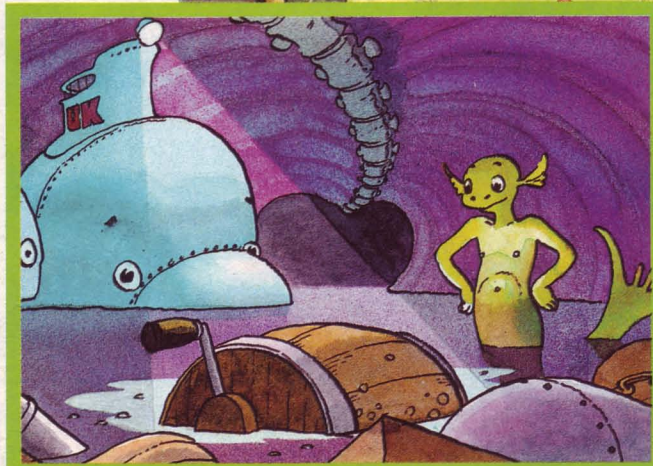
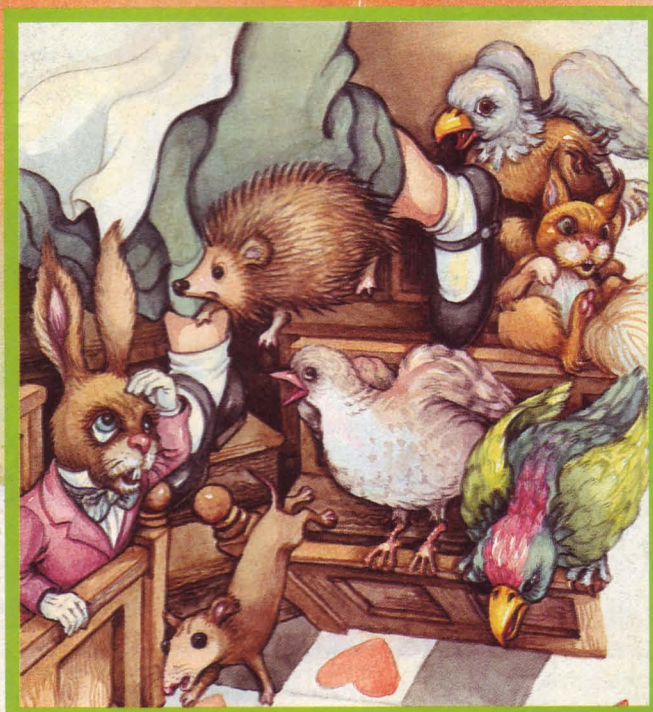


# STORY

# Teller

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2



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# STORY Teller 2

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City of Lost Submarines: **David Tate**

Simon Rhymon: **George Layton**

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Every morning in the street market, Cyril Snorkel would ring a bell and cry,  
"I'm Cyril Snorkel, the Performing Beast.

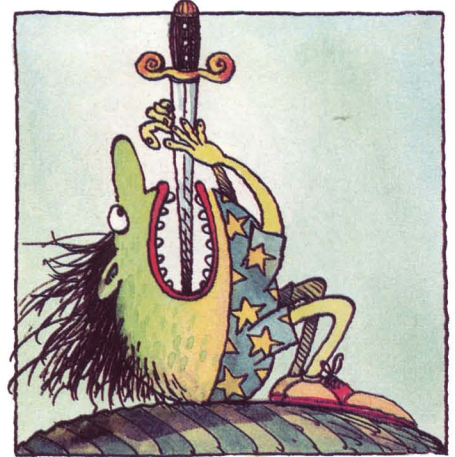
Swallowing swords for me is a feast. I can juggle and walk the tightrope too. Roll up! Roll up! I'll entertain you."



First he would stand on a football and juggle a dozen partridge eggs.



Then he walked the tightrope, balancing a jug of lemon juice on his nose.



And once a week he would do the dangerous trick of swallowing a sword.

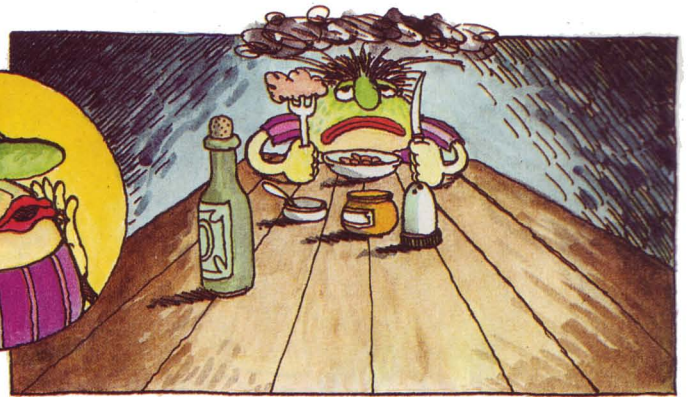
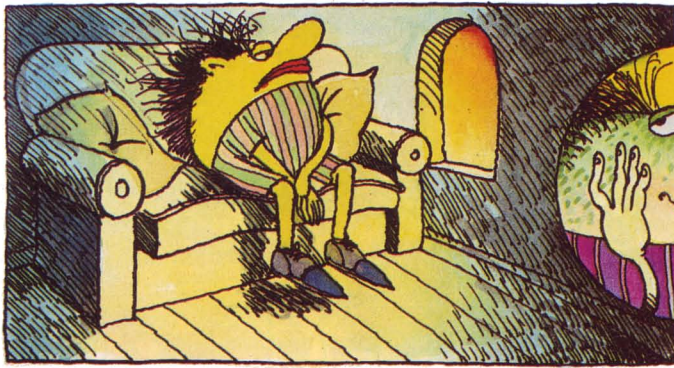


To end his show he whizzed about on roller skates, playing a tune on a brass trumpet. The crowd clapped wildly.



