



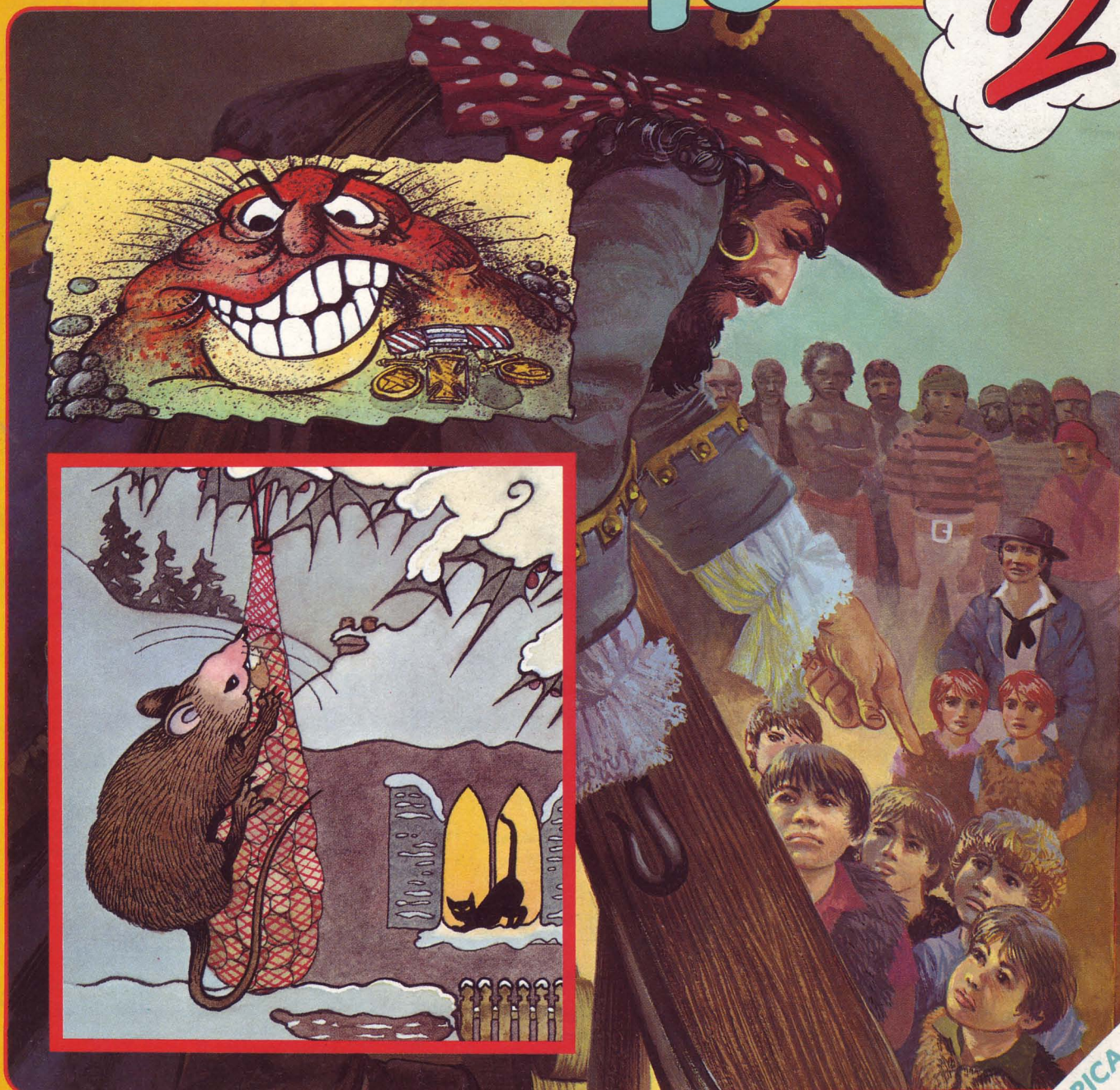
PART 18

STORY

Teller

2

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



A Marshall Cavendish Publication

EVERY FORTNIGHT

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STORY Teller 2

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The aged walrus appeals to the gods for justice and the return of his tusks. But too late!

© Nicholas Ford

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© Modwena Sedgwick 1961

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I Had a Little Nut-Tree.....inside cover

A traditional poem, known to many as a nursery rhyme.

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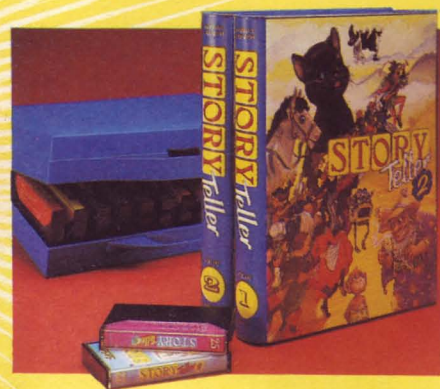
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At the Forge: **James Bryce**

Mouse in the Snow: **Eve Karpf**

Peter Pan: **Derek Jacobi**

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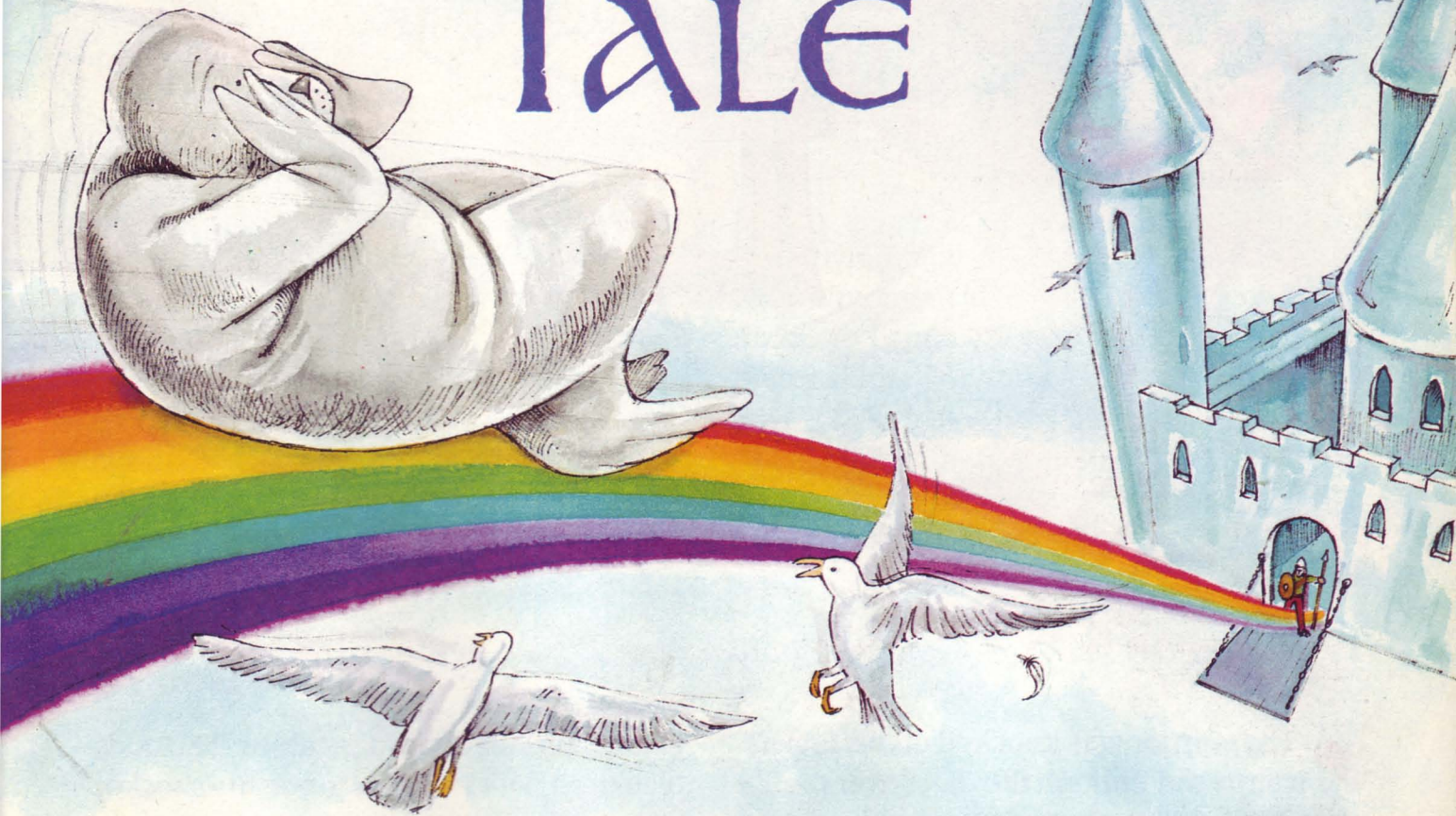
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LONGTOOTH'S TALE



Searching for Asgard and the gods of the North, Longtooth climbed higher and higher up the rainbow's arch. As he climbed, the sounds of the sea, and the wind and the calling of the sea-birds seemed to make a strange kind of music. Or perhaps it was the rainbow humming. Soon Longtooth found that he was humming too, and he made up some words to sing:

"An angry and Asgard-bound
walrus am I,

Seeking tooth for tooth,
and an eye for an eye:

The aid of the gods
will end my quest,
And teach thieving Vikings
that honesty's best."

Soon he reached the middle, and highest part, of the rainbow and took a rest.

"Time to go on," he sighed. "At least it's downhill the rest of the way from here."

Longtooth sat down on the rainbow where it sloped towards Asgard, gave himself a push, and slid down, down, down — faster and faster he went, clouds and startled seagulls shooting past him. Then the dazzling ice-towers of Asgard appeared, getting closer every minute. Soon Longtooth could see a huge gateway ahead with a drawbridge at the front, guarded by a huge warrior in armour.

Longtooth *knew* he could not stop. The best he could do was to shout, "Look out!" cover his eyes with his flippers and wait for the *crash!*



The warrior was knocked off his feet as the walrus slid through the gate, over the drawbridge, then shot into the gods' Banqueting Hall and spun round a couple of times on the polished ice floor before coming

to a halt under one of the tables. The gods all roared with laughter to see the shocked look on the warrior's face, and the surprise on the walrus's.

Poor Longtooth was helped to his flippers, given a seat and a drink, and then Odin Allfather stood up. "What is your business here?" he boomed.

"I'm sorry to disturb you — er — Sir," began the walrus, not quite sure how to address a god, "but I've been robbed." And he told them what had happened.

"Hmm," said Odin thoughtfully, when Longtooth had finished. "I'd help you myself, but I'm too busy running everything up here, we'll ask Frikka to help. She's wise beyond her years."

Odin took Longtooth over to meet Frikka. "Of course I'll help," she said. "Just hold on a minute."



With that, Frikka stood up and unclasped the long blue cloak she was wearing. It was lined with white feathers. With a swirl Frikka lifted the cloak up in the air, gave it a twist so that it fell inside out, wrapped it around her — then she and the cloak vanished into thin air.

Longtooth blinked in astonishment. Where Frikka had been sitting was an enormous white stork, with the blue cloak beside it. The feather lining had gone. "Come on," said the stork. "Roll up in the cloak and I'll carry you in my beak. It'll be quicker to fly."

