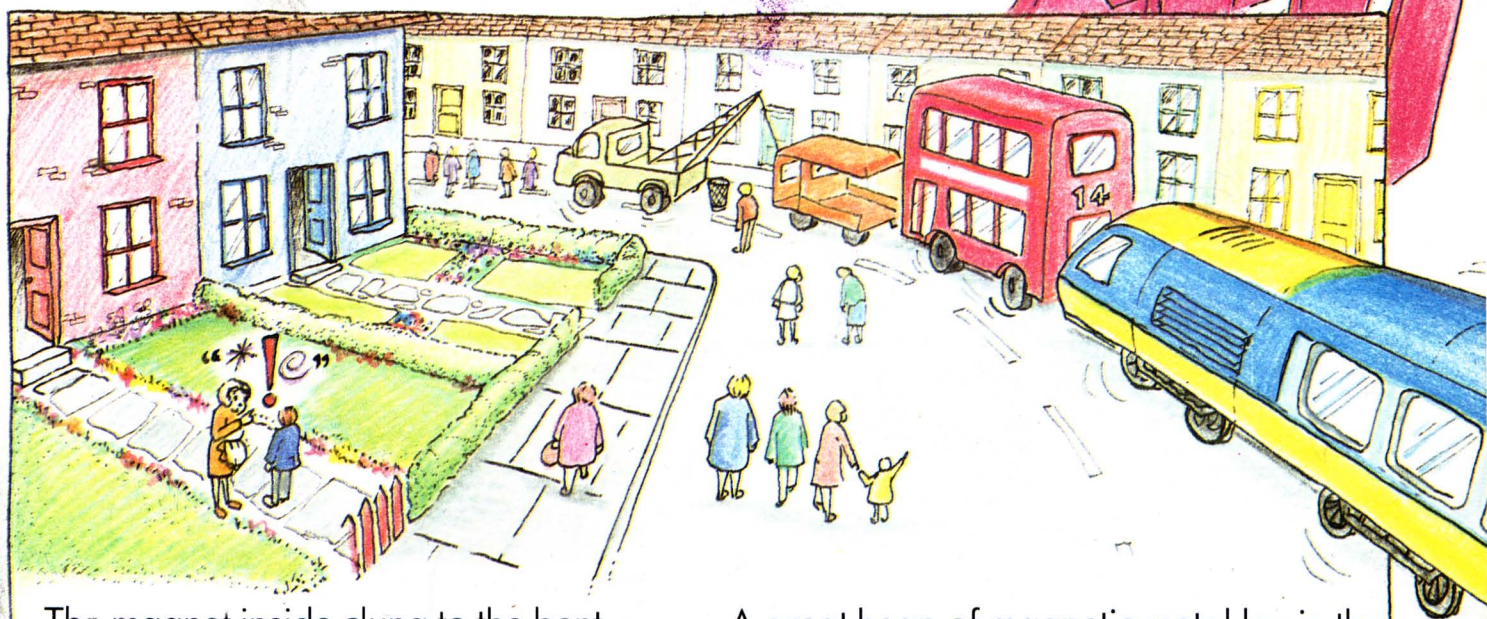
Wilfred cut across the embankment to try and throw them off. But he only succeeded in attracting the 5.30 train to London. It hurtled off the rails and clung to the Number 14 bus, the milk float, the bin, the tin and the nail.







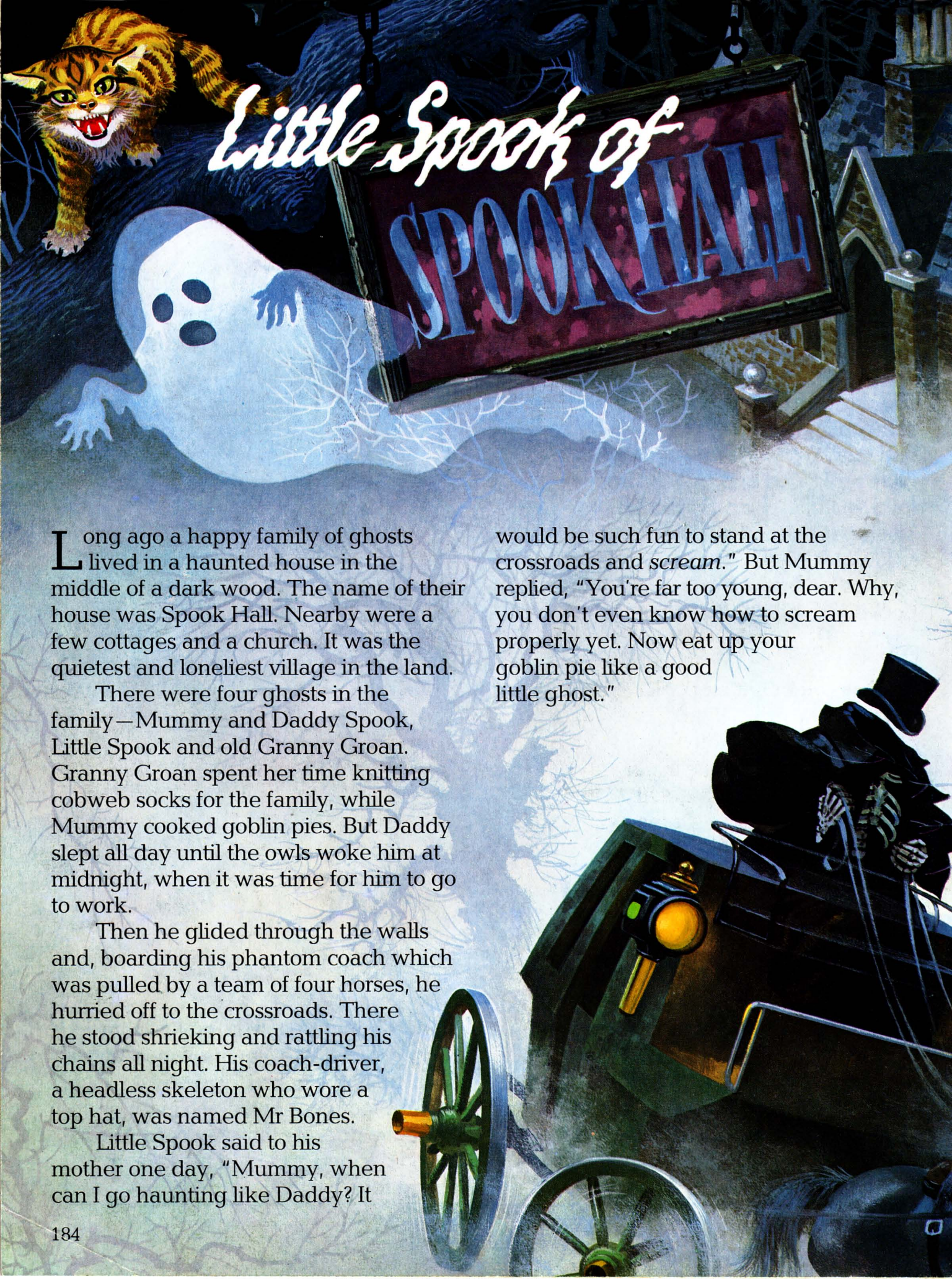
Wilfred crawled on wearily, his blazer over his head in case he was spotted by someone he knew. And the nail and the tin and the bin and the milk float and the Number 14 bus and the 5.30 train followed on behind. So did the big, bleeping spacecraft with a hammer and sickle painted on the top. Then, just as he reached his own front gate . . . the pocket tore off his trousers.



