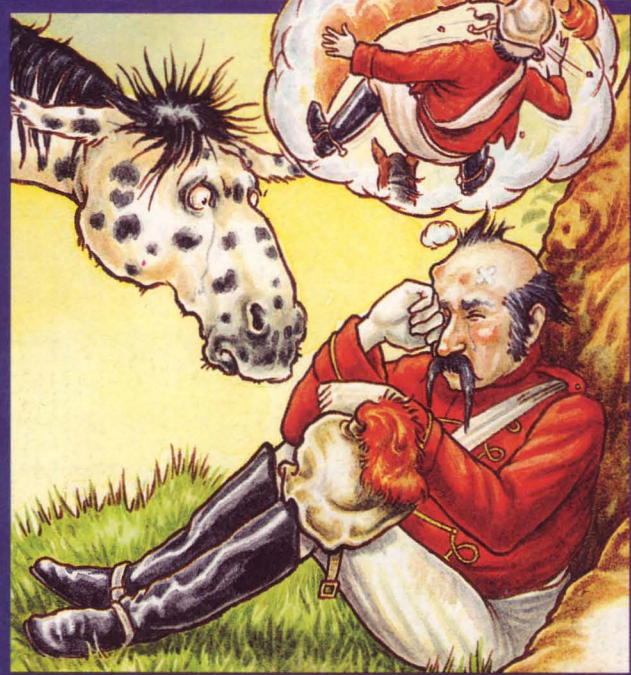


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STORY Teller 2

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Eleanor Farjeon's poetic idyll is published by kind permission of the Farjeon Estate.



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The Cottage: **Joanna Wake**



QUEST OF THE BRAVE



The other indian
braves laughed at
Scarface. They laughed at him because he
was so poor. They laughed at him, too,
because of the ugly scar that spoiled
his face.

"Why don't you ask Brightgirl to
marry you, Scarface?" they mocked.
"She's refused the richest, best-looking
braves from seven villages. How could
she resist you with all your money and
that face!"


They knew how much their jokes
hurt Scarface. He loved Brightgirl. To
their great surprise Scarface said, "*I shall*
go and ask her, for it is not always wealth
or a good face that wins a woman's
heart." The young men laughed even
louder, but at noon Scarface walked
down to the river to find the squaw
called Brightgirl.

"I tell you honestly," he began,

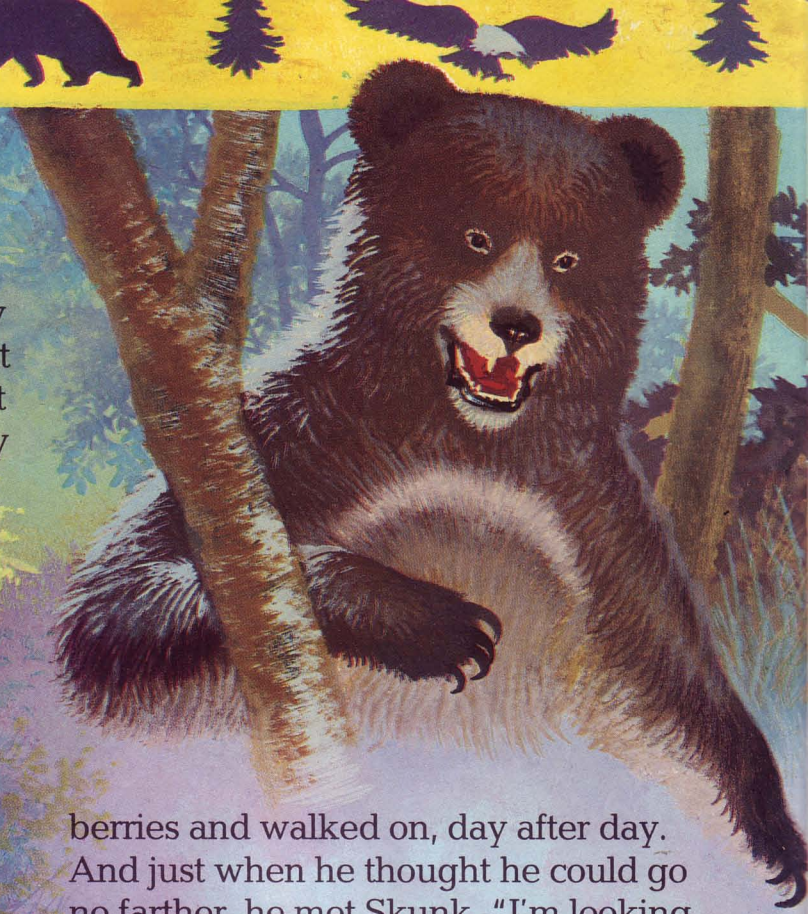
"I have no family, no
wealth, and you can see
for yourself the face I have. But if you care
at all about the love in my heart . . .
marry me."

Brightgirl stared at him. She did not
seem frightened by the scar, and she did
not laugh at him.





At last she said, "The Sun spoke to me when I was young. He said, 'Never marry, for you are mine!' That is why I refuse all the young men who ask for my hand. But never until now have I found it hard. I don't know why, but if it were not for my promise to the Sun, I would marry you, Scarface, and be happy for ever."



berries and walked on, day after day. And just when he thought he could go no farther, he met Skunk. "I'm looking for the Sun's lodge," he told Skunk.

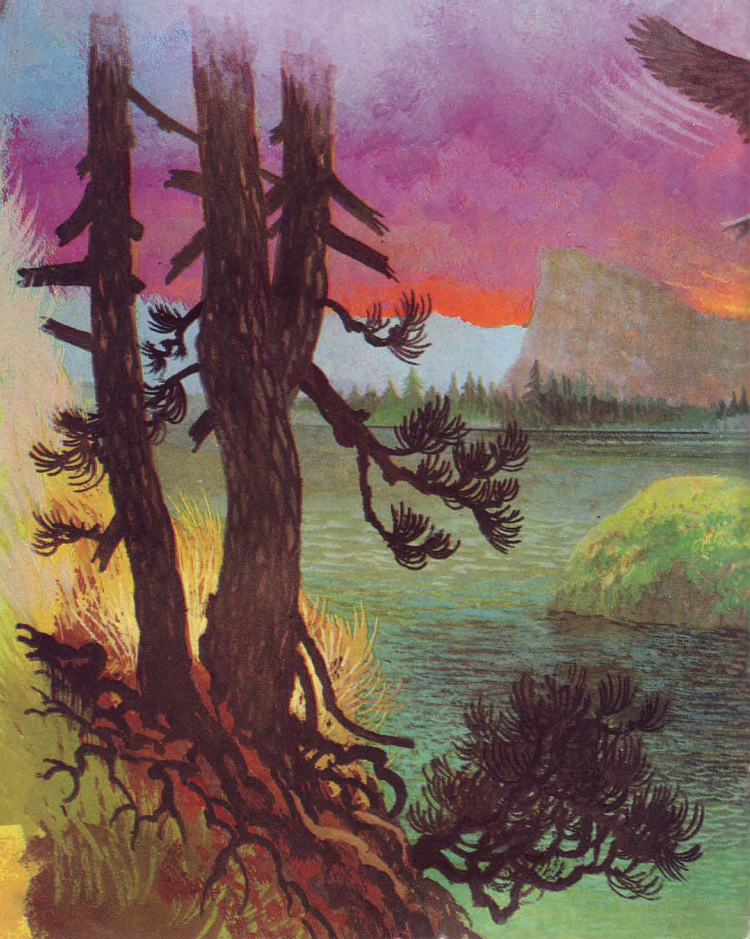
"In all my travels, I've never seen it," said Skunk. "But Bear is wise. Why not ask Bear?" So Scarface asked Bear.

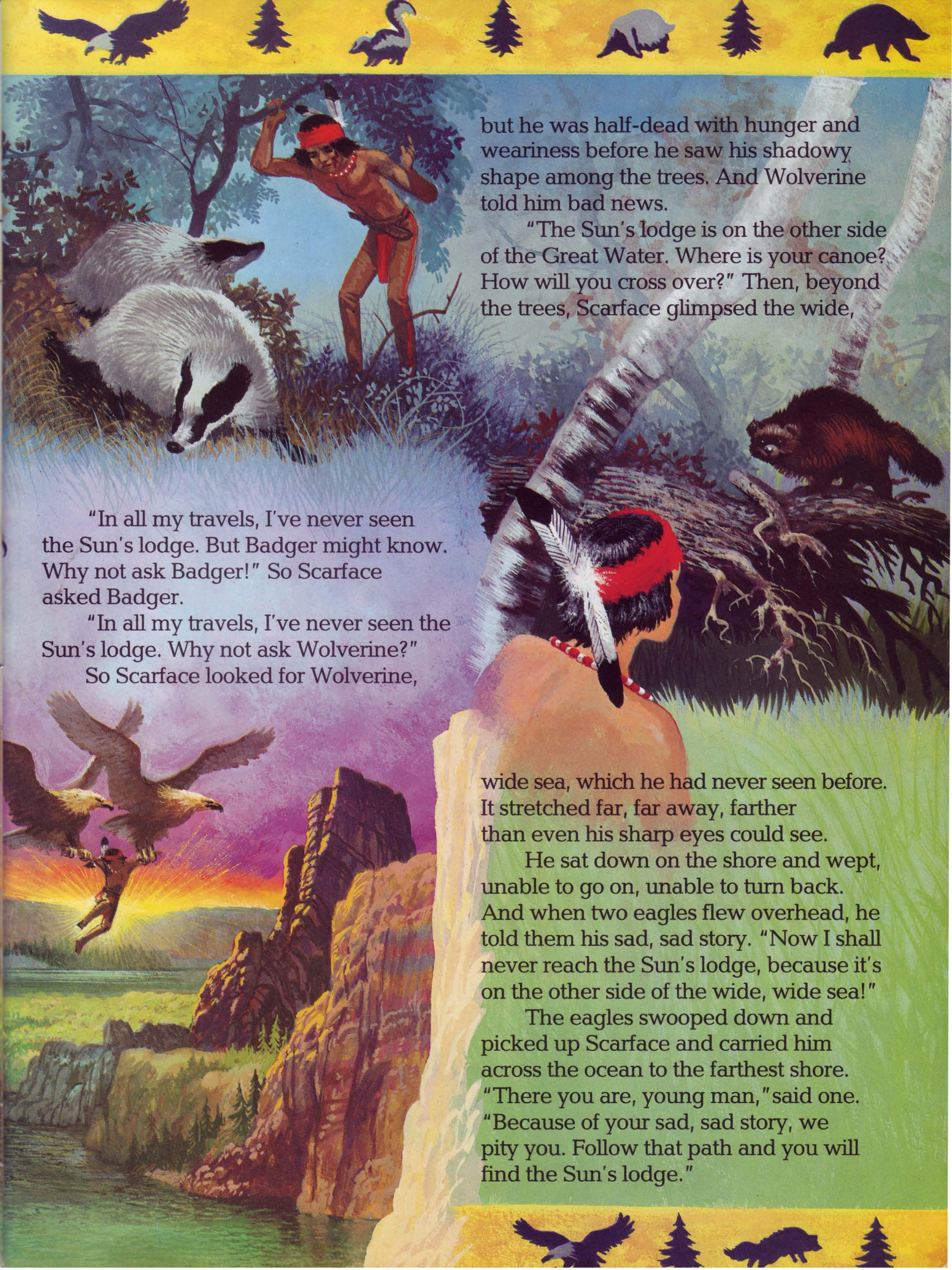
"Oh!" cried Scarface. "If you had laughed at me, it would have been easier to bear! I'd like to take the Sun and shake him till he lets you go!"

"Shshsh! He might hear you!" Brightgirl glanced up at the Sun. "Scarface, if you love me, go to the Sun's lodge and ask him to free me. If his answer is yes, let him touch your face and mend it. Then everyone will know that he has given permission for us to marry."

His heart pounding, Scarface turned his back on the village and set off on his long, long search for the Sun.

He walked until all the food he had was gone. Then he lived on roots and





"In all my travels, I've never seen the Sun's lodge. But Badger might know. Why not ask Badger!" So Scarface asked Badger.

"In all my travels, I've never seen the Sun's lodge. Why not ask Wolverine?" So Scarface looked for Wolverine,

but he was half-dead with hunger and weariness before he saw his shadowy shape among the trees. And Wolverine told him bad news.

"The Sun's lodge is on the other side of the Great Water. Where is your canoe? How will you cross over?" Then, beyond the trees, Scarface glimpsed the wide,

wide sea, which he had never seen before. It stretched far, far away, farther than even his sharp eyes could see.

He sat down on the shore and wept, unable to go on, unable to turn back. And when two eagles flew overhead, he told them his sad, sad story. "Now I shall never reach the Sun's lodge, because it's on the other side of the wide, wide sea!"

The eagles swooped down and picked up Scarface and carried him across the ocean to the farthest shore. "There you are, young man," said one. "Because of your sad, sad story, we pity you. Follow that path and you will find the Sun's lodge."



