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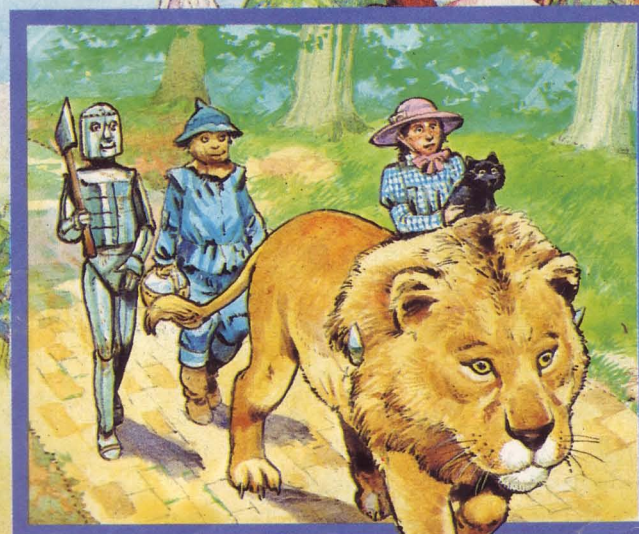
PART 2

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

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Conjured up for STORY TELLER by Sheila Richmond, and brought to life by Claire Mumford, Funky Monkey becomes apprenticed into the zany world of magic-making.

The Snake and the Rose.....36

A garden romance from the pen of Wendy Eyton, illustrated in a fittingly romantic style by Charmian Veitch.

© Wendy Eyton 1983

Rumbles in the Jungles.....41

It wasn't Mungo's tum rumbling — it was trouble afoot in the shape of Skinny Malinx and the Scareb Twins. Can King Zamoosa be rescued? Will jungle juice forever bubble into the hands of the treacherous Skinny?

© Korky Paul 1983

The Wizard of Oz: In the Forest.....45

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A warning verse from American poet, Jack Prelutsky, to all children who might stray into a troll's path.

The Troll first appeared in the book *Nightmares* © 1976, and appears here by kind permission of Caedmon Records, 1995 Broadway, New York, NY0033

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The Magic of Funky Monkey

Funky Monkey loved magic. When he left school, he told his father he wanted to work for Danilo the Wizard.

"But I need your help on the coconut farm!" exclaimed Mr Monkey. "Your brother Cosmo is a bit slow. You're small and light, and you'd be much quicker at climbing the trees to collect the coconuts!"

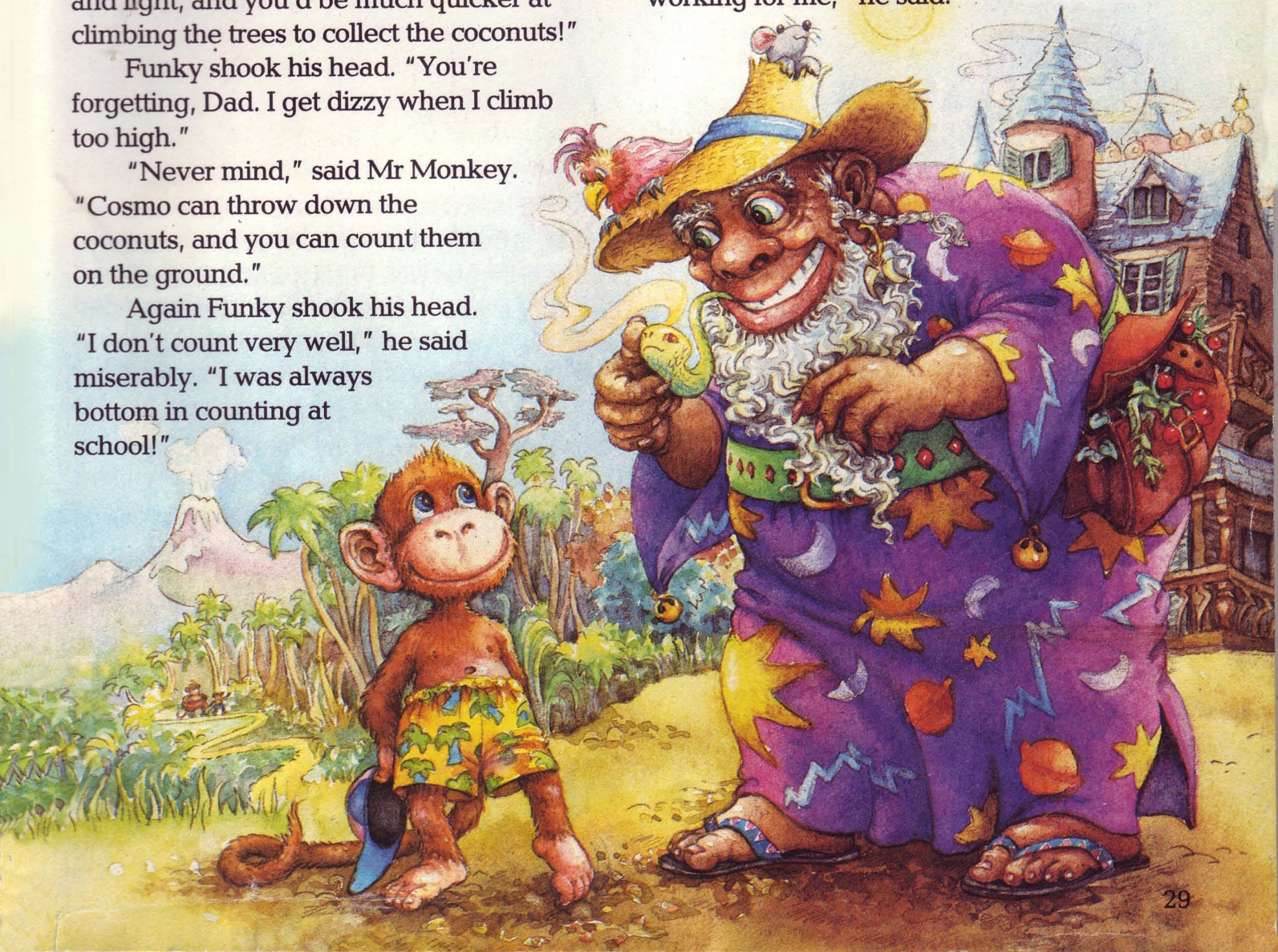
Funky shook his head. "You're forgetting, Dad. I get dizzy when I climb too high."

"Never mind," said Mr Monkey. "Cosmo can throw down the coconuts, and you can count them on the ground."

Again Funky shook his head. "I don't count very well," he said miserably. "I was always bottom in counting at school!"

So Funky went up the hill to Danilo's spooky old house with its five turrets.

When Danilo heard why Funky had come, he stroked his long beard, looked Funky up and down, then walked right round him. "Mmm, I've never had a monkey working for me," he said.





The wizard took him down to the vast cellar where he prepared his spells. Funky looked round at the big jars marked 'toadflax', 'elderberry powder', 'monk's hood' and 'juniper berries'. The shelves were filled with dusty leather books.

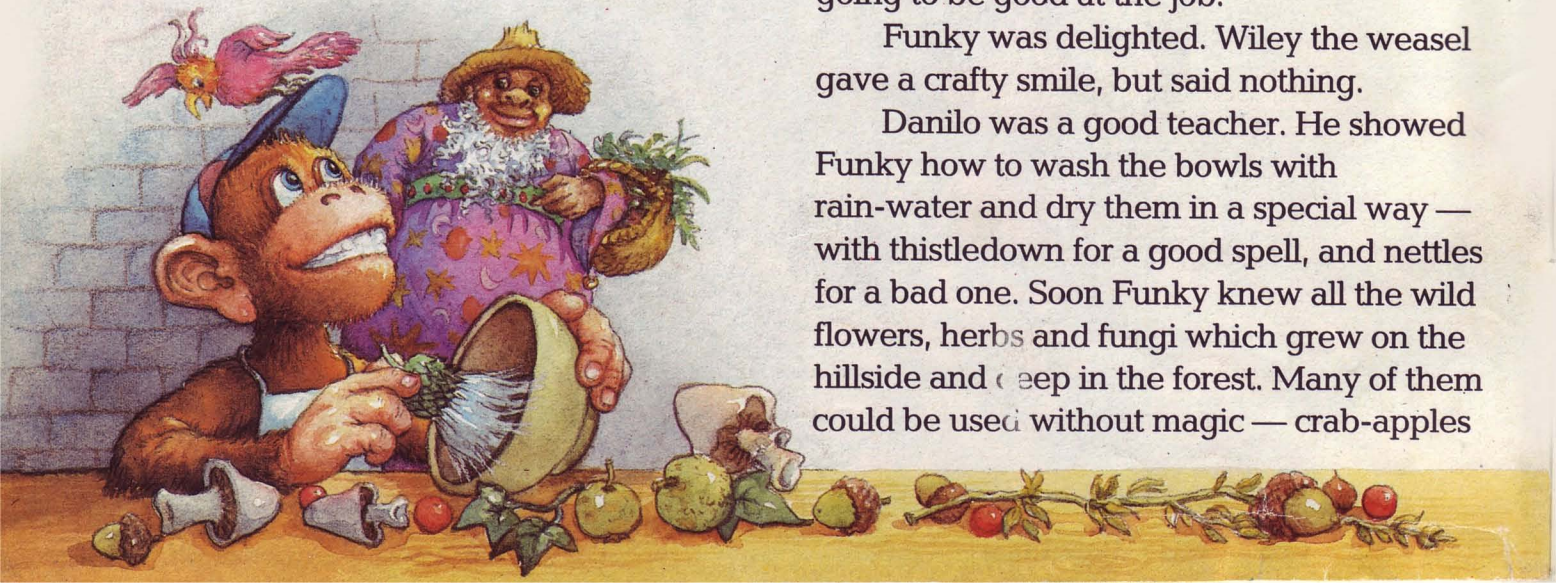
The work-bench in the middle of the cellar was cluttered by bowls, spoons of all sizes, and some big brass weighing scales. At the far end lay a striped stick, twisted and curled like a crazy drinking straw.

He looked over to the far corner of the cellar, where a thin figure was busy stirring a three-legged pot. Funky was dismayed to see that it was a weasel. He did not like weasels. A gang of them had stolen his father's best coconuts.

"You can come for a month," Danilo told Funky. "I'll know by then if you're going to be good at the job."

Funky was delighted. Wiley the weasel gave a crafty smile, but said nothing.

Danilo was a good teacher. He showed Funky how to wash the bowls with rain-water and dry them in a special way — with thistledown for a good spell, and nettles for a bad one. Soon Funky knew all the wild flowers, herbs and fungi which grew on the hillside and deep in the forest. Many of them could be used without magic — crab-apples



to make girls beautiful, rosemary to curl their hair, and bay leaves to protect them from lightning. Then the wizard explained how he changed brews and mixtures into magic potions by waving his striped swizzle-stick over them.