The magnet inside clung to the bent iron nail, the nail to the tobacco tin, the tin to the litter-bin, the bin to the milk-float, the float to the Number 14 bus, the bus to the 5.30 train, and the train to the spacecraft. But *nothing* clung to Wilfred!

A great heap of magnetic metal lay in the road. And later, the men from the Council had to come and take it all away. Wilfred's mother shouted at him for tearing the pocket off his trousers. And Wilfred decided he would *not* take up stealing for a living.





# Little Spook of

## SPOOK HALL

Long ago a happy family of ghosts lived in a haunted house in the middle of a dark wood. The name of their house was Spook Hall. Nearby were a few cottages and a church. It was the quietest and loneliest village in the land.

There were four ghosts in the family—Mummy and Daddy Spook, Little Spook and old Granny Groan. Granny Groan spent her time knitting cobweb socks for the family, while Mummy cooked goblin pies. But Daddy slept all day until the owls woke him at midnight, when it was time for him to go to work.

Then he glided through the walls and, boarding his phantom coach which was pulled by a team of four horses, he hurried off to the crossroads. There he stood shrieking and rattling his chains all night. His coach-driver, a headless skeleton who wore a top hat, was named Mr Bones.

Little Spook said to his mother one day, "Mummy, when can I go haunting like Daddy? It

would be such fun to stand at the crossroads and *scream*." But Mummy replied, "You're far too young, dear. Why, you don't even know how to scream properly yet. Now eat up your goblin pie like a good little ghost."





"In my young days nobody ever went haunting until they were at least ten years old," grumbled Granny Groan. And she went on knitting lots and lots of cobweb socks.

That night Little Spook sat in front of his bedroom mirror in his white night-shirt trying very hard to scream like a grown-up ghost. But he could only manage a tiny, stifled squeal. "Oh dear, I don't think I'll ever become a proper ghost," he said to himself. And he decided to ask his friends for help.

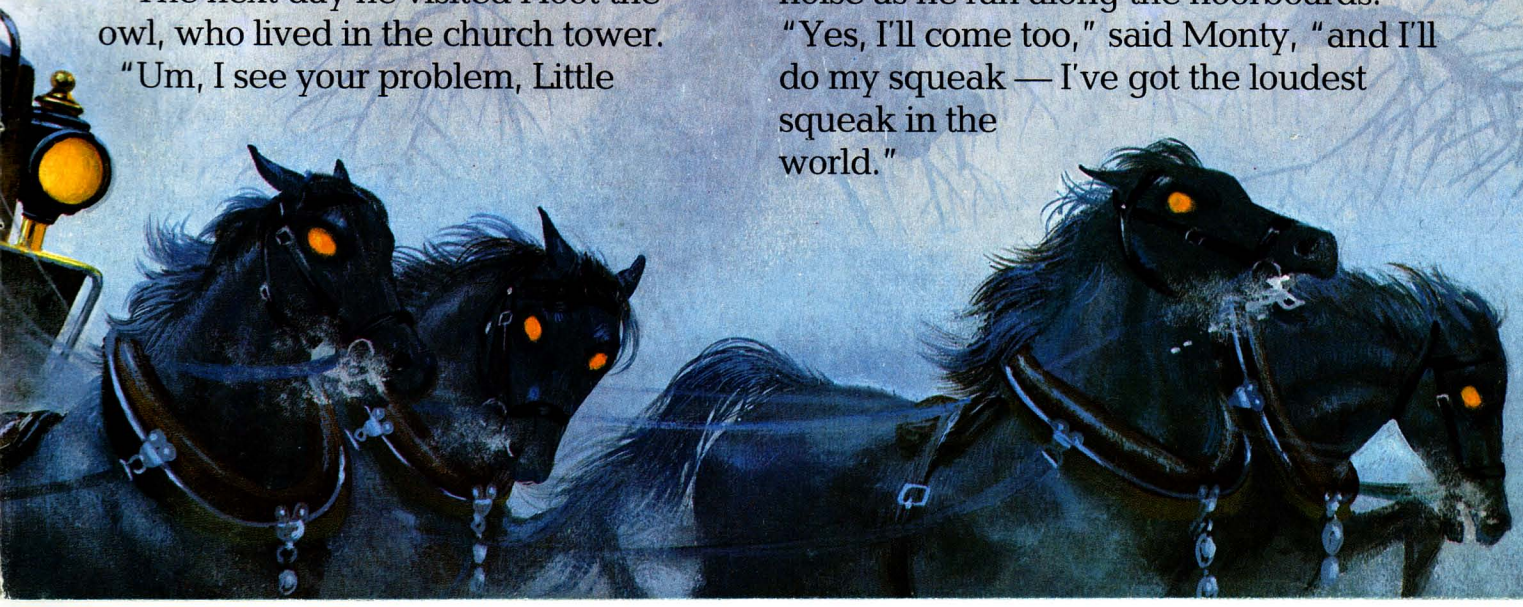
The next day he visited Hoot the owl, who lived in the church tower.

