

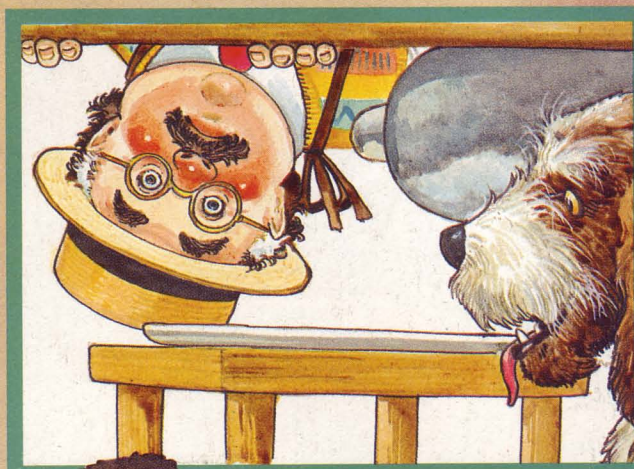
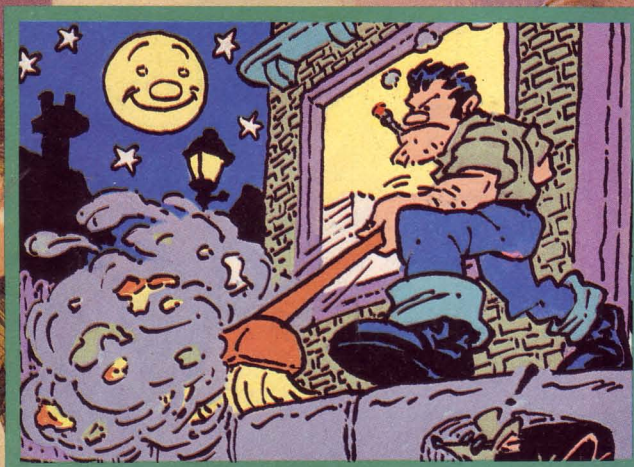
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PART 14

STORY Teller

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2



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STORY Teller 2

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GUARANTEE

The price of this publication will remain unchanged throughout the series, unless there are changes to the rate of VAT.

Typeset by ABM Typographics Limited, Hull. Colour work by David Bruce Graphics Limited, London. Printed in England by Varnicoat, Pershore.

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A Creative Radio Production

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The Horn Flute: **John Shrapnel**
King Ferdinand's Fancy Socks: **Gay Soper**
The Flower Seller: **John Shrapnel**

J.M. BARRIE'S

Peter Pan

All children grow up — all except one. This is the story of the boy who never grew up. His name was Peter Pan.

One night, three children called Wendy, John and Michael were fast asleep in their nursery. Their mother, Mrs Darling, sat dozing by the nursery fire when suddenly the window blew open, and in flew a little boy dressed in nothing but fallen leaves. With him came a strange bright light, no bigger than your fist, which darted about the room like a living thing.

Mrs Darling woke with a start, saw the boy and screamed.





Just then the door opened and in rushed Nana, a big Newfoundland dog. (She was so good with the children that Mrs Darling had made her their nurse). Growling, Nana sprang at the boy. She was too late to catch him as he leaped lightly through the open window, but his shadow did not have time to get out. Slam went the window and snapped it off.

Mrs Darling examined the shadow curiously, and then rolled it up and put it away in a drawer.

The next evening, Mr and Mrs Darling were getting ready to go out to a party when Mr Darling bumped into Nana.

"The proper place for that dog is in the yard," he said crossly as he brushed Nana's hairs off his trousers.

"Oh George," said Mrs Darling, "you know Nana's a treasure. Besides, a strange little boy came to the nursery yesterday evening and, I fear that he will return. I won't feel happy unless Nana stays with the children."



But Mr Darling would not listen. He seized Nana by the collar and dragged her off to be chained up in the yard.

Mrs Darling comforted the children, sang them to sleep and crept out of the room to go to the party.

A moment later, a bright light began to flash about the room. Only when it came to rest could you see that it was not really a light but a fairy no larger than your hand, a fairy girl called Tinker Bell. She darted through all the drawers of the wardrobe and finally disappeared inside a jug. Then the same small boy who had so startled Mrs Darling opened the window and stepped in. He had carried Tinker Bell part of the way and his hand was still covered with fairy dust.

"Tinker Bell," he called softly. "Where are you, Tink? Have you found my shadow?"

She made a tinkling noise like a little golden bell, and the boy ran to the chest of drawers. In an instant he had scattered their contents on to the floor and snatched up his shadow.

But how was he to put it on again? He tried sticking it on with soap. But it was no use; no matter how much soap he put on his feet and then on his shadow, they just would not stick. He sat on the floor, buried his face in his hands and sobbed.





It was then that Wendy woke up. She sat up in bed and said, "Why are you crying little boy?"

He sprang to his feet, bowed very politely, and said, "What's your name?"

"Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What's yours?"

"Peter Pan."

"Is that all? It's very short. Where do you live?"

"Second to the right, then straight on till morning," said Peter.

"What a funny address. I mean, is that what they put on your letters?"

"Don't get any letters," he snapped.

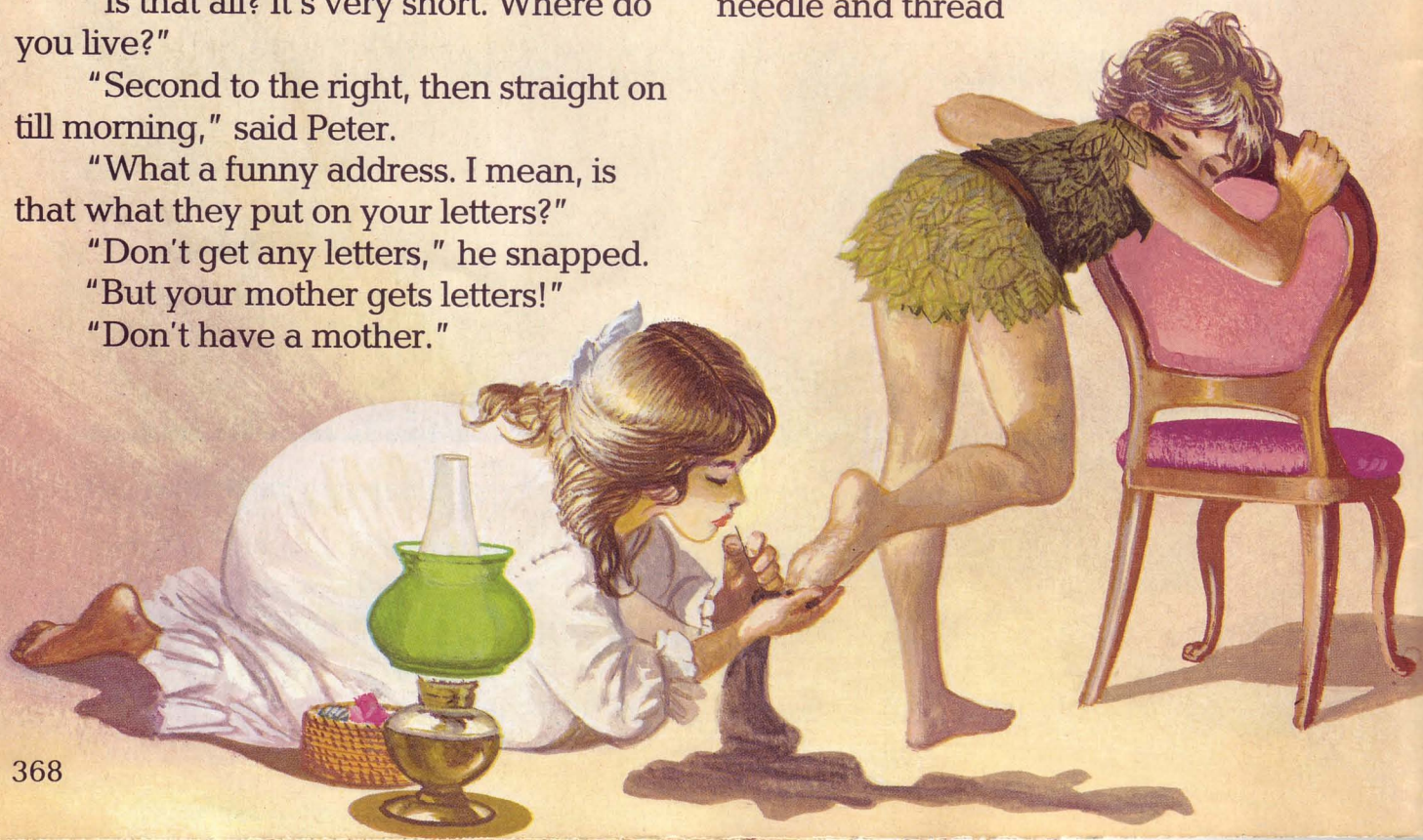
"But your mother gets letters!"

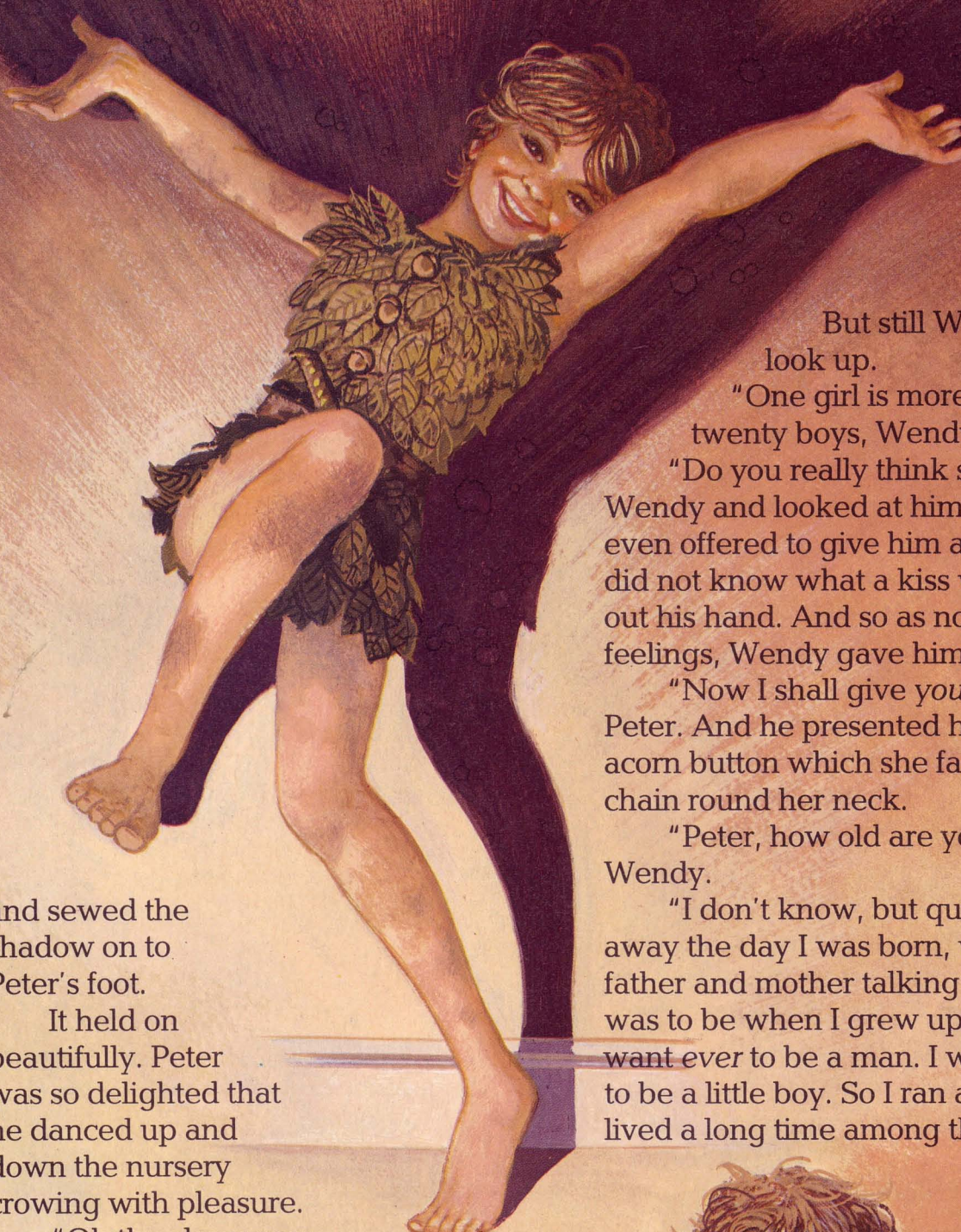
"Don't have a mother."

"Oh Peter, no wonder you were crying," said Wendy, and got out of bed and ran to him.

"I wasn't crying about mothers. I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on. Besides, I wasn't crying."

Fortunately, Wendy knew at once what to do. She got out a needle and thread





and sewed the shadow on to Peter's foot.

It held on beautifully. Peter was so delighted that he danced up and down the nursery crowing with pleasure.

"Oh the cleverness of me," he cried.

"You conceited thing," exclaimed Wendy. "Of course, *I* did nothing. If I am no use I can at least leave you alone."

And she jumped back into bed and covered her head with the bed-clothes.

"Oh, Wendy! Please, don't leave me alone," pleaded Peter. "I can't help crowing when I'm pleased with myself."

But still Wendy would not look up.

"One girl is more use than twenty boys, Wendy."

"Do you really think so, Peter?" said Wendy and looked at him again. She even offered to give him a kiss. But Peter did not know what a kiss was and held out his hand. And so as not to hurt his feelings, Wendy gave him a thimble.

