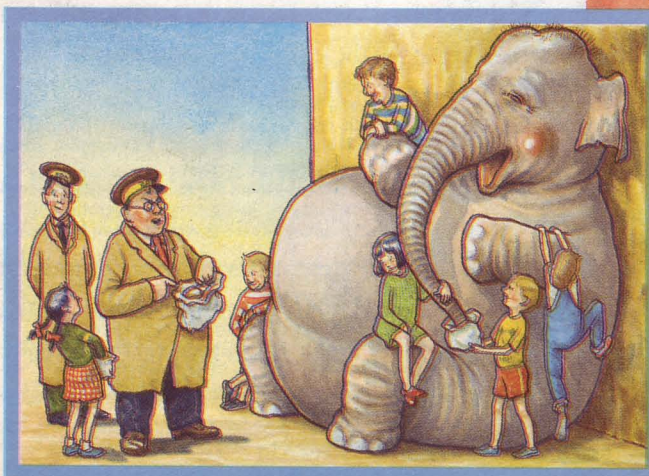




PART 17

STORY Teller 2

A second collection of the
world's best children's stories



A Marshall Cavendish Publication

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STORY Teller 2

CONTENTS PART 17

Longtooth's Tale.....449

The first episode of a two-part story about a walrus — and Viking adventure on the high seas! It is written by Nicholas Ford.

Shubiki's Hat.....455

Susan Moxley both wrote and illustrated this happy history of a herbaceous hat, and the girl who wore it.

Big Red Head.....460

A zany new two-part serial written specially for STORY TELLER by Korky Paul. This tale of a boy, his aunt and a mad mountain is illustrated by the author.

The Tree that Sang.....464

From Chaz Brenchley, author of *The Horn Flute* and *Touching Silver*, comes a confrontation between a wizard and a troll.

Too Many Buns for Rosie.....468

Biscuits and buns spell disaster for jumbo-sized Rosie who eats because she is unhappy. Mel Knights tells the touching story of an elephant with a weight problem.

Peter Pan.....471

First published by Hodder & Stoughton Ltd. The book, from which this adaptation is made, is part of the Peter Pan gift, and Sir James Barrie's royalties go to help The Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children in London, to whom Sir James bequeathed the copyright of Peter Pan.

The Moon.....inside cover

Robert Louis Stevenson's atmospheric night-time poem, which was first published in *A Child's Garden of Verses*.

THE BOOK

Editor: **Eden Phillips**

Art Editor: **Andrew Sutterby**

Editorial Staff: **Brenda Marshall,**

Geraldine Jones, Tessa Paul,

Alice Peebles, Jane Edmonds,

Marie-Pierre Moine & Lucy Stothert

Art Staff: **Paul Morgan,**

Kim Whybrow & Jervis Tuttell

Illustrators

Longtooth's Tale: **Jeremy Ford**

Shubiki's Hat: **Susan Moxley**

Big Red Head: **Korky Paul**

The Tree that Sang: **John Lupton**

Too Many Buns for Rosie: **Rowan Clifford**

Peter Pan: **Francis Philipps**

The Moon: **Adam Sands**

THE TAPE

Recorded at The Barge Studios,

Little Venice, London:

Produced & Directed by **Joa Reinelt**

Engineered by **John Rowland &**

Jill Landskroner

A Creative Radio Production

Readers

Longtooth's Tale: **Steven Pacey**

Shubiki's Hat: **Eva Haddon**

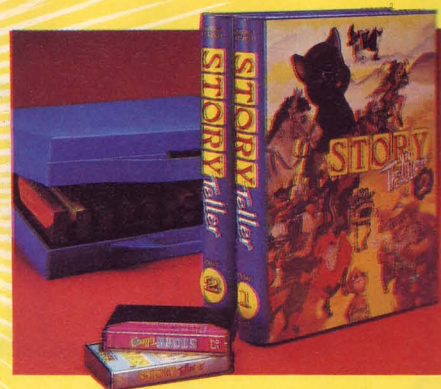
Big Red Head: **Ruth Madoc**

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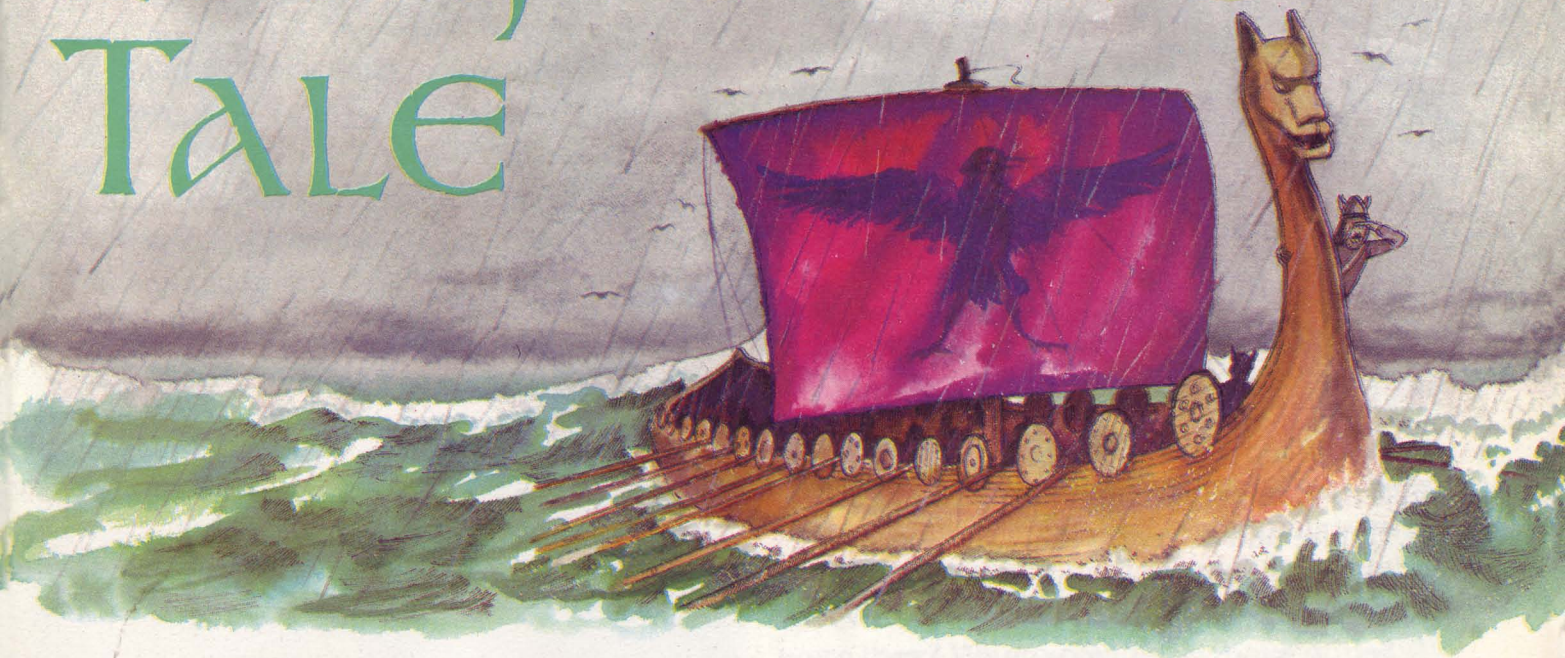
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LONGTOOTH'S TALE



A long, long time ago, a broad-sailed longship was struggling through the cold, grey North Sea that lies between Norway and Scotland. It was a wooden ship, with the bow carved like a dragon's head, and a huge red sail on the mast with a great black raven painted on it. The people in the ship were Vikings, seafaring folk who liked to sail here and there, always on the look-out for what they could steal.

Sometimes going on a Viking adventure was fun, and other times it was not. On the day when this story started, nobody in the ship was having much fun at all. As soon as they were at sea, a fierce wind began to blow, and it started to rain. Then a thick white fog came down, so they could hardly see the oars in their hands, let alone where they were going.

All the Viking crew just sat and grumbled — all, that is, except the cabin-boy, Niall, who had climbed up the mast to keep a look-out for rocks. Their captain, old Ulrik,

was trying to hide under a rowing-boat. "Aach, I'm sick of this job," he mumbled miserably. "How on earth am I going to get this horrid Viking crew all the way to Scotland in this weather?"

The ship ploughed ahead through the gruelling storm and rough sea.





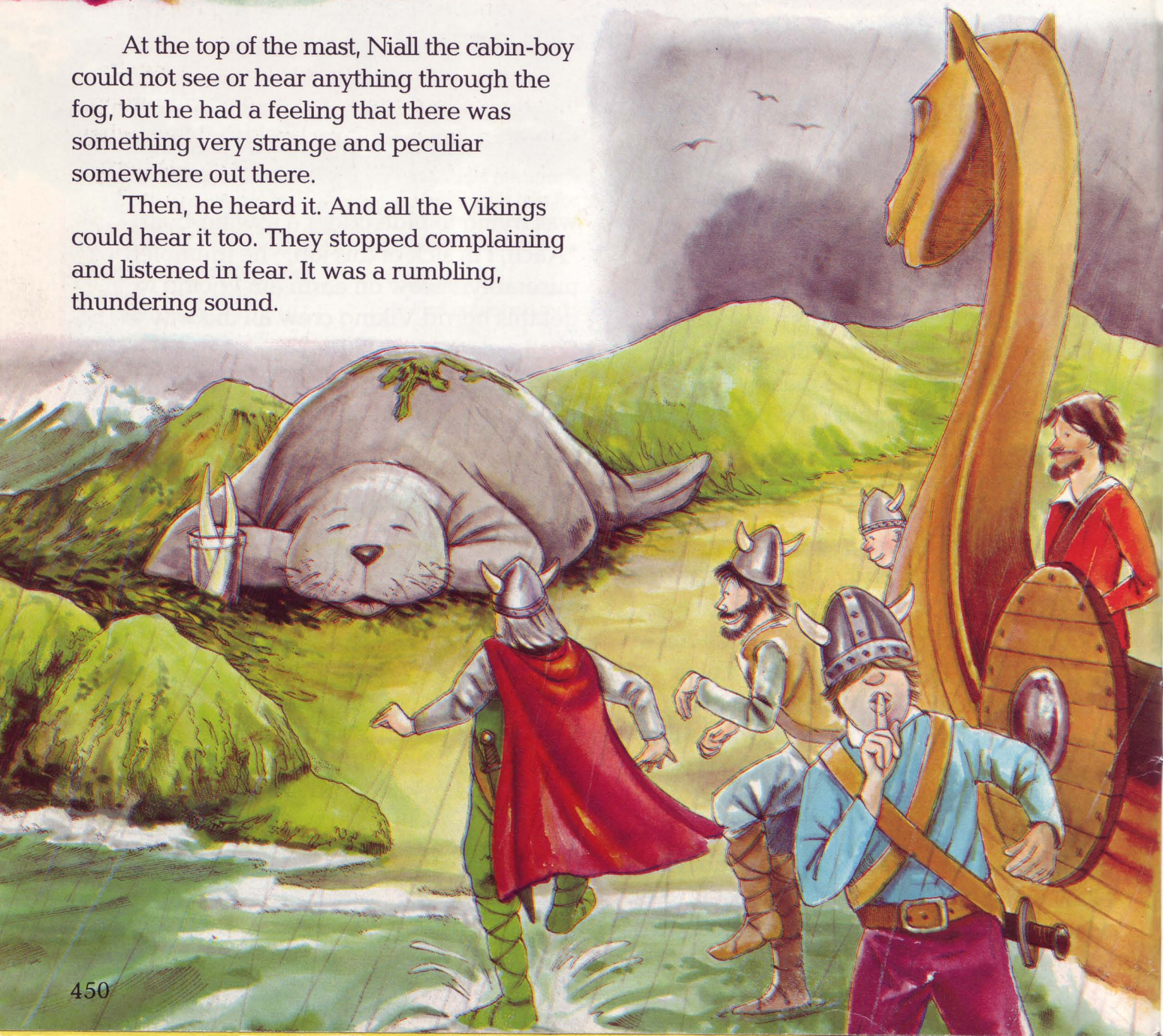
Whatever it was, it was just ahead of them and was getting closer every minute. "Ahoy, Niall!" shouted Captain Ulrik peering out of his hiding-place. "Can you see anything from up there?"

"I don't think so," Niall shouted back. "Yes, wait! Yes, I can! It's huge, and grey, and . . . it's a *sea monster!*"

The Vikings steered their ship towards the rocks on which the monster lay. Captain Ulrik crept down the ship's gangway and on to the rocks.

