



PART 21

# STORY

## Teller

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

2



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# STORY Teller 2

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# Never tangle with a **TENGU**

As you probably know, nobody with any sense ever tangles with a tengu. But Iso San had so little brain that he once played a trick on one.

He had spent the morning trying to make a pea-shooter out of a length of bamboo. But the pea had got stuck down the tube. Iso San put the bamboo to his eye and tried to see the pea.

"Let me see through your telescope!" said a voice. And there beside him stood a smart little Japanese goblin — a tengu. Its nose was as curly as a pig's tail, and it wore wooden-heeled sandals, a cone-shaped shiny hat, and a wonderfully woven rice-straw coat. "Let me see, let me see!" squeaked the tengu, but Iso San shook his head.

"Oh no. The things I can see through here are far too wonderful."

"I'll give you my shiny hat if you let me look," said the tengu, trying to snatch the bamboo out of Iso's hand.

"Oh no. Why, I can see from Honshu to Hokkaido through this telescope!"

"Let me see!" squealed the tengu, "I'll give you my sandals!" But Iso San shook his head and held the pipe high out of reach. "I'll give you my invisible-making rice-straw coat!"





That was what Iso had been waiting for. "Agreed!" he exclaimed, and throwing down the pipe, he pulled the coat round his shoulders and ran off. When he looked back, the tengu was



trying to peer down the blocked pea-shooter. Steam was beginning to pour from its ears.

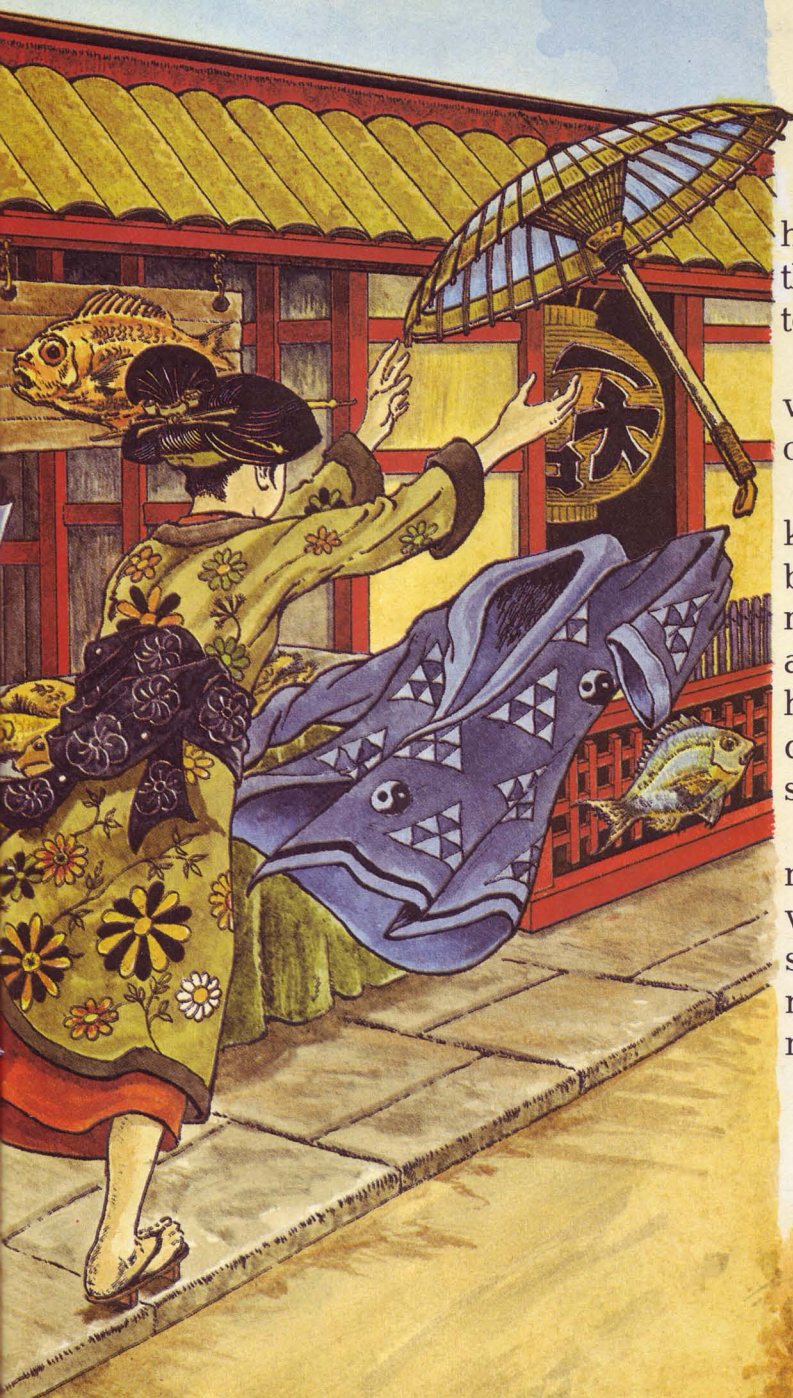
The moment Iso San buttoned up the rice-straw coat, he disappeared altogether. "What a joke!" he crowed, and hurried into town.

The people in the crowded streets could not see so much as a whisker of Iso San. So he boxed the ears of a big fat samurai. The samurai gasped and gaped and swung round with his fists up. And when he saw nobody there, he stepped backwards in astonishment. The invisible Iso was crouching behind him, ready to trip him up and send him sprawling in the mud!

After that, Iso San snatched the parasol out of a pretty girl's hand and raced through the streets with it







while the girl ran behind, crying, "Gracious! Oh! And not a puff of wind!"

A merchant who had just bought himself a new kimono stopped outside the shop to unwrap and admire it — only to see it fly off down the street!

The customers at the fish-shop were amazed to see a big fat bream leap off the slab and fly towards the river!

Iso San threw the parasol and the kimono off the bridge, but he carried the bream home for tea, tucked inside his magic coat. When he took off the coat, and hung it behind the door, he scared his old mother half to death. "Iso! Where did you spring from?" she gasped as he slapped the fish down on the table.

Iso San swaggered about. "Oh nowhere much — I've just been tangling with a tengu or two. Cook that for supper, will you, mother?" But he did not tell his mother about the rice-straw coat — or its magic.







the magic coat.

"And I was going to go to the sake-house for a free drink! Oh, how could you?" Then an idea came to him.

He took off all his clothes and smothered himself in the ashes of the burned coat.

Turning to his mother he said, "There now, how do I look?"

"Where are you?" said his mother.

"Excellent!" exclaimed the invisible Iso. "I'm off to the sake-house."

When he got there, he crept in and sat on the floor beside a barrel of sake. Without a sound, he turned the tap of the barrel and put his mouth under it to catch the trickle of wine. "This is the life!" he thought. Soon he had downed more sake than he had ever drunk in his life before.

Just then, the landlord's dog sniffed its way over to Iso San. "Push off!"

After Iso San had gone to bed, she took it down off the hook and shook it. "Dirty old thing," she muttered — and put it on the fire.

"You did *what*?" yelled Iso San next morning. He rushed to the fire and stared at the heap of ashes — all that was left of





hissed Iso. "Go on — push off!"

At the sound of his voice, the dog grinned and panted and stared.

"Here, have a drop of this and then . . . hic . . . push off," whispered Iso San, cupping his hands under the tap and giving the dog a drink of sake.

The dog's tail began to wag. The sake was so delicious that the animal instantly loved Iso and started licking his face.

There was a noise of scraping chair legs. Iso San looked around. Everyone in the inn was staring at him, their faces white with fright. "What is it?" someone whispered. "A head with no body? Hands with no arms?"

Iso looked down at his hands. All the ash had been washed off with the wine, and the dog had licked his face clean. He was so shaken that he let sake trickle from the tap on to his feet.

"Agh! Feet without legs!" shrieked the landlord. "What will it be when it's finished appearing?"

"The devil itself!" shouted the customers, and picking up their chairs they threw them at Iso San. Then they chased him outside with brooms and swords and bottles.

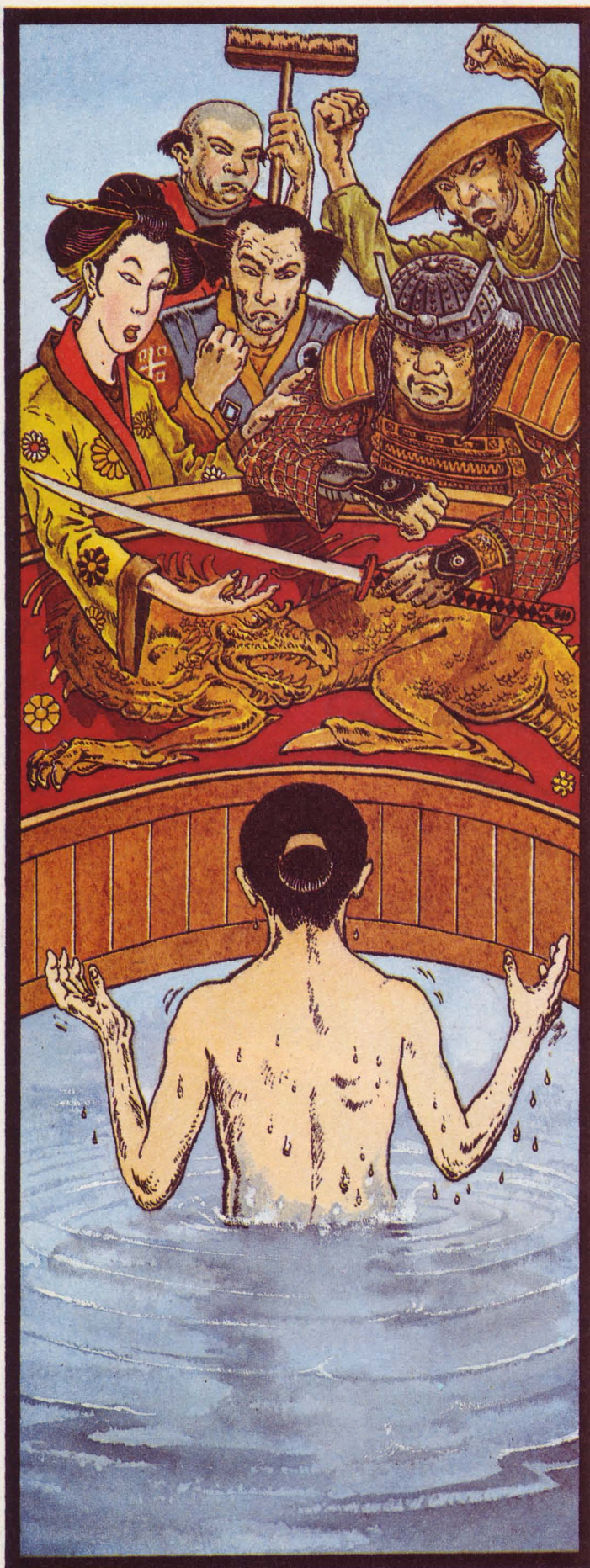
"It's only me! It's *me*!" squealed Iso. But all the people could see was a face and a pair of hands and feet.