Come and shelter for the night in my father's lodge."

Scarface bit his lip. "I would do, but I really must go on till I reach the Sun's lodge."

The handsome brave laughed out loud. "Of course — you don't know me! I am Morning Star, son of the great Sun."

So Scarface reached the Sun's lodge — and stayed not just for a night, but for many, many days. But when he was summoned to meet the Sun he felt too shy to mention his love for Brightgirl.

"My son likes you," said the Sun one morning. "Stay and be his friend. But don't let him play near the Lake of Birds. The Spike-bill birds peck men to death if they can!"

Scarface walked quickly up the steep, crumpling pathway. Scattered along the path he saw coats of the finest buffalo hide — arrows with shafts of gold, moccasins sewn with a coloured thread and a head-dress made from the plumes of every bird in the sky.

"He is rich indeed who owns these things," thought Scarface, but he did not touch them.

"Halt!" Out of a tree sprang a warrior, his hair braided and his face painted to look fierce, though he was hardly more than a boy. "Why did you not pick up the coats or the arrows or the moccasins or head-dress?" he asked.

"Because they are not mine!"

The warrior's painted face broke into a smile. "I see you are an honest man.





Outside the hut, Morning Star whispered to Scarface, "Take no notice. I want to go to the lake. I'll cut the heads off those silly birds!" And he ran ahead of Scarface who chased him calling, "Stop! Come back! It's dangerous!"

The Spike-bill birds looked harmless in the water, but as Morning Star ran down to the shore, they rose up like a raincloud over his head and plunged at him, their sharp beaks stabbing and scratching.

Scarface rushed forward, plunging in among the birds and scattering them. One by one they flapped away across the lake. Gently, Scarface carried Morning Star back to the lodge.





"How long it took you to speak. Didn't you realise that I was overhead in the sky on that day you spoke to Brightgirl? Don't you know I heard every word?"

He reached out and rubbed Scarface's cheek — and at once the horrible scar was gone. "Come inside and let us give you clothes and food for your journey."

So Scarface returned to earth down the staircase of the Milky Way, wearing clothes and carrying weapons more wonderful than any ever seen before. The braves thought he was some traveller from a distant land, and the young women sighed at the beauty of his face.

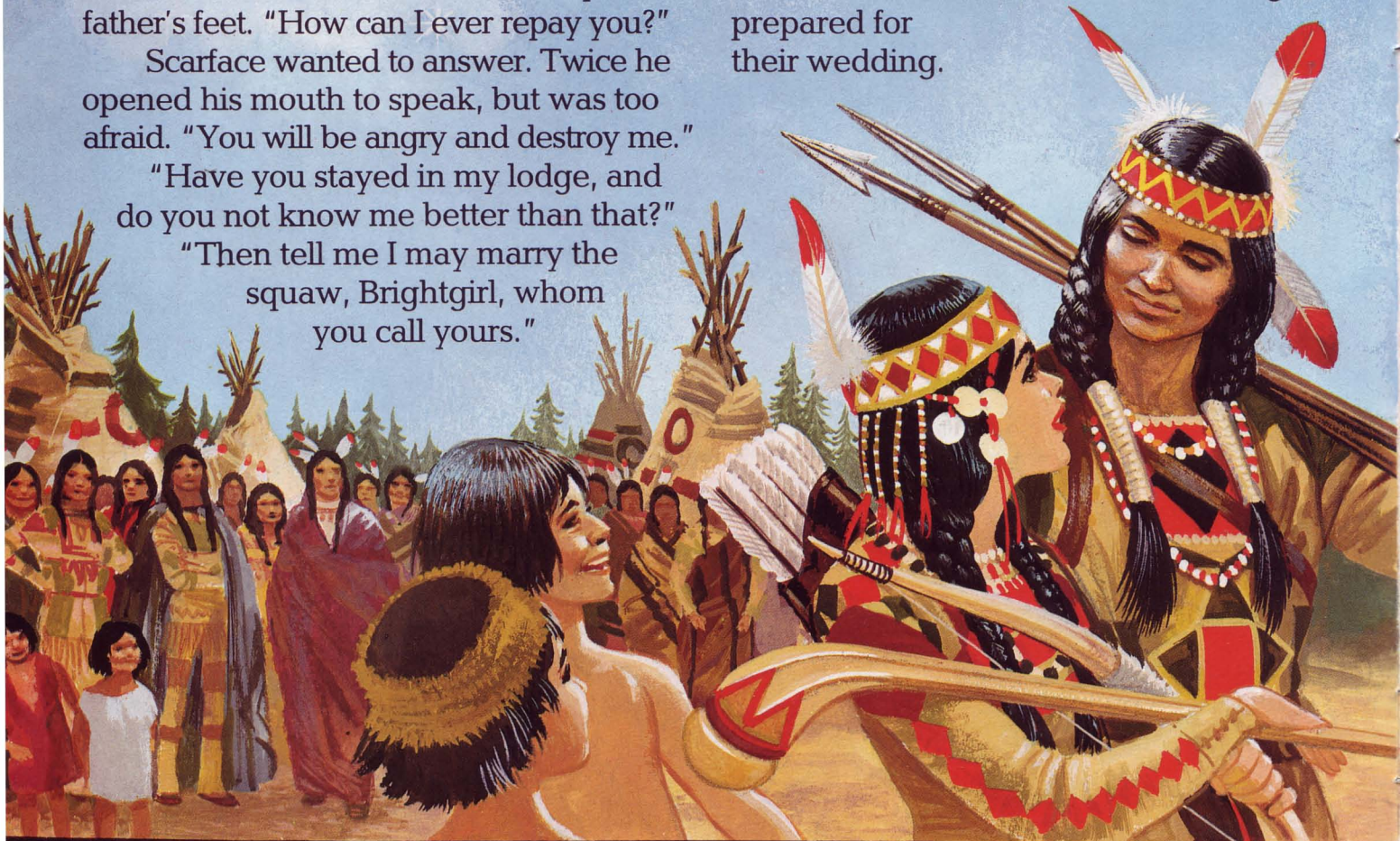
But Brightgirl recognised him. She came forward to greet him, and carried his presents to his hut, and there she waited while he rested. And the village prepared for their wedding.

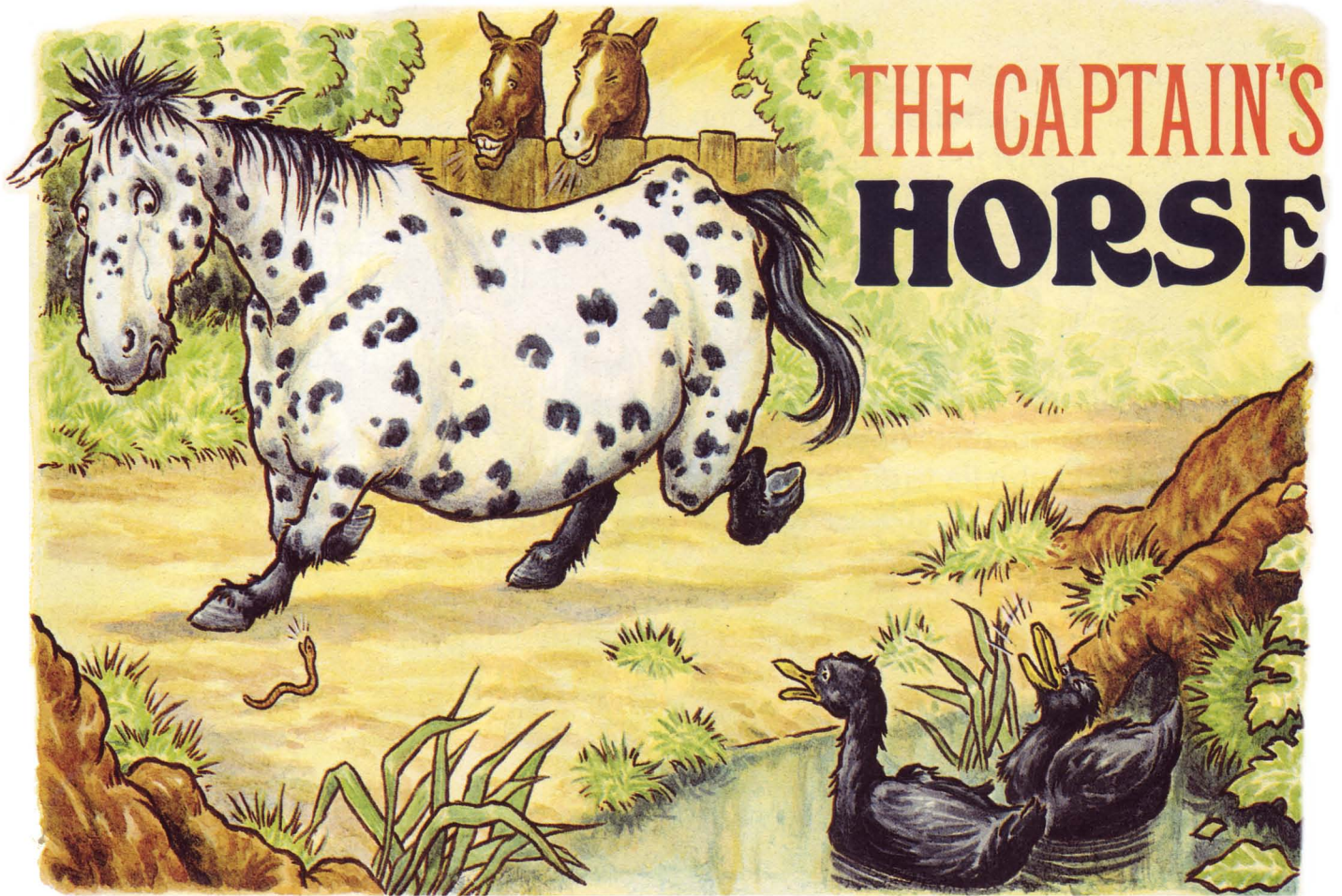
"You have saved my son's life!" said the Sun when Scarface laid the boy at his father's feet. "How can I ever repay you?"

Scarface wanted to answer. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, but was too afraid. "You will be angry and destroy me."

"Have you stayed in my lodge, and do you not know me better than that?"

"Then tell me I may marry the squaw, Brightgirl, whom you call yours."





THE CAPTAIN'S HORSE

Once upon a time there was a horse who had very short legs. His name was Dick.

He was a very nice horse, but sometimes the other horses laughed at him; and once, when he was trotting along, a little worm who was crawling by, said, "Hahahaha! Look at old shorty legs! Hahahaha!"

And a little black duck swimming on the pond quacked, "Poor thing, he has got short legs, hasn't he?"

Dick felt very sad. "I wish I had nice long legs," he thought. "What use is a horse with short legs?" And he began to cry, "Boohooohoo!"

Presently he saw a soldier sitting under a tree by the roadside, and he was crying too. Tears were streaming down his cheeks and making his black moustache all wet.





"Oh dear, what's the matter?" said Dick, trotting up to him.

"The King says I can't have any jam for tea!" said the soldier, sobbing louder than ever.

"No jam for tea?" said Dick, feeling very sorry for him. He saw that the soldier was wearing spurs on his boots and was carrying a helmet that had a big dent in it.

"No!" sobbed the soldier, whose name was Henry. "The King said that the next time I dented my helmet I wouldn't have any jam for tea. Every time I ride under the archway out of the castle, I bang my head on the roof and dent my helmet. But I can't help it! My horse has got such long legs that I'm too high up. I wish I had a horse with nice



short legs like . . . like you!" he said, looking at Dick's short legs. "Will you be my horse?"

"Of course I will," said Dick. And they gave each other a big hug. Henry took Dick to the castle and gave him some hay.

Next day the King ordered his buglers to blow their trumpets. So they blew, "Tarrara tarrara!" and all the King's soldiers got on their horses, rode out of the castle and lined up in a row, waiting for the King to come out.

When he came out he saw that everyone except Henry had a dent in his helmet and he was very angry. But first

he asked Henry, "How is it you haven't got a dent in your helmet?"

"Because, your Majesty," said Henry, "I've got a horse with nice short legs — his name's Dick."

"Why, so you have!" said the King. "Yes! Very nice short legs." Then he called out to the other soldiers, "You're very naughty to dent your helmets. You shan't have any jam for tea today. And in future, you must all ride horses with nice short legs like Dick here."

Then he told Henry that he was to be made Captain of the Guard. And he gave Dick a new halter with his name on it. He was a very happy horse.





ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Stepping into the hollow tree, Alice once again found herself in the long, low hall with doors on every side. She ran to the glass table, picked up the little golden key, and unlocked the door that led into the beautiful garden. It did not matter that she was too tall to go through the doorway, for she still had a piece of the Caterpillar's mushroom in

her pocket. She nibbled at this to make herself shrink, and soon she was standing among the bright flower-beds and cool fountains of the garden.

Nearby, there was a large rose-tree. The roses growing on it were white, but three gardeners were busily painting them red.

