

STORY

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Teller



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STORY Teller

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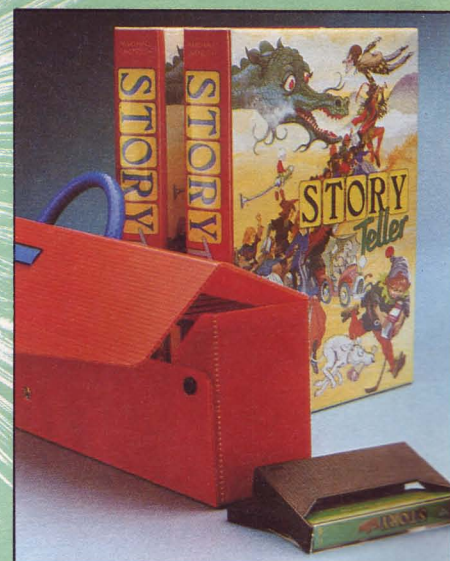
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THE BOOK

Editors: **Richard Widdows & Nigel Flynn**

Art Editor: **Andrew Sutterby**

Editorial Staff: **Geraldine Jones, Jane Edmonds,**

Tessa Paul, Lucy Stothert.

Designers: **Paul Morgan & Fran Coston**

Illustrators

Dot & the Kangaroo: **Richard Hook**

Oliphaunt: **Lyn Cawley**

The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg:

Malcolm Livingstone

The Selfish Giant: **Annabel Spenceley**

Jester Minute: **Peter Wingham**

The Creation of Man: **Rod Sutterby**

Boffy & the Teacher Eater: **Tony Ross**

THE TAPE

Recorded at The Barge Studios,

Little Venice, London:

Produced & Directed by **Joa Reinelt**

Engineered by **John Rowland**

A Creative Radio Production

Readers

Dot & the Kangaroo: **Carole Boyd**

Oliphaunt: **Joss Ackland**

The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg:

Carole Boyd

The Selfish Giant: **Joss Ackland**

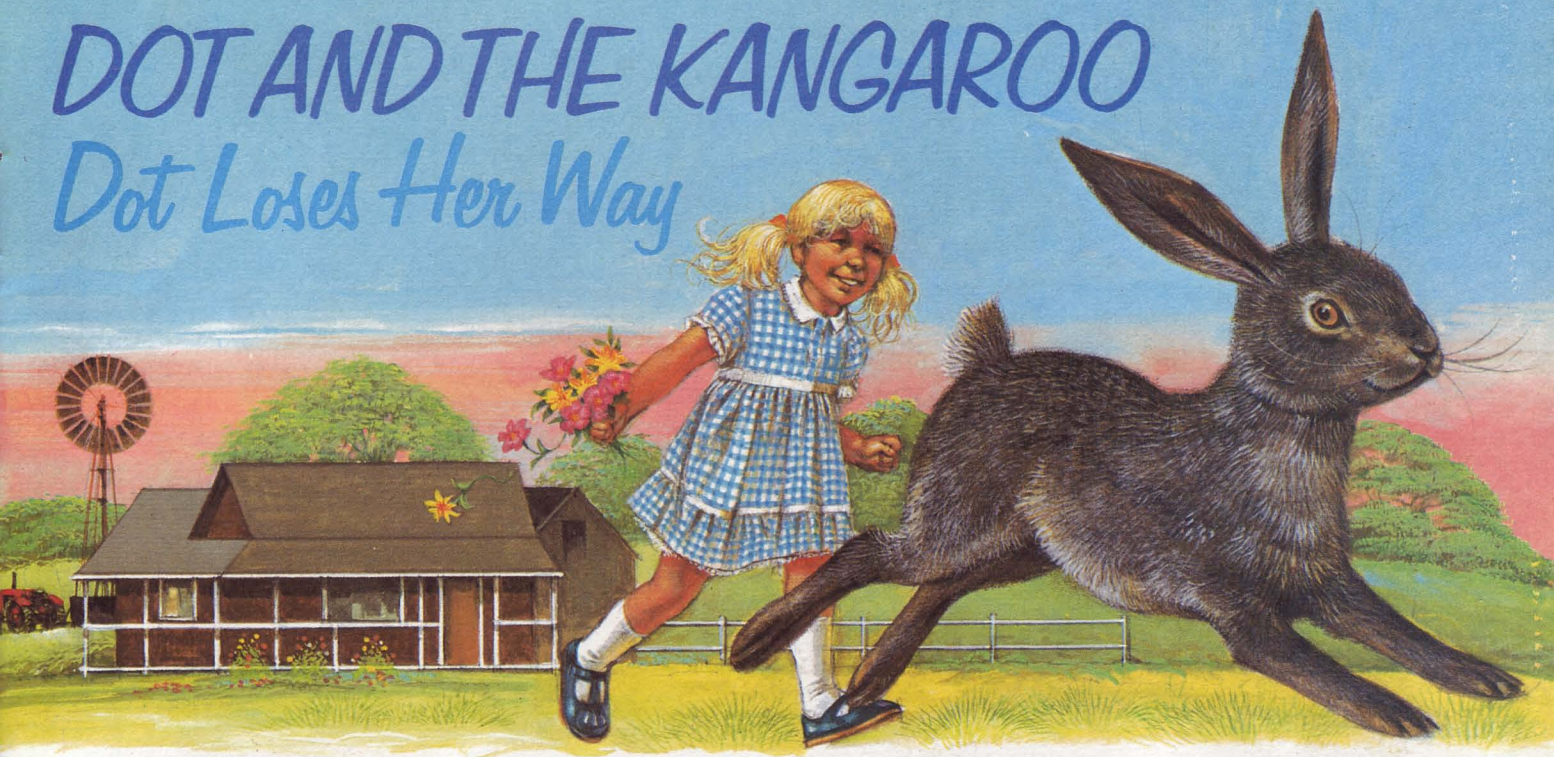
Jester Minute: **Nigel Lambert**

The Creation of Man: **Joss Ackland**

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DOT AND THE KANGAROO

Dot Loses Her Way



It was a big, bright-eyed hare that led Dot away from the farm. She was in the garden picking flowers when it suddenly sprang out in front of her. Without thinking, Dot followed it through the gate and towards the trees.

"Don't go too far from the house," her mother called out from the kitchen window. "It's easy to get lost in the bush." But the hare kept stopping, looking back at Dot, and then disappearing again . . . and each time Dot went after it.

Then suddenly, with a huge leap, the hare vanished. Dot looked around her. The trees and bushes all looked the same in every direction. She ran and ran, hoping to catch sight of her house. But it was no good. She was lost in the bush. And it was just starting to get dark. She buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

When she looked up, a big grey Kangaroo was standing a few feet away. It stared at Dot for a moment, its head on one side, then bounded away and returned with a spray of coloured berries cradled in its paw. It offered them to the little girl.

Dot dried her eyes on her dress, took the berries, and ate them. Then a very strange thing happened. She could hear sounds everywhere, like a hundred different voices all talking at once. Then she heard another voice, louder and clearer than all the rest.

"I knew what was the matter at once," said the Kangaroo gently. "I've been miserable ever since I lost my baby kangaroo. You've lost something too, haven't you?"

"Well, er, yes," mumbled Dot, still wondering if she was in a dream. "I have actually. I've lost my way."

"Ah!" said the Kangaroo. "I thought you'd lost something. Isn't it an awful feeling? You feel sort of empty inside. Tell me what your way looks like. Perhaps I've seen it — or we can look for it together!"

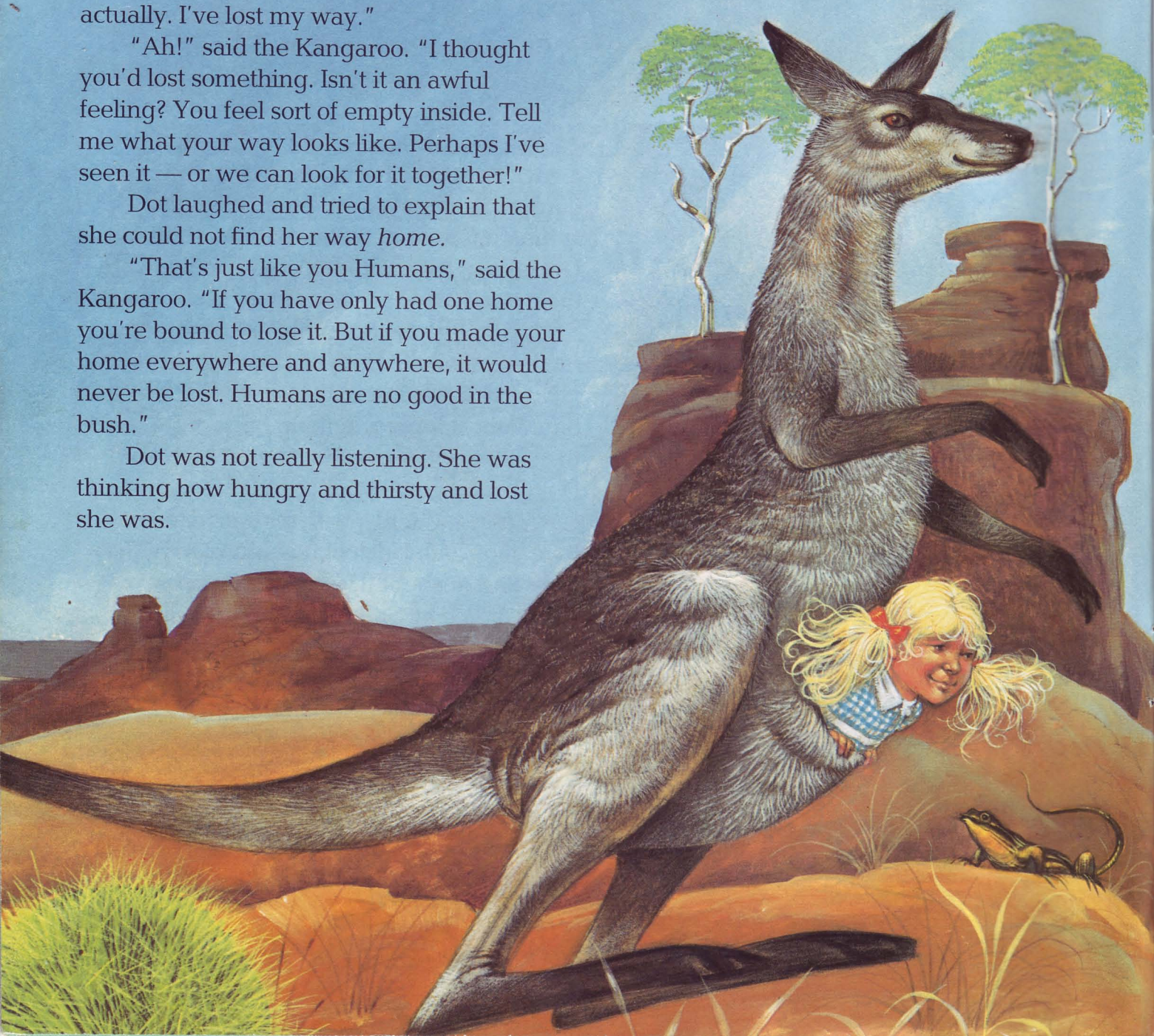
Dot laughed and tried to explain that she could not find her way *home*.