"Out! Out! No devils here!" they shouted, and Iso had to run with all his might under the hot, midday sun.

Sweat sprang from his skin, and as the rice-straw ash became damp, its magic disappeared — and there was another patch of Iso showing. Soon he looked like a half-finished drawing, as he fled towards the river with the whole town after him.







At the bridge, he dived off the road and into the water where the last of the ash washed off and floated away, leaving Iso stark naked and very cold. The townspeople hung over the bridge pelting him with rocks. "Look, it's me! It's me!" wailed Iso.

"Iso San! What *have* you been up to?" demanded the landlord.

They would not let Iso out of the water until he had explained everything. "P-please won't somebody f-f-fetch me something to wear?" he grizzled, shivering in the shallows.

"Not unless you promise to pay for all you drank," called the landlord.

"And to buy me a new kimono!" roared the merchant.

"And to buy me a new parasol!" squeaked the young girl.

"And to pay for my fish!" yelled the fishmonger.

"And not until I've boxed your ears!" shouted the samurai.

From the shadows of the bridge, a mischievous little face looked out. A goblin, dressed in a shiny, conical hat and wooden-heeled sandals, grinned at Iso. "Now you know why you should never tangle with a tengu," it said . . . and then pinged him with his own pea-shooter.



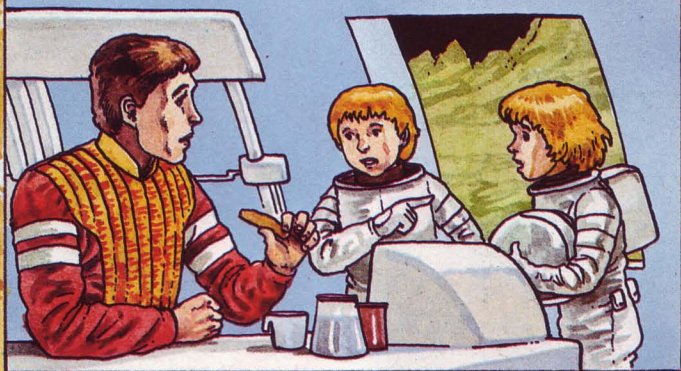


# DIGGERSAURS

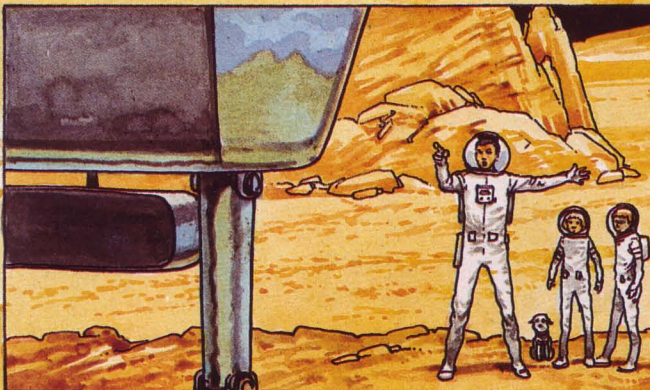
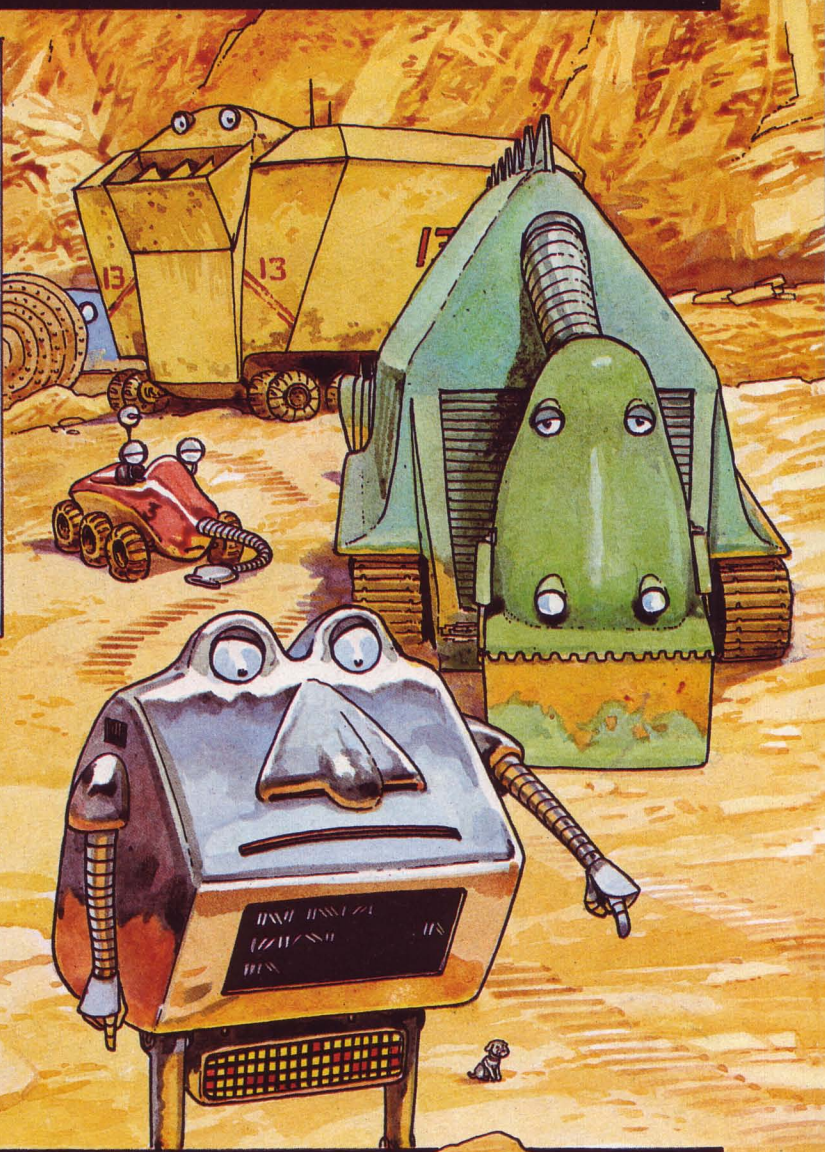
## AND THE DROWNING PLANET

THE PLACE—A LONELY PLANET IN A FAR-OFF GALAXY. THE TIME—JUST A FEW HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW...

Mining engineer Orion Belt was eating his lunch when Alpha and Astra rushed into the Homedome. "Dad! The Diggersaurs have stopped working!"



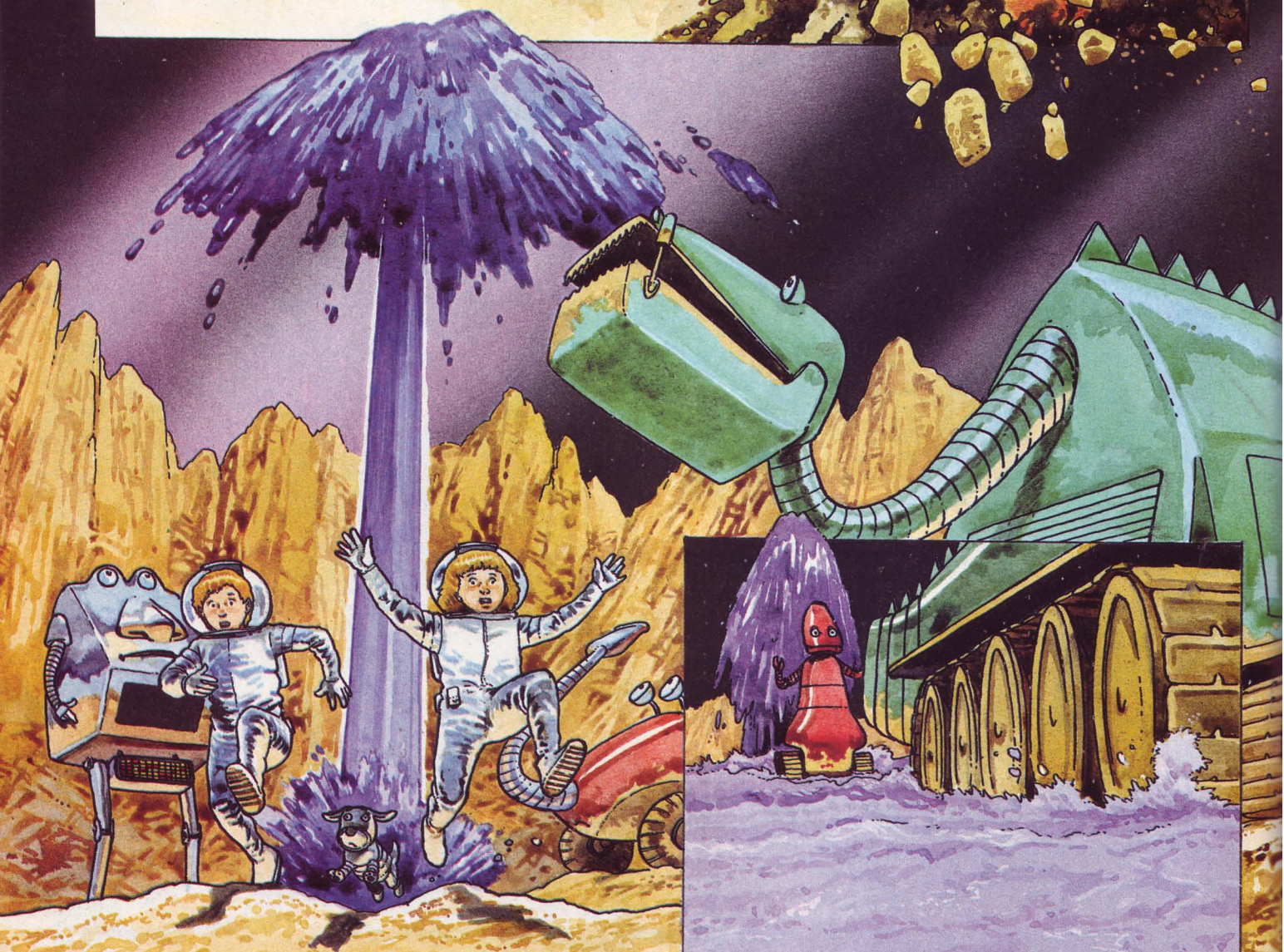
Up in the quarry, Borsaurus had stopped boring holes, and Archie Opterix's X-ray eyes were switched off. Sabre-toothed Gruber the Grab stood idle, his big bottom jaw on the ground. Even Diggedy, the robot dog, was whimpering gently. "Unsafe!" said Braintosaur in his flat, computer voice. "My sensors detect water. There is a danger of flooding." "Rubbish!" said Orion.