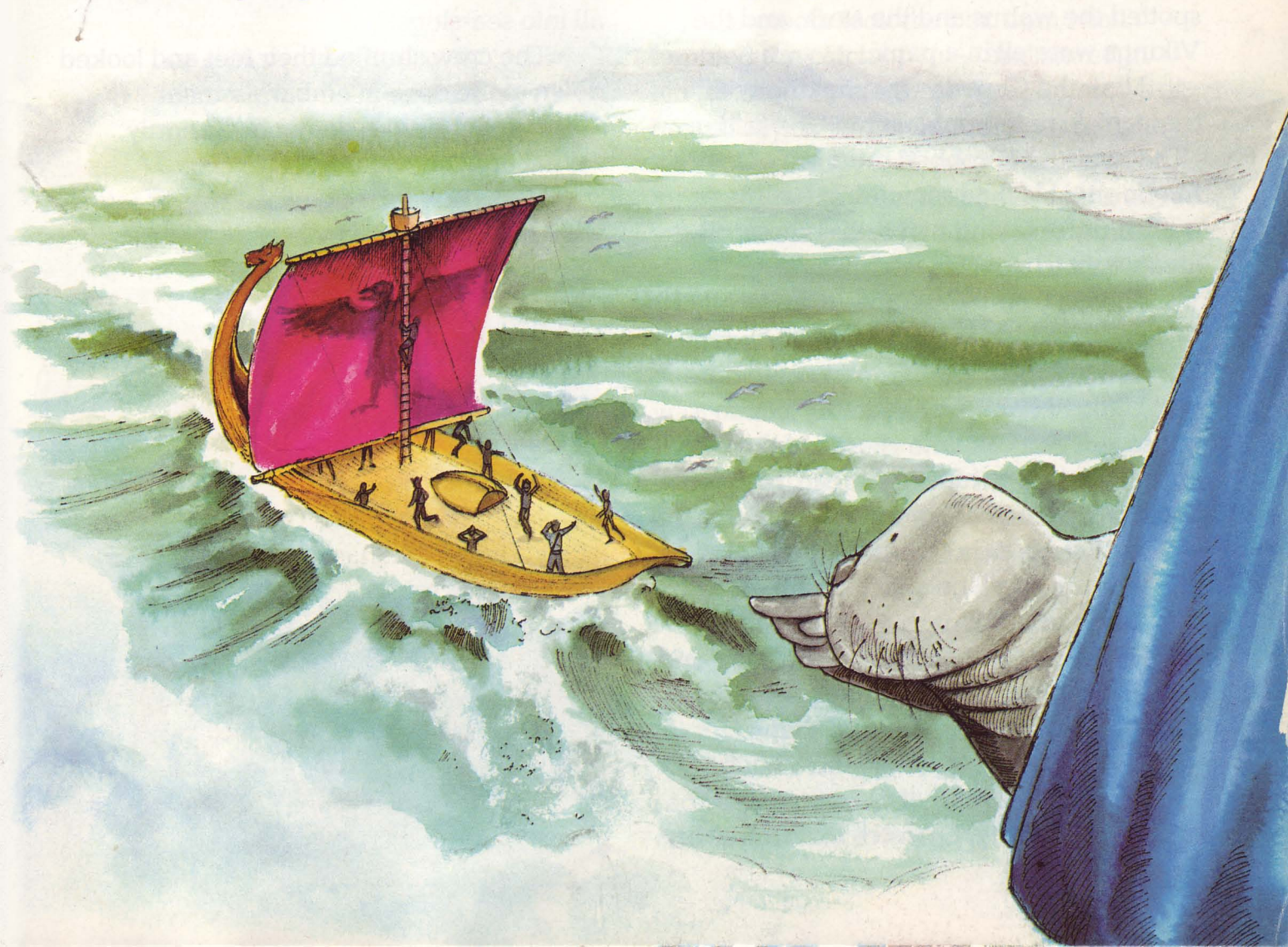
Longtooth was too surprised to argue and did as he was told. Frikka flapped her wings, took up the bundle that held Longtooth, and flew out of the window.

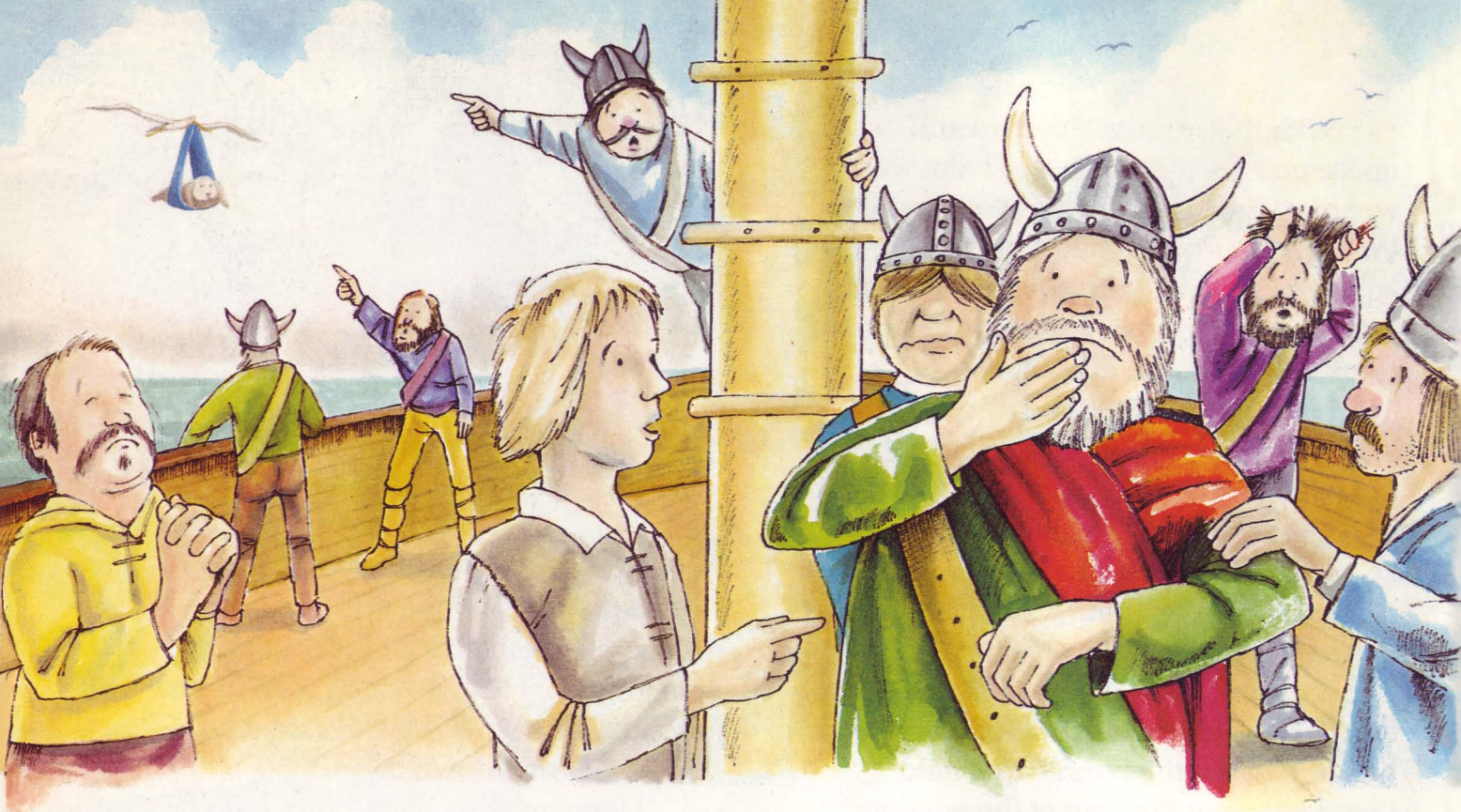
Before very long Frikka and Longtooth



were flying high over the North Sea. After a moment's fright and a touch of dizziness Longtooth's curiosity got the better of him. He peered out of the folds in Frikka's cloak. "Look!" he shouted. "That's the ship down there."

"Hang on tight, then," said Frikka. "We're going down!"





On the ship Niall, the cabin-boy, had spotted the walrus and the stork, and the Vikings were all in a panic.

Ulrik the Captain was shaking with fright. "We're in trouble, now," he said. "That walrus we robbed must have been a *magic* one. He'll do something terrible to punish us for taking his teeth. Whose silly idea was it to steal his teeth, anyway?"

"It was *your* idea, Captain," said Niall. The crew nodded in agreement.

"I don't want to be Captain any more," said Ulrik. "Niall!" he shouted. "You're a bright lad, you can take charge of the ship now. I'm going to hide — I mean, rest — in my cabin. Meanwhile you can explain to the walrus that we didn't mean to do what we did. I'm sure you'll be able to think of something to say."

Frikka flapped down on to the ship and setting Longtooth gently on the deck, she changed back into her normal shape.

"Have mercy!" quailed the Vikings.

"You all know what we've come for," said Frikka sternly, "so fetch this walrus his

teeth now — before I consider turning you all into sea-slugs!"

The crew shuffled their feet and looked down at the deck in embarrassment.

"Well?" Frikka demanded angrily. "What are you waiting for?"

Nobody wanted to be the first to say what had happened to the walrus-tusks,



but no-one wanted very much to be a sea-slug, either.

No-one spoke. Then Niall, remembering that he had been promoted to Captain, took a deep breath and said, "I'm afraid our ship's carpenter decided to carve your tusks, sir."

"Carve them?" growled Longtooth. "He carved my tusks?"

"You carved his tusks?" repeated Frikka, glaring at the ship's carpenter with her sharp grey eyes.

"Look, perhaps you'll still be able to use them for something," said Niall hurriedly. "I'll go and fetch them."

Niall went to the carpenter's locker and came back with a wooden box. "H-here you are, Mr Walrus," he said.



Longtooth took the box from Niall, fumbled the catch open — and stared in amazement. Inside there were four rows of beautifully carved little figures — soldiers on horseback, kings and queens sitting on thrones. Half of them had been coloured red, while the other half had been left white.

The walrus's face broke into a huge smile. "How charming!" he sighed.

The Vikings all sighed too — with relief.

"You know," said the walrus, "when I was small, I never had any toys to play with — only shells and pebbles; things that washed up on the rocks. But these, oh these are splendid. Very good indeed. Ah, don't think I'm not grateful, but what am I going to use for tusks?"

"I know it's a pity that this happened," said Niall, "but just think, you'll be the only walrus who can play games of chess with his tusks."

"That's all very well," said Longtooth sadly, "and it's a nice game, but what do I do when I want to eat?"



Then old Captain Ulrik shuffled out on to the deck, holding a Viking helmet, decorated with two gigantic bull horns.

"My dear walrus," he said, "can our carpenter make you some new teeth from these splendid horns?"

All the sailors roared with approval.

"That's very kind, I'm sure," murmured Longtooth. They were truly magnificent horns with a finer polish than his tusks had ever had. "But what will you wear in your helmet?"

"Well, you see," said old Ulrik, hanging his head, "I'm too old to be a Viking. What I would really like, is to retire and, and dear walrus . . . to live with you on your rock. I'm very fond of chess."

"What a wonderful idea," said Frikka. "I will fly you both home to the rock."

The Vikings clapped and cheered, and

Frikka changed once more into a stork. Longtooth and his new friend, the old Viking captain, rolled into the blue gown and rose into the air as Frikka flapped her wings.