"Look out now, Five," said one of them. "Don't go splashing paint over me like that."

"I couldn't help it, Two," said Five sulkily. "Seven jogged my elbow."

Before Seven could reply, Alice stepped forward and said, rather timidly, "Would you tell me, please, why you are painting those roses?"

"Why, the fact is, Miss," said Two, "this here ought to have been a red rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake. If the Queen was to find out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we are doing our best, before she comes, to . . ."



At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out, "The Queen! The Queen!"

The three gardeners threw themselves flat upon their faces and Alice turned round to see ten soldiers carrying clubs. They were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners.

Behind them were courtiers, ornamented all over with diamonds, and then the ten royal children, all ornamented with hearts.

Next came the guests. They were

mostly kings and queens, but among them was the White Rabbit. Then the Knave of Hearts followed, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion, and last of all came the King and Queen of Hearts.

When the grand procession arrived opposite Alice, they all stopped and looked at her.

"Who is this?" said the Queen severely. "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice.





and then marched off after the others.

"Can you play croquet?" shouted the Queen.

It seemed that the question was meant for Alice. When she replied that she could, she was ordered to join the procession, and she found herself walking next to the White Rabbit.

"Where's the Duchess?" she said.

"Hush, hush," said the Rabbit nervously. "She boxed the Queen's ears and now she's under sentence of execution. You see, she came rather late and the Queen said . . ."

"Get to your places," shouted the Queen.

People began running about in all directions, but after a minute or two they settled down and the game began. It was the most curious game of croquet Alice had ever seen. The balls were live hedgehogs, the mallets live flamingoes, and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet, to make the hoops.

She said this very politely, but at the same time she thought, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them."

"And who are these?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners.

They immediately jumped up and began bowing to the King, Queen and everybody else.

"Leave off that!" screamed the Queen. "You make me giddy. What have you been doing to the rose-tree?"

"May it . . . er . . . please your Majesty," said Two, very humbly, "um . . . we were trying . . ."

"Off with their heads," shouted the Queen.

"Don't worry," whispered Alice to the gardeners. "You shan't be beheaded."

As the procession moved off, Alice hid the gardeners in a large flower-pot. Three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them,





Everyone played at once, quarrelling all the while and fighting for the hedgehogs, who frequently unrolled themselves and walked away. In a very short time the Queen got into a terrible rage and went about shouting, "Off with his head!" or, "Off with her head!"

Alice was beginning to wonder how she might get away without being seen, when she noticed something rather curious in the air. After watching it for a minute or two she realised that it was the grin of the Cheshire Cat.

"How are you getting on?" she asked.

Alice waited until his whole head appeared and then began to tell him about the croquet game.

"Who are you talking to?" said the King, as he came up to Alice.

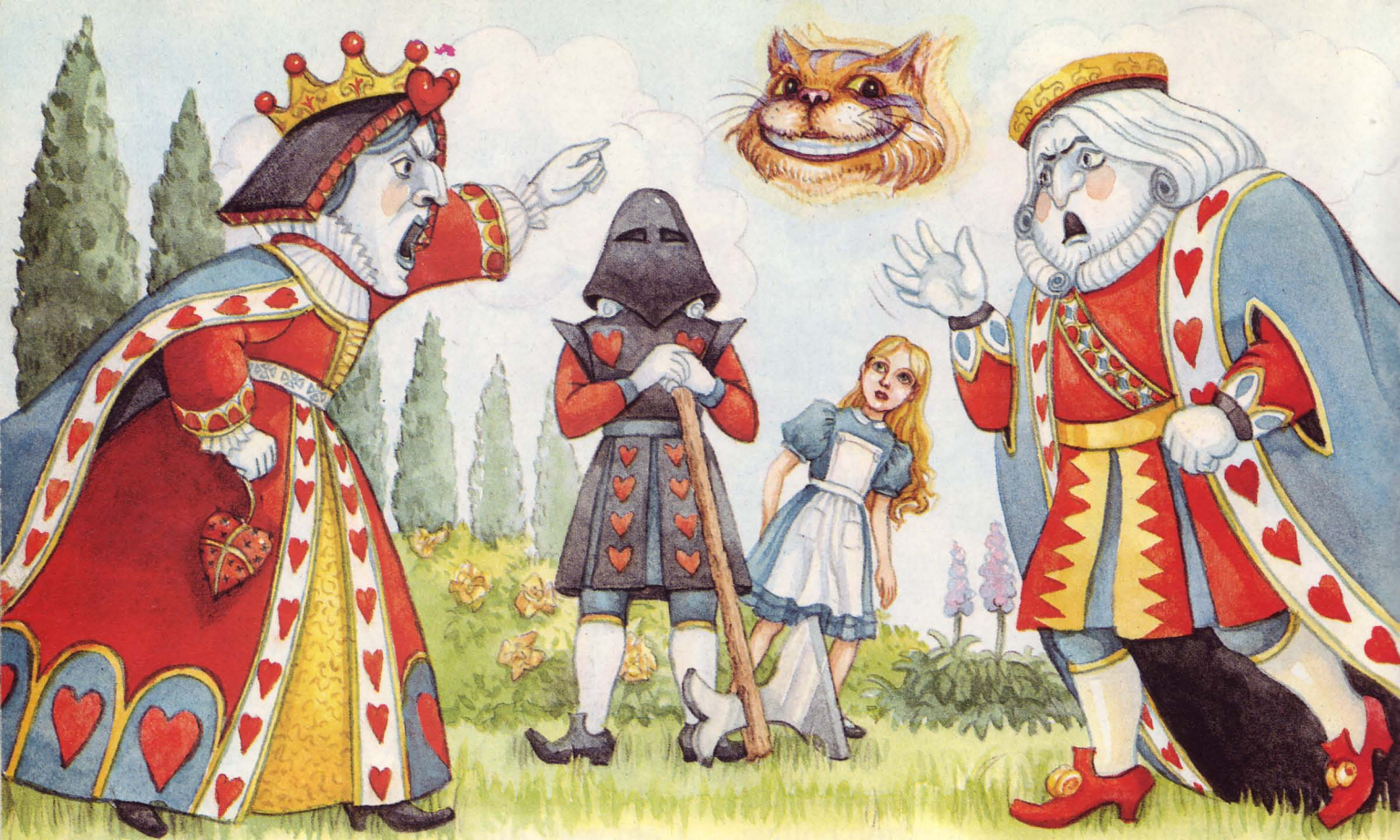
"It's a friend of mine — a Cheshire Cat," said Alice.

"I don't like the look of him at all," said the King.

He looked round for the Queen and called, "My dear. I wish you would have this cat removed."

"Off with his head!" said the Queen.





The King hurried off and returned with the executioner. But instead of an execution there was a very loud argument. The executioner said he could not cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from.

"Don't talk such nonsense," shouted the King. "It's obvious that anything that has a head can be beheaded."

"If something is not done soon," screeched the Queen, "I'll have everybody executed."

They all turned to Alice and asked her what she thought. "The Cat belongs to the Duchess," she said. "You'd better ask her about it." The Queen ordered the executioner to fetch the Duchess from prison. But by the time she arrived the Cat's head had completely disappeared.

"You can't think how glad I am to see you again," said the Duchess, tucking her arm into Alice's. Then she squeezed up close and rested her chin

on Alice's shoulder. It was very sharp.

Alice wanted to ask her if it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when they had met in the kitchen. But before she could do so, the Queen stood, frowning, in front of them.

"Either you, or your head, must come off," she shouted.





The Duchess was gone in an instant, and the Queen returned to her game of croquet. However, she never stopped quarrelling with the other players and shouting, "Off with their heads!" After an hour they had all been arrested. With the game at an end, she turned to Alice and asked if she had met the Mock Turtle.

"No," said Alice. "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

"It's the thing Mock Turtle soup is made of," said the Queen. "Come on and he shall tell you his history."

They walked along together, and soon they came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun.

"Up, lazy thing," said the Queen, "and take this young lady to the Mock Turtle. I must go back and see to some executions I've ordered."

The Gryphon sat up and watched as the Queen walked out of sight.

"What fun," he said, and chuckled.

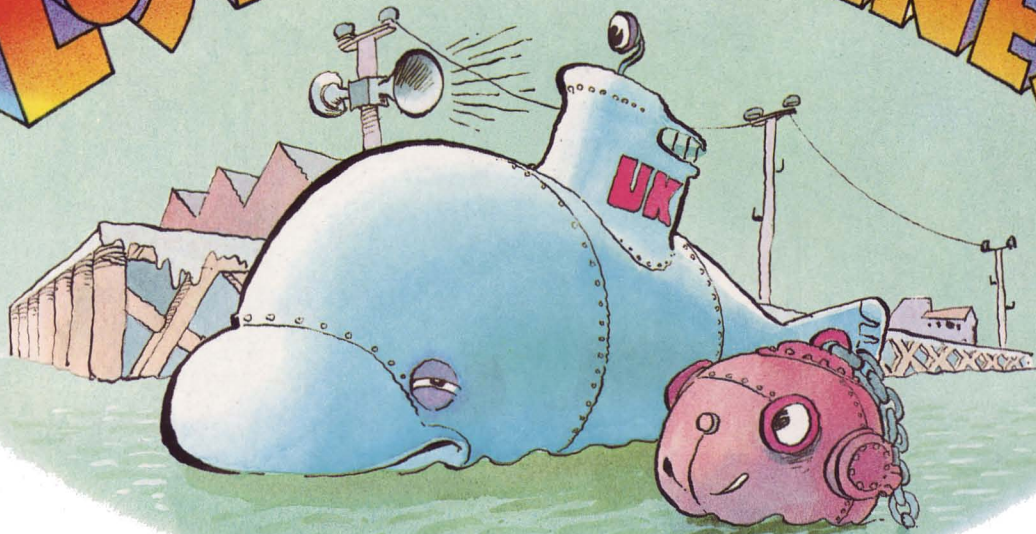
"Haha. It's all her fancy, that. They never execute anybody, you know. Come on."

Alice thought that she had never been so ordered about in all her life. But she followed him along the beach, and presently they saw in the distance the Mock Turtle, sitting alone on a rock.

[Meet the Mock Turtle in Part 23]



THE CITY OF LOST SUBMARINES



THE DAY OF THE GREAT DISCOVERY

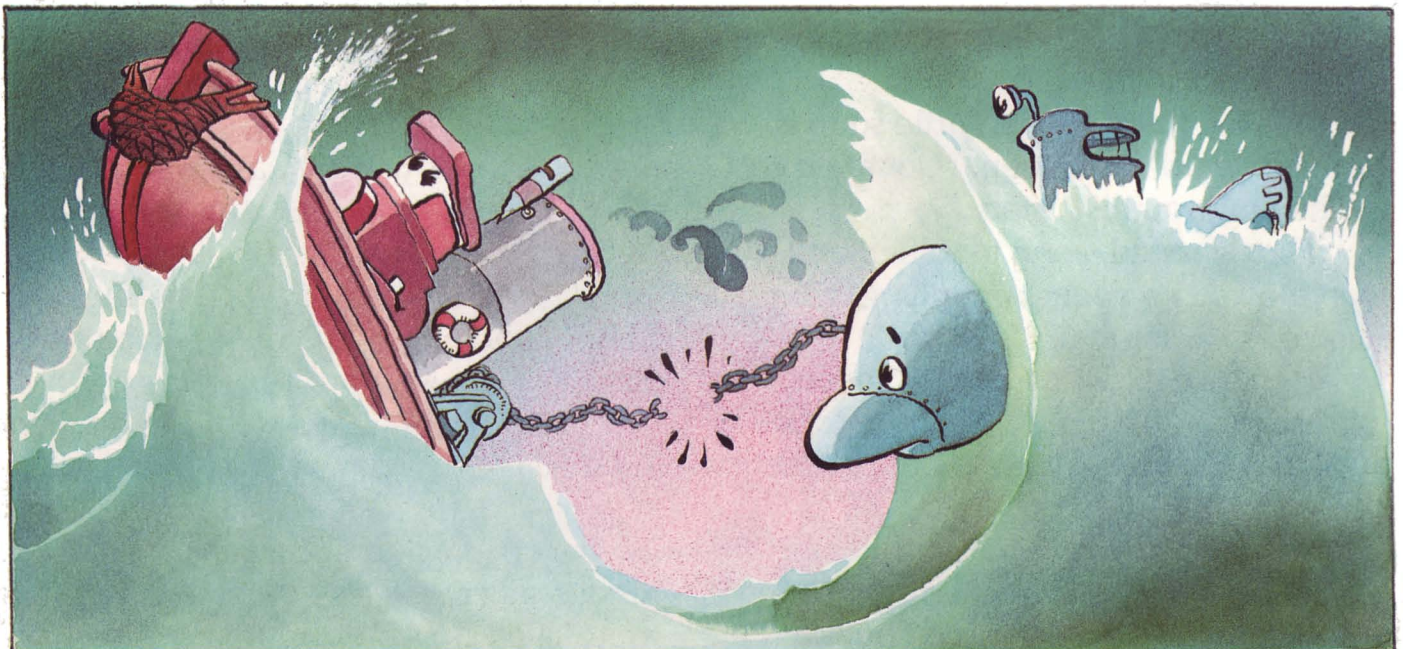
"Will UK submarine proceed to the gate of the submarine pen. Fat Tug is waiting for him," the submarine controller bellowed over the loudspeaker.