At the top of the mast, Niall the cabin-boy could not see or hear anything through the fog, but he had a feeling that there was something very strange and peculiar somewhere out there.

Then, he heard it. And all the Vikings could hear it too. They stopped complaining and listened in fear. It was a rumbling, thundering sound.





"We'll take them away before he wakes up," said the Captain. "They're worth a fortune — I've never seen tusks as big as these before. We're all going to be rich!"

"We're all going to be rich!" chorused the Vikings, dancing up and down. "Hooray!" So the crew cheerfully carried off the walrus's tusks, glass and all, climbed back into the ship and rowed off as quickly as they could.

The walrus rolled over dreamily on his rock, opened his eyes, yawned, and stretched his flippers.

"What a pleasant, refreshing nap," he said to himself.

It was not until he was properly awake that he realised there was something wrong, something missing from his rock. Now, what was wrong? What was it? His teeth! Where were they? Where could they have gone?

"What is it?" the crew asked nervously, wondering if it was going to eat their captain.

"It's a walrus!" Ulrik replied. "The biggest walrus I've ever seen. Come and look. But be as quiet as you can — it's still asleep. That noise is the creature snoring."

One by one, the Vikings stepped on to the rock and stood round the sleeping walrus. Then they noticed a huge glass of water standing beside the walrus, and inside the glass of water, gleaming like pearls, only much, much bigger, were the walrus's tusks. They were very long, very white, and very valuable. They are a kind of ivory, and you can carve them into all sorts of precious and beautiful things — though walruses only use them to eat with.

"He must have put them in a glass while he was taking a nap," said Niall.





the world. It is also one of the loudest — louder even than the sound of a walrus snoring. The walrus's relations heard it, and hurried towards the rock to see what was happening. The Vikings heard it too, even though they were miles away. They rowed faster to get away from the sound before it made them feel sorry for what they had done.

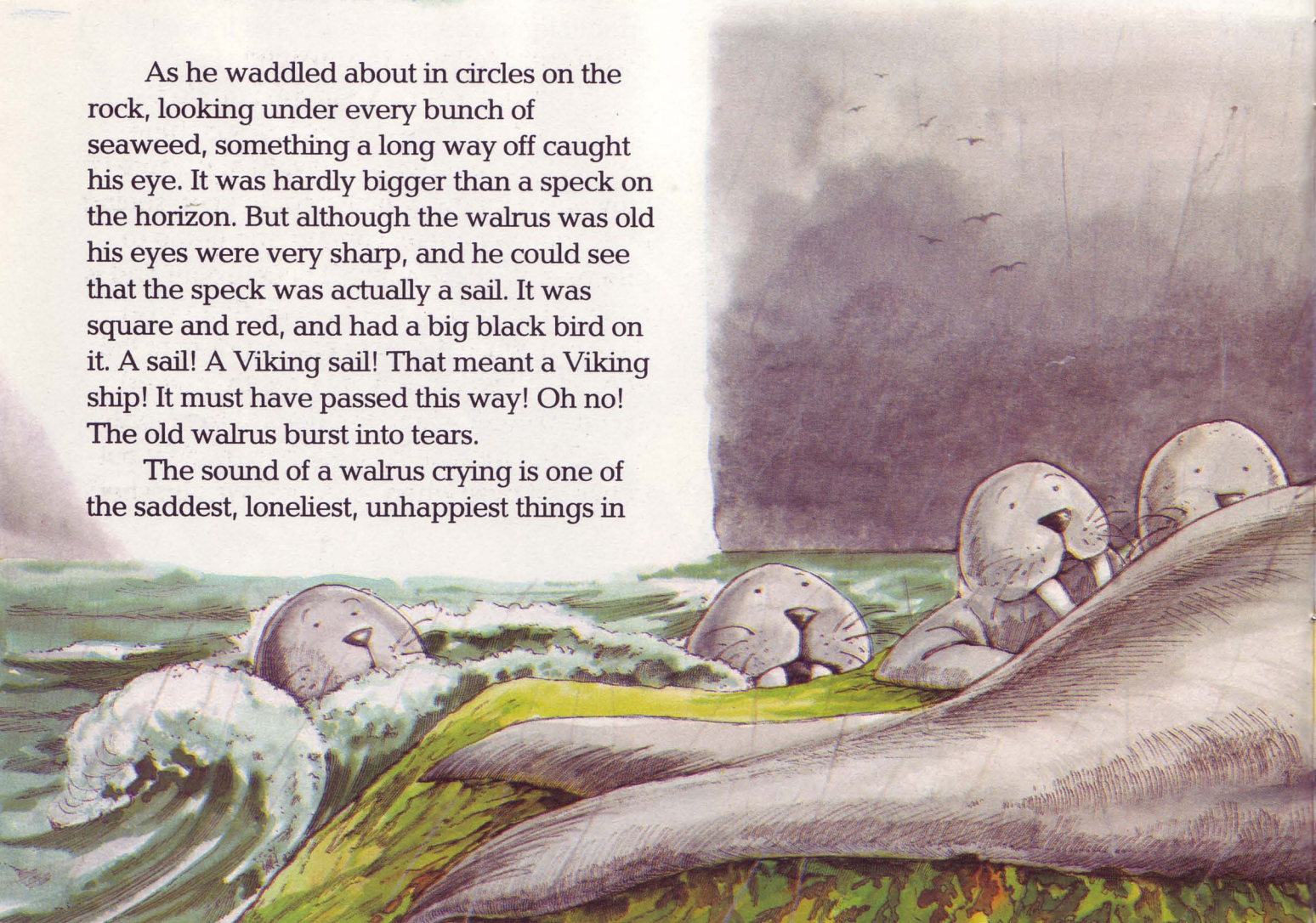
"Why, Grandfather Longtooth, whatever is the matter?" asked the walruses who had swum up to his rock.

"They've stolen my teeth," sobbed Longtooth. "Those horrible Vikings. They sailed up in their ship while I was asleep and took them away." And once more Longtooth started to cry.

The walruses all shook their heads, trying to think of something that would help. At last, one young walrus said hopefully,

As he waddled about in circles on the rock, looking under every bunch of seaweed, something a long way off caught his eye. It was hardly bigger than a speck on the horizon. But although the walrus was old his eyes were very sharp, and he could see that the speck was actually a sail. It was square and red, and had a big black bird on it. A sail! A Viking sail! That meant a Viking ship! It must have passed this way! Oh no! The old walrus burst into tears.

The sound of a walrus crying is one of the saddest, loneliest, unhappiest things in



"You could go and see the oldest, biggest, wisest walrus of us all. Perhaps he'd know what to do."

"But that's me," sniffed Longtooth. "I *am* the oldest, biggest, wisest walrus of us all — and I *don't* know what to do!" And he began sobbing again.

"Never mind, Grandfather Longtooth," they all said. "We expect you'll think of something sooner or later." And with that, they swam off again and left Longtooth alone on his rock.

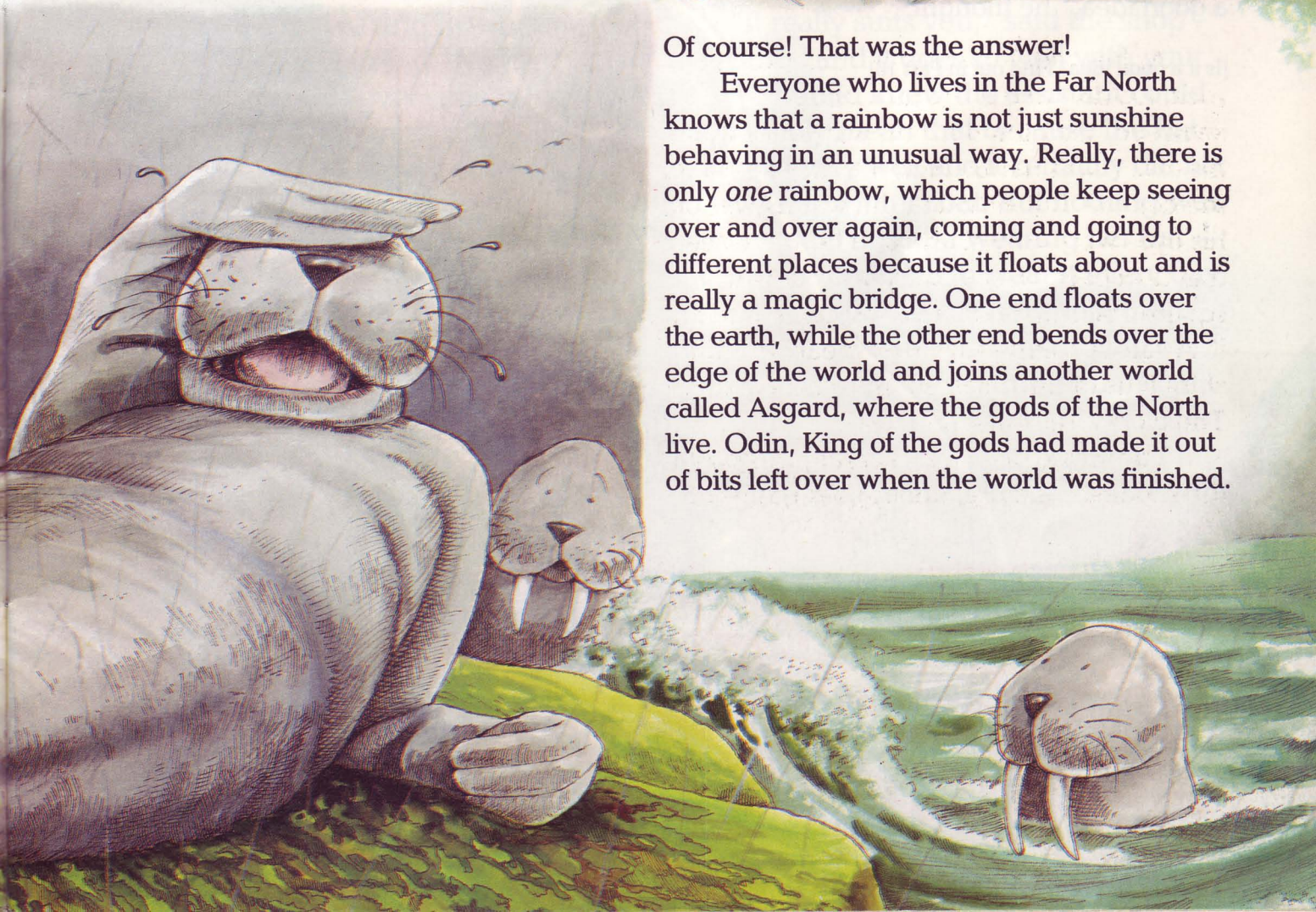
Longtooth sat sadly in the rain, staring miserably out to sea. What was he to do?

After a long time, the sky grew brighter and the sun began to shine. Colours grew out of the air. A big half-circle of red, orange, green, blue, indigo and violet appeared. A rainbow! The walrus's face lit up. A rainbow!



Of course! That was the answer!

Everyone who lives in the Far North knows that a rainbow is not just sunshine behaving in an unusual way. Really, there is only *one* rainbow, which people keep seeing over and over again, coming and going to different places because it floats about and is really a magic bridge. One end floats over the earth, while the other end bends over the edge of the world and joins another world called Asgard, where the gods of the North live. Odin, King of the gods had made it out of bits left over when the world was finished.