"Now I shall give you a kiss," said Peter. And he presented her with an acorn button which she fastened to a chain round her neck.

"Peter, how old are you?" asked Wendy.

"I don't know, but quite young. I ran away the day I was born, when I heard father and mother talking about what I was to be when I grew up. But I don't want ever to be a man. I wanted always to be a little boy. So I ran away and lived a long time among the fairies."





At that moment they heard a sound like the tinkling of bells.

"Ha, ha. That's Tinker Bell," said Peter with a smile. "She says I've locked her in the drawer."

Peter opened the drawer, and out sprang Tinker Bell, screaming with fury.

"Oh, the lovely!" cried Wendy. "But tell me Peter, if you don't live with the fairies now, where *do* you live?"

"I live in the Neverland with the Lost Boys. They're the children who fall out of their prams when their nurses are looking the other way, and I'm their Captain. Sometimes I come to your nursery window to listen to your mother's lovely stories. I must go back now, for the boys will be anxious to hear the end of the story about Cinderella."

"Oh, don't go, Peter," entreated Wendy. "I'll tell you lots of stories."

"Why don't you come with me to the Neverland and tell the other boys? You could tuck them in at night. None of us

has ever been tucked in at night. Oh Wendy, do come and be our mother."

"But how would I get to the Neverland?"

"I'd teach you to fly, of course!" said Peter.

"Would you teach John and Michael to fly too?" she asked eagerly.

"If you like."

Wendy ran to her two brothers and shook them.

"Peter Pan has come and he's going to teach us to fly."

"Can you really fly?" asked John and Michael together.

They watched as Peter flew about the room. But when they jumped off their beds they always went down instead of up.

Of course, no-one can fly unless the fairy dust has been blown on him. One of Peter's hands was covered with it, and he now blew some on each of the children.

"Just wriggle your shoulders and let go," he said.

So they tried, and found that they could fly! At first they flew from the bed to the floor, but then, as they grew braver, they found themselves circling round and round the room, their heads bobbing against the ceiling.

"I say," said John, "why shouldn't we all go out?"

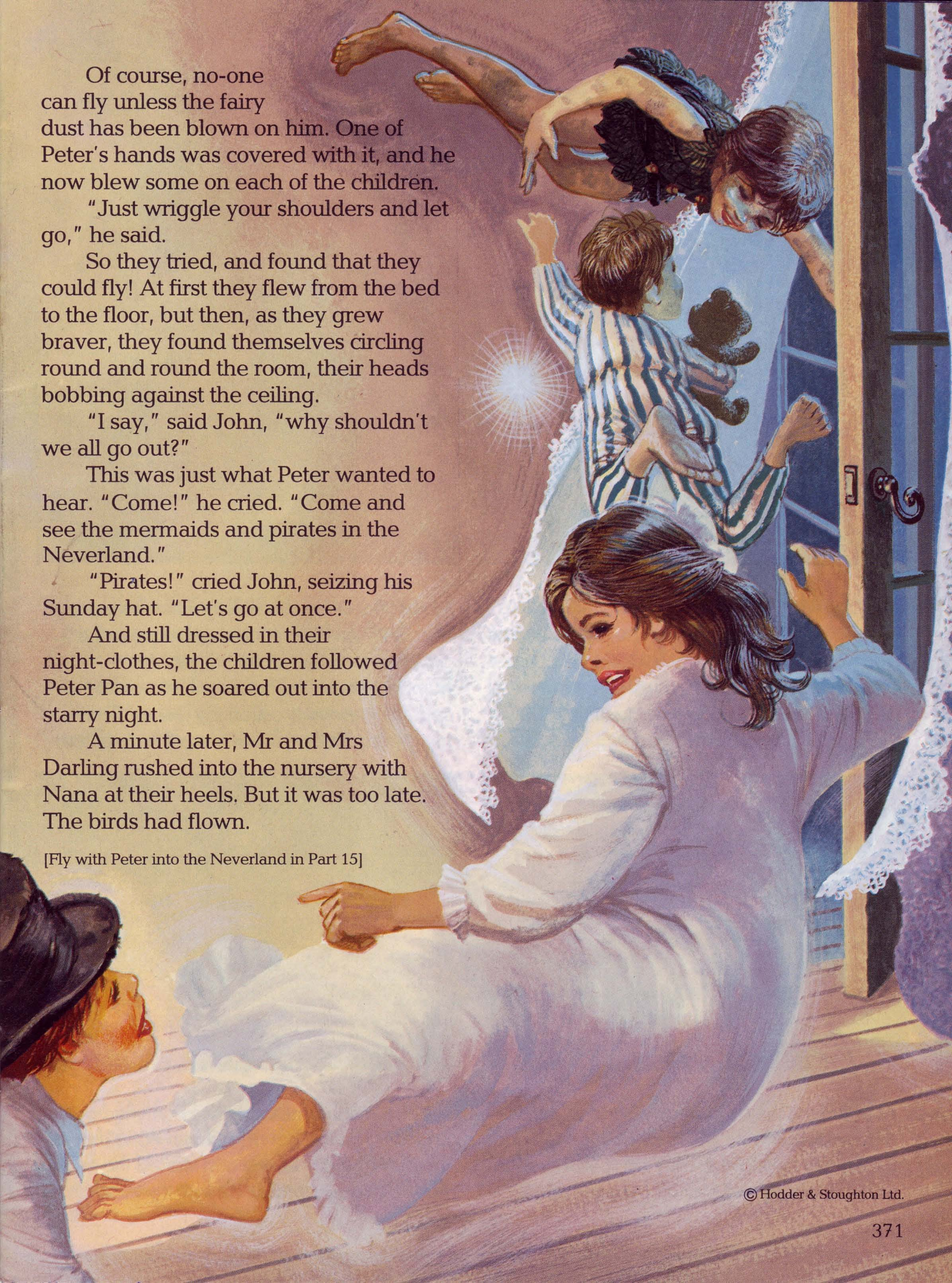
This was just what Peter wanted to hear. "Come!" he cried. "Come and see the mermaids and pirates in the Neverland."

"Pirates!" cried John, seizing his Sunday hat. "Let's go at once."

And still dressed in their night-clothes, the children followed Peter Pan as he soared out into the starry night.

A minute later, Mr and Mrs Darling rushed into the nursery with Nana at their heels. But it was too late. The birds had flown.

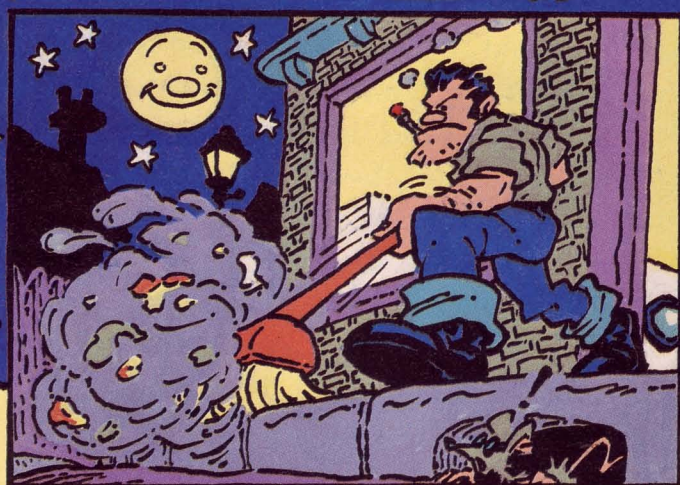
[Fly with Peter into the Neverland in Part 15]



The SCRUBS and The DUBS



"Time for bed," yawned Mrs Muffin of Muffin's Laundrette as she put a bowl of fruit and nuts down by the washing-machines. The food was for the laundro-sprites, little people who lived under the machines. They were called the Scrubs.



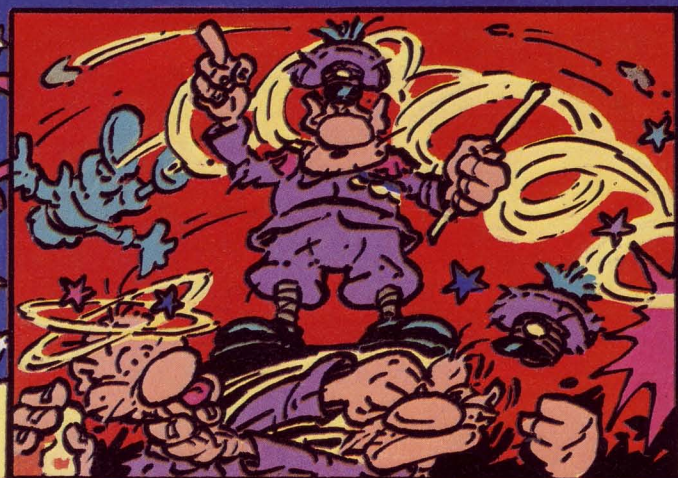
Across the street, Mr Greasie was sweeping rubbish from his laundromat out on to the pavement. He left some half-eaten hamburgers on the floor for his laundro-sprites. They were called the Dubs. "Only my greedy Dubs will eat these," he grunted.



At midnight, the doors at the bottom of the machines in Muffin's Laundrette opened and the Scrubs appeared. They set to work at once, cleaning and mending the machines.

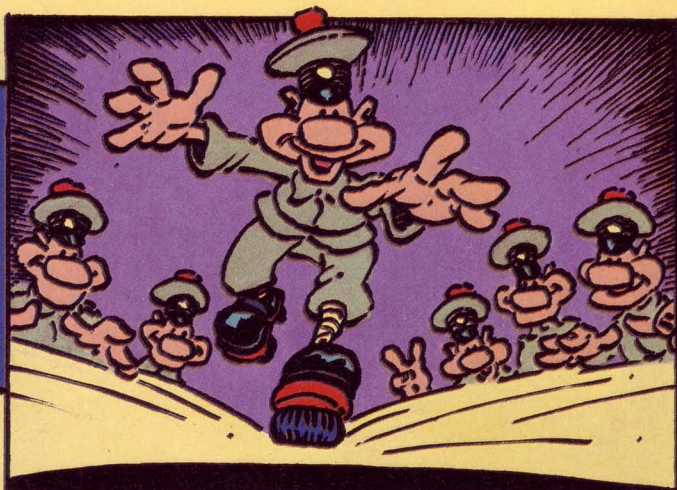


When they had finished, they munched and crunched their meal of fruit and nuts. Then they put on their skates and started the music for the evening's roller disco.



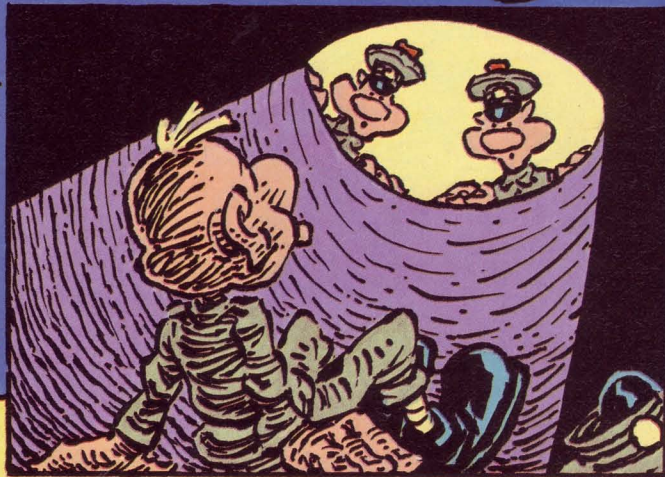
A few weeks before, Nubby Scrub had found a broken cassette player in the bin. There was a rock music tape jammed in it. The Scrubs mended it in no time, and Spanny made roller skates out of beads and pieces of wire. So now they had a disco every night.

Across the road, the Dubs were fighting over the left-over burgers. They bit and scratched and pulled each other's hair, until their leader Big Tub Dub shouted, "Gather round, my dirty Dubs, and hear my plan to get rid of them sickening Scrubs for ever."



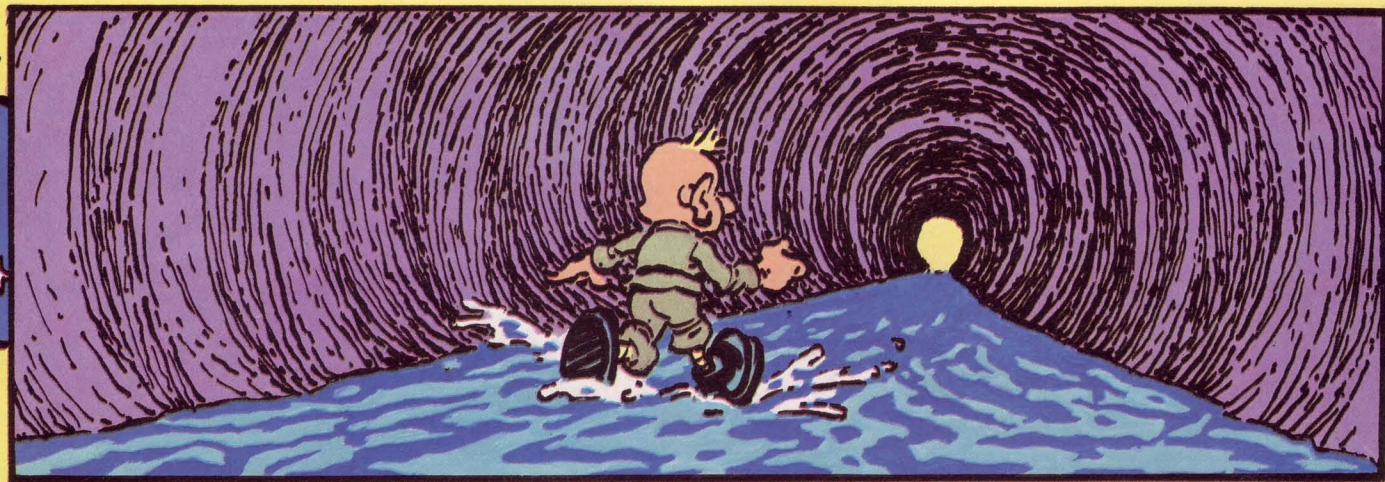
Back in Muffin's Laundrette, the disco was in full swing. Nubby Scrub was showing off. "Ah, ooh, look at me, everyone! I'm going to skate backwards with my eyes closed!"