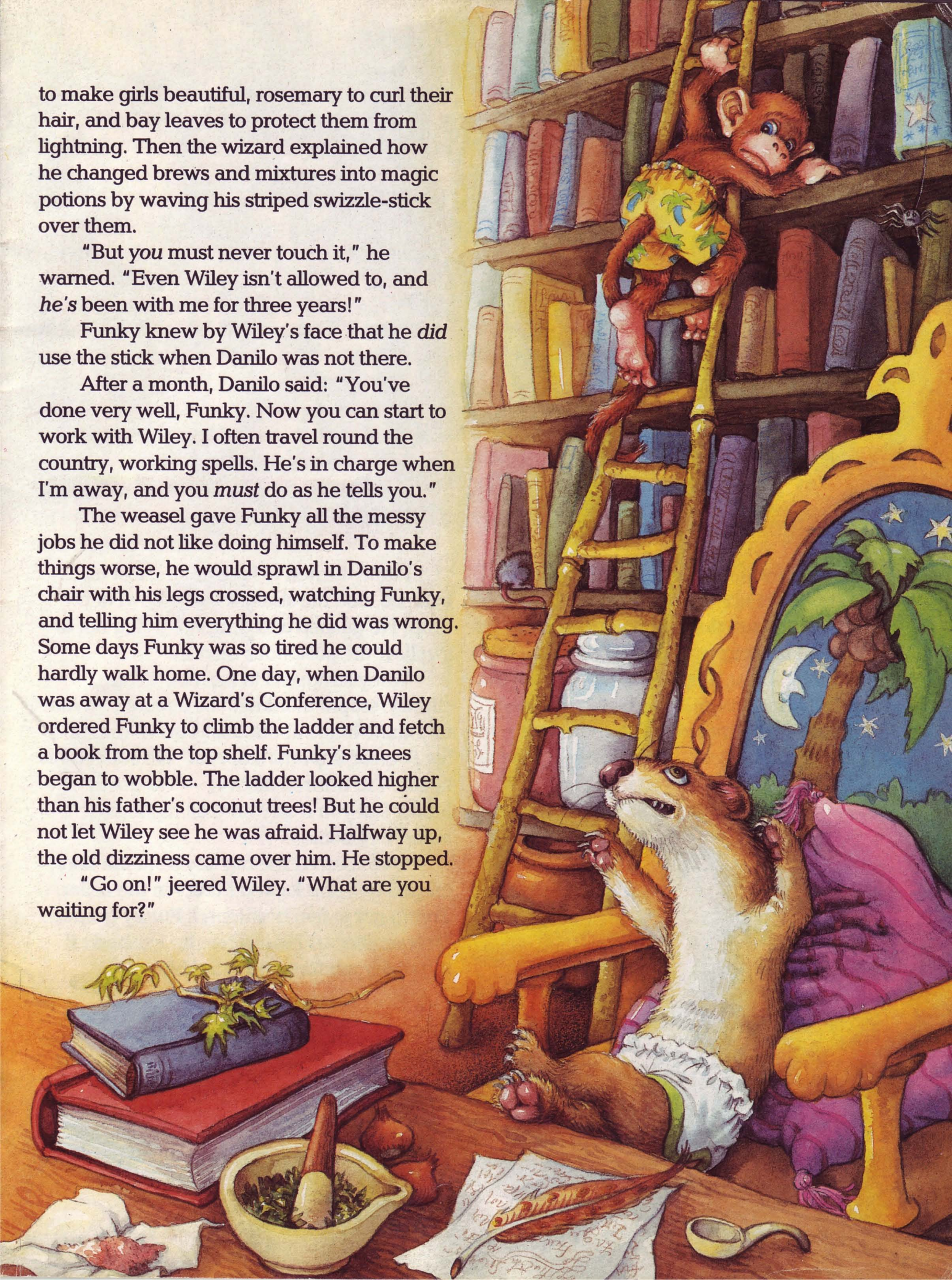
"But you must never touch it," he warned. "Even Wiley isn't allowed to, and he's been with me for three years!"

Funky knew by Wiley's face that he *did* use the stick when Danilo was not there.

After a month, Danilo said: "You've done very well, Funky. Now you can start to work with Wiley. I often travel round the country, working spells. He's in charge when I'm away, and you *must* do as he tells you."

The weasel gave Funky all the messy jobs he did not like doing himself. To make things worse, he would sprawl in Danilo's chair with his legs crossed, watching Funky, and telling him everything he did was wrong. Some days Funky was so tired he could hardly walk home. One day, when Danilo was away at a Wizard's Conference, Wiley ordered Funky to climb the ladder and fetch a book from the top shelf. Funky's knees began to wobble. The ladder looked higher than his father's coconut trees! But he could not let Wiley see he was afraid. Halfway up, the old dizziness came over him. He stopped.

"Go on!" jeered Wiley. "What are you waiting for?"





Funky shut his eyes, gulped, and made himself go on. He grabbed the book in one hand, trying not to think about how far he was from the ground.

The book was heavy. It slipped, crashing on to Wiley's head and the weasel fell, squealing with anger.

Funky turned to look at him, lost his balance, and fell straight into a bowl of ivy soup! He gasped and gurgled, trying not to swallow the poisonous mixture.

Wiley struggled to his feet. "You clumsy, stupid monkey!" he shouted. "Wait till Danilo hears about this! You've ruined his *Book of Important Spells*!" He rubbed his head. "I'm bruised all over — I'm going home. But you'll stay here all night and mend that book!"

Wiley seized the big key from the door, limped out, and locked Funky in the cellar. Trying not to feel frightened, Funky groped for a candle, and lit it. Then he washed off the sticky mixture and dried himself.



It took Funky only an hour to mend the book, so then he looked round for something else to do. The swizzle-stick was lying on the bench. Funky picked it up and danced round the cellar, waving it above his head.

Then a terrible thing happened. As he passed an old stone jar, it started to bubble and puff out clouds of steam!

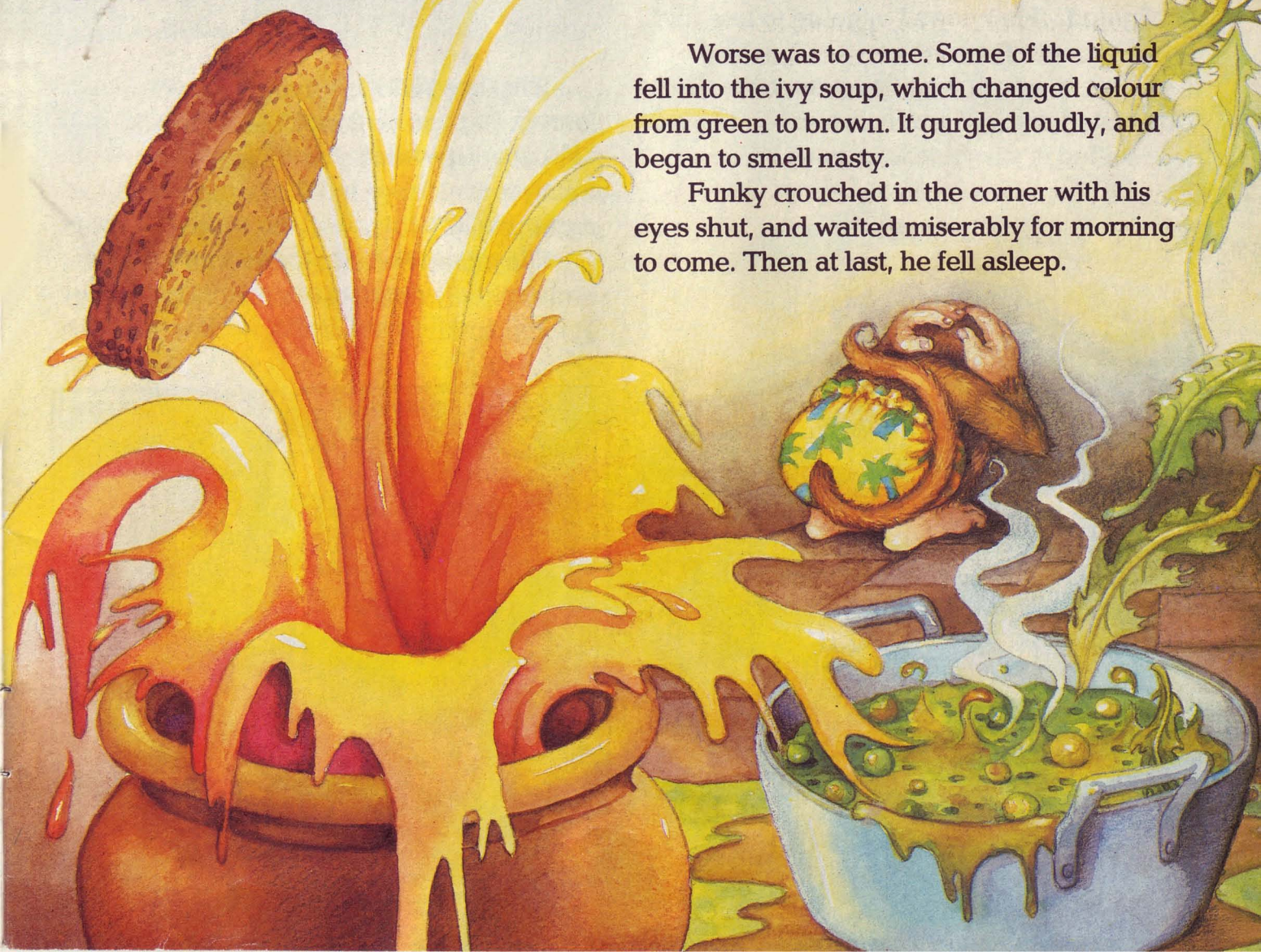
Startled, Funky stepped back, knocking over a basket of dandelion leaves, which fell into the bowl of ivy soup!

He threw the swizzle-stick on to the bench, and crouched in the far corner of the cellar, watching in horror as the stone jar grew bigger . . . and bigger. It was going to burst! He pressed his hands over his ears. Suddenly, a stream of orange-coloured liquid spurted high into the air.



Worse was to come. Some of the liquid fell into the ivy soup, which changed colour from green to brown. It gurgled loudly, and began to smell nasty.

Funky crouched in the corner with his eyes shut, and waited miserably for morning to come. Then at last, he fell asleep.



He was woken by the sound of a key grating in the lock. Danilo was staring round the cellar in amazement. Just behind him, with a big, bumpy bruise on top of his head, stood Wiley.

"Explain!" The wizard's voice was harsh as he pointed a long bony finger.

Funky looked nervously at Danilo, who frowned when he heard about the book. But Funky had mended it like new, so the wizard was satisfied. He turned to stare at the bump on Wiley's head, and gave a little chuckle. "That won't do you any harm. You were getting far too conceited!"

The weasel glared, and turned away.

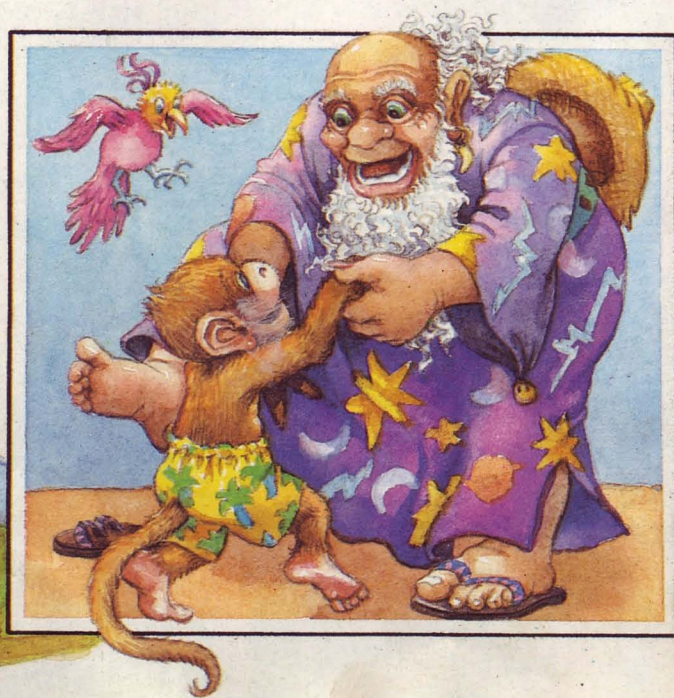
It was ten times harder for Funky to explain about the swizzle-stick. As he confessed what he had done, Wiley looked delighted. "He knows I'm going to lose my job," thought Funky.

But, to his surprise, the wizard was more interested in the mysterious brown mixture. He sniffed it, stirred it, then tasted it.



His face suddenly lit up. "Do you know what you've done?" he shouted. "You've discovered something I've been trying to find for years — a cure for nightmares!"