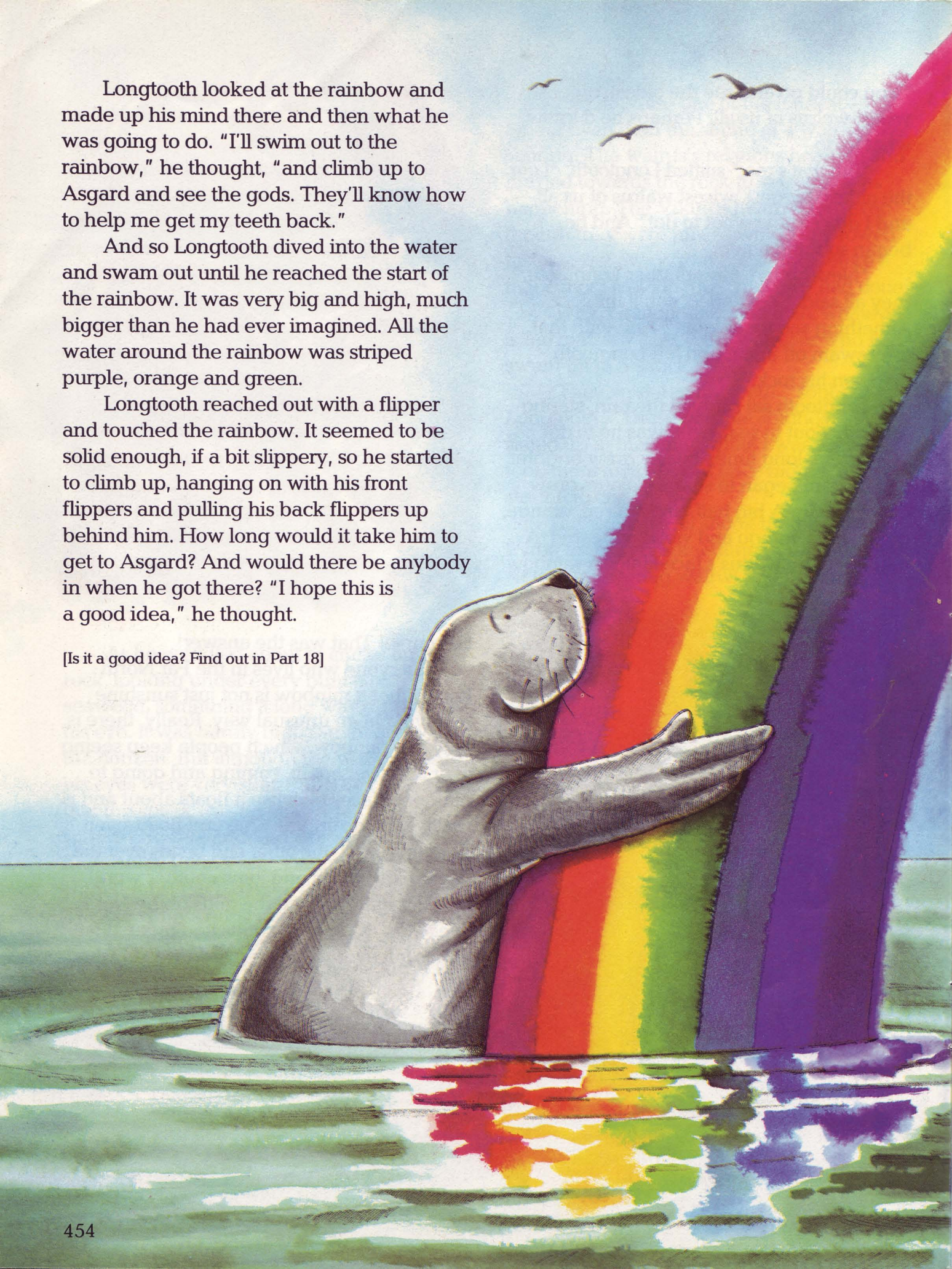


Longtooth looked at the rainbow and made up his mind there and then what he was going to do. "I'll swim out to the rainbow," he thought, "and climb up to Asgard and see the gods. They'll know how to help me get my teeth back."

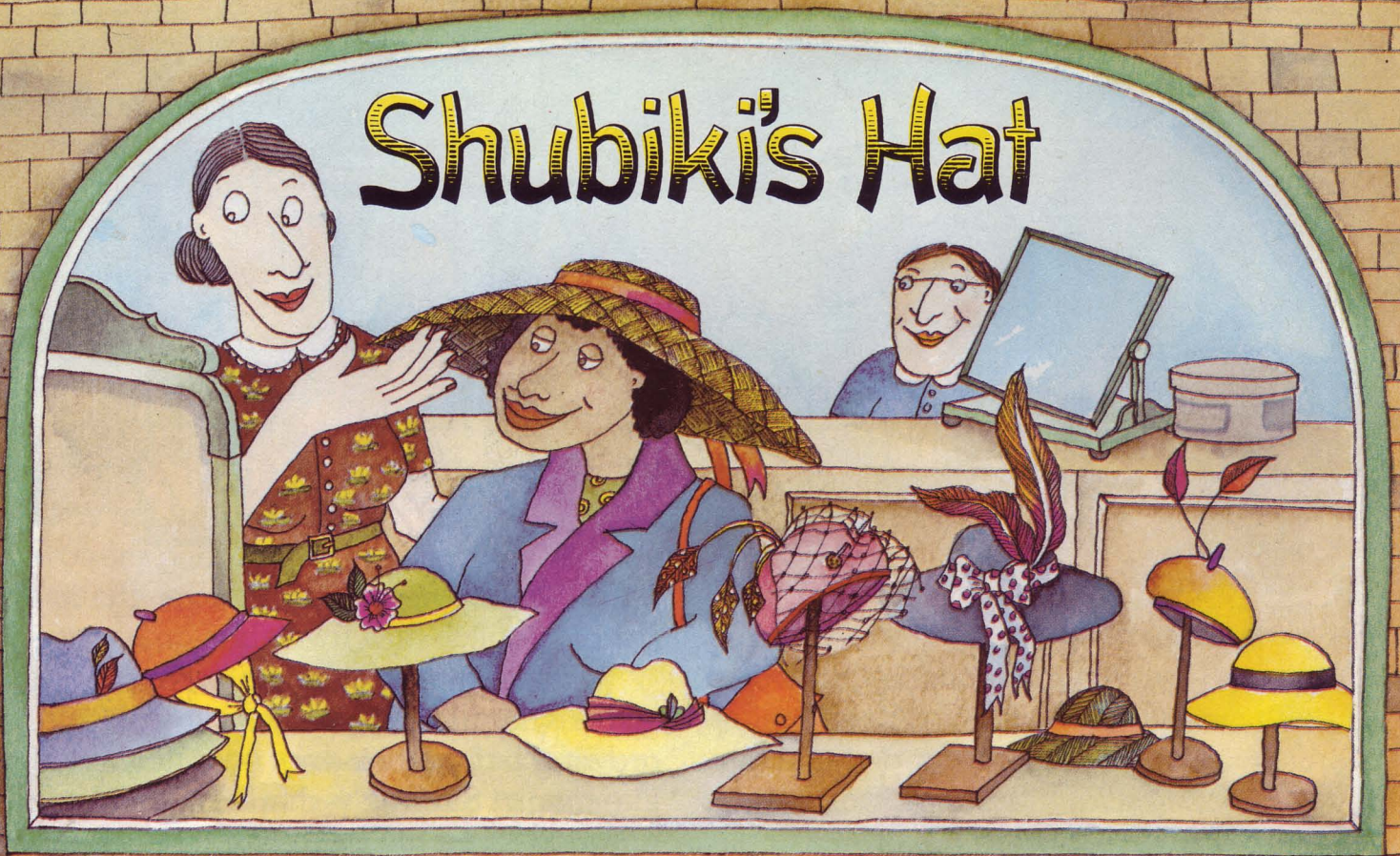
And so Longtooth dived into the water and swam out until he reached the start of the rainbow. It was very big and high, much bigger than he had ever imagined. All the water around the rainbow was striped purple, orange and green.

Longtooth reached out with a flipper and touched the rainbow. It seemed to be solid enough, if a bit slippery, so he started to climb up, hanging on with his front flippers and pulling his back flippers up behind him. How long would it take him to get to Asgard? And would there be anybody in when he got there? "I hope this is a good idea," he thought.

[Is it a good idea? Find out in Part 18]



Shubiki's Hat



Shubiki had been saving her money for a long, long time to buy the most beautiful hat she had ever seen. It was made of dried woven grass and had a very wide brim and a bright red ribbon. Shubiki would often walk past the shop window where the hat was displayed just to make sure it was still there.

One winter morning Shubiki found she had at last saved enough money to buy the hat. She went into the shop and tried it on for the first time.

"It really suits you," said the shop assistant, "and it goes so well with your coat." Shubiki knew the assistant could not possibly mean that because the hat did not fit very well and it certainly did not go with her winter coat. But nothing was going to stop Shubiki wearing her hat — she was determined to wear it every day.

As Shubiki left the hat shop, there was an enormous clap of thunder and the rain poured down in bucketfuls.





She made for the bus stop but as soon as she joined the queue the rain stopped and the sun began to shine through the thick black clouds.

Suddenly, tiny green shoots appeared all over her hat. People could see them growing before their very eyes. It was like magic! Strangely-shaped leaves unfurled and a big palm-like tree grew up from the crown of the hat.

Everyone in the bus queue giggled and pointed but Shubiki had no idea why. "What a funny hat!" shouted a little girl, jumping up and down with excitement.

Shubiki felt very annoyed. "How dare they laugh at my new hat!" she thought. "Thank goodness the bus is coming."

Inside the bus the plants grew even more quickly and buds began to open in the warmth. The bus conductor quite forgot to give Shubiki her ticket he was so busy watching her hat grow. Some people even stood on their seats to get a better view of it.

Shubiki sank down further and further in her seat and pulled her coat around her ears. "I'll never wear this hat again," she said. "I'll hide it and only wear it on the beach."

She got off the bus at the next stop and started to walk the rest of the way home. But she had not gone very far when she heard a soft humming. Swarms



of bees and butterflies were hovering around the bright flowers in her hat. Shubiki could not understand it.

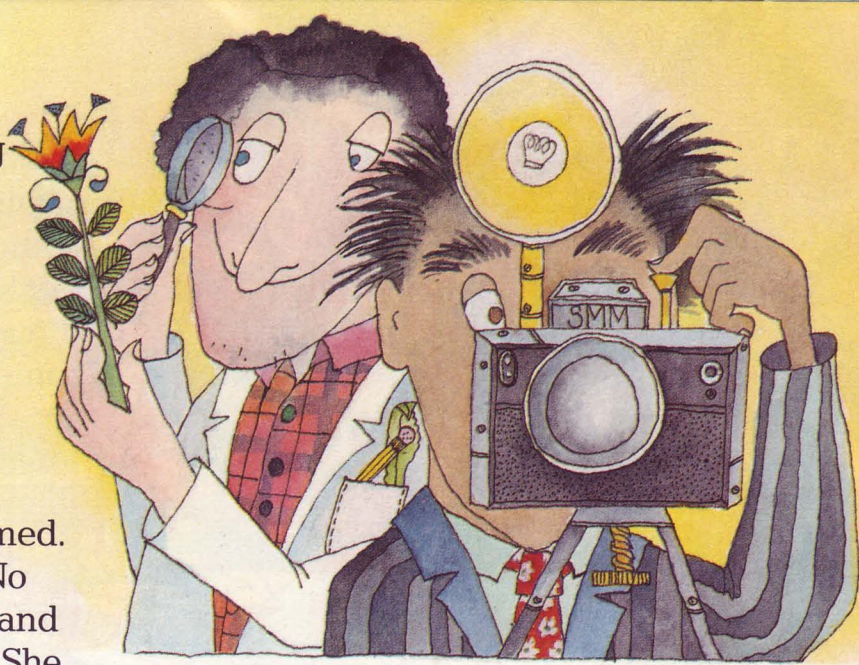
"Oh go away, bees," she said irritably, trying to chase them away with her handbag.

But when Shubiki got home and looked in the hall mirror she had a wonderful surprise.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed. "My hat is magic! My hat is magic! No wonder people stare at me and bees and butterflies come buzzing around me." She jumped up and down with delight. "Even more reason to wear my hat every day."

Now Shubiki walked about with her head held high so that everyone could see how proud she was of her growing hat. People came from far and wide to see it and she was photographed for the local paper. A botanist took samples of the plants that grew on it, saying they were very rare.

One day Shubiki went to the Agricultural Show. As she was admiring



a cow with a big red rosette round its neck, it began nibbling the fresh green grass that grew on her hat. In her battle to get away from it, she took refuge in the fruit and vegetable hall. She sat down for a quick nap — but was woken ten minutes later by the judge, who awarded her the first prize for the best strawberries in the show.