"Um, I see your problem, Little

Spook," said Hoot. "Perhaps if I hoot it might help you to scream. I'll be over at Spook Hall tonight, so we can try then."

Next, Spook asked Karloff the monster cat, who was kind-hearted but very ugly, to come and meow and howl. "Sure," said Karloff, "I'll see you tonight. My yowls are bound to help."

Then he set off to find Monty the invisible mouse. No-one actually ever saw Monty — but you always knew when he was around because he wore tiny Wellington boots which made a dreadful noise as he ran along the floorboards. "Yes, I'll come too," said Monty, "and I'll do my squeak — I've got the loudest squeak in the world."







That night they all met at the big tree in the grounds of Spook Hall. Hoot too-whoood, Karloff yowled, and Monty squeaked and thumped. But poor Little Spook could only make a funny little gurgling sound as he tried in vain to scream.

They made so much noise that all the neighbours woke up and complained. The next morning the landlord arrived at Spook Hall and ordered everyone out of the house. "This is a quiet neighbourhood," he said. "We can't have all this noise. You'll all have to

go." So all the family — except Little Spook and his friends who hid in the attic — drove off in the phantom coach. "Boo-hoo," cried Mummy Spook. "What's to become of my Little Spook, left all alone. Poor little ghost, he's too young even to scream."

Not long afterwards Mr Gubbins, a new tenant, arrived at the Hall. "I'll try the place for just one night, and if I like it I'll stay," he told the landlord. But he did not wait until morning to make up his mind. Because when he sat down in the armchair he woke Karloff, and the

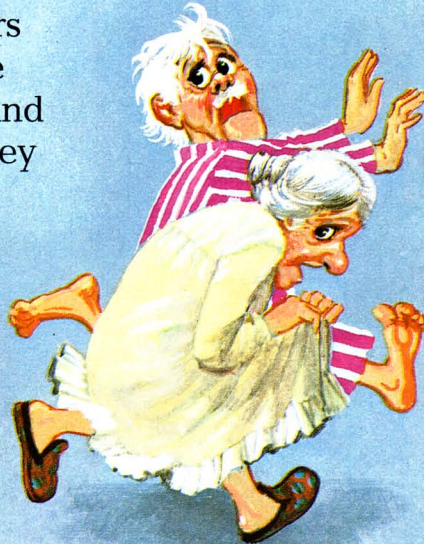






monster cat scratched him viciously. "Help!" yelled Mr Gubbins, as he ran out of the house. "It's a vampire cat." He ran into the garden out of the front gate and was never seen again.