Spanny Scrub was still mending one of the machines. He had taken the top off the drain by the waste pipe and Nubby was skating towards it.



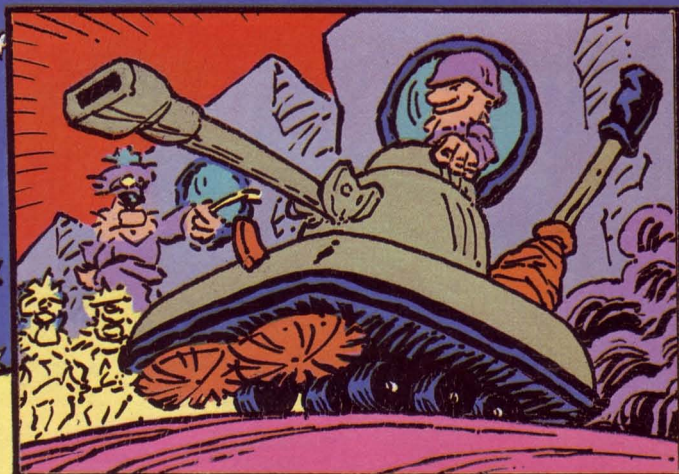
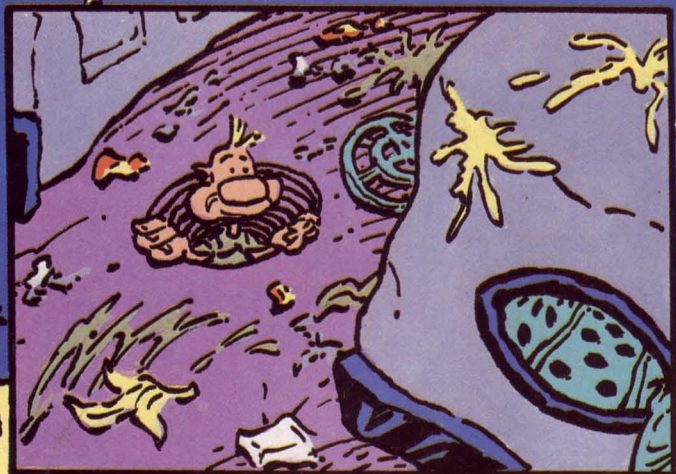
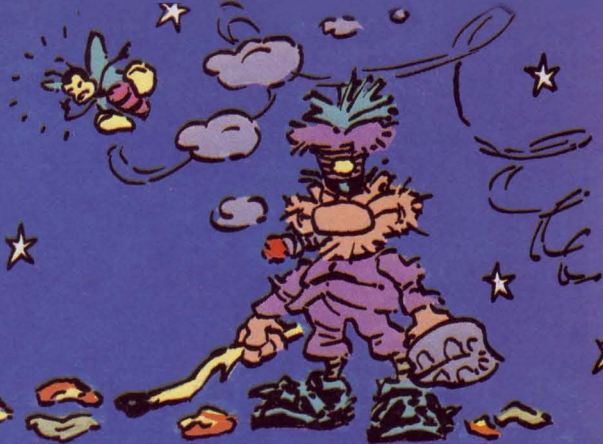
"Look out, Nubby! Mind the hole!" shouted everyone. *Crash!* "Aagh!" It was too late. Nubby had fallen down the hole. "Are you all right down there?" called his friend Muddy Scrub. "Yes, I think so-o-o."

But Spanny was still inside the washing-machine and did not know what had happened. He connected the pipe and turned the top on. "Help!" yelled Nubby, as a torrent of water gushed out. It swept him, splashing and tumbling, down the drain.



At last the water stopped. Nubby got to his feet and looked around. He saw a light in the distance and ran towards it. It came from the top of the drain — he was home again!

Nubby clambered up the pipe and stepped out into a room full of washing-machines. He let out a gasp of horror — he had walked right into Greasie's Laundromat!



He heard the voice of Big Tub Dub. "This is our new secret weapon, the grease tank. Thug Dub and Mug Dub made this great gun from an old vacuum cleaner and it's loaded with gallons of black grease. Tomorrow we'll drive it into Manky Muffin's Laundrette and

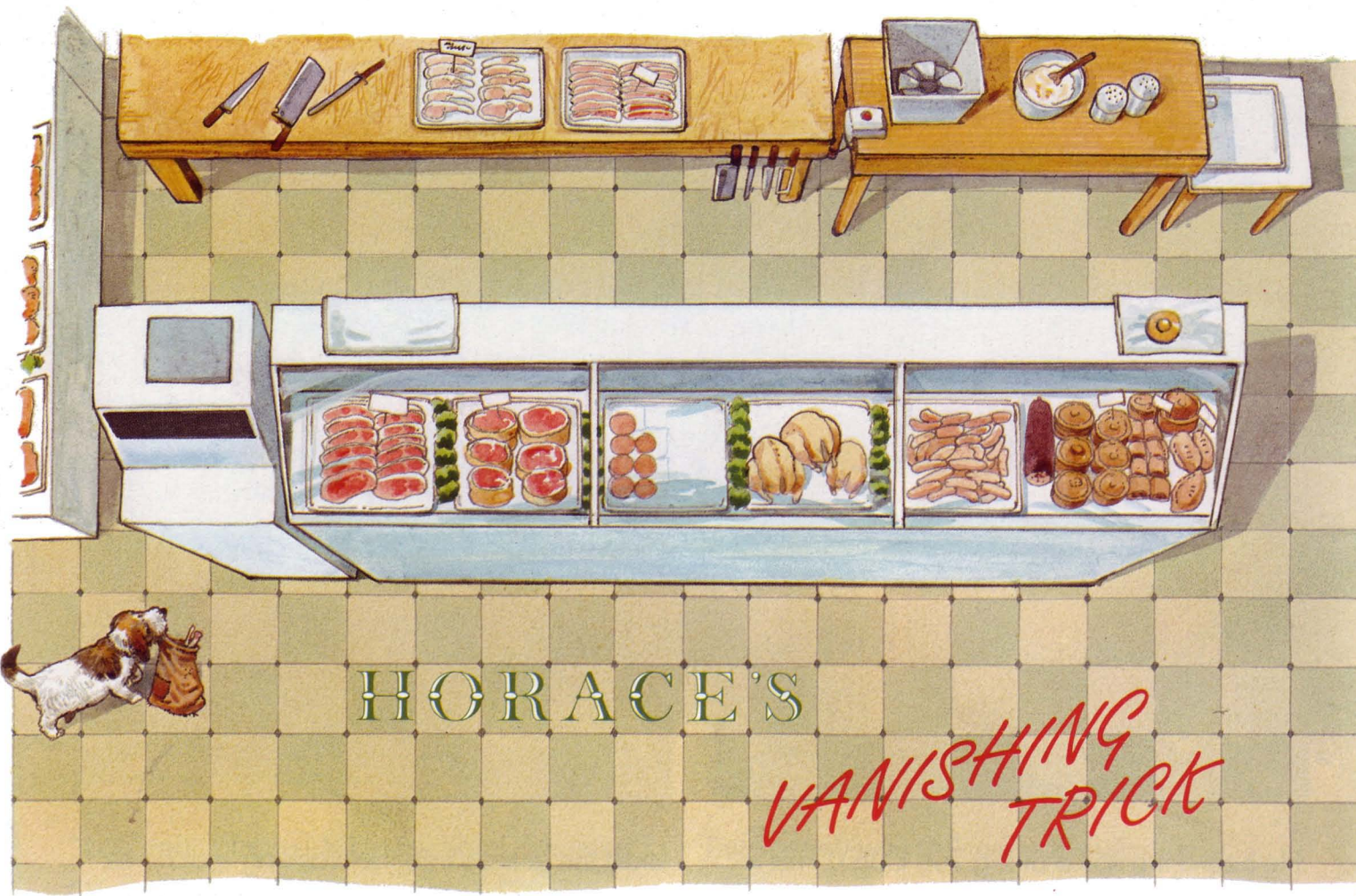
blast the grease into the washing-machines—and on to any Scabby Scrubs who get in the way. Then Muffin's will close down and everyone will wash their clothes at Greasie's. So Mr Greasie will make more money and we'll have more to eat."



The Dubs jumped up and down, cackling with glee, and started to chant, "Up with the Dubs, we are the best. Down with the Scrubs, shoot grease on their heads."

"This is terrible," thought Nubby. "I must go back and tell the others as quick as I can." He lowered himself down the pipe, and made his way back along the dark tunnel.

[Will Nubby warn his friends in time? Find out in Part 15]



Horace was a dog. He had no collar and he had no home. And worst of all, he had no food. He wandered from dustbin to dustbin, searching for scraps of food. Wherever Horace went, he carried a large, tattered bag full of dry bones. When he could find nothing better, he would munch sadly on a dry bone, trying to imagine it was a big, juicy steak.

One gloomy Monday, Horace was sniffing round when he saw the open door of a butcher's shop. A delicious smell was

coming from inside. Horace crept to the door and looked in. There was no-one in sight.

"Ho, ho!" he said to himself, licking his lips.

He padded silently into the shop, and just happened to find a large tray of bacon.

"Hmm, delicious!" said Horace when the tray was empty.

Then he just happened to find a large tray of chops.

"Hmmm, delicious!" said Horace when the tray was quite empty. He was looking about for more, when suddenly he heard footsteps. Quick as a flash,



he slid beneath the sausage-making machine.

Mr Joint the butcher walked into his shop and stopped short. Something was missing! "I thought I sliced a tray of bacon." Horace snuffled quietly to himself.

Then Mr Joint saw the second empty tray. "I'm sure I cut some chops, but I can't have done. Oh well, I'd better get on with the sausages." Horace sniggered to himself.

Mr Joint switched on the sausage-making machine, and put some pork into it. Round went the pork, whizzing past Horace's hungry nose. It came out at the other end as a string of sausages. Mr Joint put in some more pork. Just as it went past Horace's nose, he grabbed it and gulped it down. "Hmmm, delicious!"

Mr Joint waited for the sausages to come out. "That's strange." He put in more pork. Horace ate that, too. "This is ridiculous!" said Mr Joint, putting in



more pork. Horace gobbled that up as well.

Mr Joint eyed his machine suspiciously. "If the next lot doesn't come out, I'll have to investigate."

"Oh dear," thought Horace. "If he investigates, he'll find me, and I shan't have any more to eat. And I'm so hungry!" Then he had an idea. "Of course!"





Mr Joint put some more pork into the machine. As it passed by, Horace quickly ate it, and pushed in a dirty old bone! Out it came — as a bone sausage.

Mr Joint stared in amazement, while Horace giggled quietly to himself. In went another piece of pork. Out came another bone. In went the meat. Out came a bone.

"It's crazy!" cried Mr Joint. "I-I must be seeing things! Am I mad?" Under the machine, Horace tried to stifle his giggles, and spluttered into his shaggy paws.

"Do I hear somebody laughing?" asked Mr Joint angrily. He peered under the machine. There was Horace, gazing back, with a guilty expression on his face. "And who are you?"

"I'm Horace. I'm a dog."

"I can see that. What do you think you're doing under my sausage-making machine?"

Horace blushed. "Well, er, you see, um, I'm a meat-tester."

"A meat-tester?"

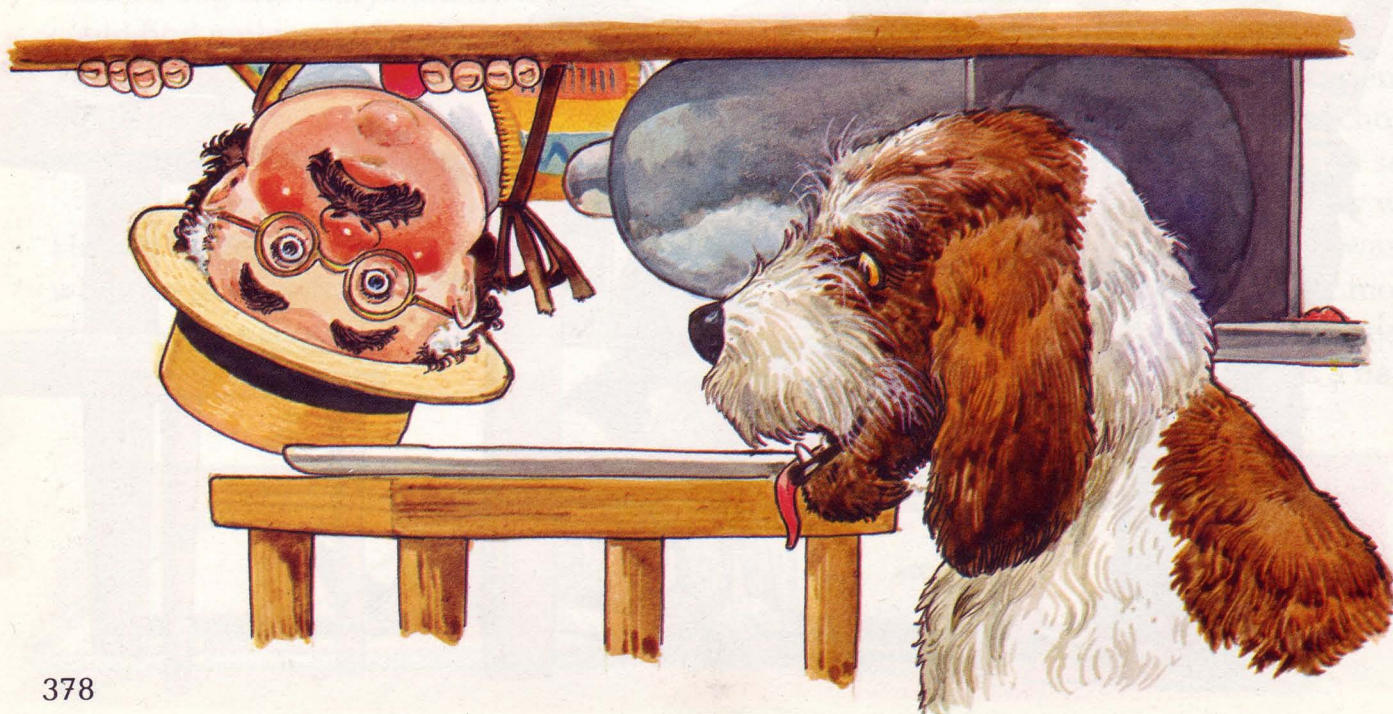
"Yes. I test meat. I eat it to see if it's all right. Your meat's all right. Very nice, in fact. Good enough to sell."