"Look at this place. It's a desert. You know we have to fly in all our water from Hydrofon! Your sensors are defective, Braintosaur. Get those machines digging, or I'll take you apart and sell you for scrap!" He stamped home, but the children stayed.



The machines all turned their heads towards Braintosaur. "Commence work," he said, though his voice broke. Borsersaurus drilled a hole in the ground. Dynersaurus planted the dynamite. Then Triggersaurus pressed the plunger. Tons of rock shattered. Then there was silence.



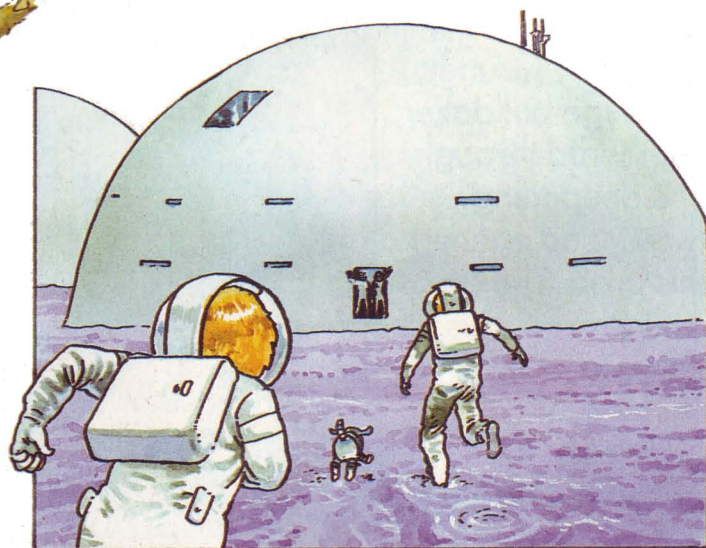
Astra breathed in to say, "Look, there's no water." Then, with a strangled gurgling, a jet of purple water rocketed out of the hole. It rose higher than Alpha could see. Five minutes later, it was cascading down around them.

"Emergency! Evacuate!" cried Braintosaur. "Run for the Homedome!" shrieked Astra.

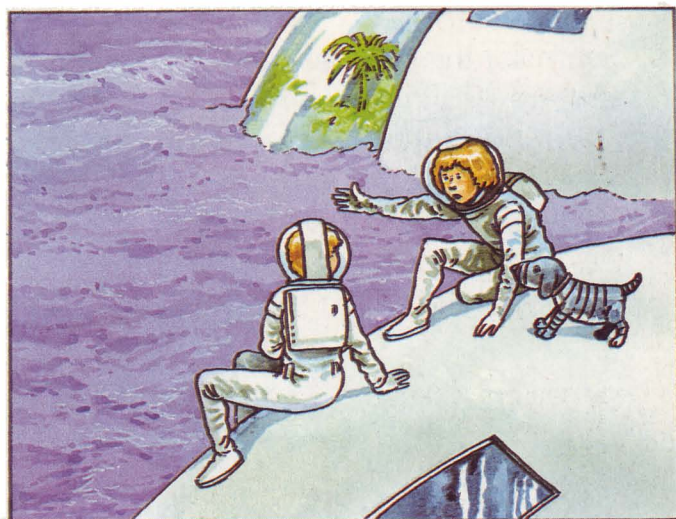


They ran, and behind them came the Diggersaurs. Every time Alpha looked back, he could see the fountain of purple water soaring into the starry sky and raining down again. The caterpillar tracks of the machines were soon squelching axle-deep in mud.

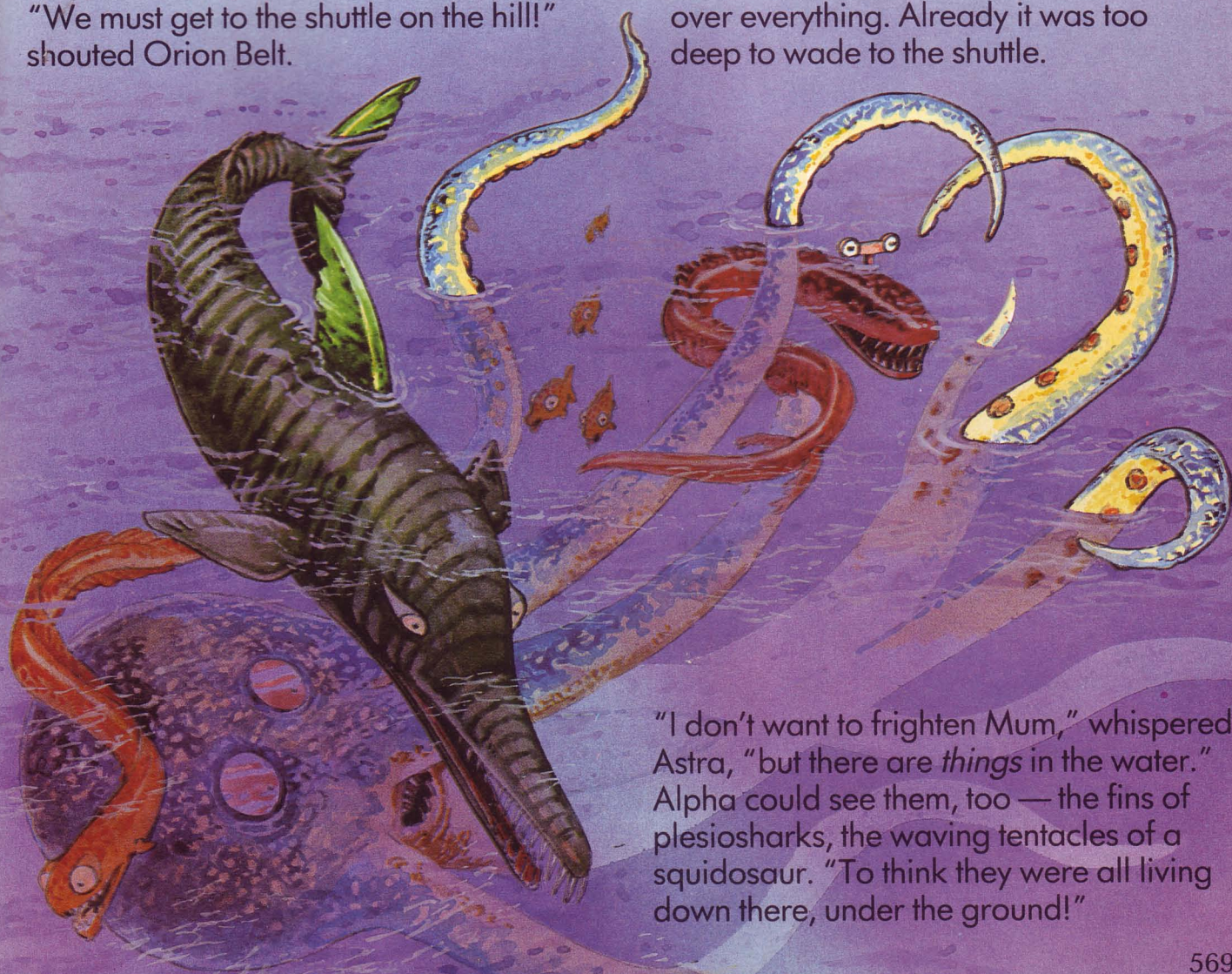




The Homedome was entirely surrounded by water. Mother and Father stood in the doorway with spacecases. "Evacuate! Evacuate!" droned Braintosaur. "Abandon the planet." "We must get to the shuttle on the hill!" shouted Orion Belt.



A wave swept Alpha off his feet and up against the Homedome. He and Astra clambered on to the roof. From there they could see how an underground sea had burst the planet's crust and was swirling over everything. Already it was too deep to wade to the shuttle.



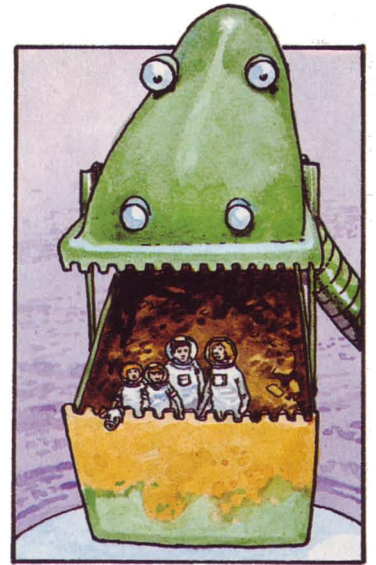
"I don't want to frighten Mum," whispered Astra, "but there are *things* in the water." Alpha could see them, too — the fins of plesiosharks, the waving tentacles of a squidosaur. "To think they were all living down there, under the ground!"



