



PART 1

STORY

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STORY Teller 2

STORY TELLER has brought pleasure and entertainment to hundreds of thousands of children. Now Marshall Cavendish are delighted to announce the launch of a second collection. Every fortnight, STORY TELLER 2 will introduce a new cast of exciting and colourful characters to amuse and enthrall your children. Like the original collection, STORY TELLER 2 combines the value of a fully-illustrated colour book with a high-quality, 50-minute cassette sound recording which follows the stories word for word. Whether your child is old enough to read the book, or simply wants to listen to the tape and follow the pictures, STORY TELLER 2 will provide a lasting collection of stories from around the world . . . and countless hours of pleasure.

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The Dancing Fairies: Gabrielle Stoddart

There Once Was A Puffin: Tony Ross

THE TAPE

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The Wizard of Oz: Miriam Margolyes

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The Circus Animals' Strike: David Tate

Yushkin the Watchmaker: Martin Shaw

Rumbles in the Jungles: David Tate

The Dancing Fairies: Miriam Margolyes

There Once Was A Puffin: Martin Shaw



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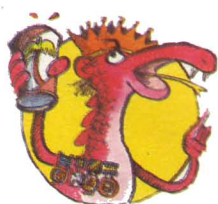
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Illustrated by Tony Ross.



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**Says Story Teller,
Funny fella,
"I don't want you to miss a thing.
I'll ring my bell, so you can tell
When one page ends—
and the next begins!"**





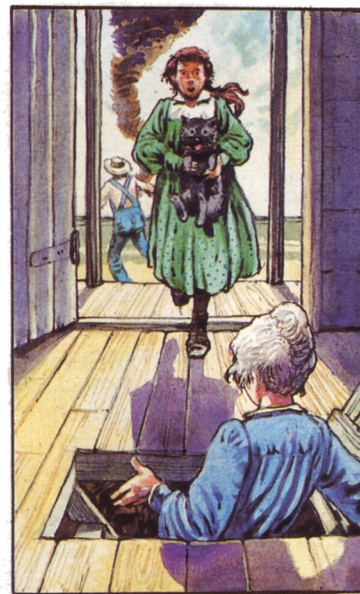
Dorothy lived on a farm in the middle of the great Kansas prairies, with her Uncle Henry and Aunt Em. When she stood outside their one-roomed wooden house, she could see nothing but flat land scorched grey by the sun. Not a tree nor a house broke the broad sweep of country that stretched to the sky in all directions.

Dorothy had just one friend — a little black dog called Toto, whom she loved dearly. Usually, Dorothy and Toto spent all day playing together, but one day something stopped them. Uncle Henry sat on the porch and Dorothy stood with Toto in her arms, and they both looked anxiously at the gloomy, grey sky. From the north they heard the low wail of the wind, and they could see the long grass bowing before the approaching storm.

Then from the south, came a sharp whistling sound. Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up. "There's a cyclone coming, Em!" he shouted. "I'll go look after the animals." And he ran off to the sheds.

"Quick, Dorothy!" screamed Aunt Em from inside the house. "Run for the cellar!"

Aunt Em threw open the trap-door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into a



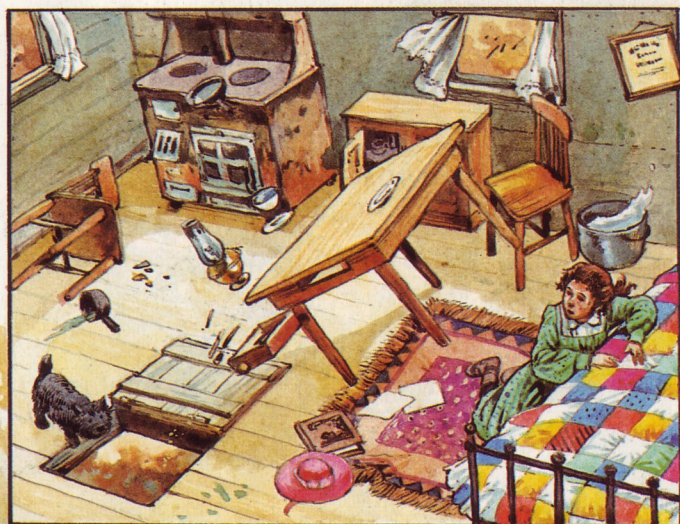
small, dark hole dug in the ground. Dorothy started to follow her, but she was only halfway across the room when there came a great shriek from the wind and the house shook violently.

Then the strangest thing happened. The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly into the air. The north and the south winds had met where the house stood, and made it the exact centre of the cyclone. The great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up higher

and higher, until it was right at the top of the cyclone. There it stayed, to be carried far away.

It was very dark, and the wind howled horribly, but after the first few whirls the house just swayed gently. At first Dorothy was filled with terror at the thought of being dashed to pieces when the house came down to earth. But as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying. At last, she crawled over the swaying floor to her bed and with Toto beside her, she soon fell fast asleep.

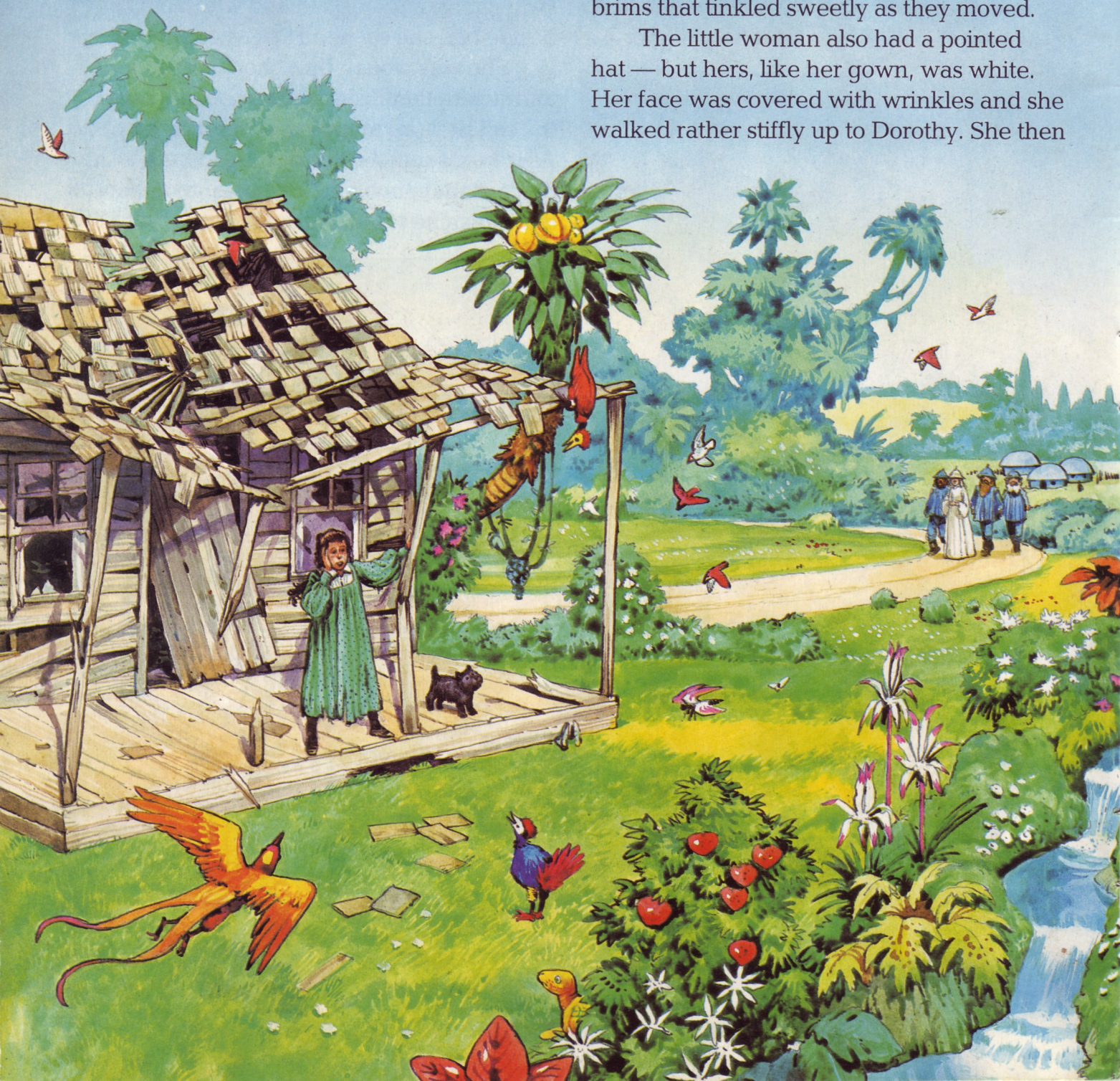
She was woken by a shock so sudden and severe that if she had not been lying on the soft bed she might have been badly hurt. As it was, several seconds passed before she realised that the house was not moving and that sunshine was flooding the little room.



Dorothy sprang from her bed and with Toto at her heels, ran and opened the door. She let out a gasp of amazement, for she was now in the middle of a country of marvellous beauty. Wherever she looked there were banks of gorgeous flowers. Birds with brilliant plumage sang in trees covered with luscious fruits.

In the distance, Dorothy saw some little round houses, all painted blue. And then she noticed, coming towards her, a group of the queerest people she had ever seen. There were three men and one woman, and although they looked much older than Dorothy, they were certainly no taller. The men, who all had beards, were dressed in blue from their boots right up to their pointed hats. These had little bells round the brims that tinkled sweetly as they moved.

The little woman also had a pointed hat — but hers, like her gown, was white. Her face was covered with wrinkles and she walked rather stiffly up to Dorothy. She then



bowed low and said in a sweet voice, "You are welcome, most noble Sorceress, to the Land of the Munchkins. We are grateful to you for having killed the Wicked Witch of the East, and for setting our people free."

Dorothy listened with wonder. What could she possibly mean?

"Oh, er . . . you're very kind, but . . . there must be some mistake. I've not killed anything."

"Your house did, anyway," replied the little old woman, "and that is the same thing. Look, there are her two feet."

Dorothy looked down and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed, just sticking out from under the house, were two feet shod in silver shoes with pointed toes.

"That wicked witch made all the Munchkins slave for her night and day for many years," explained the old woman. "They were overjoyed when they saw that she was dead and they sent a swift messenger to bring me here. I am the Witch of the North."

"Oh, gracious!" cried Dorothy. "Are you a real witch?"

"Yes, indeed. But I am a good witch, and the people love me. I am not as powerful as the wicked witch who ruled here, or I should have set the people free myself."

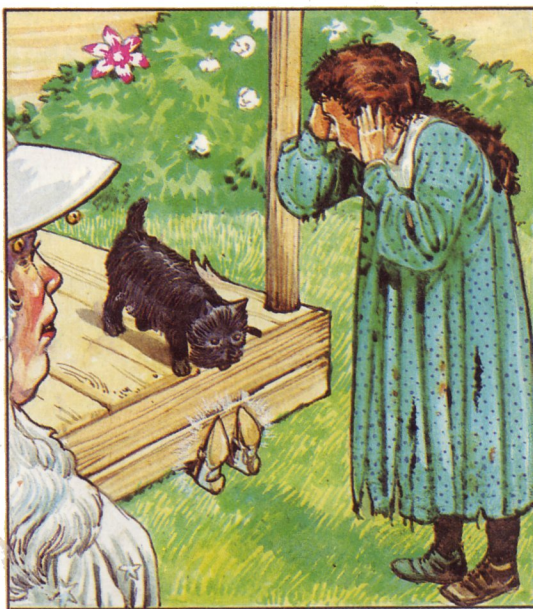
"But I thought all witches were wicked."