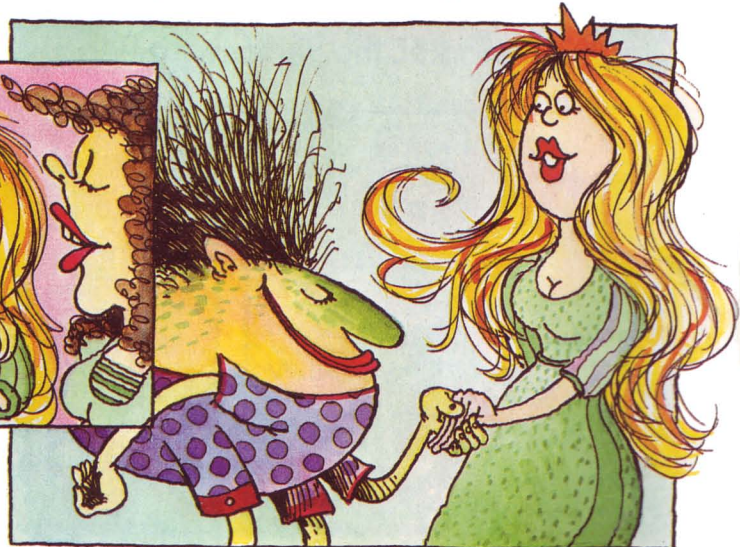
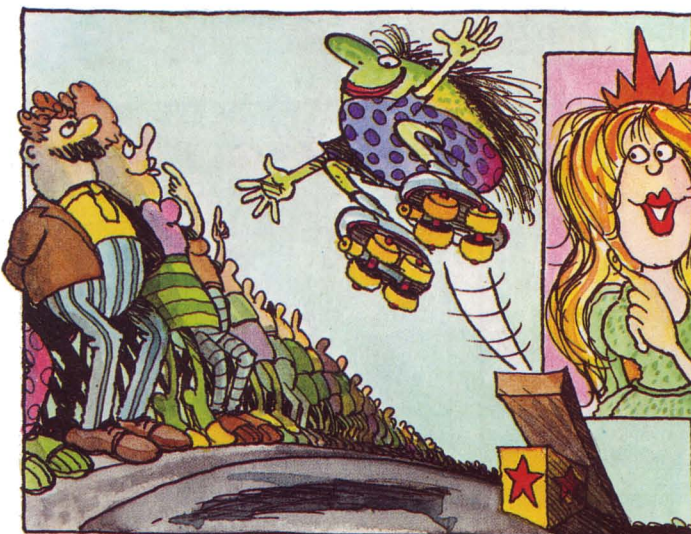
How they all loved the Performing Beast! Then Cyril would bow and everyone threw money into his shiny satin hat.





But in the afternoons, when Cyril went home, he sat there all alone. And every evening he ate dinner all by himself.

"No-one wants to visit a beast," he sighed. "They only want me to entertain them!" Cyril Snorkel felt very lonely.



One day Princess Amanda came to the market. She, too, enjoyed watching Cyril Snorkel the Performing Beast.

After Cyril's show, the Princess shook his hand. "You are so daring," she said. "Thank you for the show!"



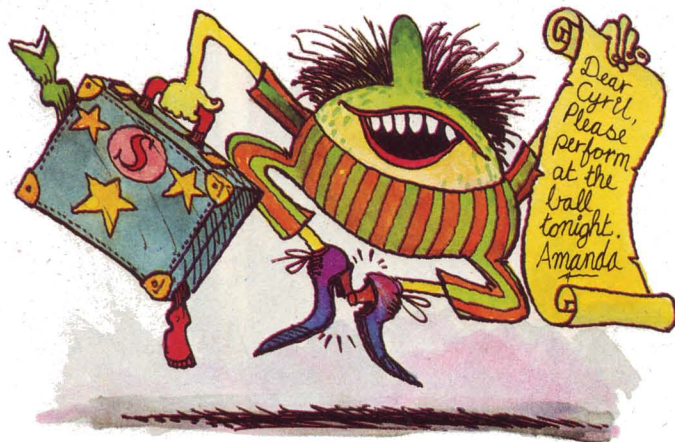
At home that evening Cyril felt very happy. "What a smashing Princess," he thought. "And she spoke so kindly to me!"

Every day Cyril performed in the market, hoping the kind Princess would return. But, alas, she never came.

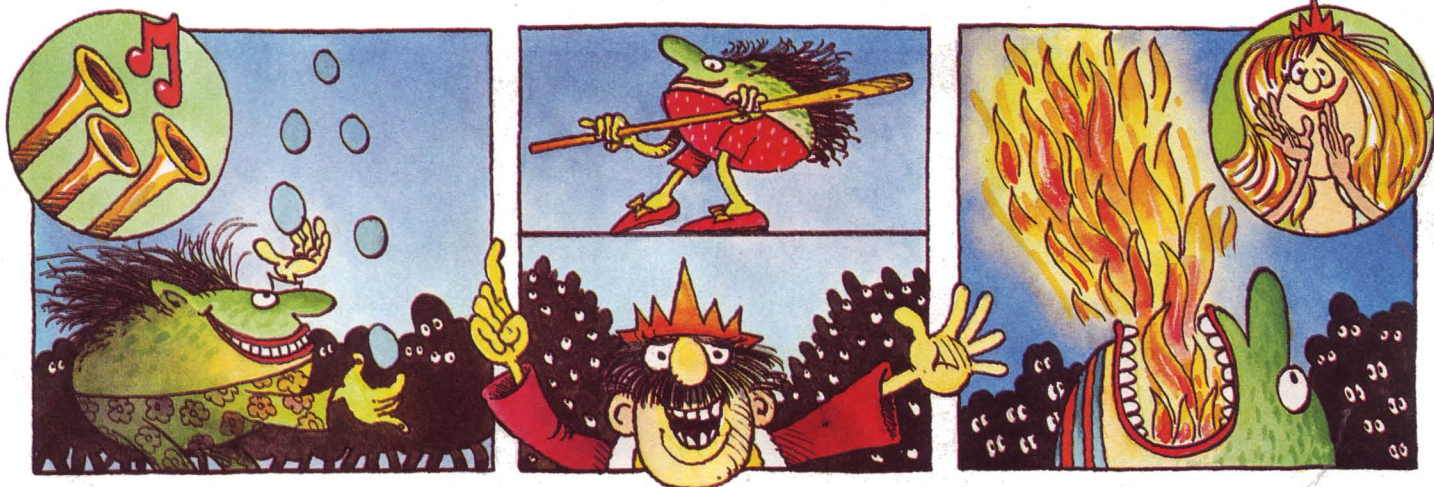




Then one day, a messenger delivered a scroll inviting Cyril to give a royal performance that night at the Palace Ball.



Cyril was delighted. "Hooray! She remembers me!" he said, and packed, and went home to rehearse his show.



That evening at the ball, amidst a fanfare of trumpets, the King announced, "Here is Cyril Snorkel, the Performing Beast . . ."

Cyril juggled, walked the tightrope and did his fire-eating trick. The guests clapped loudly, especially the Princess.



After thanking Cyril, the King said, "I offer Amanda's hand in marriage to any bachelor who can wear this magic ring."