"Swim for the shuttle!" shouted their father diving into the water.  
"Do not swim!" growled Braintosaur, pulling him out. He had seen the sea creatures, too.

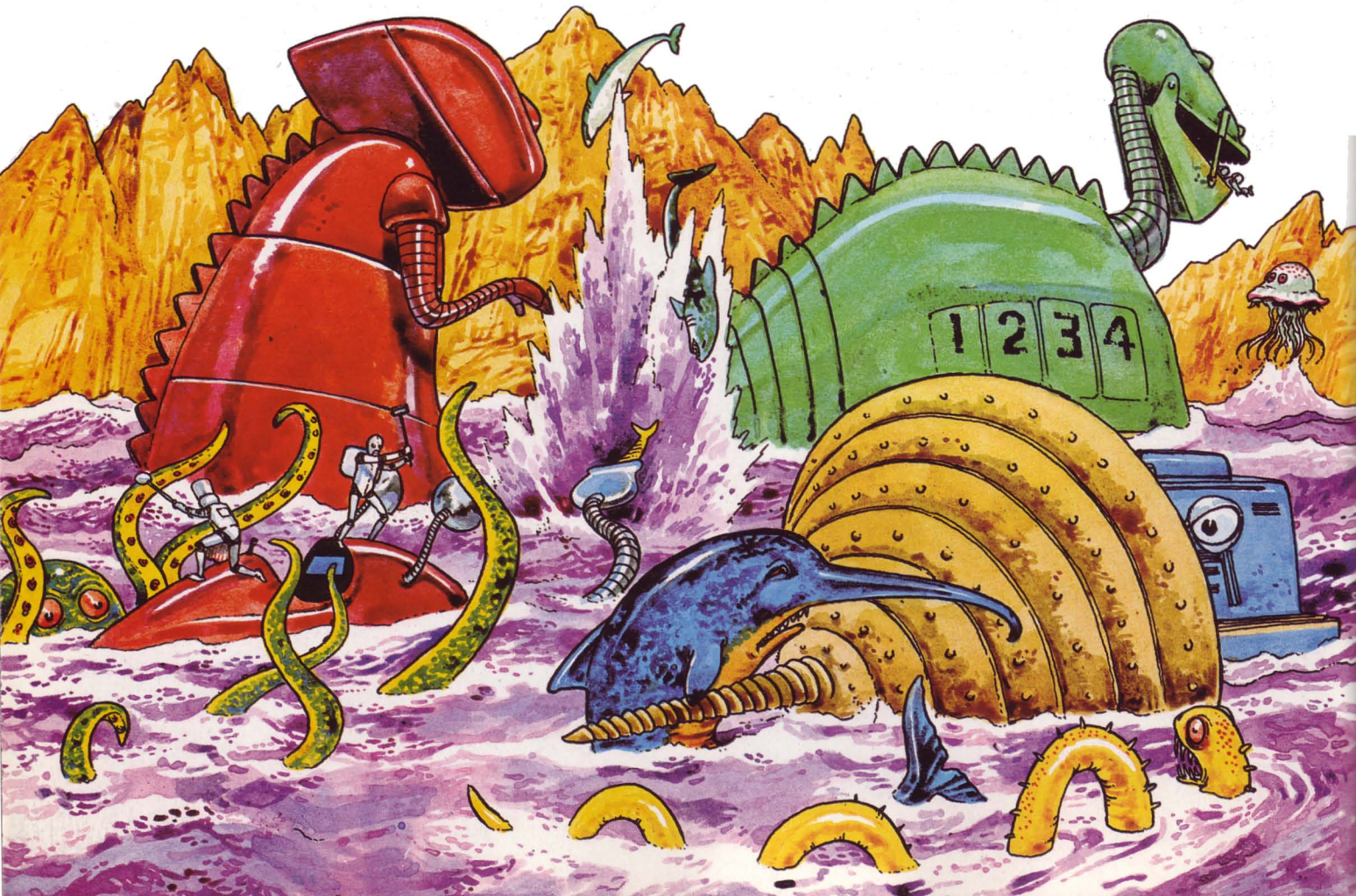


Suddenly Gruber, the huge bulldozer, lumbered through the deepening water and opened his grab. The children saw his huge jaws over their heads. Suddenly, he shovelled up the whole family.

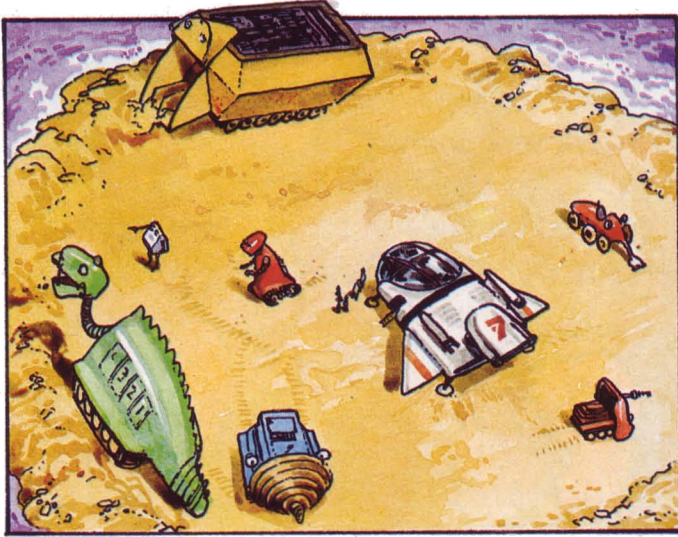


Clanking and groaning, Gruber set off for the shuttle. The water round his metal legs swarmed with beasts from the underground sea. Borsersaurus battled with a giant swordfish. Dynersaurus lobbed sticks of dynamite at the plesiosharks. Diggedy Dog yapped fiercely at a jelly fish. The cleaning robot and the robot chef from the

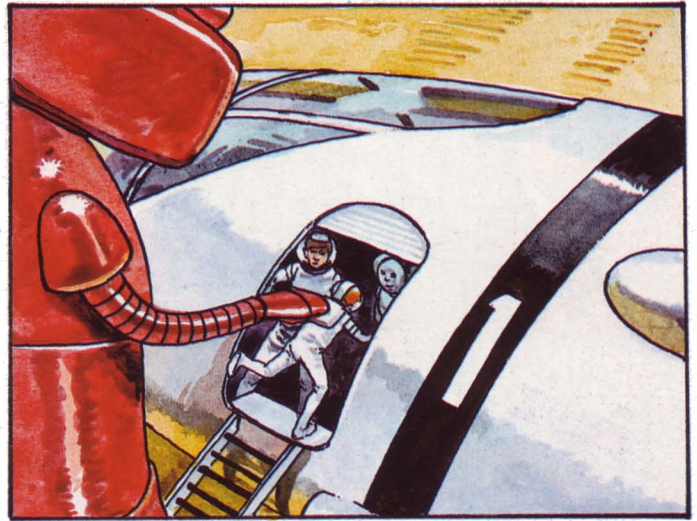
Homedome sat astride Archie Opterix, beating off the tentacles of a hungry Squidosaur with mops.  
"But Dad, how will we all fit into the shuttle?" cried Alpha.  
Orion Belt shook his head and scowled.  
"We only have room for the robots. The Diggersaurs will have to stay behind."





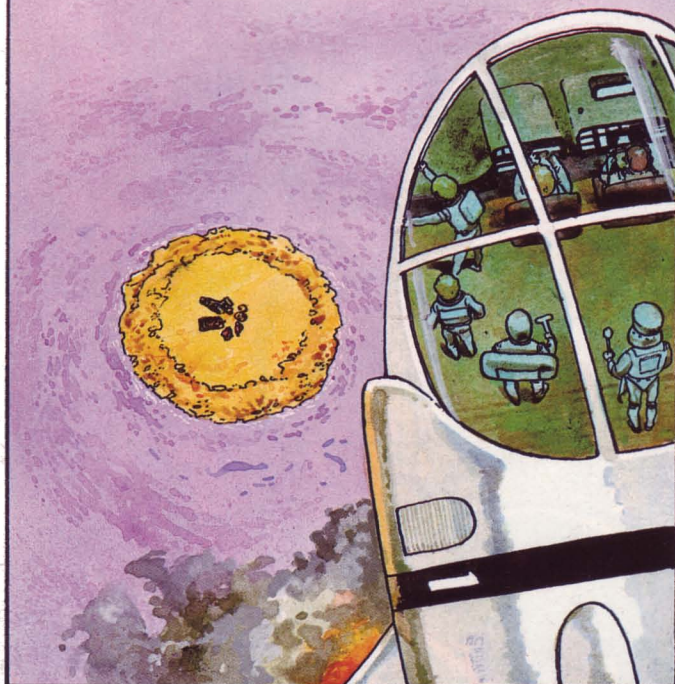


Somehow, the convoy of Diggersaurs got the Belt family safely to the hill. At once the machines began scraping up a wall of earth to protect the spaceship from the rising water.



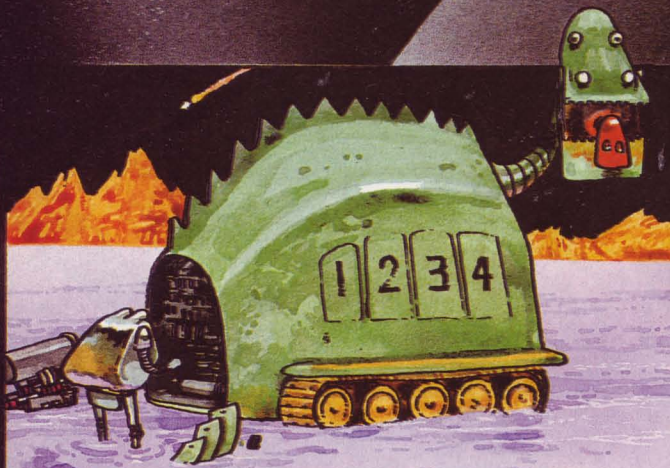
"Get in, Alpha, and shut the hatch!" called Orion when everyone else was aboard. "I won't leave the Diggersaurs!" Alpha declared. But Dynersaurus reached out and pushed the boy through the hatch.