"Oh, no, that is a great mistake. Of the four witches who lived in the Land of Oz, two of them, those in the North and the South, are good witches. I know this is true, for I am one of them myself! Those in the East and the West are indeed wicked, wicked witches; but now that you have killed one, there is only one wicked witch in all the Land of Oz — the one who lives in the West."

Just then the Munchkins, who had been standing silently by, gave a loud shout and pointed to the corner of the house where the wicked witch had been lying.

The old woman began to laugh. The feet of the dead witch had disappeared, and nothing was left but the silver shoes.

"She was so old that she shrivelled to dust in the sun! That is the end of her. But the silver shoes are yours, my dear, and you shall have them to wear." She picked up the shoes, shook the dust out, and handed them to Dorothy.





"The Witch of the East was proud of those silver shoes," said a Munchkin, "and there is some wonderful charm connected with them. But what it is we never knew."

"Oh, oh thank you," she cried. "They fit perfectly. But tell me, can you help me find my way back to Kansas? I live there with my aunt and uncle and I'm sure they'll be worrying about me."

The Munchkins and the Witch first looked at one another, and then at Dorothy, and then shook their heads.

"I do not know where Kansas is, for I have never heard of it," said the old woman.

"You see, here in the Land of Oz we are cut off from the rest of the world by a great





desert. Your only chance of returning home is to go to the Emerald City and ask the Great Wizard of Oz to help you."

"Is he a good man?"

"He is a good wizard, and more powerful than all the witches. Whether he is a, a man or not I, well I cannot tell, for I have never seen him."

"How can I get to the Emerald City?"

"You must walk along the road paved with yellow brick. It will take you through land that is sometimes bright and pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. I am afraid, my dear, that I, I cannot go with you, but I will give you my kiss, and no-one will dare injure a person who has been kissed by the Witch of the North."

She kissed Dorothy gently on the forehead, leaving a round, shining mark.

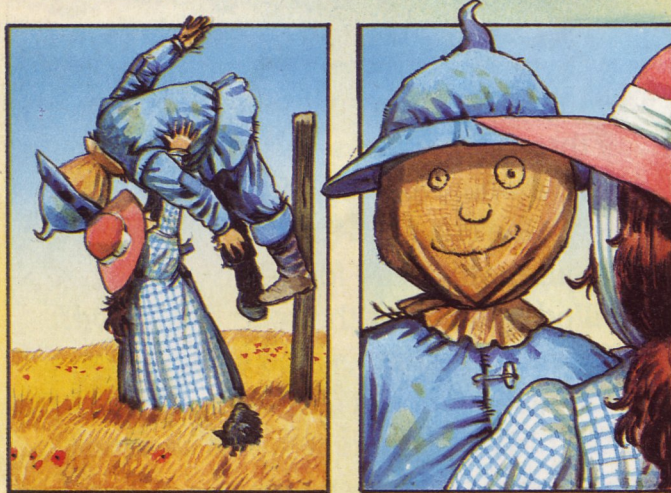
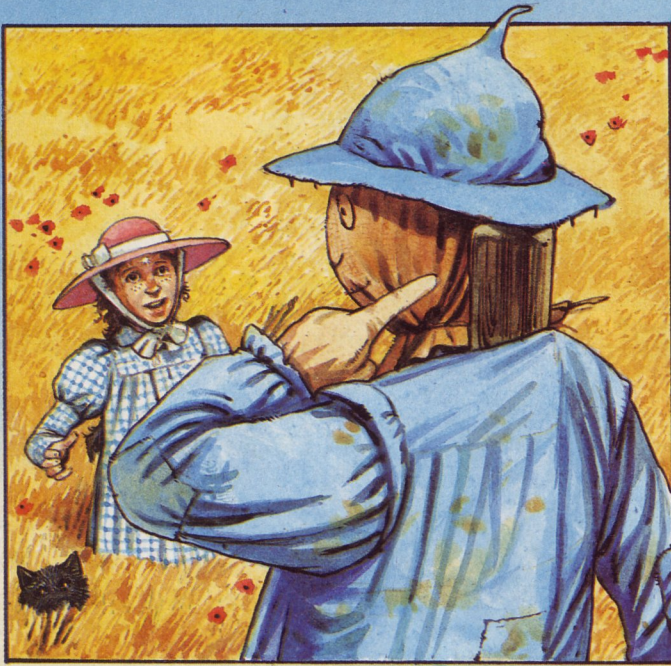
Then, with a friendly nod, she whirled round on her left heel three times, and disappeared.

The Munchkins bowed low and walked away through the trees.

Left alone, Dorothy prepared for her journey. She changed into her blue and white gingham dress, found her straw hat and filled a basket with bread. Then, with Toto trotting beside her, she set off along the road of yellow brick. The sun shone brightly and the birds sang sweetly, and she soon began to feel quite cheerful.

When she had gone several miles she stopped to have a rest. She climbed to the top of a fence, sat down, and looked across a great cornfield. Not far away was a scarecrow. Its head was a small sack stuffed with straw, with painted eyes, a nose and a mouth. It was dressed in faded blue Munchkin clothes and was raised above the corn by a pole stuck up its back.

Dorothy gazed into the Scarecrow's queer, painted face, and she was astonished to see one of the eyes slowly wink at her. At first she thought she must have been mistaken. But then the figure nodded its head to her in a friendly way, and so she walked up to it.



"Good day," said the Scarecrow.

"Oh, did you speak?"

"I certainly did. How do you do?"

"Oh I'm, I'm pretty well, thank you. How do you do?"

"I am not feeling very well at all. Oh it is very tedious being perched up here night and day to scare away crows. If you would take me off the pole I would be greatly obliged to you."

Dorothy reached up and lifted the figure off the pole. It was not very heavy.

"Ooh, thank you very much. I feel like a new man. Now tell me, who are you? And where are you going?"

"My name is Dorothy, and I'm going to the Emerald City, to ask the Great Wizard of Oz to send me back to Kansas."

"Where is the Emerald City? And who is the Great Wizard of Oz?"

"Well don't you know?"

"No! Indeed I don't know anything. I am stuffed with straw you see, so I have no brains at all. Do you think if I go to the Emerald City with you, that Oz would give me some brains?"

"I can't tell, but you can come with me if you like."

"Oh, oh thank you. I am most grateful."

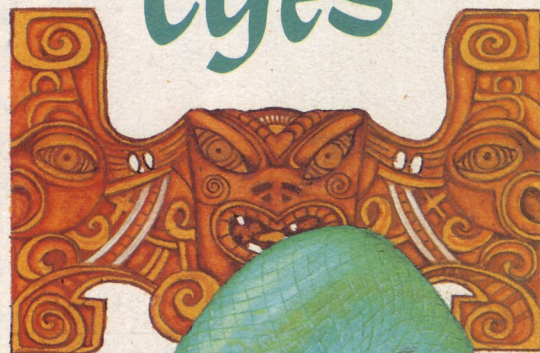
Straight away, Dorothy and her strange new friend set off along the road of yellow brick to find the wonderful Wizard of Oz.

[In Part 2 Dorothy meets the Tin Man and the Lion!]

THE CREATURES WITH Beautiful Eyes

In New Zealand, many years ago, there lived a Maori fisherman named Kehu. Each day he paddled his boat out into the river to cast his net. But one day, when he tried to haul the net back in, it was almost too heavy to pull! And suddenly, the heads of three weird creatures appeared!

The first was a scaly merman, with a long, curling tongue; the second a slippery, fat snake; and the third a wriggling, giant lizard whose open mouth was filled with razor-sharp teeth. Kehu grabbed his spear to kill the creatures — but then he saw they were all staring at him, with soft, pleading eyes. They were the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen.



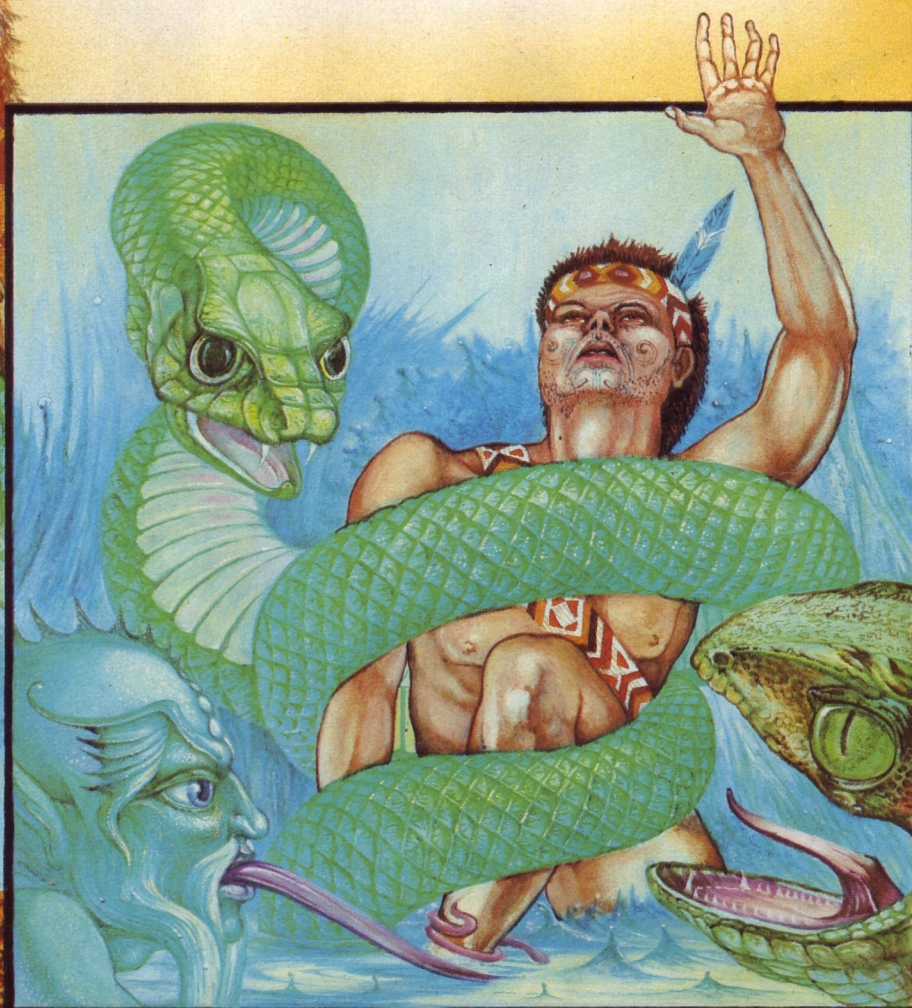


Throwing down his spear, Kehu hauled the three creatures into the boat, took them back to his village and kept them in the lake.

Every morning for three years, Kehu caught fish to feed them. He grew very fond of them, and they of him. But one morning Kehu did not come. When the creatures raised their heads above the water to look for their friend, they saw instead Tainui — a cruel, ugly warrior, with a heavy wooden club in his hand. Behind him in the distance, they saw Kehu being chased from the village by a fierce, chanting war-party!

Tainui raised his club and brought it down on the creatures heads, sending them crying and wailing to the bottom of the lake.