"But you've eaten it all!" wailed the butcher. "How can I sell it if you've scoffed it all?"

"I had to test it, didn't I? You can't sell it unless it's tested."

Mr Joint sighed. "I suppose you've tested my bacon, as well?"

"Oh yes. Very good indeed. But, um, cut the slices thicker next time."





Horace pretended to look under the machine, and fiddled with some screws. At last he reappeared smiling. "That should do the trick. Try it now."

Mr Joint put some pork into the machine and waited at the other end. Out came the sausages, ready to sell. He put in more pork, and out it came as sausages. "I don't know what you did, but my machine works better than ever!" He reached down and patted Horace — and suddenly felt how thin the dog was. "Why, you poor thing. I can count all the bones in your body. No wonder you ate my mince. Come and have some more."

The astonished Horace was offered plates of steak and kidney and liver. He stuffed himself silly, while Mr Joint watched.

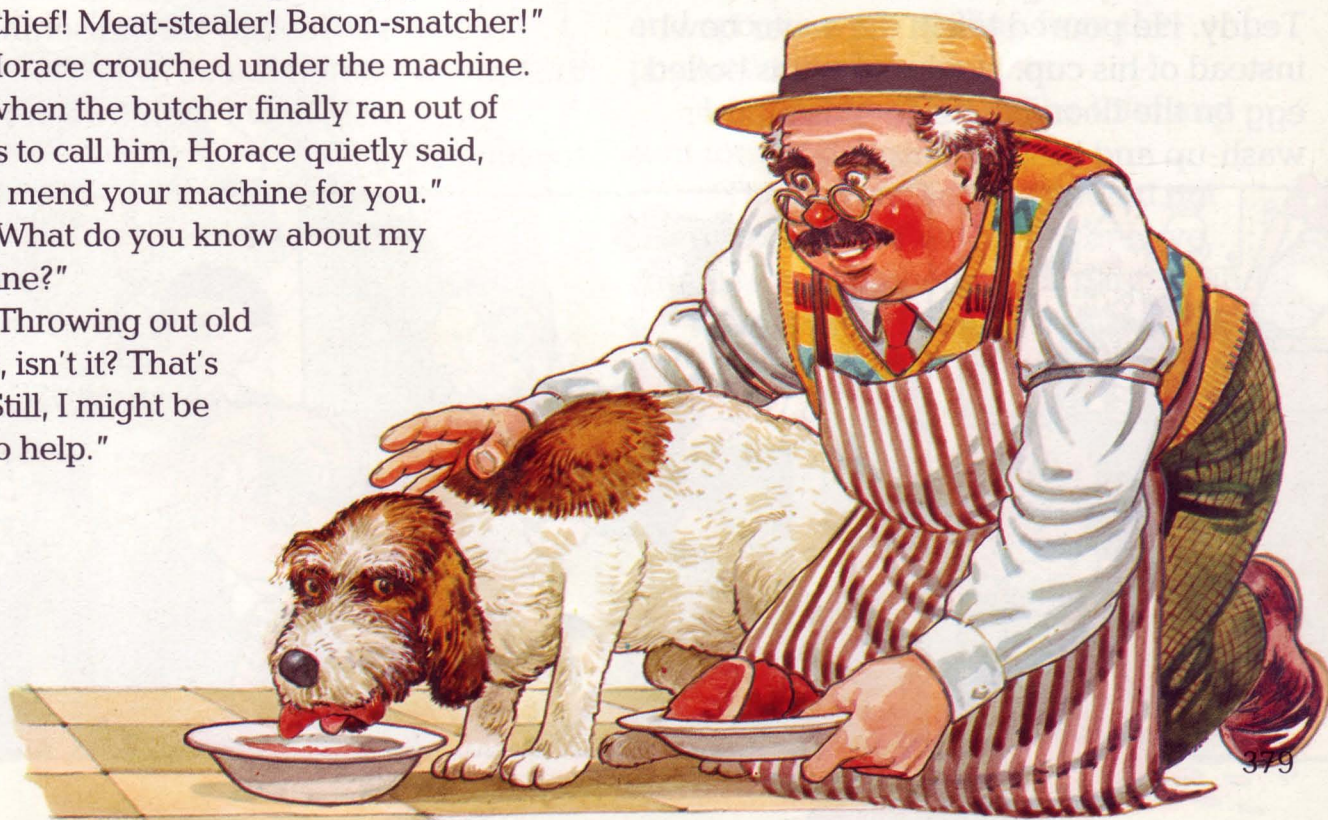
In fact, Mr Joint decided that he liked Horace so very much that he invited Horace to stay. And that is exactly what Horace did. Now Mr Joint always cuts his bacon into much thicker slices than he did before.

Mr Joint was turning a deep purple.
"You thief! Meat-stealer! Bacon-snatcher!"

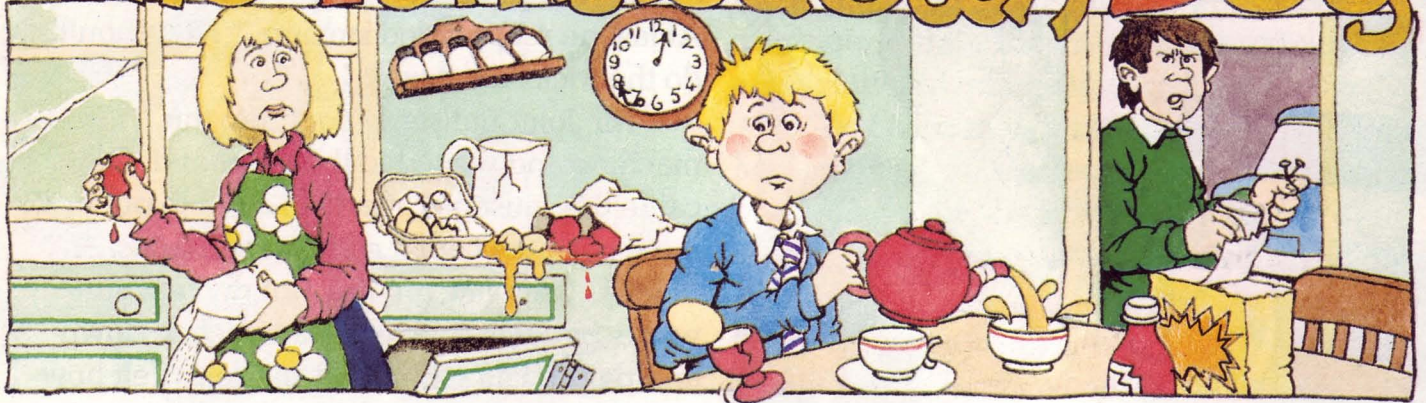
Horace crouched under the machine. And when the butcher finally ran out of names to call him, Horace quietly said, "I can mend your machine for you."

"What do you know about my machine?"

"Throwing out old bones, isn't it? That's bad. Still, I might be able to help."



The Tumbledown Boy



Teddy Tumbledown was a kind, helpful boy. He was also very clumsy and dreamy. When his mother sent him shopping, he came back with broken eggs, crushed tomatoes and leaking bags of sugar. And when he helped his father in the garage, he lost nuts and bolts, and knocked over tins of nails.

"Oh, Teddy! Look at those broken eggs!" his mother would wail.

"Oh, goodness, Ted! Do be more careful," his father would shout.

One day began worse than usual for Teddy. He poured tea in the sugar bowl instead of his cup. He dropped his boiled egg on the floor. He helped his mother wash-up and broke a large plate.

"Go to school, Teddy. Perhaps your teacher might like some help," sighed Mrs Tumbledown.

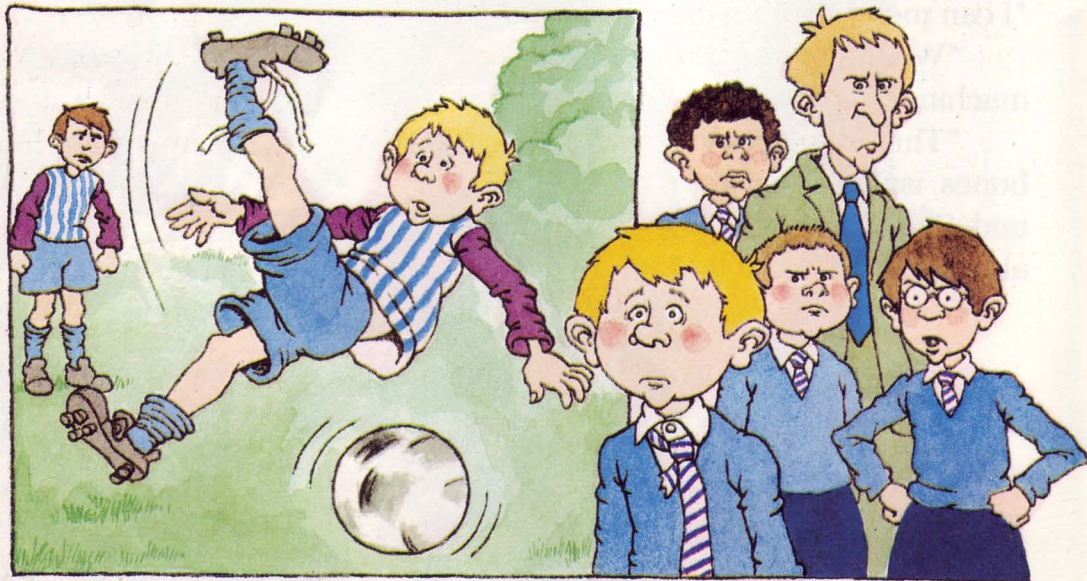
It was a bad day at school, too. Teddy spilt the paints during an art lesson. He knocked over a vase of flowers on teacher's desk. His class-mates should have won a football match when Teddy received a pass in front of goal. But Teddy fell over the ball!

"Go away," his teacher shouted when the vase of flowers fell over.

"We shan't have you in the team next week," grumbled his class-mates.

Teddy was feeling very miserable by the time he started home.

"Oh, I wish, how I wish I wasn't so clumsy!"

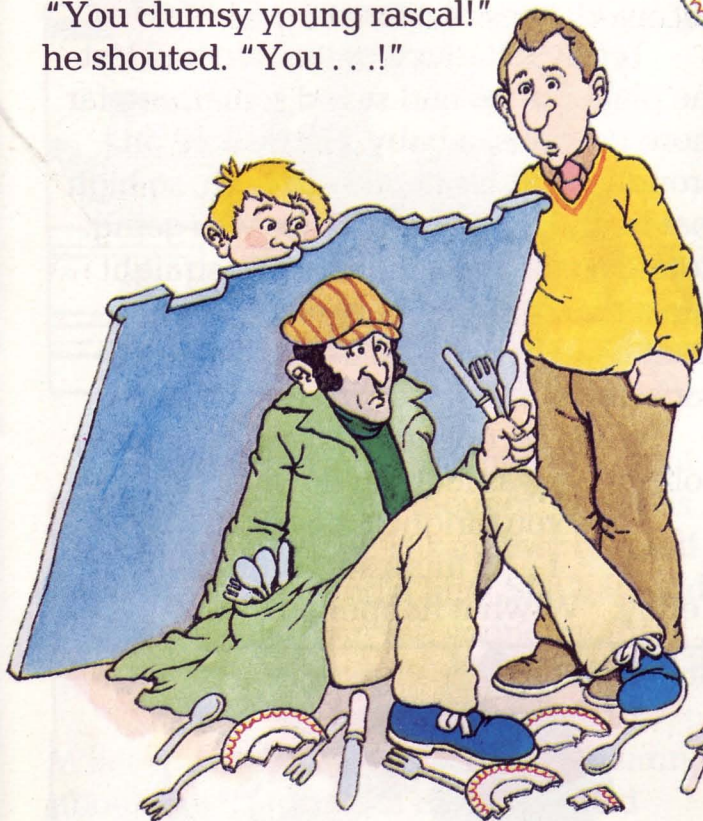


Then he had an idea. He still had some pocket money left. He would buy a plate to replace the one he had broken. Mr Grump's shop was full of fine crockery and he passed it on his way home.