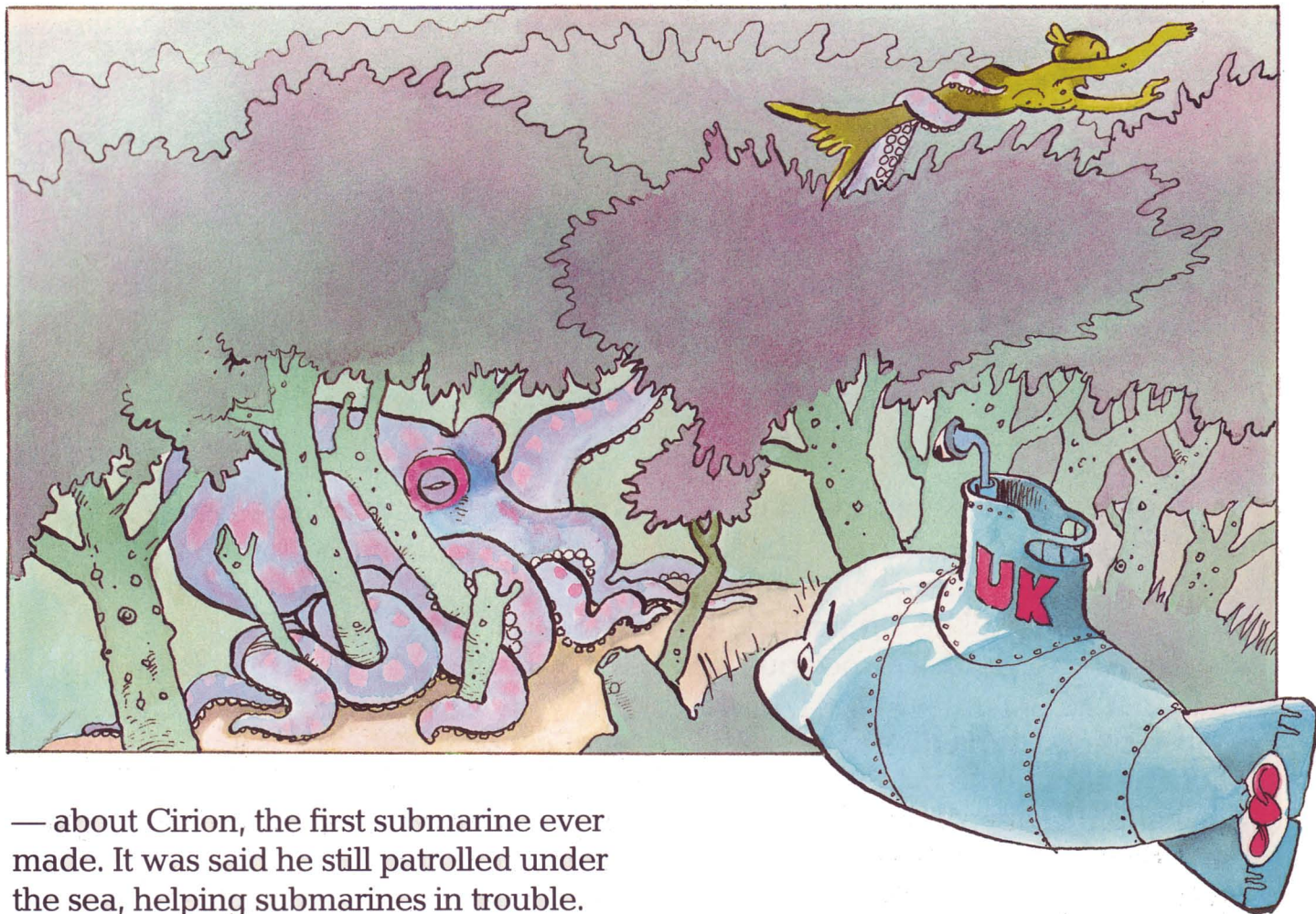
"Goodbye then," sniffed UK.

"Don't worry, UK, you might be happy at the glue factory. Just think

how useful you'll be, powering the glue machines with your engine. And Cirion will take care of you," said B42 the bathysphere.

UK sailed towards Fat Tug and remembered the stories his mother had told him when he was a baby submarine





— about Cirion, the first submarine ever made. It was said he still patrolled under the sea, helping submarines in trouble.

"If Cirion were real," UK said to himself, "he could stop me going to the glue factory now that I'm too old for the navy. He'd feel sorry for me!"

"Come on you, get a move on," grunted Fat Tug. Throwing a heavy chain around UK's tower he slowly dragged him out to sea.

The waves were getting bigger. UK looked up through his periscope and saw black clouds gathering.

"There's a storm coming. Shouldn't we head back to port?"

"Huh, I'm not scared of a few drops of rain," said Fat Tug. The sky got darker and the waves grew bigger. Soon they were crashing over Fat Tug's deck, making him heave and plunge.

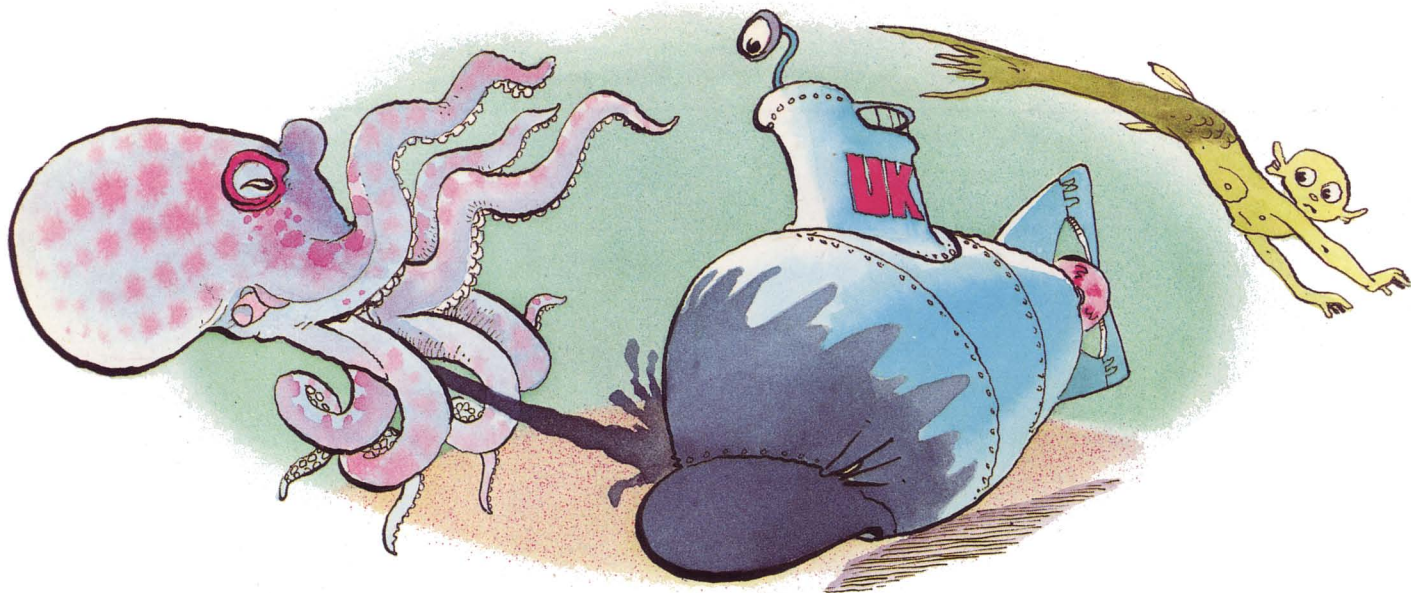
"Help! I'm drowning! I'm going to be sick!" yelled Fat Tug.

The chain strained, and then snapped with a crash. UK sank to the seabed. It was quiet and peaceful beneath the storm. He checked his map. He had enough fuel to get back to base, but not a drop to spare.

Just then he heard a cry from a nearby seaweed forest. He turned his periscope round and thought he could see someone struggling with a rope. He started up his engine and went into the weed forest. It was hard work, pushing through the plants and he was using up his precious fuel.

"I don't care," he said. "I didn't want to go back to base anyway."

The cries got louder. UK saw a small creature grappling with an octopus. It was an octopus's leg he had seen, not a rope. The octopus looked very fierce.



UK bumped the octopus with his nose. It let go of the creature and began wrestling with UK, who set his engines in reverse and, using all his strength, pulled away from the octopus. The octopus was so mad that he spat ink all over UK. As he wiped the ink from his periscope he thought he saw a little man with a fish's tail swimming away. "It must be the ink on my glass," he thought.

UK was tired after his struggle and fell asleep. When he awoke he felt a tingling all over his metal plates. He looked around and could not believe his periscope. By his side were Cirion, the

oldest submarine of all — and the strange little man with the fish's tail.

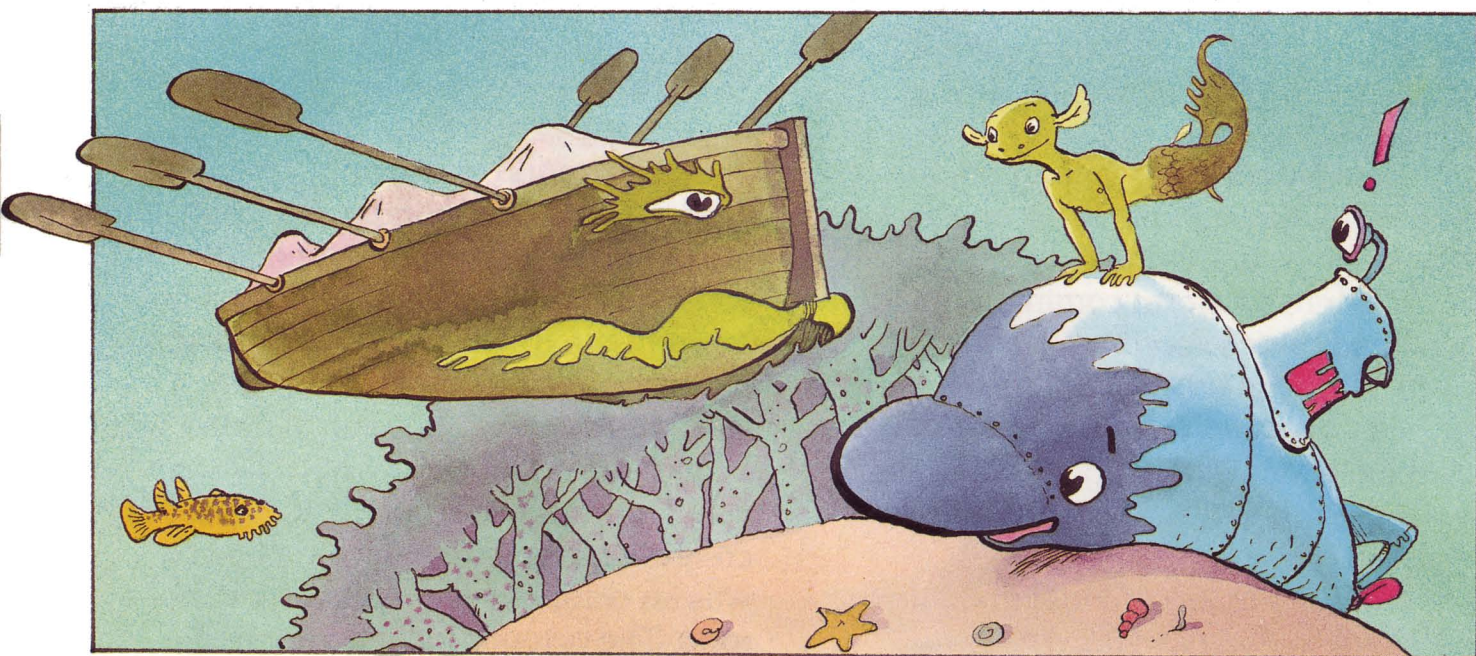
"Cirion, is it you or am I dreaming? I thought you only existed in stories."