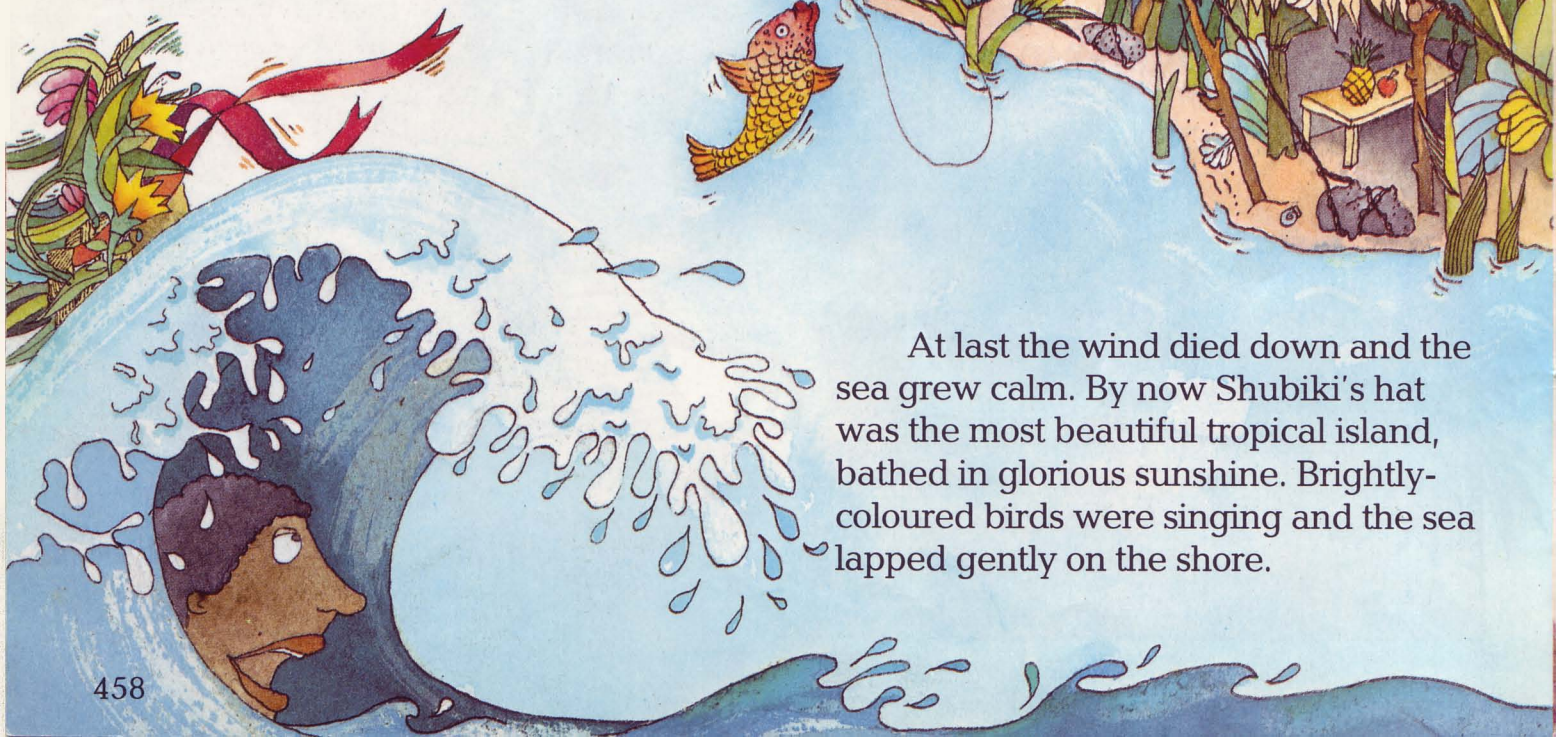
So Shubiki ran into the sea and swam out as far as she could. Suddenly a huge wave swept over her, knocking her hat right off her head. She felt as though she was turning a million somersaults under the water.

When at last she surfaced, gasping for air, she found her hat tossing about in the waves near her. But the hat seemed so much bigger than when she last saw it. Yes! The hat was growing. Even the trees and flowers were getting much bigger. "Wait for me, hat!" she shouted.

As Shubiki clambered aboard, the wind whistled around them and blew the hat further and further from the shore until it was quite out of sight.

To celebrate, Shubiki took a trip to the seaside. Even there, everyone had heard about her magic hat. They wanted to be photographed standing next to her and one little boy watered her hat with his lemonade. The bees went mad with excitement as the lemonade trickled down Shubiki's neck.

They irritated her so much with their tickly little feet that at last she exclaimed in exasperation, "I don't want to be famous any more. I just want to get away from everybody. I want to go to a quiet little island, just me and my hat and nobody else."



At last the wind died down and the sea grew calm. By now Shubiki's hat was the most beautiful tropical island, bathed in glorious sunshine. Brightly-coloured birds were singing and the sea lapped gently on the shore.



Shubiki was happy on her tropical island. No more cameras, no more noisy, pointing children, no more gaping faces. She made herself a new hat out of grass and built a house from driftwood and leaves.

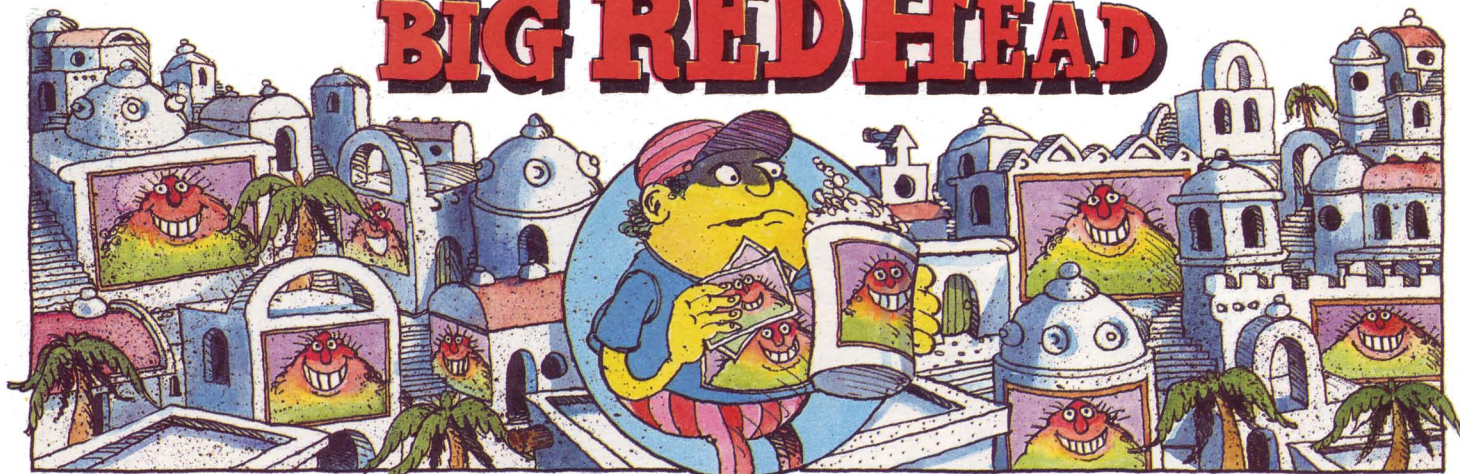
But as the days went by Shubiki grew lonely, and she wanted to share her beautiful island with everyone. So she wove a huge sail out of leaves, and on the first windy day she hoisted it up a palm tree. The island slowly started to move.

Shubiki sailed her island for nearly a year until at last she saw the shore. "It's Shubiki! It's Shubiki!" shouted everyone from the beach as she came closer. "Hello, Shubiki. Welcome back!"

She was so pleased to see them. She anchored her island near the shore and she lives there to this day, but not alone. Shubiki married the botanist who is still investigating the reason for her growing hat — and her friends from the shore visit her on her island whenever they want to.



BIG RED HEAD



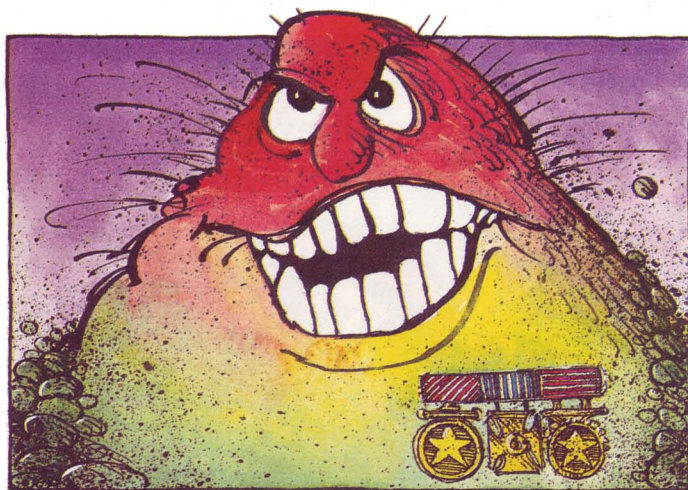
Koshka lived in Jellicanne, a country ruled by a mad mountain, Big Red Head. The mountain made strange laws

such as ordering his picture to appear on stamps, cards and mugs. Koshka even had a T-shirt with 'Big Red Head' on it.

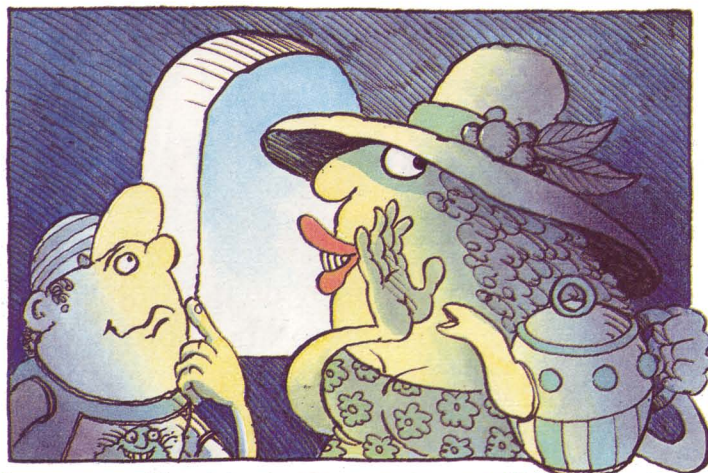


One day Big Red Head called everyone to his home in far off Bexley Lane. He had an important announcement to make.

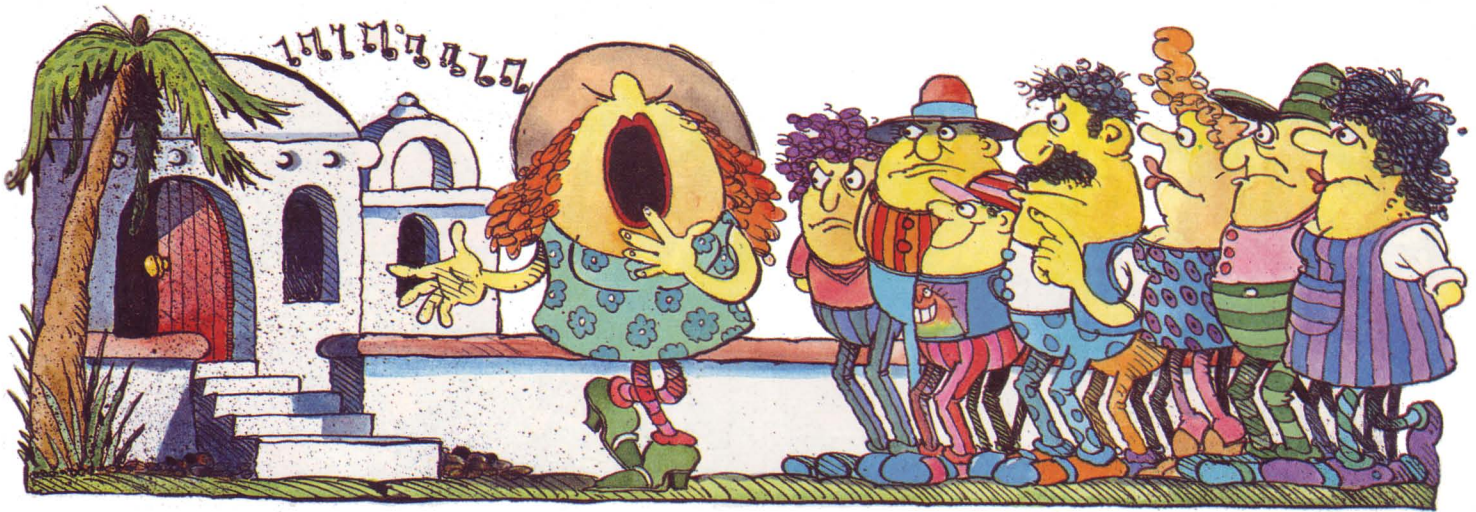
"From today there are two new laws!" he boomed. "Disobey them and I'll destroy Jellicanne with a mighty earthquake!"



"First, no-one is to visit me. Second, no-one is ever to mention my name! Now, go away!" he thundered.