He seized Funky's hands and danced him excitedly round the cellar. Wiley glared at them both.





Quite out of breath, Danilo collapsed into his chair, laughing. "Ha, ha, you clever monkey! Now tell me exactly what you did, and how many twirls of the swizzle-stick you made. We must get it all written down at once! I've had hundreds of orders for this one — we're going to be really busy for the next few weeks! Wiley, fetch a pencil!"



At first, Funky could not remember exactly what he *had* done. He counted slowly, using his toes and fingers. Wiley wrote it all down, his face sulky, although he could not help admiring the little monkey.

When Danilo was satisfied, he told Funky to take the day off. "But be sure to return tomorrow," the wizard said. "I still have lots to teach you." Funky ran all the way home, eager to tell his parents what had happened. They were happy to know he was safe, and were delighted to hear his story.

"Well," said Mr Monkey, "I can see that Cosmo and I will have to run the farm without you, now that you are a real wizard!"

Then they all sat down to a wonderful feast of bananas and coconuts to celebrate Funky's new life of magic.





The Snake *and the* Rose



One hot day in high summer, Snake lay basking on the stone steps which led down to the garden. He lay uncurled at the top of the steps and listened to the chattering of the flowers.

The Marigolds were laughing prettily together, smiling their golden smiles. "Whoever heard of a *snake* falling in love with a rose. It's too absurd," said one to another.


"He is a very handsome snake," said the Forget-me-not wistfully, "in his shining, silver armour."

The Pansy blinked her purple eye and gazed up at the rose-bush where a perfect rose, the colour of red velvet, blushed to scarlet hue and pretended not to hear what the other flowers were saying about her.

"Hoity-toity!" laughed the Marigold. "She can afford to be with the Snake at her beck and call, driving away all those nasty snails and slugs."

The Snake was, indeed, very much in love with the beautiful red Rose, and all through the summer he had been protecting her. But as the sun's rays grew hotter and hotter he found it more and more difficult to move. The flowers, too, began to wilt and hang their heads, and soon even the Marigolds were silent.



An illustration at the top of the page shows the lower half of a woman standing on a grassy path. She is wearing a white, ruffled skirt and light pink Mary Jane shoes with gold buckles. To her left is a large, vibrant yellow flower with a dark blue center. The background is filled with various colorful flowers and green foliage.

As dusk fell, the Snake dragged himself to his hole in the wall and lay there, panting. His skin felt as dry as parchment paper. There was a click of the gate and a woman from the house climbed down the steps with a watering-can. She sprinkled the water over the heads of the Marigolds, Forget-me-nots and Pansies. Then she turned to the Rose and gave her a cooling spray. The Rose reached towards the drops of silver water, her petals forming a cup.

When the woman returned to the house the Rose still held a pool of sparkling water. She called softly to the Snake who, sliding his body over the stones and sticks, came slowly to her. The Snake drank and drank, and for a moment he rested his chin on the Rose's diamond-spattered petals.

From that time on, he loved her more than ever. Each day he would protect the Rose and each evening, after foraging for food, he would sleep by her, winding his silver body around the rose-bush and resting his head on her petalled cheek.



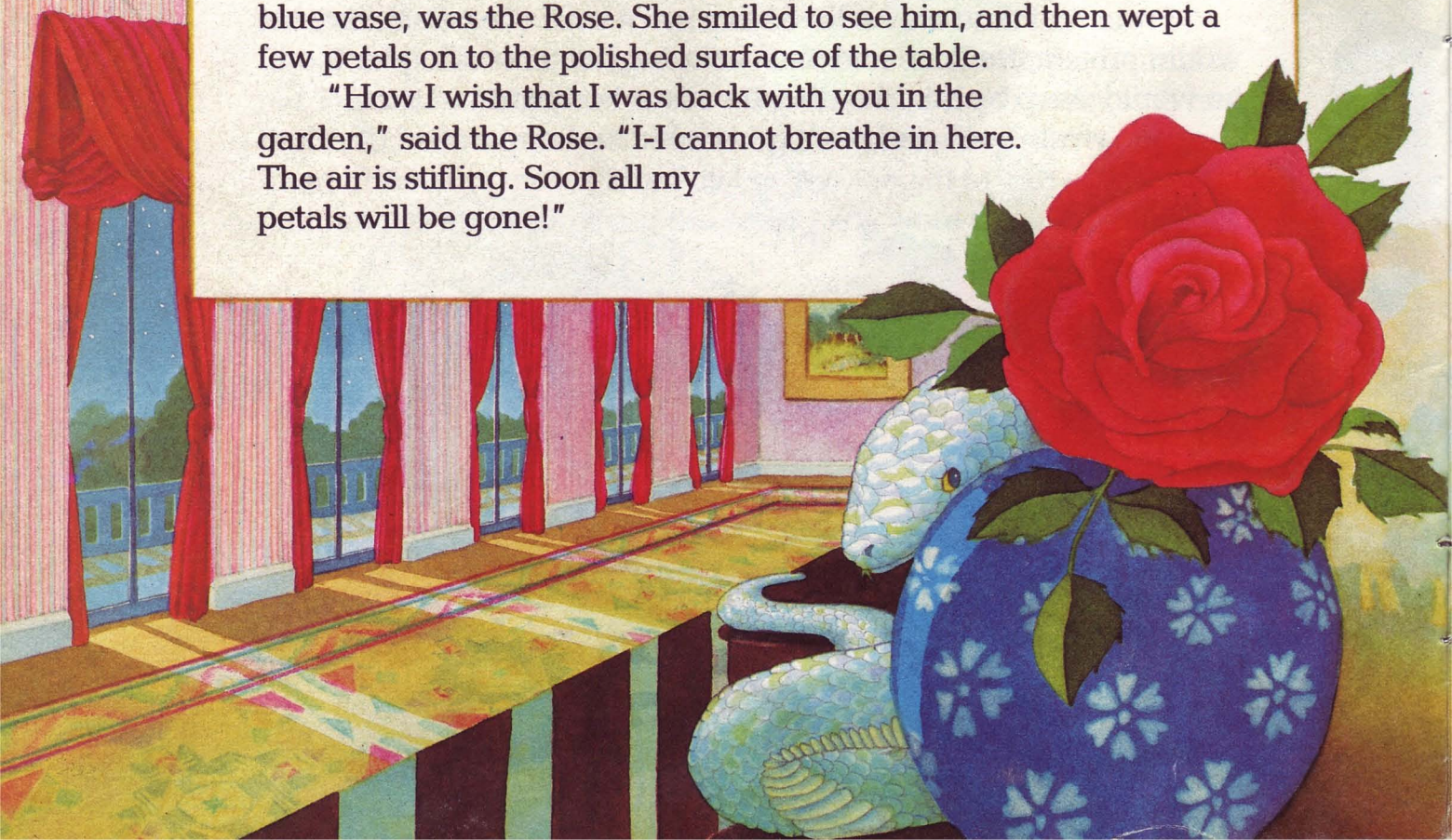


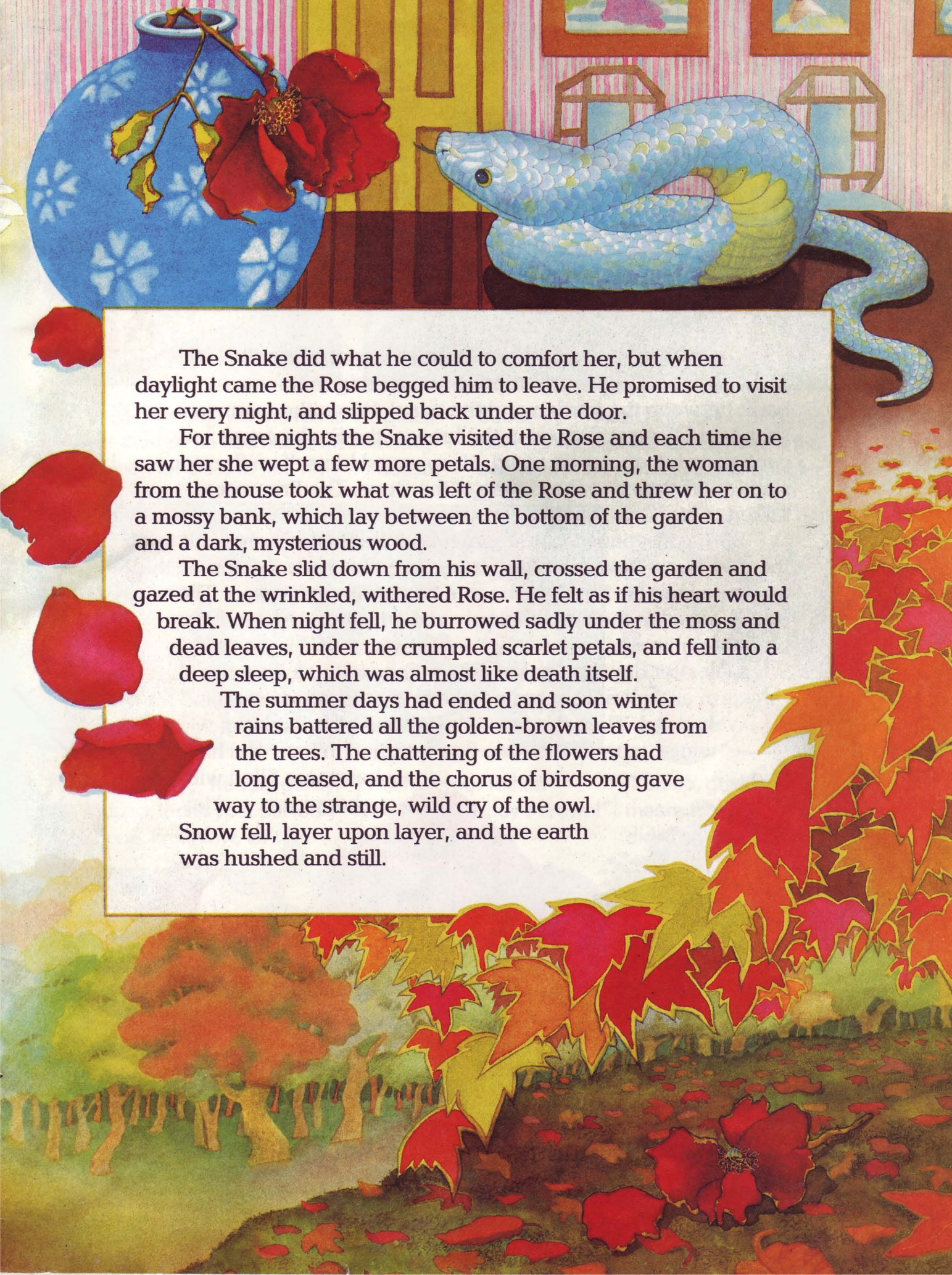
Then, one evening, the weather changed, and a chill wind blew. The Snake, shivering a little, went as usual to see his Rose, but she was not there. He searched high and low, but could not find her. A Marigold, whose sleep he had disturbed, said crossly: "The woman from the house picked her. Taken her into a nice warm room, I shouldn't wonder. Some flowers have all the luck."

The Snake waited until all was still inside the house and the lights were switched off. Then he pushed his body up the steps, underneath the gate and along the pavement until at last he came to the door.

The door of the house had a gap at the bottom and the Snake wriggled through the gap and into the room on the other side. His soft belly felt the roughness of a carpet. On the table, in a blue vase, was the Rose. She smiled to see him, and then wept a few petals on to the polished surface of the table.

"How I wish that I was back with you in the garden," said the Rose. "I-I cannot breathe in here. The air is stifling. Soon all my petals will be gone!"



