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PART 16

STORY

Teller

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2



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STORY Teller 2

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The Thin King And The FAT COOK



Once upon a time, there was a very fat King who said to his very thin Cook, "Bake me a cake! The lightest, nicest, most scrumptious cake you've ever made."

So the Cook got a big bowl and two dozen eggs and some butter and five pounds of flour and a pound of yeast.

He mixed the flour and the eggs and the butter in the big bowl, then put in the yeast. Then he lit the gas and when the oven was hot he put the cake in.

Soon there was a lovely smell of baking cake, and the King came running in.

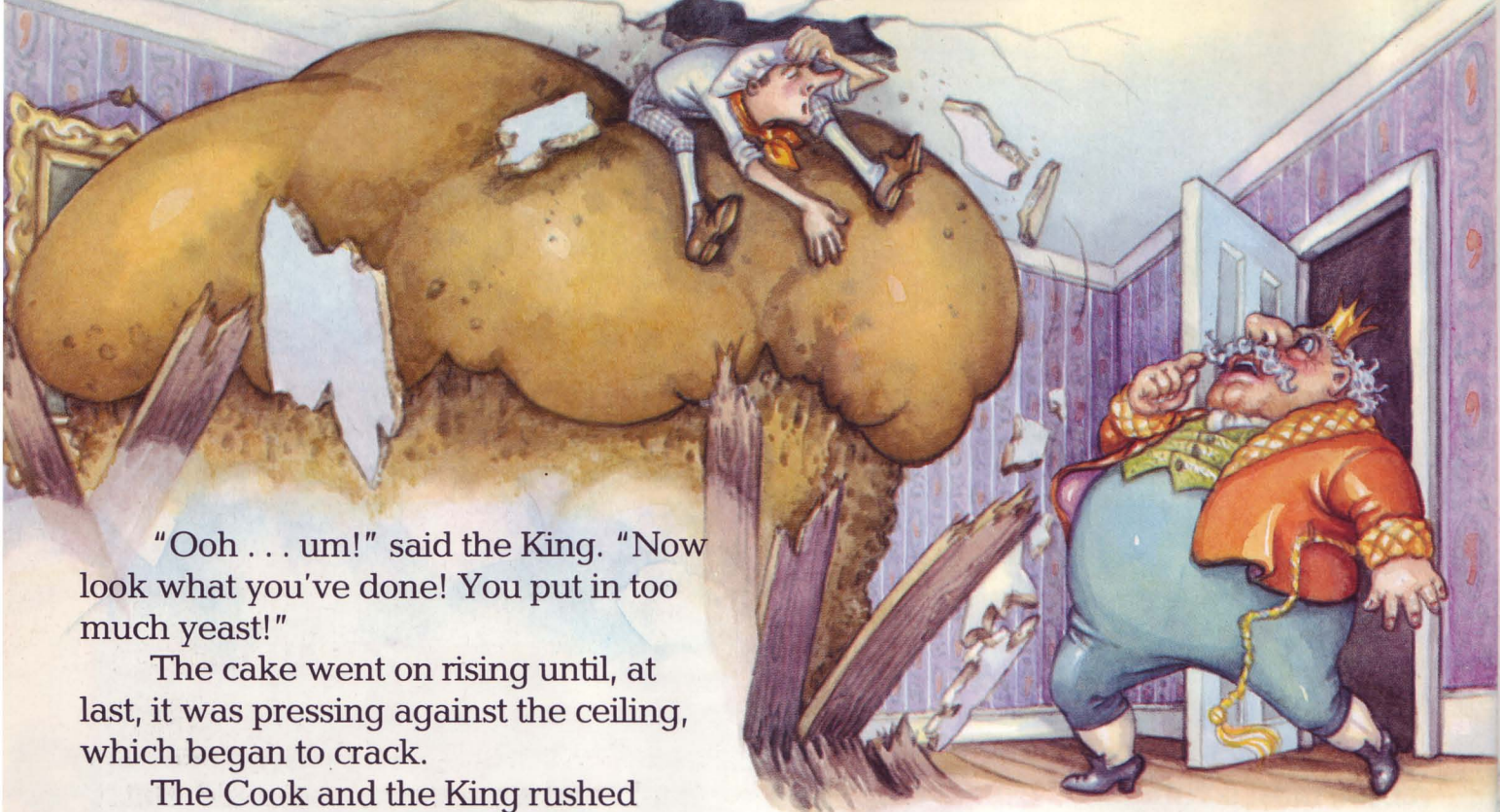


"My, my!" he said. "What a lovely smell. I'm sure it's going to be a delicious cake, Cook."

"Oh yes, your Majesty," said the Cook. "And it's going to be the lightest cake in the world. I put in a whole pound of yeast to make it rise."

"That's the stuff!" said the King. "But what's this?" They looked round and saw that the top of the gas stove was beginning to bend and suddenly with a bang! it shot up in the air and the top of the cake appeared, rising slowly.





"Ooh . . . um!" said the King. "Now look what you've done! You put in too much yeast!"

The cake went on rising until, at last, it was pressing against the ceiling, which began to crack.

The Cook and the King rushed upstairs and when they got to the top they saw the cake had gone right through the ceiling to the floor above.

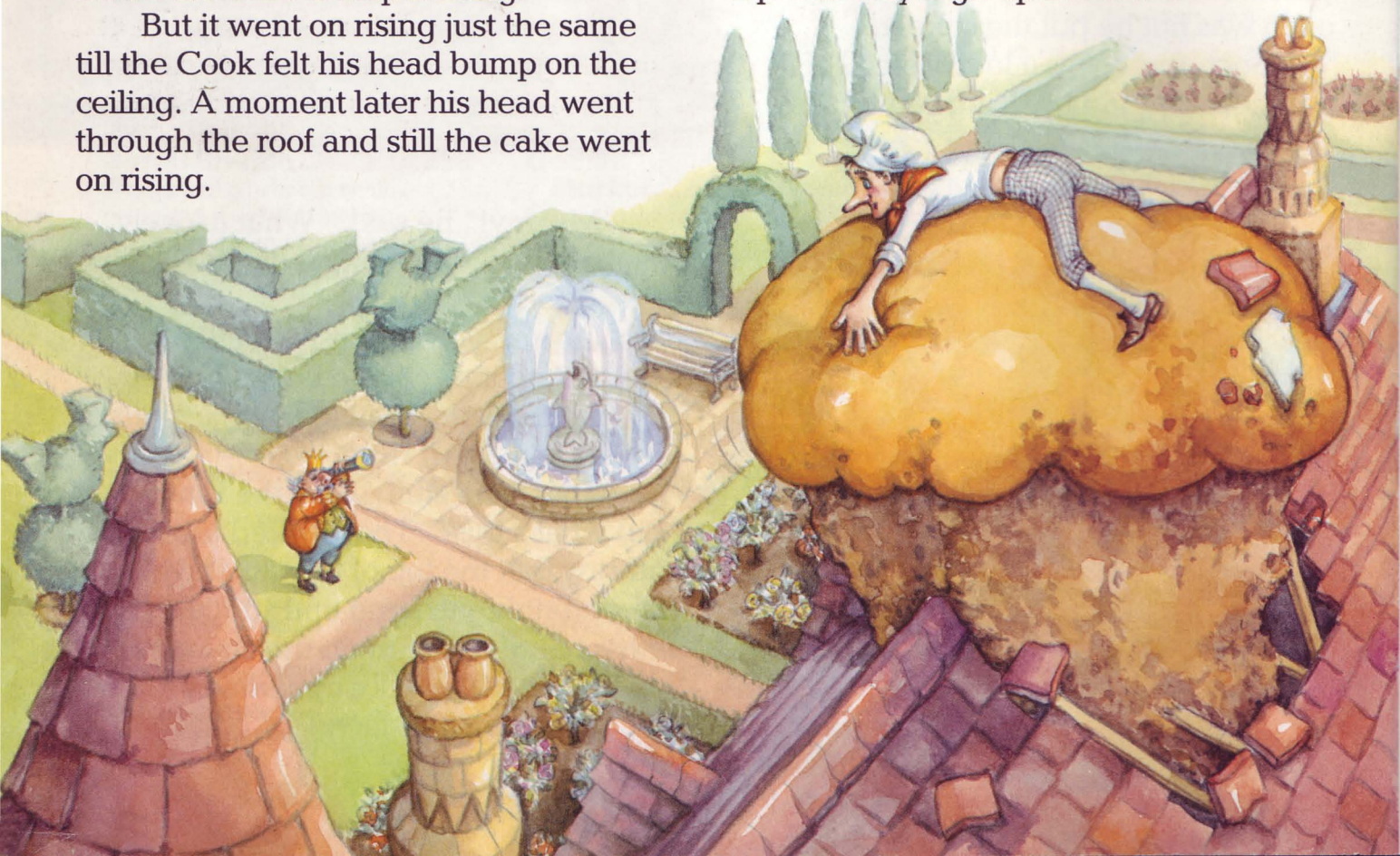
"Do something, my good man!" shouted the King. The poor Cook did not know what to do. So he jumped up and sat on the cake to stop it rising.

But it went on rising just the same till the Cook felt his head bump on the ceiling. A moment later his head went through the roof and still the cake went on rising.

"Oh, your Majesty! Please go and turn the gas off!" shouted the Cook.

The King rushed downstairs and turned the gas off. Then he got his telescope and went into the garden.

The cake had stopped rising, but the top was very high up in the air.



"Oh, drat the man!" said the King. "If he doesn't come down soon there won't be anyone to cook the dinner." Then he thought, "If the Cook was to start eating the cake, he would get lower and lower." So he called out, "Cook, eat the cake, at once!"

"Delighted, your Majesty," called the Cook, and he took a bite. "Ooh, yum, yum!" he said. "This is a nice cake!"

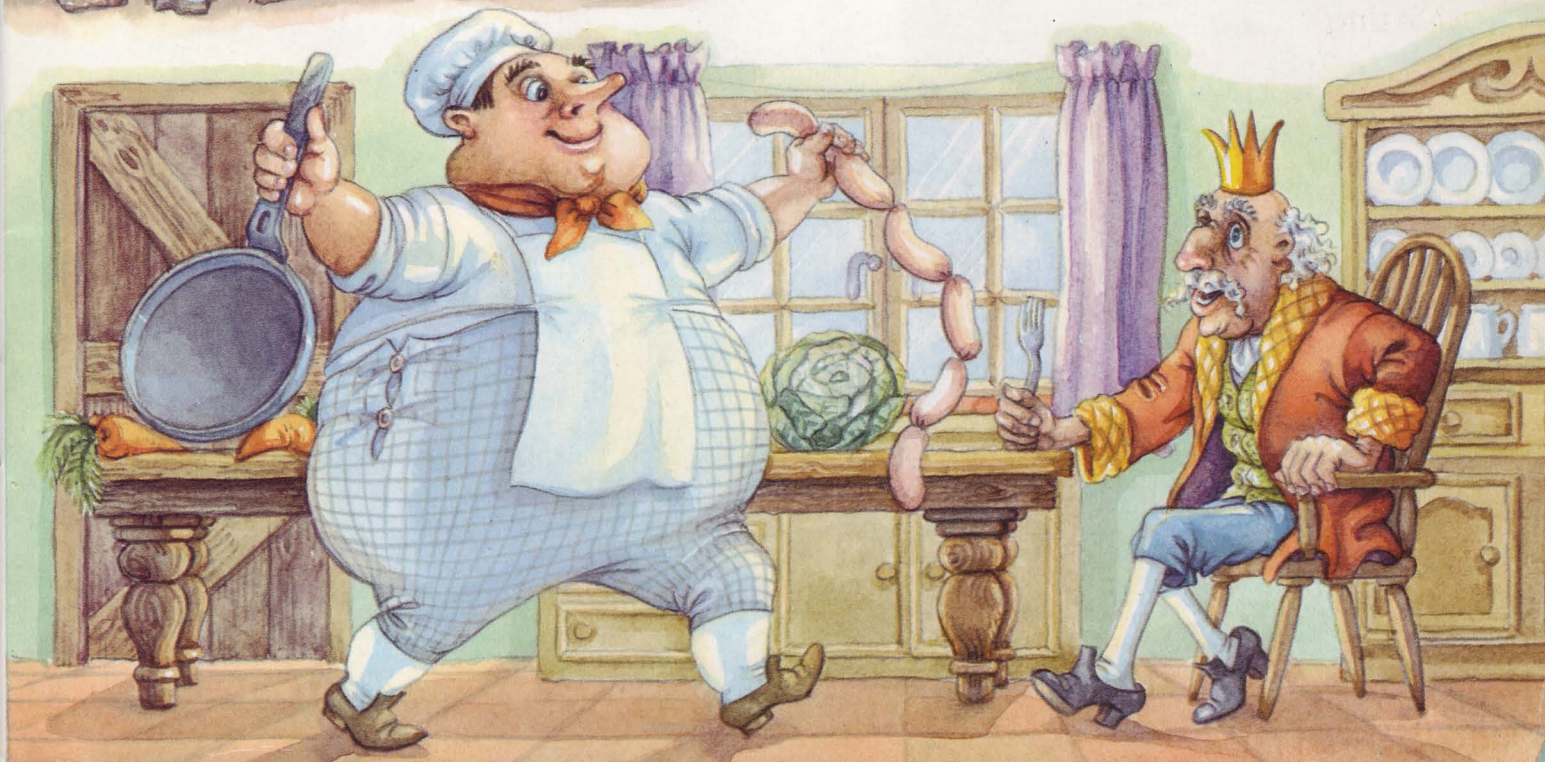
"Oh, stop talking," said the King, "and eat it up as fast as you can, or I shall have no dinner."