"That's just like you Humans," said the Kangaroo. "If you have only had one home you're bound to lose it. But if you made your home everywhere and anywhere, it would never be lost. Humans are no good in the bush."

Dot was not really listening. She was thinking how hungry and thirsty and lost she was.

"Still," continued the Kangaroo after a pause, "you're only a *little* Human. It's not really your fault. You must be very thirsty, because I get thirsty at sundown too. Climb into my pouch and we'll hop off to the water-hole for a drink. Then I'll try to find your way for you."

So Dot got to her feet and climbed into the Kangaroo's furry pouch. As they bounded away, Dot was rocked in her cosy pocket, and felt so snug that she sang a little song to herself . . .





that hung right over the water-hole.

The rough surface of the stone shone like a looking glass, reflecting the glow of the twilight sky. For thousands of years kangaroos had polished the stone with their soft feet and tails, on their way to drink at the water-hole.

She was just turning to hop down from the rock when a bronze-winged pigeon called out to her: "Kangaroo-roo-roo! Take care! Humans were here last night and they killed ten of us. We flew down for a drink — just a little sip — and they were waiting for us. Now we're too frightened to drink again — and we're so thirsty!"

"That's a nice tune," said the Kangaroo. "But er, please stop singing now. We're getting near to the water-hole."

Dot peeped out of the pouch — and then wished she had stayed curled up inside.

The Kangaroo was hopping down such a steep slope! Huge rocks lay on either side, and there seemed to be no footholds anywhere. Dot shut her eyes. Surely the Kangaroo would lose her balance any minute and plunge them both over the side of the gully!

But the Kangaroo slowly picked her way to the bottom and came to a big boulder





Dot shrank back into the pouch, trembling with fright at the pigeon's awful words. But the Kangaroo bravely stepped forward, raised her black nose and sniffed the air.

"There's not a sound, nor a smell. It should be safe. Get out little human and wait here while I check." Dot climbed out of the pouch on to the ground, and the brave Kangaroo skipped quietly to the water's edge.

Dot could hardly bear to watch. Would the hunters be waiting, their sharp spears at the ready? Was it them stirring the long reeds by the water's edge — or just the fishes? The Kangaroo kept her head bent and drank. Tonight, at least, the water-hole was safe.

Soon hundreds of little birds whirled past them to the edge of the pool, dipping their bills into the water. Then, as quickly as they had come, they whirled back into the bushes.

Dot was as frightened as they were. She

quickly ran to the water, drank down three gulps and ran back to the rock where the Kangaroo was waiting.

"Jump in," said the Kangaroo. "It's never safe for long beside the pool. The Humans know all our drinking places."

Under a bright and starry sky, the Kangaroo hopped along with Dot pressed close against the warm soft fur of her pouch. Eventually they arrived at a cave and curling up together on the dry sandy floor they both slept at once.





When Dot awoke next morning she somehow knew she was in danger. Then she saw it! There, lying coiled on her stomach, was a big black snake. And the Kangaroo had gone! Dot's heart thumped. She dared not move. Then, suddenly, from outside the cave, came a loud shriek of laughter. "Don't be afraid," a voice chuckled. "Keep still and no harm will come to you. I'll kill the snake."

Dot turned her head a little and looked out of the cave's mouth to see a big white Kookaburra perched on the branch of a tree. His long, sharp beak gaped as if he was grinning, and under his breath he kept repeating, "Hee, hee, what a joke! Ha ha ha. Oh dear, oh dear me. What a joke! Ha, ha, ha."

"I don't see anything funny about it," thought Dot.

"The Kangaroo has gone to get some berries for your breakfast," said the Kookaburra. "She asked me to keep an eye on you. But that cunning old snake slipped in while I went to see the white owl about my terrible indigestion. But what a joke eh? Ha ha ha! What a joke!"

That very moment, the snake shivered and its coils began to unfold. Dot felt quite sick as it slithered over her bare legs, but she did not move a muscle. Slowly, slowly, the snake slid off her body on to the floor and wriggled away through the entrance of the cave.



As soon as the snake was outside the cave, the Kookaburra dived down and snatched the snake's neck in his powerful beak — and lifted it off the ground. Writhing and hissing with fury, the snake could not escape. The Kookaburra dragged it up into the tree. Whack! Whack! Whack! Three times the big beak lashed it against the tree . . . and the snake lay dead across the bough.

"Ha ha ha! Did you see that! He he he! What a joke!"

Dot shuddered, but the bird was still chuckling and telling some of his friends what had happened when the Kangaroo returned. She scolded the Kookaburra for letting the snake into the cave, and led Dot away from the horrid sight of the dead snake. Then she emptied her pouch to give Dot a breakfast of buds and berries.

The strange breakfast tasted wonderful! "Thank you so much, you're very kind," said Dot, "but I really would like to find my way home."

"Well, I've asked everyone I've met,"

said the Kangaroo putting her head on one side, "and they all agree that there's only one person who will know where it is . . ."

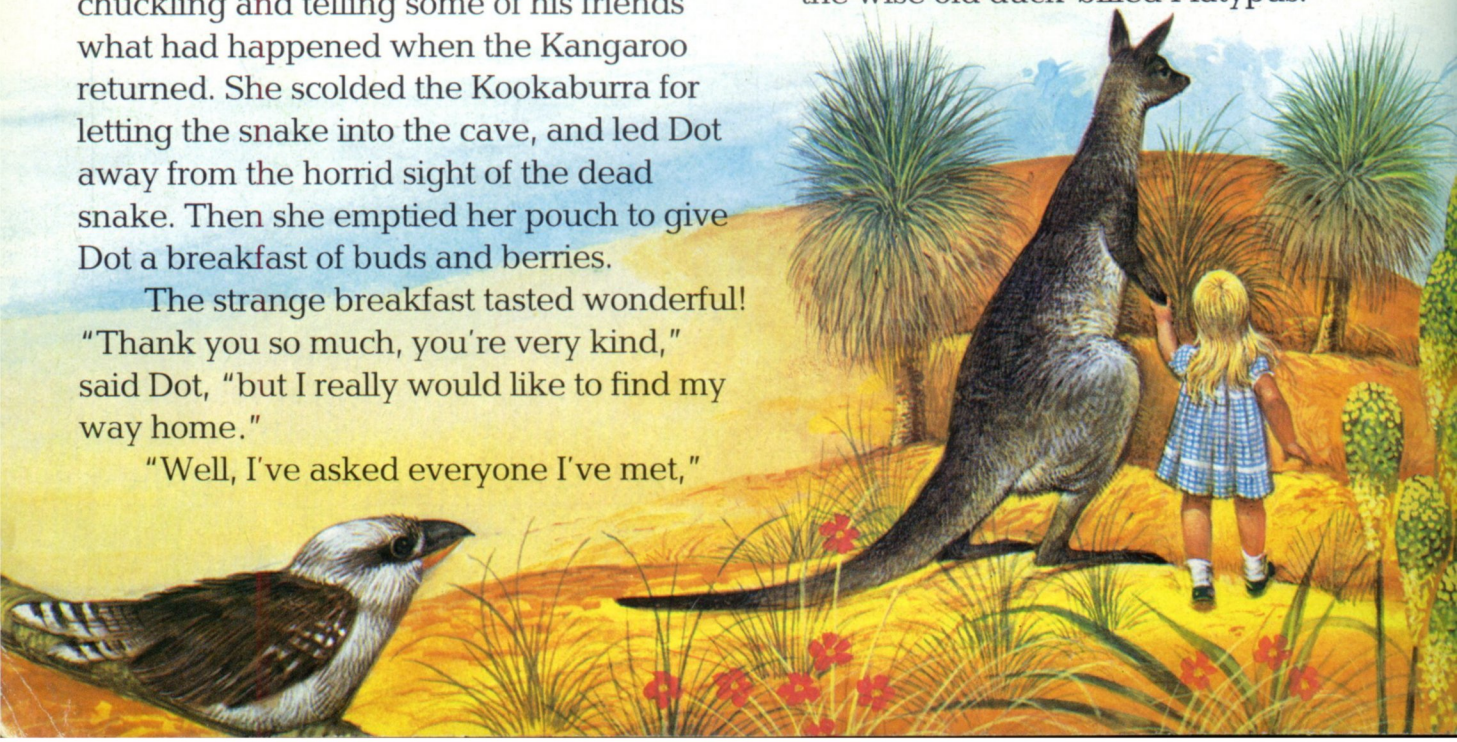
"Oh, who's that?"

"Well, everybody says I should ask the Platypus."

"Do you think he'll know?" asked Dot.

"Oh yes, yes I expect he will."

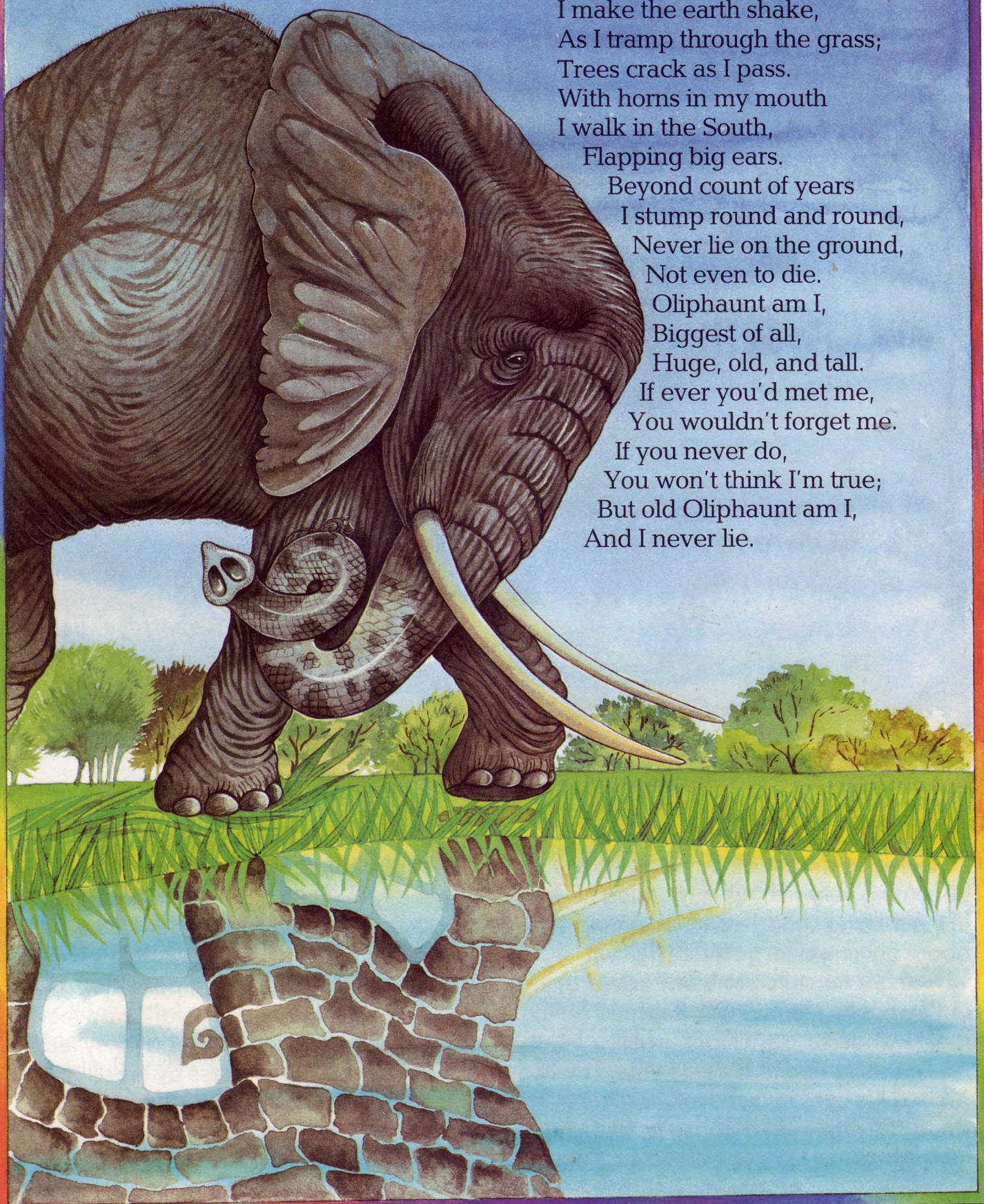
So Dot and the Kangaroo set off to find the wise old duck-billed Platypus.