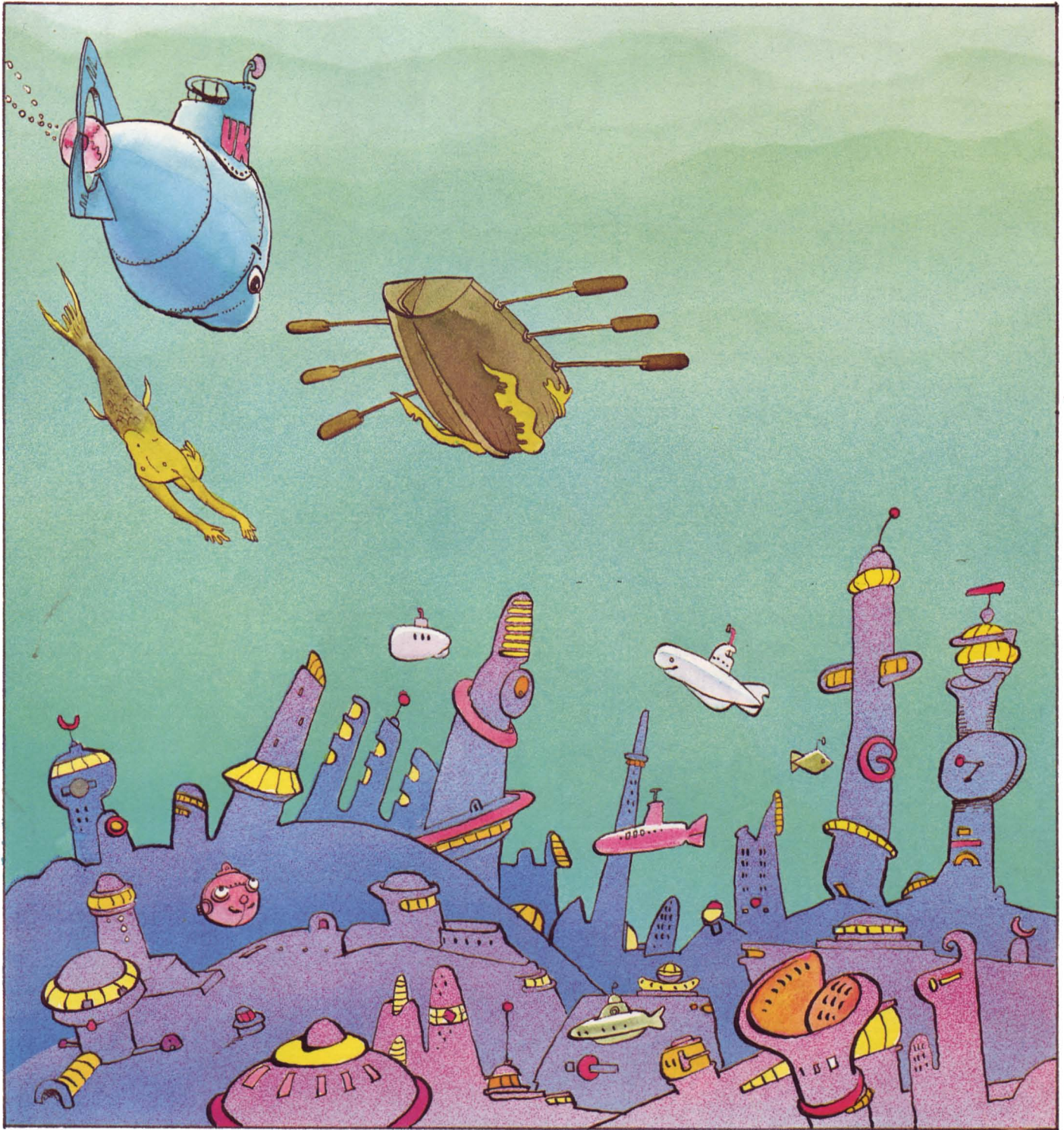
"It's me, UK. My friend Devo told me you'd rescued him from the octopus." Cirion pointed one of his oars at the little man who was grinning from ear to ear.

"B-b-but you've got a tail instead of legs," stammered UK.

"What use would a merman have for legs?" said Devo. "Especially when he has a huge flock of fish to look after, as I do."

Cirion laughed. "Hahaha! Come





on UK, it's time to take you to the City of Lost Submarines."

"You mean I don't have to go to the glue factory?"

"Of course not. What a waste that would be."

"But I've run out of fuel."

"That's all right, I can tow you."

After a while they came to the top of a reef and looked down. Spread out before them was a whole city. Submarines of all shapes and sizes were sailing between the buildings.

"I don't believe it!" gasped UK.

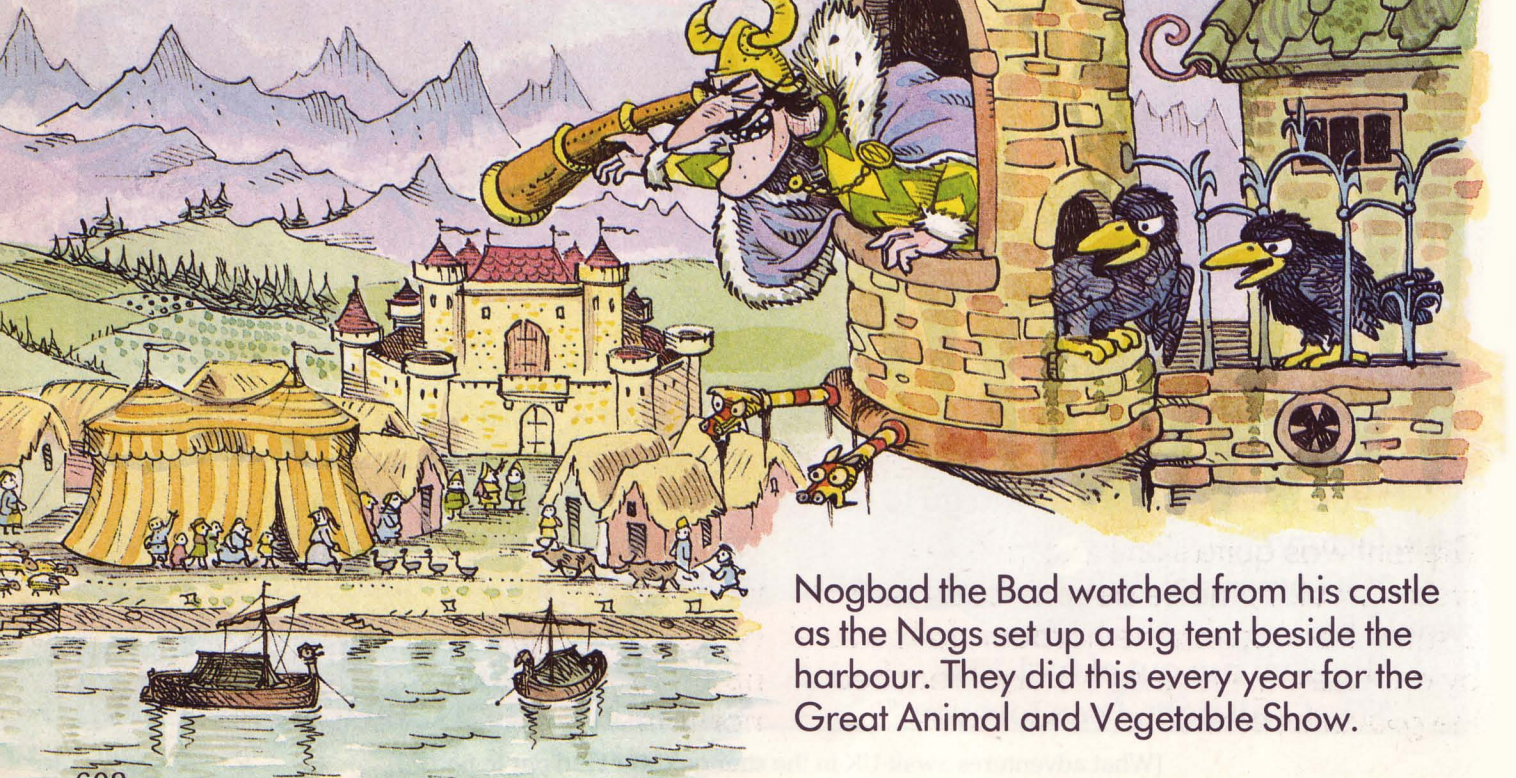
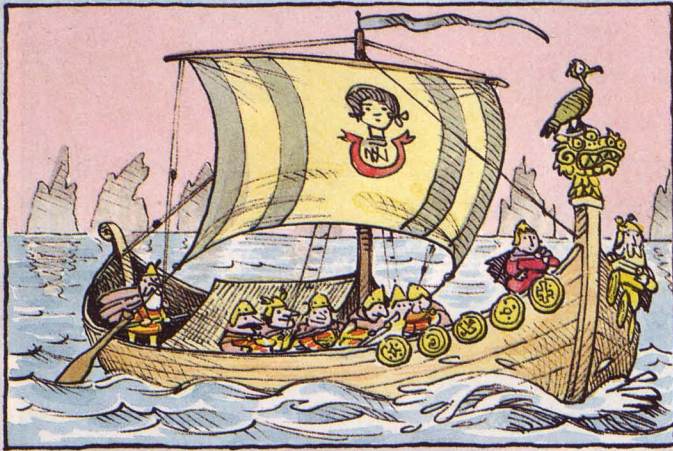
"Welcome to the City of Lost Submarines," said Cirion.

[What adventures await UK in the strange City? Find out in part 23]

Nogbad comes back!

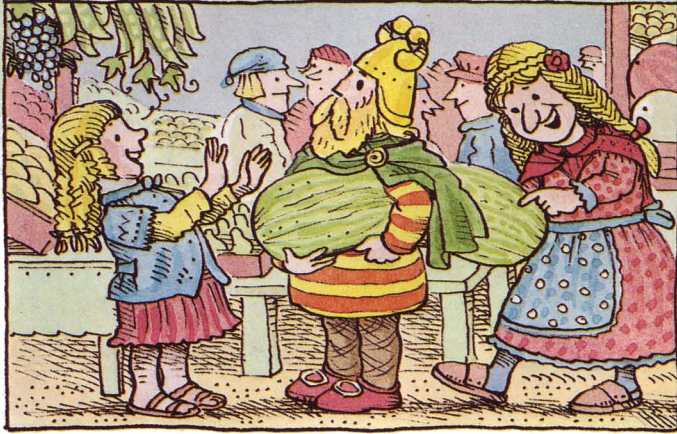
Listen, I will tell you a tale. Be still and I will tell you of Noggin, Prince of the Nogs, the young king who ruled over a land of mountains, ice and snow in the far north, who sailed beyond the edge of the world to fetch Nooka, to be his queen.

I will tell you of Nogbad the Bad — the wickedest of all wicked uncles. He was an uncle so wicked that Noggin had banished him to his black castle across the bay, and told him to stay there until he had learned to be good.

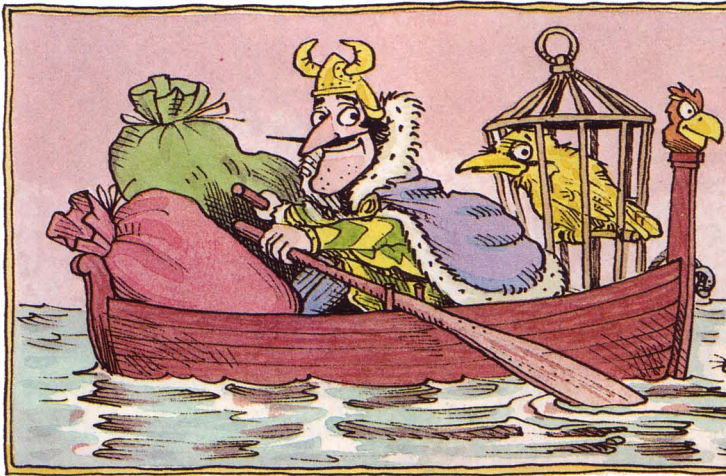


Nogbad the Bad watched from his castle as the Nogs set up a big tent beside the harbour. They did this every year for the Great Animal and Vegetable Show.

Nogbad watched as the Nogs brought sheep, fat woolly sheep, and gentle cows with long horns to the tent. He saw them bringing strong horses and bright canaries in cages and as he watched, he chuckled to himself.



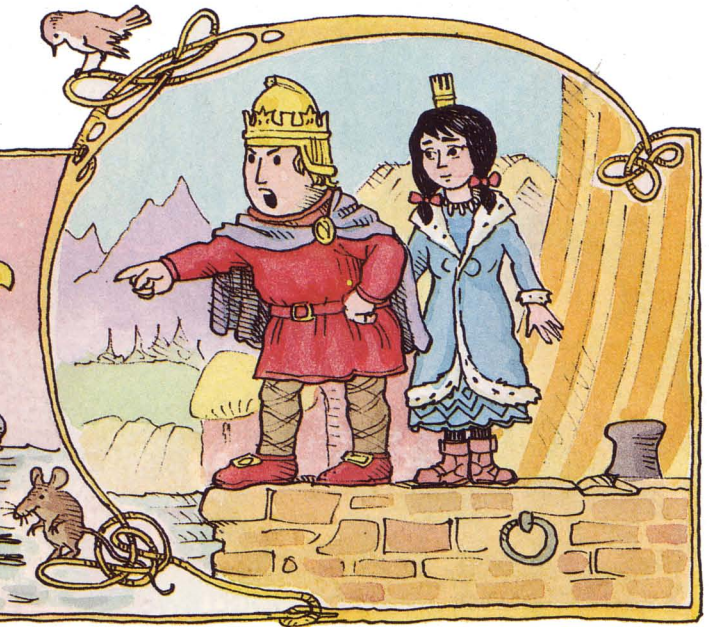
There were vegetables at the show, cabbages, celery and long green beans. Thor Nogson always brought a vegetable marrow. This year his marrow was very, very big and he really hoped he would win the top prize which was a big bronze and gold goblet.