"Very well, your Majesty," said the Cook, and ate as fast as he could. But it was such a big cake that it took him two weeks to eat it all, and it made him very fat. But the poor King, who was waiting for his dinner, got thinner and thinner.

So instead of the King being fat and the Cook being thin, there was a very thin King and a very fat Cook!

"Never mind, your Majesty," called the Cook when he had eaten the cake and reached the ground. "I'll cook you a lovely dinner now!" And he did.



J.M. BARRIE'S

Peter Pan

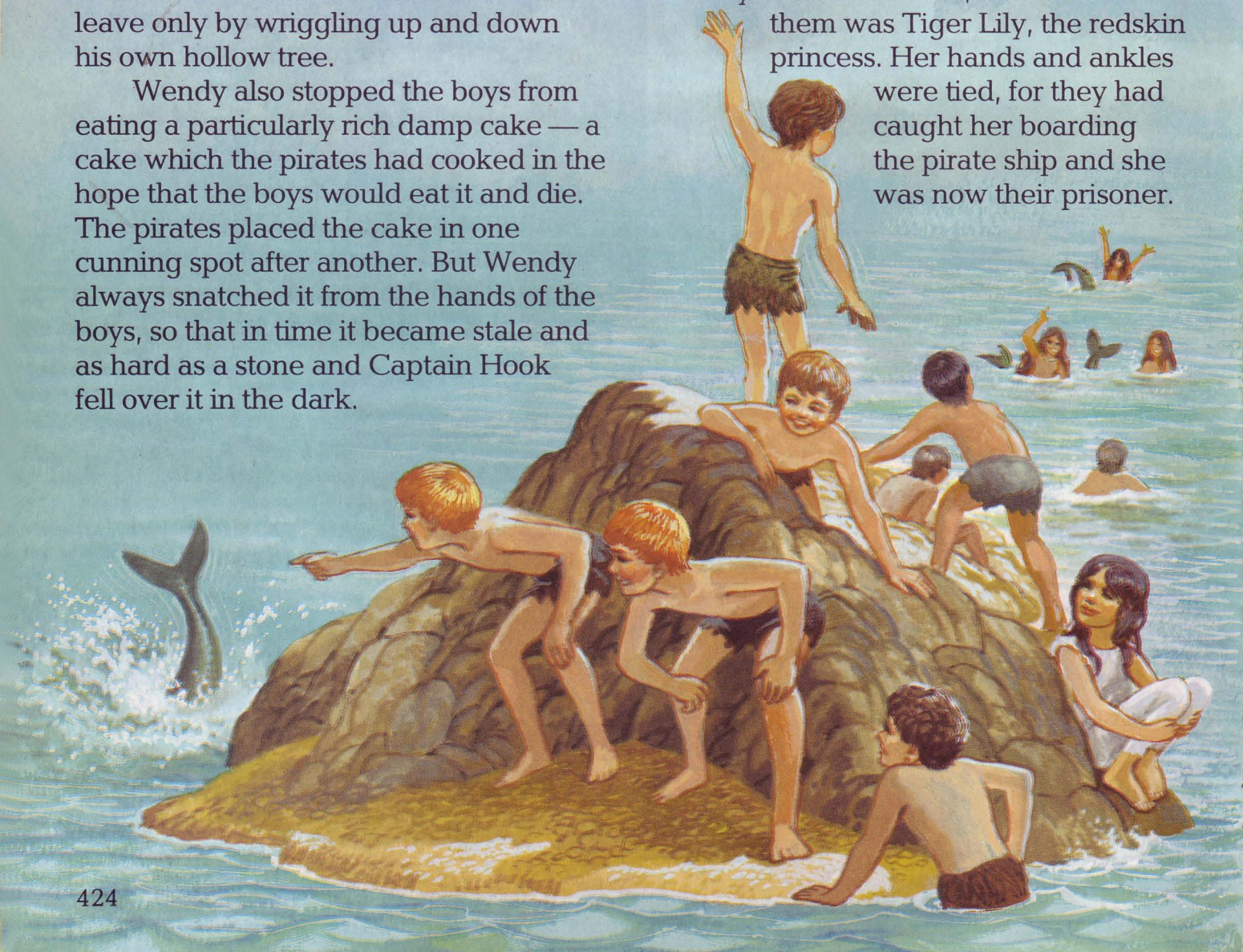
The children often spent long summer's days on the mermaids' lagoon, swimming and floating and watching the mermaids play with their bubbles. It was usually a sunny, laughing place, but one day the sun went away and shadows stole across the water. The children were sleeping on Marooners' Rock, in the middle of the lagoon, when little shivers ran over the water and there was the sound of muffled oars.


At once, Peter sprang to his feet and cried, "Pirates! Dive!"

There was a gleam of legs and instantly the rock was deserted. The children watched as the pirate dinghy drew near. The pirates Smee and Starkey were at the oars, and between them was Tiger Lily, the redskin princess. Her hands and ankles were tied, for they had caught her boarding the pirate ship and she was now their prisoner.

Wendy was kept very busy looking after the boys. She cooked for them and sewed and darned their clothes, and every night she told them a story and tucked them up in the large bed in their underground home. There was just one room which each child could enter and leave only by wriggling up and down his own hollow tree.

Wendy also stopped the boys from eating a particularly rich damp cake — a cake which the pirates had cooked in the hope that the boys would eat it and die. The pirates placed the cake in one cunning spot after another. But Wendy always snatched it from the hands of the boys, so that in time it became stale and as hard as a stone and Captain Hook fell over it in the dark.





In the gloom,
the boat crashed
into the rock.

"Here it is!" cried Smee. "All we have to do is hoist the redskin on to it and leave her to drown as the water rises."

Close by, but out of sight, Peter and Wendy were bobbing up and down in the water. Peter was determined to save Tiger Lily, but he would not do this the easy way — by waiting until the pirates had gone. Instead, he now imitated the voice of Hook.

"Ahoy there, you lubbers!" he called.

"The captain!" cried the pirates, staring at each other in surprise.

"He must be swimming out to us," said Starkey.

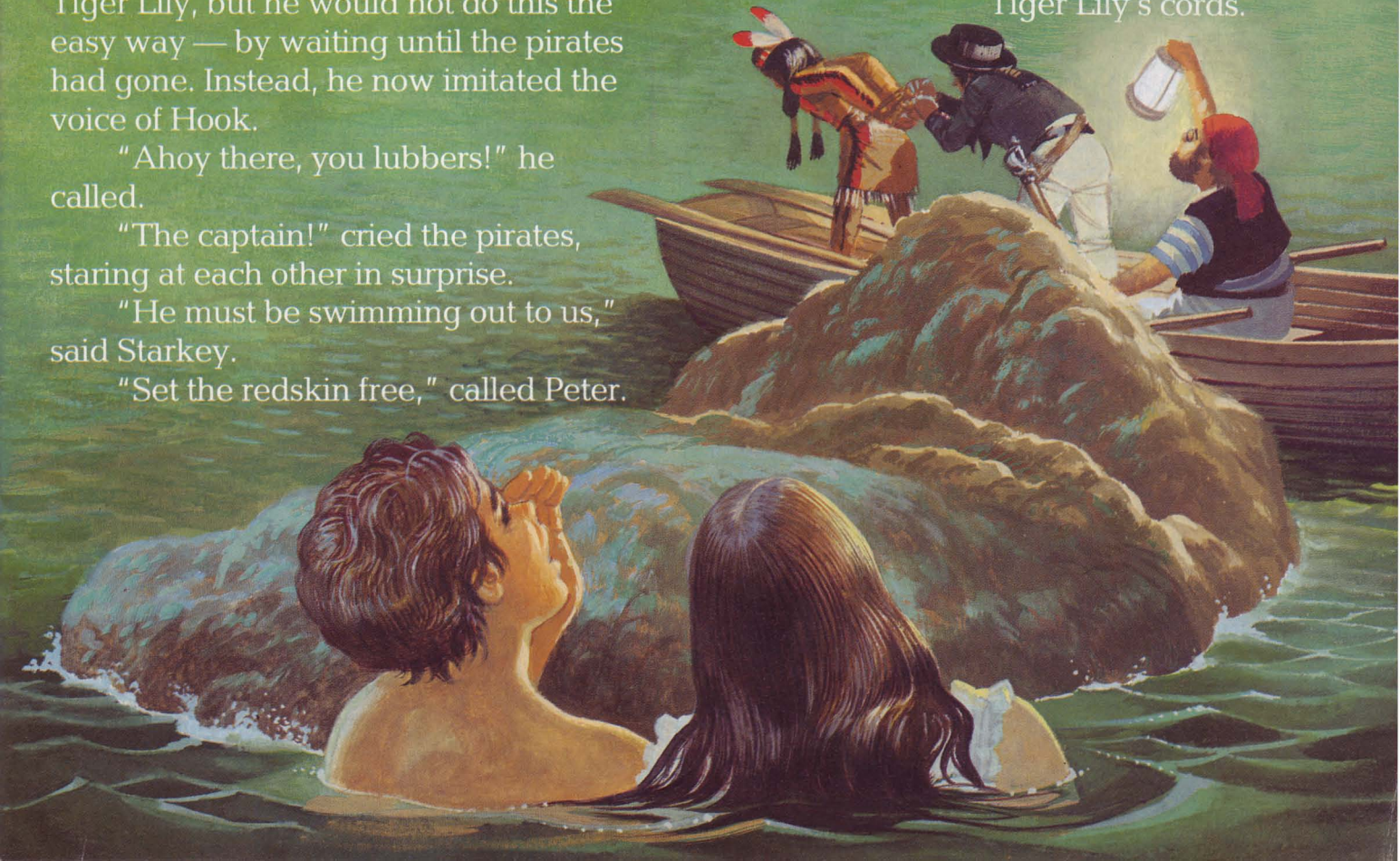
"Set the redskin free," called Peter.

"Cut her bonds and let her go."

"Er . . . captain . . ."

"At once, d'ye hear!" cried Peter, "or I'll plunge my hook into you."

"Better do what the captain orders," said Starkey nervously, and he cut Tiger Lily's cords.





By now they were on the rock and Hook suddenly remembered Tiger Lily. "Where's the redskin?" he demanded.