Later, as Koshka's Great Aunt Eff brewed her foul tea, she whispered, "That mountain's mad! I must do something"

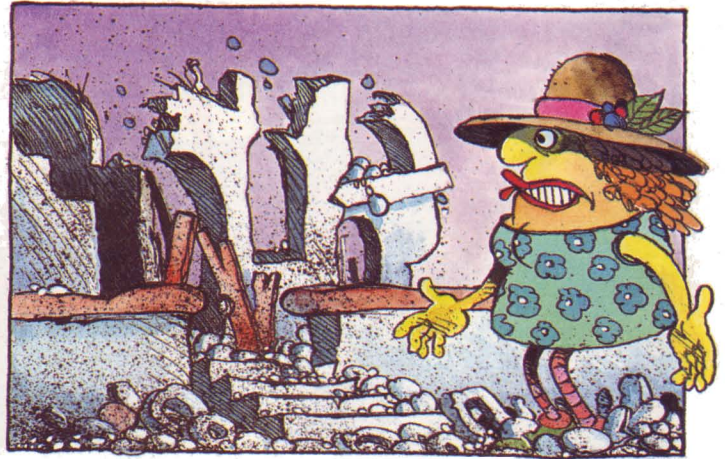


So she ran into the street and sang,
 "There's a mountain called Big Red Head
 An awful sight the ex-queen once said.

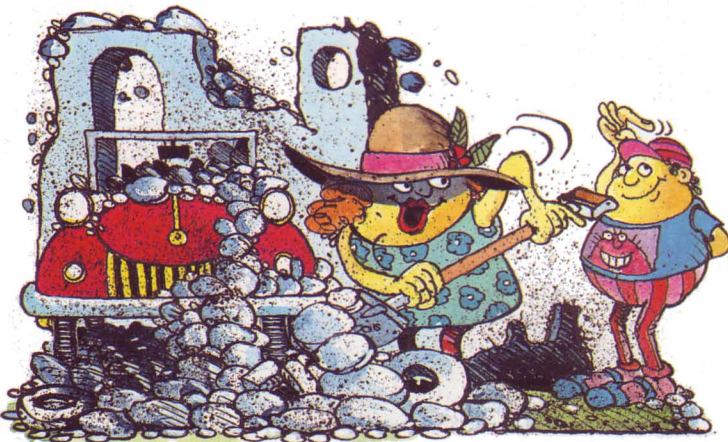
Chipped white teeth and spiky mane
 He's on view at Bexley Lane!"
 The gathering crowd stared in horror,



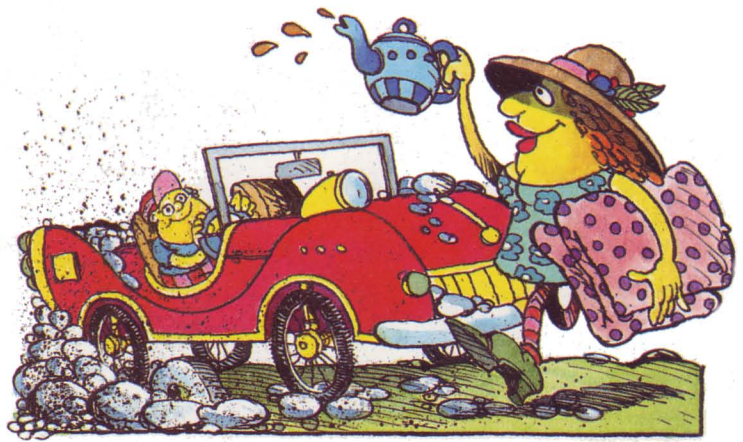
as a great rumble shook the town. "You
 idle tea drinker!" cried the crowd.
 "You will have us all destroyed!"



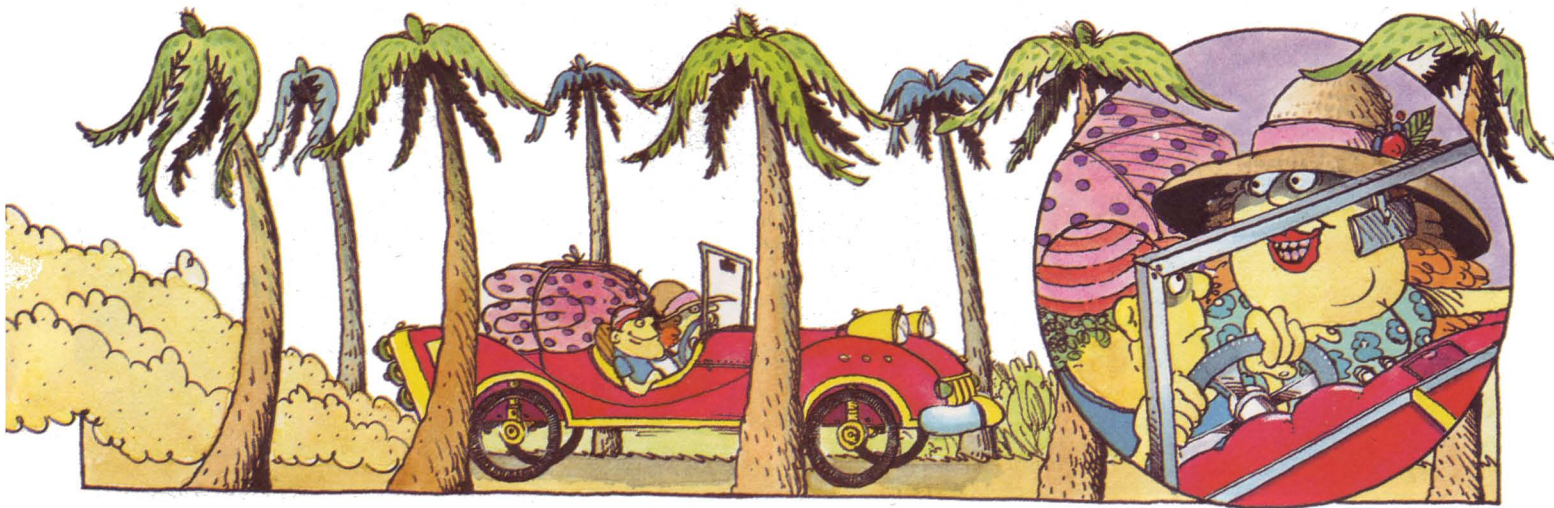
But only Aunt Eff's house crashed down.
 "Next time," boomed a deep voice, "I'll
 flatten the whole of Jellicanne!"



Aunt Eff was furious. "Help me dig my car
 out of this rubble, Koshka. We're going
 to visit this mad mountain."

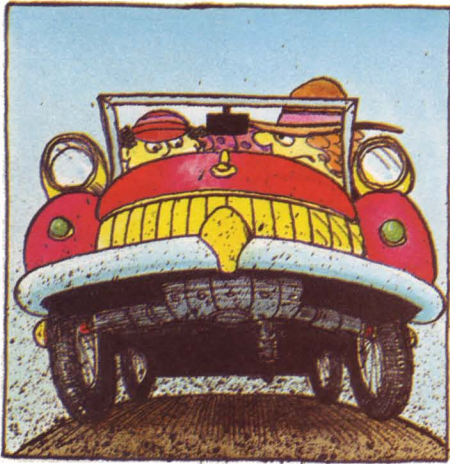


"Where to, Aunt?" said Koshka.
 "Bexley Lane of course!" she cried. "I've
 packed the tea and my duvet! Drive on!"

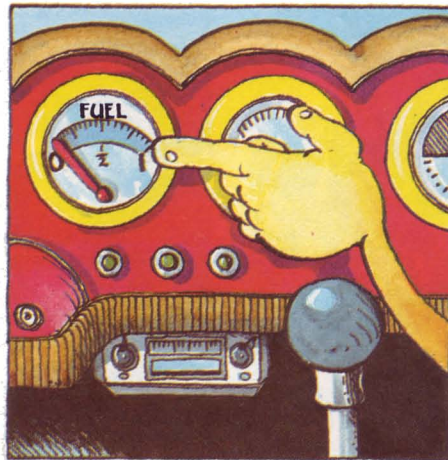


Koshka felt excited as they sped towards Bexley Lane. "What do you plan to do to . . . well you know who, Aunt?" he whispered nervously.

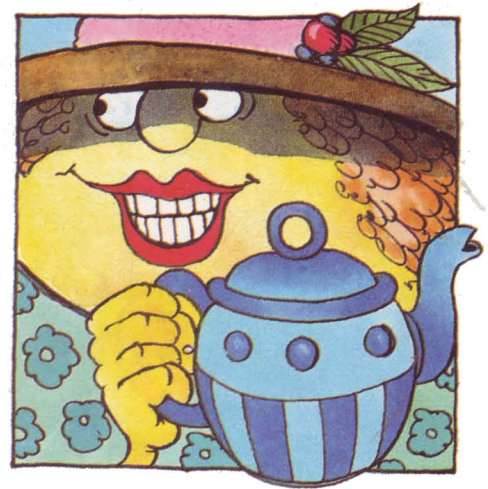
"Ha! Ha! Ha! Think about that when we get there!" chuckled his Great Aunt.



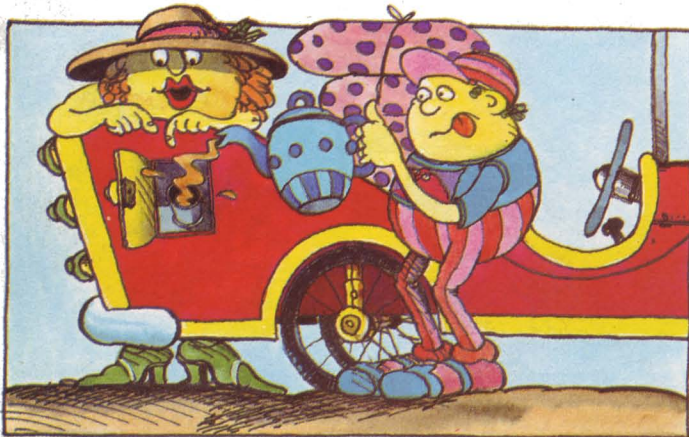
Suddenly the engine spluttered, the car shuddered and stopped.



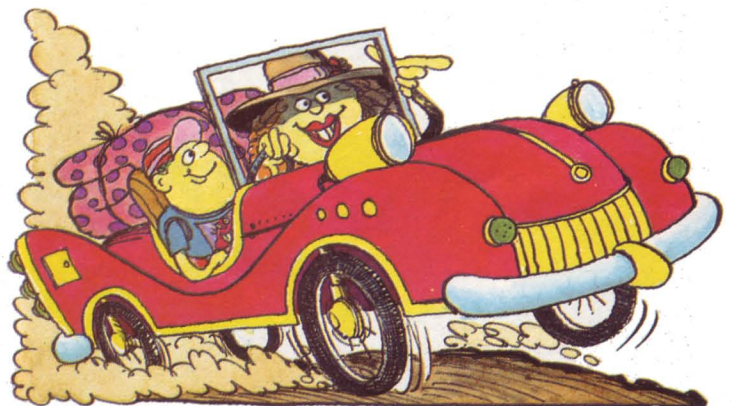
Koshka looked at the fuel gauge. "Oh no, Aunt! We've run out of petrol!"