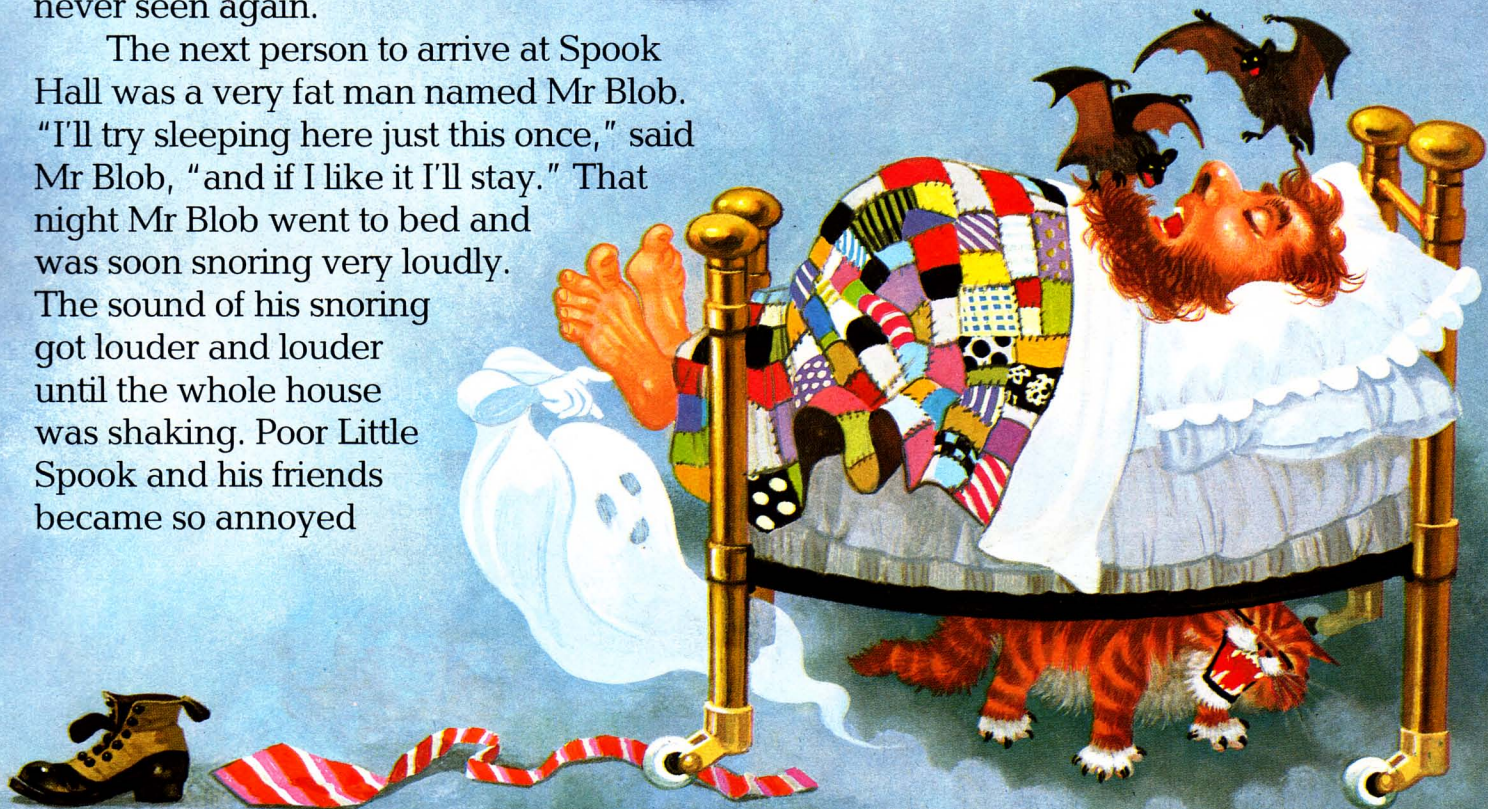
The next day the landlord brought in old Mr and Mrs Gammett. "We'll give the place a try for one night and if we like it we'll stay," they said. Just as the clock struck midnight Monty bit Mrs Gammett's toe. "Help! Help!" screamed the Gammetts. "The house is haunted." They rushed out of doors in their night-shirts and were never seen again.



The next person to arrive at Spook Hall was a very fat man named Mr Blob. "I'll try sleeping here just this once," said Mr Blob, "and if I like it I'll stay." That night Mr Blob went to bed and was soon snoring very loudly. The sound of his snoring got louder and louder until the whole house was shaking. Poor Little Spook and his friends became so annoyed

that they decided to wake him up. First they pinched him and tickled his toes. Then Karloff the cat hid under the bed and yowled, while Monty the mouse jumped up and down on the eiderdown in his big, heavy boots. But still Mr Blob just went on snoring. Even when Hoot the owl dropped a clock on his head, Mr Blob just carried on snoring.

Just then two of Little Spook's special friends arrived — Boris and Bertie, the Bat Brothers who lived in the church belfry. They pulled Mr Blob's whiskers and tangled his hair, but even they could not wake him.







Finally, Little Spook decided to look into the first-aid cabinet for some sticking plaster to cover up Mr Blob's mouth. But, instead, he discovered a large box of pills marked: 'SCREAMING PILLS'. And in smaller letters underneath was printed *'For ghosts with sore throats — take only one at a time'*. Little Spook swallowed a pill, and then suddenly, he gave out a squeak. Then, taking a second pill, he discovered he could squeal. And when he swallowed a third pill and opened his


mouth, he screamed at the top of his voice right into Mr Blob's ear.

It was the loudest scream anyone at Spook Hall had ever heard. It was so loud that it brought down the ceiling and broke all the windows. It blew Mr Blob and his bed right out of the window and sent him flying through the air. The scream chased the bed over the church tower, above the tallest trees and higher and higher into the sky. Up it soared until it finally landed on the moon — but Mr Blob still just snored and snored.

Then the scream turned round and made for home, blowing the





An illustration at the top of the page shows a policeman in a dark blue uniform with '151' on the chest, falling upside down from a bicycle. A wooden baton floats in the air to the left, and a black hat floats to the right. The background is a light blue sky with white clouds and small white star-like sparkles.

village policeman off his bicycle and knocking down all the chimneys. It rushed through the windows of Spook Hall like a whirlwind, hurried up the stairs, through all the bedrooms, out of a window, across the battlements, then fell deep down into the dungeons and was never heard again.

"Hooray," said Hoot the owl and all the others. "Nobody will ever want to sleep in Spook Hall after this." And nobody ever did.

So the Spook family moved back into Spook Hall, arriving by the phantom coach. That night, as the clock struck one, they held a house-warming party to celebrate their return. There was a huge goblin pie to eat and lots of moonbeam wine to drink. And they all began to dance. The Bat Brothers flitted through the air, Monty the invisible

mouse jumped up and down on the floor in his Wellington boots, Karloff the cat yowled and yowled, Hoot the owl hooted, Mr Bones played a tune on his ribs, Granny Groan clicked her knitting needles and groaned happily, Mummy Spook cried joyfully, and Daddy Spook shrieked and rattled his chains.

But the loudest shrieks of all came from Little Spook — for he had learned to scream at last. And while everyone else danced and sang, Little Spook just screamed and screamed for joy. He was the happiest ghost in the land.





# The Silly Tortoise

One day it rained so hard that the whole country was flooded. Soon only the mountains would be left sticking up out of the floods. As the waters rose, someone could be heard crying in the valley. It was a tortoise — the slowest, silliest tortoise you have ever seen.

"Why are you crying?" honked a goose as it flew overhead.