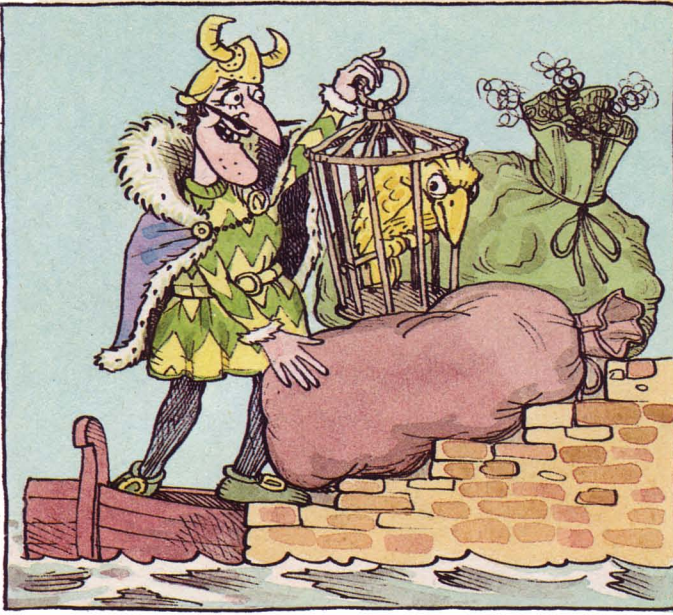
The tent was quite silent except for a creak-creaking noise as somebody rowed a small boat across the harbour, followed by a crunching noise as the boat reached the gravel beach.



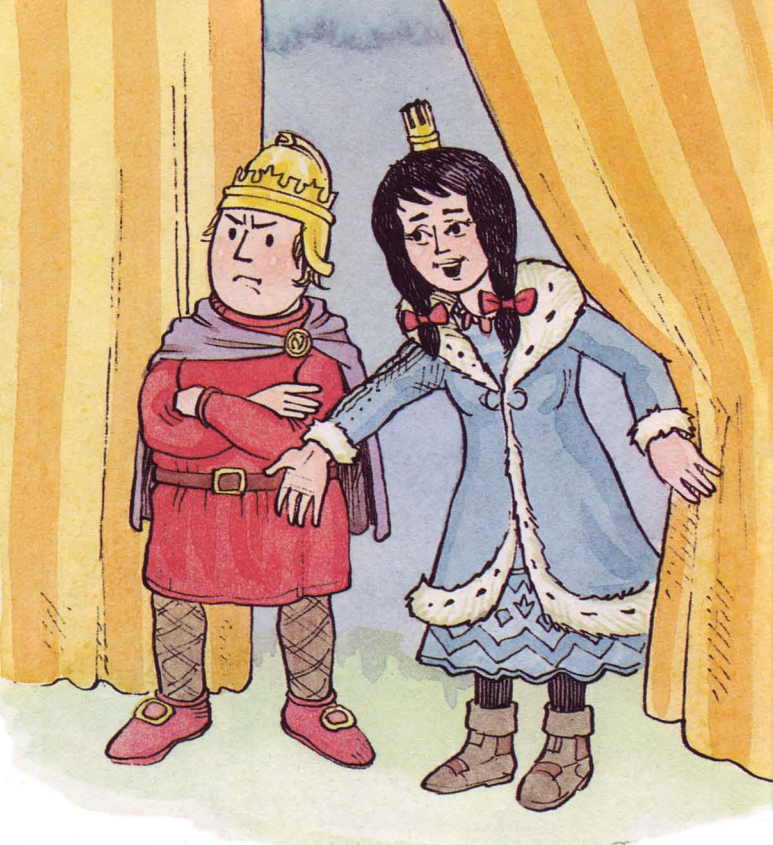
The Nogs stood waiting for Noggin and Nooka to come through the show and say which of the animals and vegetables were the best.



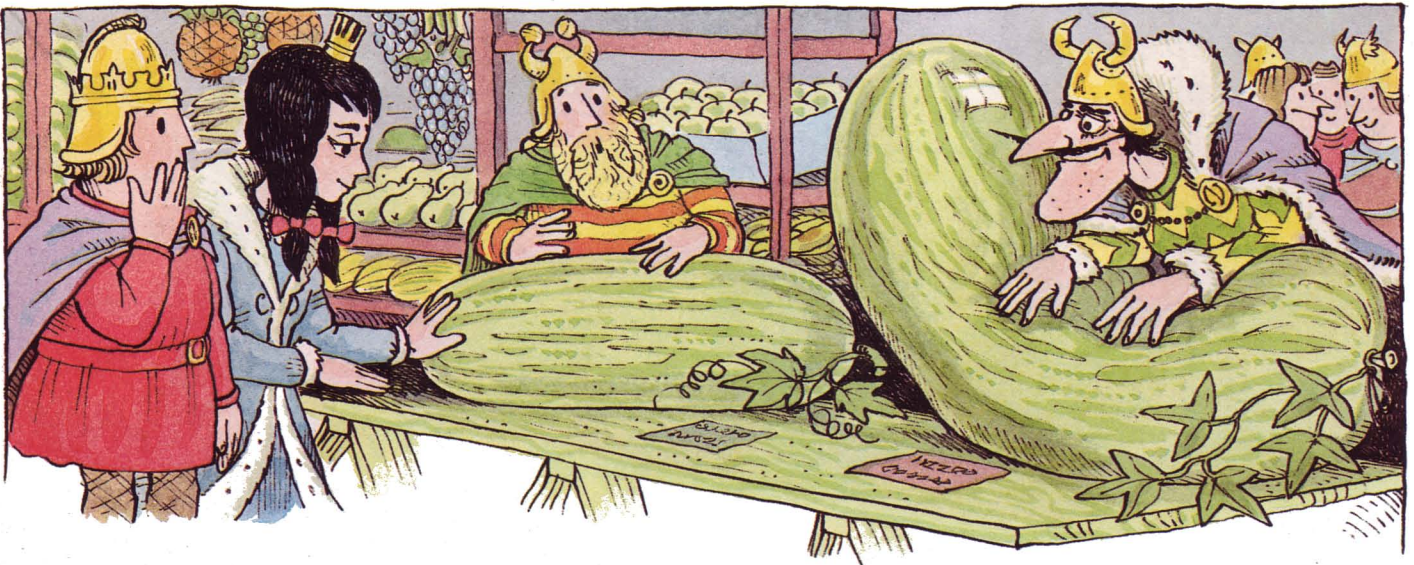
"Here I am!" came a friendly voice from the boat. Noggin was angry. "Nogbad the Bad!" he shouted. "You know you must not come here until you are good!"



"Oh I am good!" said Nogbad. "I am Nogbad the Good now. See! I have brought fine animals and lovely vegetables for your show. Please let me show them."
Noggin wanted to send Nogbad away but Nooka was a kind and clever queen.



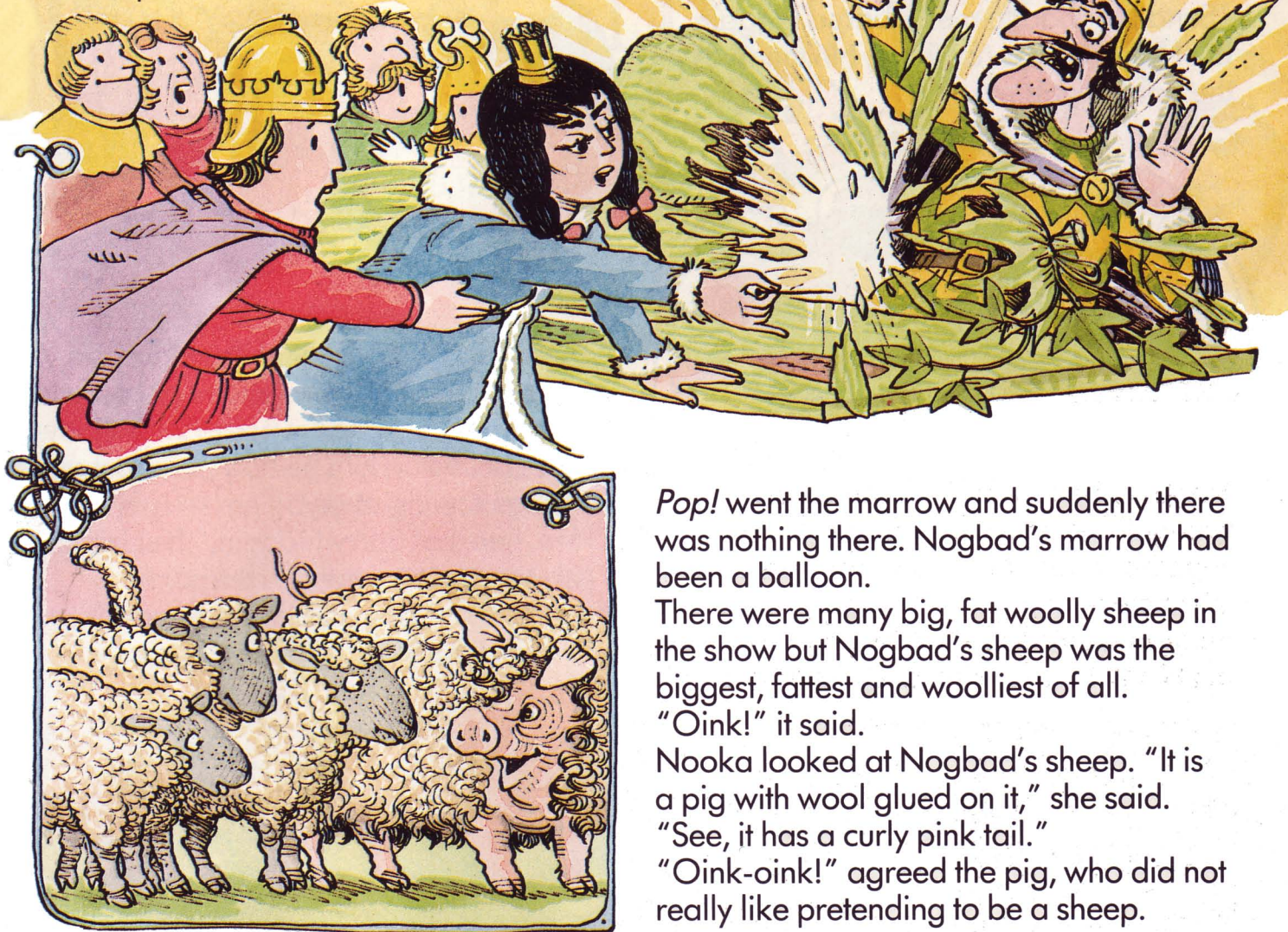
She said, "How shall we know if he is good if we do not give him a chance to show it. I doubt if he is really good, but we could let him in if he promises to be good."



"I will be good," said Nogbad sweetly. "In fact I shall be Nogbad the Best and win the golden goblet! Hee, hee, hee!" Nogbad chuckled and sang to himself as he took his animals and vegetables into the tent. Then the trumpets sounded and the show began.

Noggin and Nooka walked slowly through the show looking very carefully at everything. Thor Nogson's vegetable marrow was very big and very shiny, but Nogbad's marrow was twice as big and much, much shinier!

Nooka looked at Nogbad's marrow.
"Nogbad is still bad," she said and she stuck a pin in it.



Pop! went the marrow and suddenly there was nothing there. Nogbad's marrow had been a balloon.

There were many big, fat woolly sheep in the show but Nogbad's sheep was the biggest, fattest and woolliest of all.

"Oink!" it said.

Nooka looked at Nogbad's sheep. "It is a pig with wool glued on it," she said.

"See, it has a curly pink tail."

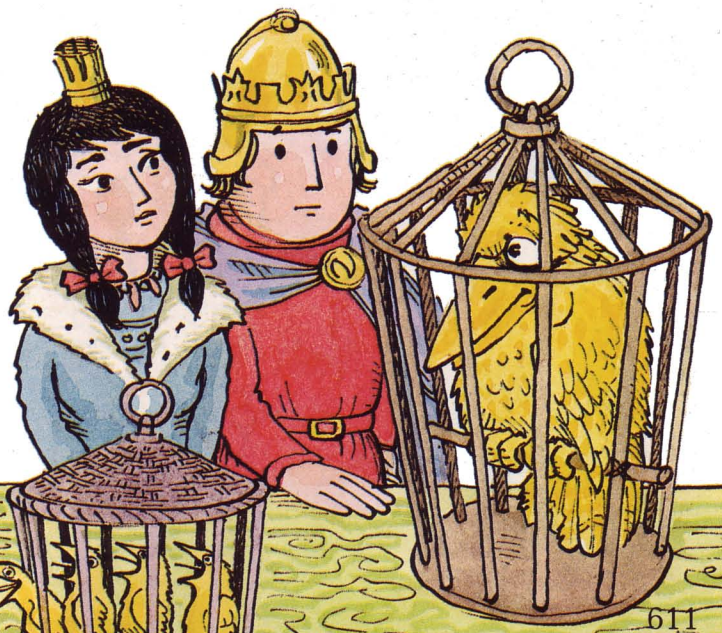
"Oink-oink!" agreed the pig, who did not really like pretending to be a sheep.