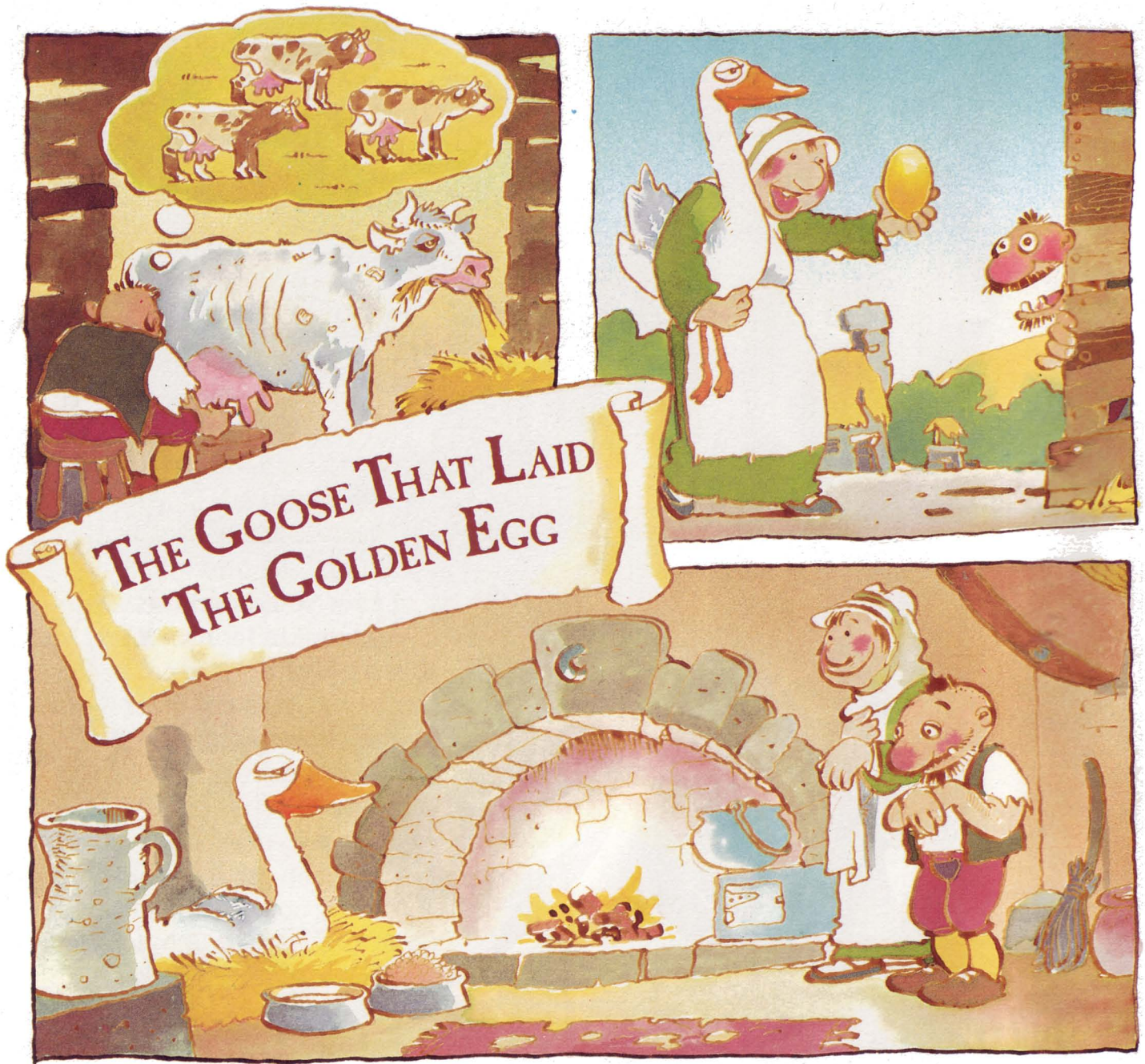


OLIPHAUNT

Grey as a mouse,
Big as a house,
Nose like a snake,
I make the earth shake,
As I tramp through the grass;
Trees crack as I pass.
With horns in my mouth
I walk in the South,
Flapping big ears.

Beyond count of years
I stump round and round,
Never lie on the ground,
Not even to die.
Oliphaunt am I,
Biggest of all,
Huge, old, and tall.
If ever you'd met me,
You wouldn't forget me.
If you never do,
You won't think I'm true;
But old Oliphaunt am I,
And I never lie.



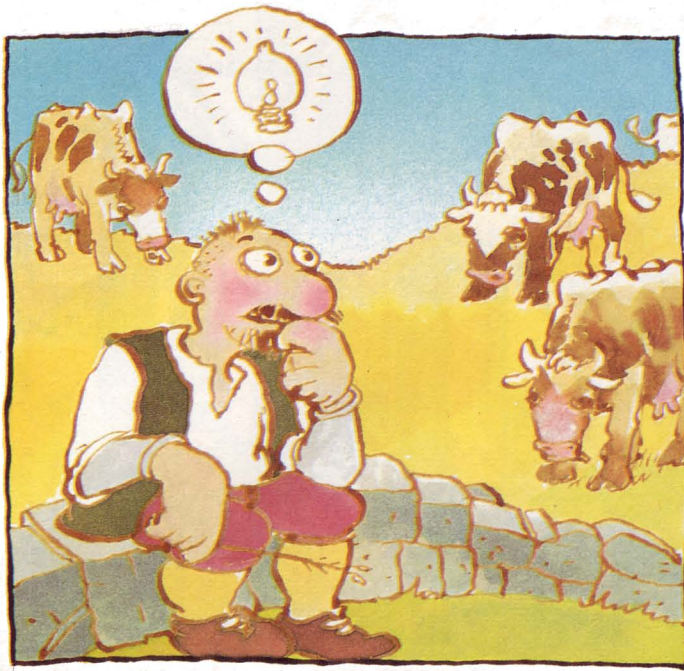


A very poor farmer called Edward used to dream all day long about becoming very rich. One morning he was in the milking shed — and dreaming about owning a large herd of cows — when his wife called to him: “Edward, just look what I’ve found! Oh, this must be the most wonderful day of our lives!”

As he turned to face his wife, Edward rubbed his eyes in disbelief. For there stood his wife, with a goose tucked under her right arm — and a perfect golden egg

in her left hand. She laughed happily as she said, “No, no you’re not dreaming now. We really *do* have a goose that lays golden eggs. Ooh, just think how rich we’ll be if she lays an egg like this every day. We must give her the best treatment possible.”

During the weeks that followed that is exactly what they did. Each day they led her to the lush green grass by the village pond, and each night they settled her down on a bed of straw in a warm corner of the kitchen. And not a morning passed



without the appearance of a golden egg.

Edward bought more land and more cows. But he knew he would have to wait a long time before he became very rich.

"It's too long," he finally announced one morning. "I'm tired of all this waiting. Our goose obviously has a huge collection of eggs inside her. I think we should take them all out *now*!"

His wife agreed. She no longer remembered how happy she had been the day she discovered the first golden

egg. She handed over a knife and within a few seconds Edward had killed the goose — and cut it open.

Once again he rubbed his eyes in disbelief. But this time his wife didn't laugh, because the dead goose did not contain a single egg. "Oh Edward!" she wailed. "Why were we so greedy? No matter how long we wait, we'll never become rich now."

And from that day on Edward never dreamed about becoming rich again.

The Selfish Giant



Every afternoon, after school, some children played in the large, beautiful garden of a huge deserted castle. They rolled in the long, soft grass, hid behind the bushes covered with blossom and climbed trees where the birds sung sweetly. They were very happy there.

One afternoon they were playing hide-and-seek when they heard a great voice boom out. "What are you doing in my garden?" it roared.

Trembling with fear, the children peered out of their hiding places to see a very angry giant. He had finally decided to come home after living for seven years with his friend, the Cornish ogre. "I came back to my castle for some peace and quiet," he thundered. "I don't want to listen to a lot of children laughing and shouting. Get out of my garden — and don't come back."

So the children ran away, as fast as their legs would carry them.

"This garden belongs to me, and nobody else," the giant mumbled to himself. "I shall make sure that nobody else can use it." So he built a high wall all around it, with sharp iron spikes on top.

In the wall was a great iron gate, and

on the gate the giant put a notice. 'KEEP OUT', it read. 'TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED'. Every day the children poked their noses through the bars of the gate and looked longingly at the garden. Then, sadly, they wandered off to play on the hard, dusty road.



Soon the Winter came. Snow covered the ground with a thick white mantle and Frost painted the trees silver. The North Wind howled round the giant's castle and Hail pounded the window-panes. "How I long for the Spring," the giant sighed, as he sat huddled by the fire.

At last Spring came. The Snow and the Frost disappeared and the flowers pushed their heads up through the ground. The buds on the trees opened and the birds sang merrily — except in the giant's garden. There the Snow, the Frost, and the North Wind still danced through the bare branches of the trees. "The Spring has refused to come to this garden," they cried. "At last we have a place where we can stay for ever."



One morning the giant was lying awake in bed, feeling very sorry for himself, when he heard a blackbird singing. He leapt over to the window and beamed with pleasure. The Snow and the Frost had gone, and every tree had burst into blossom.

Every tree also held one of the children whom the giant had frightened away. They had crept into the garden through a hole in the wall, and the Spring had rushed in after them. Only one child was still standing on the ground. He was a boy who was crying bitterly because he was too small to reach even the lowest branch of the smallest tree.