Longtooth, delighted with his new tusks, poked his nose out and sang a farewell song to the Vikings on the ship:

"When Vikings to walruses
make amends,

There's nothing to stop them
being good friends:

To leave you good people
seems rather a shame —

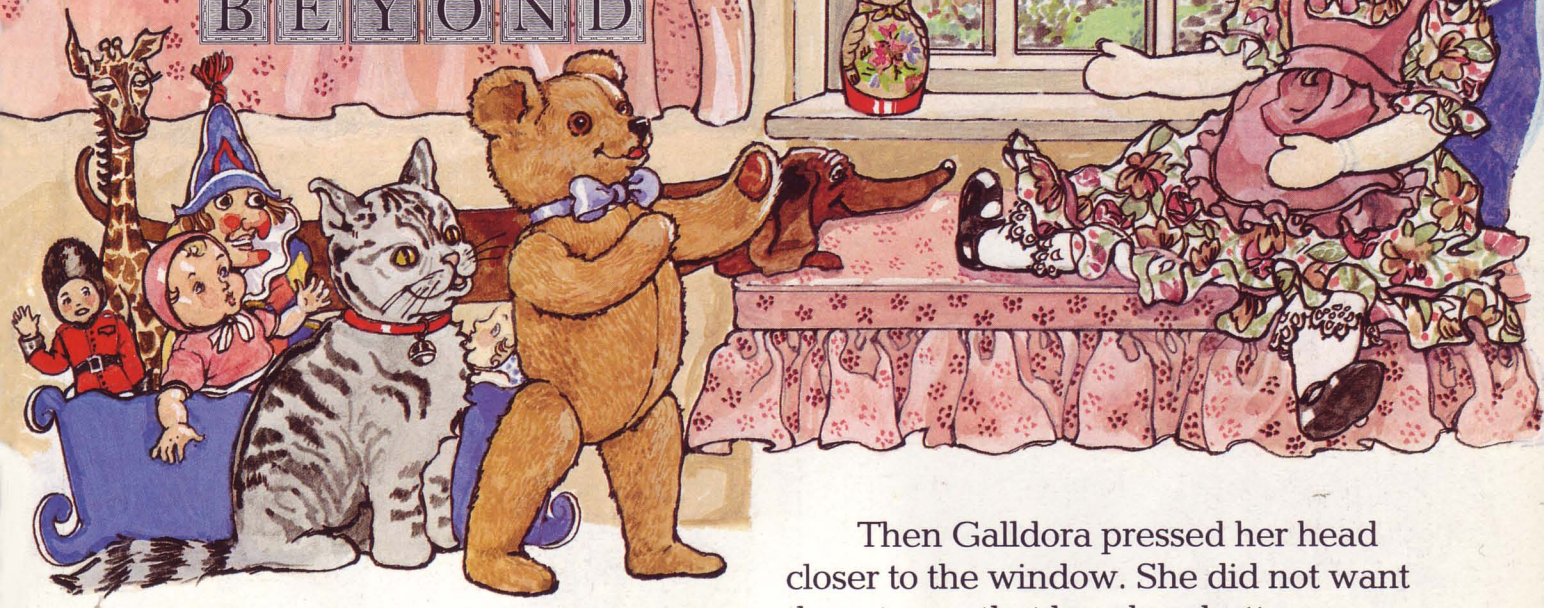
So when passing my rock,
drop in for a game!"

Old Longtooth and Captain Ulrik lived happily together on the rock, playing chess almost all the time — and now and then giving parties to visiting Vikings.



GALLDORA and the

WOODS BEYOND



Galldora was a rag doll, just a home-made rag doll, with shiny shoe-button eyes, a sewn-on mouth and black wool hair. She belonged to a little girl called Marybell. But though she was home-made, Galldora could laugh and sing and cry as well as any other doll.

There was one treat the dolls and teddy bears loved more than any other. And that was to be taken to the woods-beyond. One or two were taken there when Marybell went to pick flowers.

Poor Galldora was the only doll who had never been to the woods-beyond. She always pretended she did not mind. "Oh, woods," she would say, "they're wild places. I much prefer gardens."

"But when the bluebells are out, the woods look like a shining blue lake!" said Bobo, the stuffed cat.

"And how the birds sing!" growled Teddy Bear softly. "Like fairies!"

Then Galldora pressed her head closer to the window. She did not want them to see that her shoe-button eyes were full of tears. "The woods-beyond. If only I could see them, just once."

Next day Marybell said, "Dolls! Teddy Bears! We're going in Daddy's car for a picnic in the woods!"



She carried all the toys in armfuls to the car. Galldora was in the last armful. But as she was carried out, she fell unnoticed to the floor!

Staring up at the ceiling, she heard the car start. She heard everyone climb in. She heard the car disappear into the distance.

Suddenly the door was pushed



open. Sparks, the dog, came and sniffed her and patted her with his paw. He closed his teeth very gently round her and trotted downstairs. He ran out of the house, out of the garden, into the field and on to the woods.

Sparks put Galldora down very gently against a tree. He sniffed the air. Rabbits! Soon he was barking joyfully, running and jumping here, then there, then further on. Galldora looked about her. "This must be the woods-beyond!" she thought.

Bluebells were moving gently in the breeze, like waves on shining blue water. Butterflies fluttered in twos and threes, looking like flowers themselves. The branches made a canopy of pale green, and Galldora could hear the piping sound of a robin, and the soft trickling song of the willow warbler.

"I've heard them!" said Galldora.





"I've heard the birds singing in the woods-beyond!"

Sparks went home and forgot all about the rag doll, but Galldora was happy. Rain pattered down on her woolly head. The moon came out and glinted on her shoe-button eyes. Then dawn broke. And all the time Galldora kept saying, "I'm in the woods-beyond. The woods-beyond! None of the others have been in the woods at night. But *I* have!"

After two days and nights, Marybell came to the woods to pick bluebells, and she brought Sparks. Suddenly Sparks remembered Galldora.

"Sparks! Here! Good dog!" called Marybell. "What have you found? Why, it's Galldora! Poor old thing. You're in a bit of a mess. I'll have to dry you out and sew a new dress on you."

Galldora was carried home and seated in the best place by the fire. "The woods-beyond!" she sighed in a dreamy way. "At night . . . at night!"

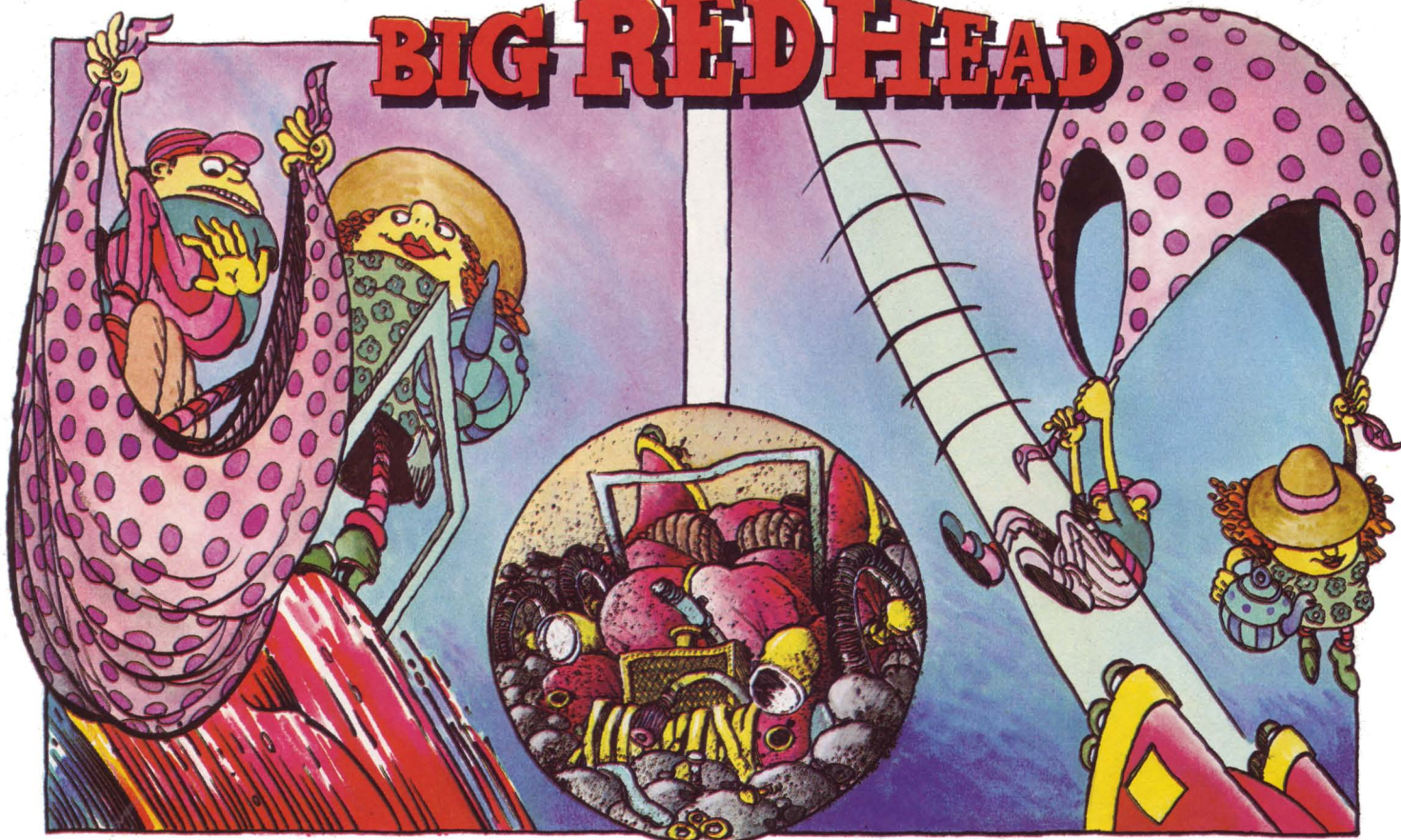
The teddy bears were silent. The dolls looked at each other. Then Galldora told them all about it.

"How brave you are, Galldora," said Bobo the cat, "to have been in the woods-beyond at night, all by yourself."

But Galldora only murmured, "Oh! the moonlight and the owls! It's magic. Oh yes, it's the best place of all — the woods-beyond at night."