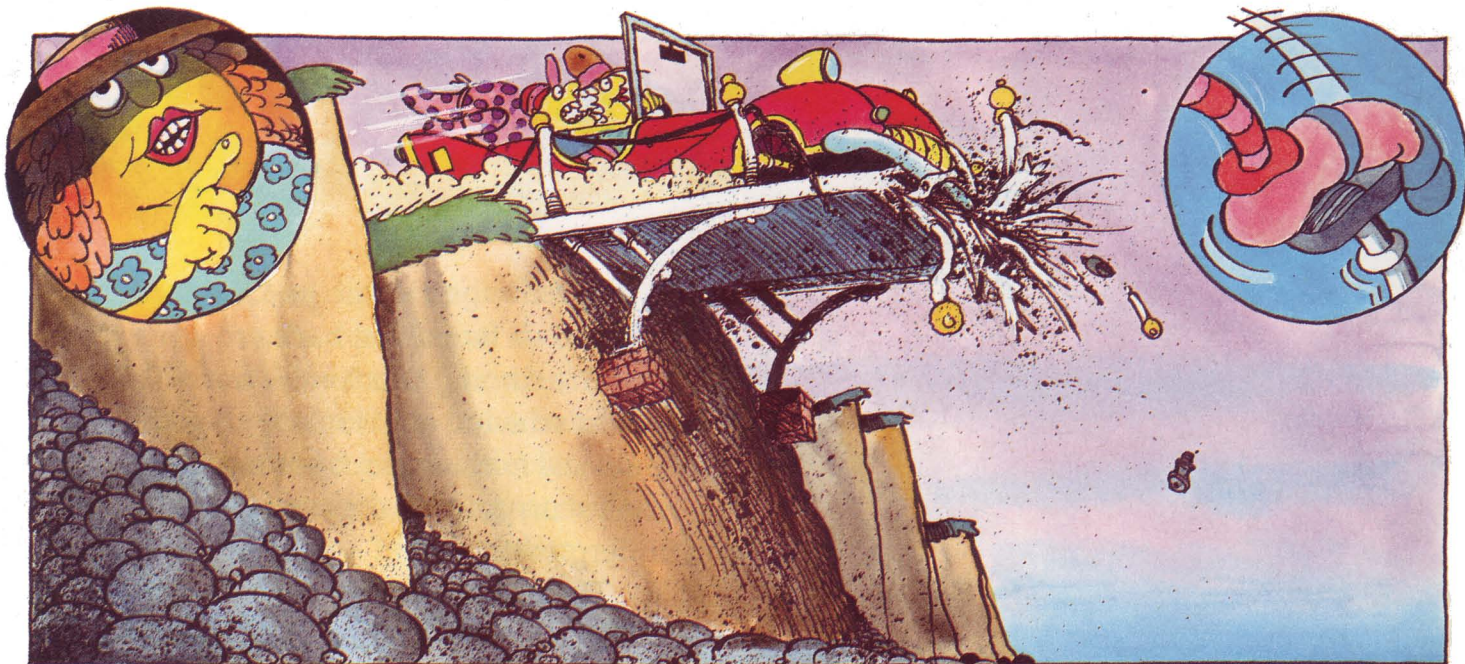
"I'll brew some tea." "This is no time for your foul tea," moaned Koshka.



Aunt Eff soon had the tea ready. "Into the petrol tank with it, Koshka." "What?" he said, but, he did as he was told.

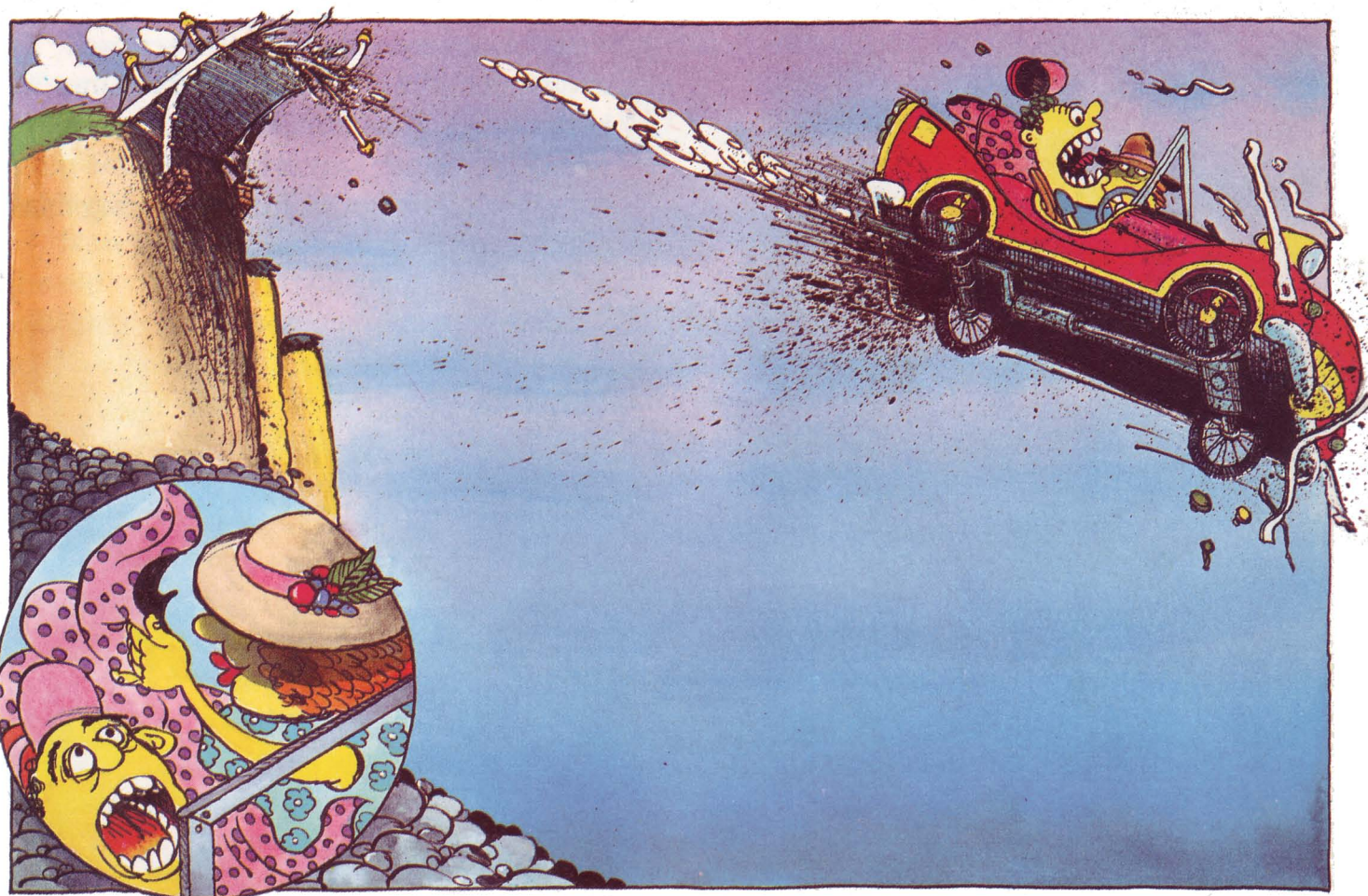


Koshka started the car and it roared into life. "Drive on!" chuckled his Great Aunt Eff, and off they sped . . .



Koshka was driving very fast across a bridge spanning a deep gorge. "Slow down," muttered Aunt Eff, "I think

Big Red Head has broken the bridge." "We'll never stop!" howled Koshka as his foot pumped the brakes. "Help!"



Whoosh! The car plunged over the edge and Koshka stared in disbelief as his

Great Aunt Eff calmly unpacked the tea and her duvet . . .

[Will Koshka and Aunt Eff survive? Find out in Part 18]

THE TREE

Its leaves flashed silver, and the sun glittered on its golden bark.

The singing was louder now. The wizard scowled, and looked about him. He could see nothing but trees and grass, and small scurrying creatures in the undergrowth.

Thinking that he would sleep for a while before going on, the old wizard lay down on the bank and closed his eyes. But he could not sleep. That high, clear voice sang on and on, going round and round in his head until he found himself trying to puzzle out what the words might mean.

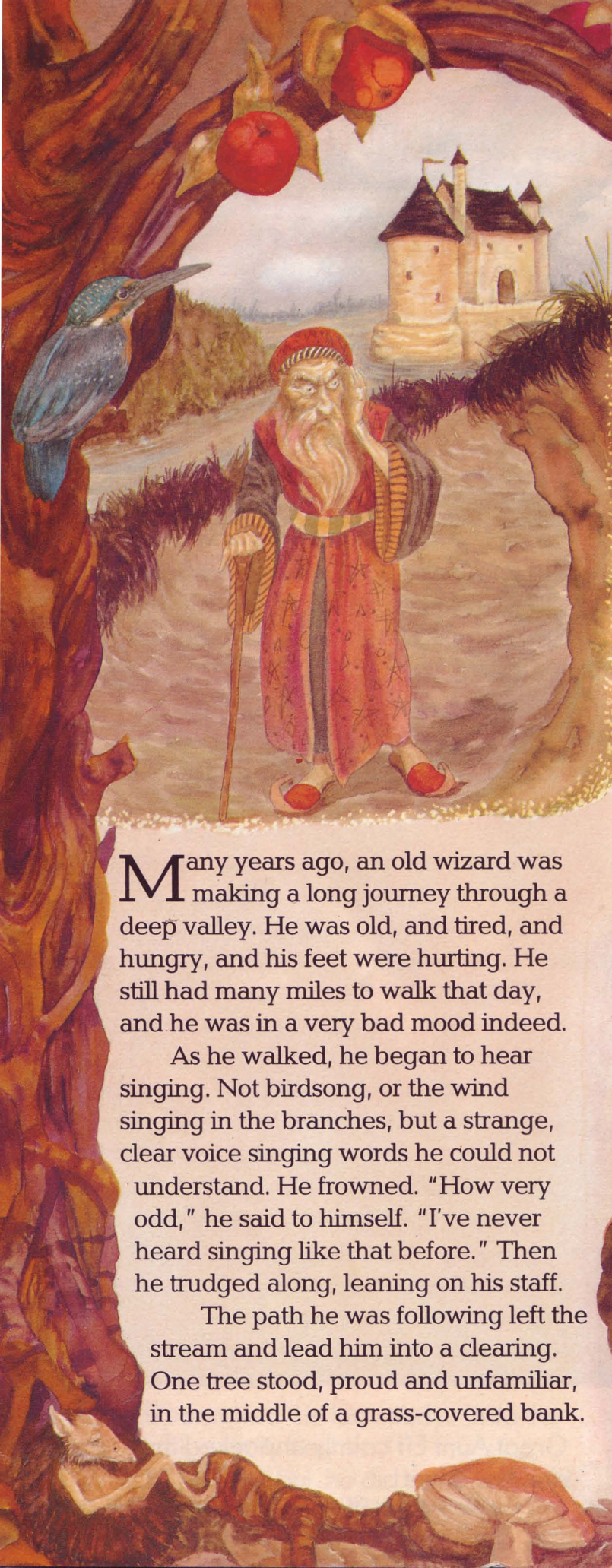
The wizard sat up. "No peace, not even in the forest," he muttered to himself. He looked around, but still he could not tell where the singing came from.

"Well somebody must be making this noise, and I'm going to stop them."

Many years ago, an old wizard was making a long journey through a deep valley. He was old, and tired, and hungry, and his feet were hurting. He still had many miles to walk that day, and he was in a very bad mood indeed.

As he walked, he began to hear singing. Not birdsong, or the wind singing in the branches, but a strange, clear voice singing words he could not understand. He frowned. "How very odd," he said to himself. "I've never heard singing like that before." Then he trudged along, leaning on his staff.

The path he was following left the stream and lead him into a clearing. One tree stood, proud and unfamiliar, in the middle of a grass-covered bank.



THAT SANG

The wizard stood up. He glared suspiciously into the branches of the tree but there was no-one there. Then he moved closer to the tree. He put a hand out to touch its trunk and could feel it vibrating gently beneath his fingers, to the rhythm of the song. He realised it was the tree that was singing.

"So, we have a singing tree, do we?" he grumbled to himself, fumbling in the pouch at his belt. "I'll soon stop you, my friend!"

The wizard pulled a length of string from his pouch and threw it into the air, muttering a spell under his breath.

The string did a little dance in mid-air and wound itself twice around the tree trunk. The wizard sang out another spell, and the string tied itself into a knot. As he finished his magic chant, the singing died away.

Now the forest was quiet and peaceful. The old wizard lay down again to sleep. But, as he wriggled into a comfortable position, he saw a thin wisp of smoke rising from the roots of the tree.

He sat up quickly as the smoke thickened into a swirling cloud. It hung there beside the tree, getting blacker and heavier every moment. The smoke-cloud spun like a whirlwind, turned a vile, sickly mauve colour, and began to change. It formed two repulsive-looking ears, long hairy arms and a bulbous, whiskery nose. The old wizard found himself face to face with a very large, very hungry-looking troll.





wizards raw, you know. All that magic gives you indigestion."

The troll thought for a moment. "I shall build a fire and roast thee," it said.

"But I might run away while you're building the fire," the wizard pointed out.

"Then I shall kill thee first."

"Can't do that!" the wizard gasped. "Wizards go rotten very quickly, when they're dead. I wouldn't be nice to eat."

The troll frowned. "Then how shall I cook thee? If I cannot kill thee first, and I cannot build the fire first, and I cannot eat thee raw . . ."

"You could always tie me up, while you make the fire," the wizard suggested helpfully. "There's some string tied round that tree, just there."