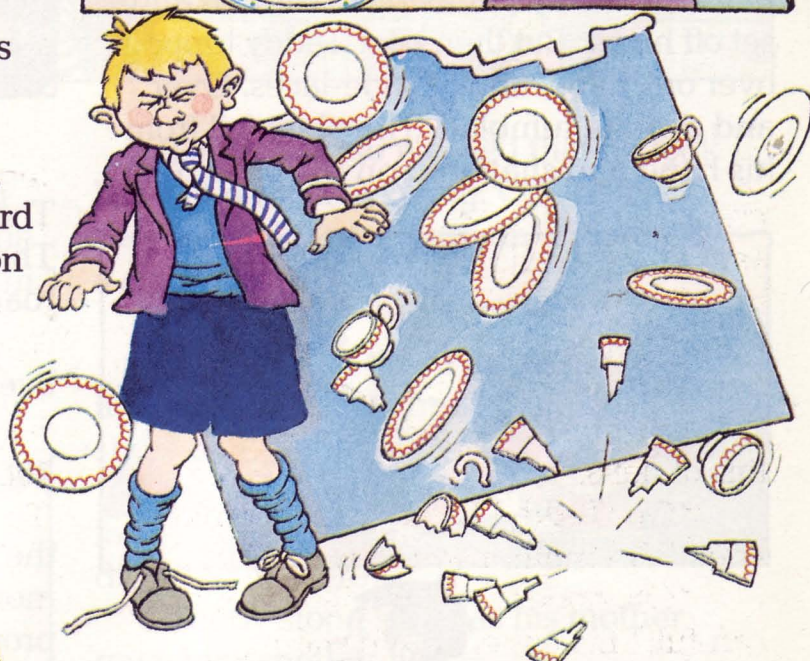
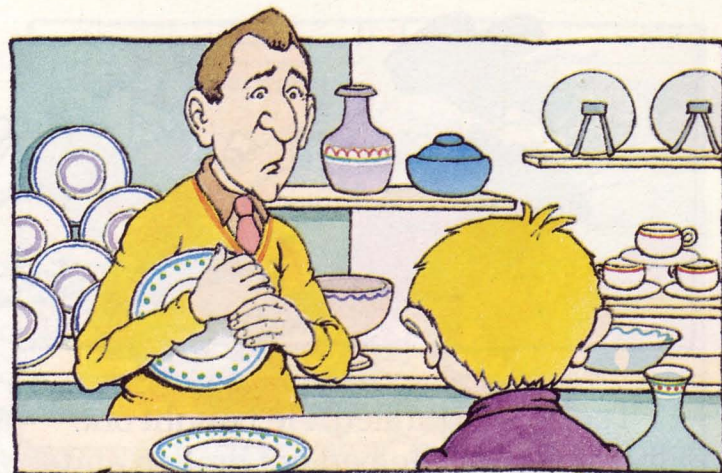
Mr Grump knew Teddy, so he looked worried when he saw him. "Be careful . . . er . . . watch those trays and shelves . . . er . . . What do you want? Oh, *do* be careful and watch those trays and shelves."

Just then, Teddy bumped into a large display of cups, saucers and plates. They were arranged in front of a tall board which had the maker's name painted on it. Everything crashed to the floor, cracking and splintering. Then the big board toppled over.

Mr Grump went red in the face. "You clumsy young rascal!" he shouted. "You . . .!"



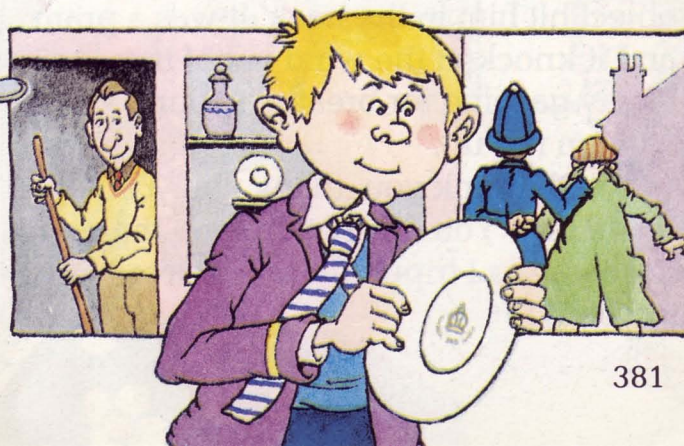
Then Mr Grump stopped shouting, for under the board, laying dazed amongst the broken crockery, was a man.



He had knives and forks in his hands, and spoons were spilling from the pockets of his long coat.

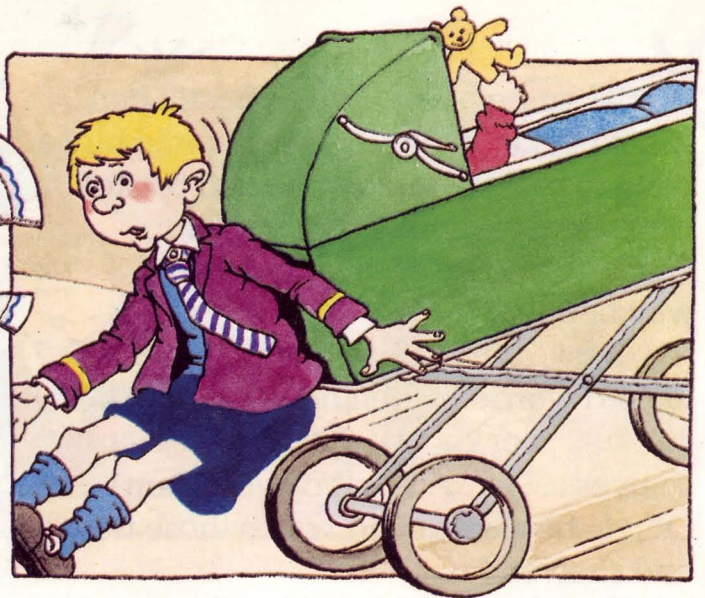
Mr Grump grabbed the thief and sent for the police.

"Thank you, Teddy. If you'd not been so clumsy, I would never have caught him. I'll phone your parents and tell them what a help you've been."





Teddy was thrilled. He bought one of the plates that he had not broken and set off home. But then poor Teddy tripped over one of his untied shoe-laces. Over and over he tumbled. The plate fell from his hand and shattered on the pavement.



A puzzled Teddy looked around. Then he saw what the woman meant. The pram would have rolled into the road if he had not been lying in the way.

"What's your name? Where do you live?" asked the happy mother.

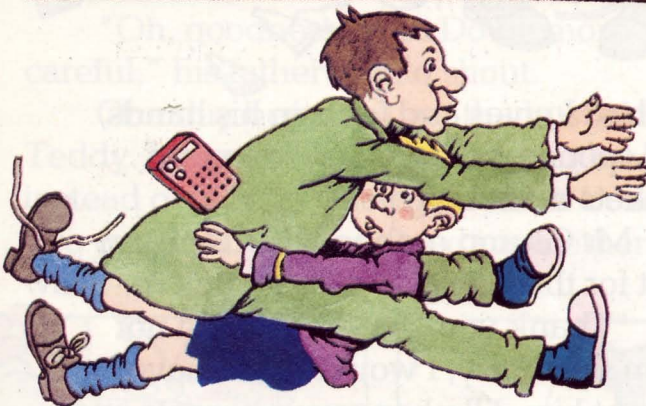
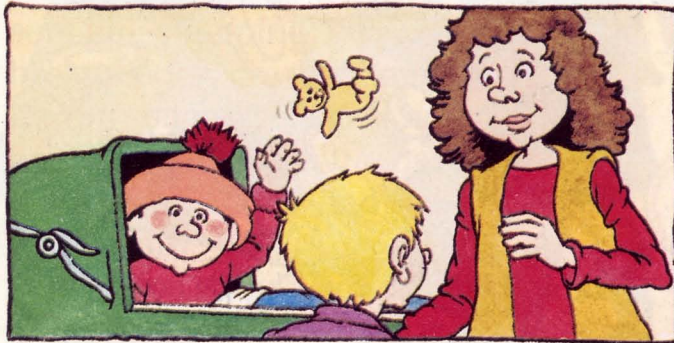
Teddy got his breath back, and told her his name and address.

Teddy felt much better. He had lost the plate but he had saved something far more precious, a baby. He walked on proudly, with his head held high, so high that he did not see where he was going. Round a corner he marched — straight into a man running very fast. The man went head over heels. Teddy bounced backwards and fell down unconscious.

When he opened his eyes, a smiling policeman was looking down at him.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

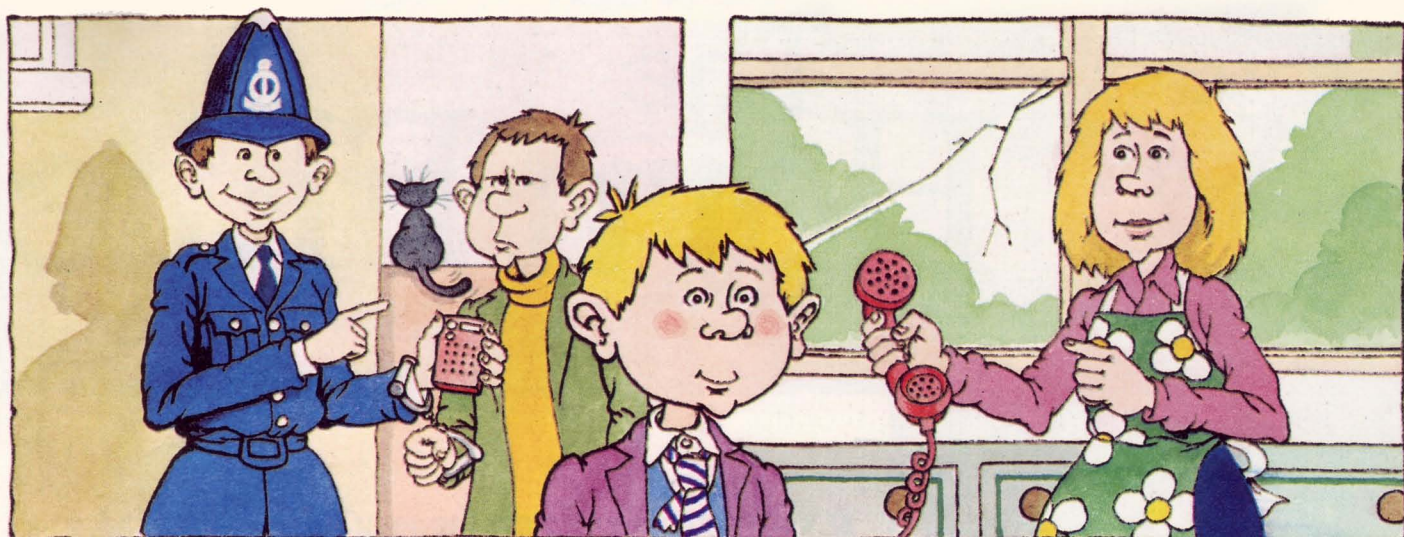
"I . . . I . . . I think so," mumbled Teddy. "W-what happened?"



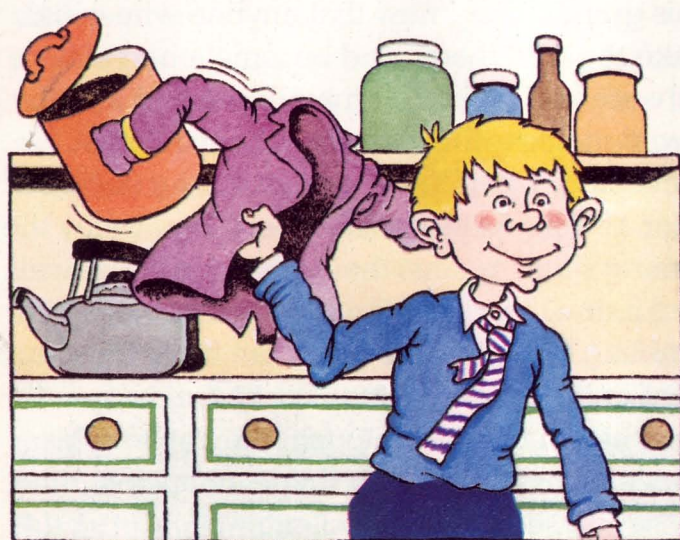
Teddy lay on the ground almost in tears. Then suddenly, a large, heavy object hit him in the back. It was a pram and it knocked the wind out of him. As he lay gasping for breath, a young woman ran up.

"Oh thank you, thank you. You brave boy. You must have seen the pram roll away as I tripped. You've saved my baby!"





"What happened! You made that fellow come a real cropper! He'd stolen a radio from a shop. I was after him but he was getting away — until you tackled him."



One baby saved. Two thieves caught. Not a bad day's work, thought Teddy as he walked on home. His mother greeted him with a smile and a hug. She had had telephone calls from the young mother, and Mr Grump, and the smiling policeman.

"You've had quite a day, my lad. What wonderful things I've been hearing about you. Daddy will be very proud when he gets home," said Mrs Tumbledown. "Come into the kitchen and I'll make you a special tea."

Teddy was so pleased that he took his coat off with a swing. One of its sleeves knocked a large tin of flour off a shelf.