As the shuttle took off, they could hear Braintosaur's flat, unexcited voice saying, "Humans successfully evacuated." Looking down, they could see the Diggersaurs huddled together on the hilltop.



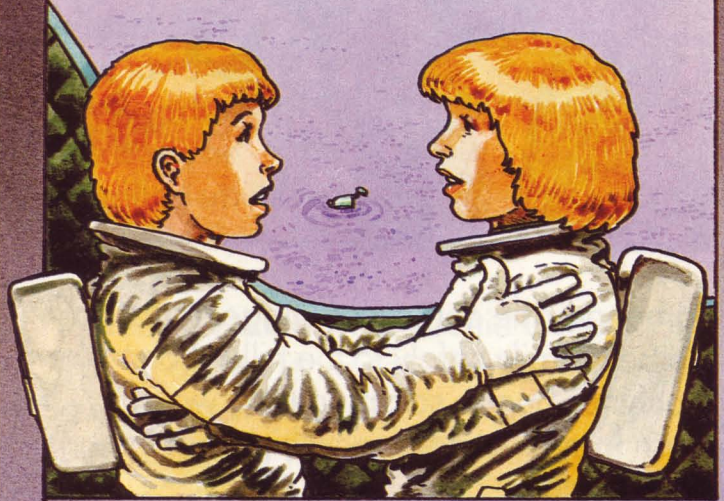
"Next stop Earth!" said Orion Belt, trying to sound cheerful. But everyone else on board was crying. "Let's orbit the planet once, Dad," said Alpha. "Just to say goodbye." So they flew once, slowly, round the drowning planet. And when they flew over the hilltop again, they looked out.





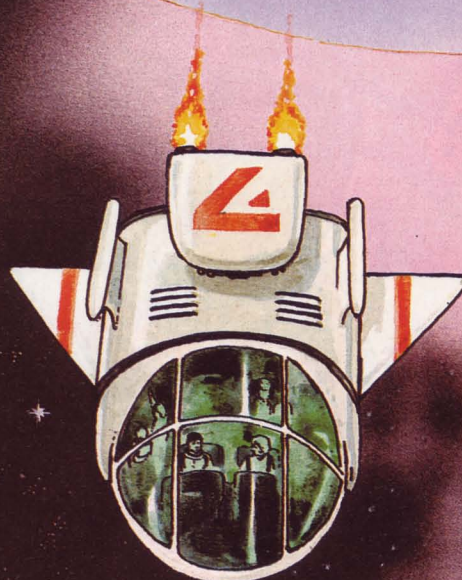
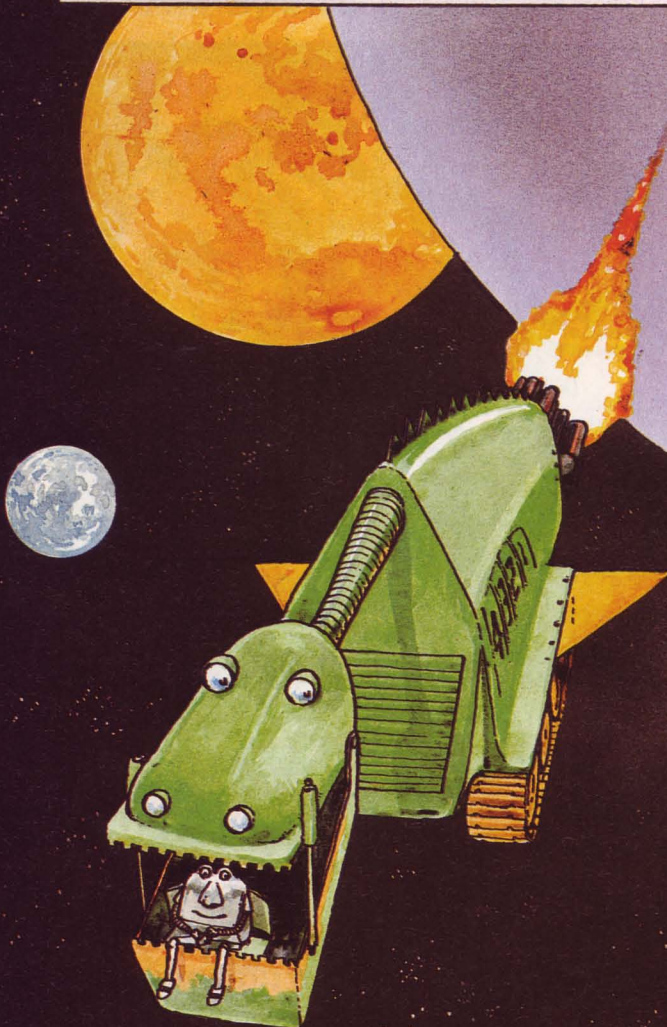
Sabre-toothed Gruber had just swallowed Archie and Triggersaur. Dynersaurus was half in, half out of the grab. Braintosaur was busily unscrewing bits of Gruber's rear-end. A hail of rivets splashed into the floodwater.

"What are they doing?" asked Mother. "Are they fighting?" But Alpha and Astra knew. They hugged each other for joy, and craned to see out of the shuttle's rear window.



There was the flash of a retro-burner, and off the planet rose a strange rocket. In the open cockpit sat Braintosaur, his spindly legs dangling. And inside Gruber-the-rocket, the other Diggersaurs happily rattled about as passengers. "Brain has turned Gruber into a rocket!" cried Alpha with a cheer.

The two spacecraft turned away from the drowned planet and headed for another planet and a new home.







# NOTHING LIKE A BATH

Down in the old orchard beside the stream, on a lovely spring morning, Bun the rabbit was doing his exercises.

His friend Melia Mouse, who lived next door to him in the orchard bank, was also doing her exercises. She tried to leap up, just like Bun, but she kept falling on her nose.

Two little pigs, the Tweedle brothers, Dee and Dum, came out to watch. When they saw that Bun was doing exercises, they could not stop laughing.

"Come on, you two!" called Bun, jumping over Dee's back. "Come and do your exercises. You're much too fat!"

"Oink! I like to be fat, oink-oink!" grunted Dum.

"Look at you, Bun. You're all hot and sweaty. Oink! Why don't you have a rest?" snorted Dee.

Bun did not reply, but he stopped his exercises. He sat up and started washing his face, very carefully, reaching well behind each long, silky ear. Melia Mouse sat up too, and carefully washed her face and whiskers with her paw.





Squawk! Splash! Flutter and splash! That was Sally Starling taking her second bath of the day. She was enjoying it! She splashed and spluttered, sending up a spray of shining drops over her feathers, and making a great fuss. At last she flew up into the apple tree and gave herself a good shake.

"There! That's the way to take a bath," she cried out to Bun and Melia. "Get right in, and splash well. Why don't you do that instead of rubbing your face with a paw? Dirty way of washing, I call it!" And she fluffed out her clean, shiny feathers with great pride.

Biddy Hen came bustling up. "A bath," she clucked. "Bck-bck-bck! I'll show you all how to take a bath." She went to a dry and dusty patch under the apple tree and began scratching dust into her feathers. "Bck-bck-bck! Dust," she cackled. "Bck-bck-bck! Dust is the best thing for a bath. Nothing like dust," she added, sending dust flying in all directions.

The Tweedle brothers did not agree with her. "Oink!" grunted Dee scornfully. "Ridiculous!"

Melba Cow looked over the wall and asked mildly, "Moo-oo! You all sound very excited. What are you all talking about?"





"Baths," cackled Biddy Hen. "I say dust is best for baths!"

"Nonsense," chirped Sally Starling. "Water's best — clean, cool water!"

"Moo-oo!" Melba told them. "Dew in the early morning's good enough for me. What do you say, Dobbin?"

Dobbin the horse neighed lazily. "Hun-hun-hun-hum! A roll in the grass and a good rub down from my boss Ted is all the bath I need."

"Woof! Woof!" A black and white dog ran into the orchard. Bun and Melia went straight home to the orchard bank, but kept on looking out to see what was going on.

"Hello there!" barked the dog. "What are you all talking about?"

"Baths," chirped Sally.

"Baths," squeaked Bun and Melia from their hole in the bank.

"Bck! Baths," cackled Biddy Hen.

"Baths," mooed Melba.

Dobbin was too lazy to reply and the Tweedle brothers just went on grunting. The dog's tail dropped, his ears lay flat on his head and he looked extremely baffled. "Baths," he shuddered. "Brr! yow, yow!" and he jumped straight over the stream and quickly hid in the woodshed.

"Tee-hee-hee-hee," squeaked Melia.

"Now we know how to get rid of dogs!"





# ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND



Alice had almost reached the little house in the wood when, suddenly, the strangest footman she had ever seen came running up to the front door. He was dressed in the fine clothes of a royal servant, but his face was the face of a fish.

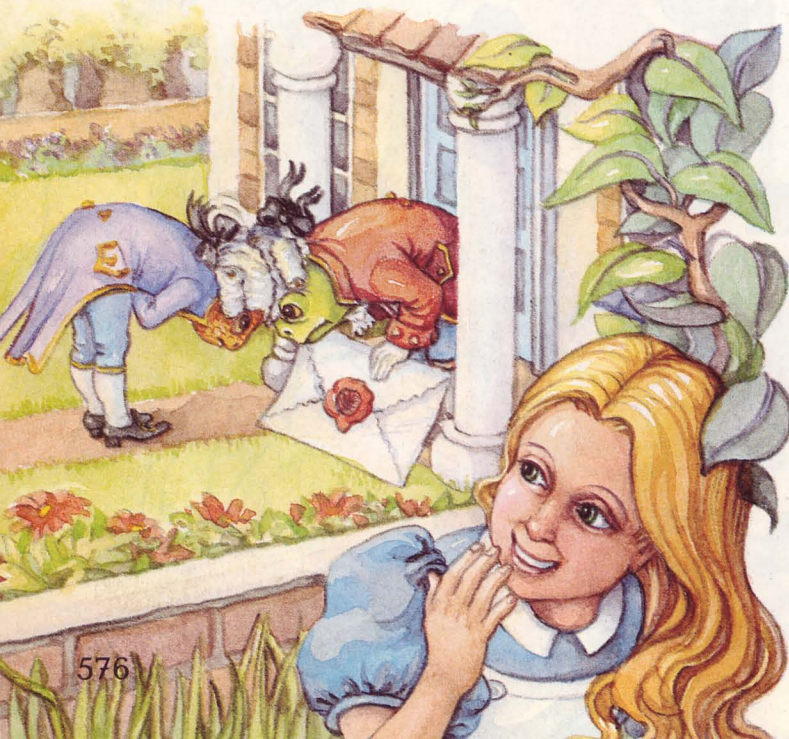
He knocked on the door, and immediately it was opened by another footman with a round face and large eyes like a frog.