"Oh, that's all right, captain," replied Smee. "We let her go, just as you ordered."

"Let her go?" cried Hook. "Brimstone and gall, I gave no such order."

His face was black with rage, but he soon realised that the pirates really thought it was his voice they had heard.

"You must have heard a spirit," he said. Then he stood up and cried, "Spirit, do you hear me?"

Peter could keep quiet no longer.

"I am James Hook," he answered, "captain of the *Jolly Roger*."

She slid into the water just as the words "Boat ahoy!" rang over the lagoon.

It was Hook's voice, but this time it was not Peter who had spoken. This time it was Hook himself.

The captain had swum across the lagoon and now, in the light of the pirates' lantern, Wendy saw his hook grip the boat's side. She would have dearly liked to swim away, but Peter signalled to her to keep still and listen.

"The game's up," cried Hook.

"Those boys have found a mother."

"Captain," said Smee, "why don't we kidnap her and make her our own mother?"

"It's a princely scheme!" cried Hook. "We will seize the children and carry them to the boat. We will make the boys walk the plank and Wendy shall be our mother."



"You are not, you are not!" cried Hook hoarsely. "Tell me, do you have another name?"

"Aye, aye," replied Peter in his own voice. "It is Peter Pan."

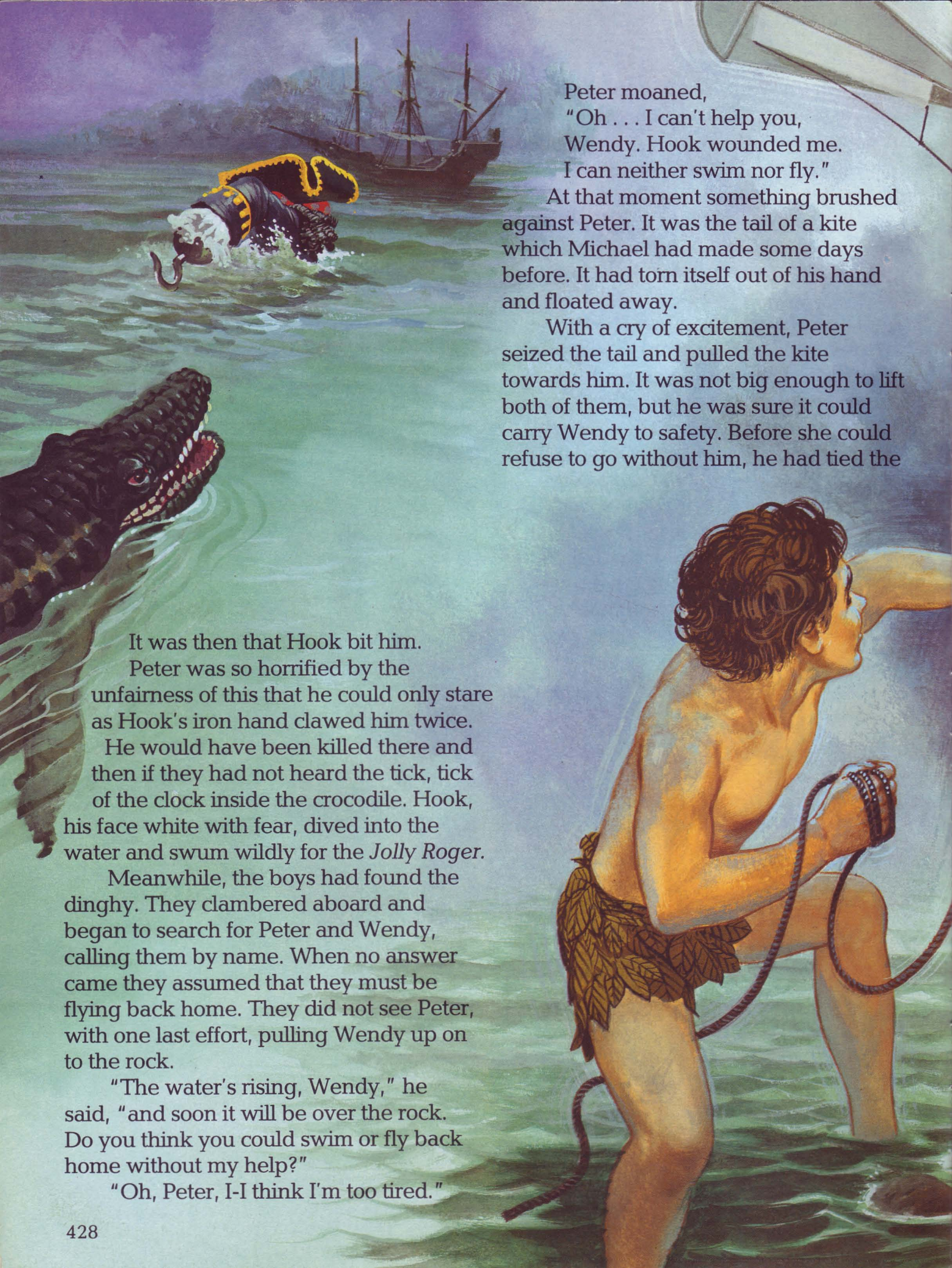
"Pan!" shouted Hook. "After him, lads! Take him dead or alive!"

"Are you ready, boys?" cried Peter. "Then lay into the pirates."

The fight was short and sharp. The boys surrounded Smee and Starkey and tore their swords from their grasp. As the two pirates fled, they dived after them into the water.

But there was only one who dared to approach Hook — and that was Peter Pan. As they met on the slippery rock, Peter snatched a knife from Hook's belt and at the same moment Hook fell. Peter wanted a fair fight, so he gave the pirate a hand to help him up.





Peter moaned,
"Oh . . . I can't help you,
Wendy. Hook wounded me.
I can neither swim nor fly."

At that moment something brushed against Peter. It was the tail of a kite which Michael had made some days before. It had torn itself out of his hand and floated away.

With a cry of excitement, Peter seized the tail and pulled the kite towards him. It was not big enough to lift both of them, but he was sure it could carry Wendy to safety. Before she could refuse to go without him, he had tied the

It was then that Hook bit him.

Peter was so horrified by the unfairness of this that he could only stare as Hook's iron hand clawed him twice.

He would have been killed there and then if they had not heard the tick, tick of the clock inside the crocodile. Hook, his face white with fear, dived into the water and swam wildly for the *Jolly Roger*.

Meanwhile, the boys had found the dinghy. They clambered aboard and began to search for Peter and Wendy, calling them by name. When no answer came they assumed that they must be flying back home. They did not see Peter, with one last effort, pulling Wendy up on to the rock.

"The water's rising, Wendy," he said, "and soon it will be over the rock. Do you think you could swim or fly back home without my help?"

"Oh, Peter, I-I think I'm too tired."

tail around her. With a "Goodbye Wendy," he pushed her from the rock and watched her being carried out of sight.

The water was already washing over his toes when he saw the Never bird coming towards him. A few days before, her nest had fallen from a tree overhanging the lagoon, but she had not deserted her eggs. She had continued to sit in her nest as it floated on the water, and Peter had given orders that she was not to be disturbed.

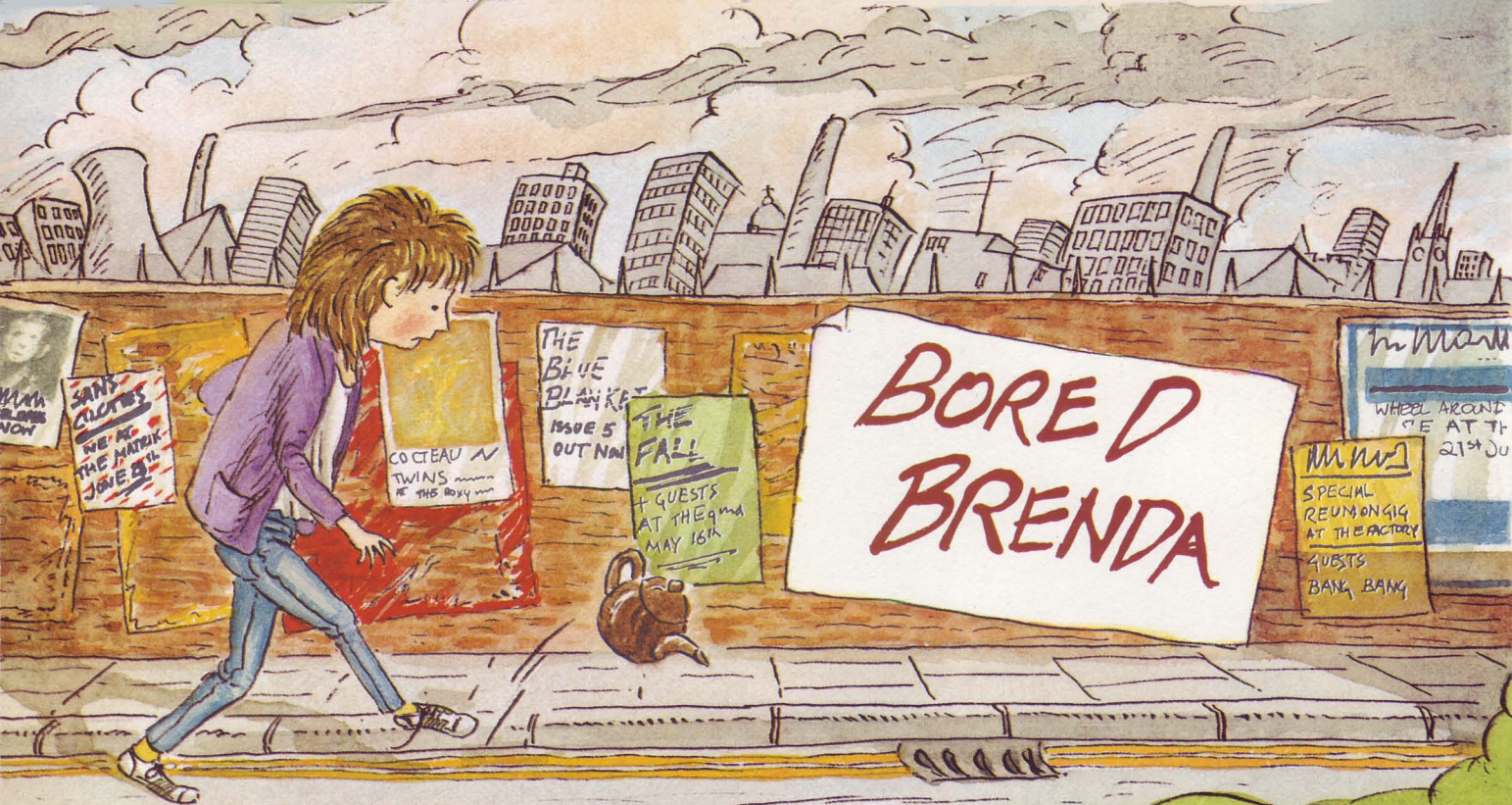
Using her wings as oars, she was now desperately trying to reach Peter and save him. With one last effort she propelled her nest into Peter's hands and flew up into the air. Peter put her eggs into the hat which Starkey had left on the island and floated it on the lagoon. Then he got into the nest and drifted away, while the bird fluttered down upon the hat and once more sat snugly on her eggs.



Peter reached the underground home almost as soon as Wendy, who had been carried here and there by Michael's kite. Every boy had adventures to tell, and it was only after they had spent many hours telling them that Wendy finally said, "To bed, to bed," in a voice that had to be obeyed.

[Will the pirates kidnap the children? Find out in Part 17]
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There was once a girl called Brenda, who lived in a small house on an estate, with her mum, her dad and baby sister. There was nothing much worth doing, so Brenda spent days wandering round with her hands in her pockets, feeling bored, bored, *bored*.