The giant was moved to pity. "How selfish I have been," he said to himself. "Now I see why the Spring wouldn't come to my garden. I'll knock down the

walls and turn it into a children's playground. But first I'll put that poor little boy on top of a tree."

The giant crept down the stairs and into the garden, but when the children saw him they were so frightened they ran away again. Only the little boy, whose eyes were so full of tears that he could not see the giant coming, stayed where he was. As the Winter returned to the garden, the giant gently picked up the boy. "There's no need to cry," he murmured softly, and he placed the boy on top of the nearest tree. Immediately

the tree burst into blossom. And the boy flung his arms around the giant's neck and kissed him.

When the children saw that the giant was kind and friendly, they came running back into the garden through the hole in the wall, followed by the Spring. The giant laughed happily and joined in their games, only stopping to knock down the walls with an axe. It was sunset before he realised that he had not seen the small boy for some time.

"Where is your little friend?" he asked anxiously. But the children did not know.

Every day after school the children came to play in the giant's beautiful garden. Every day the giant asked them the same question: "Is the little boy with you today?" And every day the answer was the same:

"We don't know where to find him. The only time we've ever seen him was the day you knocked down the wall."

The giant felt sad because he loved the little boy very much. Only the sight of the children playing made him happy again.





nails on your hands and feet? Old and feeble as I am, I'll kill the people who have done this to you."

Then the child smiled gently and said, "Hush. Don't be angry, but come with me."

"Who are you?" whispered the giant, falling to his knees.

"A long time ago you let me play in your garden," the child replied. "Now I want you to come and play in mine. It's called Paradise."

That afternoon, when the children ran into the garden to play in the snow, they found the dead giant lying peacefully under a tree, all covered with white blossom.

The years passed quickly and the giant grew old and weak. Soon he could no longer play with all the children.

One winter morning he was sitting by his bedroom window when he suddenly saw the most beautiful tree he had ever seen, standing in a corner of the garden. Its golden branches were covered with delicate white blossom and silver fruit — and underneath them stood the little boy.

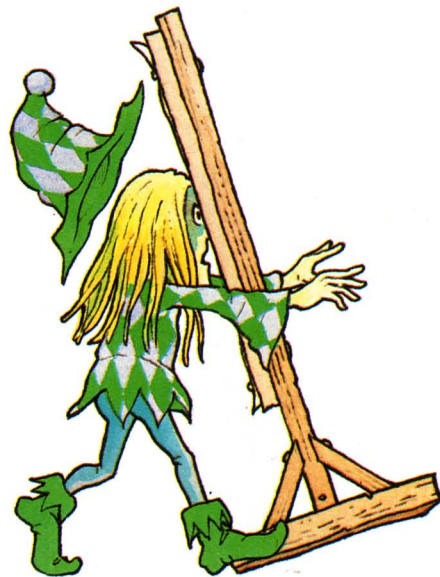
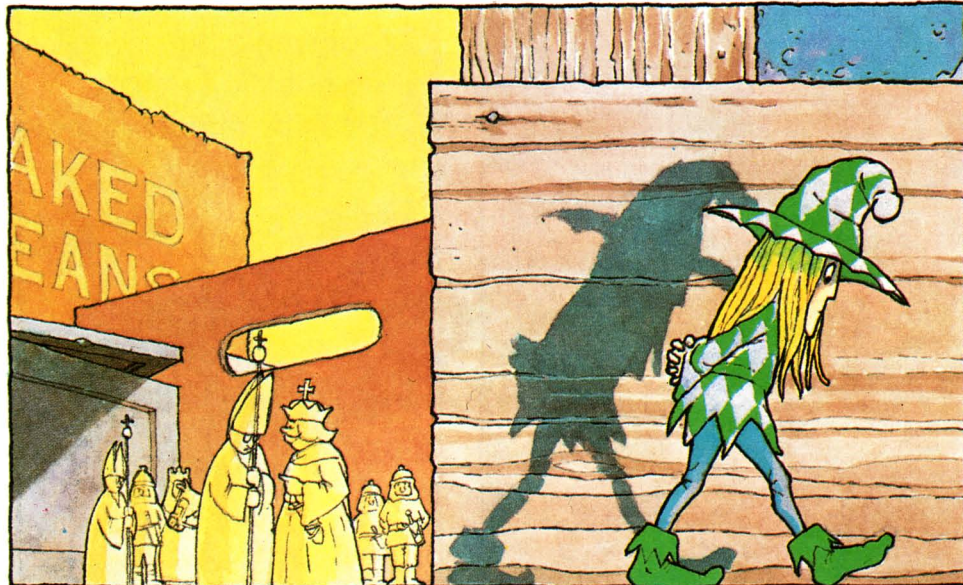
"He's come back at last," the giant said joyfully. Forgetting how weak his legs were, he rushed down the stairs and hurried across the garden. But as he reached the little boy his face became red with anger. "Who has hurt you?" he cried. "Why can I see the marks of





JESTER MINUTE

AND THE VANISHING CASTLE



One day Jester Minute was deep in thought as he made his way home to the old castle. He was trying to understand the rules of chess after visiting his old friend the White Knight. As usual, he was not really looking where he was going . . .

BONK! Something hard and flat hit him painfully on the nose. It was a notice-board, covered with a huge poster.

GRAND COMPETITION

TONIGHT AT 6:00

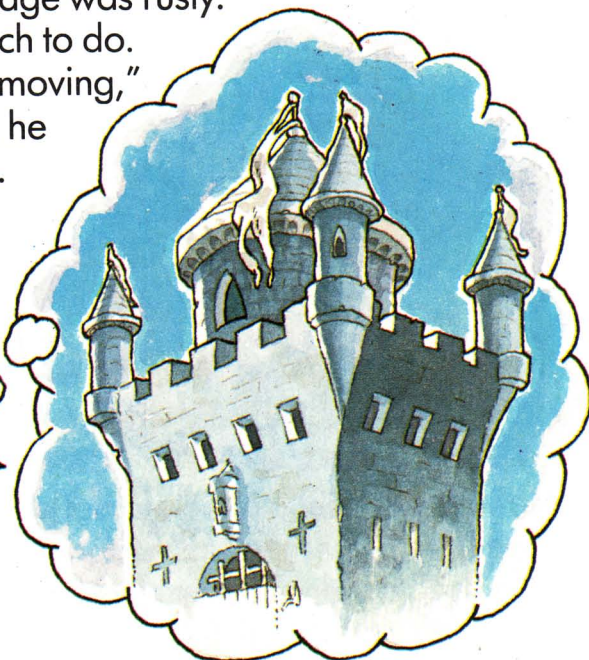
THE ANNUAL COMPETITION
WILL BE HELD TONIGHT.
THE OWNER OF THE
SMARTEST HOME WILL
RECEIVE A PRIZE OF

£ 5.00

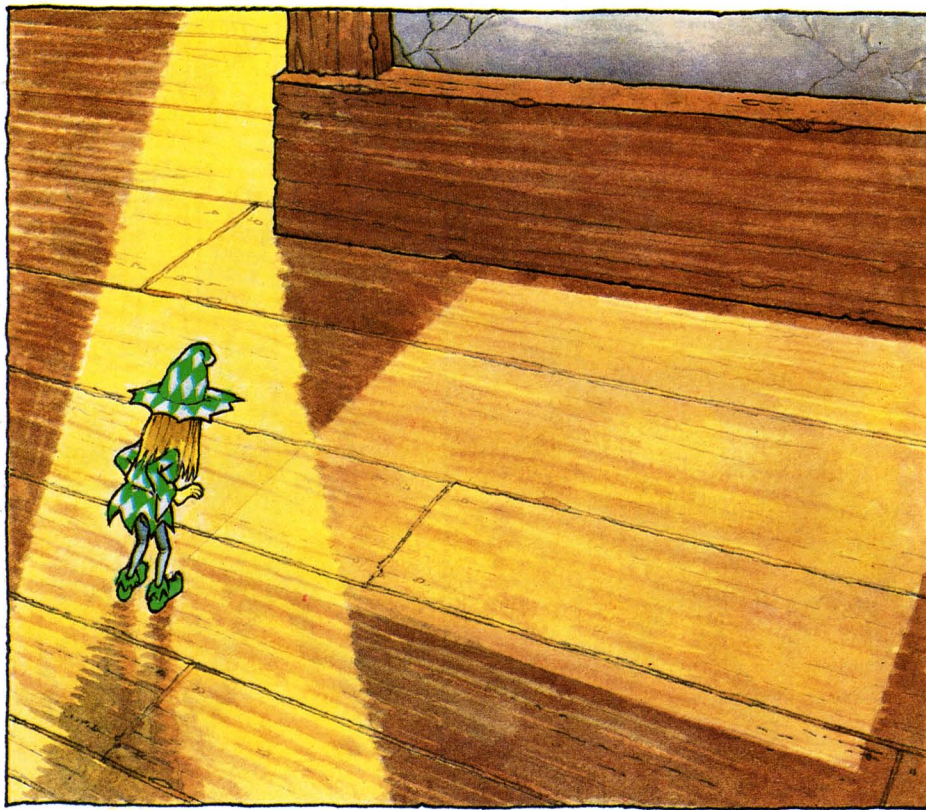
OFFICIAL JUDGE
CUTHBERT CLOWN

Then he remembered what a sorry state his castle was in. All the paint was flaking off the walls, the turrets were grimy and the flags needed washing. Even the drawbridge was rusty.

There was so much to do. "I'd better get m-moving," he muttered, and he hurried off home. But poor Jester was in for a shock . . .



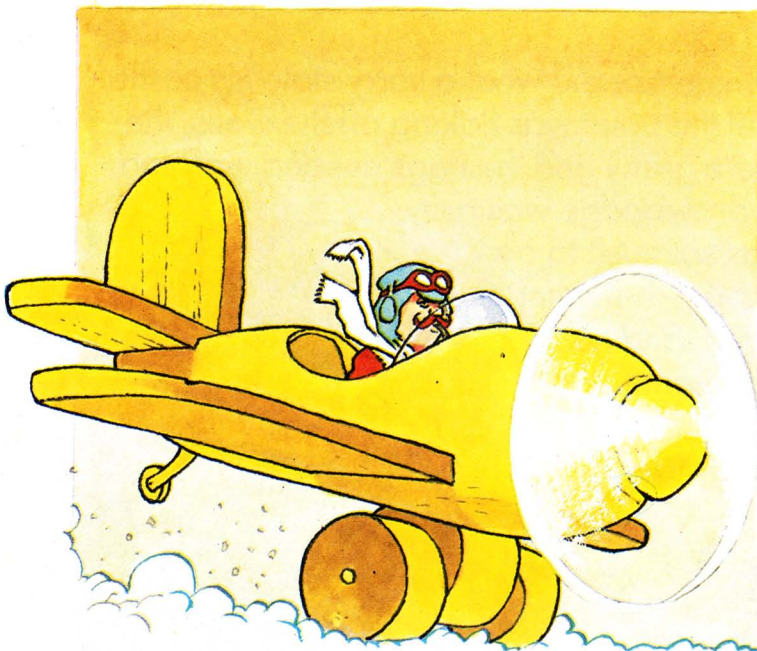
"G-g-gosh!" thought Jester. "Just think of all the adventure b-books I could buy with five p-pounds."