With a cry of triumph, the troll reached

"Ha!" it cried, prodding at the wizard's ribs. "Old fool, thou released me! The Wizard Grimbleghast set me here many ages ago, but thou silenced the song that held me prisoner! Now I shall eat thee."

And, with that, the troll reached out and grabbed the wizard by the throat. The wizard reminded himself that trolls are very stupid; and judging by the old-fashioned way this one spoke, it must have been trapped in the tree for a very long time indeed. With luck, it had forgotten just how cunning wizards can be.

"How are you going to cook me?" he gasped. "You can't eat



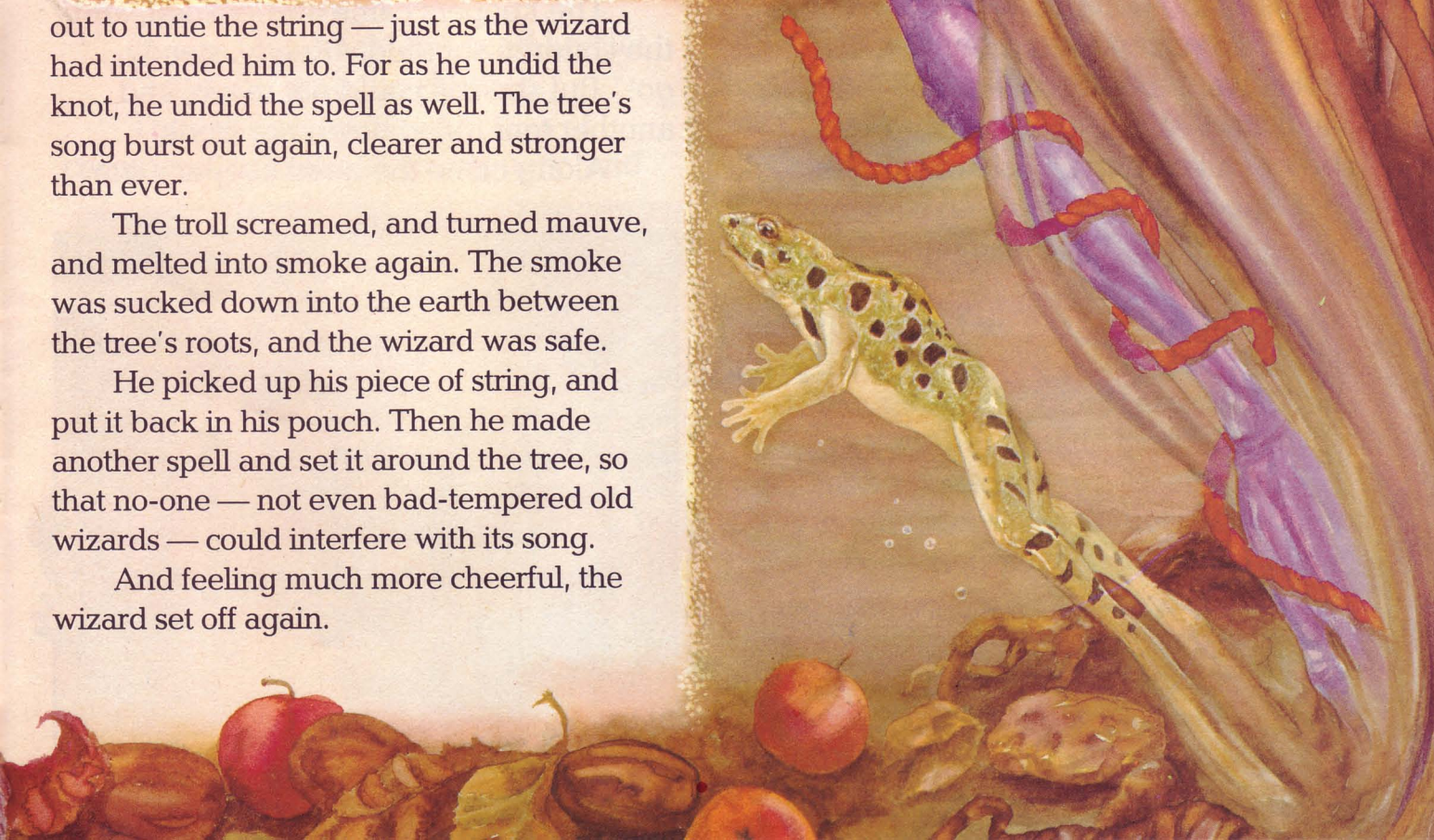


out to untie the string — just as the wizard had intended him to. For as he undid the knot, he undid the spell as well. The tree's song burst out again, clearer and stronger than ever.

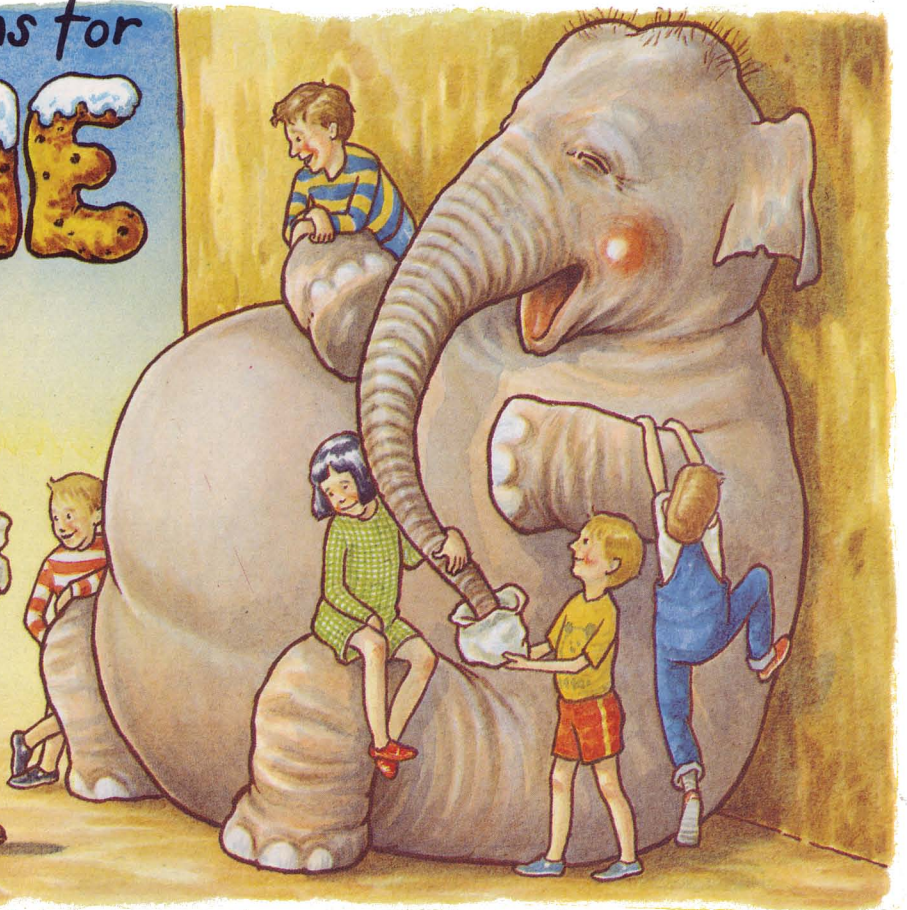
The troll screamed, and turned mauve, and melted into smoke again. The smoke was sucked down into the earth between the tree's roots, and the wizard was safe.

He picked up his piece of string, and put it back in his pouch. Then he made another spell and set it around the tree, so that no-one — not even bad-tempered old wizards — could interfere with its song.

And feeling much more cheerful, the wizard set off again.



Too many buns for ROSIE



Rosie was an elephant who lived at the zoo. All the keepers called her 'Nellie' which she thought was very rude, and it made her unhappy.

The visitors were not rude. They did not call her anything and they fed Rosie on fruit . . . and biscuits . . . and buns — best of all on buns. Rosie ate all she could get, specially the ones with icing on.

"You're getting fat, Nellie!" said the keepers, but Rosie took no notice. "I am not called Nellie," she said to herself. But, one day, when she was going back to her house she got stuck in the doorway.

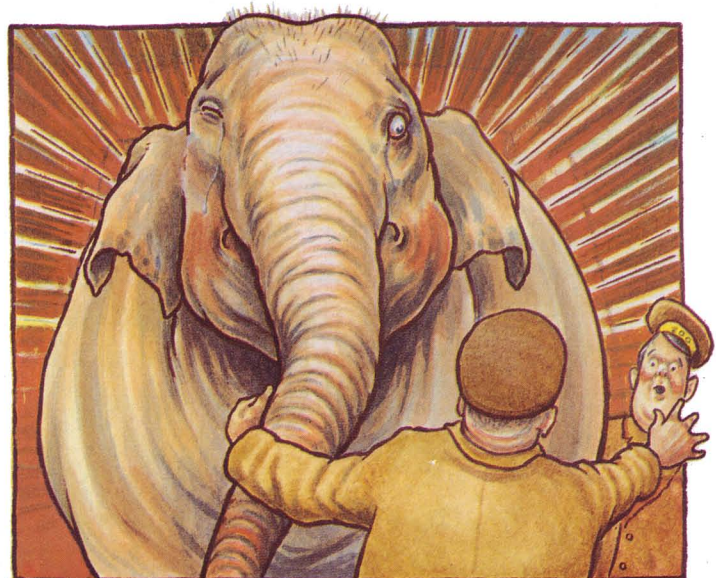
"Oh dear," thought Rosie, "those horrid, rude keepers have made the door narrower while I've been waving my trunk at the crowds. Or perhaps it's shrunk in the rain!"

She heaved and tugged but she still could not move. And she began to wonder if she would have to stay there

for ever. "Perhaps I *have* eaten too many buns," Rosie sobbed, and a big tear ran down her trunk.

The keepers came and pushed, and the children shouted, "Ready, steady, go!" But she still could not move, and another tear rolled down her trunk.

Along came the head keeper's son.





He wiped Rosie's tears with a tablecloth he had brought specially from home.

"Don't cry, Rosie," he whispered in her ear. And Rosie felt *much* better.

"Why don't we rub Rosie's skin with oil so she'll slip through the door?" said the head keeper's son.

"Good idea," said the head keeper.

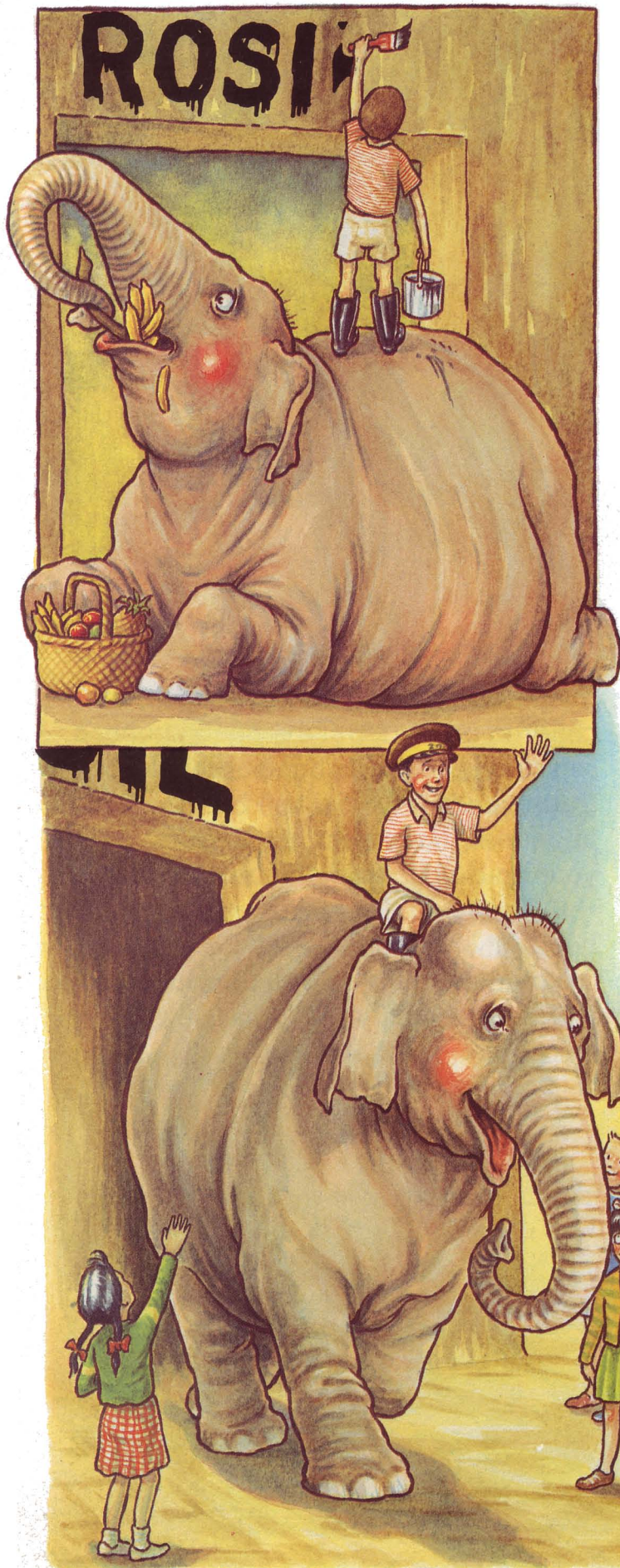
"Hurrah!" said the children.