"I'll drown!" sobbed the tortoise. "It's all right for you — you can fly. My legs are so short that it will take me days to walk all the way up the mountain. And by then the floodwaters will have washed me away."





"Come on, there's no need for all that fuss," said the goose. "I'll fetch my brother and we can take you to the mountain."

The water was up to the tortoise's neck by the time the two geese returned. They flew down holding a branch between their two beaks. The tortoise gripped the branch in his big green mouth, and the geese lifted him up into the air with a great flapping of wings.

The three of them flew over the water towards the mountain where the whole tribe of tortoises had gathered.

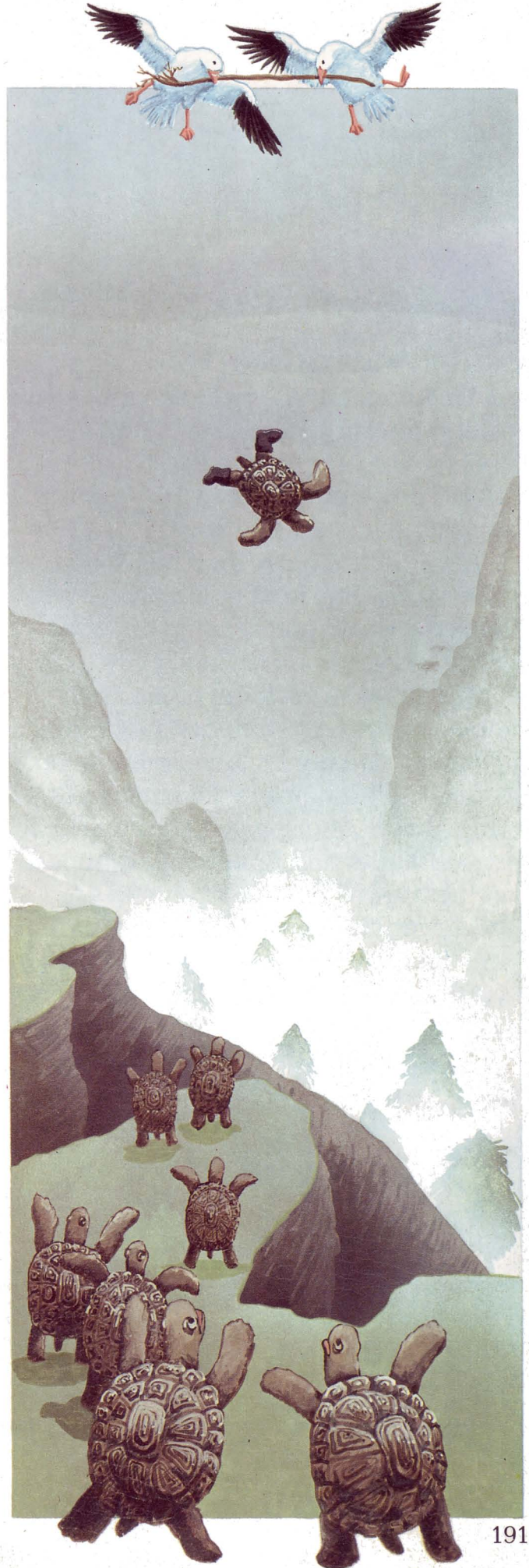


Every other tortoise in the land had made its way up the side of the mountain when the rain began to fall. Now they watched with delight as the two geese flew towards them, carrying the slowest, silliest tortoise. They all gave a loud cheer and began to sing in praise of the brave geese:

*"For geese are jolly good fellows  
For geese are jolly good fellows  
For geese are jolly good fellows . . ."*

The slowest, silliest tortoise could not help joining in. He opened his mouth and began to sing:

*"AND  
SO  
SAY  
ALL  
OF  
US . . ."*





# TIMBERTWIG

## Gets a New Hat



Granny Knot was doing her spring-cleaning, turning out the cupboards, washing the curtains, and hanging the carpets in the branches of the tree-house. She was down on her knees, scrubbing and dusting and polishing.

It was all too noisy for Abigail, the magic spider. She left her little house in Timbertwig's hat and scuttled up to the roof to read her Book of Spells.

The hat was left lying on Timbertwig's bed. (Timbertwig was in the bath — and he *never* wore his hat in the bath.) "This horrible old hat!" said Granny Knot. And she picked it up between finger and thumb and dropped it on the fire.