The Princess waved sadly to Cyril. He sat in a corner while a crowd of men fought to try on the ring.

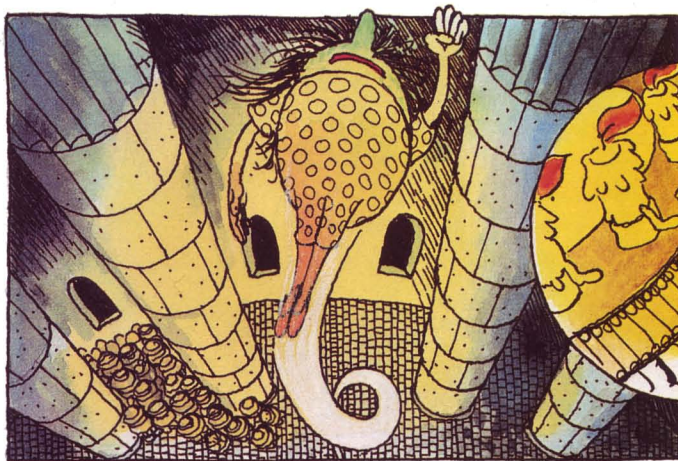




But as each man had a go at wearing the magic ring, it turned red-hot, and he had to fling it off, yelling in pain.



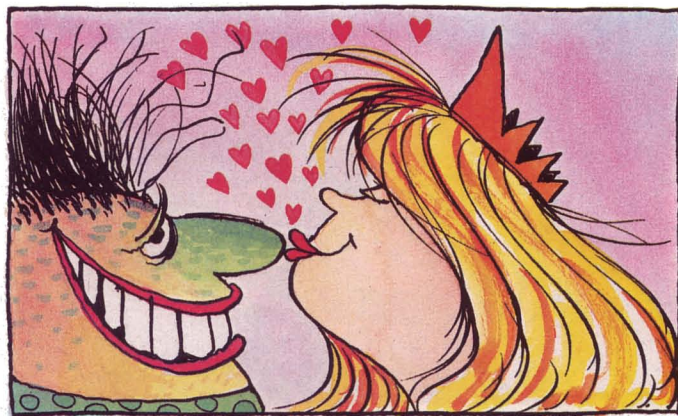
The last man flung the ring so hard that it landed high up on the chandelier. "I'll fetch it," said Cyril helpfully.



"It'll burn your fingers," laughed the guests. But Cyril leaped up with a mighty spring and plucked the ring off.



Wearing the magic ring, he landed safely. "Cyril can wear the ring!" cried the King. "Arrange the marriage!"



Amanda kissed Cyril's snout and said, "We'll be together for ever." The guests clapped and congratulated them.



Happily married to Amanda, Cyril was never lonely. He taught her tricks and once a week they performed for the King.



# ★ DORRIE ★ AND THE WITCH'S VISIT

Dorrie is a witch. A little witch. Her hat is always on crooked and her socks never match. She lives with her mother, the Big Witch, and Cook, and her black cat, Gink. Their house is tall and dark and spooky. At the top of a tower is the secret room where the Big Witch mixes magic.

One day Dorrie heard a lot of noise downstairs. The Big Witch and Cook were yelling. Doors were slamming. Pots and pans were banging.

"Come on, Gink," said Dorrie. "Let's go and see what's happening."

Down to the kitchen went Dorrie and Gink. The Big Witch was glaring at Cook. Cook was frowning and waving a pot. "I didn't know we'd run out! I was busy baking the cakes!"

"What's happening?" asked Dorrie.

The Big Witch sat down at the table.

"Today is the day Magda the Amazing is coming for the Grand Tour of Witchville. She's judging us for the Best Town Contest, and we've never, ever won. She's coming here for tea!"

"Oh," said Dorrie, "what fun!"

"Fun? The house is in a terrible mess. We've only an hour before the guests arrive and we haven't got any wax polish!"

"I didn't know we didn't have any," shouted Cook.

"Why don't you magic some wax?" said Dorrie.

The Big Witch stared at Dorrie.

"You're right. Come on, I'll need your help."





Up to the tower went the Big Witch and Dorrie, and Gink ran after them. The Big Witch pushed open the creaky old door. "Get the cauldron ready, Dorrie, while I look for the recipe. Ah-ha-ha, here it is! If I use the wax spell with just a dash of Tornado, the parlour will be as clean as a new pin."

Dorrie scratched her head. "Are you sure you need the Tornado? You never know what might happen."

"I know exactly what I'm doing! I'll only use a drop. Just enough to get the cobwebs off the ceiling. Now, hand me that jar of blue crystals and that bottle of yellow stuff."

Slowly, coloured sparks and steam began rising from the cauldron. Dorrie





and the Big Witch stirred and stirred.

The Big Witch looked at the clock. "Oh! I've only got a few minutes! Stand back, Dorrie."

The Big Witch spun round and round, first to the left, then to the right. Her black sleeves flapped like wings. She muttered and chanted. Suddenly she stopped, closed her eyes, and sang.

*"Ten to one the parlour's done  
Gleam and shimmer,  
Shine and glimmer,  
Abracadabra-cadabra! Now!"*

Slowly, the sparks and steam fell back into the cauldron. "Dorrie, I must run and dress. You stay here and keep stirring until all the colours fade. Then get a clean dress on. And socks! Come into the parlour when you're ready and meet Magda the Amazing." With a swish of her black skirt, the Big Witch hurried down the stairs.

Dorrie peered into the cauldron. "I like cooking," she said. "And spells." She began spinning to the left, and to the right.

"I can hear people coming!" She ran to the window and looked out. "There's Magda the Amazing on her silver broomstick! She looks sort of fierce. No wonder mother was worried."

Down the stairs went Dorrie and Gink, to her bedroom. "It looks as if a bit of magic Tornado came through here," said Dorrie. Gink sat on the bed while Dorrie reached down to pull off a sock.

But it would not come off. She sat on the floor and pulled harder. It still would not move. She tried the other sock. That was stuck, too. "Oh!"

Next she tried to get her dress off. She pulled. She tugged. It would not move. "I think we're in trouble, Gink."







Down the stairs they went. Dorrie could hear a babble of voices from the parlour, and the Big Witch laughing. Cook hurried by with the tea-trolley.

Dorrie peeked in. "*Mother!*" whispered Dorrie. The Big Witch was talking to Magda the Amazing, smiling and waving her hands. But Magda was looking very bored.