But later that day, when Tainui was walking

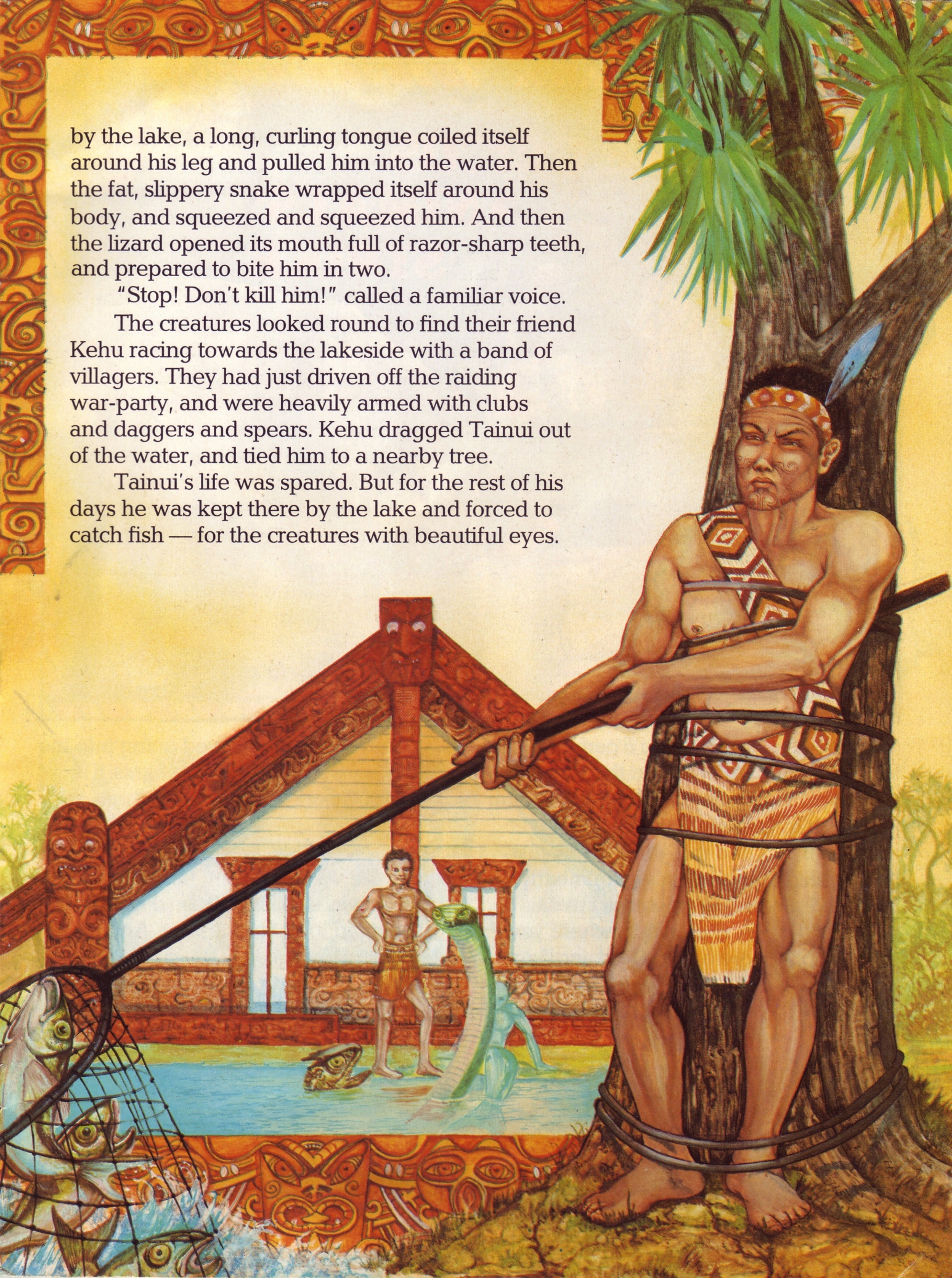


by the lake, a long, curling tongue coiled itself around his leg and pulled him into the water. Then the fat, slippery snake wrapped itself around his body, and squeezed and squeezed him. And then the lizard opened its mouth full of razor-sharp teeth, and prepared to bite him in two.

"Stop! Don't kill him!" called a familiar voice.

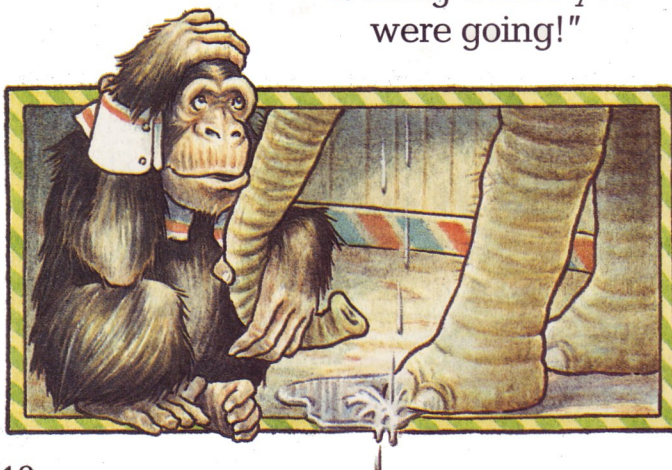
The creatures looked round to find their friend Kehu racing towards the lakeside with a band of villagers. They had just driven off the raiding war-party, and were heavily armed with clubs and daggers and spears. Kehu dragged Tainui out of the water, and tied him to a nearby tree.

Tainui's life was spared. But for the rest of his days he was kept there by the lake and forced to catch fish — for the creatures with beautiful eyes.





"That's the last time you'll perform with the elephants!" yelled the ring-master at Toby. "You're far too clumsy! You ruin everything. Last night you tripped over your own feet and tonight . . . well, just look what you did tonight! You nearly knocked me over. You weren't even looking where you were going!"



Toby sighed. He loved going into the circus ring with the other elephants. They looked so smart in their red feathers, and as the music played, they circled the ring and danced in time. Toby danced too, but usually he was so excited he either forgot what he was supposed to be doing or he just seemed to get in the way. And now he would never go into the circus ring again.

"Hello there," said Charlie the chimp. "Come on, cheer up! What's the problem?"

Toby told him what had happened.

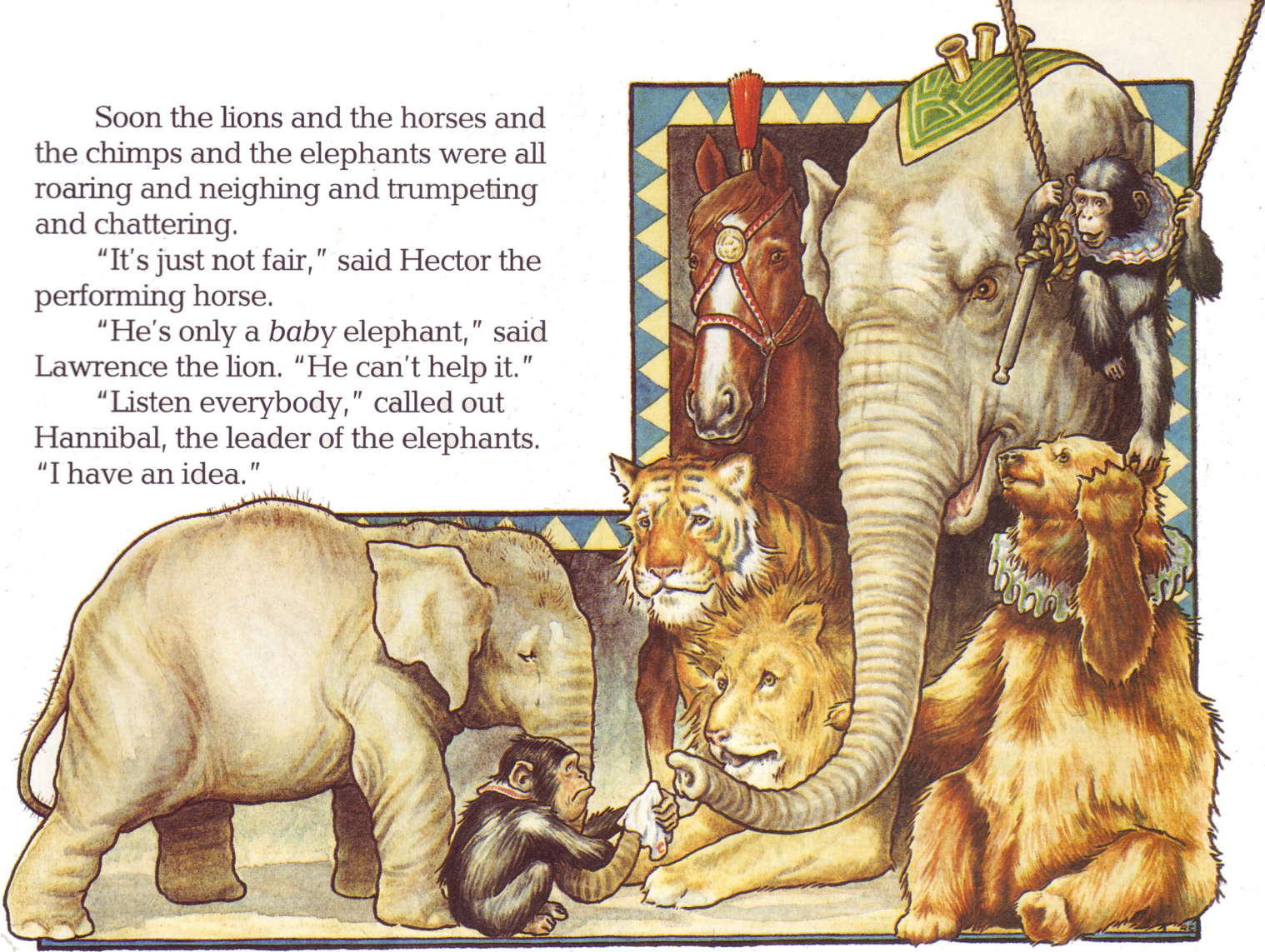
"You're not allowed to perform again? We can't have that. Wait till the other animals hear about this." And he dashed off to spread the big news.

Soon the lions and the horses and the chimps and the elephants were all roaring and neighing and trumpeting and chattering.

"It's just not fair," said Hector the performing horse.

"He's only a *baby* elephant," said Lawrence the lion. "He can't help it."

"Listen everybody," called out Hannibal, the leader of the elephants. "I have an idea."



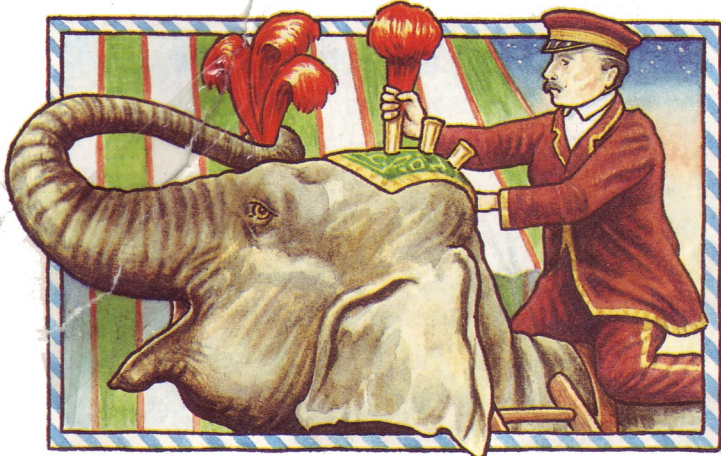
All the circus animals put their heads together and listened while Hannibal explained his plan.

"That's a great idea," said Charlie. "We can start tonight."

That night, as usual, the Big Top filled with people all eager to see the circus. Behind the scenes, everybody was getting ready. The clowns were painting their faces, the ring-master was polishing his top hat, and the elephants were having their bright red feathers put on their heads. Only Toby stood sadly on his own, watching. *He* would not be wearing his bright red feathers tonight.