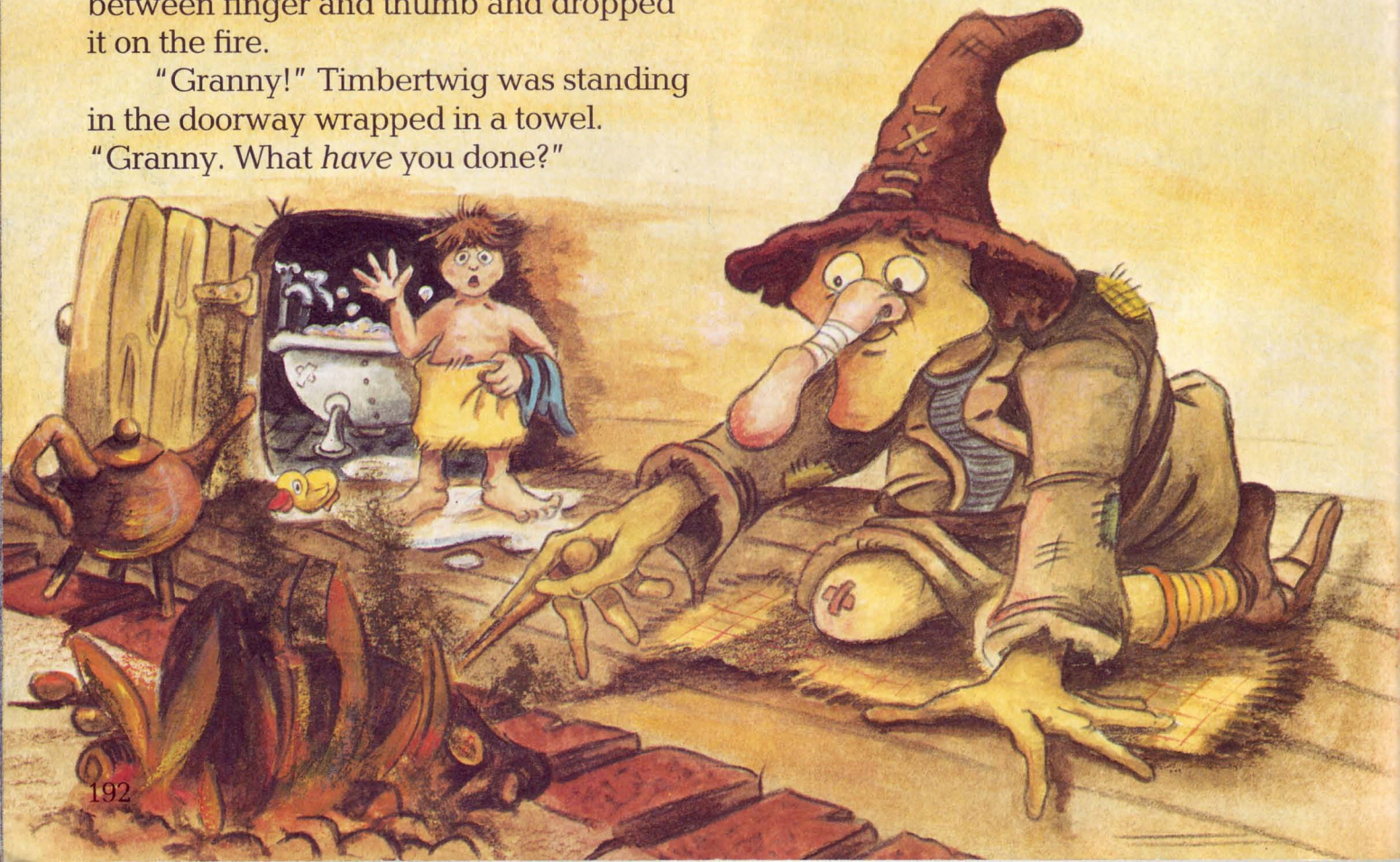
"Granny!" Timbertwig was standing in the doorway wrapped in a towel. "Granny. What *have* you done?"

"I've burnt that mucky old hat of yours, and about time too!"

Timbertwig rushed over to the fireplace. "But ABIGAIL! What about Abigail! She *lived* in my hat! Oh Granny! How could you?"

"Oh dear!" said Granny Knot, and she turned a bit pale. "I didn't think, Timbertwig. Oh, I'm ever so sorry."

Timbertwig rushed out of doors and climbed up on to the roof of the house. He always went there when he was sad, and he had never been sadder than today.







He was sitting, wedged in between a high branch and the chimney when a spider crawled down and sat beside him.

"Cheer up. You can soon get another hat!"

"But I can't get another friend like Abigail. . . ABIGAIL! You're not burnt to a cinder after all!"

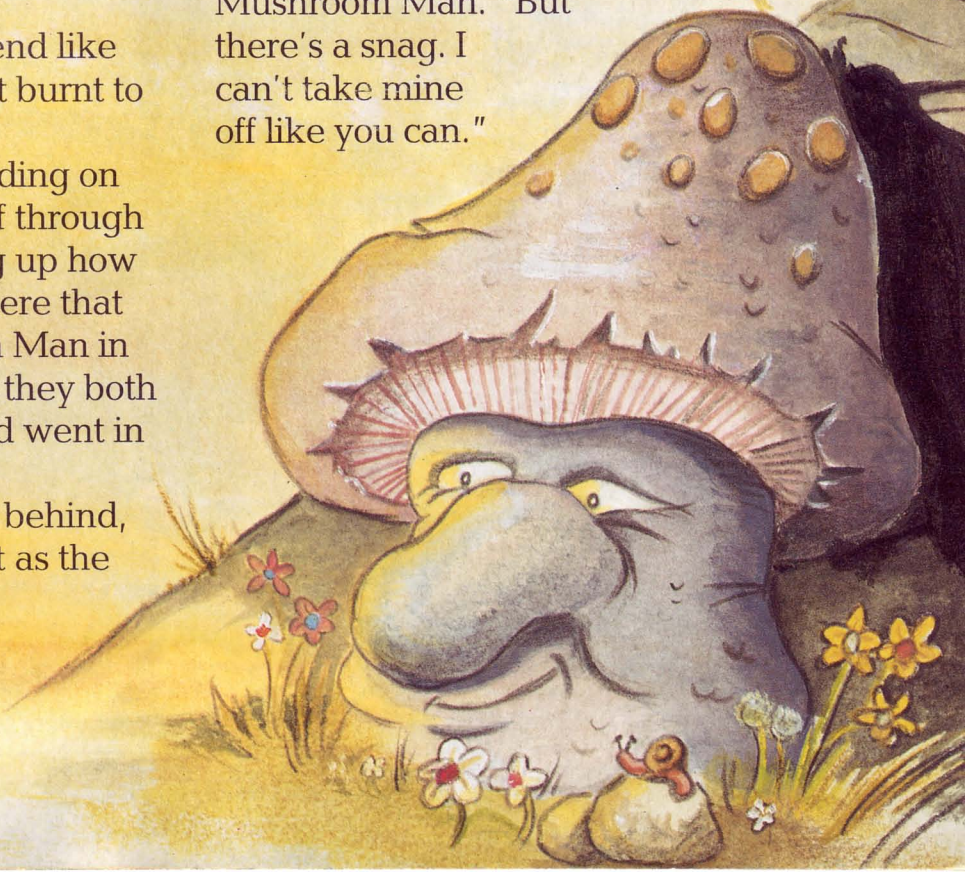
Abigail explained about hiding on the roof. Then she began to leaf through her Book of Spells. "I'm looking up how you can get a new hat. It says here that you have to visit the Mushroom Man in his cave on Hawthorn Hill." So they both climbed down from the roof and went in search of the Mushroom Man.