"*Mother!*" said Dorrie. "*Please, come here a minute!*"

The Big Witch waved Dorrie back into the hall. "What do you mean by interrupting me when I'm with important guests! And look at you! Go and get cleaned up this minute!"

"*I can't!*" yelled Dorrie. "My socks and my dress are stuck. They won't come off. Something in that magic wax sticks."

The Big Witch turned pale. "Sticks? Sticks? Oh, you mean . . .?"

Dorrie nodded and pointed to the parlour. Cook was trying to put down the tea-tray. That was stuck, too.

The Big Witch gasped and sank into the hall chair. "Mother, no! Don't sit down!"

It was too late. "Ohhh!" cried the Big Witch jumping to her feet. The chair jumped up with her.

Cook was carrying round the tray and everyone was having to pour their own tea. The witches and wizards were giving each other funny looks, except Magda. Magda the Amazing was just yawning.

The Big Witch sighed. Gink rubbed against Dorrie's legs. "No, Gink, no!" cried Dorrie. But it was too late. He stuck to her socks.

The Big Witch walked into the parlour. She smiled her best party smile and clapped her hands. "Now for the big





surprise! Our Grand Tour of Witchville. We'll fly our honoured guests around our splendid little town."

"Hardly a surprise," sighed Magda. "This will be my fifth tea today, and my fifth flying tour — to be followed, I suppose, by my fifth display of fireworks."

But as the witches and wizards began to stand up, their chairs got up too! One of the biggest and best chairs was stuck to Magda the Amazing.

Magda the Amazing looked at the chair. She looked at all the other witches and wizards stuck to their chairs. She looked at Dorrie with Gink stuck to her leg.

And Magda the Amazing began to smile. Then she began to laugh.

"Big Witch, this really is a surprise! A wonderful surprise! Imagine being able to fly, sitting comfortably in a chair. Shall we begin?"





One by one, each witch and wizard paraded down the hall and out of the door, with their chairs beneath them. "May Gink and I come, too?" said Dorrie.

"Of course!" cried Magda. "Bring the footstool. You can fly with me. And I saw balloons in the hall. Bring those, too."

Dorrie gave everybody balloons, and then she and Gink sat on the footstool. Soon they were all flying high over Witchville.

It was a wonderful ride. When they got back, Magda and the Big Witch and Dorrie mixed up another cauldron of magic. And one by one the chairs dropped off. Gink unstuck himself from Dorrie's sock, and Cook dropped the tea-tray on the kitchen floor.

Magda the Amazing gave Witchville a big silver cup that said *Witchville, City of Surprises*. And they all went to bed that night with balloons tied to their bedposts and smiles on their faces.





# WHAT THE SMOKE SAID

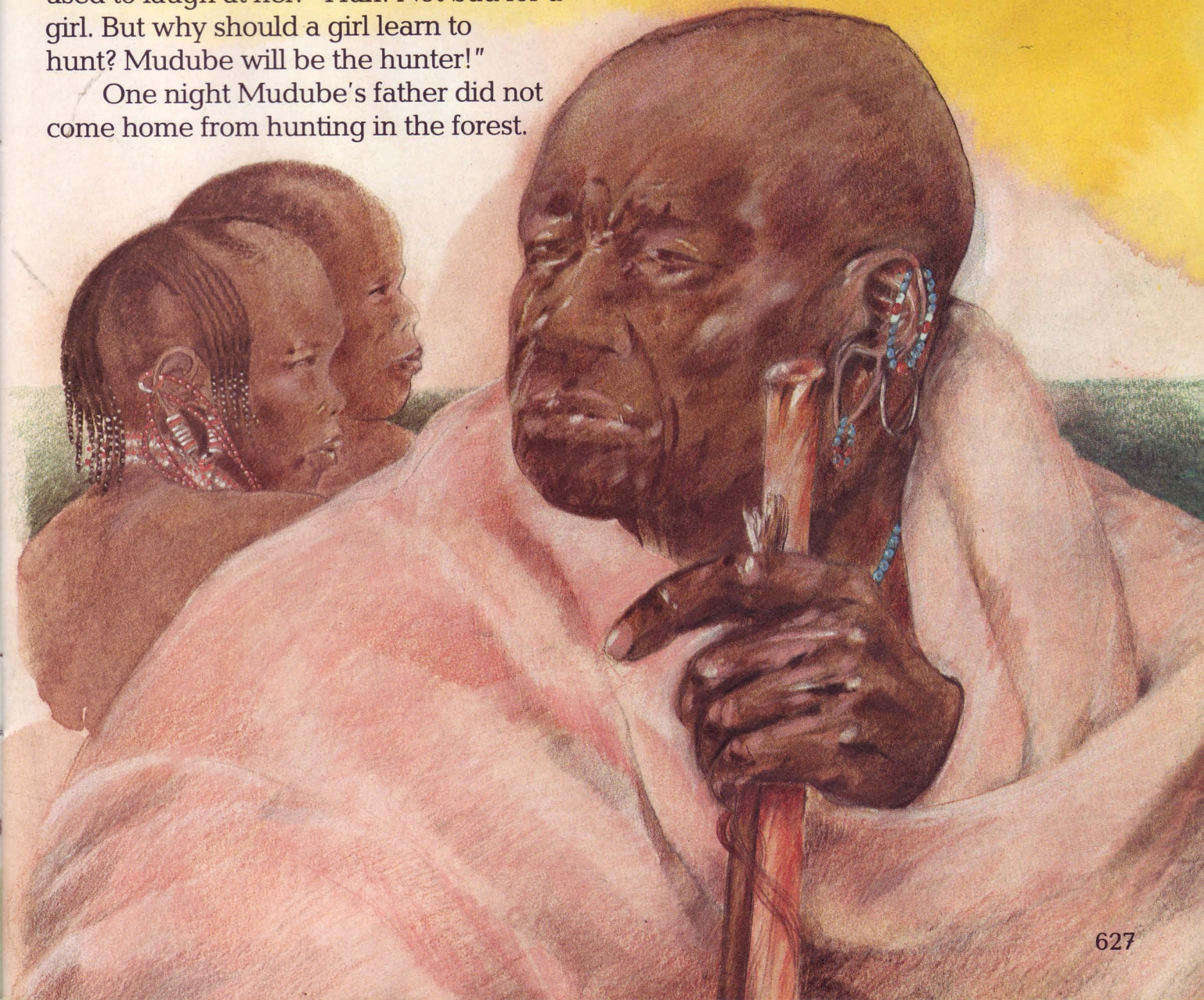
Mudube and his family lived on an island off the coast of Africa. They had a big hut for shelter and a stream for water. They grew maize and yams, and Mudube's father hunted antelope and wild pigs.