The fanfare sounded. "Ladies and gentlemen!" shouted the ring-master.

The circus had begun.



The music played for the horses. They pranced into the ring, swishing their tails and tossing their manes. But then instead of galloping round, they all suddenly stopped. The music played on, the ring-master cracked his whip, but still they would not perform.

"What on earth is wrong with you tonight?" whispered the ring-master. "Why aren't you dancing?"

The horses did not reply. Instead they simply turned around — and trotted out of the ring. The ring-master took off his top hat and scratched his head.

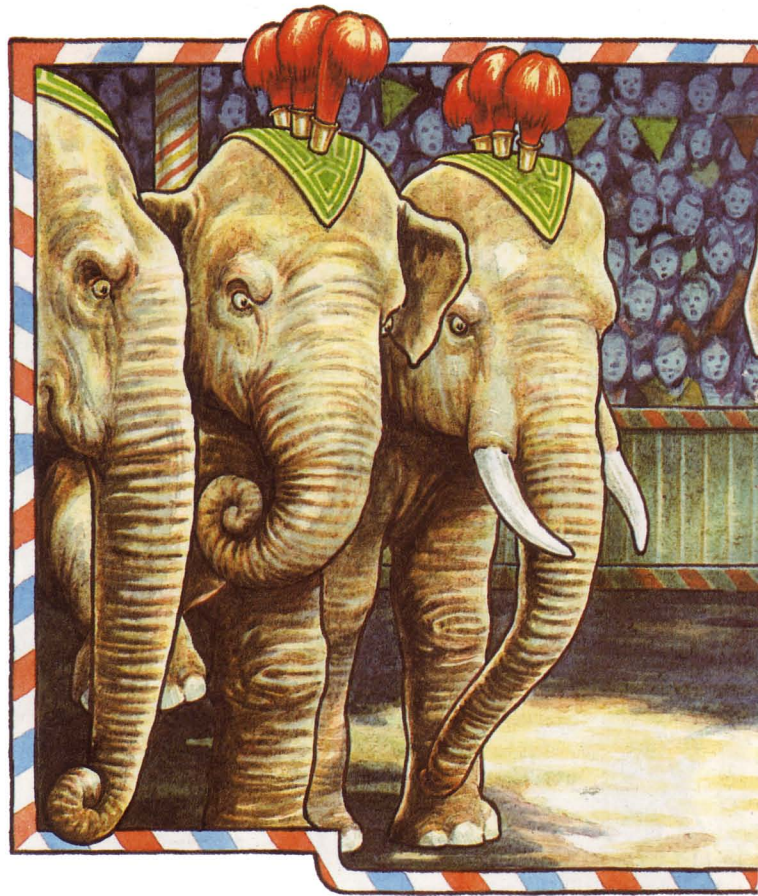
"Bring on the lions!" he shouted.

But the lions would not even come out of their cages.

"Bring on the chimps!" ordered the furious ring-master. But they would not appear either.

"Bring on the elephants!" yelled the ring-master, now blushing with embarrassment.

Toby watched as Hannibal led the elephants slowly into the ring . . . and the animals formed a great circle round the ring-master.



Hannibal held up his trunk for silence. The music stopped. The audience was hushed.

"The circus animals are on strike," announced Hannibal, "until Toby the baby elephant is allowed to perform with us again! He's only a baby so it's not surprising he's clumsy and makes mistakes. But he's still part of the circus. So until he's allowed into the ring again we're not working!"

Then, trumpeting loudly, Hannibal led the elephants out of the Big Top.

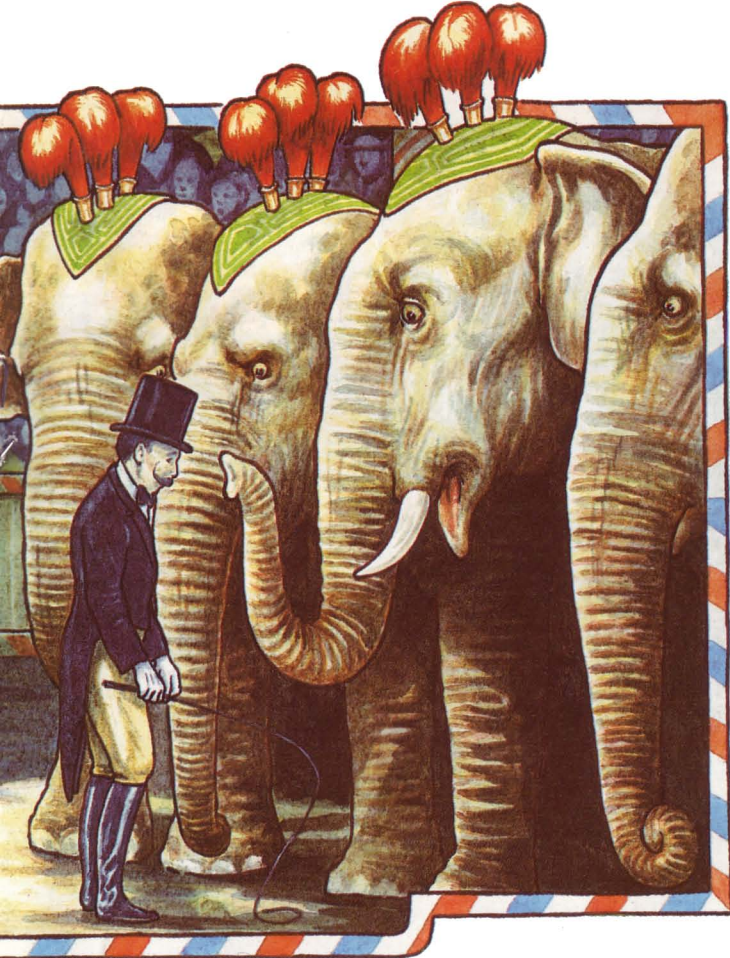
"Let Toby come on," shouted someone in the audience.

"Yes, let's see the baby elephant," shouted another.

Soon, everyone was shouting for Toby. The ring-master held up his hands.

"Very well," he said. "Toby *can* take part in the circus. Bring on Toby, the baby elephant!"





Behind the scenes, Clarence the clown quickly fitted bright red feathers on to Toby's head.

"Come on," he said, leading the happy, little elephant by the trunk. "You're on!"



Toby was so very thrilled and excited that when he ran into the ring his feet got in the way and he tripped up Clarence.

The crowd roared with laughter. Soon, he and the clown were chasing each other round the ring. The audience loved it. It did not matter that Toby was clumsy and tripped over his own feet: the crowd just laughed all the more. And a broad smile came across the ring-master's face, too.

It was not long before Toby was the star of the circus, with his name on all the posters. And all because the circus animals went on strike!



YUSHKIN the Watchmaker



watch, no bigger than a thumb-nail. Its face was made of pearl, the colour of the creamiest milk. Its hands were of purest gold and its figures were sparkling diamonds and rubies.

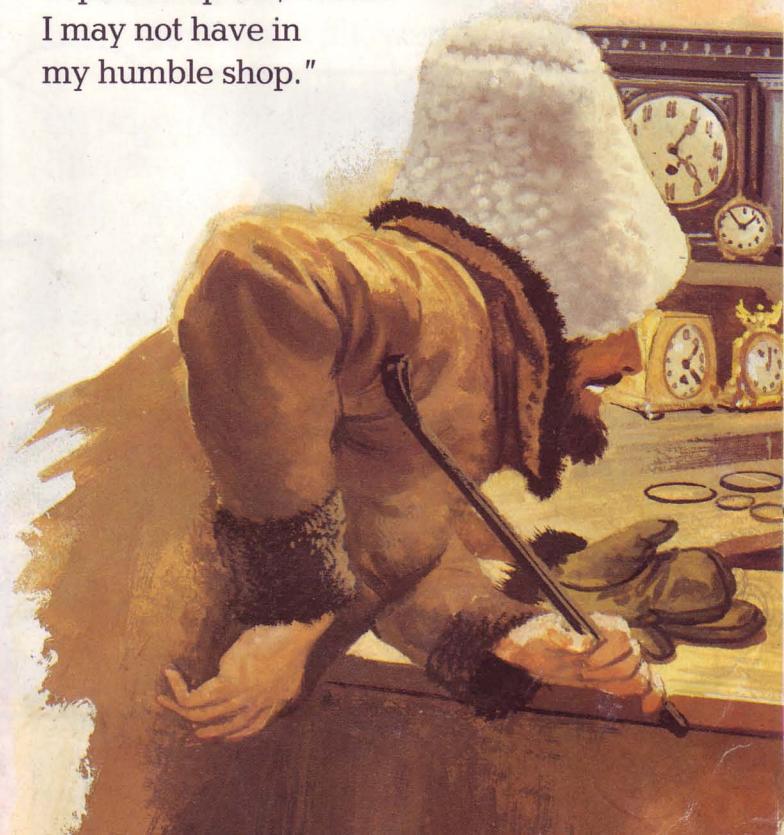
Such loveliness in a watch warmed old Yushkin's heart, but he coughed nervously. "Master, I must open the back of the watch before I can tell you whether I can repair it by tomorrow. Such a fine watch will need expensive parts, which I may not have in my humble shop."

Yushkin the watchmaker and his son Vladimir worked in a tiny shop at the end of the village. Yushkin was teaching Vladimir how to repair watches, just as Yushkin's own father had taught him many years before.

One cold afternoon, when the snow was falling heavily, Prince Igor reined in his snorting horse outside Yushkin's shop. Jumping to the ground, he strode through the door. Snow from his riding boots scattered across the floor.

"Watchmaker Yushkin, my wife must have this watch repaired by noon tomorrow. She's travelling to St Petersburg and must take the watch with her!"

Yushkin placed his eye-glass over his eye and looked closely at the beautiful



But Prince Igor would not listen. "Watchmaker Yushkin, you will repair this watch by noon tomorrow, or it will be the worse for you!" He banged his horse-whip on the bench and walked out of the door.

Yushkin opened the back of the watch, looked through his eye-glass, and sighed, "It's no use, Vladimir. I cannot possibly repair it in time."

Then Vladimir examined the watch with his own eye-glass just as his father had shown him many times before. "Only the hairspring is broken, father."

"That is true, my son, but it is a very special one, made from the curled hair of a butterfly's leg. Not even the city watchmakers of St Petersburg will have such a spring!"

There was a long silence in the shop, broken only by the ticking of the clocks. Then Yushkin spoke again. "There is only one thing we can do, Vladimir. We must return this watch to Prince Igor at once and tell him we just cannot repair it."

"Should we change into our best clothes, father?"



"We are watchmakers, my son," said Yushkin proudly, "and we will wear our working clothes when we visit Prince Igor's great house. We will go in our aprons and caps, and we will carry our tools in our apron pouches."

The snow stopped falling as they trudged side by side up the long hill to Igor's great house.

"It's a pity we couldn't mend the hairspring, father. Prince Igor would pay ten roubles to have his beautiful watch fixed by tomorrow."

Yushkin was silent. His son was right. They would have to work for many weeks to earn so much money. Quietly and sadly, father and son continued up the hill. The evening star shone like a diamond in the dark blue sky, but they did not notice — for their heads were both cast down.



"Hey, you two, out of the way!"

A horse-drawn sleigh, packed with passengers crunched through the snow past Yushkin and his son. Then another . . . and yet another. Each sleigh was crowded with people laughing and singing.