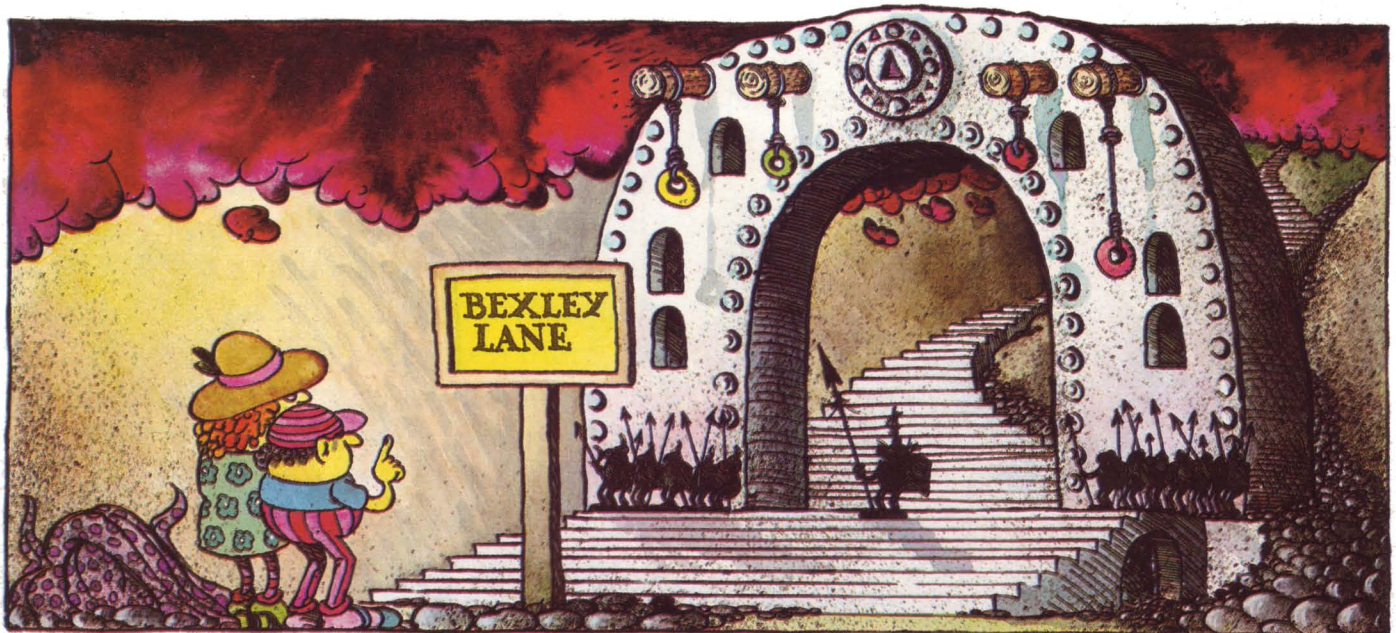


BIG RED HEAD



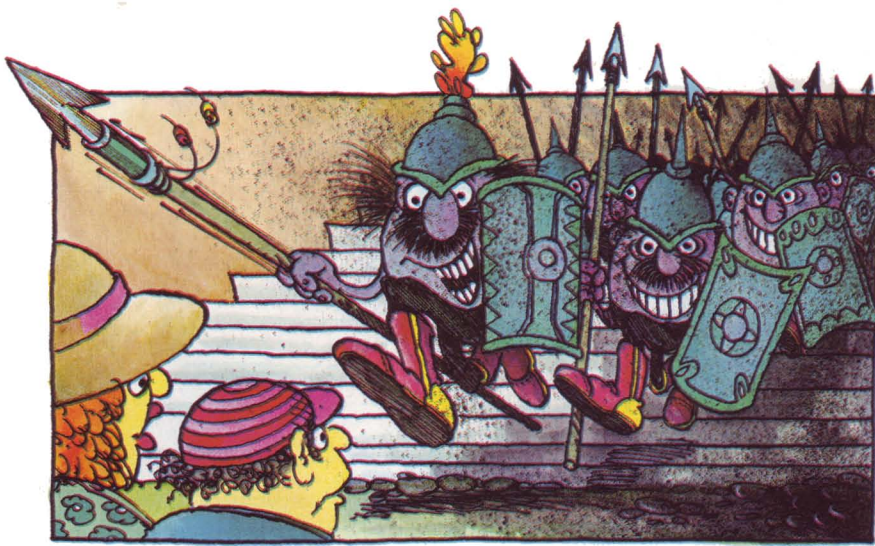
As the car plunged down Aunt Eff said, "Don't panic. Keep calm. We'll use my duvet as a parachute. I'll bring the tea. Ready Koshka? J-u-m-p!"

Holding on to the duvet, they floated slowly down as the car whizzed past them. They heard it crash into the gorge with the most enormous explosion.

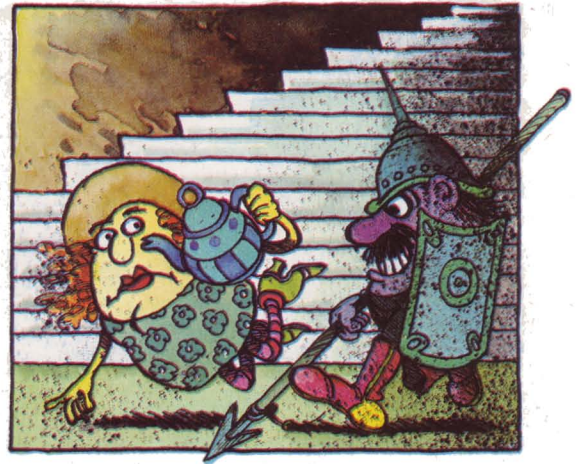


Aunt Eff and Koshka parachuted safely down beside an archway. It had a staircase leading up into clouds of

swirling red fog. There was a signpost which Koshka read aloud. "Bexley Lane. Gosh, Aunt! We're here at last."



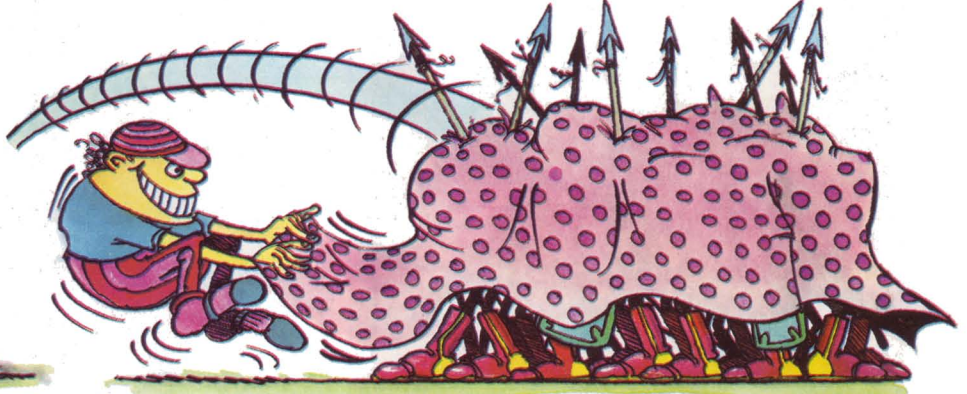
Suddenly fierce guards rushed upon the two intruders. "Grab them and throw them in the dungeon!" bellowed the chief guard.



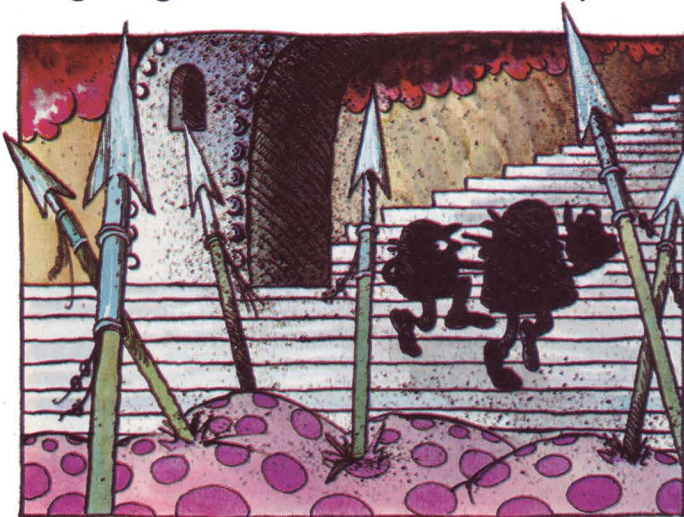
"Run!" cried Aunt Eff. "Run!" She turned to flee, but a guard tripped her up with his long spear.



Koshka dived for the duvet. Grabbing the two corners, he flung it high above his head.



With all his strength he threw it down over the advancing guards. The duvet covered them completely. "Ahh!" they roared. "We're trapped! Stop them! Stop them!"



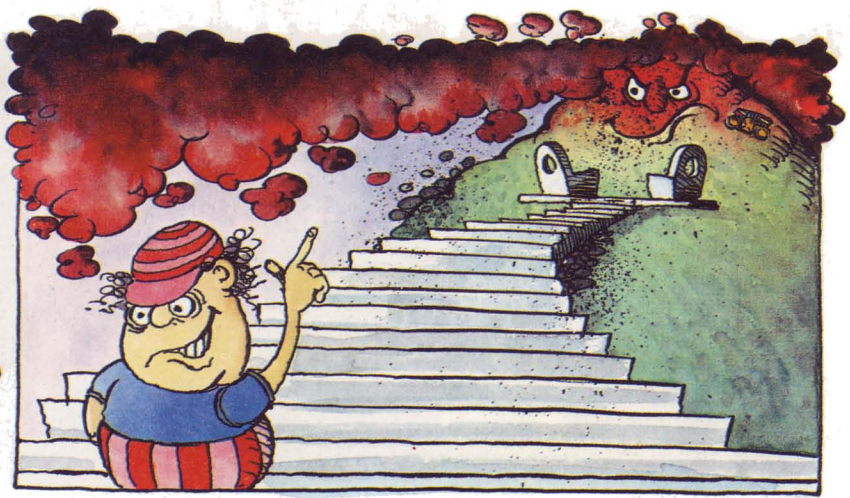
Koshka picked up Aunt Eff and escaped towards the archway. "Well done, Koshka!" gasped his aunt.



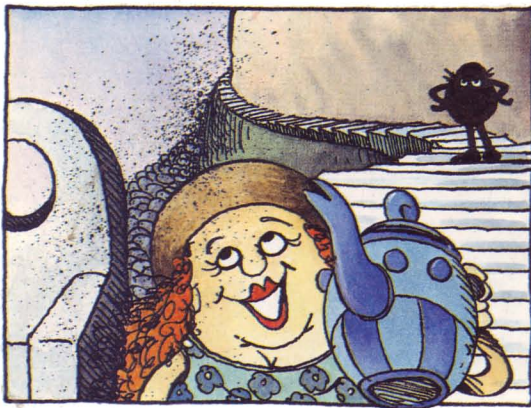
Through the arch and up the stairs they ran, disappearing into the thick red swirling fog.



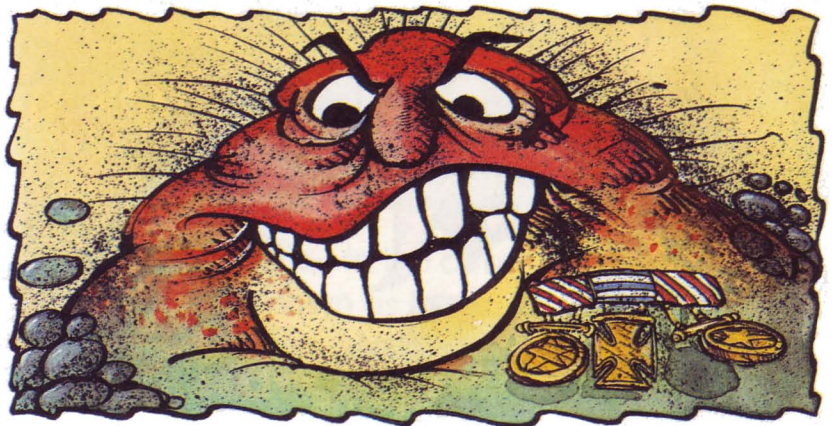
After a long climb they stopped to rest. Aunt Eff brewed yet another pot of her foul tea.



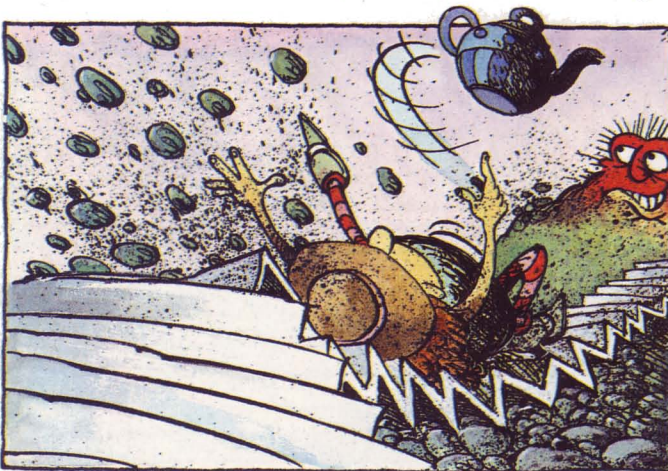
The fog began to lift! "Look, Aunt!" cried Koshka nervously. "Looook!" Glowering just above them was . . . Big Red Head!