Mudube knew that when he was old enough he would be a hunter like his father. Every day he practised throwing a spear with his sister, Katale. Mudube used to laugh at her. "Huh! Not bad for a girl. But why should a girl learn to hunt? Mudube will be the hunter!"

One night Mudube's father did not come home from hunting in the forest.

Mudube, Katale and their grandfather went looking for him. They found his body in the shadow of a tree. He had been killed by a leopard. Sadly they brought the body home and buried it on a hilltop overlooking the sea.

Later that day, the old man lit a fire outside the hut. He threw herbs and seeds on to the smoke, mumbling under his breath.







The rest of the family sat quietly, knowing that the smoke would show the old man what was to happen to the family now that the hunter was dead. Mudube smiled to himself. He knew what the smoke would say. "It will show me, Mudube, as the new hunter and the head of the family!"

When, at last, the old man turned away from the fire, it was to Katale that he spoke first. "You, daughter of my blood, when daylight comes, you must take your father's spear and his bow and arrow. You will hunt for the family and everyone will look to you with respect."





"Leopard!" Mudube muttered. With one flash of the spear the leopard was dead. Mudube carried it home in triumph. Katale was outside the hut, with an antelope she had hunted on the plain with the bow and arrow. She smiled with relief when she saw her brother. Mudube ignored her.

"Antelope are easier to kill than leopards," he said proudly to his grandfather.

"Yes," smiled the old man.

"Now, who is the better hunter?" asked Mudube.

"Watch," said the old man. He cast herbs and seeds into the fire and Mudube stared hard as the flames billowed up.

Katale could only stare at him amazed, but Mudube was furious.

"And what am I to do?" he asked.

The old man answered calmly.

"You are young and strong. You will grind maize for your mother, fetch water and tend the crops."

"But that is woman's work," snarled Mudube. "I should be the hunter. It is my task, not Katale's."

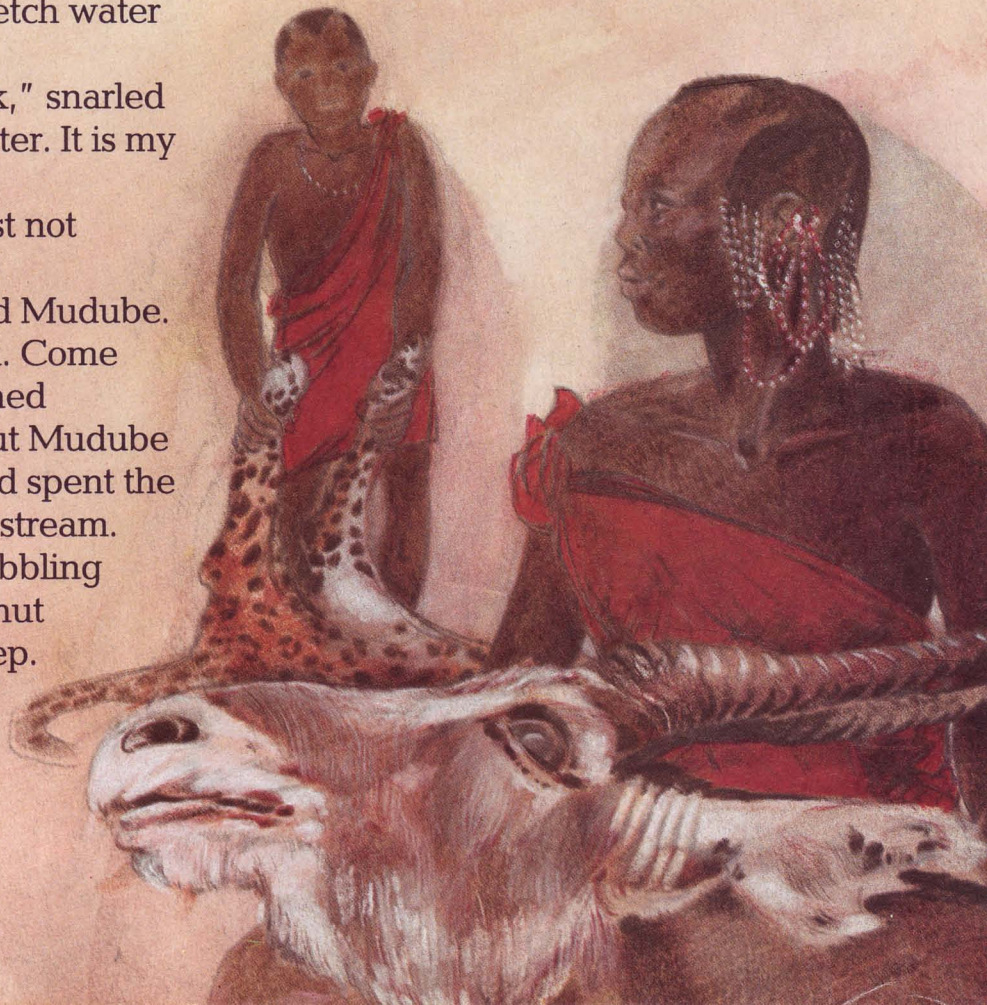
"The smoke says you must not hunt," said the old man.

"The smoke lies!" shouted Mudube.

"The smoke tells the truth. Come and see." The old man beckoned Mudube with one thin arm. But Mudube ran away into the darkness and spent the night in a rocky shelter by the stream.

The next morning, still bubbling with anger, he crept into the hut while everyone was still asleep.

He took his father's spear and quietly headed for the forest. Suddenly a shape leaped from a tree branch.







In the smoke he saw himself paddling a canoe from the island to the mainland, with many leopard skins heaped around him. The returning canoe held fruit, gourds of wine and bright clothes for the family.

Mudube laughed happily. "See how I provide leopards, take care of you, how I trade for food and clothing!"

"Yes," said his grandfather, "but look again."

This time Mudube saw in the smoke huge herds of wild pigs and antelope.

"See there," his grandfather said. "See how the antelope breed and the pigs multiply. They have no enemies now, for you are killing all the leopards. Their numbers increase with every season that passes."







"What does that matter?" asked Mudube, staring into the smoke.

"It matters," the old man said.

"Every animal should have its enemies. And see, the pigs and the deer grow so bold, they steal the maize and yams from our garden."

Mudube shrugged. "I bring home better food when I go trading."