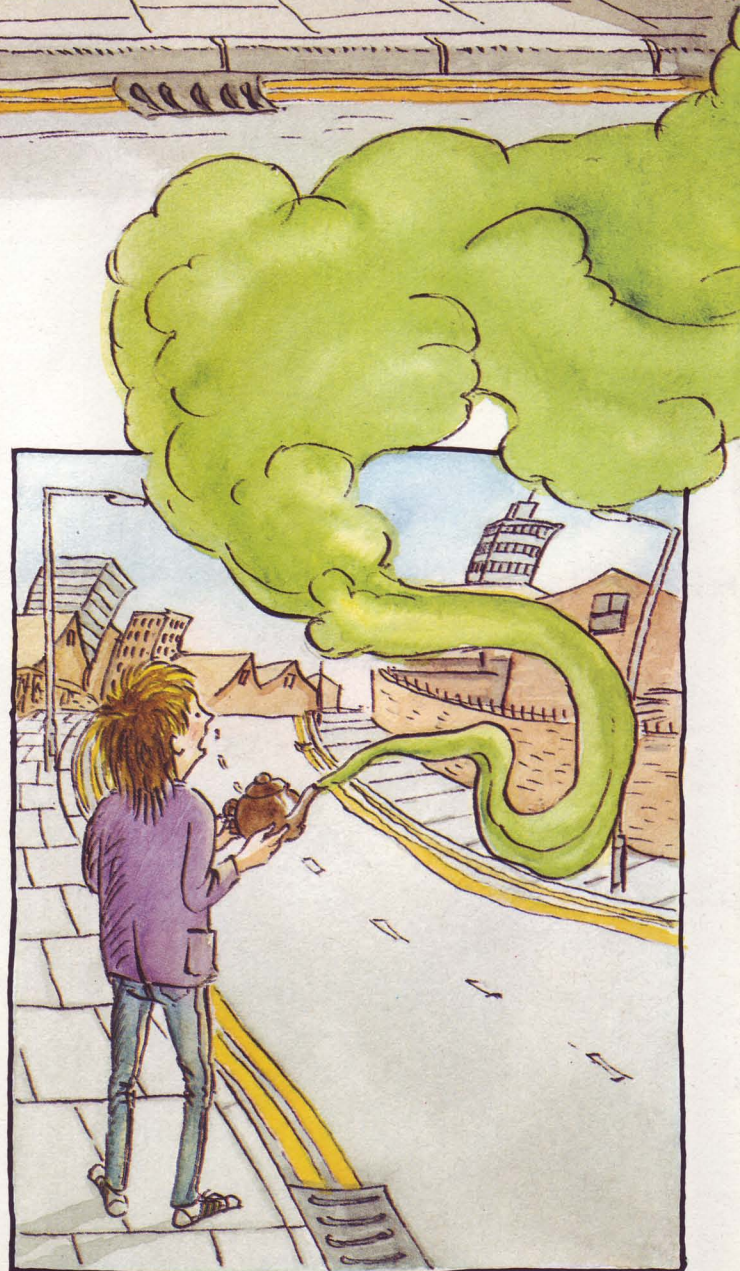
One such day, she noticed an old teapot lying in the gutter. She kicked it around for a while, then picked it up to see if she could play music on it. She had once seen someone do that on television.

She blew as hard as she could down the spout, but there was no music. She was about to try again when thick green smoke belched out of the lid and a strange looking man appeared. "I'm the genie of the teapot," he said. "I'll obey thy every wish."

Just for a moment, Brenda was not bored. "All right then! Make me into a great pop star."

"No sooner said than done, lass."

There stood Brenda, on stage at the





World Arena, playing with her band in front of fifty thousand people. The drums pounded, the guitars thrashed, and Brenda warbled into the microphone, "Di-boogie-wa-wa-aiaia!"

The crowd went wild, the stage lights danced, cameras winked, and Brenda sang all night long.

But after a few days, Brenda got bored, bored, *bored*. She blew down her teapot and told the genie, "Being a pop star is boring. I can't go anywhere without signing a zillion autographs. Take me to New York. I want to fight all the crooks, like on television."

"Thy wish is my command," said the genie, stretching his braces, and Brenda found herself in New York, chasing bank robbers.



Bullets whizzed through the air, cars skidded and crashed in an epic chase and the bad guys were finally cornered on the roof of the Empire State Building. Brenda climbed up the side of the skyscraper and captured them. Passers-by thrilled to her bravery.

But was Brenda thrilled? Well only for a few minutes. But then she was bored, bored, *bored*. She blew down the spout of her teapot and told the genie, "Being a crimebuster is boring . . . besides, I could get hurt! Now I want to be the first astronaut on Mars."

"Righto, lass," sighed the genie.

In an instant, Brenda found herself on board a spaceship. Earth was a tiny disc in the distance. The planet Mars got closer and closer. "Stand by for landing!" The ship came down through an alien sky. She landed with a jolt!

But oh! how boring, boring, *boring*! There was nothing to see, and nothing to do. Brenda connected her air hose to the teapot and blew.

"Owdo," said the genie.

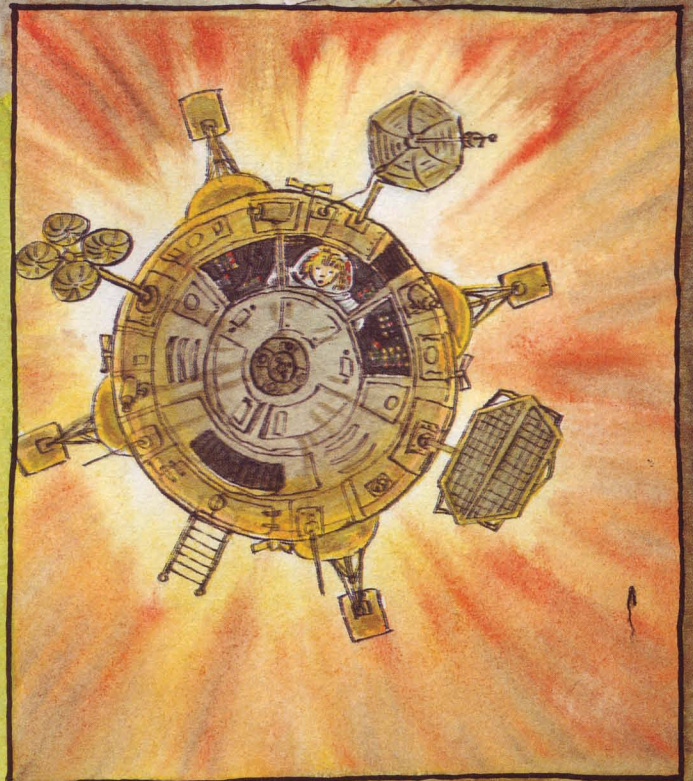
"This is *really* boring. Look at all this rock and desert! Take me back to Earth and make me captain of a pirate ship."

"Oh, 'eck!" said the genie crossly.

But in the wink of an eye, there she was, with a crew of deadly cut-throats, aboard the square-rigger *Black Parrot*.

Flying the Jolly Roger from the masthead, Brenda and the pirates plundered every ship they met. There was not a sailor alive who did not fear the name of Saucy Brenda!

At the end of each day, Brenda's cut-throats sailed home to their den with their booty, and drank the night away singing, "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of pop!" They loved every minute.





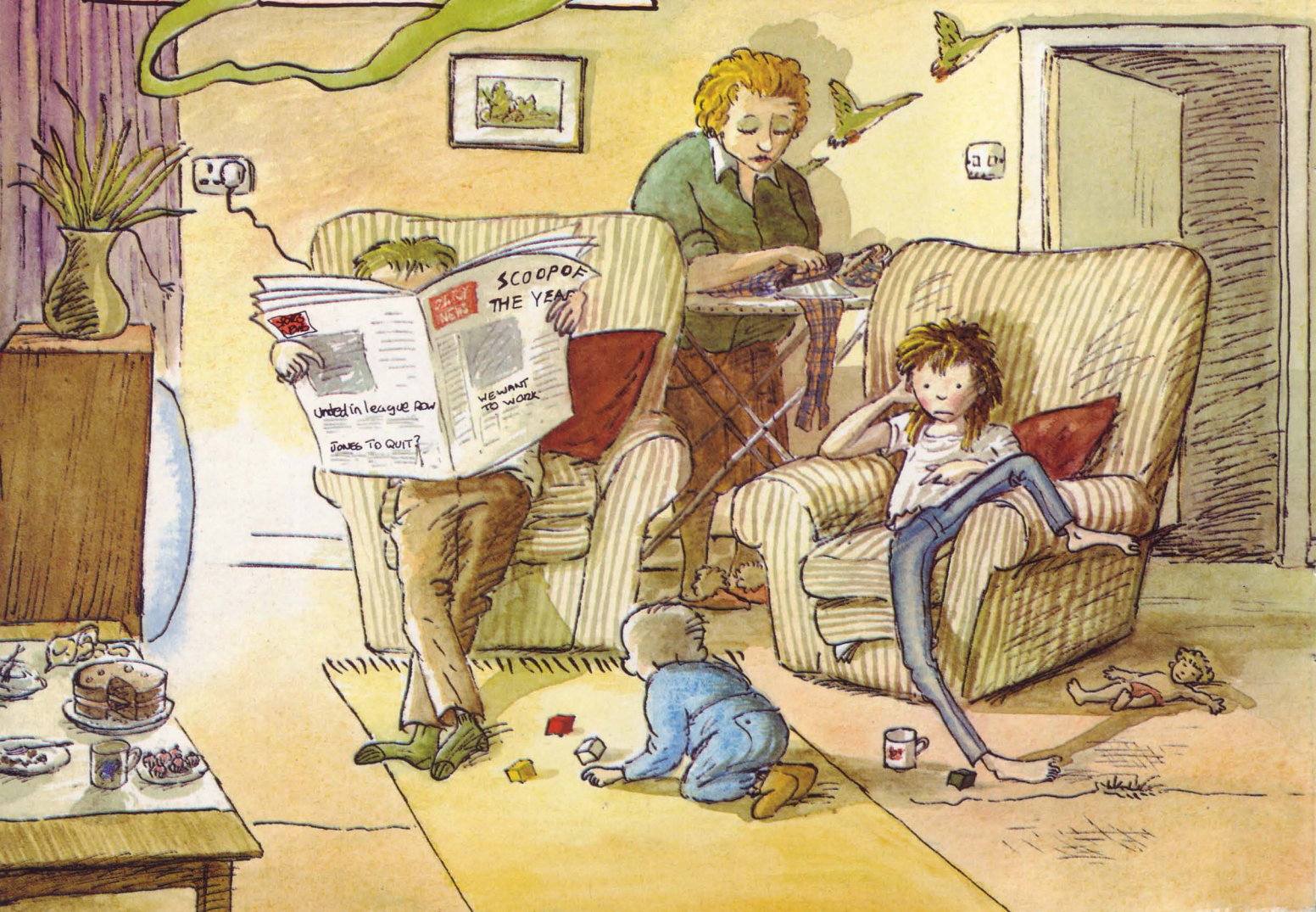


But not Brenda. She was bored, bored, *bored*. She blew down the spout of her teapot and told the genie, "Being a pirate is really, *really* boring. There's no television to watch. There's no instant coffee or sliced bread or crisps. Can you make me a genie so that I can do just what I like? It's boring to have to keep blowing down this spout."

Brenda was still complaining when the genie clapped his hands, snapped his braces, and disappeared back down the spout. "Eee, flippin' 'eck!"

Brenda found herself at home, with her mum and dad and her baby sister, in their small home on the estate.

And though there was a tray of coffee and crisps and cake beside the television, there was not a single teapot in sight.



The Swords of King Arthur



In the old world, when England was a wild and dark place, adventure and danger, good magic and evil spells were waiting everywhere.

On the day Prince Arthur was born, his father, the good King Pendragon, laid the baby in the arms of Merlin the Magician and said, "My son and I have many dangerous enemies. Take him, and hide him in the home of a good knight who will love him and bring him up to be a good and honourable man. And when he's old enough, Merlin, please help him to take his rightful place as King."