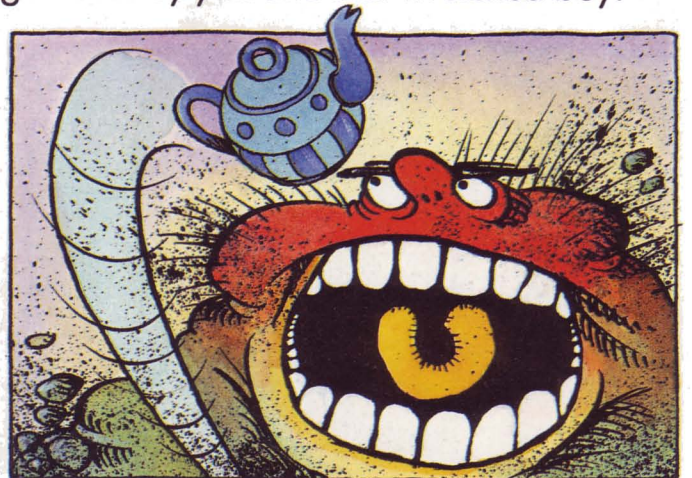
Aunt Eff ran to the top of the steps. "Do have some tea, Big Red Head," she said politely.



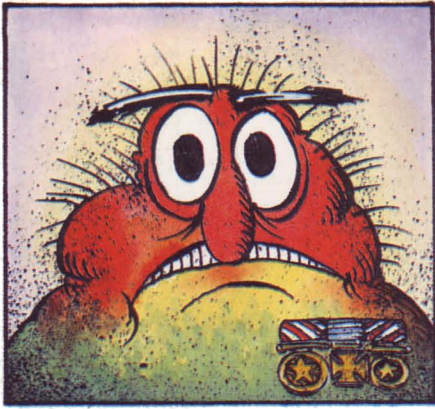
"You mad old hag!" he shouted angrily. "You have disobeyed my laws. You have defied me. Now I am going to destroy you and that wretched boy!"



The staircase shook and Aunt Eff went tumbling down the steps. Her teapot spun through the air towards Big Red Head,



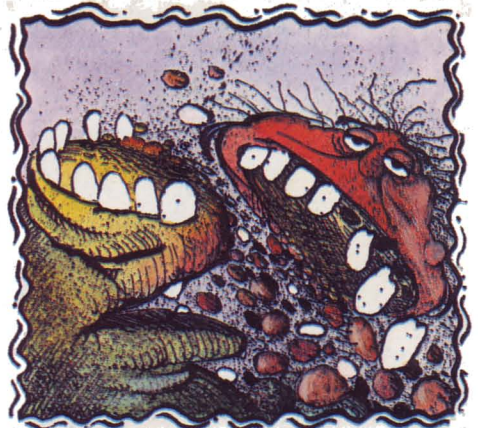
who greedily opened his enormous mouth. The mad mountain swallowed the whole pot of foul-tasting tea, in one gulp.



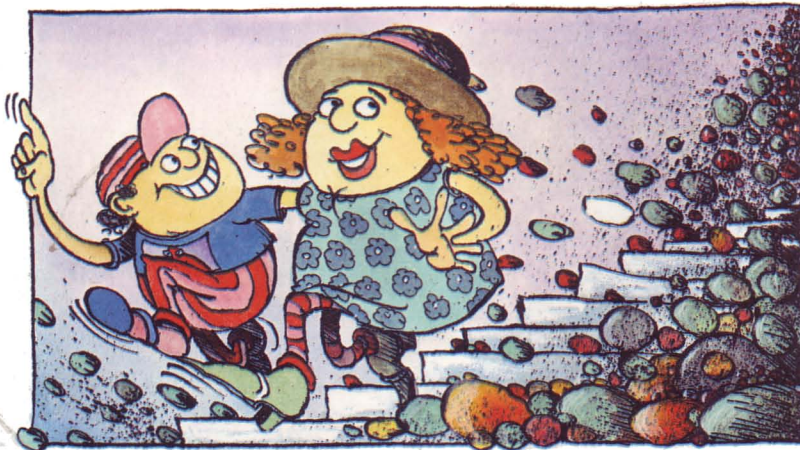
His mouth snapped shut,
but his eyes opened wide.
He had tasted the tea . . .



Big Red Head screamed in
horror as his body
shuddered and cracked.



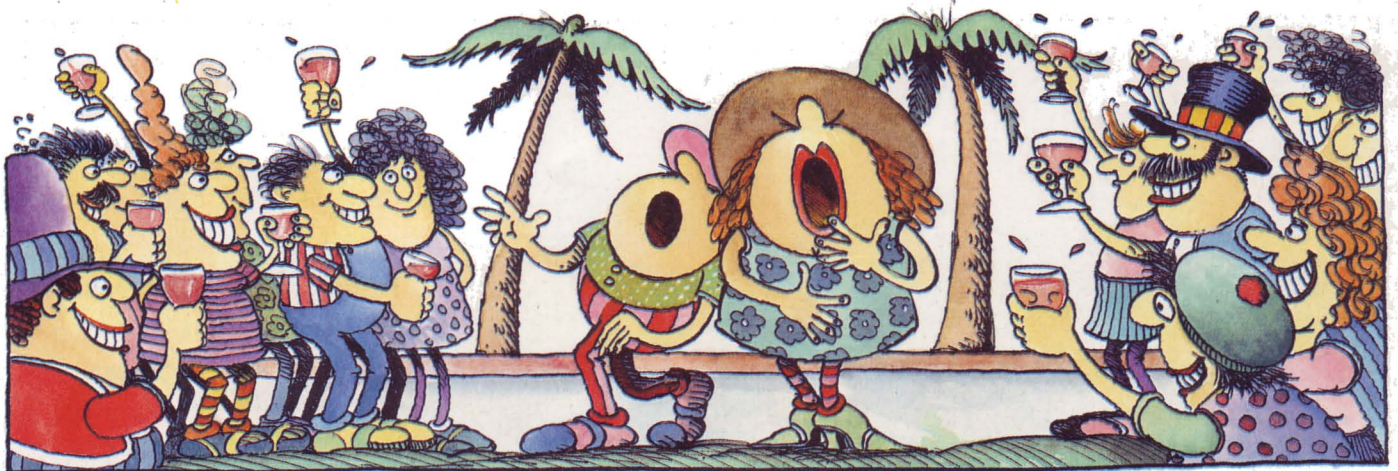
Suddenly he collapsed.
Rocks and boulders
crashed down the stairs.



"Well done, Aunt!" laughed Koshka. "Your tea
has destroyed Big Red Head for ever."
"Quick now! Down the stairs before we're burned!"




The good news spread quickly.
Koshka and his aunt were given a
hero's welcome on their return.



At the celebrations they sung a duet,
'T'was a mountain called Big Red Head,
'Do have some tea', we politely said.

And he guzzled the lot, the silly old fool.
Which put an end to his dreadful rule!"
Even today this song is sung in Jellicanne.

At the Forge

A detailed illustration of a blacksmith, Charles, working in his forge. He is wearing a blue shirt, a brown apron, and safety glasses. He is using long-handled tongs to hold a glowing red-hot piece of metal on a large, dark anvil. The background shows a brick wall and a bright fire in the forge. The title 'At the Forge' is written in a large, stylized, orange and yellow font in the upper left corner.

Dick and Mary lived on a farm with their parents and their grandpa, and near the farm was the blacksmith's forge. Charles the blacksmith was a great friend of the family.

"Come on, Dick," Mary often said when they had nothing special to do, "let's go and see Charles."

They loved all the sounds of the smithy — the puffing bellows, the clang-clang of the hammer on the anvil, as Charles held the red-hot iron with the long pincers, and hammered it into a horse-shoe. And then the sizzling, as he cooled the hot metal in water.

Dick decided he wanted to become a blacksmith. It seemed so clever to be able to make horse-shoes. Then, one day, Charles let him try to swing the hammer himself. But it was much too heavy — he could hardly lift it. "Cor! how strong a blacksmith has to be!" he thought.

Charles smiled. "Oh, you'll have to grow up a bit, son," he said, as he took

back the hammer and swung it easily over his head.

One day old Victor the shire horse lost a shoe. Everyone on the farm was very busy that morning, so Grandpa asked Mary and Dick to take Victor over to the forge to get a new shoe. Mary and Dick were thrilled to be allowed to walk Victor all by themselves.

Charles was busy shoeing someone

else's horse when they arrived, so they had to wait. They watched what was going on while Charles pared the horse's hoof and fitted a new shoe.

"Does it hurt, Charles?" asked Dick.

"Oh. No more than it hurts when you cut your nails — if it's done properly, that is."

When he had fitted on the new shoe, he gave the horse a pat. "There you are you patient fellow! You'll be more comfortable now."

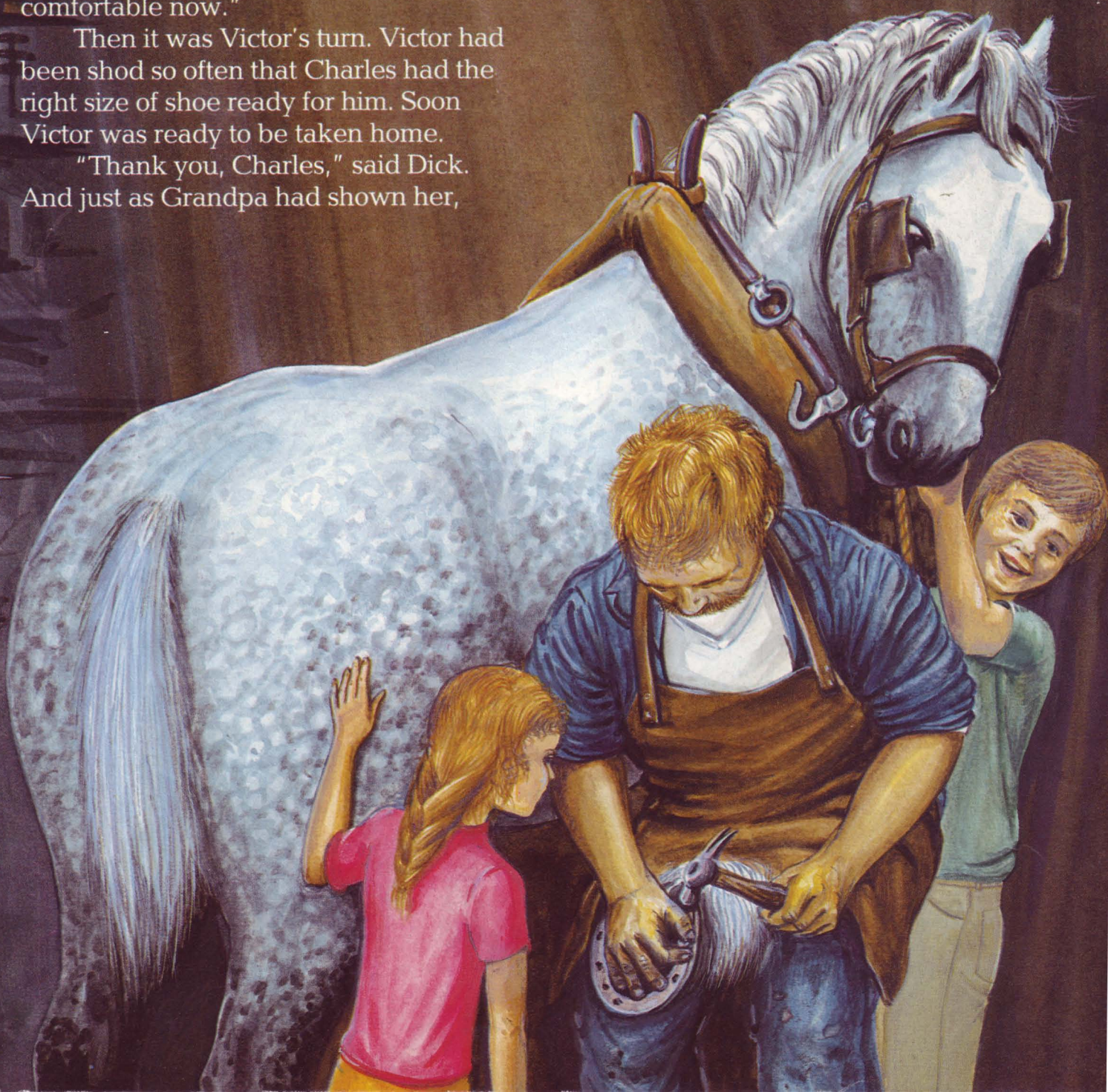
Then it was Victor's turn. Victor had been shod so often that Charles had the right size of shoe ready for him. Soon Victor was ready to be taken home.