"For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet," said the Fish Footman very solemnly.

He handed over a large envelope and bowed very low. The Frog Footman bowed at the same time, and their powdered curls of hair became entangled with each other.

Alice laughed so much at this that she was afraid they would hear her, and she ran back into the wood. When she peeped out from behind a tree, the Frog Footman was all alone, so she went timidly up to the door and knocked.

"There's no use in knocking," said the Footman. "Because, firstly I'm on the same side of the door as you are. And secondly, they're making such a noise





inside, no-one could possibly hear you."

There certainly was a most extraordinary noise coming from within the house — a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash.

"But please," said Alice. "How am I to get in?"

"Are you to get in at all?" said the Footman.

"Oh, there's no use talking to him," thought Alice. And she opened the door and went straight into a large kitchen which was full of smoke. The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby, while the cook leaned over the fire, stirring a cauldron of soup.

Alice began to sneeze. "There's certainly too much pepper in that soup," she thought.

The Duchess sneezed, and the baby sneezed and howled. The only things in the kitchen that did not sneeze were the



cook and a large cat which sat on the hearth, grinning from ear to ear.

"Please, would you tell me," said Alice, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire Cat," said the Duchess. "That's why."

"I didn't know that Cheshire Cats always grinned," said Alice.







"Speak roughly to your little boy  
And beat him when he sneezes.  
He only does it to annoy,  
Because he knows it teases.

"Here, girl," she said, flinging the child at Alice. "You can nurse it a bit if you like. I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen."

With the child in her arms, Alice stepped outside. The child then grunted very loudly and when she looked into its face she saw that it was turning into a pig. So she quickly put it down and watched it trot away.

When she looked up again she saw the Cheshire Cat sitting on the bough of a tree, grinning.

"Cheshire Puss," she said. "I would so like to visit someone. Please tell me what sort of people live round here."

"In that direction," said the Cat, pointing with his right paw, "lives a Hatter. And in that direction," he said, pointing with his left paw, "lives a

"You don't know much," said the Duchess. "And that's a fact."

The cook began to throw everything within her reach at the Duchess.

"Pig!" shouted the Duchess. And she began to sing a sort of lullaby, shaking the child violently at the end of each line.





March Hare. They're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," said Alice.

"Oh, you can't help that. We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad. You must be, or you wouldn't have come here."

Then the Cat vanished very slowly, beginning with the tip of his tail and ending with his grin.

Alice began to walk in the direction in which the March Hare lived, and soon she came to his house. In the garden was a large table, at which the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea. They rested their elbows on the Dormouse, who sat between them, fast asleep.

"No room. No room," they cried when they saw Alice coming.

"There's plenty of room," said Alice indignantly. And she sat down in a large armchair at one end.

"Have some wine," said the March Hare.

Alice looked all around the table.



"I don't see any wine," she said.

"There isn't any," retorted the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very polite of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very polite of you to sit down without being invited."







The Hatter took his watch out of his pocket and held it to his ear.

"What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice.

"Er, the fourth."

"Two days wrong," sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," he said, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the best butter," said the March Hare meekly.

"Yes. But some crumbs must have got in as well."

"Suppose we change the subject," said the March Hare. "I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice nervously.

"Then the Dormouse shall," they both cried.

They pinched him on both sides at once and he slowly opened his eyes.

"Tell us a story," said the Hatter.

"And be quick about it or you'll be asleep again before it's finished."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry. "And they lived at the bottom of a well."

"Why did they do that?" said Alice.

After a long pause, the Dormouse said, "It was a treacle-well. And these three little sisters were learning to draw, you know."

"What did they draw?" asked Alice.

"Um, treacle," replied the Dormouse straight away. "And all sorts of things beginning with an M — such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and . . . er, er, muchness. Did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"







"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, "I don't think . . ."

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She got up and walked off and the Dormouse fell asleep instantly. When Alice looked back they were trying to put him in the teapot.

"It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in my life," said Alice.

Just as she said this she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it.

"That's very curious," she thought. "But everything's curious today. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

[What will Alice discover inside the tree? Find out in Part 22]



# The NEAT And TIDY KITCHEN

It was a cold, cold day, but a cosy fire was blazing in the kitchen. May and Kenny had gone to school, and the farmer was out working in the fields. Leo the cat lay in front of the kitchen fire while the farmer's wife baked a ginger cake.

Then she washed the dishes and scrubbed the table, because she *did* like her kitchen to be neat and tidy. But the farmer came back carrying a hen in his arms. "Kuki's wing is broken. Can she rest by the fire?"

"I can't have hens in my tidy kitchen!"

"But think of all the eggs Kuki has given us," said the farmer. And Kuki went "Bck-bck-bck," so sadly that at last the wife said, "Very well."

So the farmer put Kuki into a box of straw and went out again. His wife swept the floor — because she *did* like her kitchen to be neat and tidy.

Just as she finished, the farmer came back carrying a baby lamb. "Our sheep, Martha, has died in the cold. Her baby has no-one to snuggle him. Let him keep warm by the fire."

"I can't have lambs in my tidy kitchen!"

"Oh, but think of all the wool Martha gave us last summer." And the lamb went







"But I can't have a goose in my tidy kitchen!"

"But think of all the soft feathers this old goose will give us one day — enough for cushions for those old fireside chairs," said the farmer. And the goose limped about so sadly when it was set down on the floor, that at last the farmer's wife said, "Very well."

So Matthew sat down by the fire with the goose on his knee and Bill the shepherd sat down beside him. And soon they were both snoring loudly.

The farmer's wife said, "Oh!" and went to clean the windows — because she *did* like her kitchen to be neat and tidy, and it was not in the least bit neat, and not at all tidy.

"Baaa, baaa," so sadly that at last the farmer's wife said, "Very well."

After the farmer had gone, she wiped all the worktops — because she *did* like her kitchen to be neat and tidy. But before lunch, the farmer came back carrying five little puppies. "Garda has had her pups in the barn. It's too cold out there. Let them lie by the fire."

"I can't have pups in my tidy kitchen!"

"Oh, but think how bravely Garda has kept the fox away from our chickens!" said the farmer. And the puppies whimpered, "Yip-yip-yip-yow," until at last the farmer's wife said, "Oh, very well."

Soon Garda came running in to lie beside them. The farmer's wife scrubbed the floor and polished the brass — because she *did* like her kitchen to be neat and tidy.

But at teatime, the farmer and the cowman and the shepherd came in for tea. The farmer had a goose under one arm. "Its feet got tangled in fishing line down by the river. It's quite upset. Can Matthew the cowman sit and soothe it by the fire?"





As she polished the windows, she saw May and Kenny running home from school with a whole crowd of their friends. They burst in through the kitchen door saying, "Brrr! It's cold outside! Let's have tea by the fire!" Then they stared in amazement, for the kitchen was not in the least bit neat, and not at all tidy.

The farmer's wife clutched her apron.

"Oh dear, my kitchen's so untidy and there's no room by the fire!"

But Kenny and May and all their friends squeezed in beside Kuki and the lamb, Garda and her puppies, the goose and Leo the cat, Matthew the cowman and Bill the shepherd. They ate ginger cake and stroked the animals, and said, "This is *much* better than a neat and tidy kitchen."





# TOMMY'S SHADOW

Tommy's shadow was the only one, the only shadow in the whole world, that was there whether the sun shone or not. It was a large jet-black wobbly shadow that darkened Tommy's nine years.

And the trouble that shadow brought Tommy! One afternoon, on his way home from school, he passed Mr Briggs' rag-and-bone cart. Daffodil, the horse, was munching at a bag of oats, while Mr Briggs was loading the cart with scrap iron. The sky was as grey as an empty television screen, yet Tommy's shadow was brilliantly black.

He stopped to stroke Daffodil's head, but the horse took one look at his shadow and bolted down the hill. Mr Briggs, and the oats, were thrown in the air.

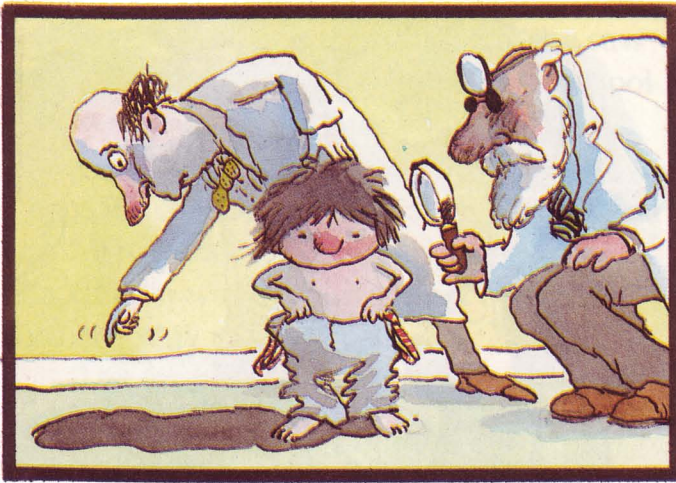
"Sorry Mr Briggs," said Tommy.

"Y-y-y-you young villain," spluttered Mr Briggs. "If my horse causes any damage you'll pay for it."

Meanwhile, Daffodil had reached the High Street and was galloping towards an ice-cream van. Too late, she swerved to one side. The cart swung round and crashed into the van, knocking the ice-cream seller into his tub of ice-cream and sending a shower of scrap iron into the air.