And so Arthur grew up in the home of Sir Hector, and never knew he was a prince.

Sixteen years passed, and the old King died. Then one day, in the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral, there appeared a massive, marble stone. No-one knew who had brought it there. Through the stone was a sword — sunk as deep as if a giant had driven it in. And round the base were the words, "*Whosoever draws this sword is the true King of England!*"

Everyone tried. But the strongest man in the land could not so much as move the sword. Arthur, who was only sixteen, laid his hands on the hilt — and drew out the blade as if it were a knife wedged in butter!





Only then did Merlin show himself to Arthur and to the astonished crowds. "Take the throne, Arthur, and rule wisely and well."

"But Merlin, sir, I'm only a boy! How can I be King of England?" begged Arthur.

"You are Prince Arthur, son of Pendragon. And it is written in the stars that you will be the greatest King of all!"

As soon as Arthur had been crowned, Merlin's magic and wisdom protected him. The ageless magician taught the boy the language of the animals, the healing power of herbs, and the skills of battle.

The people began to say, "Arthur may be only sixteen, but he's a good King — the best we remember — the best England has ever had."

Heroes and knights flocked to his court at Camelot. Arthur ordered a huge table to be placed in the Great Hall. There he sat and discussed the affairs of England with his knights — his Knights of the Round Table.





And because the table was round, no-one felt more important or less important than anyone else — not even the King had a place of honour. The Knights of the Round Table swore to help the weak and to drive all manner of evil out of the land.

One day, as Arthur and his men rode out from his castle, they met a young knight so badly wounded that he seemed likely to tumble off his horse. "What's this?" said Arthur. "Who did this to you, sir?"

"My name is Griflet. I come from fighting Pellinore the Giant. He's set up his tent in the river gorge, and says no-one may pass without fighting him. He's so strong, my lord King!" said the knight. "Stay away from him, I beg you!"

"No! By my sword, I won't! I'll be revenged on him for the hurt he's done you, Griflet. Men! Cover my shield and take the crown off my helmet. I'll fight Pellinore alone, and he'll never know he's fighting the King."





Riding to the river gorge, Arthur saw a pavilion ahead. Beside it grew a tree, and on one branch hung an enormous shield. Arthur banged on it with his sword. "Who goes there?" boomed a gigantic voice. Out rushed the tallest knight Arthur had ever seen, brandishing a huge lance.

"I forbid you to pass!"

"No man forbids me!" cried Arthur.

"Then we'll fight!"

Pellinore mounted and they rode at each other. Three times they charged. Three times Arthur's lance gouged into the giant's shield. But at the third charge, Arthur was flung from his horse.

He got up and drew his sword. Pellinore did the same, secretly admiring this brave, young knight whose shield bore no crest. Their swords clashed again and again.

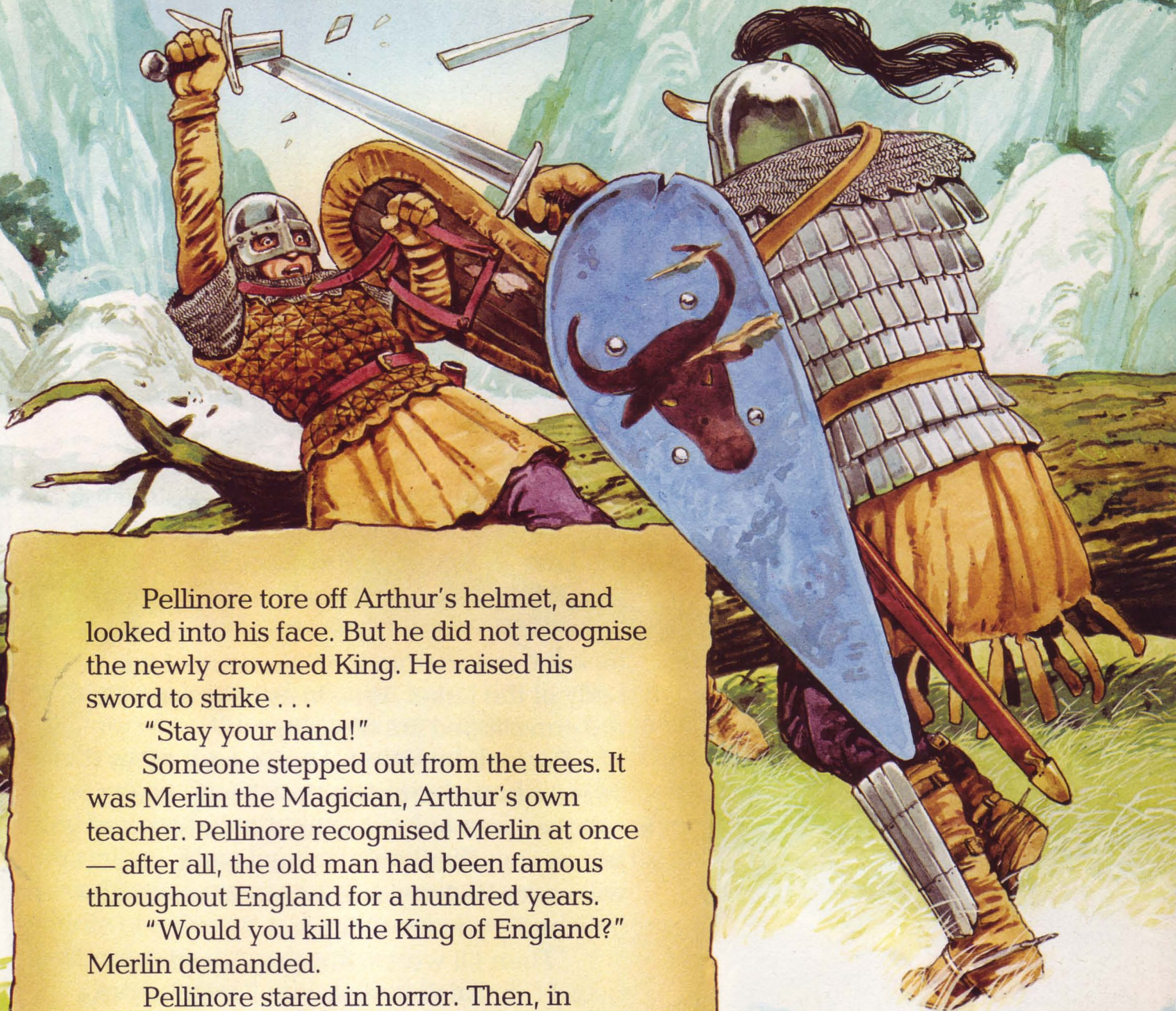
The King weakened and Pellinore drove him backwards against the stump of a tree. Arthur tripped, and as he fell, Pellinore slashed at Arthur's sword with such fury that he smashed it to pieces.

"Kneel and beg for mercy!" cried Pellinore.

"Never! I'd rather die!"

"Then die, but before I kill you, let me see your face, for you fought bravely."





Pellinore tore off Arthur's helmet, and looked into his face. But he did not recognise the newly crowned King. He raised his sword to strike . . .

"Stay your hand!"

Someone stepped out from the trees. It was Merlin the Magician, Arthur's own teacher. Pellinore recognised Merlin at once — after all, the old man had been famous throughout England for a hundred years.

"Would you kill the King of England?" Merlin demanded.

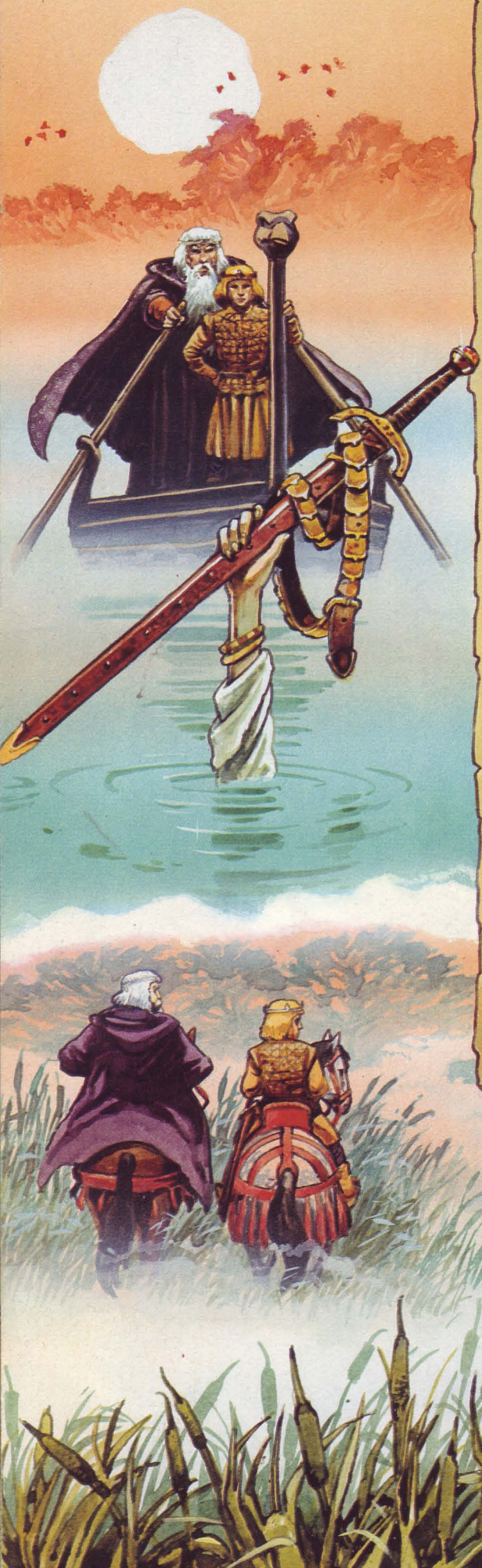
Pellinore stared in horror. Then, in desperation, he said, "If this is the King, I *must* kill him — or he will have me killed when he gets back to Camelot!"

But as Pellinore's sword began to fall, Merlin pointed a long finger at the knight. His magic struck like a thunderbolt. Pellinore dropped to the grass and lay as still as a dead man.

Arthur struggled to his feet. "You should not have killed him, Merlin. He beat me in a fair fight."

Merlin put an arm round Arthur's shoulders. "He's not dead, my boy, just sleeping. And you won't send your knights to kill him, will you?"





Arthur sighed and shook his head. "No. But oh, Merlin, the sword I pulled from the magic stone is smashed to pieces."

Merlin only smiled. "Then we had better pay a visit to the Lady of the Lake."

He led Arthur along a winding path which led to a peaceful lake. It seemed deserted. Suddenly, an arm clothed in white silk appeared out of the waters of the lake. In its hand was a sword in a scabbard, and the hilt was studded with jewels. "Whose sword is that?" whispered Arthur.

"It can be yours if you choose — though one day you must give it back to the Lady of the Lake. It is her hand you see before you."

When they had rowed out to the heart of the dark waters, Arthur leaned out and took the sword from the pale hand of the Lady of the Lake. As soon as he grasped it, the arm slipped out of sight.

Back on the shore, Merlin said, "The sword has magic power. It will help you to conquer your enemies. But the scabbard is just as wonderful. While you wear it, you will never lose one drop of blood, no matter how badly you are wounded."

"Then I'll wear it always . . . and the sword I shall call by name — Excalibur!" As Arthur and Merlin rode away together, an echo rose from the reed-fringed lake.

"Excalibur . . . *Excalibur* . . . EXCALIBUR!"

Touching Silver



There is a legend that once, long ago, when the world was very young, fish lived on the land and breathed the air as we do. Their fins were hands, and they hunched along the ground like caterpillars. They lived in great halls carved from a mountain of silver in the middle of a desert, and water was the most precious thing they knew.

One hot day a proud, greedy fish called Give-Me was crawling along a road towards the silver mountain, when he met one of the gods who walked the earth in those days. His name was Changer, because more than anything he loved to change one thing into another.