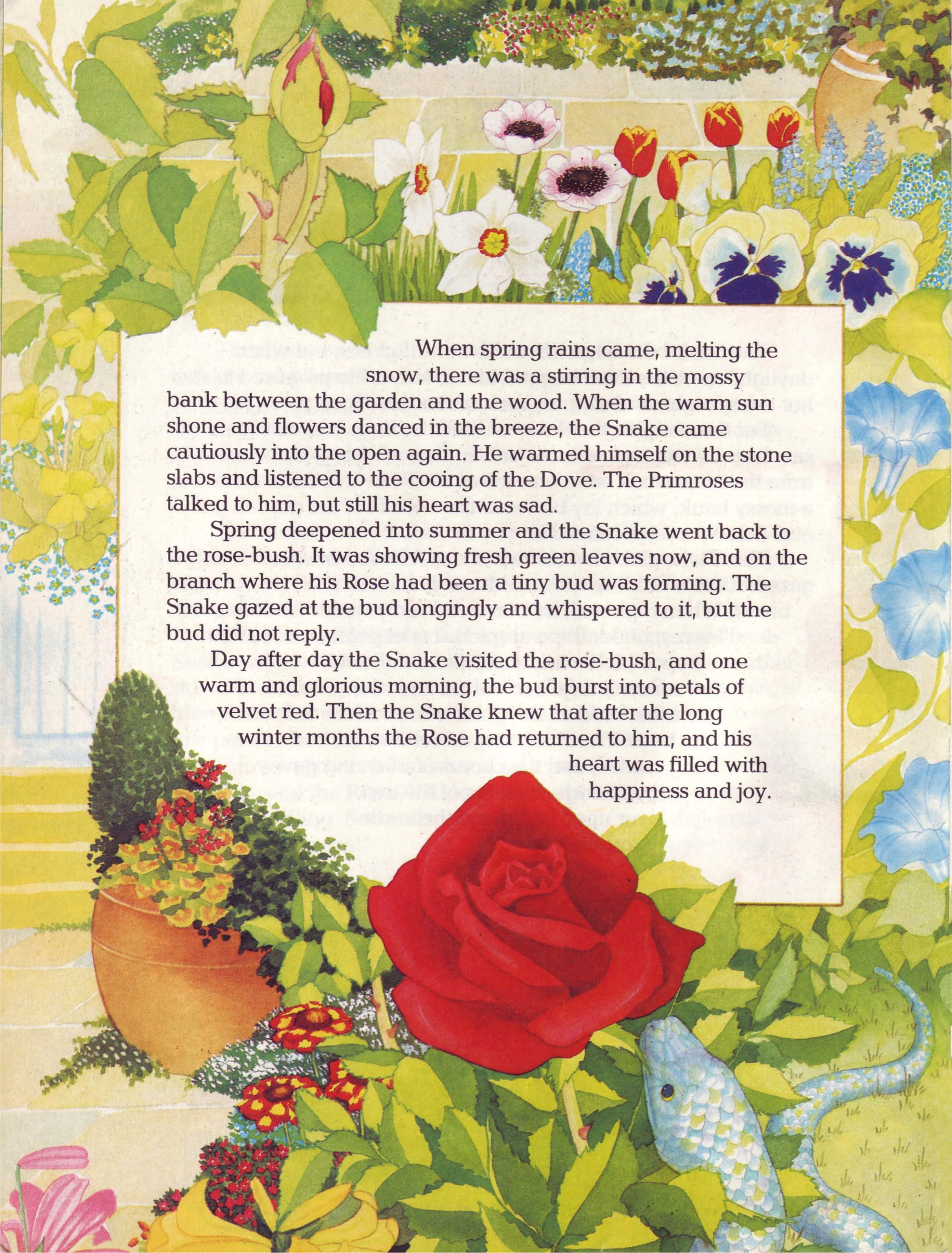


The Snake did what he could to comfort her, but when daylight came the Rose begged him to leave. He promised to visit her every night, and slipped back under the door.

For three nights the Snake visited the Rose and each time he saw her she wept a few more petals. One morning, the woman from the house took what was left of the Rose and threw her on to a mossy bank, which lay between the bottom of the garden and a dark, mysterious wood.

The Snake slid down from his wall, crossed the garden and gazed at the wrinkled, withered Rose. He felt as if his heart would break. When night fell, he burrowed sadly under the moss and dead leaves, under the crumpled scarlet petals, and fell into a deep sleep, which was almost like death itself.

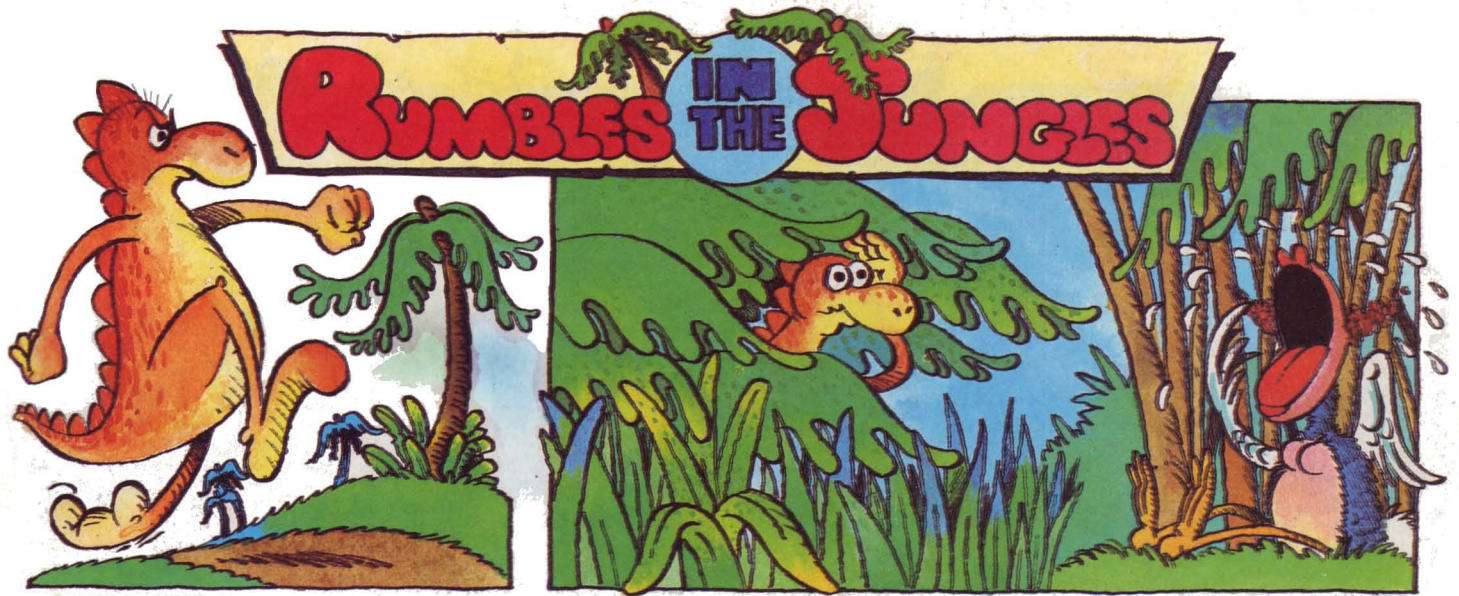
The summer days had ended and soon winter rains battered all the golden-brown leaves from the trees. The chattering of the flowers had long ceased, and the chorus of birdsong gave way to the strange, wild cry of the owl. Snow fell, layer upon layer, and the earth was hushed and still.



When spring rains came, melting the snow, there was a stirring in the mossy bank between the garden and the wood. When the warm sun shone and flowers danced in the breeze, the Snake came cautiously into the open again. He warmed himself on the stone slabs and listened to the cooing of the Dove. The Primroses talked to him, but still his heart was sad.

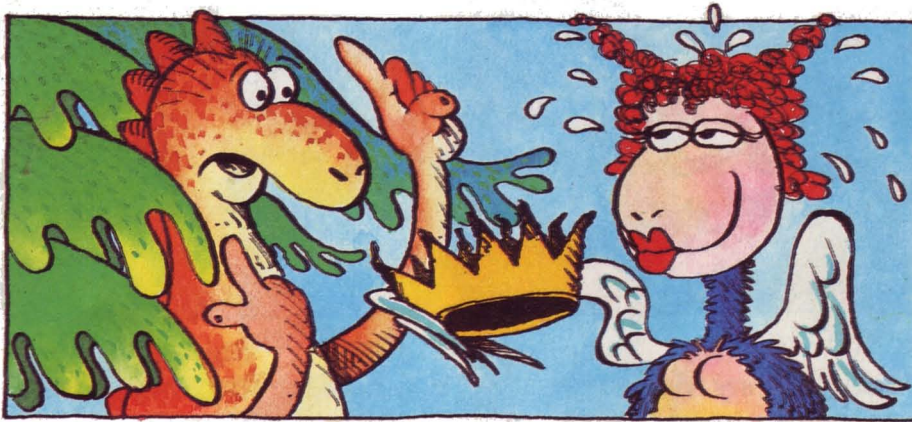
Spring deepened into summer and the Snake went back to the rose-bush. It was showing fresh green leaves now, and on the branch where his Rose had been a tiny bud was forming. The Snake gazed at the bud longingly and whispered to it, but the bud did not reply.

Day after day the Snake visited the rose-bush, and one warm and glorious morning, the bud burst into petals of velvet red. Then the Snake knew that after the long winter months the Rose had returned to him, and his heart was filled with happiness and joy.



Mungo was angry as he ran to the place he thought he had heard the rumbles. "I need to look for clues to find King Zamoosa!"

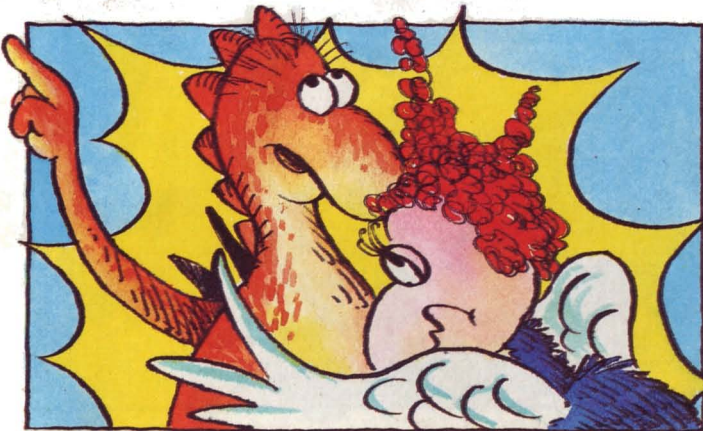
Suddenly he heard the sound of crying, and peering through the leaves he saw the beautiful Pril, Zamoosa's only daughter.



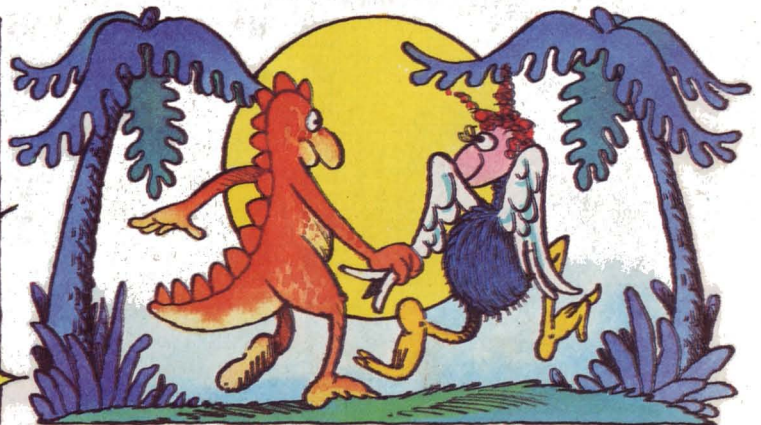
"Please don't cry," he said gently. "I will find your father."
 "Oh Mungo, thank you! But look — I've found Daddy's crown!"
 "Well done, Pril! Now, let's see . . . mmm, more clues!"