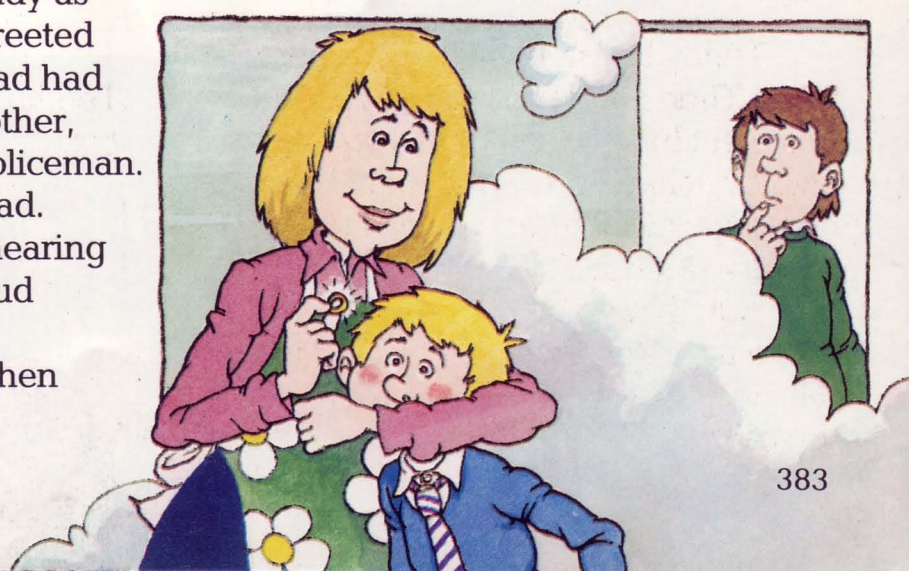
Crash!

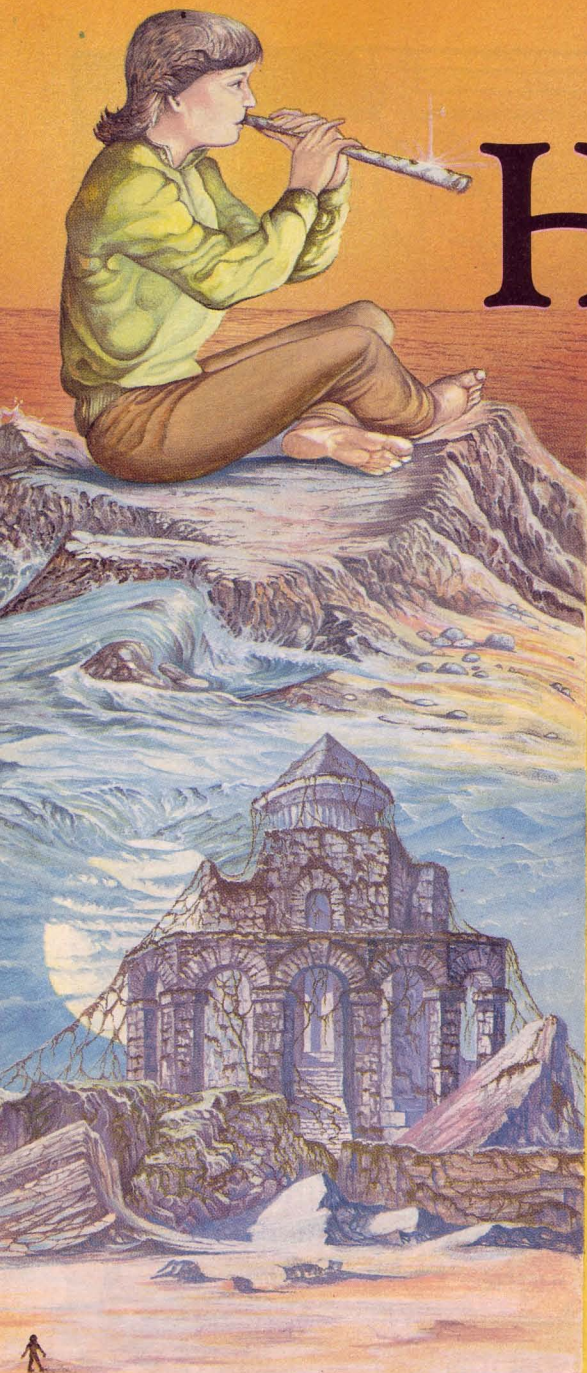
Mrs Tumbledown looked at the bent tin and spilt flour. Then she noticed a shiny object on the floor.

"Look Teddy, my wedding ring! I lost it about a month ago. How on earth did it get in there?"

Teddy stood silent as his mother gave him another hug.

"So *that's* where I lost the ring when I was helping mummy make the tea," he thought. "I've been trying to pluck up the courage for weeks to tell her that I'd lost it. This *has* been my lucky day!"





The Horn Flute

In a small house near the sea, Tamil lived with his grandfather, the oldest and wisest man in the village. Ever since Tamil could remember, a glittering, silver flute had hung on the wall above the doorway.

His grandfather said it was a magic flute, carved from a unicorn's horn. Although he could not play it himself, his grandfather knew that anyone who could, would wake the wild magic and become a part of it.

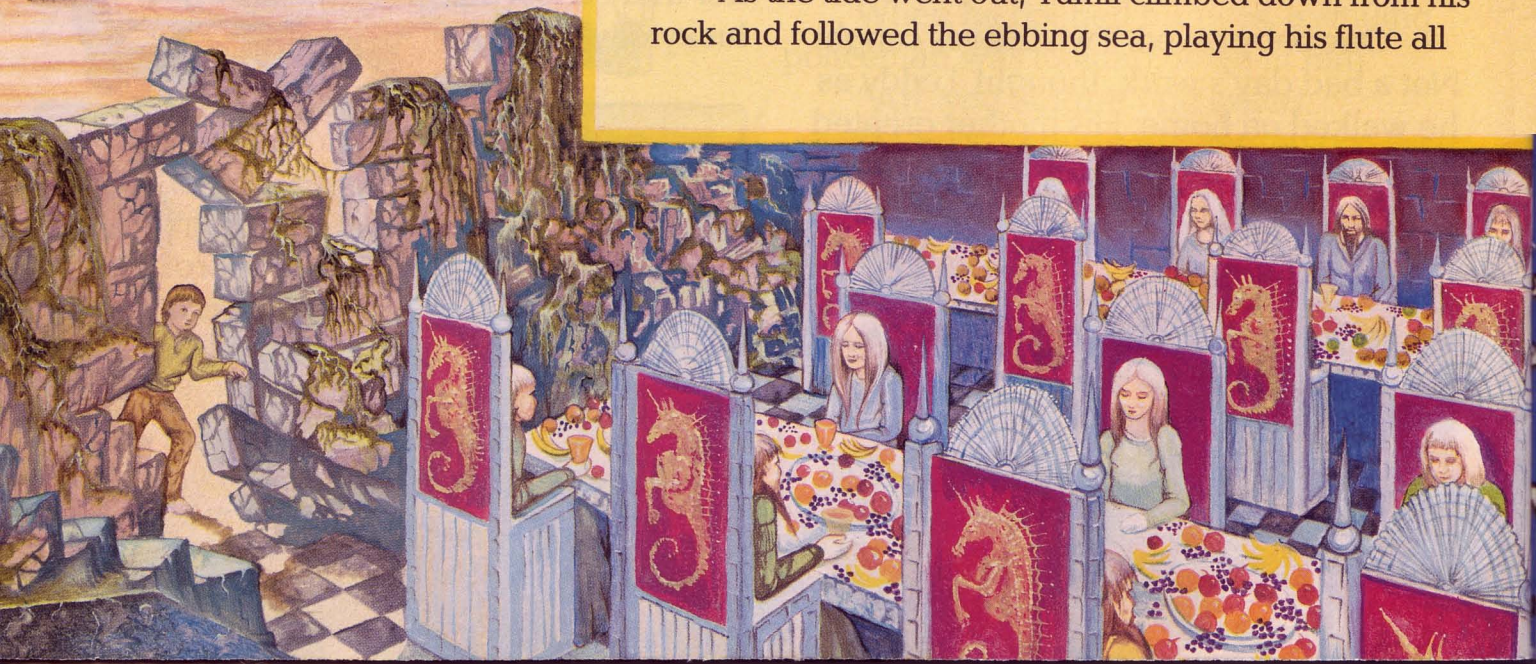
"There are many kinds of magic," he told Tamil. "But the wild magic is the oldest and the strongest."

One evening, when Tamil was alone, he decided to go out for a walk. As he opened the door, he saw the flute gleaming silver against the dark wood of the wall. Tamil lifted it down and hurried off towards the beach.

Scrambling to a rock some way out from the shore, he sat down and lifted the flute to his lips.

At once he felt the magic touch him, making his fingers dance across the flute to shape an ancient tune. The whole world seemed to fall silent.

As the tide went out, Tamil climbed down from his rock and followed the ebbing sea, playing his flute all





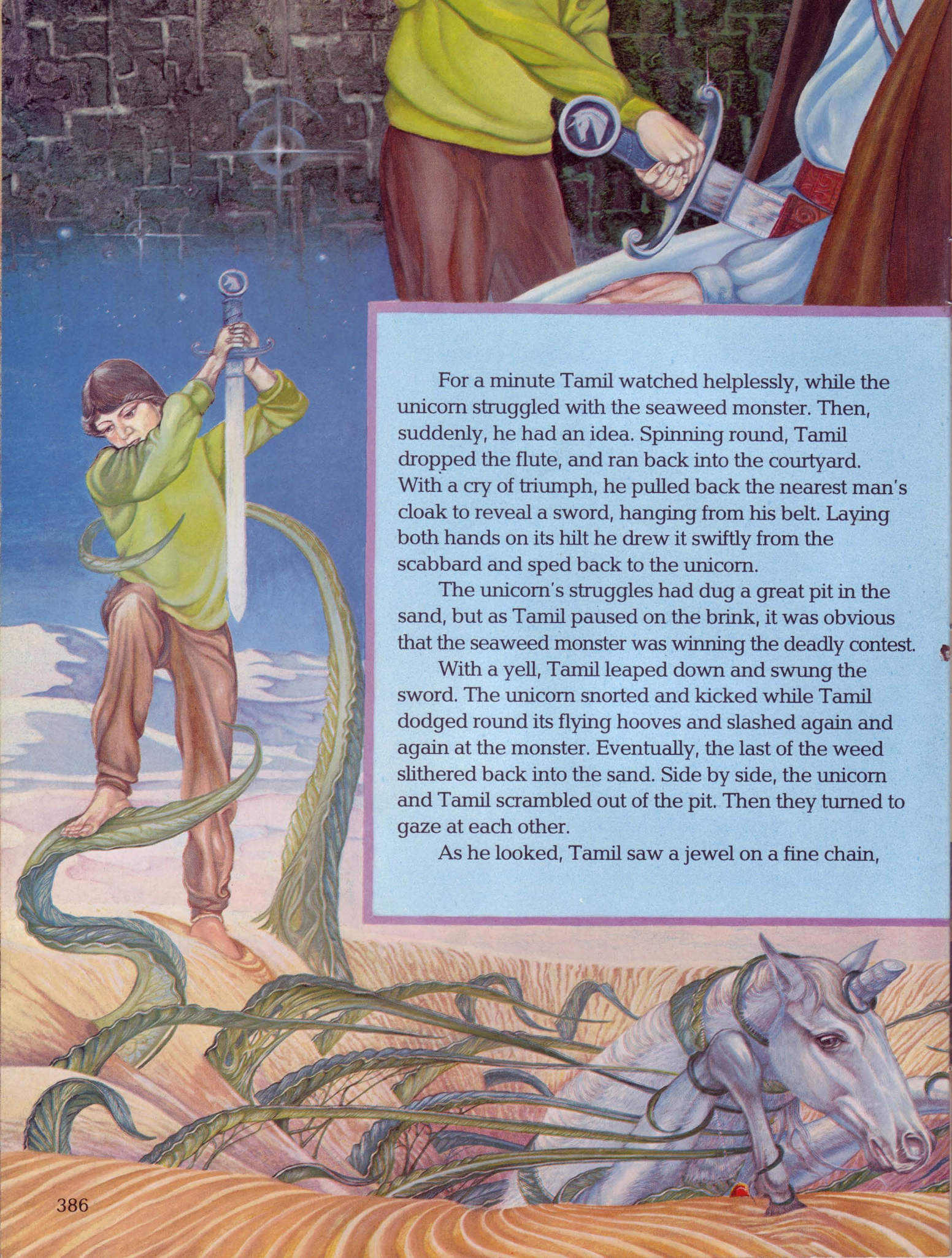
the time. At last, when the moon stood high overhead, he saw a strange building in front of him — a ruined temple, normally hidden beneath the sea.

Tamil slipped through a gap in the outer wall. He found himself in a large courtyard full of tall, proud-looking men and women, sitting behind long tables covered with fruit and wine. No-one was moving, or talking, or breathing. At the far end, a woman stood before a high throne, her face lifted to the sky. Tamil stared for a long time; then he turned and went back to the world outside.

He sat on a rock and began to play. It was a different tune the magic brought this time; and it worked a different spell. The sand began to crack and move, and soon a great head broke through. It looked like a silvery-white horse, but there was a broken horn in the middle of its forehead. Tamil knew it was a unicorn.

Slowly, the creature fought free of the clinging sand. But as its kicking legs came into view, great fronds of seaweed rose out of the sand, wrapping themselves around the unicorn's body, dragging it down again.





For a minute Tamil watched helplessly, while the unicorn struggled with the seaweed monster. Then, suddenly, he had an idea. Spinning round, Tamil dropped the flute, and ran back into the courtyard. With a cry of triumph, he pulled back the nearest man's cloak to reveal a sword, hanging from his belt. Laying both hands on its hilt he drew it swiftly from the scabbard and sped back to the unicorn.

The unicorn's struggles had dug a great pit in the sand, but as Tamil paused on the brink, it was obvious that the seaweed monster was winning the deadly contest.