"Thank you, Charles," said Dick. And just as Grandpa had shown her,

Mary took the rein and carefully turned Victor round, walking on the outside of the circle so that his great hoofs did not tread on her.

"Well done, Mary I'll tell your Grandpa he can be really proud of you both."

And Mary and Dick walked Victor slowly back to the farm feeling very pleased with themselves.



MOUSE IN THE SNOW



pulled out a peanut with his front teeth, and crunched it.

A sleek, black Cat was sitting outside the pointed window of a small house. The window was lit from inside, so only her outline could be seen. When she saw Mouse on the nut bag she gave a yawn of pleasure and flexed her long, sharp claws.

"You will soon get tired of hanging up there," she said. "And when you fall to the ground we will play a little game together."

Her round, yellow eyes shone in the darkness.

Owl, who had flown to a nearby tree, blinked his round, yellow eyes and said nothing.


It was winter and snow covered everything in a thick, white blanket. An Owl with huge, outspread wings flew over the white woods, the white fields and over the white roofs of houses. In his claws he held a trembling, small brown Mouse.

Mouse, who was feeling very cold as well as very frightened, gave a sudden sneeze. Owl, startled by the noise, dropped Mouse who fell down, down, down until he found himself clinging to a net of bird nuts which hung in a holly tree.

"What a lucky escape," squeaked the surprised Mouse, "and what a lot of nuts for one single branch of one tree." He clung on for all he was worth. "Well, I've never eaten supper up in the air before, but I'll try anything once."

And he nibbled a hole in the net,





The small brown Mouse had only eaten three nuts when his feet began to get very tired from clinging to the bag. He could not run along the branch because of the prickly holly leaves. Holding his breath, he loosened his hold on the nut bag and fell to the road below. Cat, quick as a flash, leaped towards him but Mouse darted on to a heap of snow and started burrowing into it.

Cat blinked and hesitated as the flurry of snow settled in cold diamonds on her whiskers. In seconds, Mouse was out of sight and Cat went back to her window-sill making angry, growling noises in her throat.



In his tunnel under the snow the small Mouse felt safe from Cat, and safe from Owl, and very cosy.

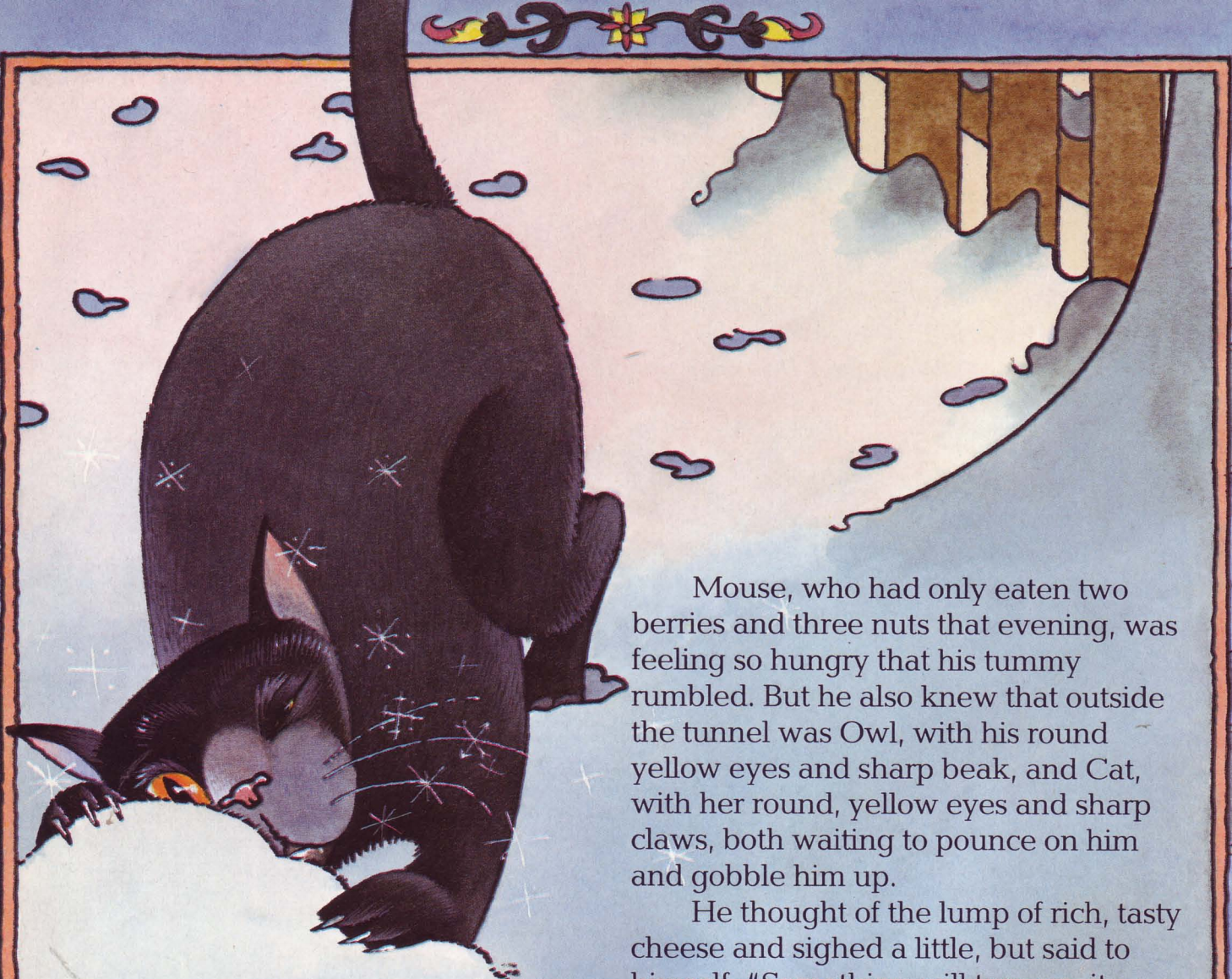
"Who would have thought," he squeaked to himself, "that one could be so warm and comfortable inside a heap of snow. I'm learning a lot today."

Up above, in the cold night air, Cat was calling to Owl.

"A cat is the cleverest animal in the world," she boasted. "I will soon tempt this silly little Mouse from his tunnel. When he climbs out of it I will pounce on him and we will play a little game together. Then, when I get tired of that, I will gobble him up."

Owl in the tree said nothing, but he thought to himself, "Cat thinks she is so clever, but I am a wise old Owl. I caught Mouse in the first place. When he climbs out of the snow I will pounce on him before Cat does. I will fly with him to my hole in the oak-tree. And then I will gobble him up."






Mouse, who had only eaten two berries and three nuts that evening, was feeling so hungry that his tummy rumbled. But he also knew that outside the tunnel was Owl, with his round yellow eyes and sharp beak, and Cat, with her round, yellow eyes and sharp claws, both waiting to pounce on him and gobble him up.

He thought of the lump of rich, tasty cheese and sighed a little, but said to himself, "Something will turn up, it usually does."

At that moment there was the sound

Cat went to the mouth of the tunnel that Mouse had made in the snow and whispered, "Are you there, Mouse? Can you hear me? If you climb out of your tunnel, crawl under the gate and run down the steps you will find yourself in a garden. On the low wall, in the daytime, birds are fed. Grain and nuts are put on the wall, and sometimes cheese. Today the cheese fell into the garden below. There is a big lump of it lying there, half-hidden by the snow. A big lump of rich, tasty cheese, Mouse — just think of it. But perhaps you are not very hungry?"





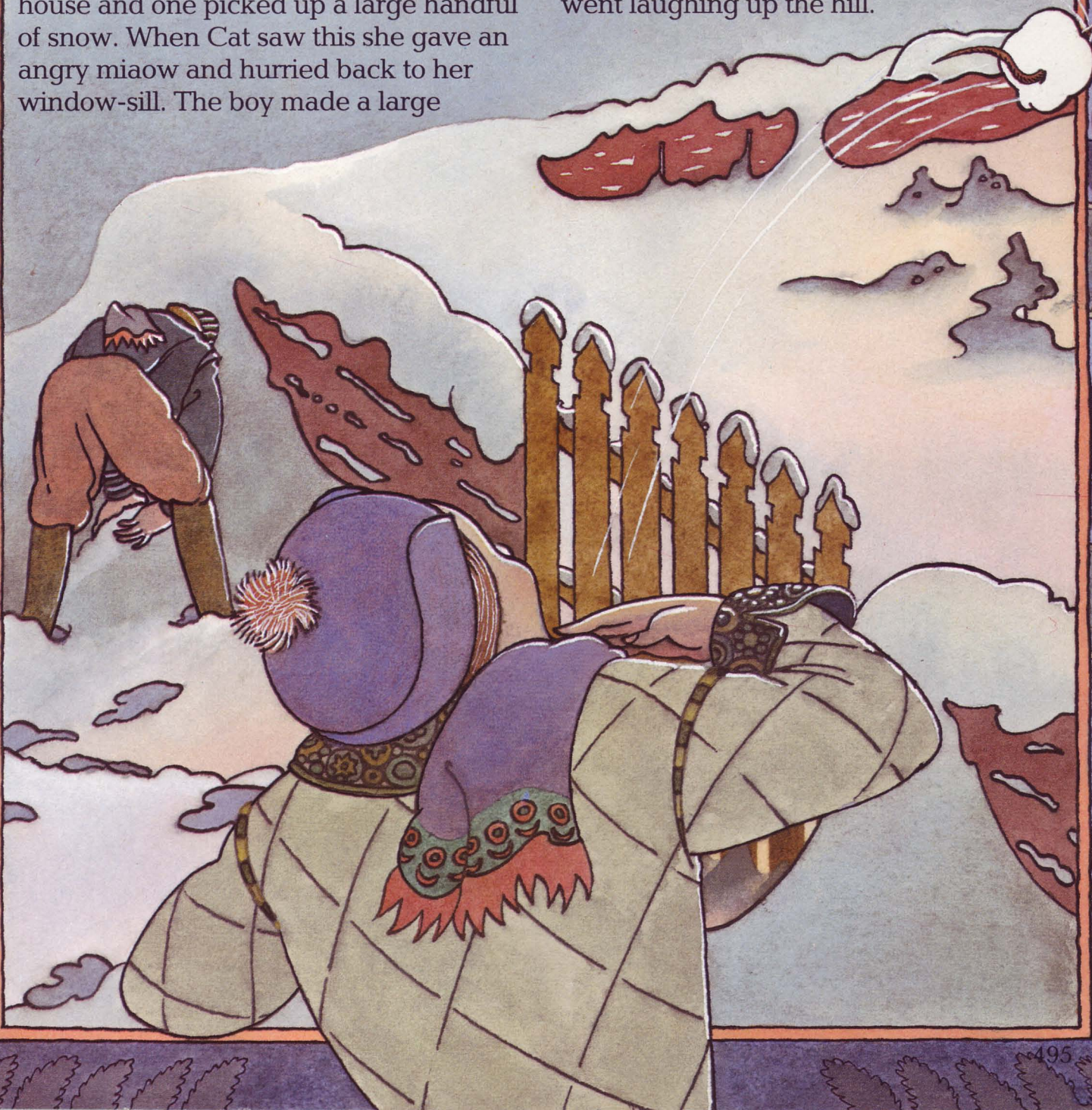
of shouting in the distance. Owl swivelled his head round like a corkscrew. When he saw two boys running up the hill, he gave a loud cry of "Tu-whit, tu-whoo," and flew off into the forest.