After all that, it was obvious that Tommy just had to find a cure for his shadow. He went to see the most learned professors in the country.

"Shadowpermanentitis," they whispered. "First reported from Ancient Egypt at the time of the great plagues. The only successful treatment in history was given to one of the Pharaoh's nephews. He had to sleep in a dark disused pyramid and paddle daily for six months in the River Nile."

Everyone agreed that Egypt was the only answer to Tommy's complaint, and off he went for a six-month cure. The Egyptian government kindly provided a pyramid for him to sleep in, and they gave him a torch to help him explore the ghostly passages and chambers.

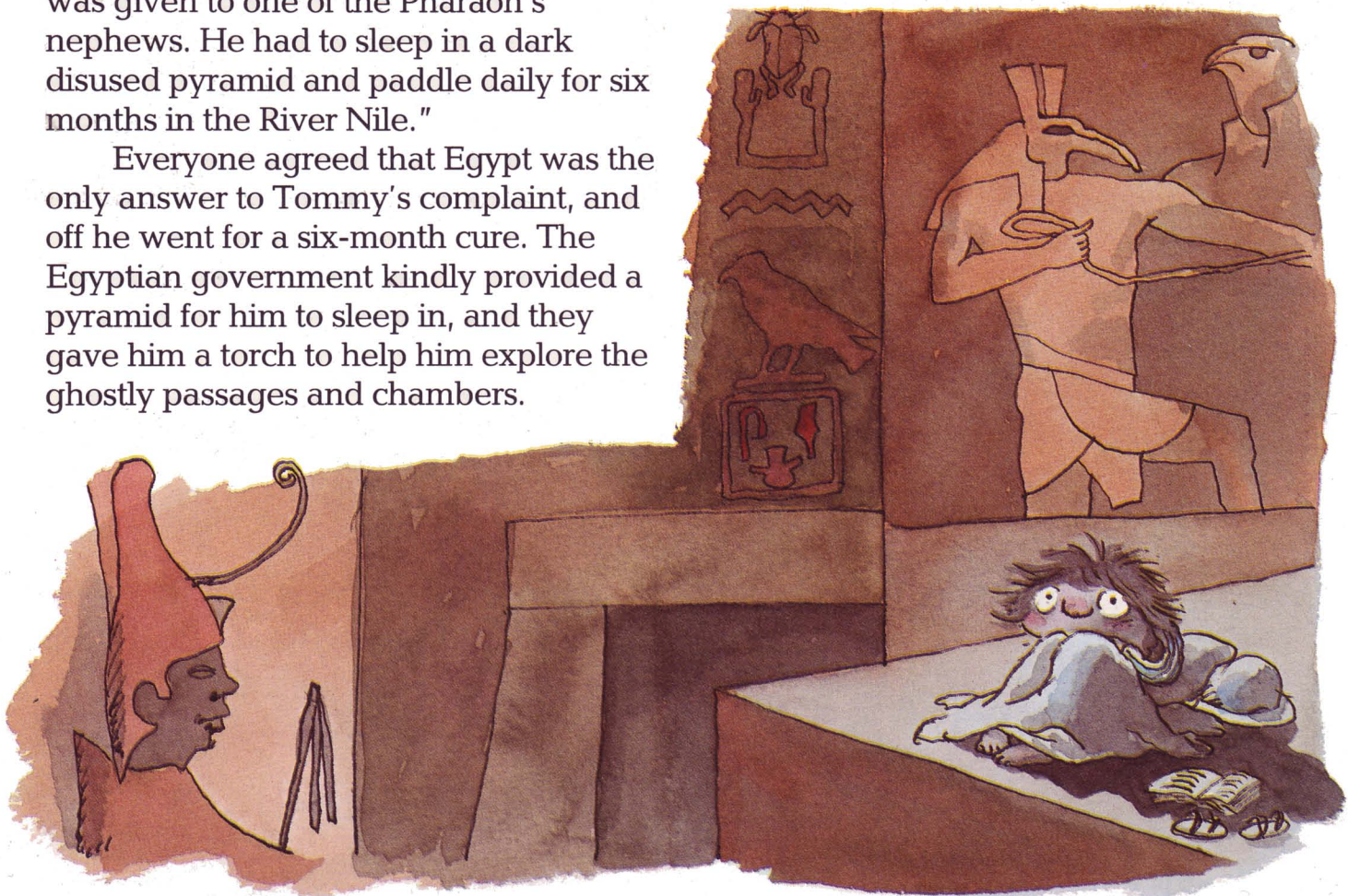
Every day, Tommy rode on a camel down to the River Nile for his daily paddle. At first the camel refused to move. It had never seen such a huge wobbly shadow from a human being before. For over half-an-hour Mustapha the camel-driver cooed and soothed the frightened beast.

"It is nothing, O four-footed one," he murmured. "Be brave, O bravest one."

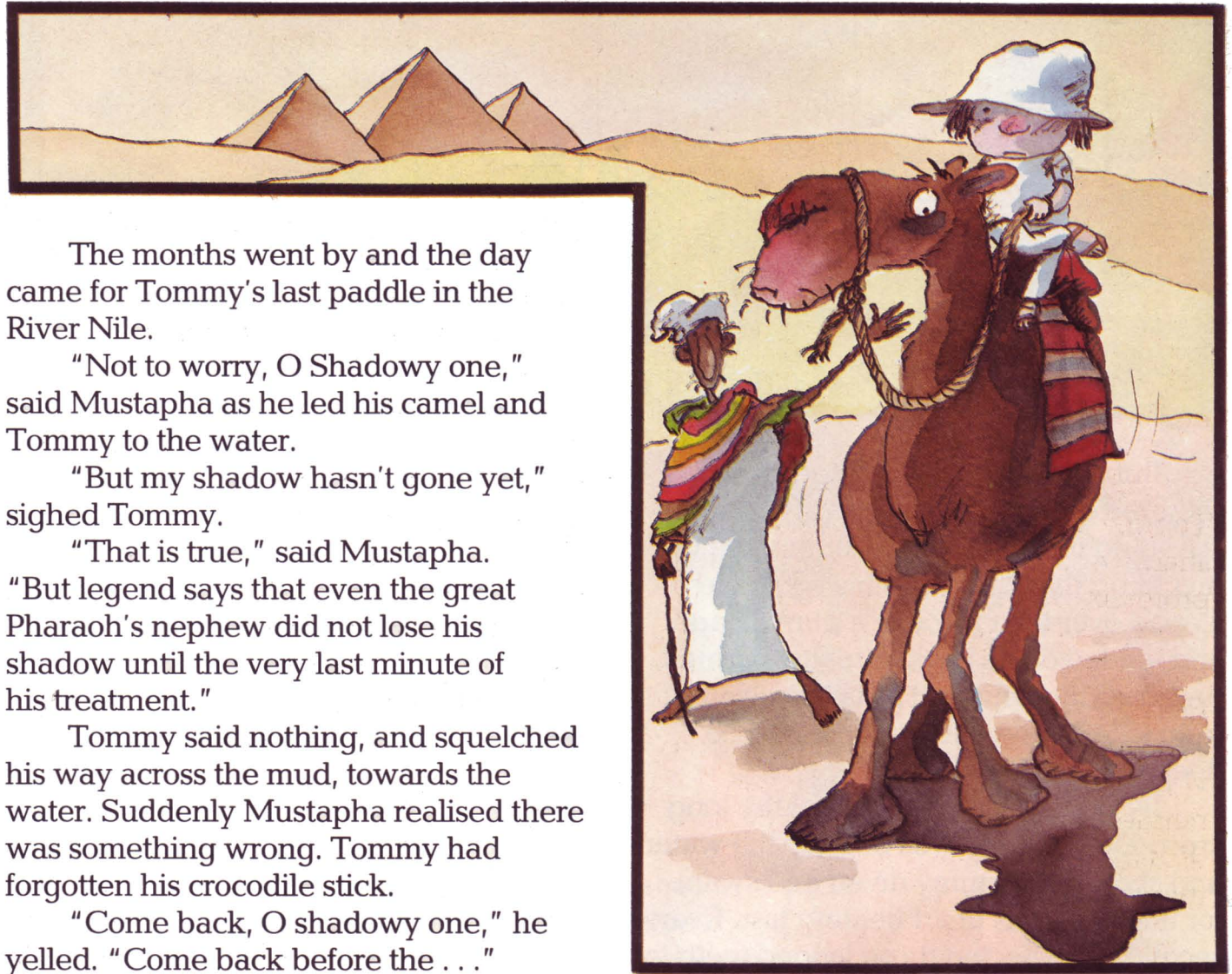
And while the camel was looking the other way Tommy jumped nimbly on its back. It was like riding on a lumpy bed on the top of a swaying tree.

At the river, Mustapha bowed and gave Tommy a long stick.

"This stick is part of the cure, O shadowy one," he said. "The doctors say you must beat the water while paddling to keep the crocodiles away."







The months went by and the day came for Tommy's last paddle in the River Nile.

"Not to worry, O Shadowy one," said Mustapha as he led his camel and Tommy to the water.

"But my shadow hasn't gone yet," sighed Tommy.