The fish called to the god and said, "Grant me a wish, O great one. Let it be that everything I touch will run to water in my hands, and be mine."

Changer laughed and said, "Truly?"

And the fish whose name was Give-Me quickly replied, "Truly." And it was so.

The fish reached out to touch a rock

by the roadside, and the rock changed and ran to water in the fish's hand, and was his. The fish laughed, and said, "Truly, O Changer, this is a great gift. It will make me great so that all fish will know me by my name and look up to me."





And there was a smile on his face. Then the fish whose name was Give-Me reached out to touch the silver throne of his people and claim it as his own. But as he touched it, it changed and ran to water in his hand.

And because the throne was carved from the silver of the mountain, and still a part of it, all the mountain changed and ran to water. The fish felt the floor melting beneath them and looked up to see the roof falling, in a great rush of water. And as they choked and struggled in the flood, they shouted at the fish called Give-Me, and called him a fool. And Changer, who

Then the fish went back to the silver halls of his people. And on his way he touched many things and they all changed and ran to water in his hand.

Coming into the great hall, the fish stood before his people and cried, "See what a great gift Changer has given me! All things I touch turn to water in my hands and are mine. Am I not the greatest among you and the chief of all the fish?"

And the fish cried, "Truly!"

But Changer, who had followed the fish into the hall, muttered, "Truly?"





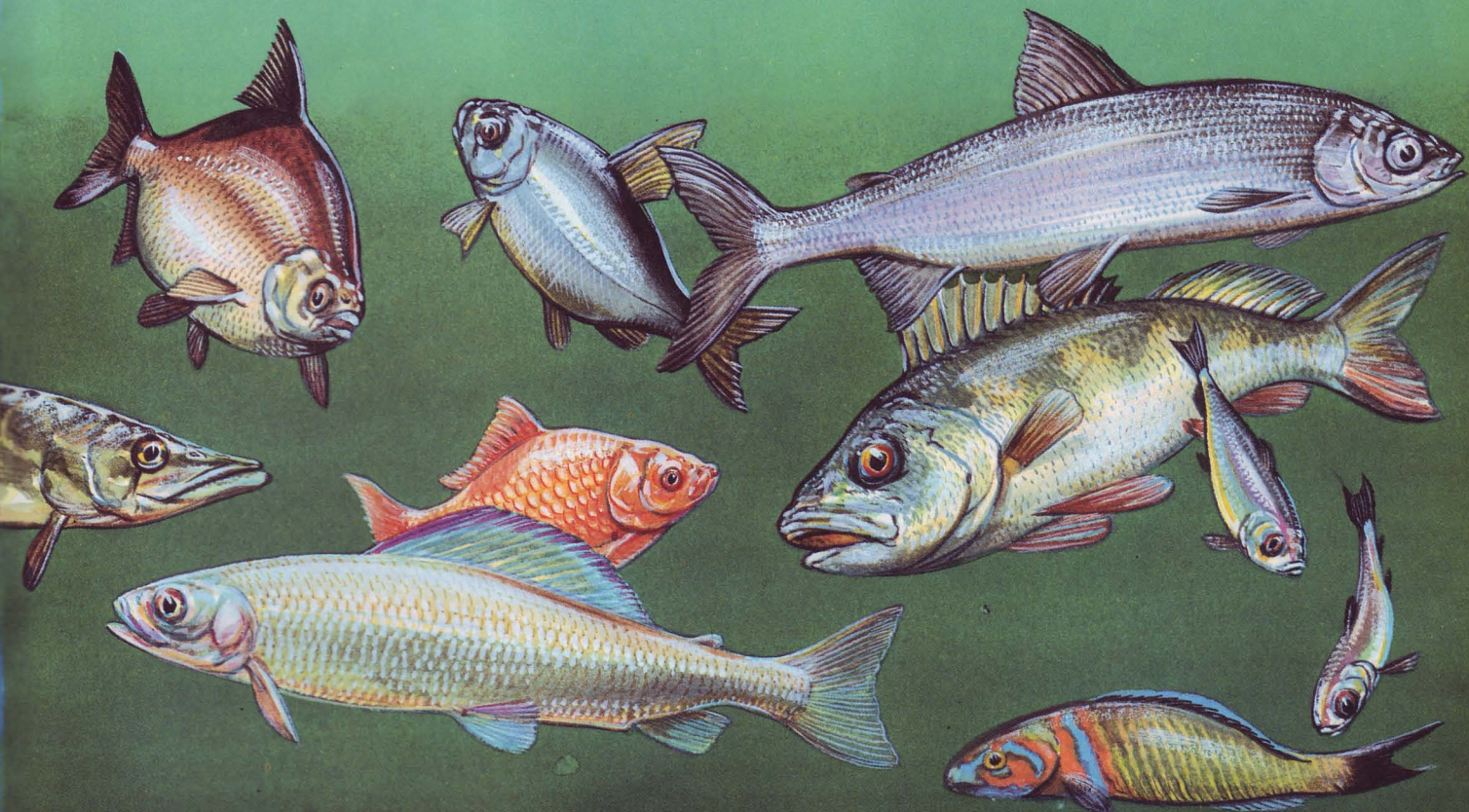
was watching, smiled and said, "Truly."

But he felt sorry for them, so he reached out his hand and touched the fish called Give-Me, and said, "As you have changed the mountain and the throne, so you must also be changed — you and all your people."

Then Changer touched all the fish,

and as they changed in his hand, so their sides and their backs and their bellies turned to silver. Now they could live in the water, without having to breathe air, and follow the water down to the sea.

And so they have been ever since, and so they are now. But it was not always so.

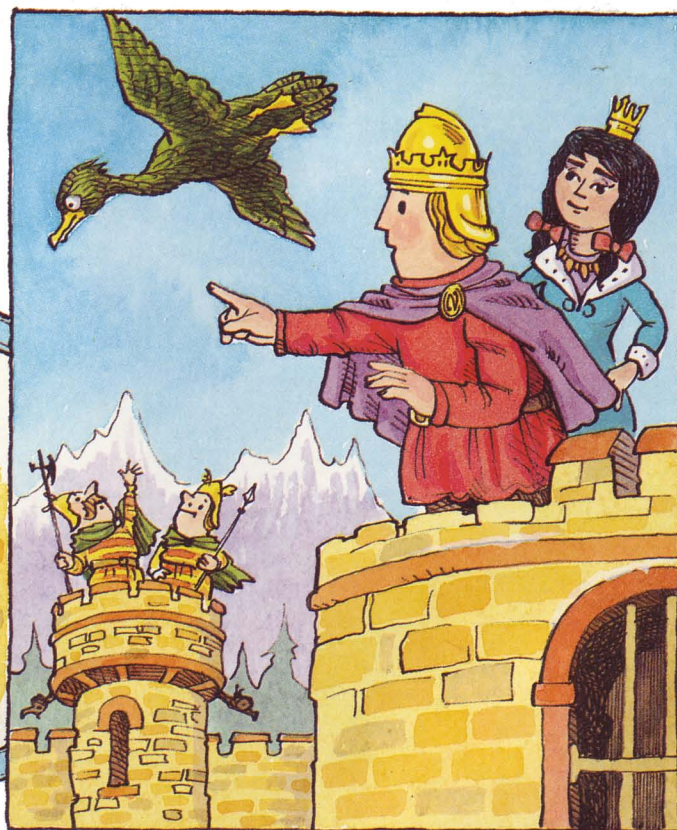
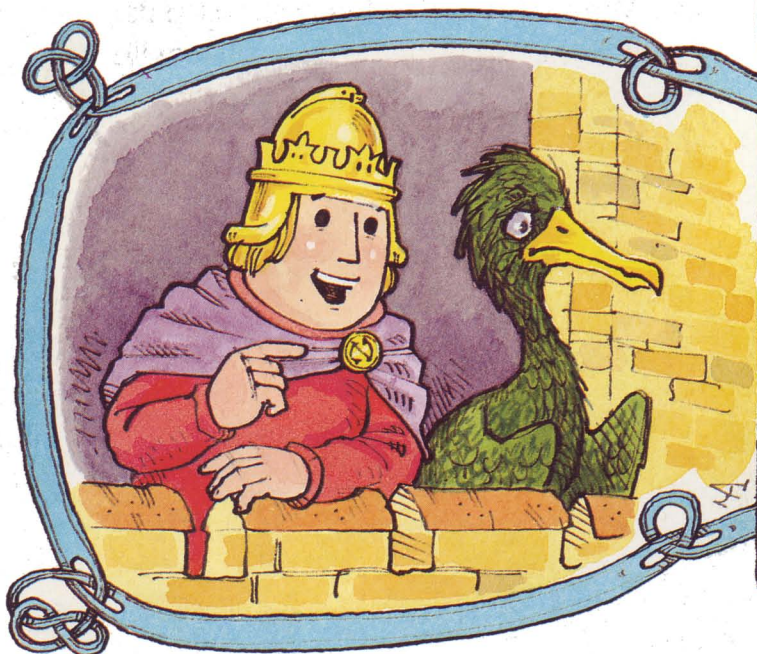


Listen, I will tell you a tale. Be still and I will tell you of Noggin, Prince of the Nogs, the young king who ruled over a land of mountains, ice and snow in the far north.

Noggin and the Birds



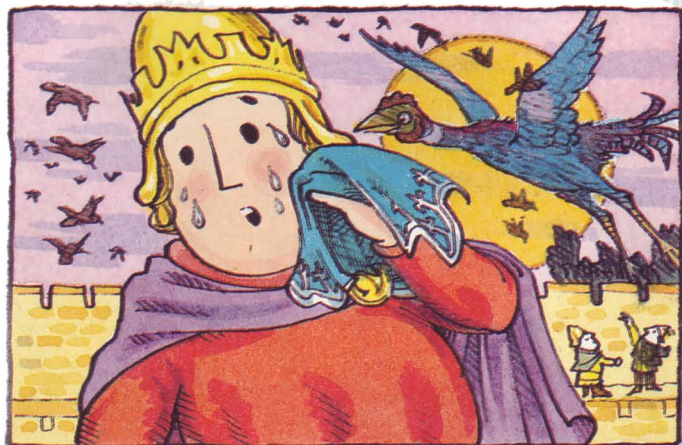
It was a cold winter. The snow had fallen early. The Nogs had gathered their corn and their fruit and wood for their fires, and now, warm in their houses, they were safe for the winter.



Noggin the Nog looked out from his castle. He spoke to Graculus, the great green bird who was his friend. "Graculus," he said, "the birds on that branch are cold and hungry. They should be fed and warmed."