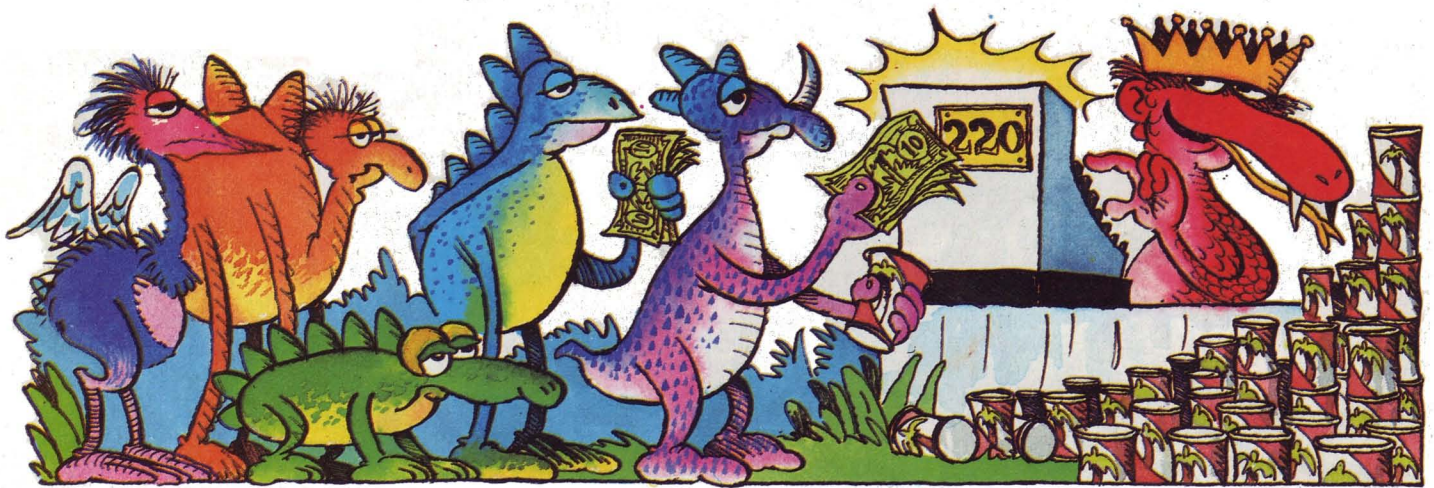
"Oh no, greasy hair! This means the foul Scareb Twins did it! I must leave now!"



"Let me come too," pleaded Pril. "If I stay I have to marry Skinny Malinx at noon. And I was only doing it to please Daddy!"

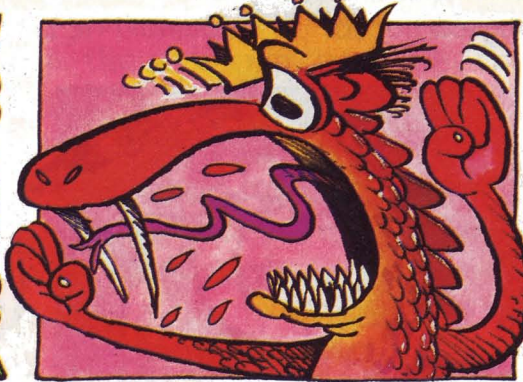
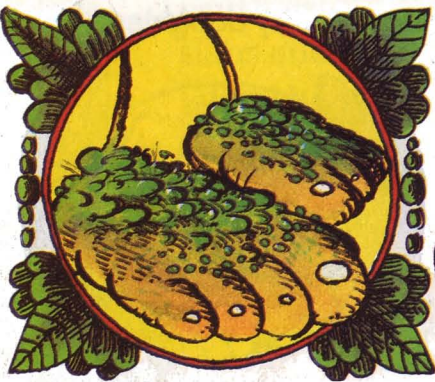


Mungo was delighted, for he had always loved Pril. He took her by the wing and the two friends set off to find the King . . .



Meanwhile, the creatures were forced to buy warm Jungle Juice from the treacherous Skinny Malinx, as only he knew its secret source.

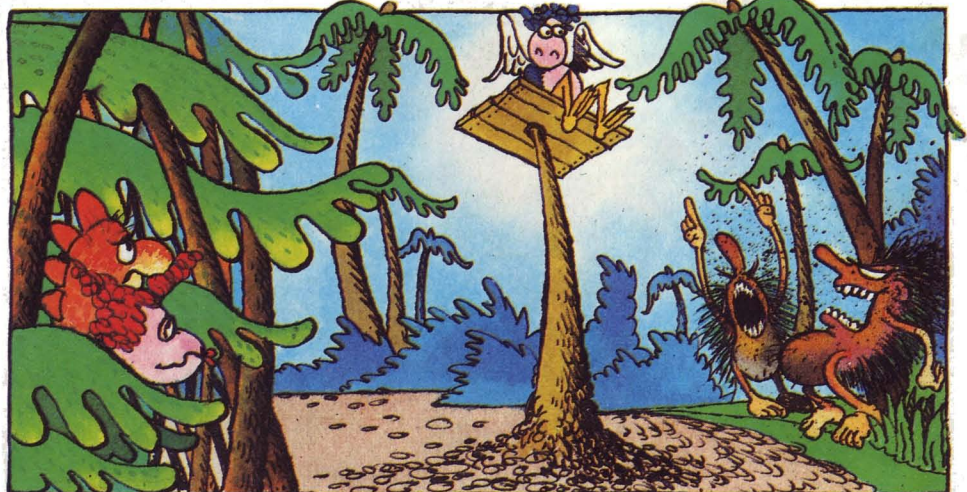
And they all knew that after just seven days without any Jungle Juice you caught the dreaded disease — Megalo Pody!



Within a week they would all have swollen feet, covered with horrible green warts!

At noon, Skinny Malinx was furious to discover that Pril had vanished — along with Mungo!

Rumours spread among the creatures that they had gone to search for Zamoosa!

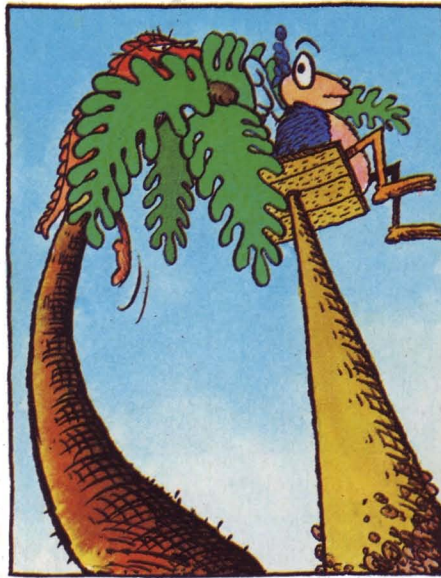


The two friends hunted for five days, but found nothing. "We'll catch Megalo Pody!"

"Shh!" said Mungo. "I hear the Scarebs cackling just over there!" They crept up to see Zamoosa trapped high on a platform over a swamp of quicksand. "Wait here, Pril. I have an idea . . .!"



Quietly, Mungo began to climb a palm.
"Do be careful!" cried Pril.



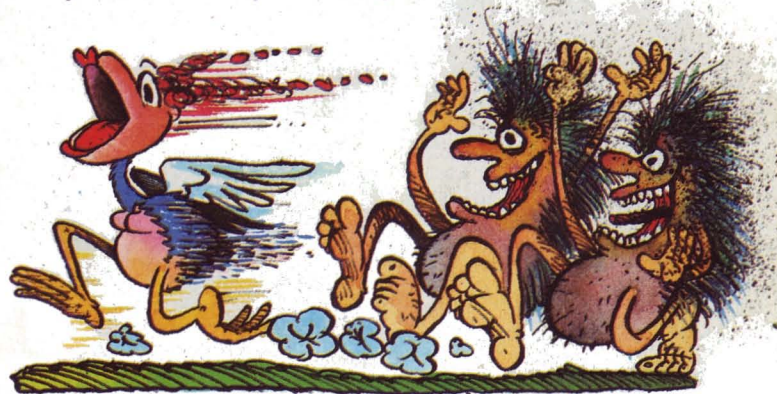
Once he was near the top the palm bent slowly over. "Not a sound, sire!" he whispered.



At the very top Mungo stuck out a hand and plucked Zamoosa up off the platform.



Suddenly the palm sprang back with such force that the two figures were catapulted high into the sky . . . and Pril let out a shriek.



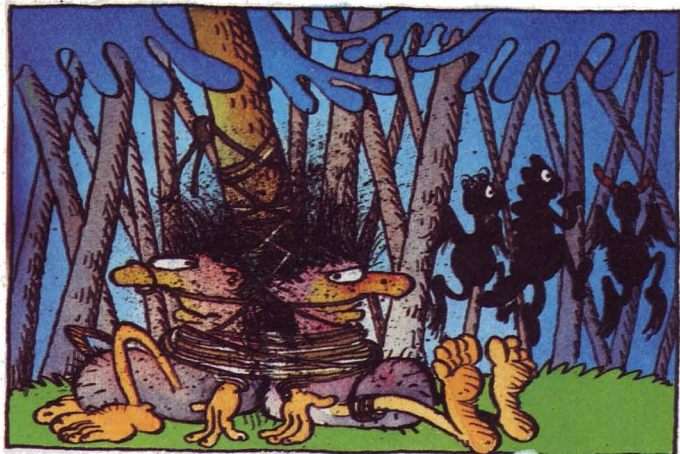
"Grab her! Seize her!" yelled the Scarebs.
"Help!" screamed the frightened princess.
"Mungo! Daddy! Help!"



The foul twins were just about to pounce on the poor girl when Mungo and Zamoosa crashed down right on top of them.



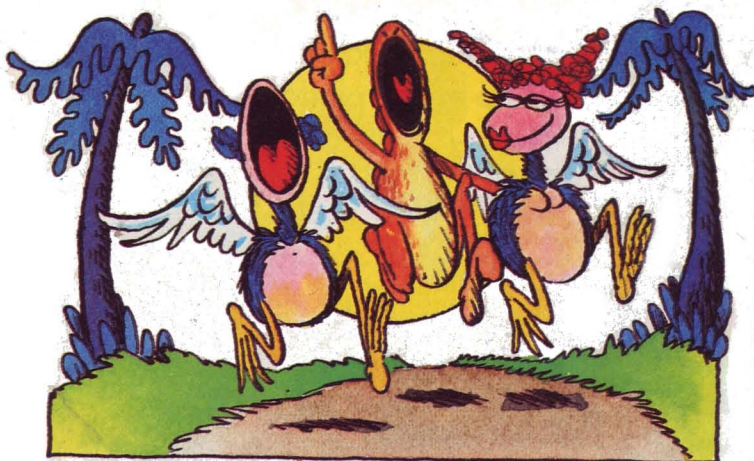
"A nasty spot to land," muttered Mungo, "but we seem to have knocked them out!"
"Oh Daddy, you're safe, thanks to Mungo!"



The three of them tied up the dazed Scareb Twins and left immediately to put an end to the treacherous deeds of Skinny Malinx.