They left Wiggly Wood far behind, and reached Hawthorn Hill just as the sun was setting. And there, in the opening of his cave, watching the sunset, was the Mushroom Man.

He had the most wonderful hat Timbertwig had ever seen — cream-coloured and made of something like softest suede with big orange polka dots all over it.

"I like your hat," said Timbertwig.

"It keeps the rain off," said the Mushroom Man. "But there's a snag. I can't take mine off like you can."





"I'm not wearing a hat *now* because my Granny burnt it when she was spring-cleaning," said Timbertwig. "And Abigail's magic book says that you might help me get another one."

The last of the daylight faded and Hawthorn Hill was sunken in darkness. "I wish I was safe at home in our old hat," Abigail sobbed. It was not like Abigail to cry.

"Cheer up!" said the Mushroom Man's voice in the dark. "The moon will soon be rising — and then we'll see . . ."

The moon glided up into the sky along with a sprinkling of stars. And the whole of Hawthorn Hill turned a silver white, glittering with dew.

"Ooh," whispered Timbertwig. "The ground's trembling!"

One by one, the round, white faces of mushrooms and toadstools popped through the ground and began to grow in the moonlight. And each one was wearing a different hat!

There were hats like chimneys, and





some like windmills. There were hats like tea urns with taps on the front, hats like lighthouses with lamps on top. There were umbrella hats and bird-bath hats, wishing-well hats and church-bell hats.

"You choose, Abigail," said Timbertwig. "You're going to have to live inside it." So Abigail asked to see round the inside of a hat like a birthday cake and another like a castle and a third like a coffee pot. But she said no to them all.

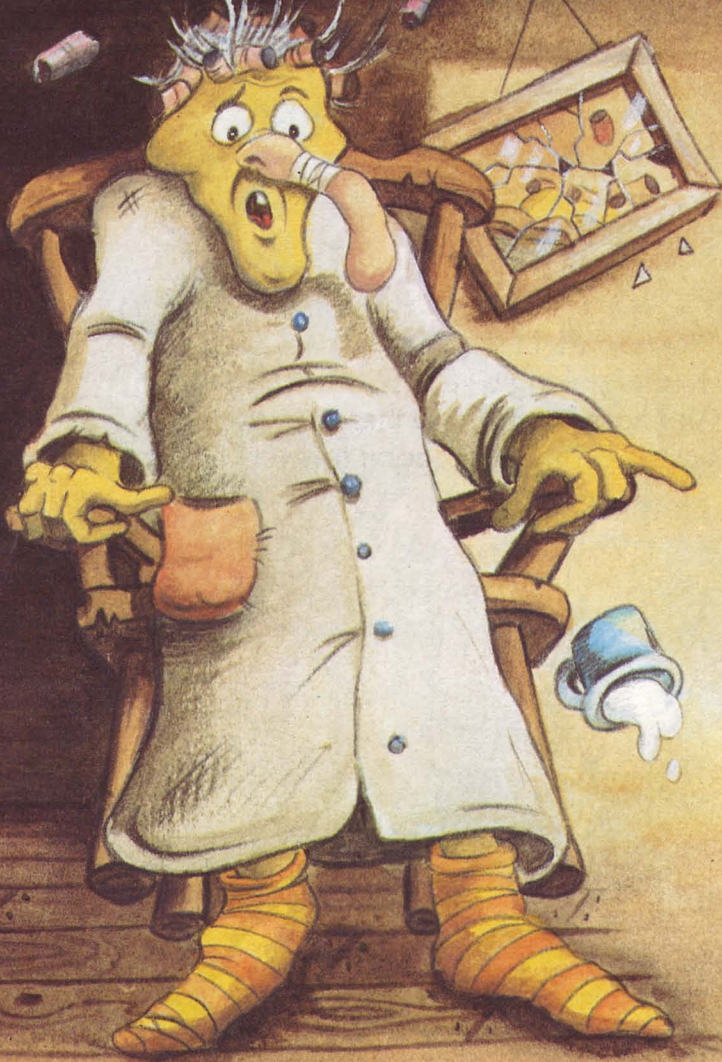
"What *are* you looking for, Abigail?" asked the Mushroom Man.

"Well actually, I like *that* one best of all." She nodded in the direction of a scruffy old toadstool on the far side of the field. It was wearing a hat *exactly* like Timbertwig's old one — except that it had a jingle bell on the top. "Could you bear to have the same kind of hat, Timbertwig?"

"I've been looking at that one all along!" cried Timbertwig. "But I thought you would want a change!"







"Ooh! It's that dreadful spider. It's a ghost! It's come back to haunt me!"

The look on Granny Knot's face was so funny that Timbertwig and Abigail started to laugh. It was ages before they could stop laughing for long enough to explain.

"You naughty boy! You horrible spider! I'll . . . I'll . . ."

"Now, now, Granny," said Timbertwig. "No more burning of hats."