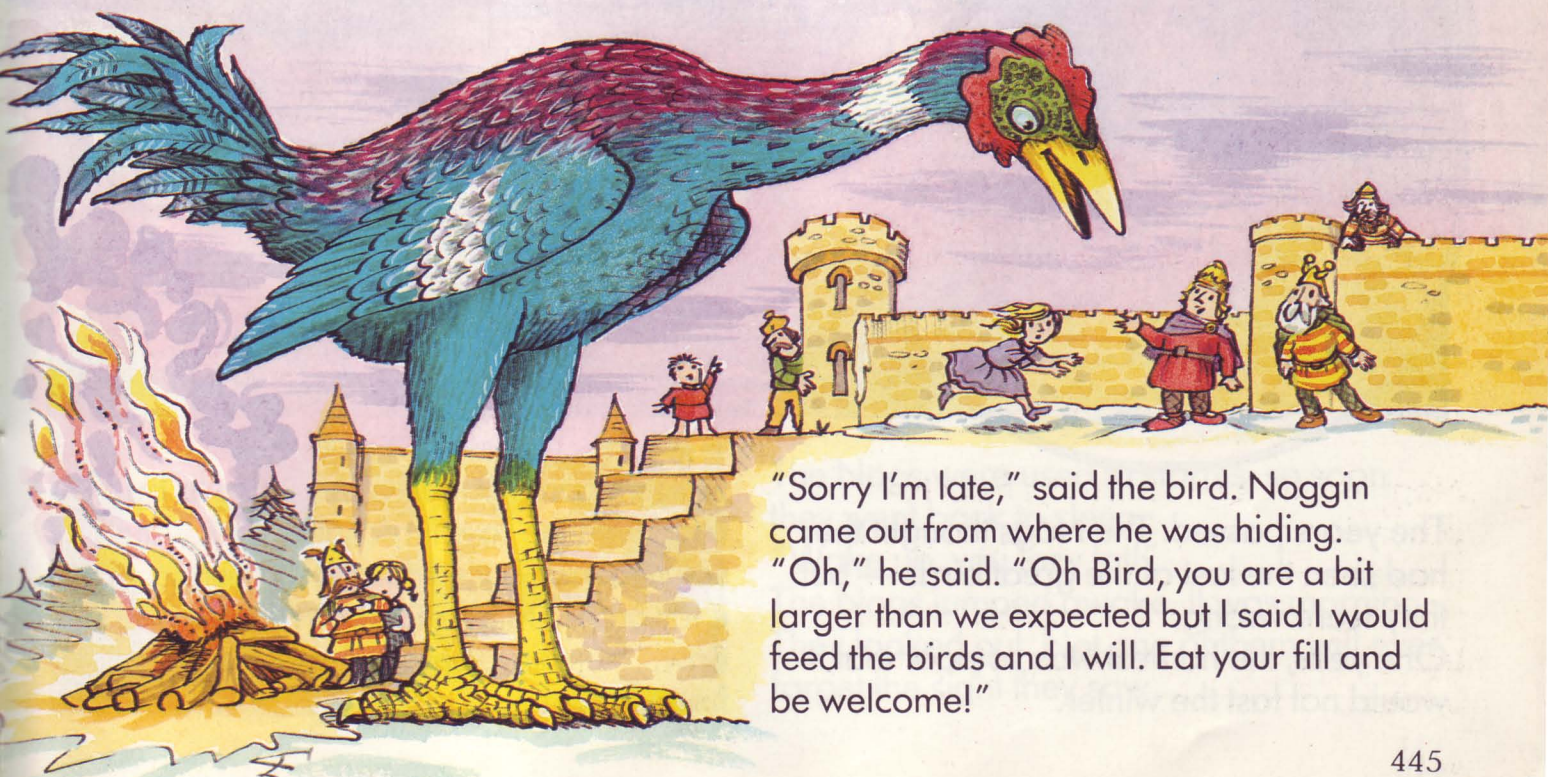
"You speak kind words, Noggin," replied Graculus, "but kind words will not feed birds."
"All right, don't rush me," said Noggin. "Go forth and tell every bird in my kingdom that I will feed them today." Graculus flew away.

That was the hardest day's work that Noggin and his warriors had ever done. All day the bonfire in the courtyard blazed; all day the Nogs threw corn, and all day the birds came fluttering down like twittering, many-coloured snowflakes, to eat their fill and be warmed.

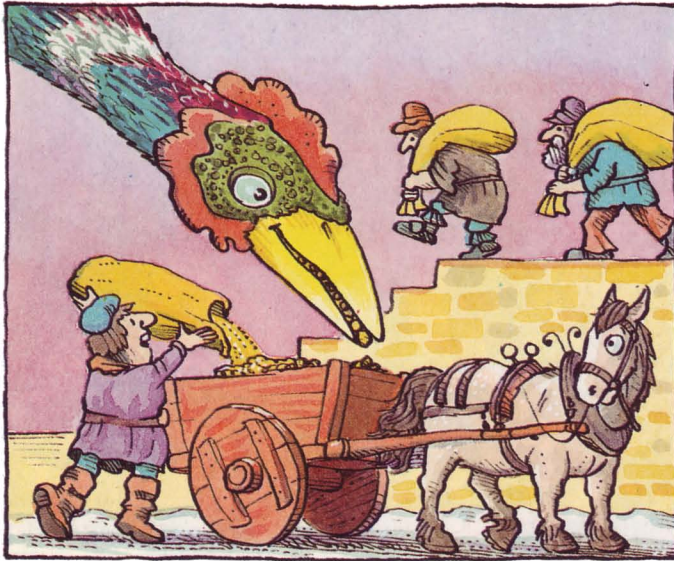


As dusk began to fall it seemed that all were fed and warmed. The last birds were flying to their nests. "That's that, then," said Noggin, mopping his brow. But, even as he spoke, a dark shadow passed across the setting sun. Another bird was landing.

It was a blue, red and white bird with a yellow beak. Its legs were thick as trees. When it stood in the courtyard its head was higher than the highest castle tower. And when it spread its wings it hid the sky.



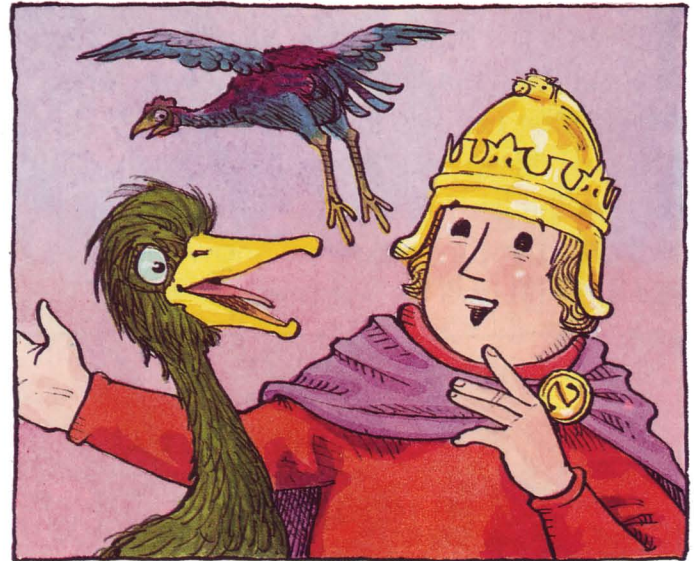
"Sorry I'm late," said the bird. Noggin came out from where he was hiding. "Oh," he said. "Oh Bird, you are a bit larger than we expected but I said I would feed the birds and I will. Eat your fill and be welcome!"



The bird ate eighteen sacks of corn, seven sacks of seed and a small cartload of dried peas. Then it drank the fountain dry and spoke.

"Thank you, that was good," it said.

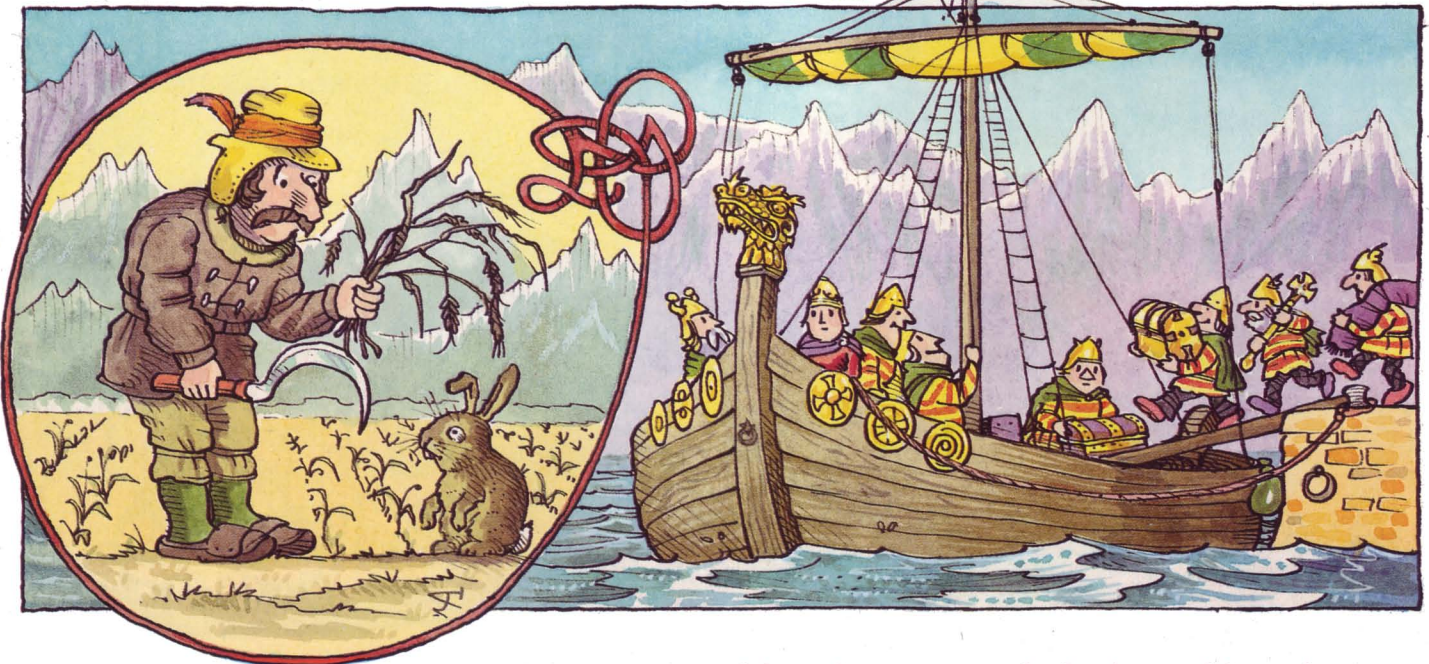
"Maybe I'll be able to do the same for you one day . . . goodbye!"



"What sort of bird was that?" asked Noggin as it flew away.

"That was a Lesser Orp," replied Graculus.

"A Lesser Orp!" laughed Noggin. "Let's be thankful the Greater Orp did not come!"



The years passed. The Nogs thought they had seen the last of the great birds — but they were wrong.

One year, the harvest was so poor that it would not last the winter.

Noggin commanded a long ship to be filled with the royal treasure. They would sail it to the Southland and exchange it for corn and potatoes. "We must go now," he said, "before the winter cold freezes the sea."

So they sailed to the Southland and exchanged their treasure. The Southland was rich but its merchants were mean, and all they got for their treasure was half a boatload of corn and potatoes. But even so, the journey back was hard. The boat was heavy to row, no wind came to fill the sail and every day the weather grew colder.



Suddenly the boat lurched and rocked. "Hold tight!" cried Noggin. "A storm!" It was an odd storm, because although the boat pitched and rolled, and although the wind whistled, there was no sound of waves.



One evening Noggin noticed thin plates of ice forming on the sea. He would have liked to row on but the men were too tired. They rolled into their blankets and slept.

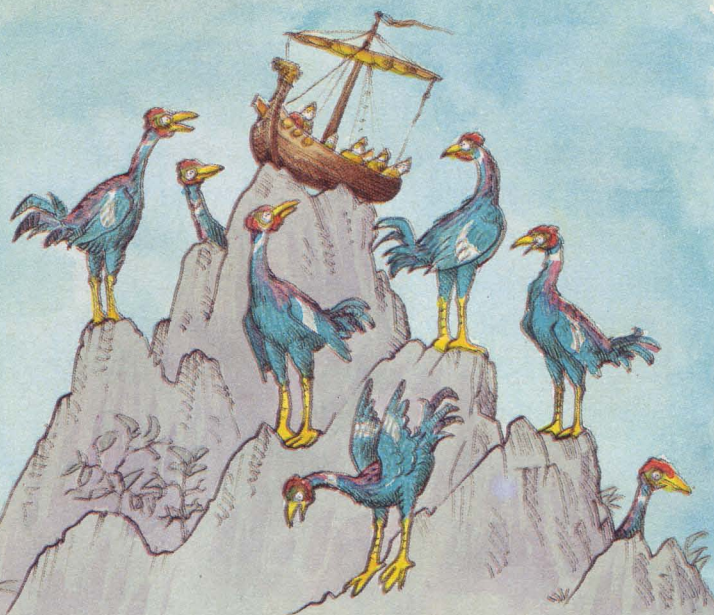


The Nogs were used to storms, so soon they went back to sleep. "Wake up, you lazy lot!" The Nogs jumped awake. It was morning. They looked out. Not one of them will ever forget the sight they saw.