The boys stopped by the gate of the house and one picked up a large handful of snow. When Cat saw this she gave an angry miaow and hurried back to her window-sill. The boy made a large

snowball and threw it over the wall.

"I can throw further than that," cried the other boy. He, too, picked up a large handful of snow. Inside the snow was Mouse, although the boy did not know it.

Mouse felt the snow being packed all round him until he could hardly breathe. Then he felt himself hurtling through the air at great speed, and with a thud which shook him from tail to whiskers the snowball landed. The boys went laughing up the hill.





The snowball, which had fallen on the far side of the low garden wall, broke open. Mouse struggled out, feeling rather dazed. He made sure he was the right way up, shook the snow from his whiskers and sniffed the air. And there beside him, half-hidden by the snow, was the large lump of tasty cheese.

"Well!" squeaked Mouse to himself. "I have seen the world today and no mistake. I have seen white woods, white fields and the white roofs of houses. I have eaten nuts in the air and made a tunnel under the snow. I have travelled far by Owl and snowball, and soon it'll be time to find a hole in the wall and go to sleep. But first I will have a really good supper."

He picked up the large piece of cheese in his front paws, and under the round, yellow eye of the moon — he gobbled it up!





J. M. BARRIE'S

Peter Pan

It was a quiet, still night. On the pirates' ship — the *Jolly Roger* — Captain Hook paced up and down the deck, smiling grimly to himself. This was his hour of triumph — for he was sure that Peter Pan had drunk the poisoned medicine and was now dead. Better still, he thought, all the other boys were imprisoned in the hold of the ship.

"Handcuff the boys and hoist them up," he cried.

"Aye, aye," replied the pirates.

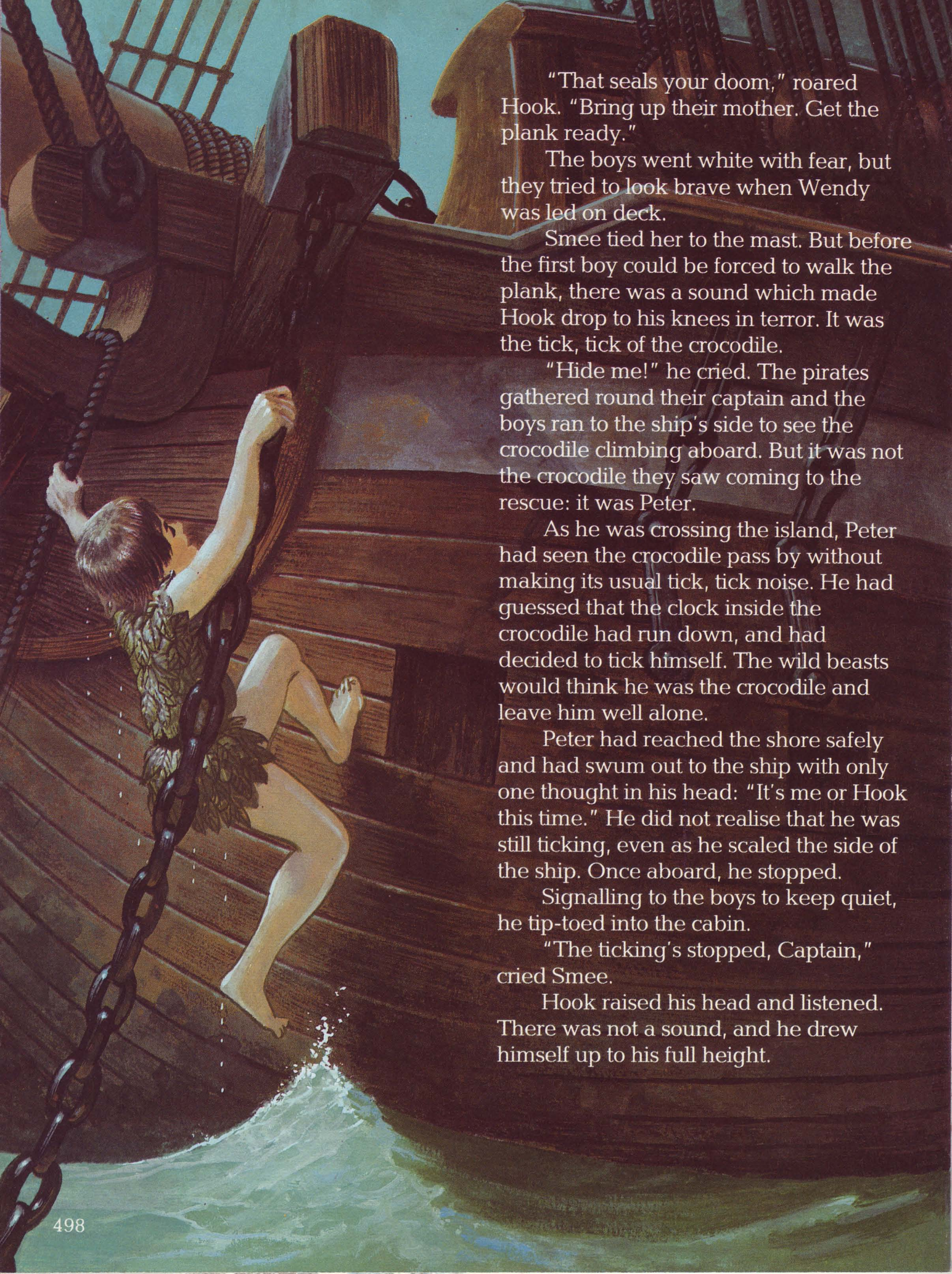
The boys were lined up in front of Hook. "Now then, bullies," he said. "Six of you must walk the plank tonight, but I have room for two cabin boys. Which of you are to be saved?"

He nodded at John.

"You, boy. You look as though you have a little pluck in you. All you have to do is swear, 'Down with the King', and you can join us."

"Never!" cried John.

"Rule Britannia!" called the other boys boldly.

A detailed illustration of Peter Pan, a young boy with brown hair and a green leafy tunic, climbing the dark wooden hull of a ship. He is barefoot and is pulling himself up by a thick black chain that runs vertically along the side of the ship. The ship's structure, including wooden planks and rigging, is visible in the background. The water at the bottom of the frame is a pale greenish-blue.

"That seals your doom," roared Hook. "Bring up their mother. Get the plank ready."

The boys went white with fear, but they tried to look brave when Wendy was led on deck.

Smee tied her to the mast. But before the first boy could be forced to walk the plank, there was a sound which made Hook drop to his knees in terror. It was the tick, tick of the crocodile.

"Hide me!" he cried. The pirates gathered round their captain and the boys ran to the ship's side to see the crocodile climbing aboard. But it was not the crocodile they saw coming to the rescue: it was Peter.

As he was crossing the island, Peter had seen the crocodile pass by without making its usual tick, tick noise. He had guessed that the clock inside the crocodile had run down, and had decided to tick himself. The wild beasts would think he was the crocodile and leave him well alone.

Peter had reached the shore safely and had swum out to the ship with only one thought in his head: "It's me or Hook this time." He did not realise that he was still ticking, even as he scaled the side of the ship. Once aboard, he stopped.

Signalling to the boys to keep quiet, he tip-toed into the cabin.

"The ticking's stopped, Captain," cried Smee.

Hook raised his head and listened. There was not a sound, and he drew himself up to his full height.

"Then here's to Johnny Plank," he cried, and, dancing along an imaginary plank, he began to sing:

"Yo-ho, yo-ho, the frisky plank,
You walks along it so,
Till it goes down and you goes down
To Davy Jones below.

"We'll beat these boys with the cat o'nine tails. Fetch it from the cabin, Jukes."

The pirate strode off to the cabin and Hook continued his song. But he never finished it, for all of a sudden there was a

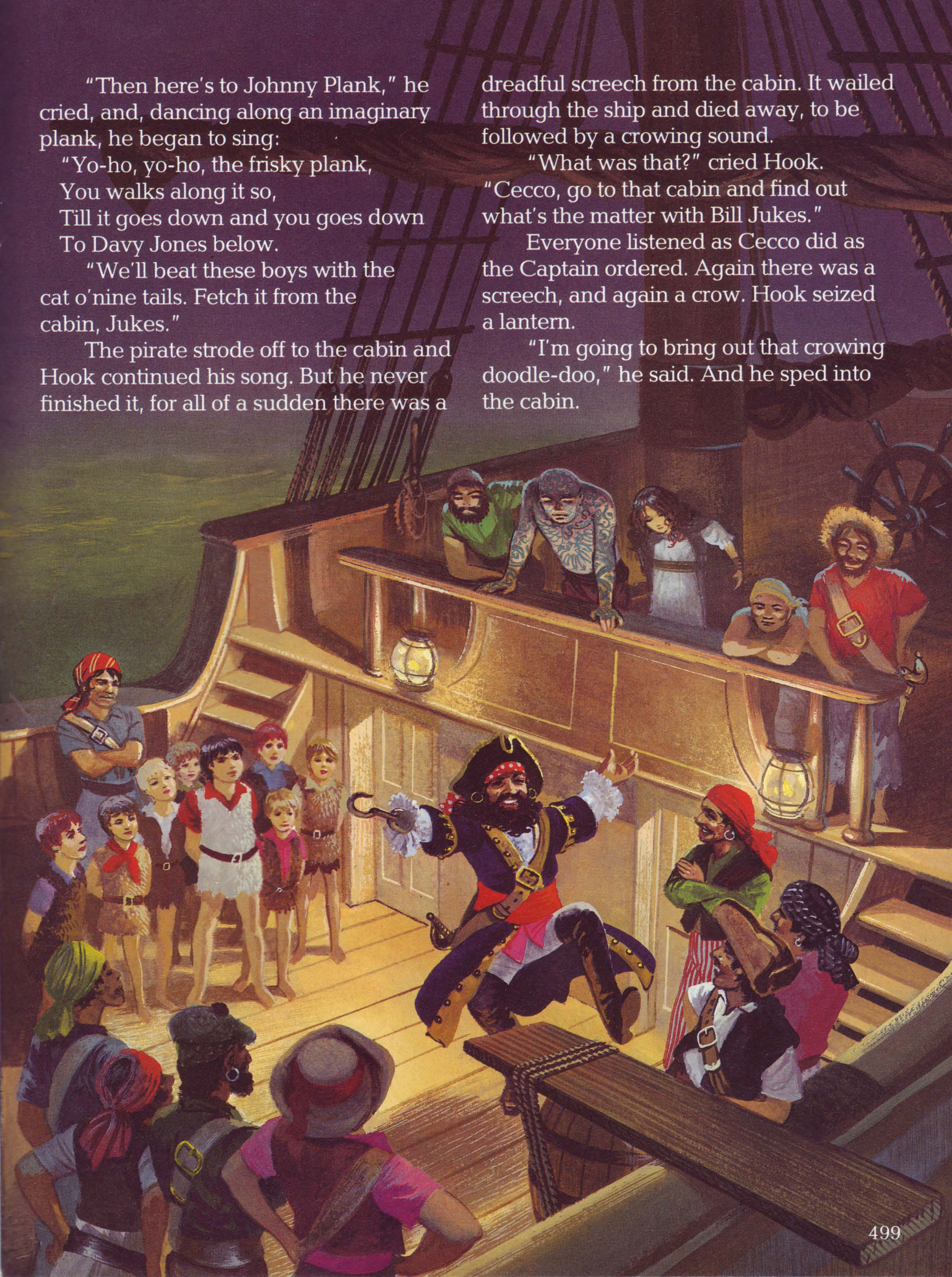
dreadful screech from the cabin. It wailed through the ship and died away, to be followed by a crowing sound.