Then Granny Knot remembered how sad she had been after the first hat had been burned. She began to smile — and her smile got broader and broader until she was laughing out loud. And Abigail and Timbertwig laughed as well, and the jingle bell on the top of his new hat tinkled wildly.

Everyone in Wiggly Wood heard it, and laughed.

So they chose that hat. The Mushroom Man shook the dew off it put it on Timbertwig's head and Abigail climbed inside. They said goodnight and thank you to the Mushroom Man, but he had nodded off to sleep.

They were home in Wiggly Wood by dawn. The light was on in the tree-house. Granny Knot had not been to bed all night. "Oh, I couldn't sleep," she told Timbertwig. "I kept thinking about that poor spider and the terrible thing I did." And she blew her nose noisily.

Then she noticed Timbertwig's hat. "Oh where did you get that? It's scruffier than the last one! What's that inside it?"

Abigail put her head out of the window in Timbertwig's hat and waved a leg at Granny Knot.

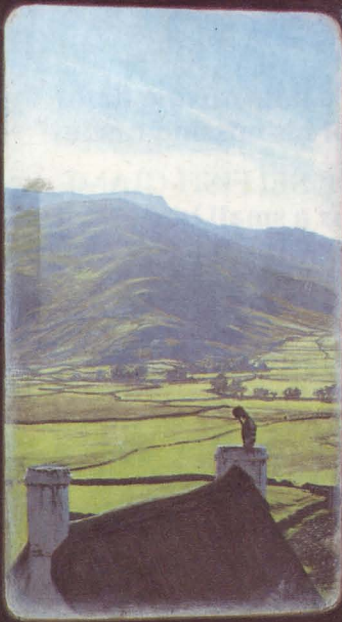




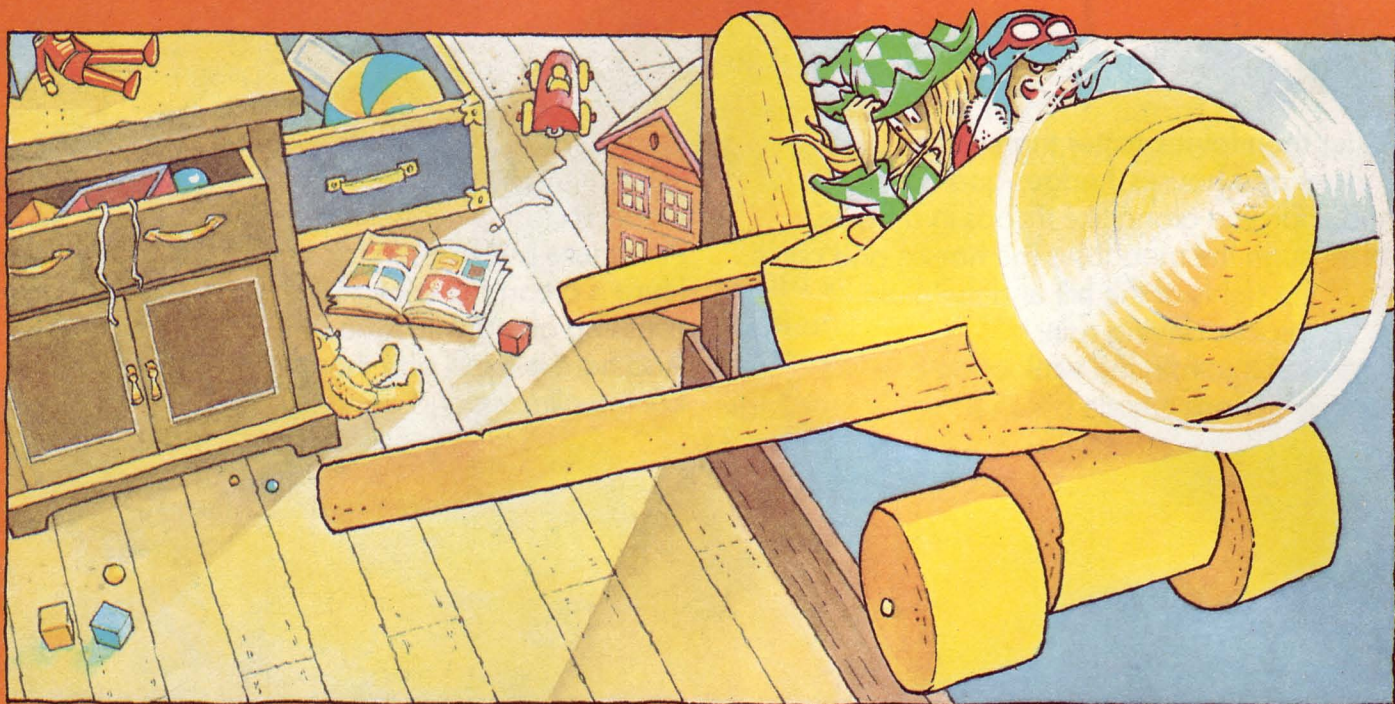
# *Faster than Fairies*

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone forever!







## IN PART 8 OF **STORY**Teller

**JESTER MINUTE** begins a hair-raising flight  
when he goes in search of his missing castle

A change of heart for **THE SELFISH GIANT**  
who showed pity for a small boy

**BOFFY AND THE TEACHER EATER** very  
special invention causes chaos at school

**THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG**  
shows the folly of greed

A Red Indian warrior tells the tale about  
**THE CREATION OF MAN**

J. R. R. Tolkien's classic poem **OLIPHAUNT**

AND INTRODUCING

**NEW SERIAL**

**DOT AND THE KANGAROO**—the first part  
of a girl's exciting adventures in this classic story  
of the Australian bush

Readers include  
**JOSS ACKLAND,**  
**CAROLE BOYD**  
& **NIGEL LAMBERT**