With a yell, Tamil leaped down and swung the sword. The unicorn snorted and kicked while Tamil dodged round its flying hooves and slashed again and again at the monster. Eventually, the last of the weed slithered back into the sand. Side by side, the unicorn and Tamil scrambled out of the pit. Then they turned to gaze at each other.

As he looked, Tamil saw a jewel on a fine chain,

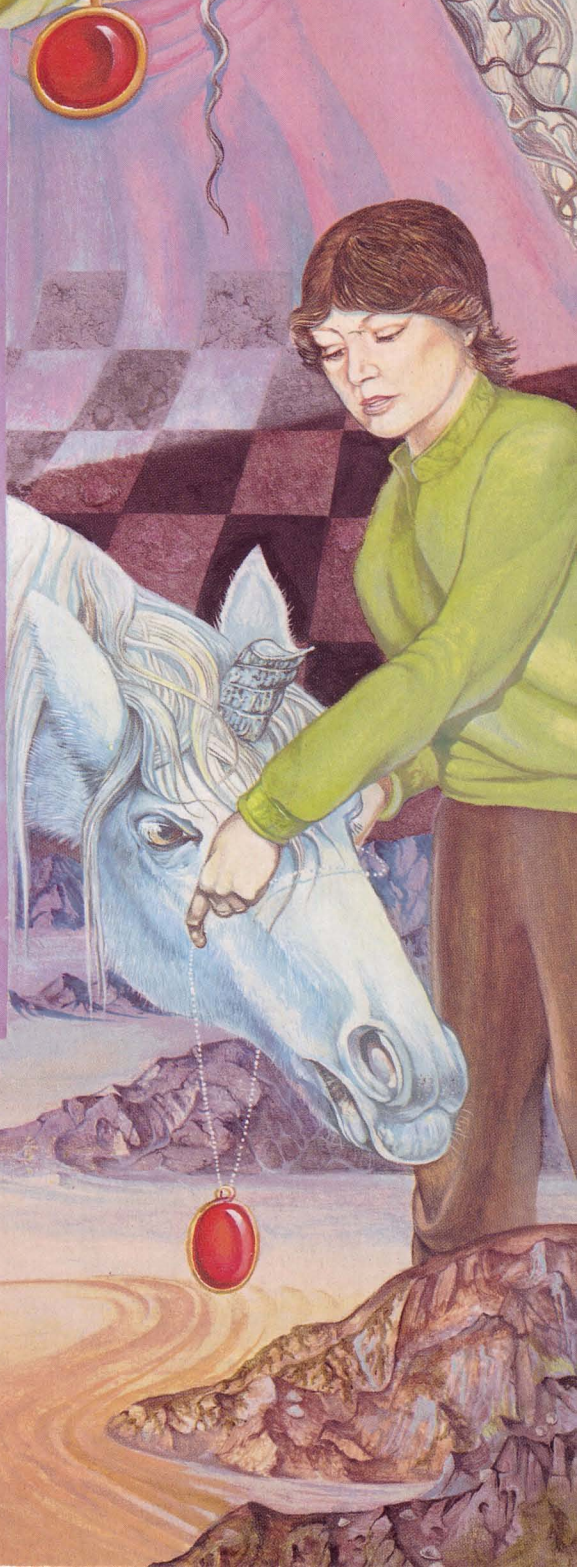


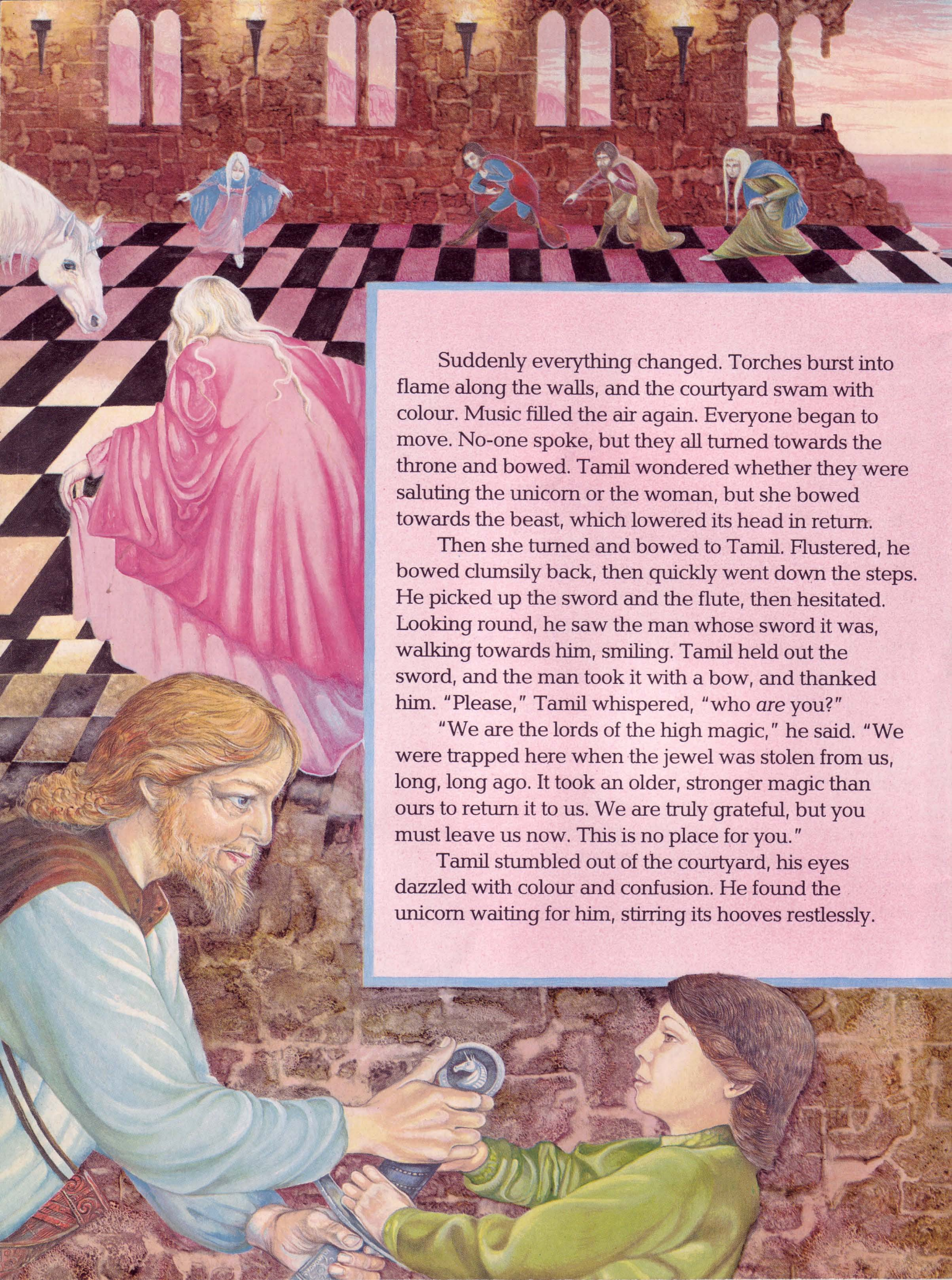
hanging round the creature's neck. The unicorn turned and walked away towards the wall of the courtyard. Tamil bent to pick up the horn flute, then followed.

Walking slowly and proudly, head held high, the unicorn led the way into the courtyard and moved between the tables towards the tall woman standing before the throne. It stopped two paces in front of her, and gazed steadily for a moment, then turned to look at Tamil.

Laying sword and flute carefully on the worn flagstones, Tamil hurried forward. The unicorn bent its head, and Tamil freed the chain from its mane and took the jewel from its neck.

The unicorn nodded towards the woman, but Tamil already knew what he had to do. There were three low steps in front of her, leading up to the throne. Standing on the highest step, Tamil held the jewel above her head like a crown, then hung it carefully around her neck.





Suddenly everything changed. Torches burst into flame along the walls, and the courtyard swam with colour. Music filled the air again. Everyone began to move. No-one spoke, but they all turned towards the throne and bowed. Tamil wondered whether they were saluting the unicorn or the woman, but she bowed towards the beast, which lowered its head in return.

Then she turned and bowed to Tamil. Flustered, he bowed clumsily back, then quickly went down the steps. He picked up the sword and the flute, then hesitated. Looking round, he saw the man whose sword it was, walking towards him, smiling. Tamil held out the sword, and the man took it with a bow, and thanked him. "Please," Tamil whispered, "who are you?"

"We are the lords of the high magic," he said. "We were trapped here when the jewel was stolen from us, long, long ago. It took an older, stronger magic than ours to return it to us. We are truly grateful, but you must leave us now. This is no place for you."

Tamil stumbled out of the courtyard, his eyes dazzled with colour and confusion. He found the unicorn waiting for him, stirring its hooves restlessly.

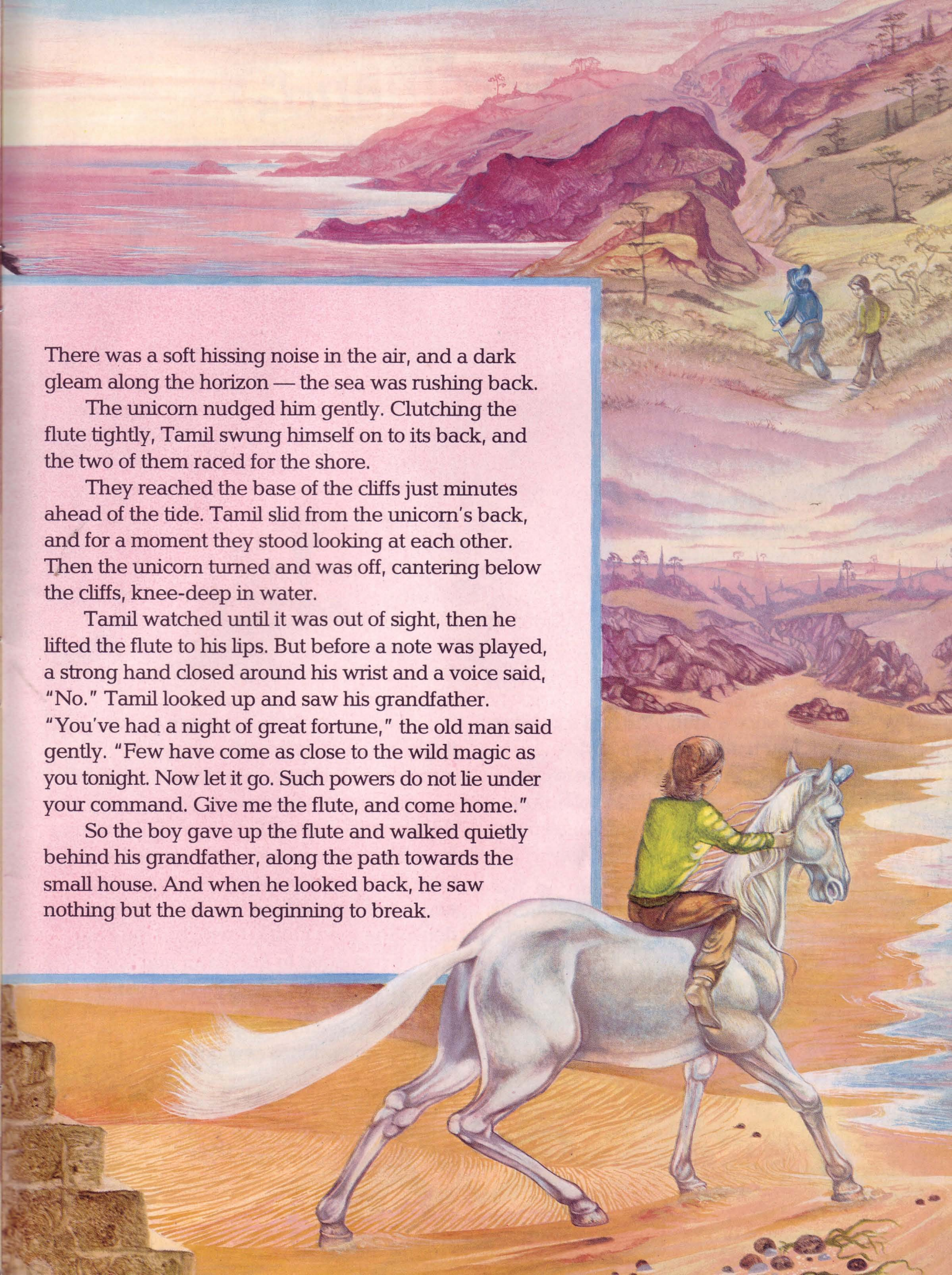
There was a soft hissing noise in the air, and a dark gleam along the horizon — the sea was rushing back.

The unicorn nudged him gently. Clutching the flute tightly, Tamil swung himself on to its back, and the two of them raced for the shore.

They reached the base of the cliffs just minutes ahead of the tide. Tamil slid from the unicorn's back, and for a moment they stood looking at each other. Then the unicorn turned and was off, cantering below the cliffs, knee-deep in water.

Tamil watched until it was out of sight, then he lifted the flute to his lips. But before a note was played, a strong hand closed around his wrist and a voice said, "No." Tamil looked up and saw his grandfather. "You've had a night of great fortune," the old man said gently. "Few have come as close to the wild magic as you tonight. Now let it go. Such powers do not lie under your command. Give me the flute, and come home."

So the boy gave up the flute and walked quietly behind his grandfather, along the path towards the small house. And when he looked back, he saw nothing but the dawn beginning to break.



King Ferdinand's Fancy Socks



There was once a king who had a passion for socks. He had drawers and wardrobes full of them. There were striped ones and spotted ones, in all the colours of the rainbow. He ordered them from all over the world. When yet another box arrived at the palace, the queen blew her top.