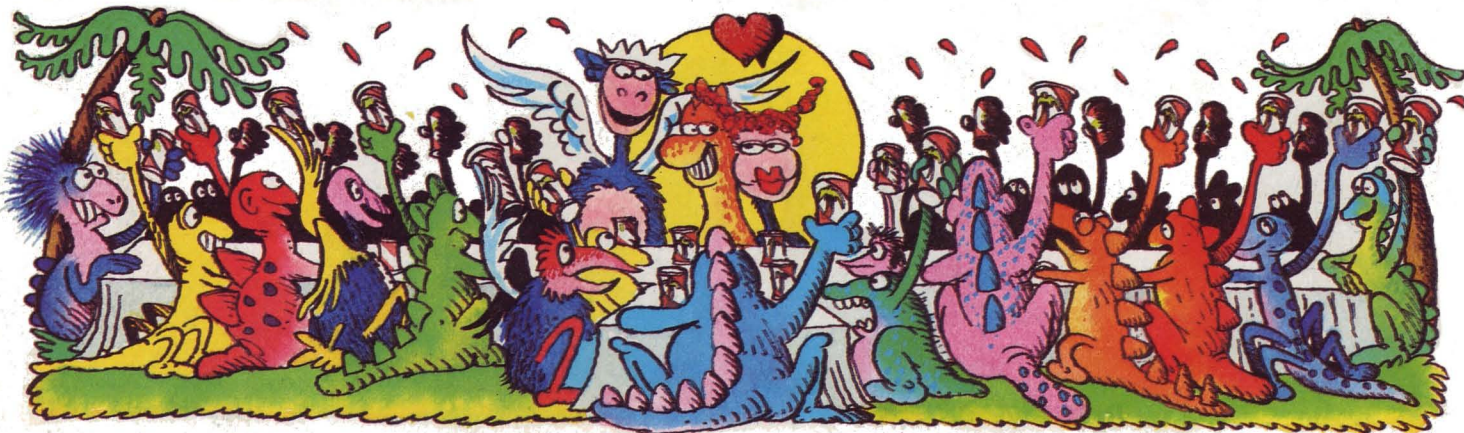
All the creatures were still queueing to buy warm juice when they heard a voice shouting: "Don't pay! Don't pay him anything!"



They all turned to see Zamoosa with Pril and Mungo, and a great cheer went up: "Hooray! Long live the King! Hooray for Zamoosa!"



"Skinny Malinx, you are banished to the swamps for your evil treachery!" boomed the King, "never to return!" Another cheer went up.



The next day an enormous feast was held to celebrate the return of the kind King Zamoosa and the wedding of Pril and Mungo — now

made Official Keeper of the Juices. And, once again, life was peaceful and contented for the creatures in the jungle.



In the Forest

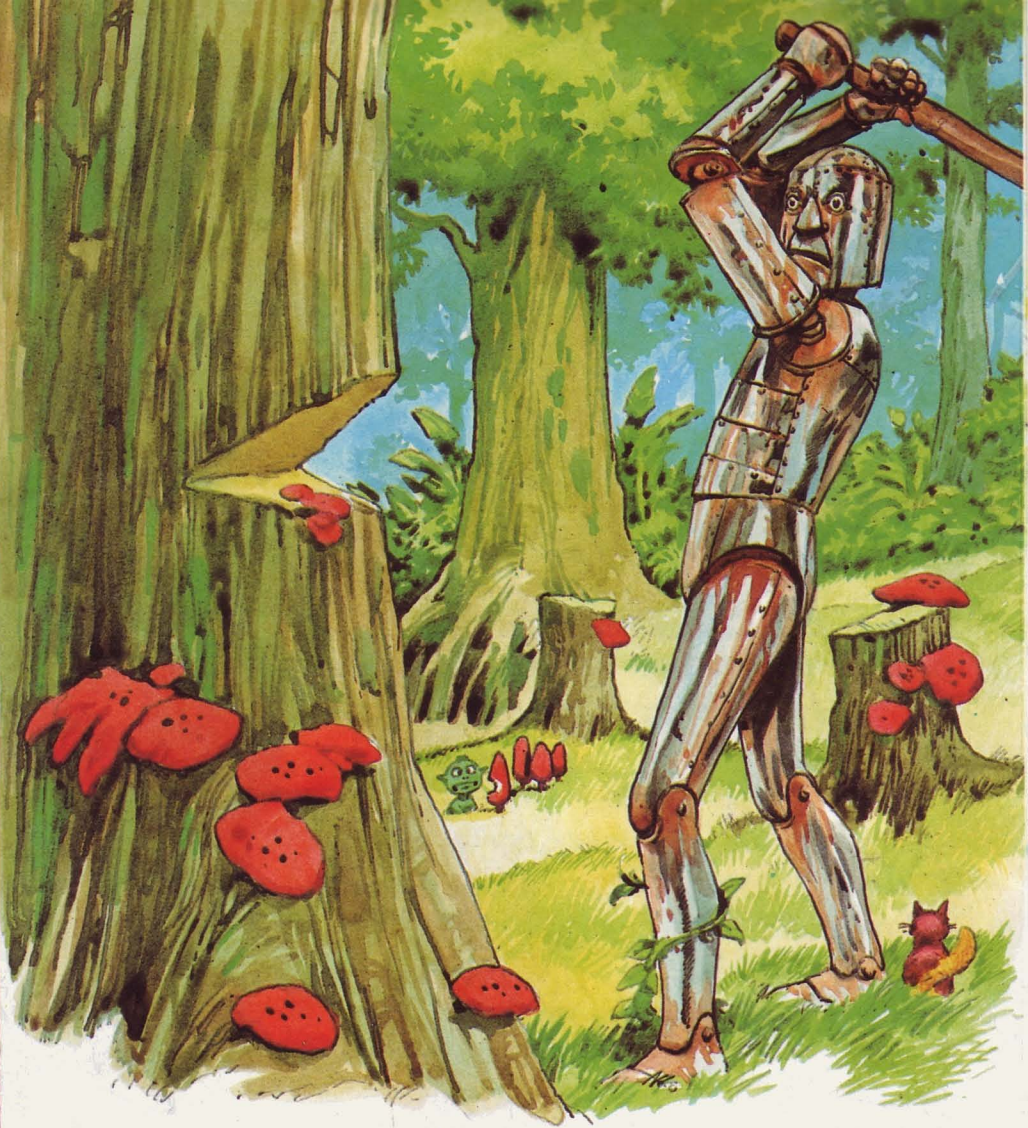
After a few hours the road began to get very rough. Sometimes, indeed, the yellow bricks were broken or missing altogether, leaving holes that Toto jumped across and Dorothy walked around. As for the Scarecrow, he just stepped right into the holes and fell full length on the hard bricks. Each time he laughed merrily while Dorothy lifted him on to his feet again.

"Those hard bricks can't hurt my straw," he said after his first fall. "The only thing that can hurt me is a lighted match. Now, do let me carry that basket for you."

With Toto leading the way, they walked on through countryside which became increasingly bleak. Towards evening they entered a great forest, where the trees grew so big and close together that their branches met over the road and shut out the light. They stumbled along in the darkness until Dorothy could hardly walk another step.

At last they came to a little wooden cottage. It was completely deserted, but it had a bed of dried leaves on which Dorothy and Toto soon fell into a sound sleep. The Scarecrow, who was never tired, stood and waited patiently for the morning.





When Dorothy woke the sun was shining into the cottage. She felt very thirsty, so she and her friends left the cottage and wandered through the trees until they came to a rippling brook. Here Dorothy washed, and she and Toto had their breakfast of water and bread. The Scarecrow did not eat anything because, as he explained, he was never hungry.

They were about to return to the road of yellow brick when Dorothy was startled by a loud groan. "What was that?"

"I cannot imagine," said the Scarecrow, "but we can go and see."

They walked a few steps, and then Dorothy gave out a gasp of surprise.

One of the big trees had been partly chopped through, and standing beside it,

with an uplifted axe in his hands, was a man made entirely of tin. He stood perfectly still, as if he could not move at all.

"Did you groan?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, I did," answered the Tin Man.

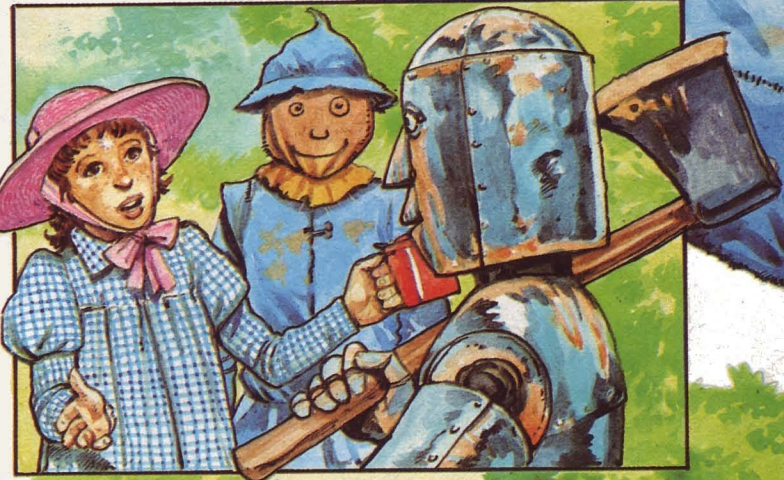
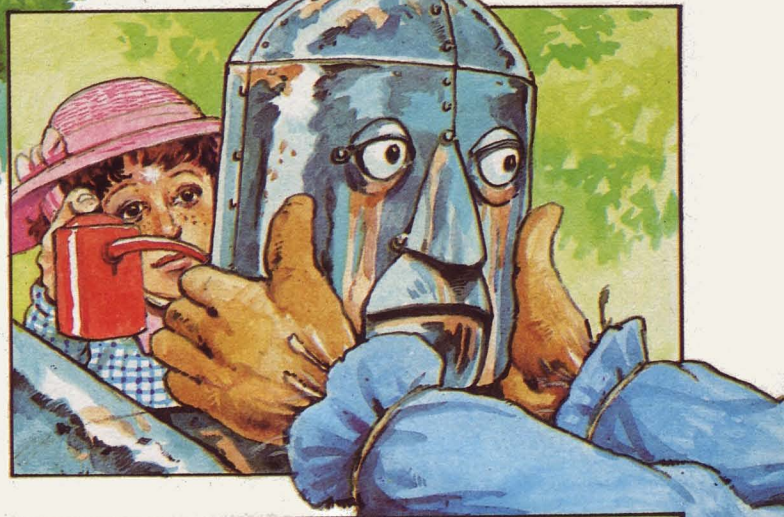
"I've been groaning for more than a year, and no-one has ever heard me before or come to help me."

"What can we do for you?"

"Oil my joints. Oh they are so rusted that I cannot move at all. If I am well oiled I shall soon be all right again. You will find an oil-can on a shelf in my cottage."

Dorothy ran to fetch the oil-can. Then, with the help of the Scarecrow, she oiled the Tin Man's neck, arms and legs.

He sighed with satisfaction as he slowly lowered his axe. "Oh, thank you. I am



extremely grateful. I have been holding that axe in the air ever since I rusted. And I might have stood there for ever if you had not come along, so you have certainly saved my life. How did you happen to be here?"

"We are on our way to the Emerald City, to see the great Wizard of Oz. I want him to send me back to Kansas, and the Scarecrow wants him to put some brains into his head."

The Tin Man thought deeply for a moment. "Hmm . . . do you suppose the Wizard of Oz could give me a heart?"

"If he can give the Scarecrow brains, I don't see why he can't give you a heart."

"Yes," said the Scarecrow. "Come with us to the Emerald City. We will be pleased to have your company."

So the Tin Man asked Dorothy to put the oil-can in her basket in case he should get caught in the rain and rust. Then he shouldered his axe and led the party through the trees to the road of yellow brick.

Dorothy now noticed that there was hardly a bird singing in the forest. But there was an occasional deep growl from some wild animal hidden among the trees — and her heart began to beat fast.

"Do not be afraid," said the Tin Man. "The mark of a good witch's kiss on your forehead will protect you from harm."



Just as he spoke there was a terrible roar, and the next moment a great lion bounded on to the road. With one blow of his paw he sent the Scarecrow spinning over and over to the edge of the road. Then he struck at the Tin Man with his sharp claws and knocked him to the ground.