"Oh, look they are in fancy-dress, father. There's a dragon, a crocodile, an Indian, even a chimney-sweep, I think!"

"They are all going to Prince Igor's house. If he is having a party, I fear we will not be very welcome visitors."

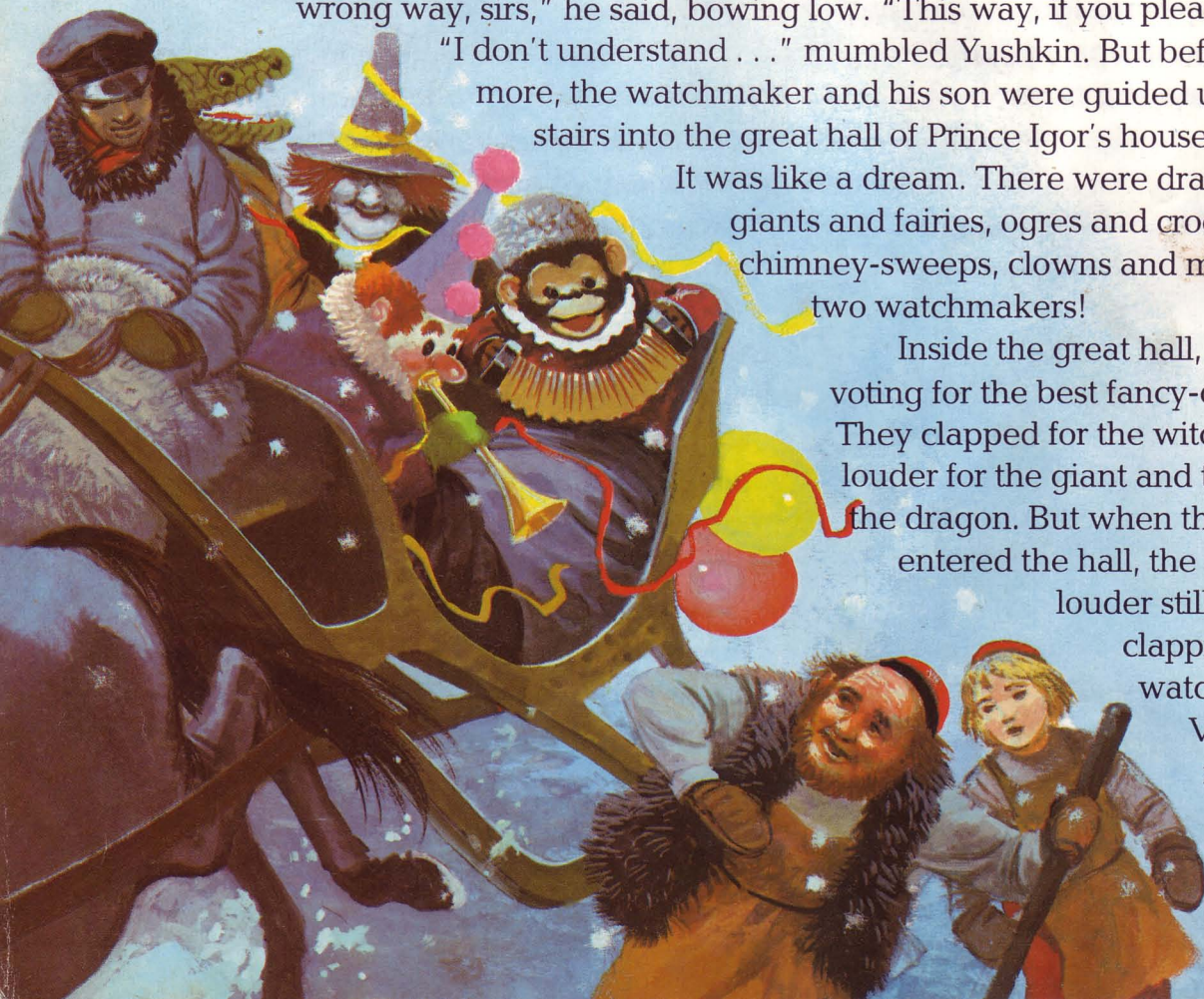
The two had almost reached the servants' door when they heard someone running up behind them. It

was a footman in a shining uniform. "You are going the wrong way, sirs," he said, bowing low. "This way, if you please!"

"I don't understand . . ." mumbled Yushkin. But before he could say more, the watchmaker and his son were guided up the grand marble stairs into the great hall of Prince Igor's house.

It was like a dream. There were dragons and witches, giants and fairies, ogres and crocodiles, elves and chimney-sweeps, clowns and monkeys — and now two watchmakers!

Inside the great hall, the guests were voting for the best fancy-dress costume. They clapped for the witch, and then clapped louder for the giant and then even louder for the dragon. But when the two watchmakers entered the hall, the guests clapped louder still — and went on clapping. Yushkin the watchmaker and his son Vladimir won the first prize for fancy dress!





"This prize," Prince Igor's wife announced, "is from my own private collection," and she placed a large golden box in Yushkin's trembling hands. The people cheered again, the music started, and the dancing began.

"Come now, Vladimir, we must talk to the Prince," Yushkin whispered in a daze.

But Vladimir had peeped inside the gold box, and his eyes were bright. "Oh, no father, no! We're saved — we must hurry home!"

"I do not understand, Vladimir," puffed poor Yushkin, as they reached their little shop. "How can this gold box help us repair Prince Igor's watch?"

"Because it is full of butterflies, father!" said

Vladimir. He carefully opened the lid, and

father and son gazed in wonder at the contents of the golden box. Six beautiful butterflies were flitting from petal to petal among a bed of tiny flowers. The wings trembled like autumn leaves in the breeze.

With gentle fingers, Vladimir took one butterfly from the box and cut a curled hair from its leg. Then Yushkin opened the back of Prince Igor's watch. Vladimir watched in pride as his father bent low over the bench. But Yushkin's lips began to tremble. "It's no good, Vladimir. I cannot do it. My old eyes can no longer see such a tiny spring, even with the eye-glass." Vladimir put his arm around Yushkin. "Let me try, father."

"Oh thank you, my son, thank you." Vladimir took the watch with steady hands. His heart beat wildly like the hooves of a hundred galloping horses. He took a deep breath and set to work.





father and son, wondering at the Prince's sudden good manners.

"Here is your beautiful watch," said Yushkin, "and I have made a little silken pouch to keep it in. Such a lovely watch must be well looked after."

Beaming with pleasure, Prince Igor thanked the watchmaker and his son many times and then placed one hundred roubles on the counter. "I always knew you would finish it in time. And as for this pouch, it is so kind of you, and so beautifully made."

"I am sorry, Prince Igor, but I cannot give you change for such a large sum of money. I have only seven roubles in the shop."

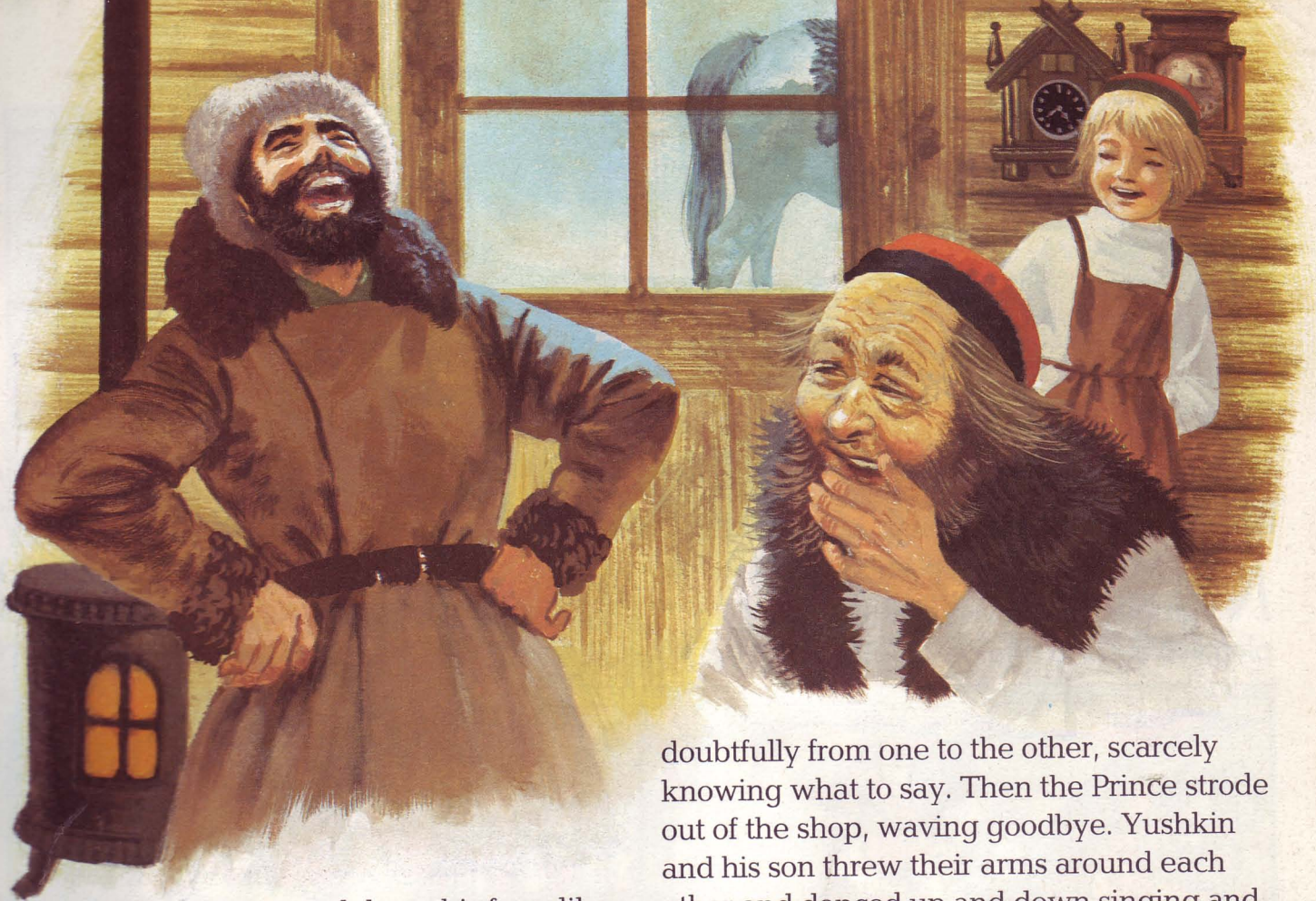
"Change? Change? Ha! Ha! Ha! Who wants change?" And Prince Igor laughed

The morning came cold and icy, with the wind blowing snowflakes like the feathers from a burst cushion. Through his window Yushkin could see the Prince riding down the hill. "He is almost here, Vladimir."

The door rattled and Prince Igor bounded into the shop, blowing into his hands. "Good morning, watchmaker Yushkin. And you too, Vladimir. Oh goodness, it is cold this morning."

"Good morning, Prince Igor," said





till the tears poured down his face, like summer rain on glossy leaves.

"My dear friend Yushkin, this money is not only for the watch repair. It's also the rest of your prize! You left the party so quickly last night that my wife could not give it to you!"