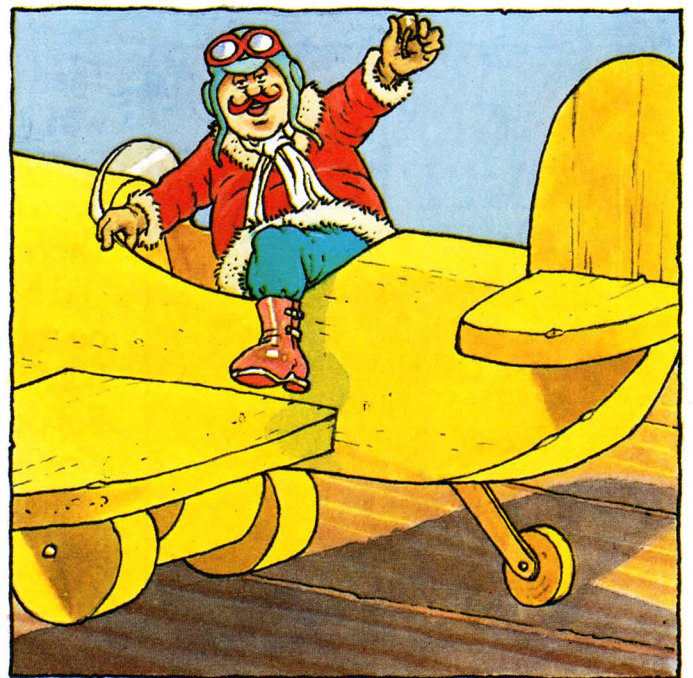
Jester sat down on the cold attic floor feeling very miserable. "I can't enter the c-competition n-now. I haven't even got anywhere to s-s-sleep."



Turning the corner, he stopped and stared in disbelief. "My c-c-castle!" he cried. "It's g-g-gone!" And so it had. His home had completely disappeared.



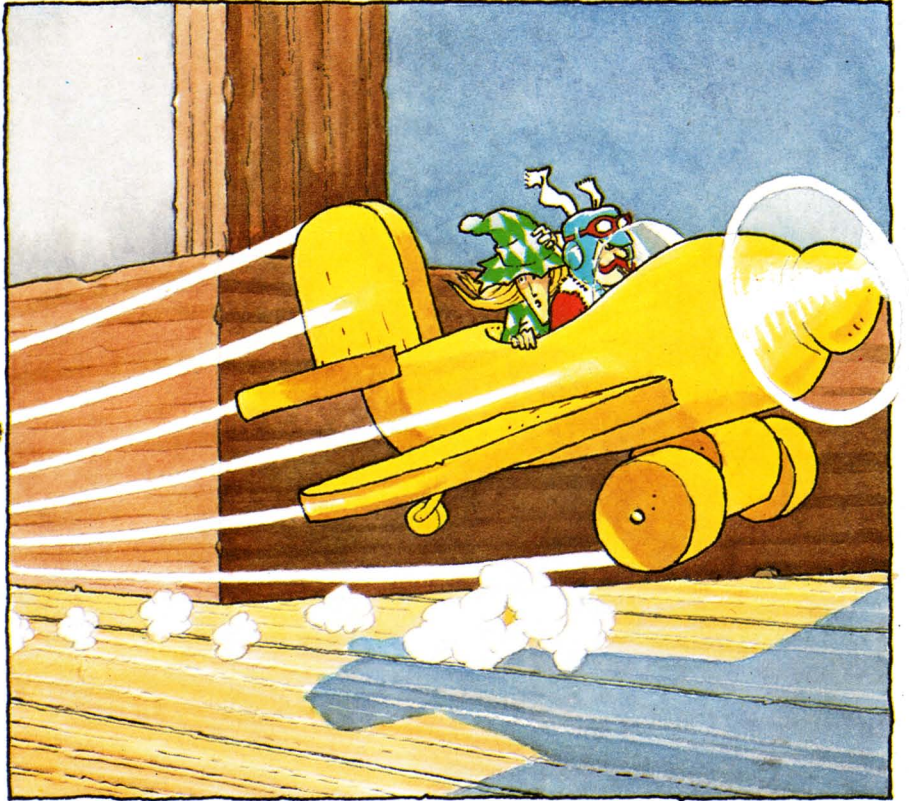
He was so upset that he did not even hear the screech of wheels as Commander Windbag's old wooden aeroplane skidded to a shuddering halt nearby.



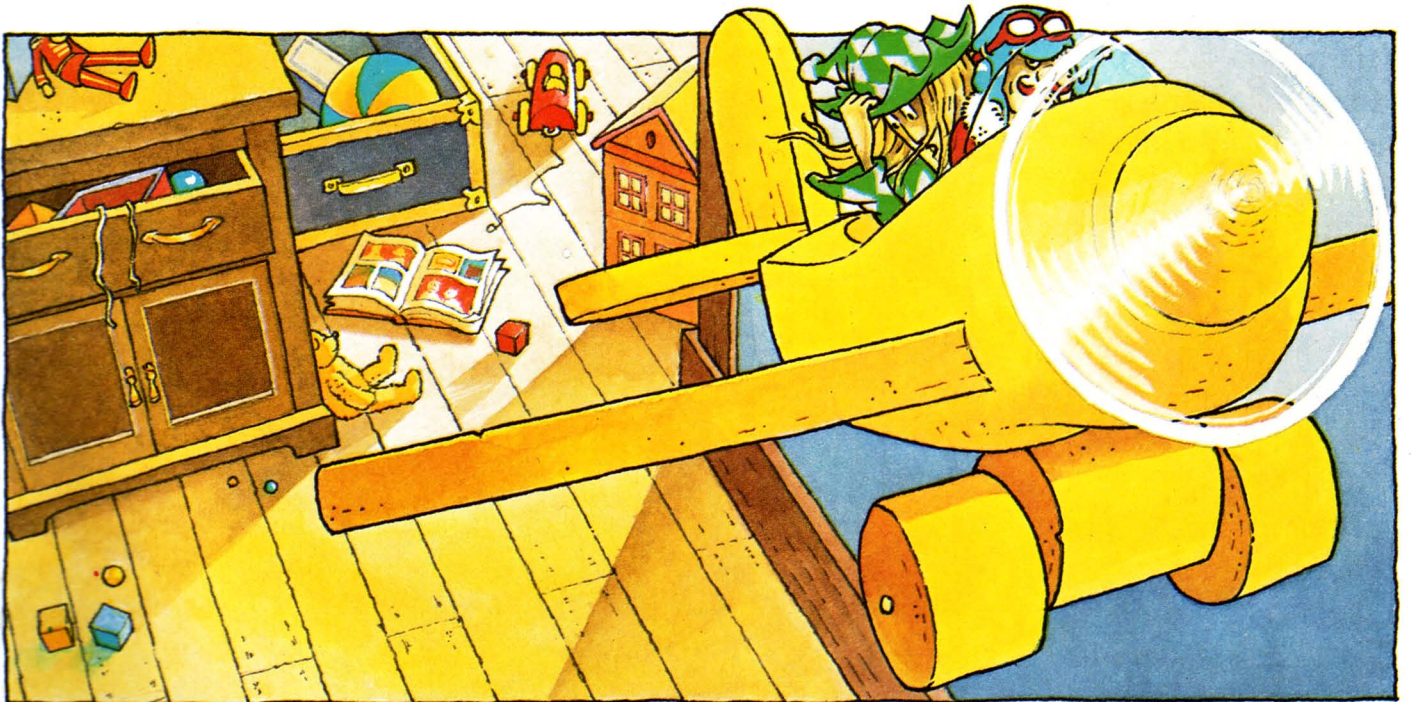
"Hello, old chap!" shouted the cheery pilot, as he clambered down from his cockpit. "I say, you're looking a bit down. What's the trouble, eh?"



Jester explained what had happened. "What rotten luck," puffed Commander Windbag. "This calls for an expedition. Come on old boy, into the back seat!"

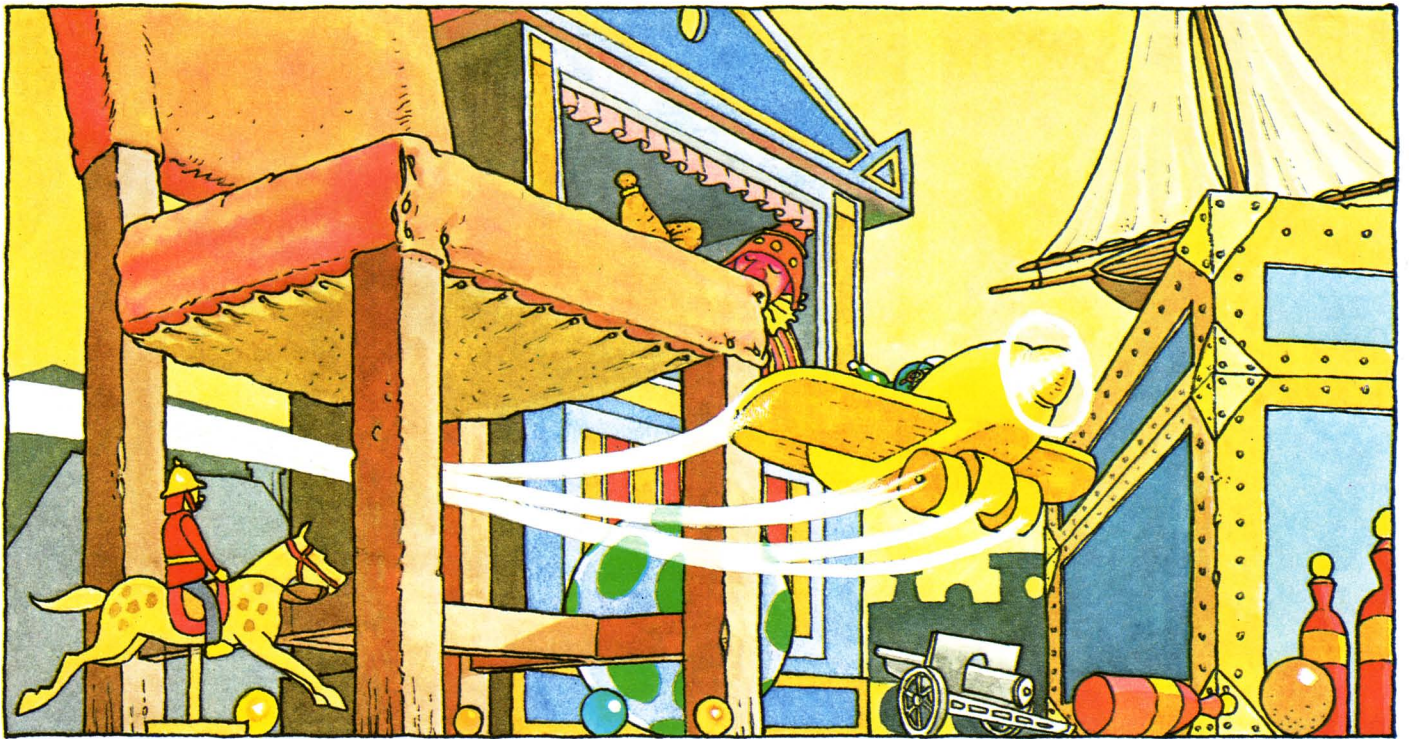


Before Jester could catch his breath they were speeding along the floorboards. Then, to his amazement, they began to climb into the air.