They used a hundred bottles of coconut oil to make Rosie slippery, and

then they all pushed. The head keeper pushed, the other keepers pushed, the children pushed. But the head keeper's son stood by Rosie's head and held her trunk gently. "Oh Rosie," he whispered in her ear, "I do want you to get into your house because it'll soon be dark."

Then *pop!* Rosie was pushed into her house at last and the head keeper, all the other keepers and all the children went home happy.





But the head keeper's son stayed with Rosie for a long time and held her trunk and said, "I'd like to be your friend."

Next morning he brought a basket of fruit for Rosie's breakfast and a bucket of paint and a brush. In his very best writing he painted the word 'ROSIE' on the walls of Rosie's house. He told her that until she had lost enough weight to get back through the door he would visit her every day. And that was exactly what he did.

So one fine sunny morning when the children were calling, "Rosie! Rosie, come out and see us!" the head keeper's son proudly led a slim and happy Rosie out into the yard.

All the keepers cheered and said, "Well done, Rosie!" and the head keeper said, "Well done, Rosie!" and all the children said, "It's lovely to see you again, Rosie!"

Now Rosie is happy because her friend the head keeper's son visits her every day and twice a day on Saturdays and Sundays. Rosie eats the fruit given her by visitors every day, but she only eats buns on Sunday!

J.M. BARRIE'S

Peter Pan

The redskin princess, Tiger Lily, did not forget that Peter Pan had saved her life, and every night she and her braves kept watch over the underground home.

Peter and the Lost Boys had been expecting a skirmish for a long time. It finally came on an evening when Wendy had told her favourite story. It was all about Wendy, John and Michael leaving the Neverland and flying back home. Their mother, she said, had always left the nursery window open in the hope that they would return.

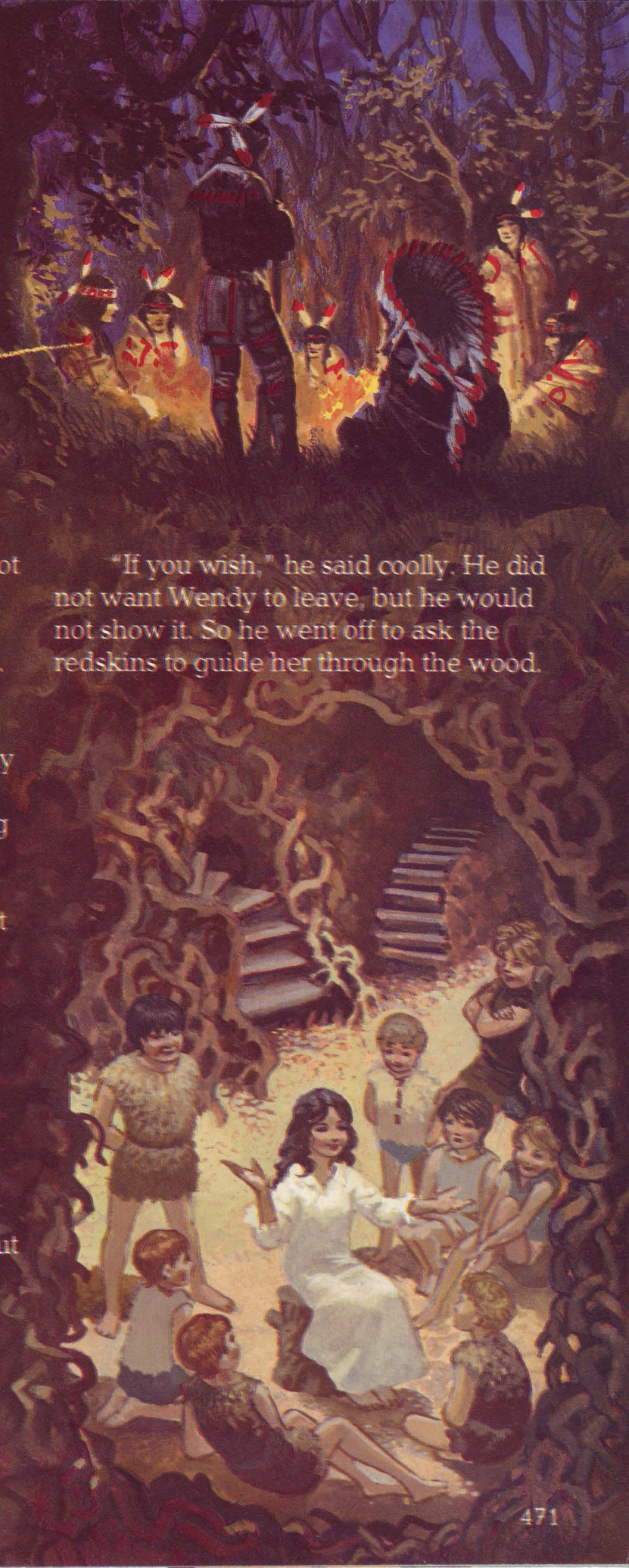
It was Peter's least favourite story and when it was finished he groaned.

"Wendy, you are wrong about mothers," he said. "Long ago, I thought like you that my mother would always keep the window open for me, so I stayed away for moons and moons, and then flew back. But the window was barred, for mother had forgotten all about me, and there was another little boy sleeping in my bed."

John and Michael were scared. "Wendy, let us go home," they cried together.

"At once," replied Wendy firmly. "Peter, please arrange it."

"If you wish," he said coolly. He did not want Wendy to leave, but he would not show it. So he went off to ask the redskins to guide her through the wood.





When he returned, the Lost Boys were crowding round Wendy, pleading with her not to go.

"It will be worse than before you came," they cried.

"Dear ones," she said, "if you come with me I feel almost sure I can get my mother and father to adopt you."

At once, all the boys jumped with joy — all, that is, except Peter Pan. He told

Wendy that he would not be going, for he could do very well without a mother. He would not even show her the way back home. Instead, he would send Tinker Bell to guide her across the sea.

Peter skipped up and down the room, playing gaily on his pipes. "Now then," he cried. "No fuss, no blubbering. Goodbye Wendy." And he held out his hand cheerily. Wendy had to take his hand as it seemed that he did not want a kiss. Then Peter called on Tinker Bell to lead the way, and the little fairy darted up the nearest tree.

But no-one followed, for suddenly they heard shrieks and the clash of steel. The pirates had appeared out of the shadows of the night and taken the redskins completely by surprise.

A tremendous battle followed, and only Tiger Lily and a few trusted braves managed to escape with their lives. But the Lost Boys did not know this. When





the sounds of battle had died away they asked who had won, and the pirates, standing by the hollow trees, heard Peter's answer.

"If the redskins have won, they will beat the tom-tom. It is always their sign of victory."

Hook smiled grimly and signalled to Smee to beat the tom-tom. After two beats they heard Peter cry, "An indian victory!"

The children answered with a cheer and almost immediately repeated their goodbyes

to Peter. The pirates smirked at each other and rubbed their hands. Quickly, Hook ordered one man to stand beside each hollow tree and the others to arrange themselves in a line.

When the first boy emerged from his tree he found himself in the arms of the pirate, Cecco, who flung him to Smee, who flung him to Starkey, and so on, until he fell at the feet of Captain Hook. All the boys were plucked from their trees in this ruthless way, and several of them were in the air at one time.



As soon as he was alone, Hook tip-toed to Slightly's tree and listened for any sound from below. All was as silent as above, so he climbed into the hollow trunk and let himself go into the unknown. He had feared that Peter would be waiting for him, dagger in hand. But when he reached the bottom he saw, over the top of Slightly's door, that Peter was fast asleep.

Hook reached down for the catch of the door and found, to his fury, that it was beyond his reach. He rattled the door and flung himself against it. Then he

Wendy was treated differently. Hook raised his hat to her and escorted her to the spot where the others were being doubled up and tied with their knees close to their ears. Only Slightly could not be tied up in this way, for every time they tried to pack him tight in one part, he bulged out in another.

It did not take Hook long to realise what this meant. Slightly, who could not stop drinking water in hot weather, had swollen up. Then, instead of reducing himself to fit his tree, he had whittled his tree to make *it* fit him. Any average-sized man could now get down and up Slightly's tree.

Hook ordered his men to fling the children into Wendy's little house and the four stoutest men to raise it on their shoulders and carry it to the ship. Singing their hateful song, the pirates set off through the wood.



noticed something standing on a ledge, within easy reach. It was a cup of medicine that Wendy had left for Peter. She was always chiding him to take it.

Hook knew that Peter was in his power. Shaking with joy, he took a small bottle of yellow liquid poison from his pocket and poured five drops into Peter's cup. Then, after one long gloating look, he wormed his way up the tree and sped into the wood.

Peter slept on. He slept until he was woken by an excited Tinker Bell.

"Oh, you could never guess," she cried. And then she told Peter about the capture of Wendy and the boys and how they had been taken to the pirate ship.

"I'll rescue Wendy!" cried Peter, leaping for his dagger.

As he leaped he

thought of something he could do to please her. He picked up his cup to take his medicine.

"No!" shrieked Tinker Bell. "It's poisoned. I heard Hook muttering about it as he went through the wood."





"Don't be silly," said Peter. "How could Hook have got down here?" And he raised the cup to drink.

There was no time for words. With one of her lightning movements, Tink got between his lips and the medicine and drank every drop. In a moment she was reeling in the air.

"It was poisoned," she said softly. "And now I am going to die."

Then she tottered to her tiny bed and lay down. Peter knelt beside her, and as her light grew fainter, tears ran down his face.

"I could get well again," she whispered, "if I knew that children believed in fairies."

Peter flung out his arms to all the children who might be dreaming of the Neverland. "If you believe," he cried, "clap your hands. Don't let Tink die!"

All over the world, children clapped. And as they clapped, Tink's light grew

stronger. Then she popped out of her bed, and flashed through the room, merrier than ever.

"And now to rescue Wendy," cried Peter. "This time it's Hook or me."

[Will Peter win the day? Find out in Part 18]

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The Moon

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in the bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

IN PART 18 OF

STORY

Teller

2

PETER PAN boards the pirate ship
in search of Wendy and the Lost Boys

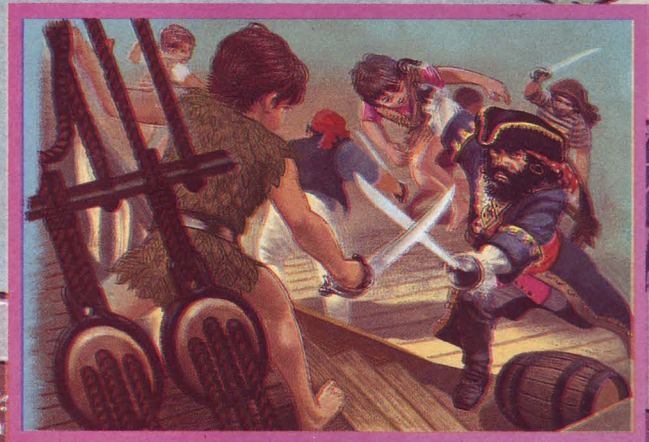
The Viking gods take a hand in
LONGTOOTH'S TALE

GALLDORA AND THE WOODS-BEYOND:
can a rag doll's dream come true?

A cat, an owl and a **MOUSE IN THE SNOW**
are all in search of a tasty meal

BIG RED HEAD has spoken!
Does Aunt Eff dare defy him?

PLUS Children **AT THE FORGE**
I HAD A LITTLE NUT-TREE



Stories read by **DEREK JACOBI**
RUTH MADOC
STEVEN PACEY
EVE KARPf
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