"Be silent," said the old man, "and watch the smoke." There Mudube saw himself searching and searching, until at last he found leopard tracks and hunted down a leopard. But it was old and its fur was scarred and shabby.

"That was the last leopard on the island," the old man said. "What will you do now, great hunter?"

"Hunt antelope, I suppose," said Mudube, frowning. And so it was in the smoke pictures. He saw himself, creeping downwind of a large herd and shooting an arrow. He hit his target but, as the antelope fell, the herd panicked. The antelope stampeded away across the plain, hundreds of them. Then the smoke got very dark and the vision blurred.

Next, Mudube saw his family crying out and wailing. Behind them the hut and garden were both trampled. They had been destroyed by the great stampede of antelope.

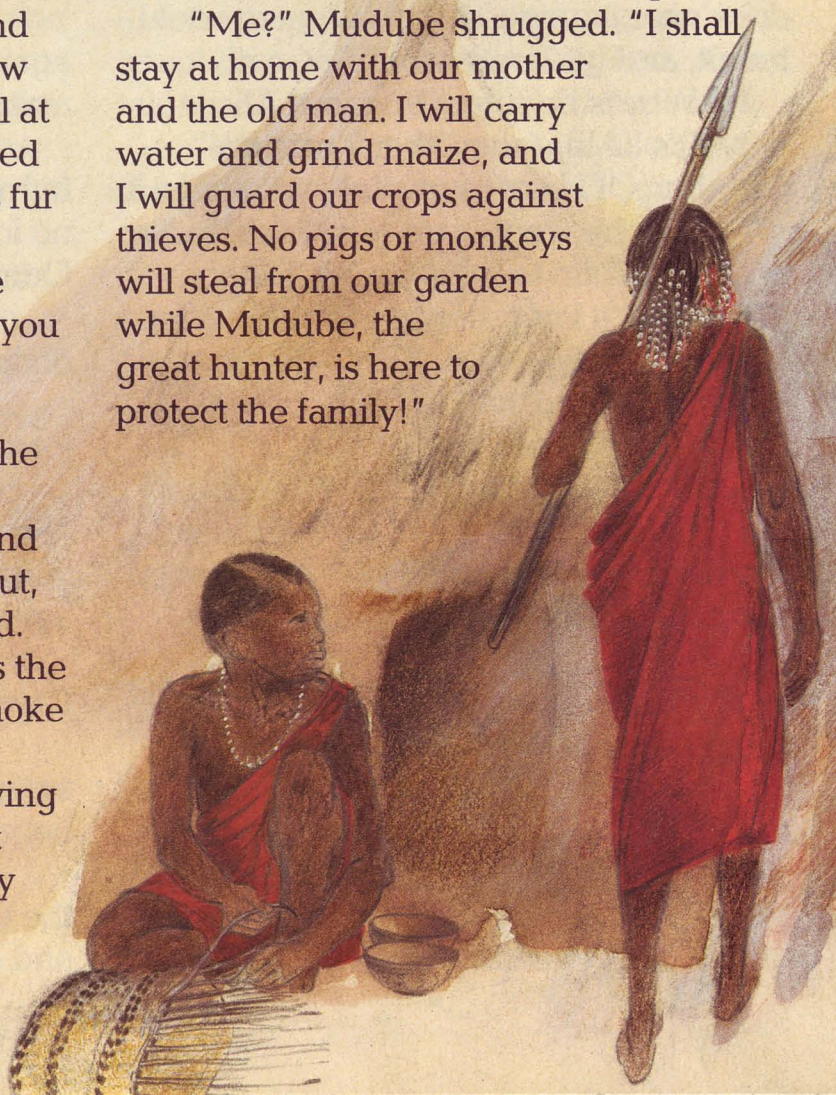
The last thing the smoke showed was a vision of the family, crowded into the canoe, sadly paddling to the mainland to beg shelter in a village.

The smoke cleared. No-one said anything. But at last Mudube rose to his feet and went to fetch his father's weapons. He handed them to Katale with a smile. "You must hunt for the family, sister."

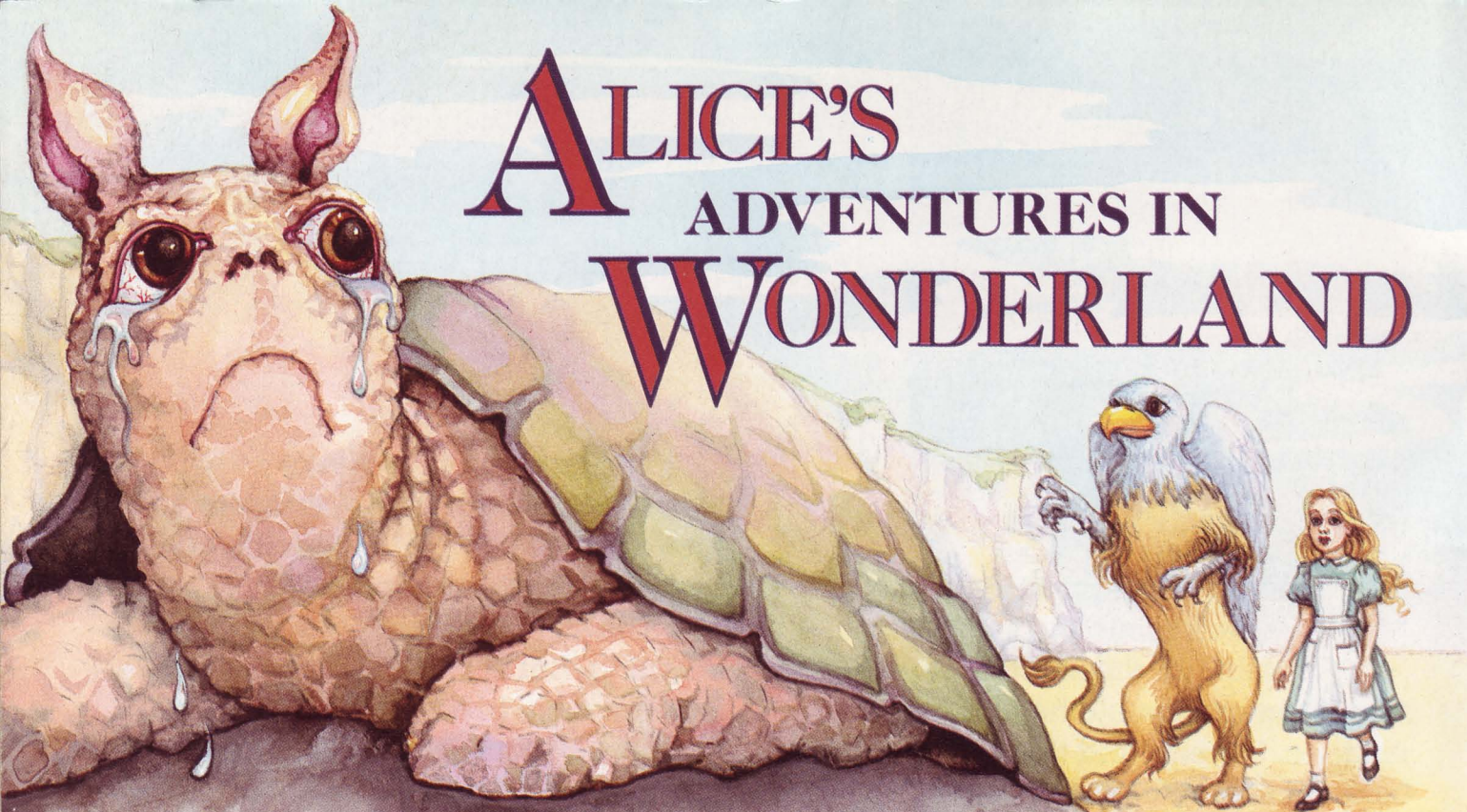
"But what about you, brother?"