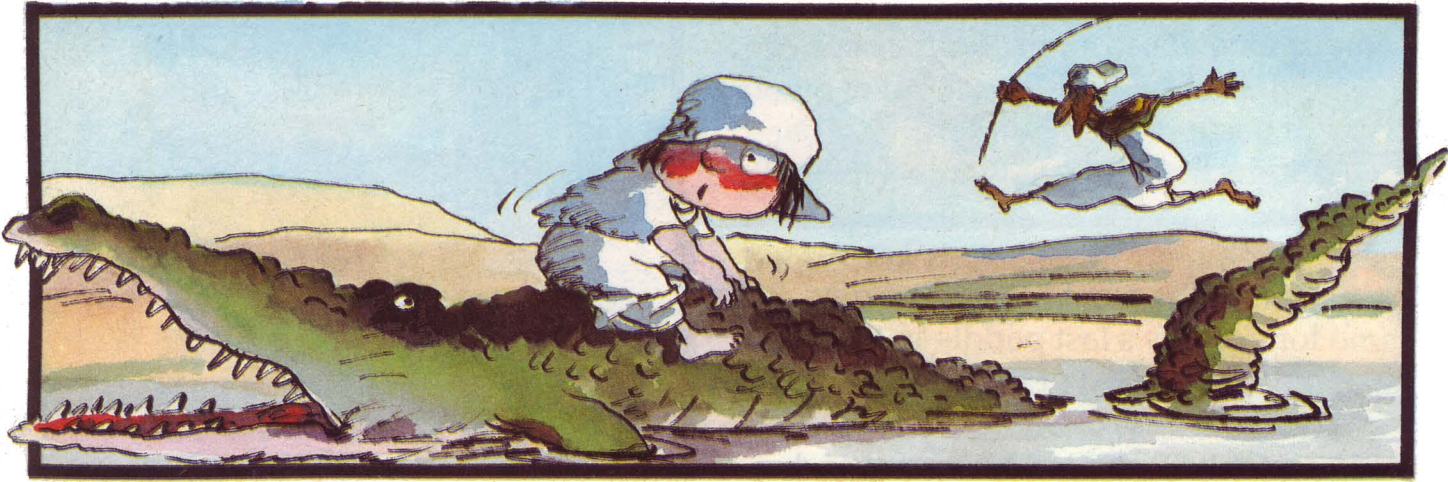
"That is true," said Mustapha. "But legend says that even the great Pharaoh's nephew did not lose his shadow until the very last minute of his treatment."

Tommy said nothing, and squelched his way across the mud, towards the water. Suddenly Mustapha realised there was something wrong. Tommy had forgotten his crocodile stick.

"Come back, O shadowy one," he yelled. "Come back before the . . ."





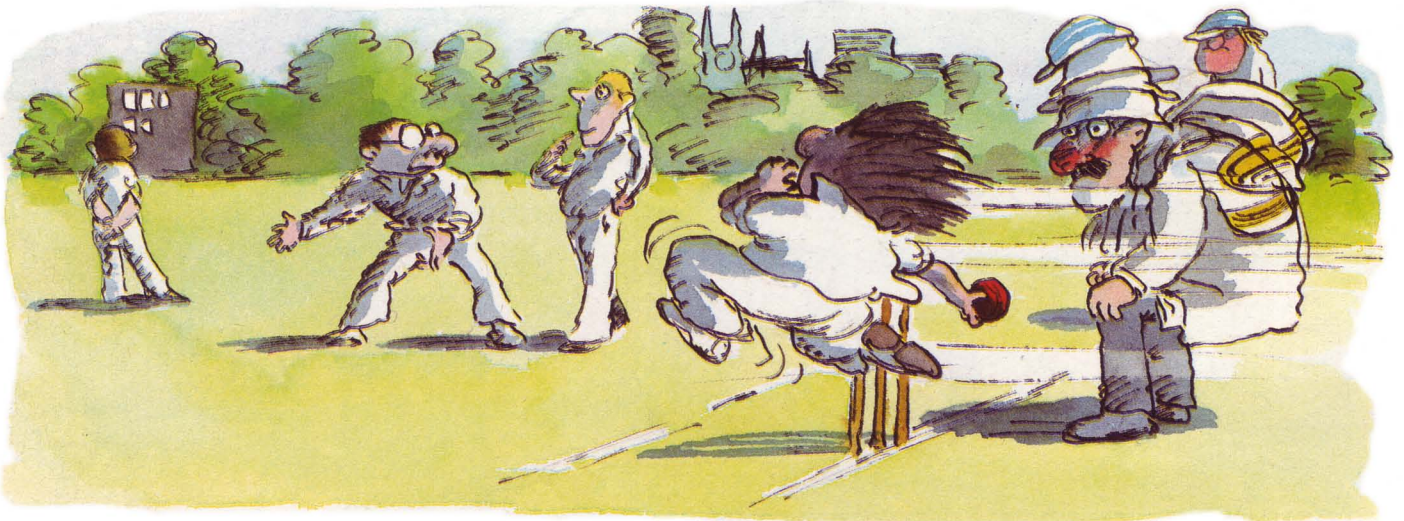


But it was too late. A huge crocodile slithered over the mud, towards Tommy, snapping its toothy jaws. Tommy did the first thing that came into his head. He leaped over the crocodile's slimy head and landed on its back. Greatly alarmed, the crocodile whipped its tail ferociously from side to side and lurched into the deep frothing river.

By now Mustapha had got the long crocodile stick and was beating the water and shouting. Tommy dived and swam for the shore, his heart beating fast. Every second he expected those jagged teeth to snap over his legs. But the camel-driver's screams and his wild dance with the beating stick kept the reptile at bay.

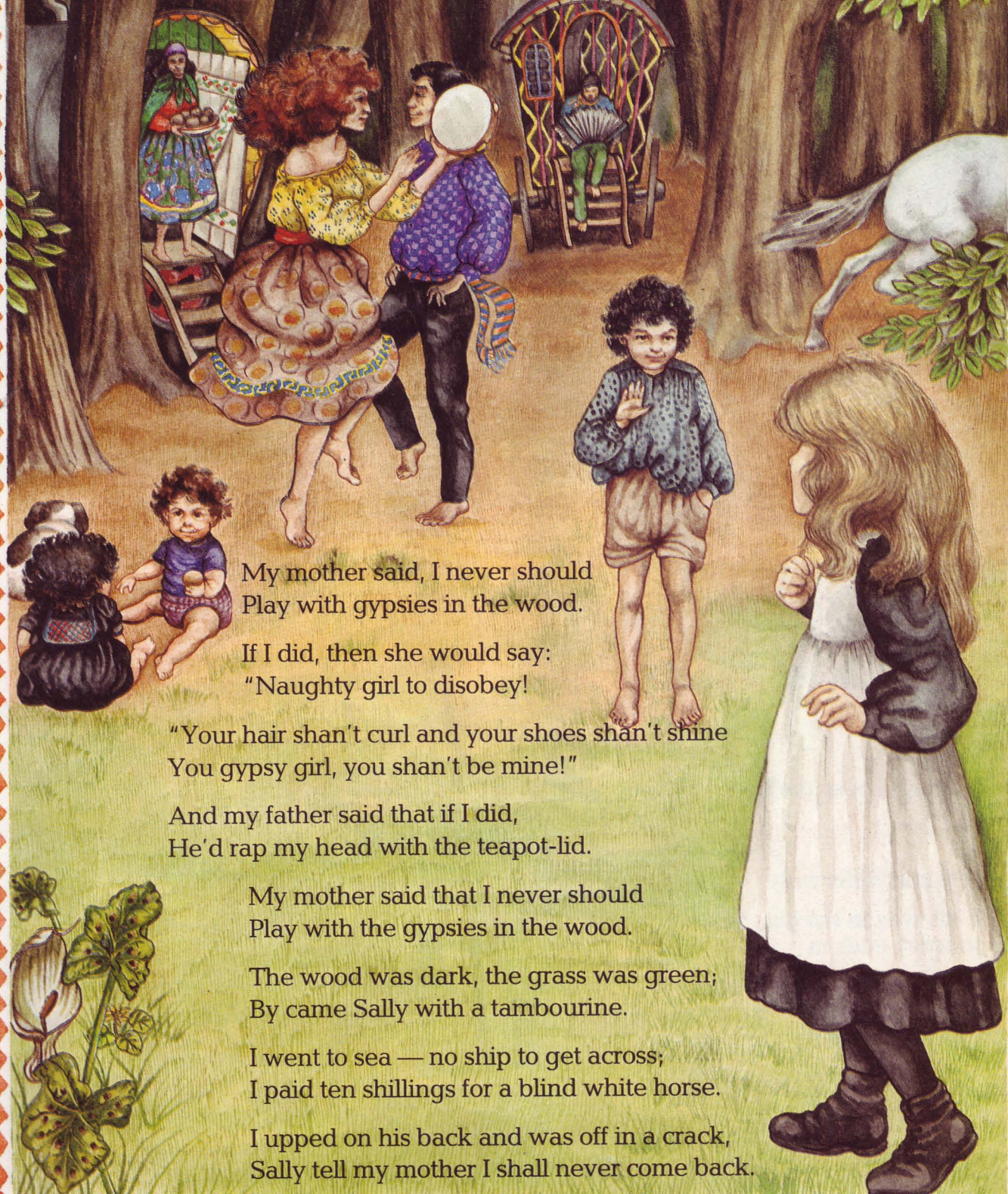
Tommy is convinced that it was this adventure with the crocodile that really made his shadow disappear — but with a very, very strange result. Tommy is eleven now, and he plays football and cricket like the rest of his pals. There's Tommy in the school's first eleven, and he's opening the bowling.

Watch Tommy carefully, very carefully, as he takes his run. Now look at the other cricketers on this brilliantly sunny day. Twenty-two lads, yet only twenty-one shadows. Tommy's shadow disappeared all right. It disappeared so well, after the six months' treatment, that it has never returned. Never. Not even on sunny days.





# My Mother Said



My mother said, I never should  
Play with gypsies in the wood.

If I did, then she would say:  
"Naughty girl to disobey!"

"Your hair shan't curl and your shoes shan't shine  
You gypsy girl, you shan't be mine!"

And my father said that if I did,  
He'd rap my head with the teapot-lid.

My mother said that I never should  
Play with the gypsies in the wood.

The wood was dark, the grass was green;  
By came Sally with a tambourine.

I went to sea — no ship to get across;  
I paid ten shillings for a blind white horse.

I upped on his back and was off in a crack,  
Sally tell my mother I shall never come back.





IN PART 22 OF

# STORY

## Teller 2

Stories read by

PATRICIA HODGE  
MARTIN JARVIS  
OLIVER POSTGATE  
DAVID TATE  
JOANNA WAKE

Young Scarface seeks the house of the Sun in **QUEST OF THE BRAVE**

**OSTRICHES CAN'T FLY** – but the King of the birds thinks differently

**UK** is on his way to the glue factory but his journey ends in **THE CITY OF LOST SUBMARINES**

**NOGBAD** COMES BACK from exile – but can Noggin the Nog trust him?

**PLUS** ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND  
THE CAPTAIN'S HORSE  
THE COTTAGE