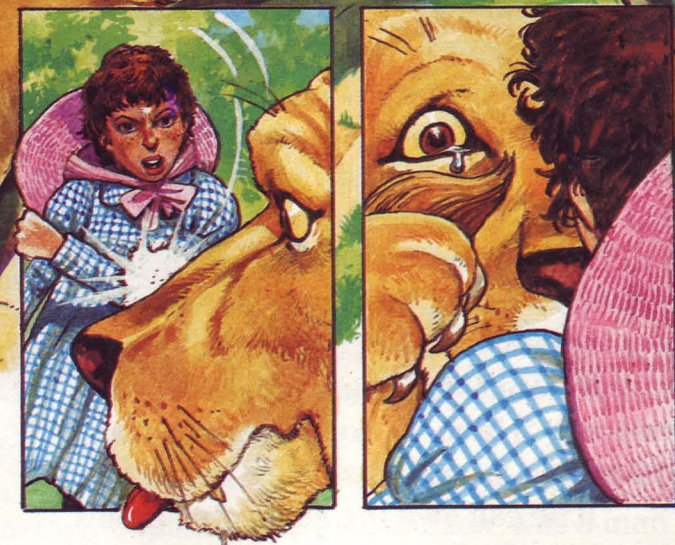
Little Toto ran barking towards the Lion. The huge beast opened his mouth to bite the dog, but Dorothy rushed forward and slapped him hard on the nose.

"Don't you *dare* bite Toto," she cried. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big beast like you biting a poor little dog."

"I did not bite him," said the Lion, rubbing his nose with his paw.

"No, but you were going to. You're nothing but a-a big coward."

"I know it," said the Lion, hanging his head in shame. "It is my great sorrow and makes my life very unhappy. If the



elephants and the tigers and the bears ever tried to fight me, I should run away — I'm such a coward. But they all think of me as King of the Beasts and I only have to roar to make them all run away from me."

He wiped a tear from his eye with the tip of his tail and sighed. "Oh, if I only had courage."

"Perhaps the great Wizard of Oz can help you," said Dorothy. "We are all on our way to visit him in the Emerald City. The Scarecrow is going to ask him for brains and the Tin Man for a heart. You could ask him for courage."

"Then, if you do not mind, I will go with you," said the Lion.

"You'll be very welcome, for you'll help to keep away the other wild beasts."

So once more the little company set off, the Lion walking with stately strides at Dorothy's side. They had gone some distance when Dorothy noticed the Tin Man brushing tears from his face.

"I stepped on a beetle and killed the poor little thing," he explained. "I-I must keep my eyes on the road and walk more carefully. People with no heart should try not to be cruel or unkind to anything."

Soon after this they began to hear strange growling noises among the trees.

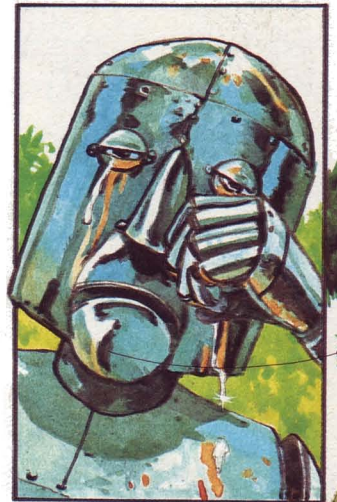
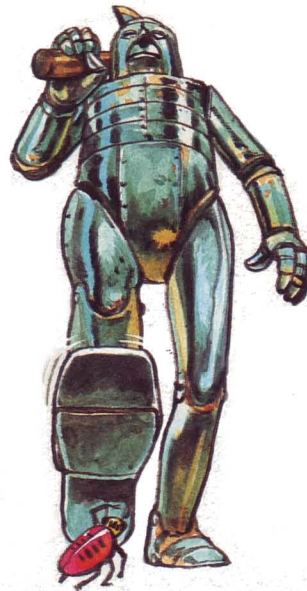
"I fear we are in the country of the Kalidahs," whispered the Lion. "They are monstrous beasts with bodies like bears and heads like tigers, and with claws so long and sharp they could tear me in two as easily as I could kill Toto."

Dorothy shuddered and was about to speak when suddenly they came to a broad, deep chasm. The friends looked at each other in dismay and then sat down to consider what they should do.

"I think I have the answer," the Scarecrow said finally. "Here is a great tree, standing close to the chasm. If the Tin Man chops it down, so that it will fall to the other side, we can walk across it."

"That is a first-rate idea," said the Lion. "One would almost suspect you had brains in your head, instead of straw!"

The Tin Man set to work at once, and so sharp was his axe that they soon had a bridge.



They were just about to cross the bridge when, to their horror, they heard a sharp growl and saw two great beasts running towards them.

"They are the Kalidahs," said the Lion, beginning to tremble.

"Quick," cried the Scarecrow. "We must get across the bridge!"

Dorothy went first, holding Toto in her arms; the Tin Man followed, and the Scarecrow came next. The Lion turned to face the Kalidahs and gave so terrible a roar that for a brief moment they hesitated. But then they rushed forward again.

The Lion crossed over the bridge and looked back to see what the fierce beasts would do next. Without stopping, they too began to cross.

"Stand close behind me," said the Lion

to Dorothy. "I will fight them as long as there is breath in my body!"

"Don't despair!" called the Scarecrow. "If the Tin Man can chop away our end of the bridge, we will all be saved!"

The Tin Man began to use his axe at once, and just as the two Kalidahs were nearly across, the tree fell with a crash into the chasm, carrying the snarling beasts with it.

The Lion gave out a huge sigh of relief. "Ooh! My heart is still pounding with fear."

"Ah," said the Tin Man sadly. "I wish I had a heart to beat."

This adventure made the travellers more anxious than ever to get out of the forest. They began to walk so fast that Dorothy and Toto became very tired, and as darkness began to fall they had to ride on the Lion's back.



[A surprise awaits Dorothy and her friends in the Emerald City. Find out what it is in Part 3]

The Wind in the Willows

The Wild Wood



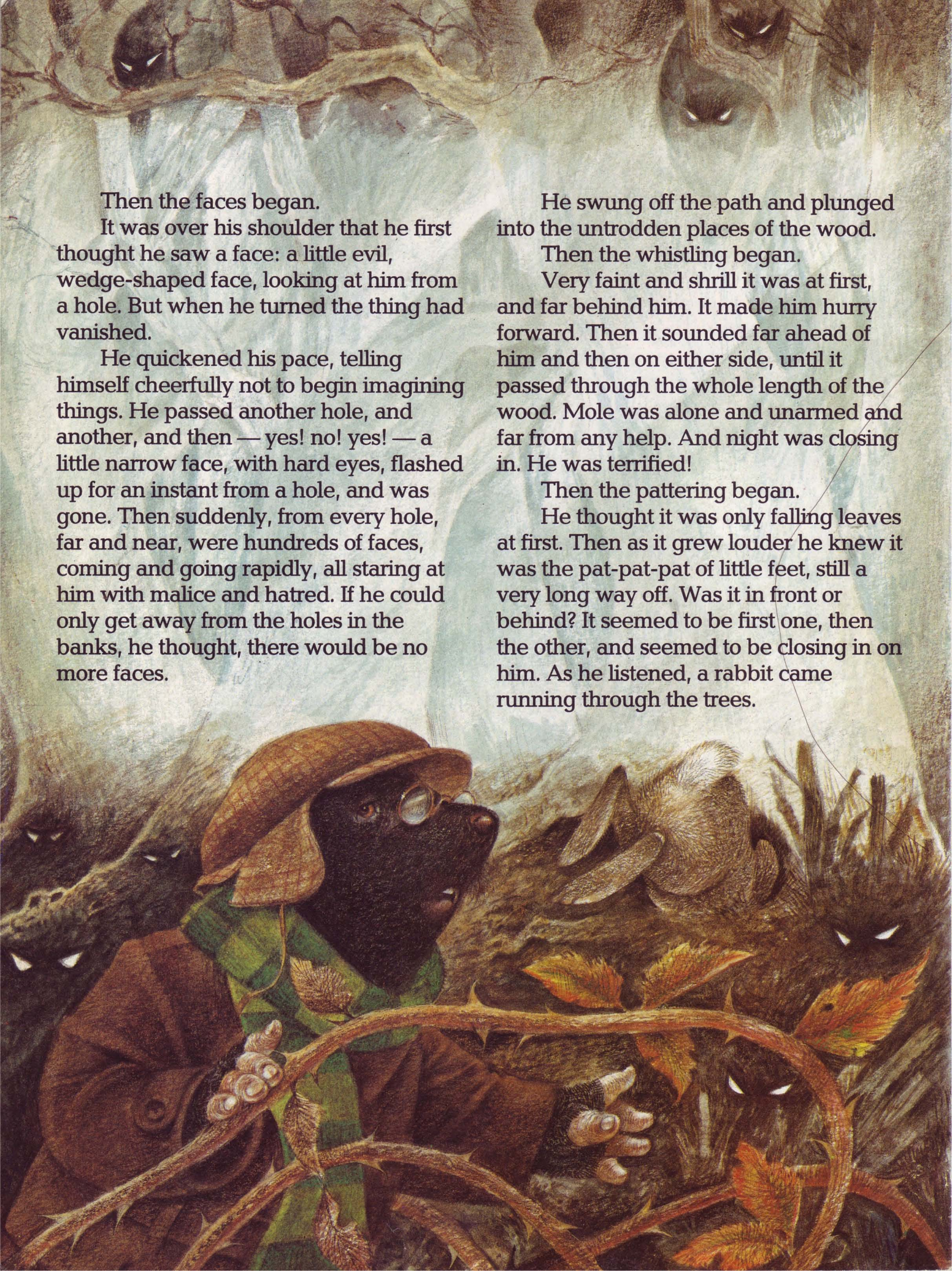
One winter's afternoon, when Rat was dozing in his armchair in front of the fire, Mole decided to go out by himself to explore the Wild Wood and meet Mr Badger.

Mole had long wanted to meet Badger. But whenever he mentioned his wish to Rat, Rat would say, "It's all right. Badger will turn up one day. It's no good asking him here because he wouldn't come. And we can't go to see him because he lives in the very middle of the Wild Wood, and we must *never* go to the Wild Wood."

It was a cold, still afternoon, with a hard steely sky overhead, when Mole slipped out of the warm parlour and set off towards the Wild Wood.

There was nothing to alarm him at first. Twigs crackled under his feet and logs tripped him up; but that was all fun and exciting. The path led him on until the light was less and trees crouched nearer and nearer. Everything was very still now.



The illustration depicts a mole character in a dark, cavernous environment. The mole is positioned in the lower-left foreground, wearing a brown hat with a checkered band, round glasses, a green and yellow checkered scarf, and a brown jacket. He is looking upwards and to the right with a concerned expression. The background is filled with numerous pairs of white eyes staring out from the shadows of the cave walls and ceiling. The lighting is dim, with some light filtering in from above, creating a sense of being trapped and watched.

Then the faces began.

It was over his shoulder that he first thought he saw a face: a little evil, wedge-shaped face, looking at him from a hole. But when he turned the thing had vanished.

He quickened his pace, telling himself cheerfully not to begin imagining things. He passed another hole, and another, and then — yes! no! yes! — a little narrow face, with hard eyes, flashed up for an instant from a hole, and was gone. Then suddenly, from every hole, far and near, were hundreds of faces, coming and going rapidly, all staring at him with malice and hatred. If he could only get away from the holes in the banks, he thought, there would be no more faces.

He swung off the path and plunged into the untrodden places of the wood.

Then the whistling began.

Very faint and shrill it was at first, and far behind him. It made him hurry forward. Then it sounded far ahead of him and then on either side, until it passed through the whole length of the wood. Mole was alone and unarmed and far from any help. And night was closing in. He was terrified!

Then the pattering began.

He thought it was only falling leaves at first. Then as it grew louder he knew it was the pat-pat-pat of little feet, still a very long way off. Was it in front or behind? It seemed to be first one, then the other, and seemed to be closing in on him. As he listened, a rabbit came running through the trees.