The bright yellow canaries were all in their wooden cages, but Nogbad's canary was bright gold and very big.

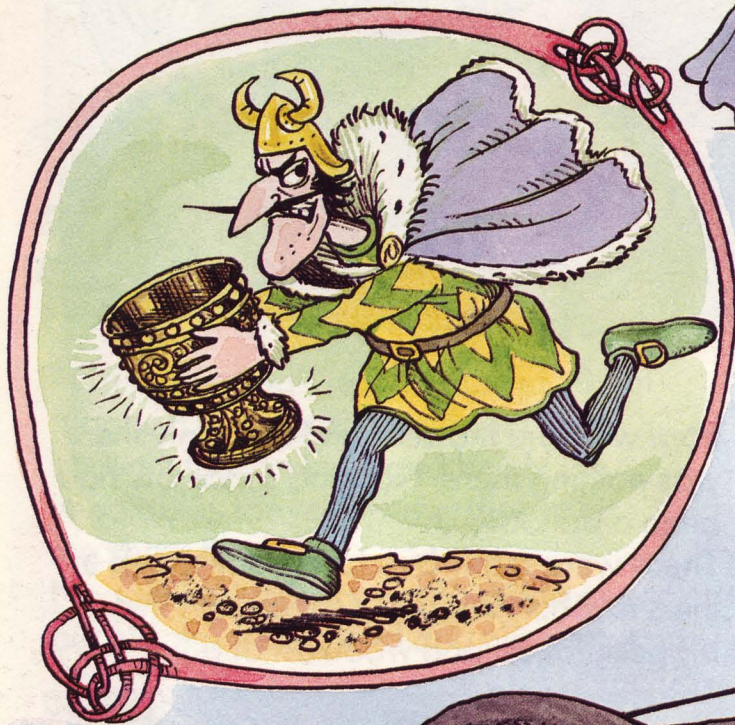
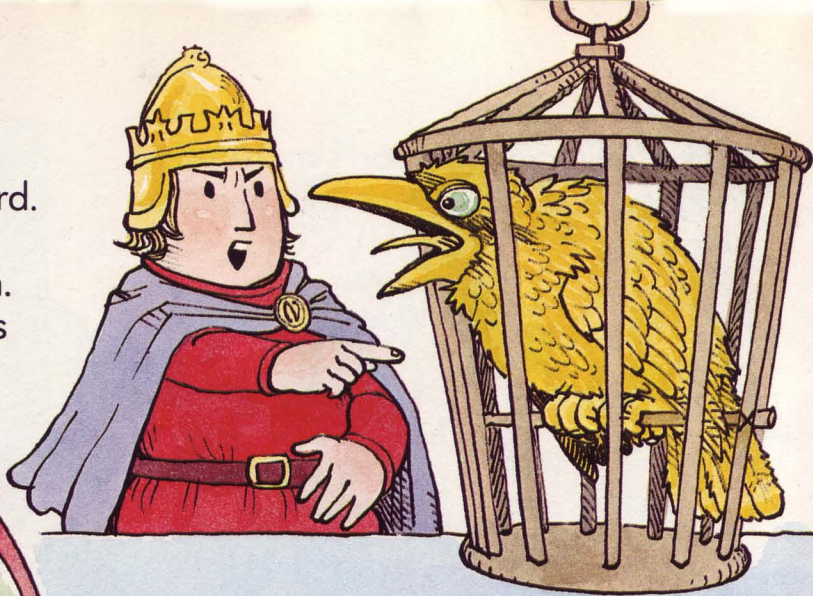
"Surely Nogbad's canary is the best," said Noggin.

"Ask it to sing," said Nooka.

Noggin asked all the birds to sing. They all sang beautifully except Nogbad's, which remained silent.



"Sing!" commanded Noggin the Nog.
 "Caw caw, cawkelly caw," sang the bird.
 It was a gold-painted crow.
 "Send Nogbad to me!" roared Noggin.
 But Nogbad was not there. Neither was
 the golden goblet.



"There he goes!" shouted Thor Nogson.
 Nogbad had stolen the golden goblet and
 was running back to his boat. Before the
 Nogs could stop him he had pushed it out
 and was rowing away.
 "Hee, hee, ha! Sorry Noggin," he chuckled.
 "All I wanted was the golden goblet
 because I am Nogbad the Cleverest."



"Not quite the cleverest," said Nooka.
 "I took the plug out of your boat. Now it
 will sink."
 Nogbad's boat slowly sank and left him
 gurgling in the water.
 The Nogs lifted him out with the big crane.
 "Nogbad is Bad!" said Noggin. "Put him
 in prison!"

OSTRICHES CAN'T FLY

Not so long ago, the ostriches had a king called Lionel. He was the biggest and best-looking ostrich in the whole of Africa. Wherever he went, the other ostriches cried, "Oh! Just look at those legs! Aren't they the best legs in all Africa?"

And Lionel would look down at his great, knobby knees and horny toes and agree with them. In fact, Lionel became very vain, and soon believed himself so clever he could do anything.

The other ostriches were too silly to see that Lionel was no better than any of them. Then one day, Lionel made a grand announcement.

"I can fly!"

There was uproar. No ostrich had ever been able to fly before! "Oh! Show us! Oh, show us, O great King!"

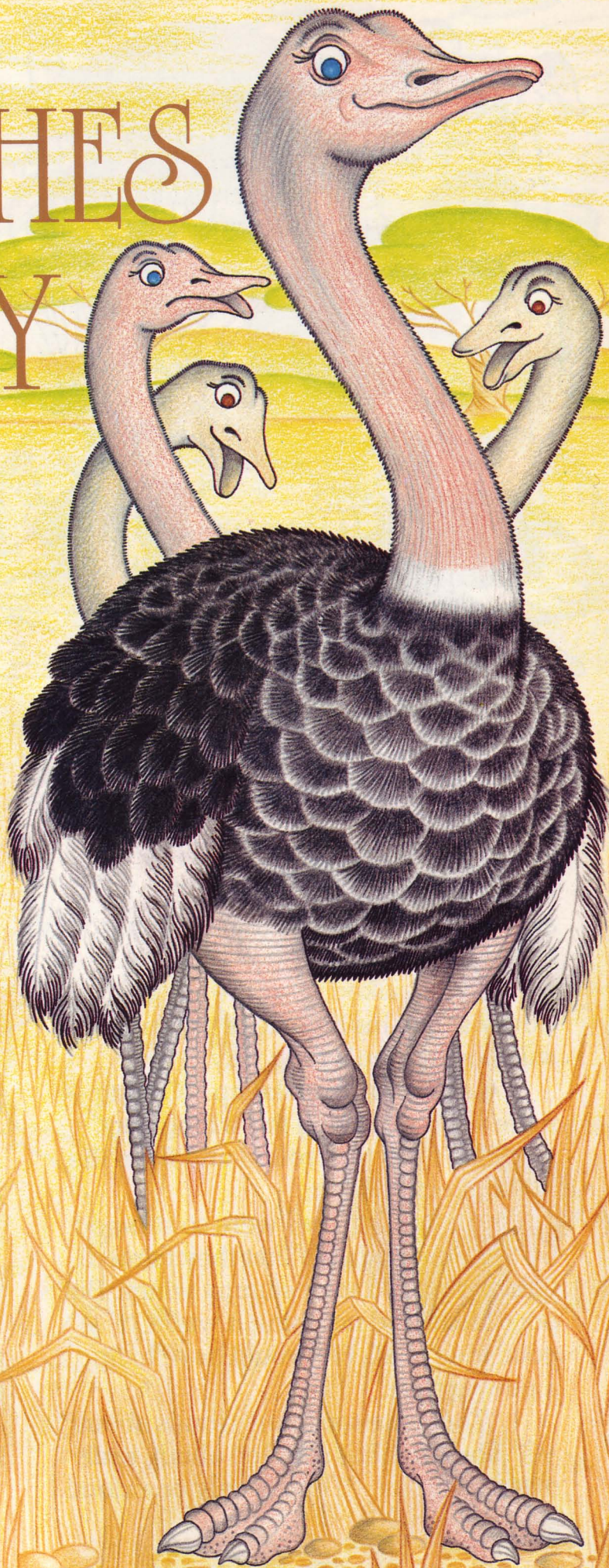
Lionel's heart plunged. Show them? He had not expected them to ask for a demonstration. What could he do?

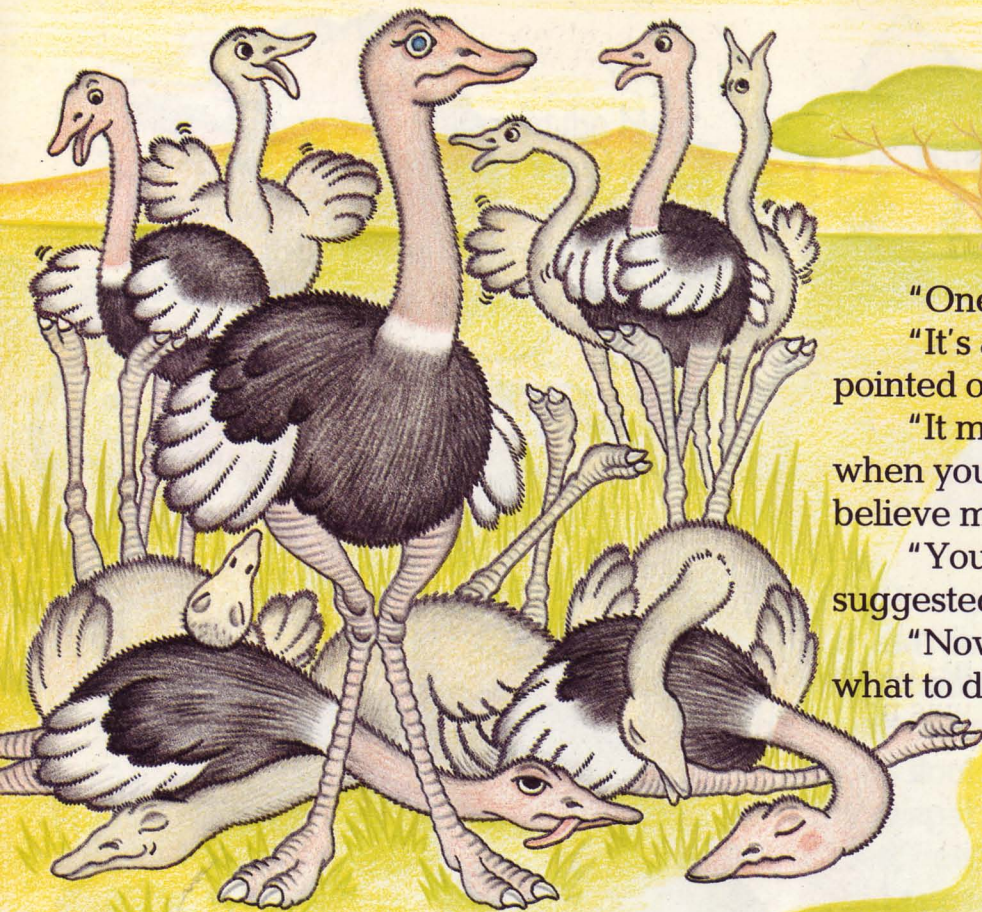
"I can't show you today . . . er . . . the wind's blowing the wrong way."

"Ah!" The birds nodded wisely.

"Never mind. We'll come back tomorrow to see you fly."

Lionel thought it was a brilliant excuse, and the next morning, when the ostriches asked him to fly, he had his answer ready.





"One is quite enough."

"It's a very *small* cloud," one bird pointed out hopefully.

"It might look small from here, but when you get up close, it's enormous, believe me."

"You needn't fly close to it," suggested another bird.

"Now look. I'm King. Don't tell me what to do. I can't fly when there's a cloud about."



"I'm afraid the wind's still blowing the wrong way."

"Oh!" they sighed with great disappointment. But the next day they arrived again. "Oh, please fly for us today, O Great King!"

Lionel looked up at the sky and slowly shook his little head. "The wind's *still* blowing the wrong way."

A small voice spoke up. "O King — if the wind's blowing the wrong way, why don't you turn round and fly in the other direction?"

Half the ostriches were so stunned by this amazing idea that they fainted. Others clapped their stumpy wings. But poor Lionel did not think it was a good idea at all. He would have to find a new excuse.