"Ridiculous!" she stormed. "Ferdinand, you must get rid of some of them, they're taking up far too much room!"

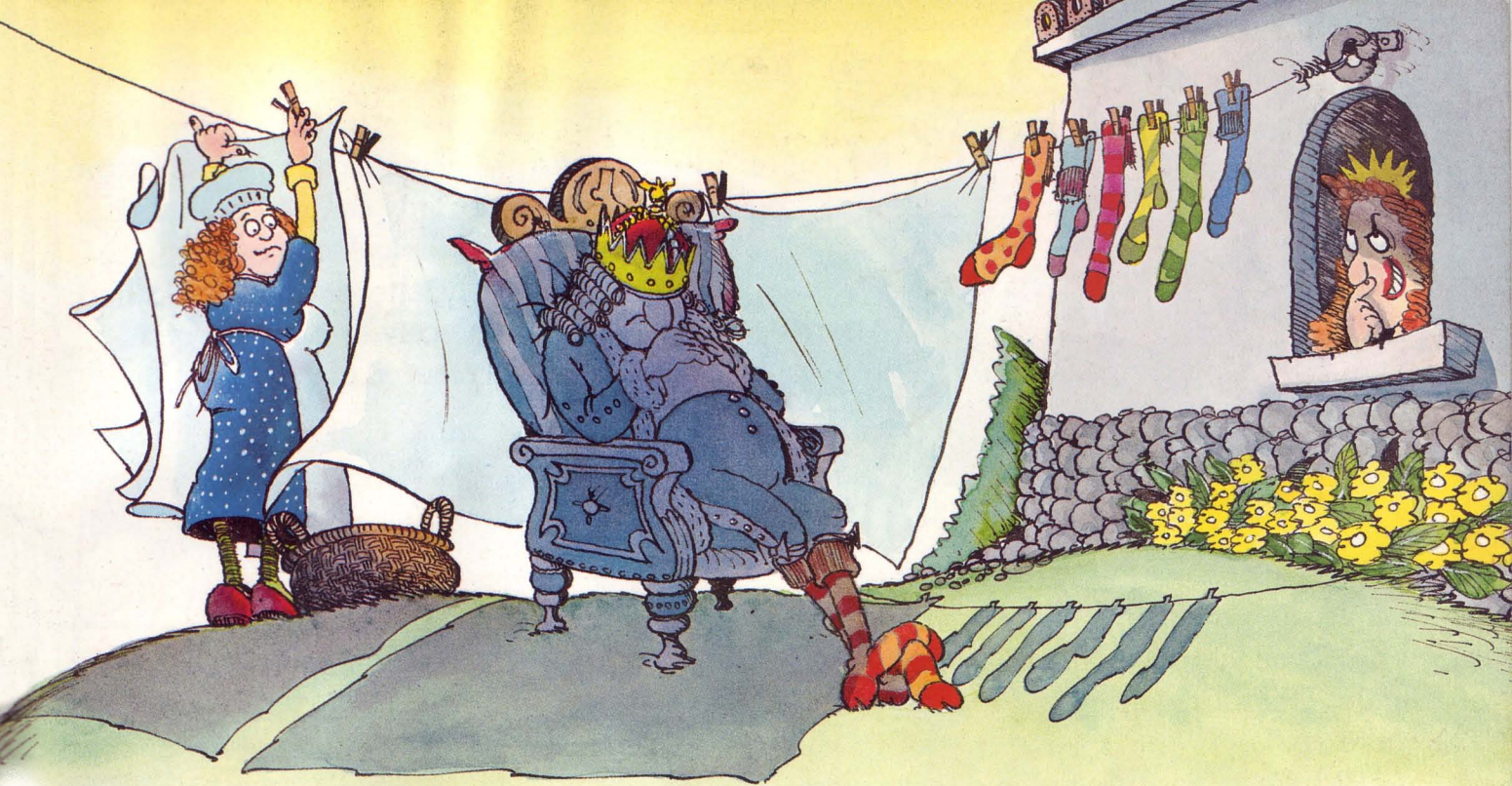
"But I *like* collecting them," argued Ferdinand, and when summer arrived, he changed his socks five or six times a day. Soon the laundry baskets were full and overflowing.

"I refuse to wash any more socks — and it takes ages to sort them into pairs!" announced the royal laundry lady, and left.

"Now see what you've done!" cried the queen, who was left to bring in the washing from the palace gardens. She glared at the forty pairs of socks blowing in the breeze, and vowed something would have to be done. She tried hiding them, but the king always managed to find them and back they would go into the drawers again.

One day it was very hot and the king decided to have his usual nap in the shady part of the gardens. After much grumbling, one of the maids





had agreed to do the laundry, including forty-five pairs of socks.

Meanwhile the king was finding it too hot and could not get to sleep.

"I can't find a cool place to sit," he grumbled, and he kept moving to another part of the gardens. Then he spotted the maid, who was just hanging out the last of the washing, and this gave him an idea. He put his chair right in the middle of the washing and sat down again.

"Ah, it's cooler in here. The sheets will shade me from the sun." And he stretched out his legs and fell asleep.

Now, the queen had been watching him from the palace windows and she, too, had an idea. She called the royal butler and the maids. They all tip-toed out to the gardens and began to take the socks off the washing line. They draped them over the sleeping king, who was snoring very loudly indeed.

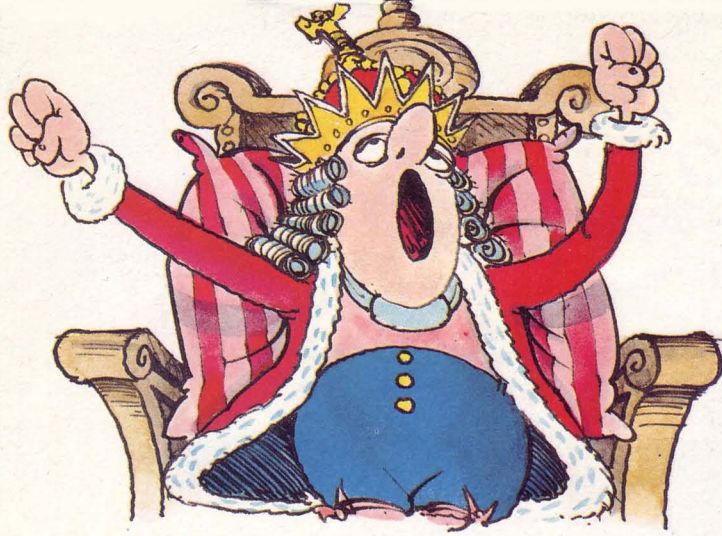
Soon he was covered in socks from head to foot. "Help, help!" he shouted a few minutes later. "My socks are attacking me! Take them away!"

"You must be dreaming," said the queen, appearing at his side.

"Dreaming! It's a nightmare, I tell you. It's awful, I can't breathe and the colours are . . . are dazzling me!"

"But you like your socks so much," smirked the queen.





"I don't care if I never see another pair again."

"Close your eyes and go back to sleep again. The socks will be gone when you wake up."

While Ferdinand slept, the socks were put back on the washing line.

At last he woke up, rubbed his eyes and shook his head, then went to find the queen.

"I've had a terrible dream," he told her.

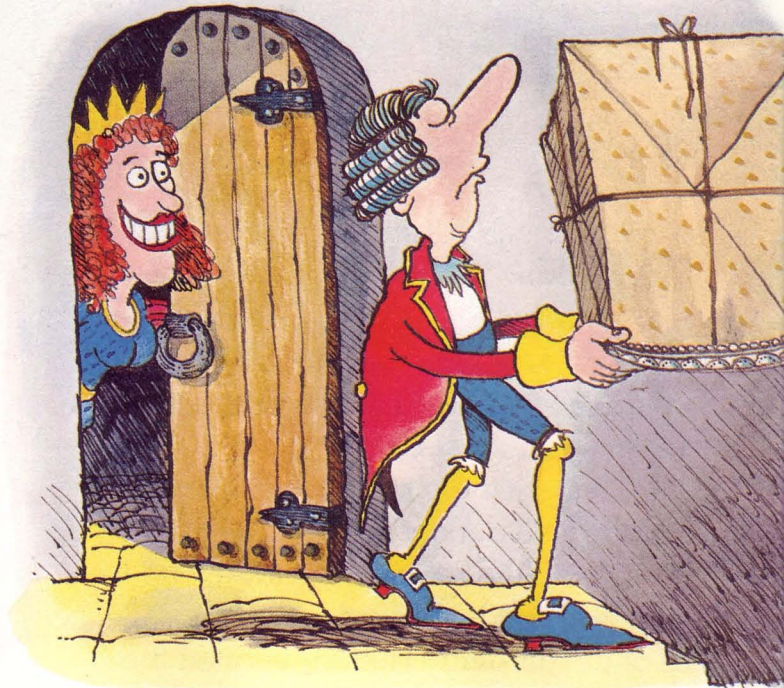
"It must be the heat, dear," smiled the queen. Ferdinand began to pack his socks into boxes.

"Send them to the jumble sales — I don't ever want to see them again!" he ordered.

The queen rang for the royal butler before Ferdinand could change his mind. The butler gave the boxes of socks to the

page boy to take away, then he ordered a dozen pairs of very plain cotton socks for the king. The laundry lady came back, and peace returned to the palace.

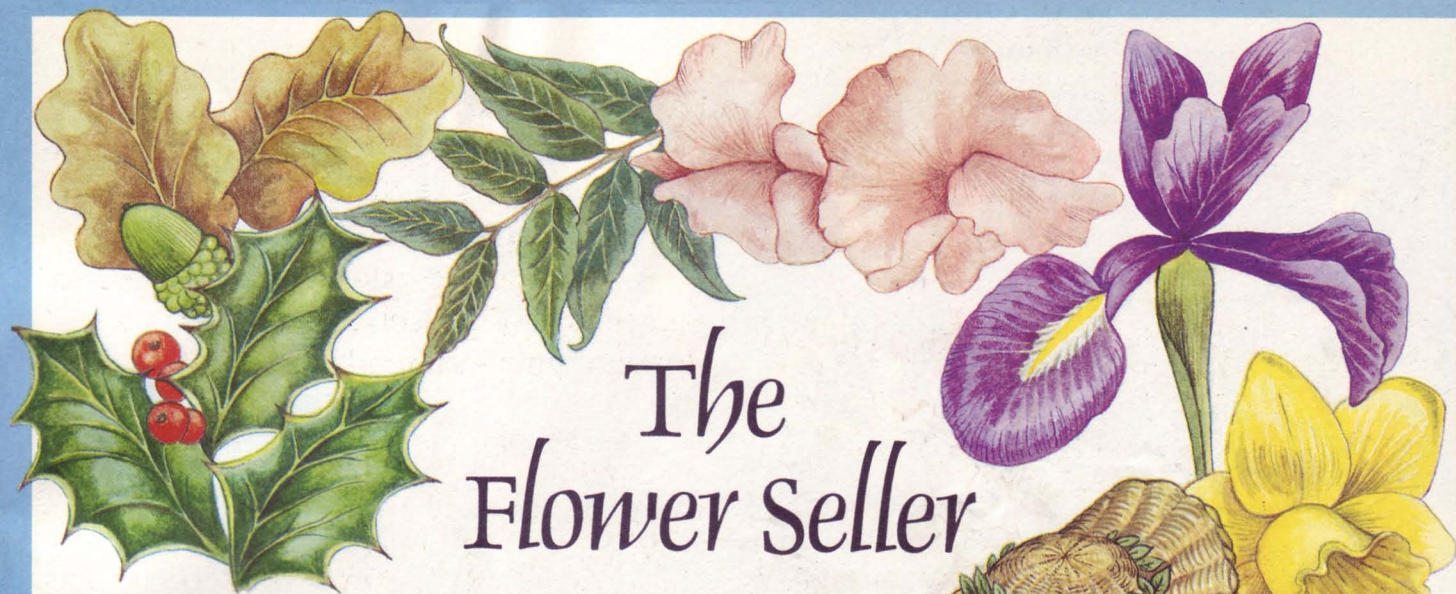
Then, one day, after several weeks had passed, the king received a present of a dozen brightly-coloured ties, some spotted



ones, and others with stripes. "I could do with a few more of these . . ." he smiled contentedly to himself.

"Oh no!" groaned the queen in despair, "not again . . ."





The Flower Seller

The Flower-seller's fat, and she wears a big shawl!
She sits on the kerb with her basket and all;
The wares that she sells us are not very dear
And are always the loveliest things of the year.

Daffodils in April,
Purple flags in May,
Sweet peas like butterflies
Upon a summer day,
Brown leaves in autumn,
Green leaves in spring,
And berries in the winter
When the carol-singers sing.

The Flower-seller sits with her hands in her lap,
When she's not crying Roses, she's taking a nap;
Her bonnet is queer, and she calls you My dear,
And sells you the loveliest things of the year.



IN PART 15 OF

STORY

Teller 2

CLASSIC SERIAL

Fly to the Neverland with **PETER PAN**
and Wendy

THE SCRUBS AND THE DUBS
fight it out in Muffin's laundrette

Roll up! Roll up!
See Granny take on
GARY THE GREATEST!

CAMPBELL FINDS A CASTLE –
but it's full of mischievous mice!

What is the story behind
WILLOW PATTERN china?

PLUS A CHILD'S THOUGHT at bedtime
and the special magic of **CATH'S CRADLE**



Stories read by
DEREK JACOBI
WINDSOR DAVIES
UNA STUBBS
ANTHONY JACKSON