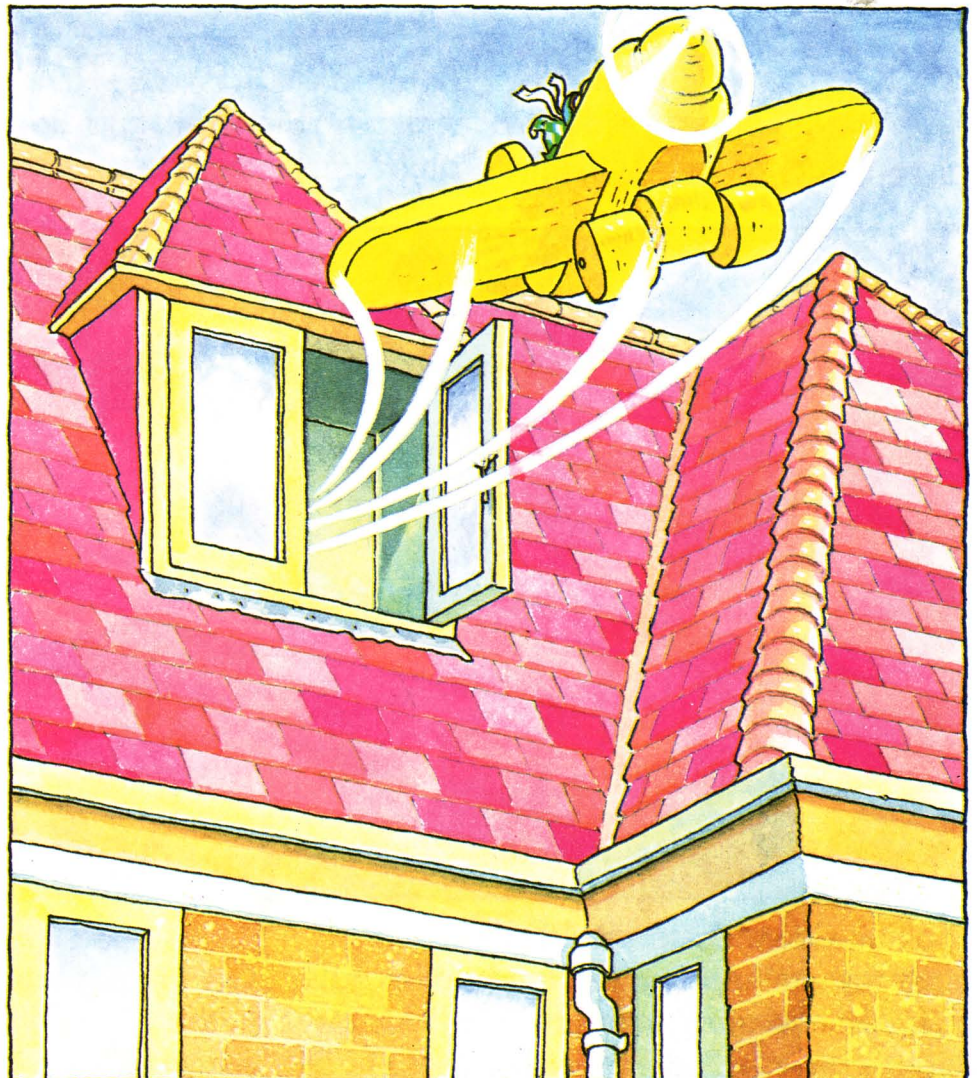
Looking down, Jester could see the other toys getting smaller and smaller as the little plane climbed further into the air.

"Jolly good fun, isn't it?" yelled the Commander as he steered the plane even higher. Jester began to feel just a little bit ill.



Flying was a completely new experience for him . . . and he was terrified. They flew at such an alarming speed . . . over things, round things, sometimes nearly straight into things. But there was no sign of the castle. "C-could we s-stop for a m-moment?" groaned Jester. "I'm f-feeling a bit d-dizzy."

But Commander Windbag could not hear. Instead of slowing down they seemed to fly even faster — and before Jester could speak again, they shot straight out of an open window . . .



[Will Jester track down his missing castle? Find out in Part 9!]

THE CREATION OF MAN

One dark and starry night a group of Red Indians sat huddled round a fire. Suddenly the oldest warrior stood up. His face was as old and as brown as the earth, and round his shoulders he wore a brightly-coloured blanket. He began to tell the story about the beginning of the world . . .

'When Coyote, the desert dog, finished making the world, he took the wind, which was shaped like a sea-shell, and turned it upside down to form the sky. He put bright colours at the five corners of the world

and a rainbow sprang up overhead and divided the night from the day. Then he sat back on his haunches and howled — and the sun and moon began to move across the sky.

Coyote planted the plains with trees and ponds and mountains and rivers, and he made all the animals.

"Last and best of all, I shall make Man," Coyote thought aloud. But the animals heard him and wanted to help. So they all sat down in a circle in the forest: Coyote, Grizzly Bear, Lion, Honey Bear, Deer, Sheep, Beaver, Owl and Mouse.



"You can make Man whatever shape you like," said Lion, "but I think he should have sharp teeth for tearing meat, and long claws, too."

"Like yours?" asked Coyote.

"Well, yes. Like mine," said Lion. "He will need fur, of course. And a big, loud, roaring voice."

"Like yours?" asked Coyote.

"Like mine," said Lion.

"Nobody wants a voice like yours," Grizzly interrupted. "You frighten everyone away. Man must be able to walk on his back legs and creep up on things and hug them in his arms until they're squashed flat."

"Like you do?" asked Coyote. "Well, yes. Like I do," replied Grizzly.

Deer, who trembled nervously and kept glancing over her shoulder, said: "What's all this about tearing meat and squashing things? It isn't nice. Man has to be able to know when he's in danger and run away quickly. He should have ears like sea-shells to hear every tiny sound. And eyes like the Moon, which sees everything. Oh, and antlers, of course. He will need antlers."

"Like yours?" asked Coyote.

"Well, yes. Like mine," said Deer.

"Like yours?" scoffed Sheep. "What good are antlers? Long, spiky things that get caught in every branch and bush! How is Man going to be able to *butt* things? Now if he had horns on either side of his head . . ."

"Like yours?" asked Coyote.

Sheep only sniffed. He did not like being interrupted.

Then Beaver stood up and said: "You are forgetting the most important thing of all — Man's *tail*. Long thin tails are all right for





swatting flies, I suppose. But Man must have a broad, flat tail. How else can he build dams in the river?"

"Like yours?" asked Coyote.

"Nobody builds dams like *mine*," said the Beaver, in a very boastful way.

"Man sounds far too *big*," squeaked Mouse. "He would be better being small."

"You're all out of your wits-wits-woo!" hooted Owl. "What about wings? If you want Man to be the best animal of all, he must be able to fly. He *must have wings*!"

"Like yours?" asked Coyote.

"Is that all you can say?" Owl complained. "Don't *you* have any ideas?"

Coyote jumped to his feet and prowled to the centre of the circle. "You silly animals! I don't know what I was thinking about when I made you! You all want Man to look exactly like you!"

"And I suppose Man should be just like you, Coyote," growled Honey Bear.

"Then how could anyone tell us apart?" replied Coyote. "Everyone would point at

me and say, 'There goes Man'. And they would point at Man and say, 'There goes Coyote'. No, no. Man must be *different*."

"But with a tail!" shouted Beaver. "And wings!" hooted Owl. "And antlers!" bayed Deer. "And horns!" baaed Sheep. "And a roar!" roared Grizzly. "And be very small," squeaked Mouse. But nobody heard him. They were too busy fighting.

Biting and butting and clawing and chewing, the animals fought each other across the forest floor while Coyote stood by and shook his head. Fur and feathers and hooves and horns flew all over the place.



Coyote picked them up, and putting them together again he made all sorts of new, peculiar animals — like the camel and the giraffe.

Soon all the animals lay in an exhausted heap, too tired to fight any more. "I think I may have the answer," said Coyote at last.

The animals blinked at him, and some of them snarled. But Coyote spoke to them all the same.

"Bear was right to say that Man should walk on his back legs. That means he can reach into the trees. And Deer was right to say that Man should have sharp ears and good eyes. But if Man had wings he would bump his head on the sky. The only part of a bird that he needs is Eagle's long claws. I think I'll call them fingers.

"And Lion was right when he said that Man should have a big voice. But he needs a little voice, too, so that he's not too frightening. I think Man should be smooth like Fish, who has no fur to make him hot and itchy. But most important of all," said Coyote finally, "Man must be more clever and cunning than *any* of you!"

"Like you are," muttered all the animals.

"Well, yes, thank you." said Coyote. "Like I am." There was a lot of angry growling and hissing and the animals began to shout: "Sit down Coyote! Nobody likes your silly ideas!"