"What was that?" cried Hook.

"Cecco, go to that cabin and find out what's the matter with Bill Jukes."

Everyone listened as Cecco did as the Captain ordered. Again there was a screech, and again a crow. Hook seized a lantern.

"I'm going to bring out that crowing doodle-doo," he said. And he sped into the cabin.





A moment later he came staggering out, without his lantern. "I saw the bodies of Jukes and Cecco," he said, "and then something blew out the light. Lads, I have an idea. Let's drive the boys into the cabin and let them fight the doodle-doo for their lives."

The boys, pretending to struggle, were pushed into the cabin where Peter was waiting with the key to unlock their handcuffs. As soon as they were free, they seized whatever weapons they could find and crept out of the cabin. Peter tip-toed up to Wendy and cut her bonds. He whispered to her to hide with the others and then took her place at the mast. He wrapped her cloak around himself, took a deep breath and crowed.

"Lads, it's the girl!" cried Hook. "Throw her overboard."

They all rushed at the figure by the mast, who flung off his cloak and cried, "I'm Peter Pan the avenger. Down, boys, and at 'em!"

In a moment there was the clashing of swords as the pirates ran here and there, striking wildly. The boys hunted

them down in pairs, driving some into the sea and trapping others in dark corners. Only Captain Hook managed to keep them all at bay. He had just lifted up one boy with his hook, and was waving at the others with his sword, when Peter Pan leaped in front of him.

"This man is mine!" cried Peter.

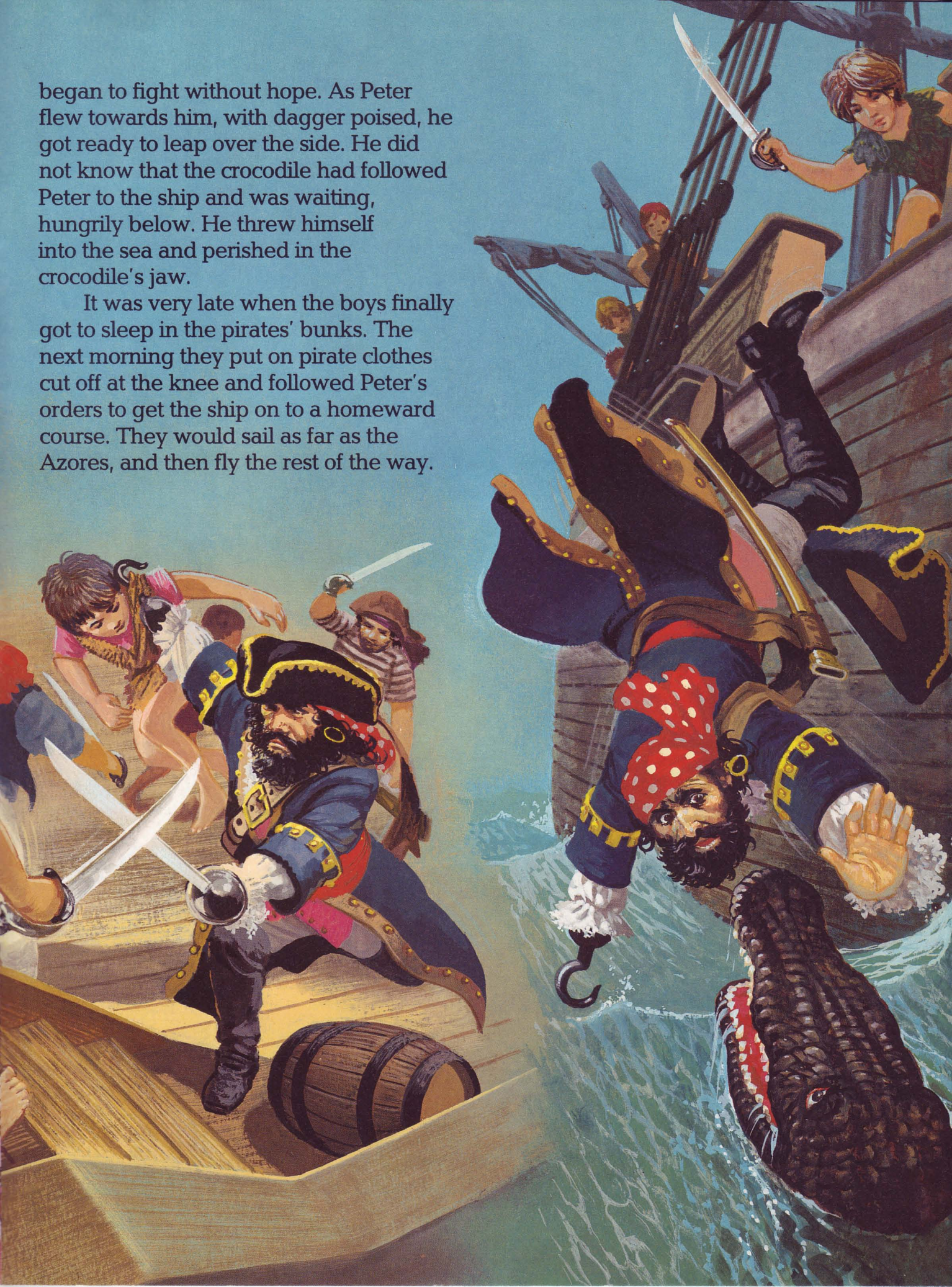
"Proud and insolent youth," said Hook. "Prepare to meet thy doom."

Without more words, they began to fight. Hook was a superb swordsman, but his thrust was turned aside again and again. He was pierced in the ribs, and he



began to fight without hope. As Peter flew towards him, with dagger poised, he got ready to leap over the side. He did not know that the crocodile had followed Peter to the ship and was waiting, hungrily below. He threw himself into the sea and perished in the crocodile's jaw.

It was very late when the boys finally got to sleep in the pirates' bunks. The next morning they put on pirate clothes cut off at the knee and followed Peter's orders to get the ship on to a homeward course. They would sail as far as the Azores, and then fly the rest of the way.





Many moons later, Wendy, John and Michael flew through the open window of their nursery. It had not been closed since the night they flew away.

They knelt in front of the kennel to see if Nana was inside.

"It's father," shrieked Wendy.

"Surely," said John, "he used not to sleep in the kennel?"

Of course, John and Wendy could not know that Mr Darling had stayed inside the kennel since the night they had flown away. It was his way of punishing himself for chaining Nana in the yard on that terrible night.

Suddenly they heard Mrs Darling playing the piano downstairs.

"It's mother!" cried Wendy. "Let's all slip into our beds, just as if we had never been away."

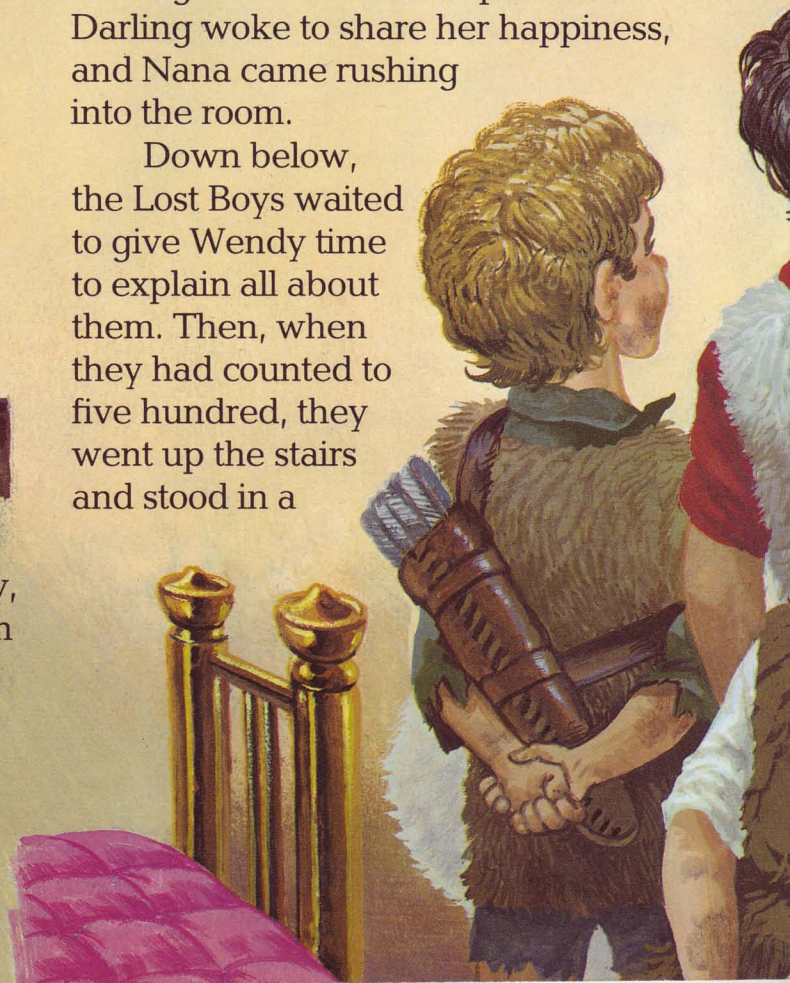
And so, when Mrs Darling came into the nursery she saw the children in their beds. But she thought that she was dreaming and sat down sadly by the fire.

For one awful moment the children thought that she had forgotten them.

"Mother!" they cried. And they leaped out of bed and ran into her arms.

"George. Oh, George!" cried Mrs Darling when she could speak. And Mr Darling woke to share her happiness, and Nana came rushing into the room.

Down below, the Lost Boys waited to give Wendy time to explain all about them. Then, when they had counted to five hundred, they went up the stairs and stood in a



row in front of Mrs Darling. Of course, she said at once that she would have them. Mr Darling thought six extra boys rather a lot, but in the end he found enough room to fit them in.

Only Peter would not stay. Mrs Darling would not let Wendy return with him to the Neverland, but she agreed that Wendy should go for a week every year to help with his spring cleaning.



Peter came to collect Wendy the following spring, and he came again two years later. But after that he forgot, and the next time he saw Wendy she was a grown woman.

"Hello Wendy," he said, as he flew in through the nursery window. "I have come to take you to the Neverland."

"I can't come," said Wendy sadly.

"Peter, I grew up long ago. I am a married woman and the child in the bed is my daughter, Jane."

Peter looked at the sleeping child, and with a cry he sank to the floor. He began to sob so loudly that Jane woke up.

"Little boy, why are you crying?"

"I've c-come for my mother to take her to the Neverland."

"Yes, I know," said Jane. "I have been waiting for you."

Peter jumped to his feet, blew some fairy dust on her shoulders, and led her to the open window.

"No, no!" cried Wendy. But she knew that she could not stop them. She stood watching as Jane and Peter disappeared into the sky, on their way to the land where children never grow up.

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I Had a Little Nut Tree

I had a little nut-tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear.

The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
All for the sake
Of my little nut-tree.

I skipped over ocean,
I danced over sea;
And all the birds in the air
Couldn't catch me!



IN PART 19 OF

STORY Teller 2

NEW SERIAL

Share **ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND** – from the bottom of a rabbit hole to a pool of tears!

Timothy steps into a pair of **Martian WONDER WELLIES** – and lands up to his neck in trouble!

The valiant King Arthur and his sword take on **THE TREACHERY OF MORGAN**

PAT'S PIANO may be old and shabby, but it has an amazing gift for music

PLUS **DANGER IN THE REEDS**
MY UNCLE PAUL OF PIMLICO

Stories read by
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