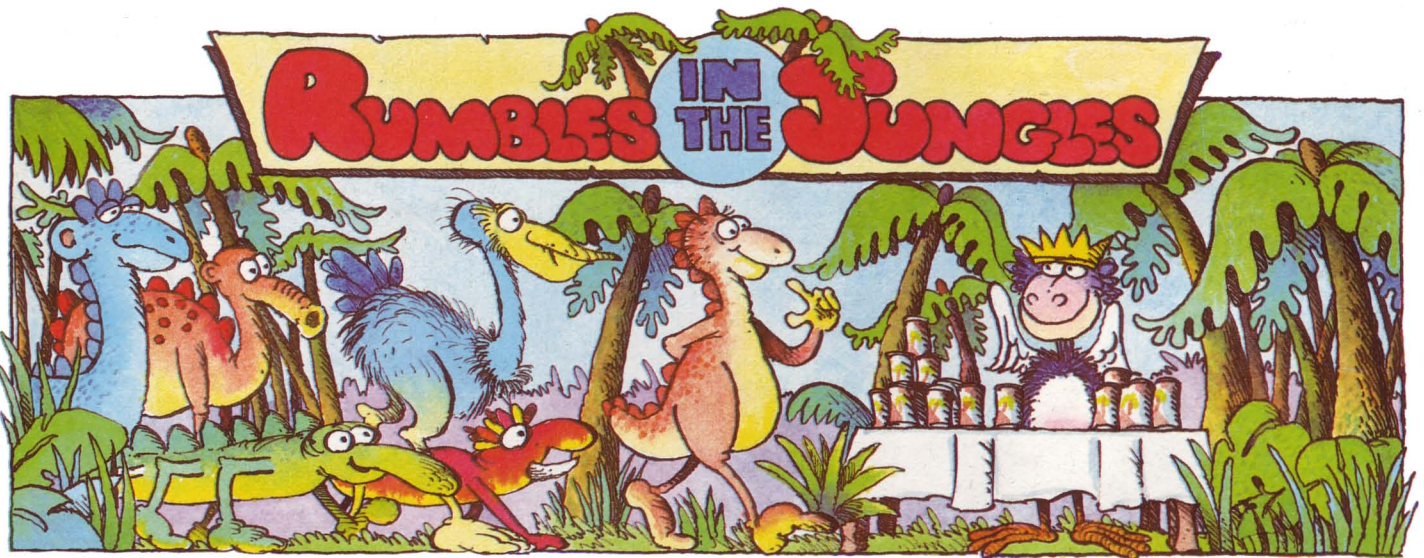
The old man coughed nervously. Vladimir gripped his arm, because he knew exactly what Yushkin was going to say. "Prince Igor, we cannot accept either the money or the gold box of butterflies because we were not invited to the party and we were not really dressed up at all. We were in our working clothes."

"I know! Ha-ha! I know!" roared the Prince. "It is the biggest joke of the year. My wife was delighted — all those friends of hers spent a fortune on their outfits, and they still didn't win! Ha, ha, ha!"

The Prince slapped his thighs and roared with laughter again. Vladimir began to chuckle too. Poor Yushkin looked

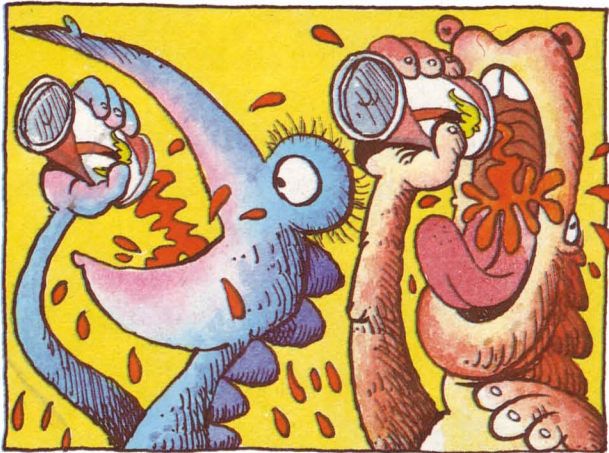
doubtfully from one to the other, scarcely knowing what to say. Then the Prince strode out of the shop, waving goodbye. Yushkin and his son threw their arms around each other and danced up and down singing and laughing. And the clocks in the watchmaker's shop all began chiming at once.



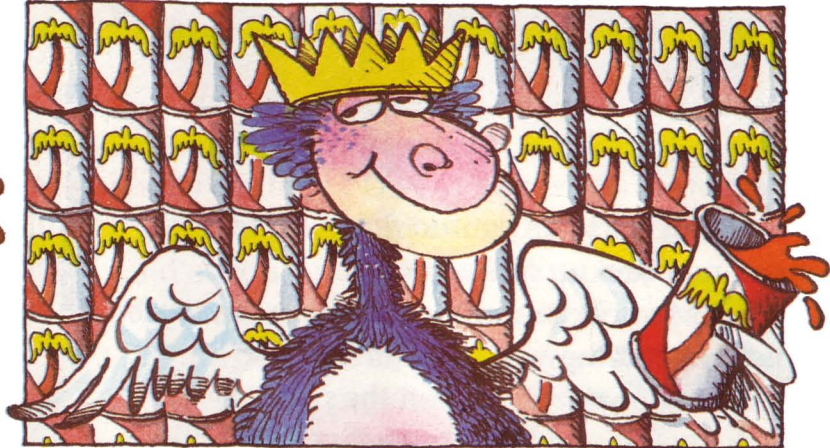


Millions of years ago the world was a tropical paradise of lush jungles, with plenty to eat and drink for all the

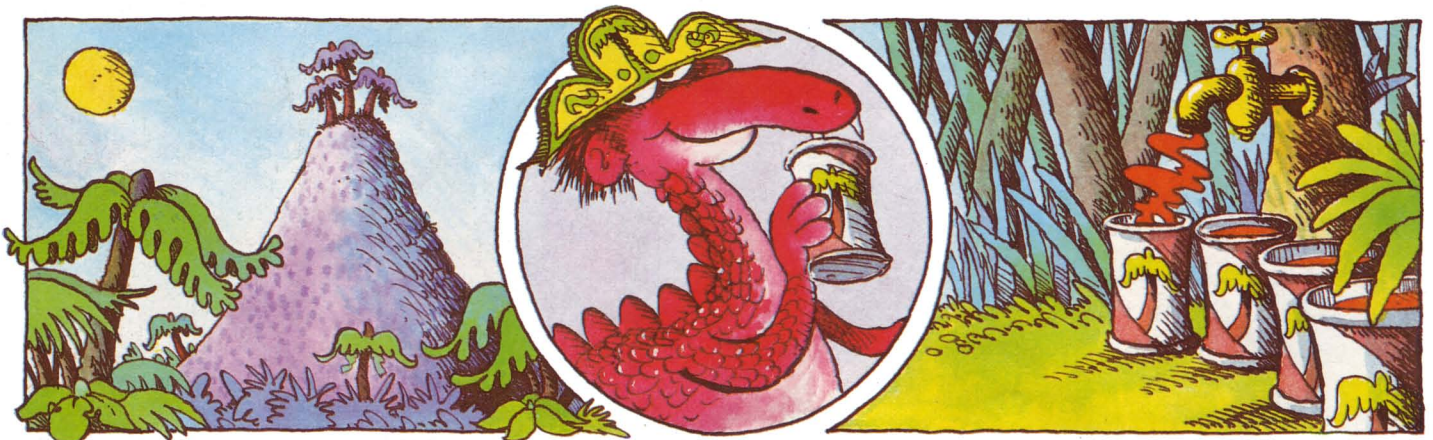
creatures. Their favourite food was a delicious and nourishing juice, served once a day at sunset, and always ice-cold.



It was fresh Jungle Juice, and they had guzzled it for so long they no longer ate or drank anything else.

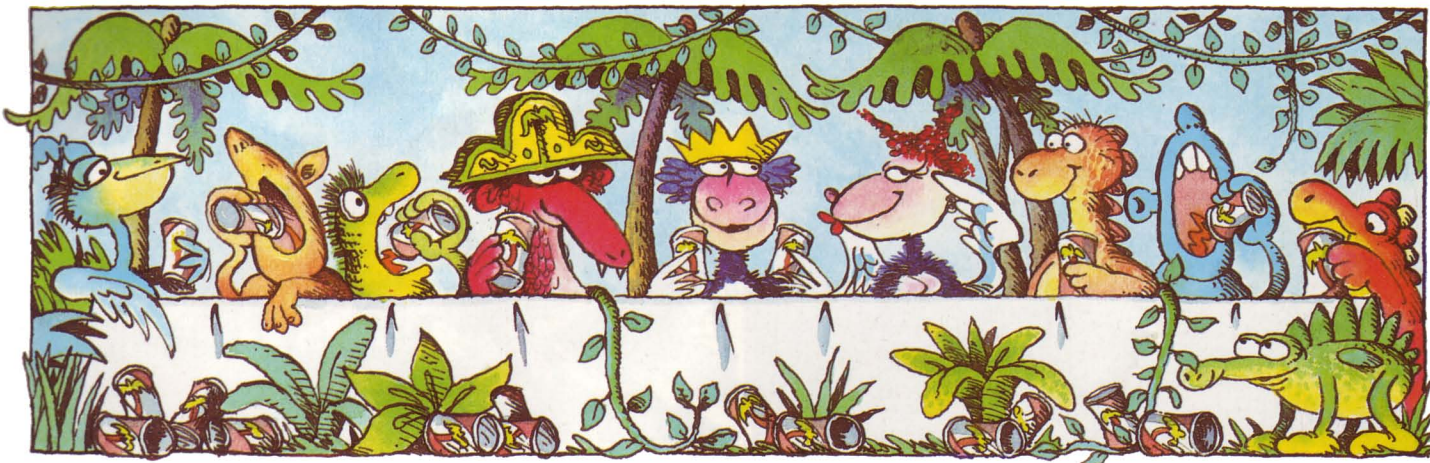


The entire supply of Jungle Juice was owned by King Zamoosa, a kind and generous ruler who shared it with all the other creatures.



The juice bubbled out of the Royal Palms on top of the great Mooza Mountain. But the exact place was so secret that only the

King and his trusted 'Keeper of the Jungle Juices', the loyal Skinny Malinx, knew where it was . . .

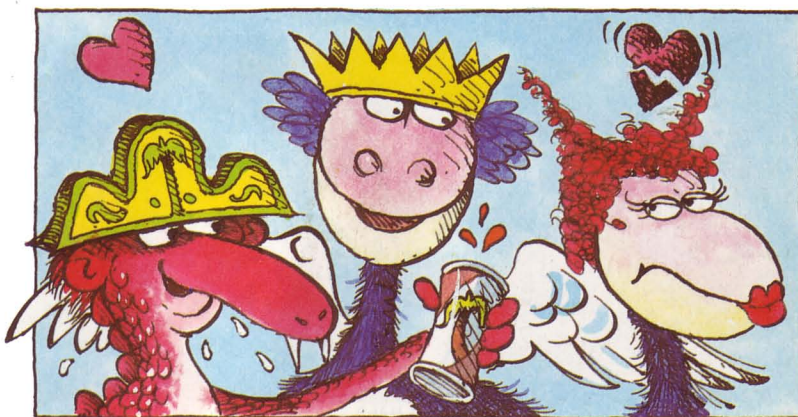


One year all the creatures gathered on the King's Own Lawns to celebrate 'Five Hundred Happy Years of Free Jungle Juice', honouring

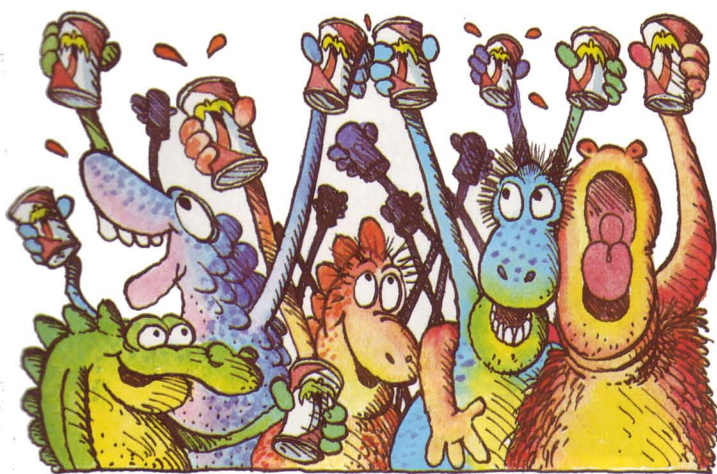
the King and his trusted Keeper with songs and speeches. The King was also to make an important announcement during the party.