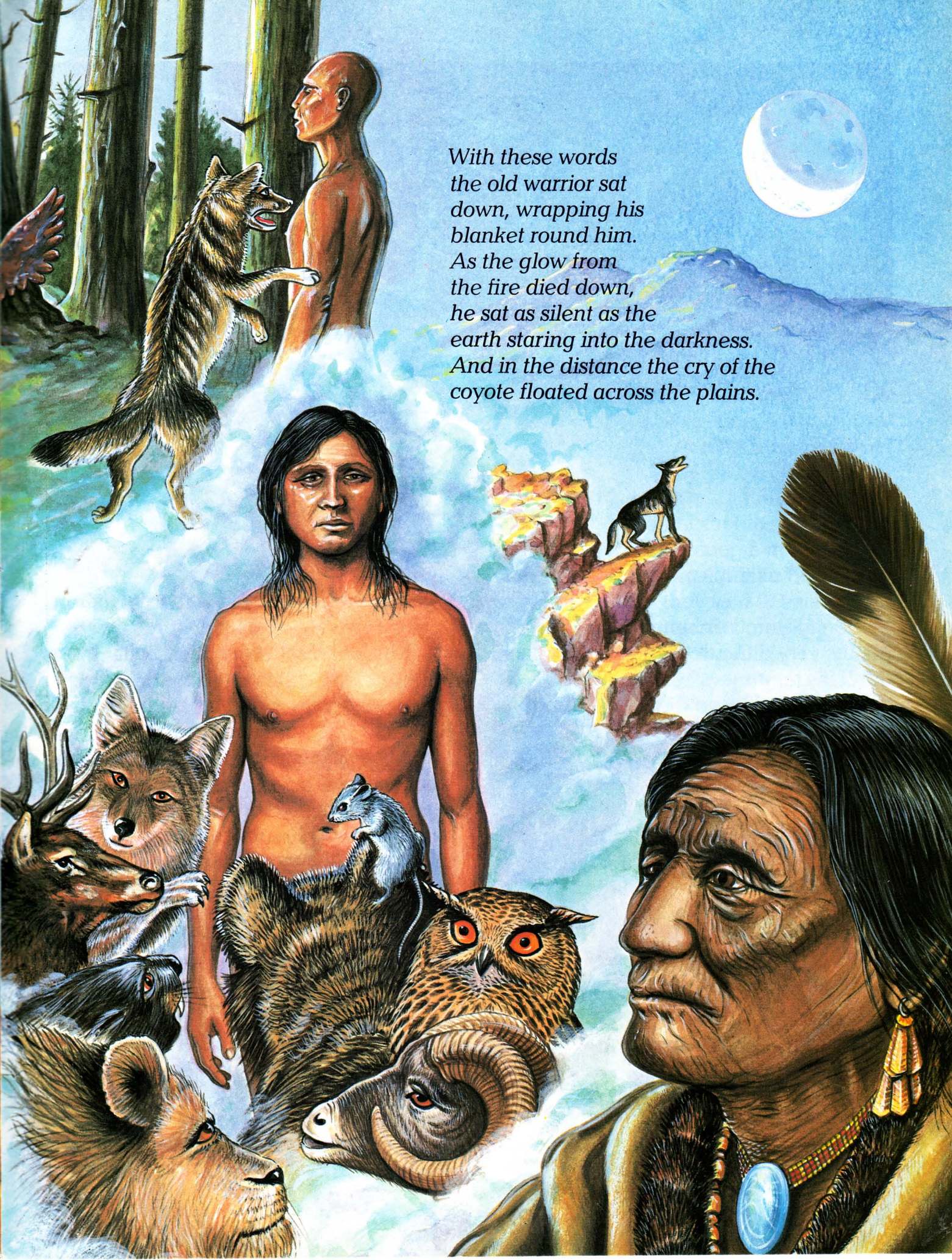
"Well," said Coyote patiently. "Let's have a competition. We'll each make a model of Man out of mud. Tomorrow we can look at all the models and decide which is the best."

So all the animals rushed away to fetch water and make mud. Owl made a model with wings. Deer made a model with large ears and wide eyes. Beaver made a model with a broad, flat tail. Mouse made a very small model. But Coyote made Man.

The sun went down before any of them could finish their models. So they went to sleep on the forest floor. All except Coyote.

He fetched water from the river and poured it over all the other models. Beaver's mud tail was washed away. Deer's mud antlers were washed away. Owl's mud wings were washed away.

Coyote blew into the nose of his model of Man made of mud. And when the other animals woke up, they found that there was a new animal in the forest. His name was Man.'



With these words
the old warrior sat
down, wrapping his
blanket round him.
As the glow from
the fire died down,
he sat as silent as the
earth staring into the darkness.
And in the distance the cry of the
coyote floated across the plains.

Boffy and the Teacher Eater

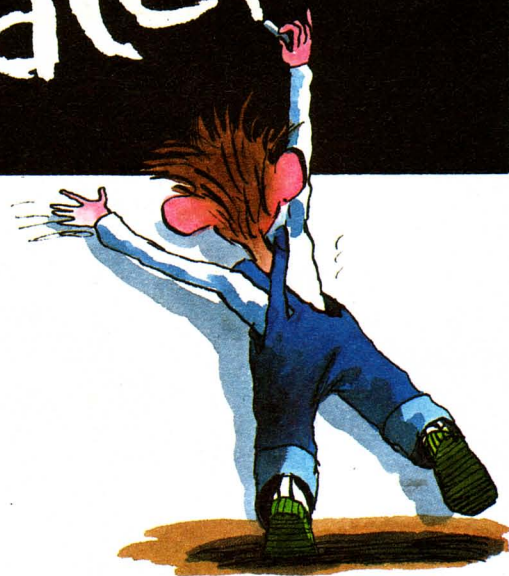
Boffy Brown was six years old. He was rather small and rather thin, with large glasses and a pale, serious face. He wanted more than anything to be an inventor.

"You can't be that until you're grown up," said his father.

"But I'm a genius," Boffy pointed out.

"Yes," said his mother, "I'm afraid he is."

Boffy's mother found living with a genius very difficult. Geniuses tend to think it's tea-time when it's only breakfast-time. And they build things



with biscuits instead of just eating them. And they always use long words.

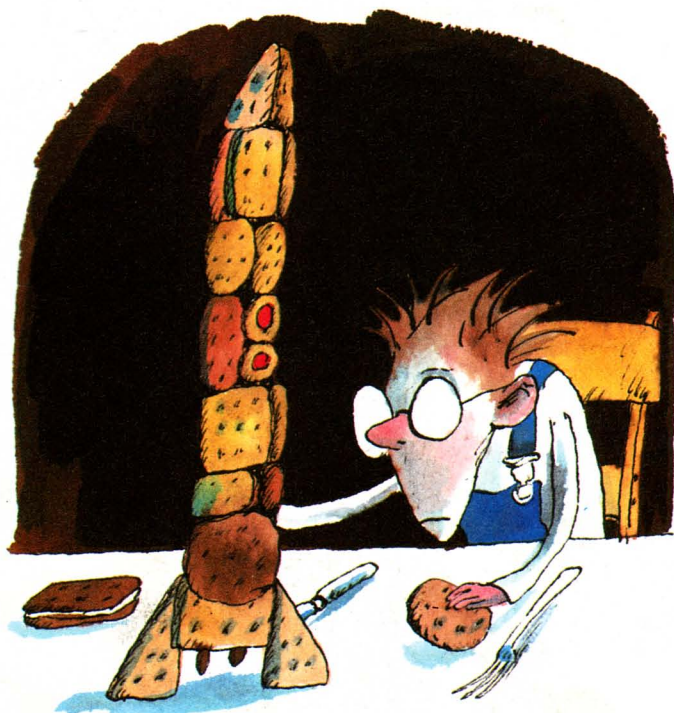
Mrs Brown put the dinner in the oven early because she wanted to start her spring-cleaning. Soon the kitchen was full of buckets and mops and dusters.

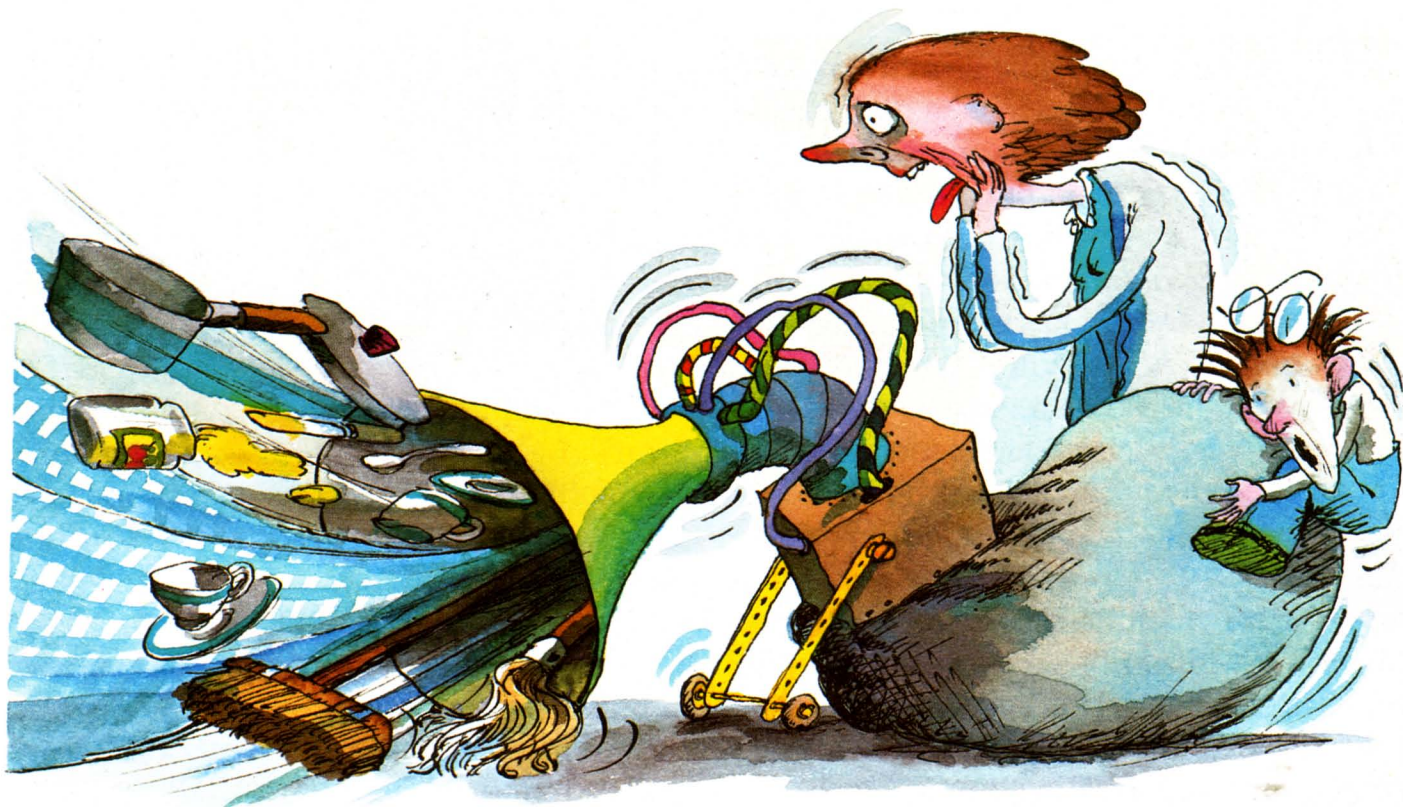
"There must be quicker ways of cleaning a room," said Boffy, and he went to his little workshop behind the cabbage patch. In no time at all, he had made a large, funny-looking machine. It had a horn at one end and a plastic sack at the other, and it was held together by rubber tubes.

"What is it?" asked Mrs Brown, as Boffy appeared in the doorway with the new invention.

"It's a Dust Extractor, of course." And before Mrs Brown could stop him, he had switched it on.

"It works!" cheered Boffy, and the awful noise drowned Mrs Brown's screams.





Brooms and mops rattled up into the Dust Extractor. A jar of marmalade flew off the table, followed by cups, saucers and then the tablecloth. Boffy was delighted, because not all his inventions worked. It moved nearer to the cooker. Lids flew off the pans and out popped the potatoes and the runner beans. They slithered down the tubes of the Dust Extractor and took the boiling water with them. Last of all, the oven door swung open and out shot the roast pork.

"You're a disgrace!" thundered Boffy's mother.

"You'll go straight to your room and you will *stay* there," said his father that evening.

"I'm sorry," said Boffy. It was hard being so clever.

For a whole week Boffy behaved himself. He gave his Dust Extractor to the dustmen. He sat in the garden and counted the bees.

Mr and Mrs Brown began to worry.

"Do you think we should have been so cross with Boffy?" they said to each other. "If only he would invent something small . . ."





The next day, Boffy went to school. He was in Class 4 — because of being so clever. He should have been in Class 1, but the teacher did not want him. *He* kept correcting *her*. But Mr Grim of Class 4 had been to university, so he knew one or two things Boffy did not.