"Get out of here, you fool! Get out!" the Mole heard him mutter as he disappeared down a burrow.

The whole wood seemed running now, running hard, hunting, chasing, closing in around something — or somebody? In panic, Mole began to run too, aimlessly. He ran up against things, he fell over things and into things, he darted under things and dodged around things.

At last he hid in the deep hollow of an old beech tree. And as he lay there, panting and trembling, and listening to the whistlings and the patterings outside, he knew why Rat had told him never to go and see Badger — to protect him from the terror of the Wild Wood.

Meantime Rat, warm and comfortable, dozed on. When he awoke he looked round for Mole. "Moly! Moly!" But Mole was not there.

Mole's cap was missing from its peg. And his galoshes were gone, too!

Rat left the house hoping to find Mole's tracks. And there they were, leading direct to the Wild Wood!

Rat stood in deep thought for a moment or two. Then he re-entered the house, strapped a belt round his waist, shoved a brace of pistols into it, took up a stout cudgel, and set off.

It was nearly dusk when he reached the first trees and plunged into the wood, looking anxiously on either side for any sign of his friend. Here and there wicked little faces popped out of holes, but vanished at the sight of Rat's pistols and the great ugly cudgel in his hand. All was very still.





He patiently hunted through the wood, calling, "Moly, Moly, Moly! Where are you, Moly? It's me — it's old Rat," when at last he heard a little answering cry.

"Ratty! Is that you? Is that really you?"

Rat crept into the hollow tree, and there he found Mole, exhausted and still trembling. "Oh, oh Rat! I've been so frightened. You can't imagine!"

"I quite understand, but you shouldn't really have gone and done it, Mole. I did warn you, didn't I? But never mind, we must pull ourselves together and make a start for home. It will never do to spend the night here."

"Dear Ratty, I'm so dreadfully sorry, but I'm simply dead beat. You must let me rest here a while longer, and get my strength back, if I'm to get home at all."

"Oh, all right," said the good-natured

Rat. "Rest away. It's nearly dark now, anyway."

He went to the entrance of their retreat and put his head out. Then Mole heard him mumbling to himself.

"What's up, Ratty?"

"Snow is up, or rather, *down*. It's snowing hard. Well, well, it can't be helped. We must make a start and take our chance, I suppose."

An hour or two later — they had lost all sense of time — they were dispirited and weary. The snow was getting so deep that they could hardly drag their little legs through it. Suddenly Mole tripped up and fell forward on his face with a squeal.





"Oh, my leg! Oh my poor shin!" He sat up on the snow and nursed his leg in both his front paws.

"Poor old Mole! You don't seem to be having much luck today, do you?"

"I must have tripped over a hidden branch or a stump," said Mole miserably.

"It's a very clean cut. That was never done by a branch or a stump. Looks as if it was made by a sharp edge of something metal. That's funny!" And Rat began to scratch in the snow.

"Hooray! Hooray-oo-ray-oo-ray-oo-ray!" he cried.

"What have you found, Ratty?"

"Come and see!"

Mole hobbled up to the spot and had a good look. "Well," he said at last, "I see it right enough. Seen the same sort of thing before, lots of times. It's



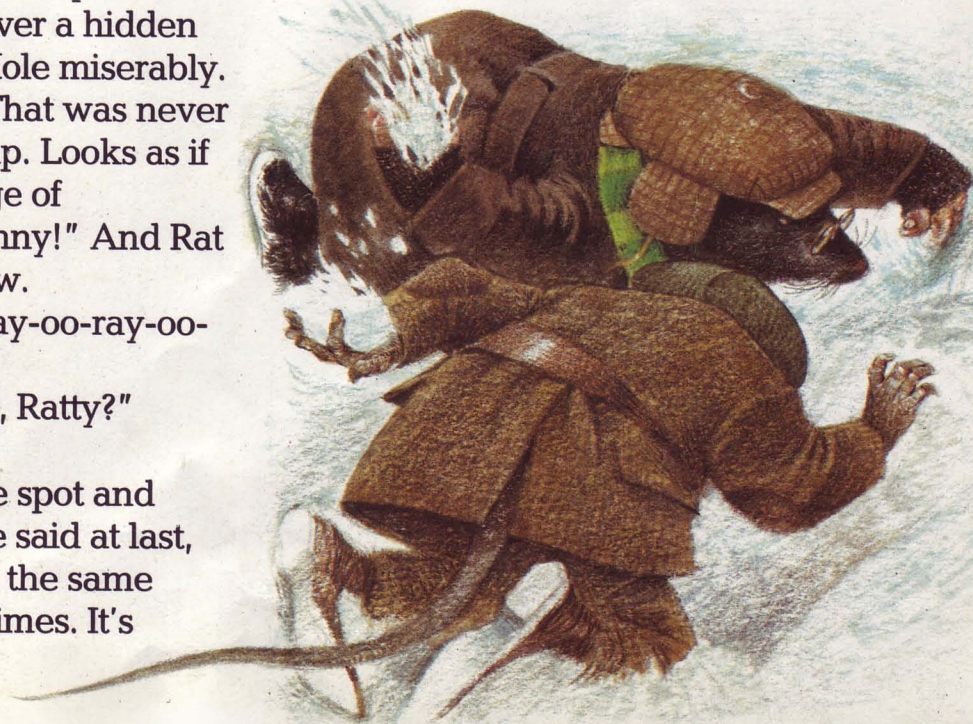
only an ordinary door-scraper."

"But don't you see what it *means*, you . . . you dull-witted animal?"

"Of course I see what it means. It simply means that some very careless and forgetful person has left his door-scraper lying about in the middle of the Wild Wood, just where it's sure to trip everybody up. Very thoughtless of him I call it. When I get home I shall go and complain about it to . . ."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried Rat, shaking his head. "Here, come and scrape."

Hard at it went the two animals, until at last the result of their labours stood in full view of the astonished Mole.



In the side of what had seemed to be a snow-bank stood a solid-looking little door, painted dark green. An iron bell-pull hung by the side, and below it, on a small brass plate, neatly engraved in square capital letters, they read with the aid of moonlight: MR BADGER.

Mole fell backwards in surprise. "Rat, you're a wonder! A real wonder — that's what you are."

"Get up at once!" said Rat impatiently. "Now, hang on to that bell-pull and ring hard, while I hammer!"

At last the door opened a few inches, just enough to show a long snout and a pair of sleepy, blinking eyes.

"Who is it this time, disturbing people on such a night? Speak up!"

"Badger," cried Rat. "Let us in please. It's me, Rat, and my friend Mole. We've lost our way in the snow."



"Ratty, my dear little man!" exclaimed Badger. "Come along in, both of you, at once. Why, you must be perished! Well I never! Lost in the snow! And in the Wild Wood too, and at this time of night! Come in! Do come in!"

The kindly Badger thrust them down on a sofa to toast themselves in front of the fire, told them to remove their wet coats and boots and gave them a wonderful supper. Then, tired but happy, the two sleepy travellers went off safely to bed.



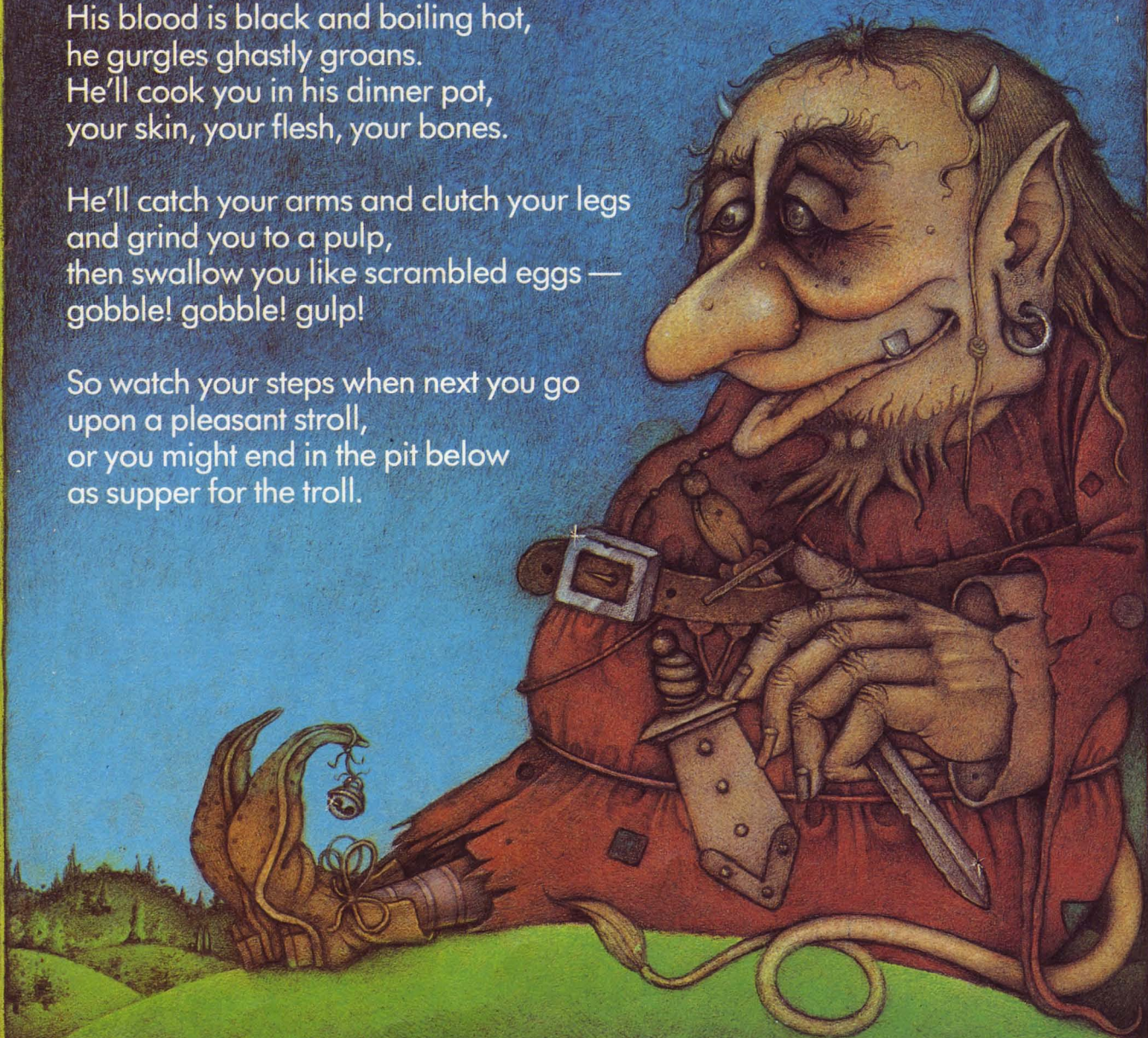
THE TROLL

Be wary of the loathsome troll
that slyly lies in wait
to drag you to his dingy hole
and put you on his plate.

His blood is black and boiling hot,
he gurgles ghastly groans.
He'll cook you in his dinner pot,
your skin, your flesh, your bones.

He'll catch your arms and clutch your legs
and grind you to a pulp,
then swallow you like scrambled eggs —
gobble! gobble! gulp!

So watch your steps when next you go
upon a pleasant stroll,
or you might end in the pit below
as supper for the troll.





IN PART 3 OF
STORY
Teller
2

Chaos hits the Irish Coast in
LITTLE JOE AND THE SEA DRAGON

When Tortoise invites himself to the **PARTY IN THE SKY** he's in for a nasty landing

NEW SERIAL

The classic tale of how a young girl makes a most unusual friend – **THE LORD OF THE RUSHIE RIVER**

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When **THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN** play
 it's better *not* to make sweet music!

Dorothy and her friends finally
 meet **THE WIZARD OF OZ**

...And all join in with
THE SONG OF THE ENGINE