Katale asked as she took the weapons.

"Me?" Mudube shrugged. "I shall stay at home with our mother and the old man. I will carry water and grind maize, and I will guard our crops against thieves. No pigs or monkeys will steal from our garden while Mudube, the great hunter, is here to protect the family!"







# ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

The Mock Turtle was a sad, lonely figure. As Alice and the Gryphon drew near, he sighed as if his heart would break, and his large eyes filled with tears.

"Why is he so sad?" asked Alice.

"It's all his fancy, that," said the Gryphon. "He isn't sad at all, you know."

Then he went up to the Mock Turtle and asked him to tell Alice his history. There was a long silence and then, after a deep sigh, the Mock Turtle began to speak in a deep, hollow tone.

"Once I was a real Turtle . . ."

There was another long silence and then he continued. "When we were little we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise . . ."

"Why did you call him Tortoise if he wasn't one?" asked Alice.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle irritably.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon. Then he

said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow. Tell her about the games."

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply again and drew the back of one flipper across his watery eyes.

"Perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster, so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is."

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you must form into a line along the sea-shore . . ."

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on. Then you advance twice, each with a lobster as a partner, change lobsters . . ."

"... and throw them," shouted the Gryphon with a jump into the air.

"... as far out to sea as you can swim," added the Mock Turtle. And he began to wildly caper about.

"Then you turn a somersault," yelled the Gryphon, "change lobsters again, and come back to land."





The two creatures sat down again and looked very sadly at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," she said. "I would like to see it."

"Come," said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "Let's show her how it begins. We can do without lobsters you know."

And the two creatures began to dance, very solemnly, round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they came too close. As they danced, the Mock Turtle sang a song which began:

"Will you walk a little faster?"

said a whiting to a snail.

"There's a porpoise close behind us,  
and he's treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and  
the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle —  
will you come and join the dance?"

Alice was very glad when it was over at last, but she said, "Thank you. It's a very interesting dance to watch. And I do like that curious song."

The Mock Turtle opened his mouth to repeat it, but at this moment they heard a distant cry: "The trial's beginning."

"Come on," said the Gryphon. And taking Alice by the hand, he hurried off.

"What trial is it?" panted Alice, but the Gryphon only answered, "Come on!" and ran all the faster.







When they arrived, the King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne. All round them was a great crowd of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards. The Knave of Hearts was standing before them, in chains, and in the middle of the court was a large dish of tarts.

The King was wearing a wig under his crown, so Alice supposed that he was the judge. And she decided that the twelve creatures who were sitting together in a box must be the jury.

"Silence in court," said the King. "Herald, read the charge."

The White Rabbit stepped forward and blew three blasts on a trumpet. Then he unrolled a paper scroll, and read as follows:

"The Queen of Hearts,  
she made some tarts,  
All on a summer day:  
The Knave of Hearts,  
he stole those tarts,  
And took them quite away!"

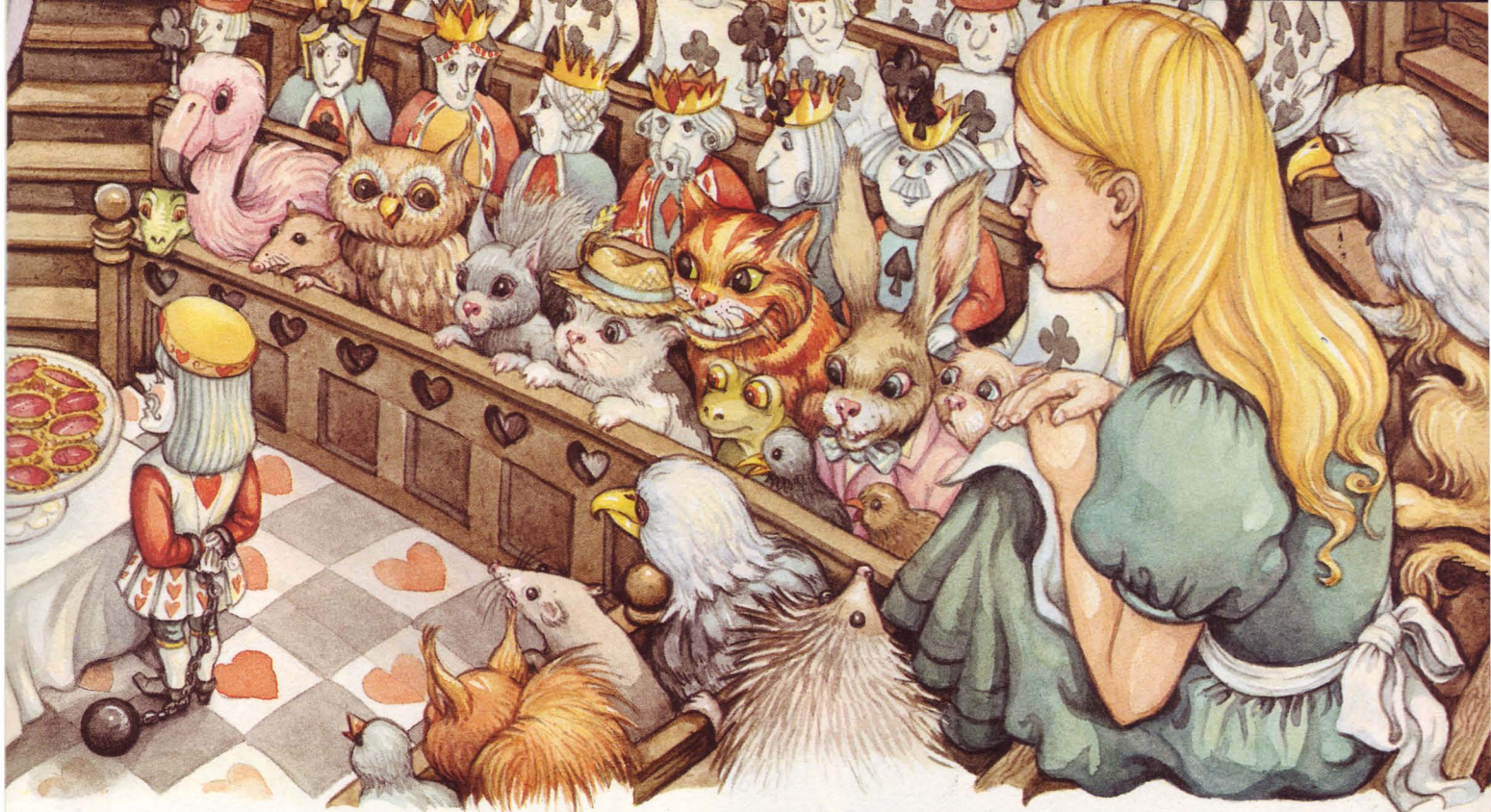
"Call the first witness," said the King.