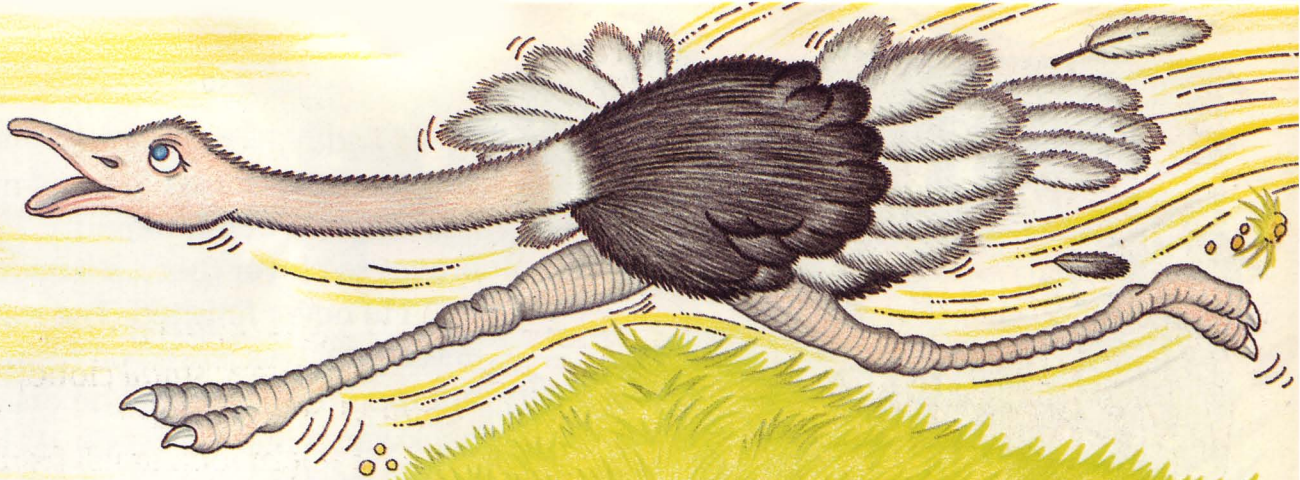
"There are too many clouds about!"

The ostriches shuffled about, sadly eyeing the sky. "There's only one cloud."

"O King!" wailed the ostriches, backing away. "Please don't be angry. We only wish to see you fly. No ostrich has ever flown before!"

Lionel knew that sooner or later he would have to fly for them — otherwise they would realise he was lying and probably choose a new king. "I'll definitely fly for you," he announced at last, "on Friday morning."

"Hurray!"

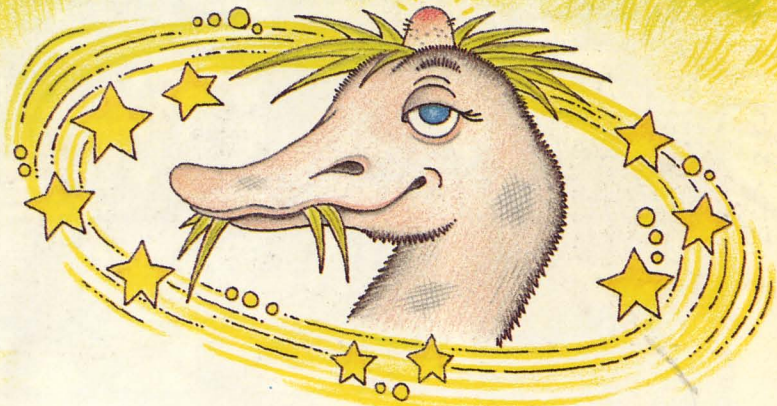


Lionel had just three days to learn to fly. When nobody was looking, he ran up and down the sand flapping his tiny wings and jumping in the air. It was no use. His feathers flopped about like damp washing. He went and stood on a small hill, took a short run, and bravely leaped towards the sky.

"I can fly!" he cried. *Whumpp!*

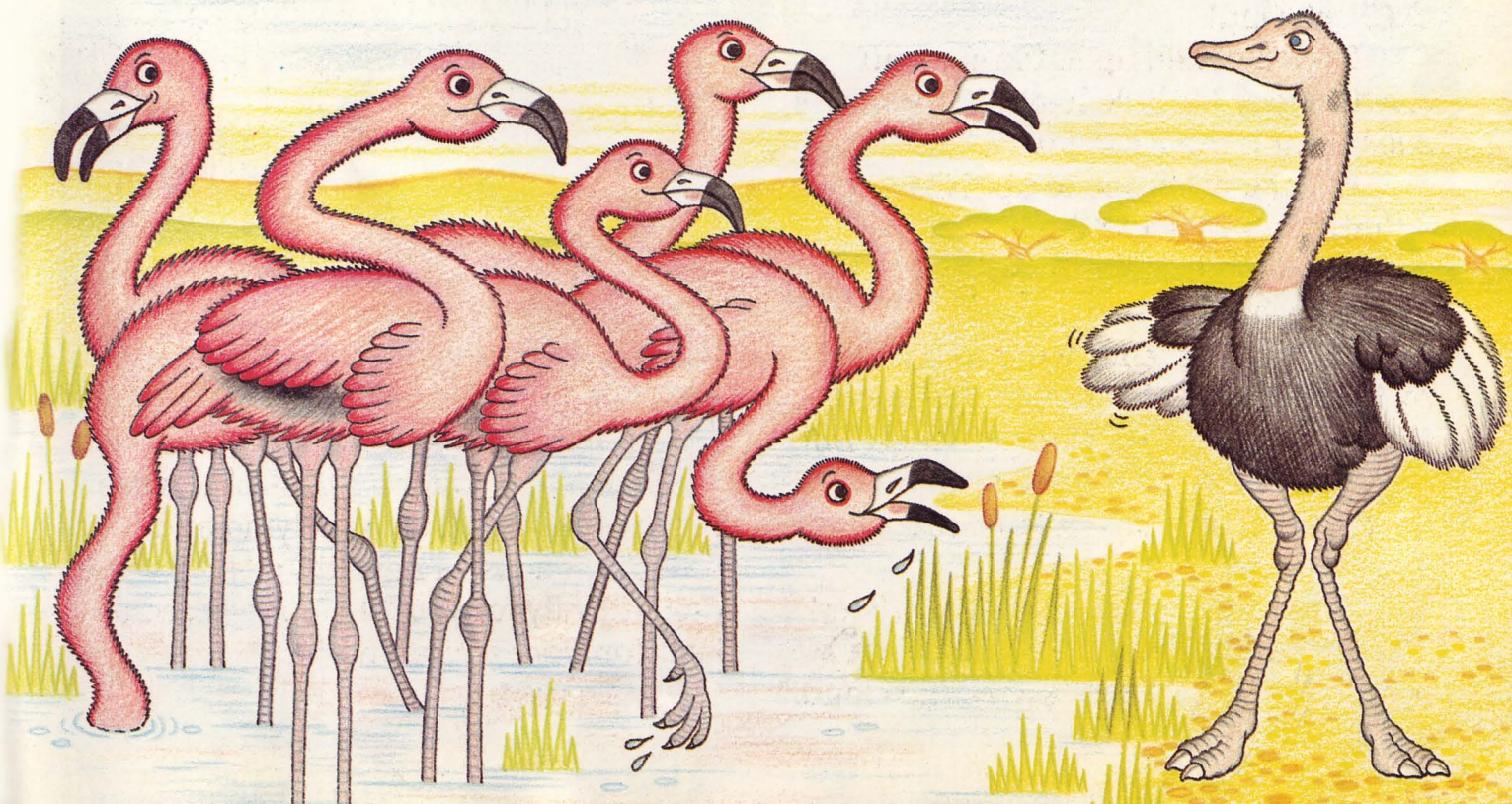
He could not fly.

Bruised and battered all over, Lionel was feeling very sorry for himself, when all at once he had a brainwave. He hurried over to the lake and had a word with the flamingoes.



"You could help — just tie a rope round my ankles, then fly off, towing me behind. It will all look quite real."

The flamingoes agreed to help, and Lionel was once more overcome by his cleverness. "No wonder I'm King!"





"Today," cried Lionel, "you will see a marvellous thing. I'll fly as no ostrich has flown in living memory. I'm so brave, so clever that . . . *Aaagh!*"

He never finished. The rope tightened and Lionel was jerked off his feet. His chin bumped the sand, and he disappeared backwards into the reeds. At last he took to the air, dangling down from the rope. He swung gently to and fro, skimming the lake. Then the flamingoes decided he was too heavy to carry — and dropped him.

The ostrich king plunged into the lake. He coughed, spluttered and struggled ashore, looking as if he had been in a washing-machine for a week.

As soon as the other ostriches stopped laughing, they decided not to have a king any more. "There's nothing special about Lionel," they said. "He's just as stupid as we are! Either we'll all be kings or all be ordinary ostriches."

They decided to remain plain ostriches. Because they thought that if they were kings they might have to fly, and then they would look even sillier than they really were.

On Friday morning, all the ostriches gathered to see their king fly. Lionel stood amongst the lakeside reeds to make his parting speech.

As he spoke, a pair of flamingoes crept through the reeds and tied a rope round Lionel's ankles, as planned.



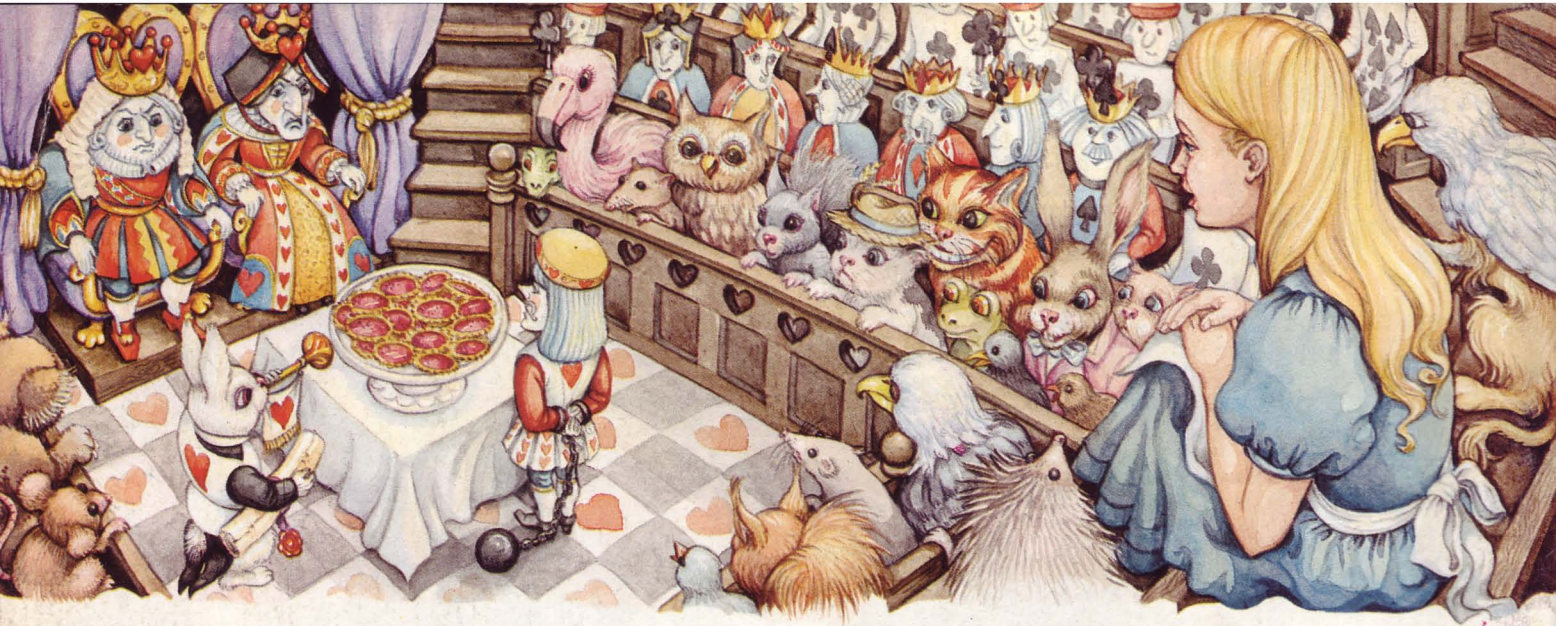
THE COTTAGE



*When I live in a Cottage
I shall keep in my Cottage*

Two different Dogs,
Three creamy Cows,
Four giddy Goats,
Five Pewter Pots
Six silver Spoons
Seven busy Beehives
Eight ancient Appletrees
Nine red Rosebushes
Ten teeming Teapots
Eleven chirping Chickens
Twelve cosy Cats with their Kittenish Kittens and
One blessed Baby in a Basket.

That's what I'll have when I live in my Cottage.



IN PART 23 OF **STORY** Teller 2

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IN WONDERLAND**
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court of law

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DORRIE AND THE WITCH'S VISIT –
what a sticky situation

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