Mungo, a creature known for his bravery, made a speech thanking the King for all his kindness and generosity.



Then King Zamoosa stood up and proclaimed, "Tomorrow at noon my beautiful daughter Pril will be married to the faithful Skinny Malinx!"



"Hip, hip, hooray!" cheered the creatures, and toasts were made to the happy couple. "A party for all tomorrow!" said Pril.



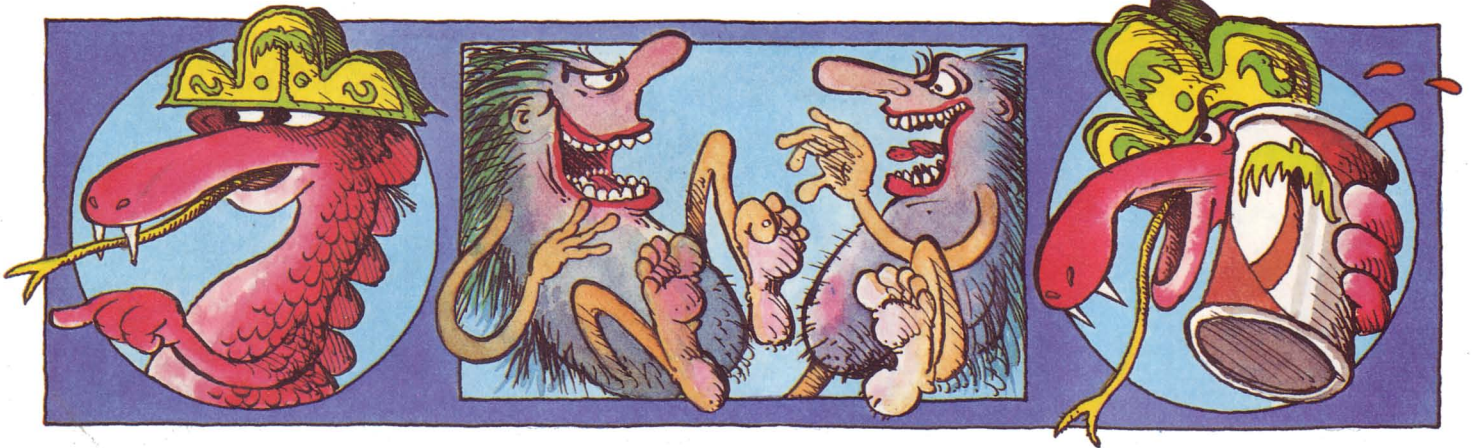
So everyone was very surprised after the festival to find that Skinny Malinx had mysteriously disappeared . . .



That very night, through the warm mists, there came creeping two evil beasts — the dreaded Scareb Twins . . .

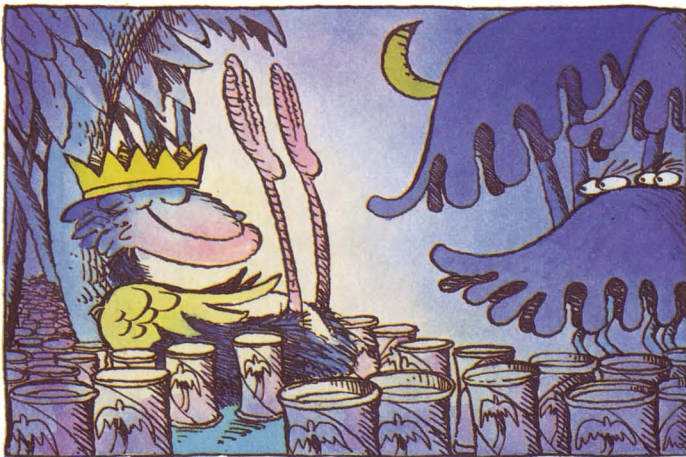


They were on their way to a secret meeting with the trusted keeper Skinny Malinx!



"I want you to kidnap that fool Zamoosa!" he hissed. "I will reward you well."
"Ah, e-e-e-e-evil!" they cackled.

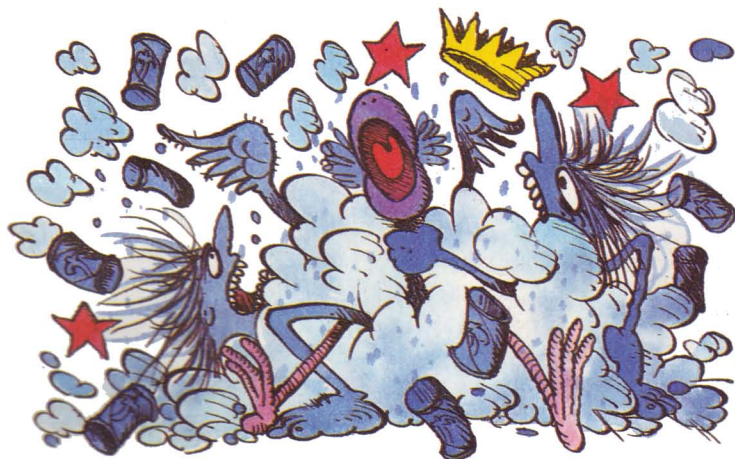
"Then I will own all the Juice and make the creatures pay for it!"
"Even more e-e-e-e-evil!" they snarled.



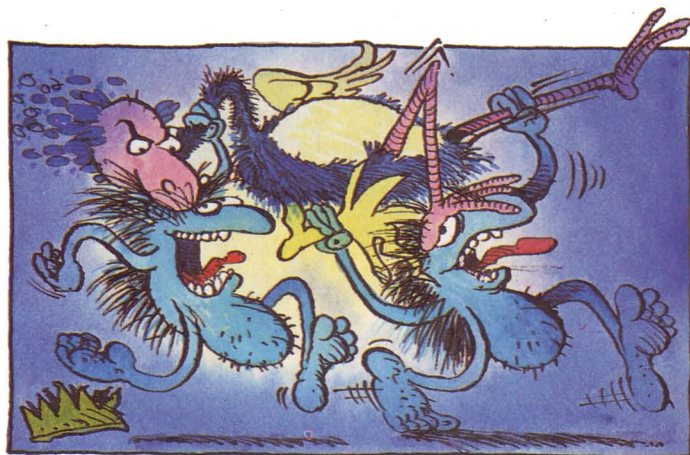
The Scareb Twins crept away to find King Zamoosa sleeping soundly beside his cherished Jungle Juice . . .



As they sneaked up on him they began to cackle with glee at the thought of their huge reward. "He-he-he-he-he-he-hee!"



Suddenly the foul twins leaped on poor Zamoosa. Fearing for his life, the King put up a terrific fight!



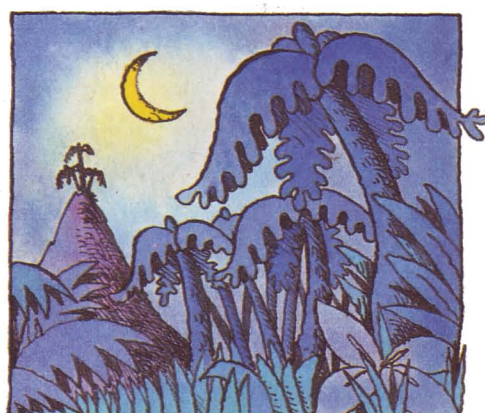
Still kicking and biting, he was carried off into the misty night. "And we thought he was kind and gentle!" gasped the twins.



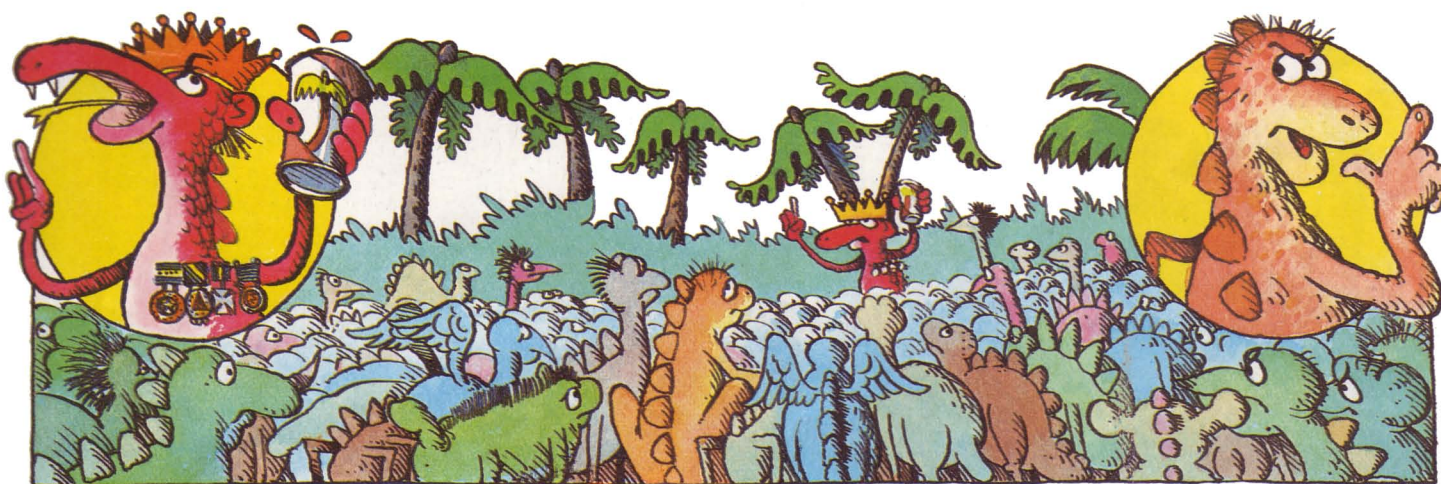
"Be gone!" hissed Skinny Malinx, "before someone hears you. Hurry!"



Mungo was woken by the noise but he thought it was his stomach rumbling again . . .