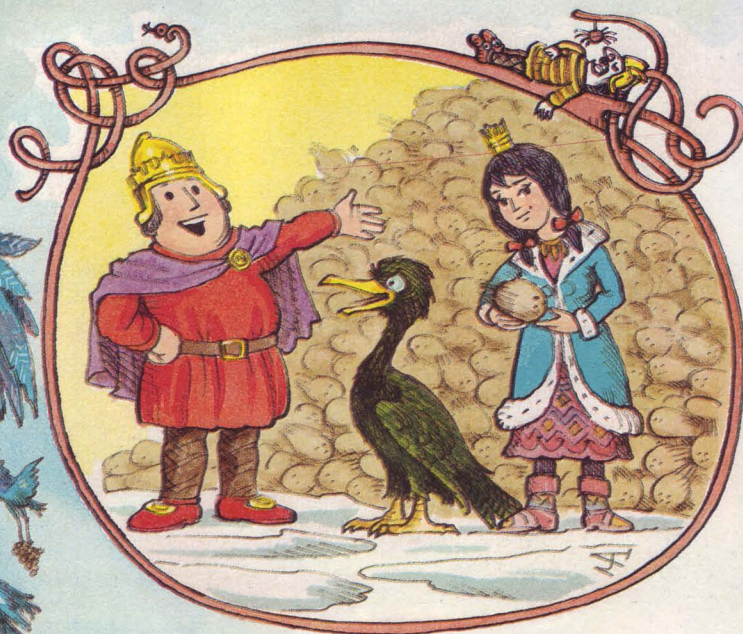
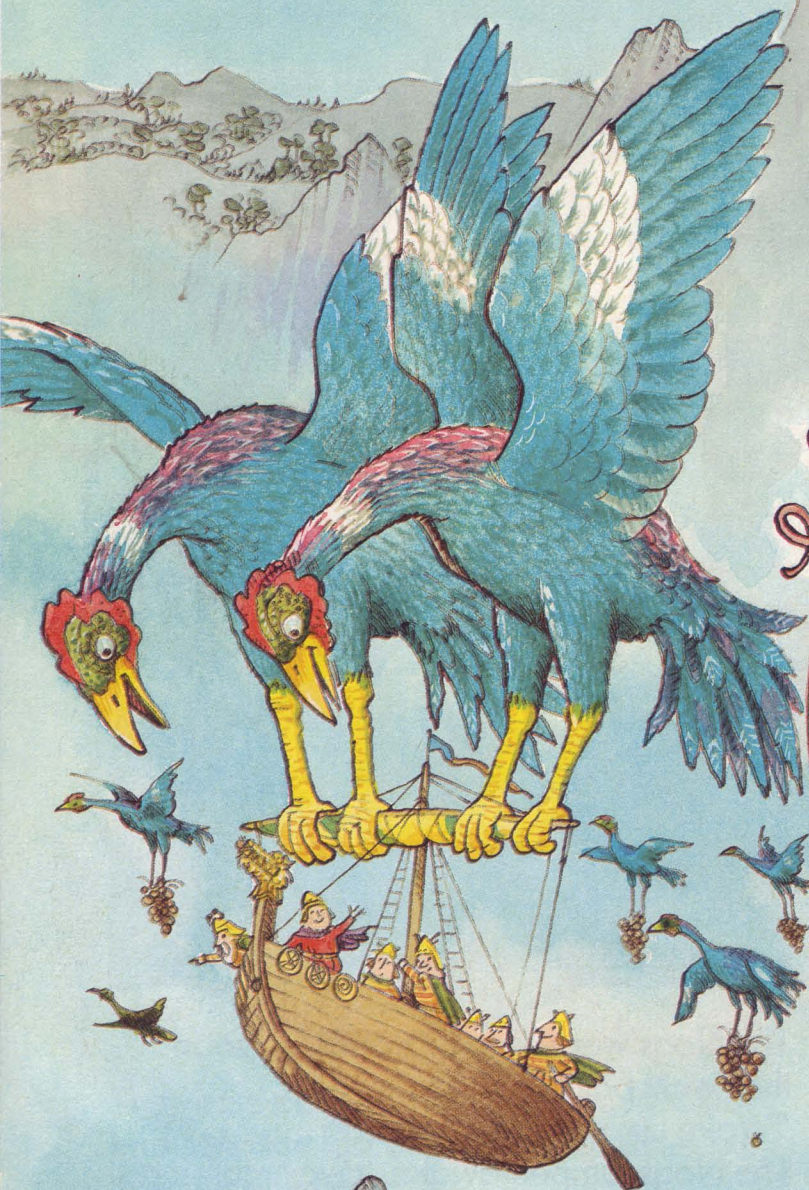
There was no sea!

The boat was perched on top of a mountain and all around them stood the Lesser Orps.

"Greetings, Noggin the Nog," said one of them. "We had to lift you from the sea before it froze and crushed your little boat. Years ago I came to your castle when I was cold and hungry. You fed me and warmed me, though I ate more than all the birds of your kingdom put together. Eat now and then we will take you home."



The birds gave the Nogs some huge hairy nuts to eat. They were delicious. Then two of them lifted the boat by the mast and flew with it to Noggin's castle. Behind them came a line of Lesser Orps, each one carrying a big bunch of the nuts which it dropped into the courtyard.



Graculus looked at the mountain of nuts. "That should certainly last us through the winter!" he said.

"And several winters to come by the look of it!" said Noggin the Nog. "Goodbye Birds, and thank you. Goodbye!"

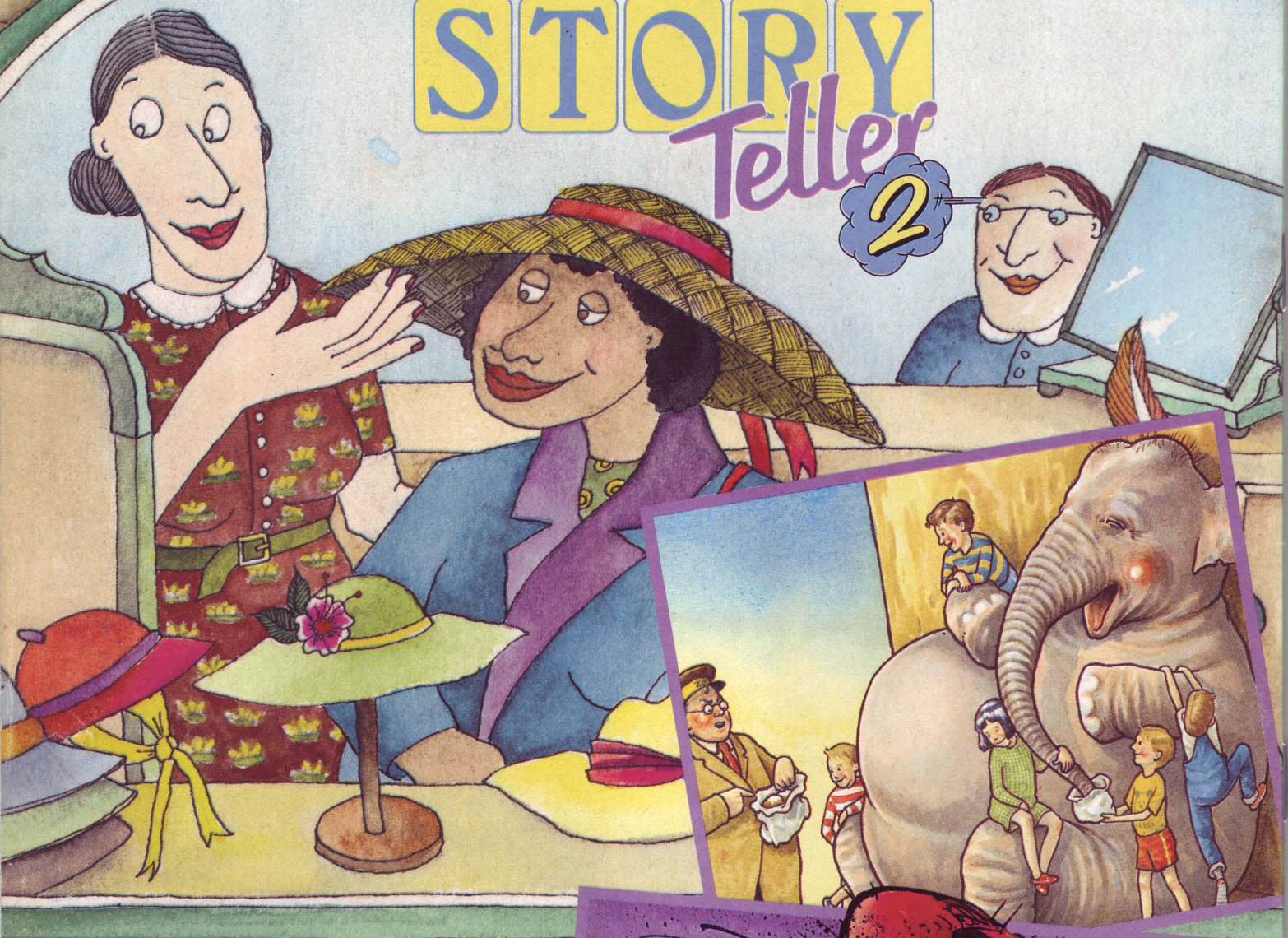


Goblin Market

Morning and evening,
Maids heard the goblins cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches.
Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries; —
All ripe together
In summer weather —
Morns that pass by,
Fair eaves that fly;
Come buy, come buy:
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare peaches and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try:
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy."

IN PART 17 OF

STORY Teller 2



TOO MANY BUNS FOR ROSIE
give the zoo-keeper a sticky problem

When it rains on **SHUBIKI'S HAT**
romance and adventure blossom

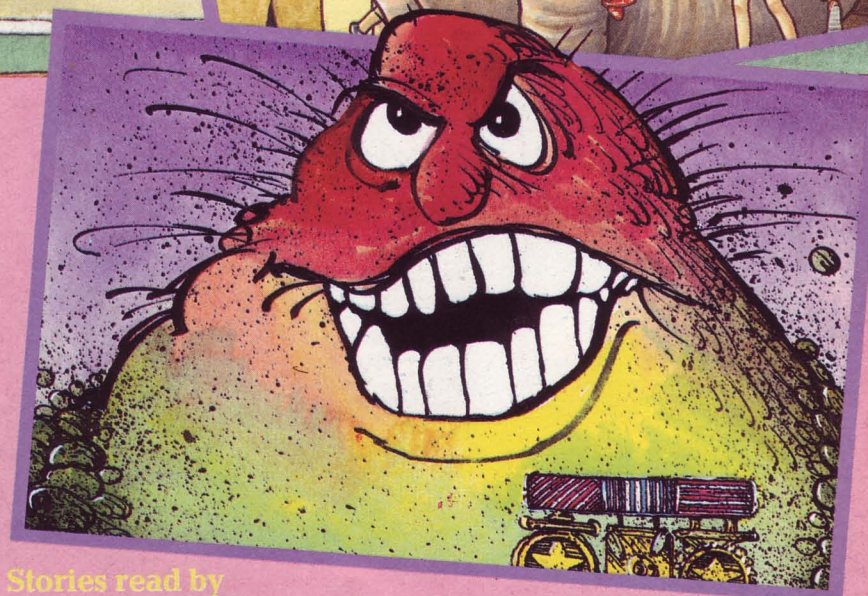
CLASSIC SERIAL Wendy and **PETER PAN**
quarrel in the Neverland

LONGTOOTH'S TALE is one of
Viking plunder!

BIG RED HEAD'S got a fiery temper,
even for a volcano

PLUS

THE TREE THAT SANG
THE MOON



Stories read by

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EVA HADDON