Today Mr Grim was in a bad mood. He threw a piece of chalk at Herbert Entwhistle, and made all the children stay in at playtime. He even made Jenny Green cry.

"He's horrible, *horrible*," she sobbed.

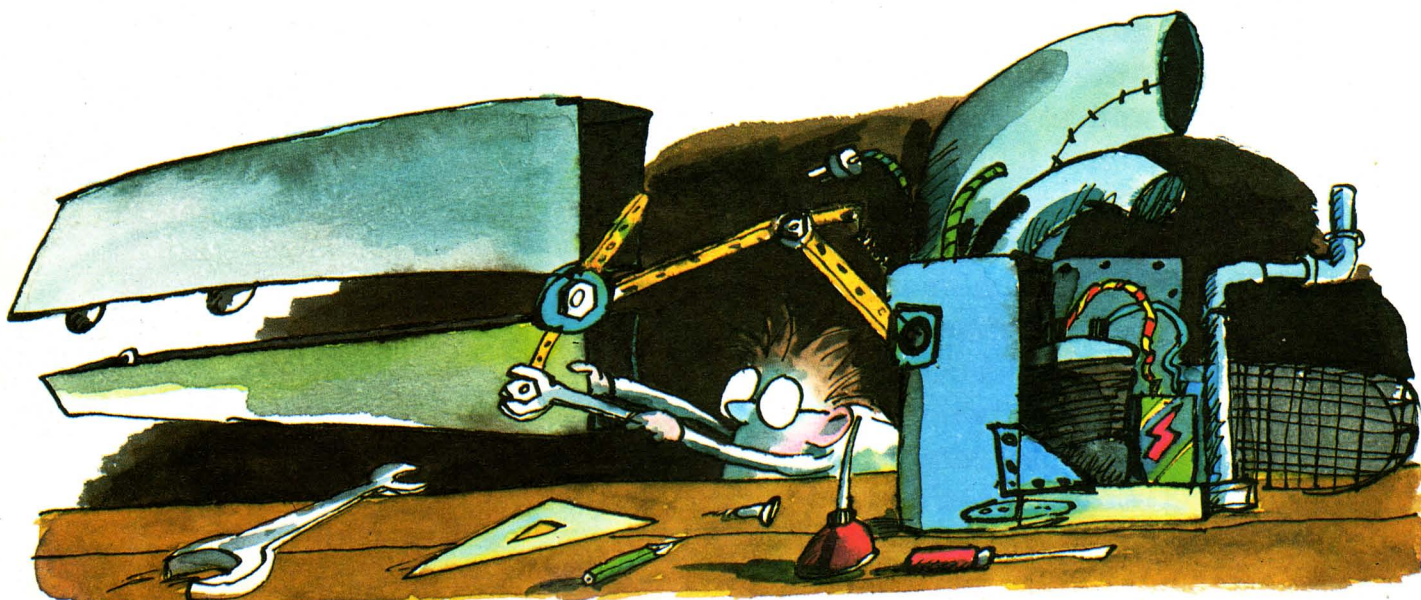
"Don't cry, Jenny," said Boffy. "I have an idea. Tomorrow you'll have nothing to worry about."

After tea, he went to his shed behind the cabbage patch and he banged and he hammered. Then he locked the shed, kissed his parents goodnight and went to bed. His small head was quite worn out.

Next morning Boffy took his new invention with him to school.

"Ooh, what's that?" asked the children, gathering round.

"It's a Teacher Eater," explained Boffy.



The Teacher Eater was very large. It was a sort of cross between a robot and a dragon. It was made mostly of tin and, on its enormous face, Boffy had painted a big smile, because he did not want to frighten Jenny.

"Ooh, he's *super*, Boffy," she said.

Boffy kept the Teacher Eater hidden under a pile of coats until after playtime. Then he wheeled it out into Class 1. The Teacher Eater trundled across the floor and swallowed the Infants teacher.

"Hurra!" cheered the children. And the noise brought the other teachers racing out of their rooms. They clapped their hands and shouted angrily. Then the Teacher Eater took a liking to the Art

teacher. Her red stockings were the last the children saw of her.

"Mon dieu!" gasped the French teacher. But he had no time to say more before he was swallowed too.

The terrible machine rolled down the corridor, hungry for more. It charged here and there, gulping down teachers until there was not a single one left.

Boffy put his invention in a big cupboard and locked the door.

"Well, children," he said. "Back to your classrooms." Everyone did as they were told. They were happy to have Boffy as their new Headmaster.

Boffy went to the Headmaster's study and sat down to think.



The next day, all the children went to school early. With Boffy as their Headmaster, they expected to spend the morning playing games and the afternoon painting or messing around. But Boffy had been thinking. He pinned up a large notice in the hall. It read:

First lesson: Sums

Second lesson: Handwriting

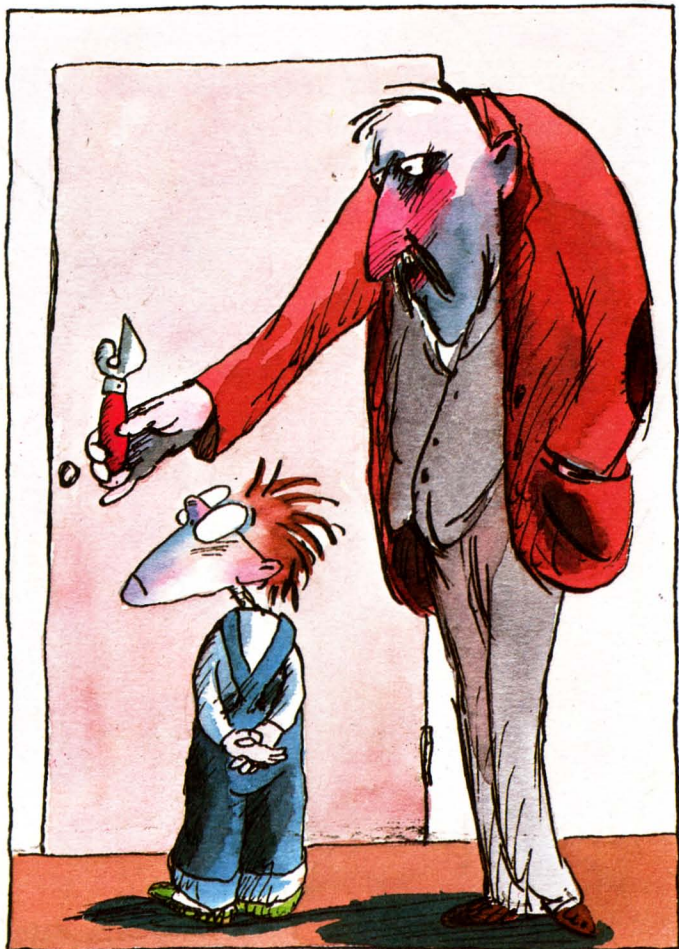
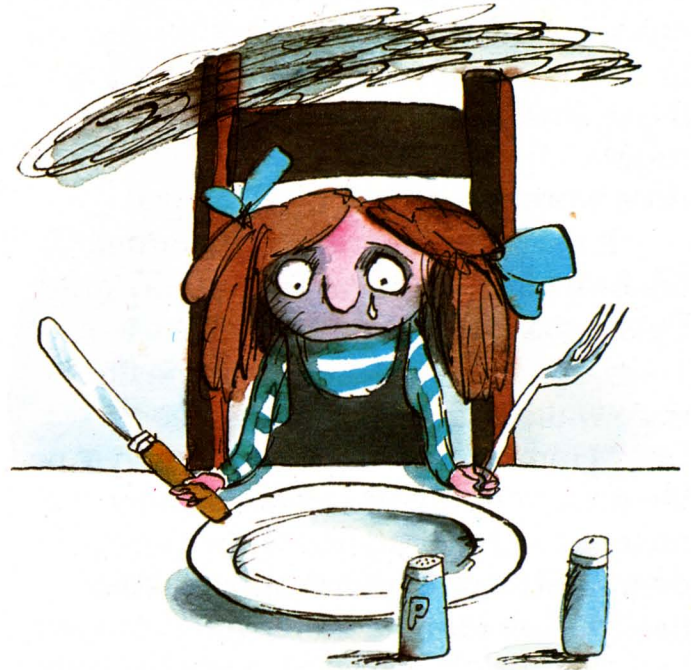
Third lesson: Science

Fourth lesson: Serious talk by Boffy
(signed) Boffy (Headmaster)

"What about playtime?" said Simon Goodbody, halfway through the morning.

"Work is more important," said Boffy, sternly.

"But you're not working," said Simon.
"You just sit in the Headmaster's office."



"Of course. That's what Headmasters do. You can stay in after school."

Then a *dreadful* thing happened.

The Dinner Lady did not arrive. She had heard about the Teacher Eater and was too afraid to come. So the children had no dinner. And Jenny began to cry.

"I'm hungry, Boffy," she wailed.

"So are we," said Johnny and Kate, and they began to cry, too.

"And your lessons are too hard. I can't do them!"

"Neither can I!" Soon the whole school was wailing and moaning.

"I wish our teacher was back," sniffed Jenny. "I wish she was."

Boffy was cross. "You just can't please some people."

At that moment the door opened and in stamped Boffy's father. "Now then, Son. Where's the Teacher Eater?"

Boffy unlocked the cupboard. The Teacher Eater gleamed in the electric light.

"Right," said Mr Brown, pulling out the machine. "Now *I've* brought along an invention. It's not a new one, but it does work."

It was a tin opener. And gradually Mr Brown cut a large hole in the Teacher Eater's back.

Out rolled the Infant teacher, then the Art teacher, the Needlework teacher, the French teacher . . . and finally the Headmaster himself. They sat in a heap on the floor, looking dazed and crumpled. They could not think where they had been, or why. Then the Headmaster caught sight of the Teacher

Eater and remembered. He turned very pale. "There will be a half-day holiday today. Good afternoon, children." And the children cheered.

Mr Brown drove his son home. "You're a DISGRACE!" he said, "and you'll go straight to bed without tea or supper. And you will *never* invent anything ever again . . ."

"Not until I'm grown up, anyway," said Boffy.

Then Mr Brown laughed very loudly, and Mrs Brown laughed too. And they thought how lucky they were after all to have a genius in the family.

And all the other mothers and fathers in the town thought how lucky *they* were that they did not.



IN PART 9 OF

STORY Teller



Commander
Windbag takes
JESTER MINUTE
on an aerial
search for his
missing castle

NEVILLE TOOGOOD was so good he turned
into an angel — and wished he'd been naughty!

A poor Arab fisherman has a narrow
escape in **ABDULLA AND THE GENIE**

THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF tried to fool
the villagers just once too often...

DOT AND THE KANGAROO run into
real trouble in the second part of our
Australian adventure

The Mayor of Hamelin plots to deceive
the stranger who has promised
to rid the town of rats — but

THE PIED PIPER has the last word

Readers include

**ROBERT POWELL, CAROLE BOYD
& NIGEL LAMBERT**