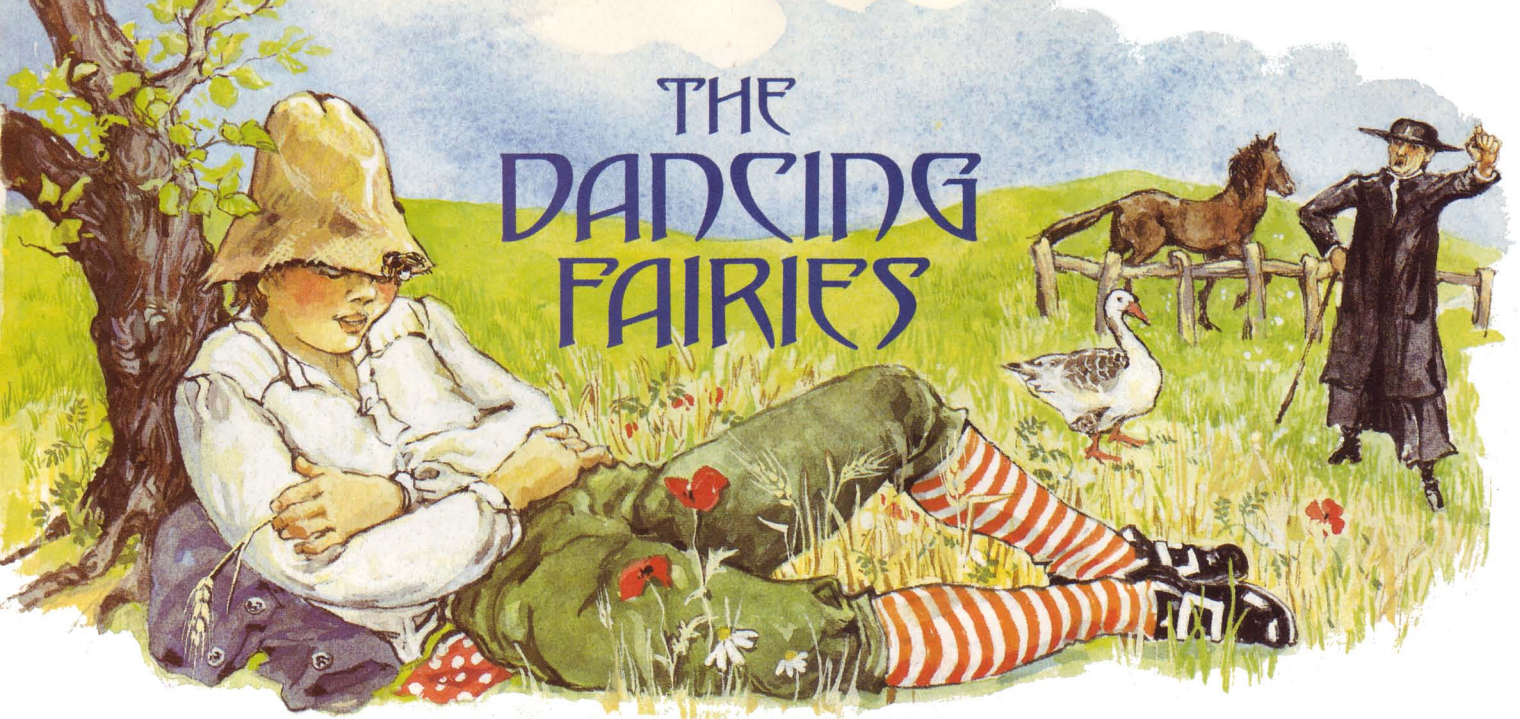
and went straight back to sleep. Soon all was silent in the dark jungle.



In the morning the Keeper suddenly reappeared. "The King has completely vanished!" he announced. There was a gasp of anguish. "Shut up!" he yelled.

"Now I own the juice and you pay for it!" Straight away, Mungo realised what the rumblings were! "And I thought it was my tum! Gosh, we must find Zamoosa!"

[More Rumbles in the Jungles in Part 2!]



THE DANCING FAIRIES

Once upon a time, on the Swedish island of Göv, there lived a servant called Little Anders. He worked as a groom in the stables of Mr Strale, the clergyman. Now Little Anders was a dreamer. He dreamed all day and all night about elves and fairies, and he often fell asleep when he was supposed to be working. And, one hot Midsummer's Day, he slept right through the afternoon.

"Wake up, Little Anders," said his master. "It's late! Hurry down to the meadow and fetch my horse. We must lock him up safely before dark or the

fairies will whisk him away."

The full Midsummer moon was shining brightly by the time Little Anders reached the meadow. Suddenly he heard the strangest music from far above his head. Then, as he listened, a cloud of winged fairies sailed down a moonbeam and landed in the middle of a circle of dark grass, where they danced to the music of a fairy orchestra. Leading them was their Queen, who was taller than the others and very beautiful. She wore a silver crown and her dress sparkled with precious stones.



Little Anders crept closer and closer to watch. Then the Queen called out: "Stop! There's a stranger present!" The music ceased, and the dancers stood like statues. "You'd better go home," said the Queen, turning to Little Anders. "Or you may find yourself bewitched."

"I'd rather dance with you," he replied, and no sooner had he spoken

than he found himself in the middle of the fairy ring, with the Queen in his arms.

They danced for hours, but then the Queen cried out: "Stop! It's almost cock-crow. It's time we were back in Fairyland!" And the fairies flew off, leaving poor Anders dancing by himself.

His master found him there in the morning, still dancing. He danced all the way home, and he danced up and down the stairs. He danced all day and he danced all night. Indeed, he danced for three whole days!





Then, nearly a month later, on the night of the full moon, Little Anders climbed out of his window just before midnight and ran all the way to the meadow. Once again he heard the wonderful music and saw the fairy dancers sailing through the sky, led by their Queen. This time she seemed more beautiful than ever.

Folding their wings, they all began dancing with Anders and the Queen in the centre of the fairy ring. And, as before, they danced happily until dawn. Then the Queen said: "Stop! It's almost cock-crow and we must be off. Goodbye, Little Anders. Hurry home."

"No!" shouted Anders. "This time I'm going with you!" And, clutching the Queen's robe, he sailed with her up a moonbeam and into the sky, the other fairies following behind.

But this was not the last of Little Anders. Old Mr Strale told everyone that on Midsummer Nights, when the moon was full, he would see Anders dancing in the meadow. From midnight until cock-crow, circled round by all the winged creatures of Fairyland, he danced in the arms of the beautiful fairy Queen.

THERE ONCE WAS A PUFFIN

Oh, there once was a Puffin
Just the shape of a muffin,
And he lived on an island
In the bright blue sea!

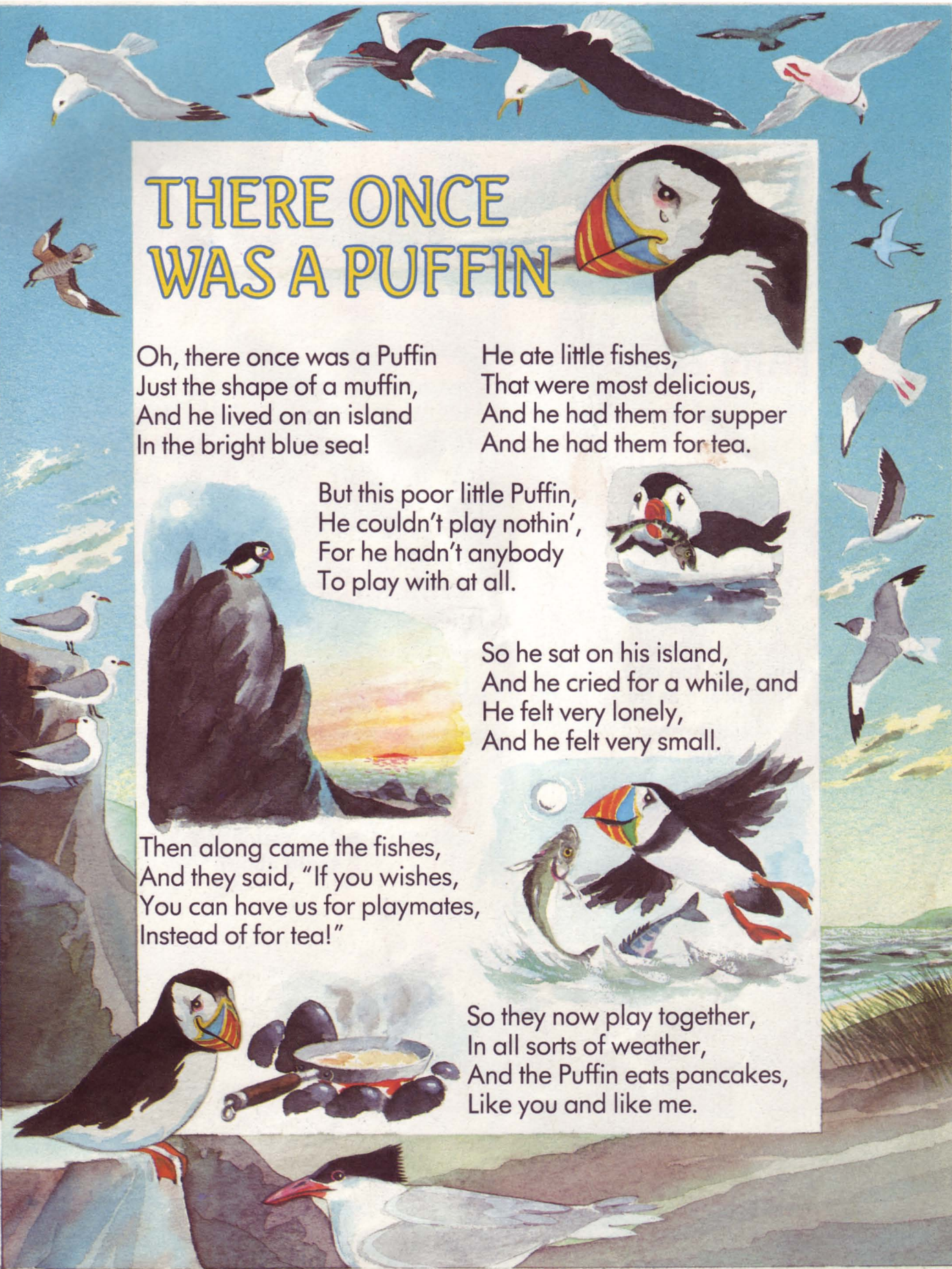
He ate little fishes,
That were most delicious,
And he had them for supper
And he had them for tea.

But this poor little Puffin,
He couldn't play nothin',
For he hadn't anybody
To play with at all.

So he sat on his island,
And he cried for a while, and
He felt very lonely,
And he felt very small.

Then along came the fishes,
And they said, "If you wishes,
You can have us for playmates,
Instead of for tea!"

So they now play together,
In all sorts of weather,
And the Puffin eats pancakes,
Like you and like me.



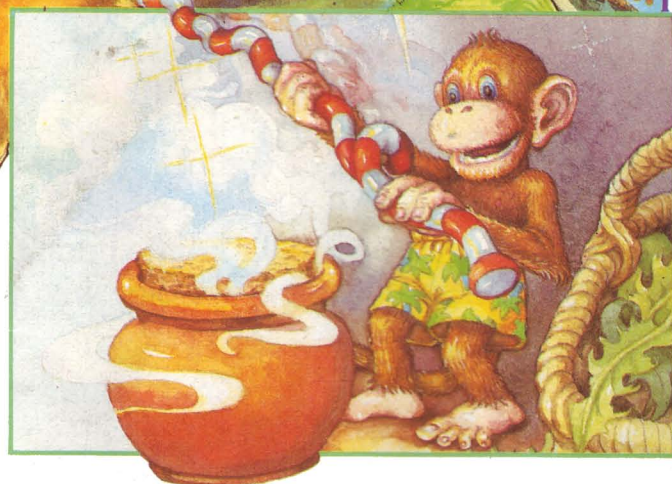


IN PART 2 OF
STORY
Teller
2

Readers include
GEMMA CRAVEN
MICHAEL JAYSTON &
MIRIAM MARGOLYES

In **THE WIZARD OF OZ** Dorothy and the Scarecrow meet the Tin Man and then the Lion – but he's not as brave as he appears

There's more than magic brewing when **FUNKY MONKEY** stirs the pot!



PLUS
THE SNAKE AND THE ROSE
RUMBLES IN THE JUNGLE..
 and you'd better watch out for
THE TROLL that's about!

Danger and disaster await poor Mole in the dark Wild Wood. But with Ratty to the rescue all ends well in
THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