The White Rabbit called out, "First witness," and the Hatter walked into the court. In one hand he had a teacup and in the other, a piece of bread and butter.

"I . . . er . . . beg your pardon, your Majesty, for bringing these in," he said. "But I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for."







The Queen put on her spectacles and began staring at the Hatter, who immediately turned pale and fidgeted.

"Give your evidence," said the King. "And don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot."

The Hatter then became so confused that he bit a large slice of his teacup instead of the bread and butter. At the same moment Alice felt a very curious feeling. She was beginning to grow larger again.

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter said.

"You're a very poor speaker," said the King. "If that's all you have to say, you may leave the court."

The Hatter hurriedly left the court and the next witness came in. It was the Duchess's cook.

"What are tarts made of?" asked the King, frowning at the cook.

"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.

"Treacle," said a sleepy voice behind her. It was the Dormouse.

"Collar that Dormouse," shrieked

the Queen. "Turn him out of court. Pinch him. Off with his head."

For some minutes the court was in total confusion while the Dormouse was turned out. When all was quiet again, the cook had disappeared.

"Never mind," said the King. "Call the next witness."







Then to Alice's great surprise, the White Rabbit called out, "Alice!"

"Here!" she cried.

Then, quite forgetting how large she had grown in the last few minutes, she hurriedly jumped up and tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt. All the jurymen fell on to the heads of the crowd, and lay there sprawling about.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Alice exclaimed. And she quickly put them back in their proper places.

"What do you know about this business?" asked the King.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing whatever?"

"Nothing whatever," replied Alice.

"Let the jury consider their verdict," said the King.

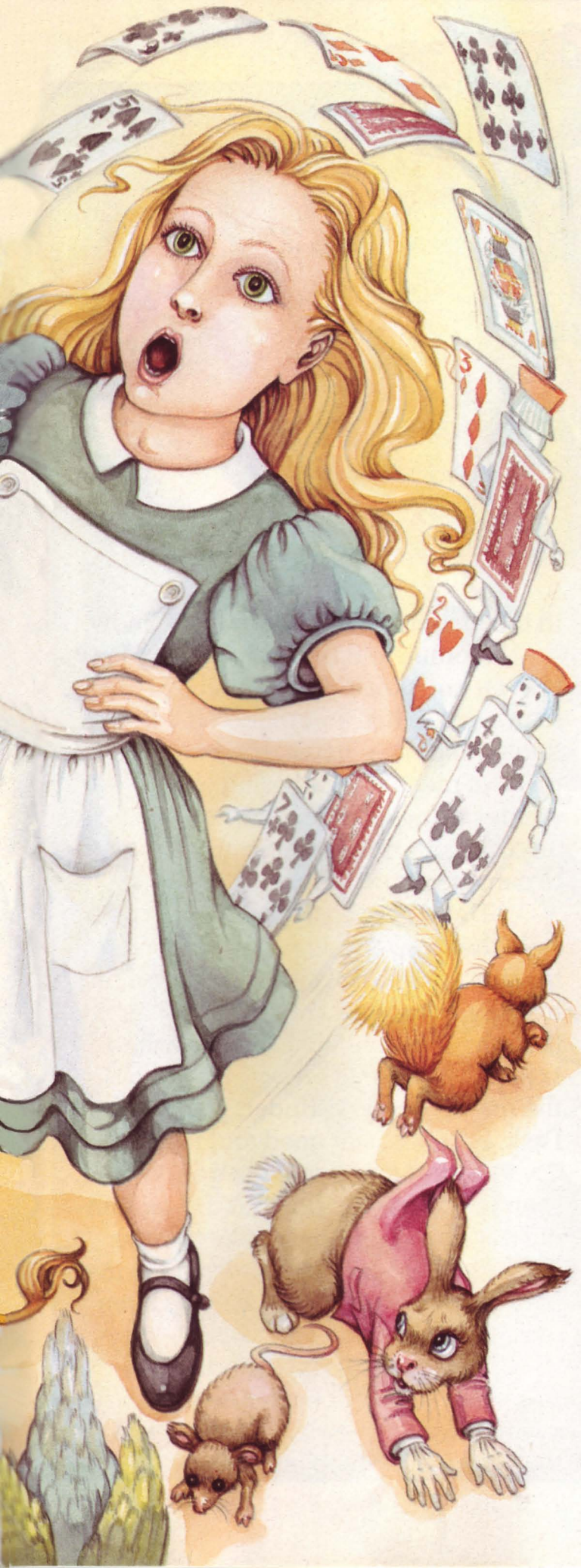
"No, no!" cried the Queen.

"Sentence first, verdict afterwards."

"What nonsense," said Alice loudly.







"Off with her head," shouted the Queen. Nobody moved.

"Who cares about you?" said Alice, who had grown to her full size by now. "You're nothing but a pack of cards."

At this, the whole pack of cards rose up into the air and came flying down upon her. She gave a little scream, and tried to beat them off.

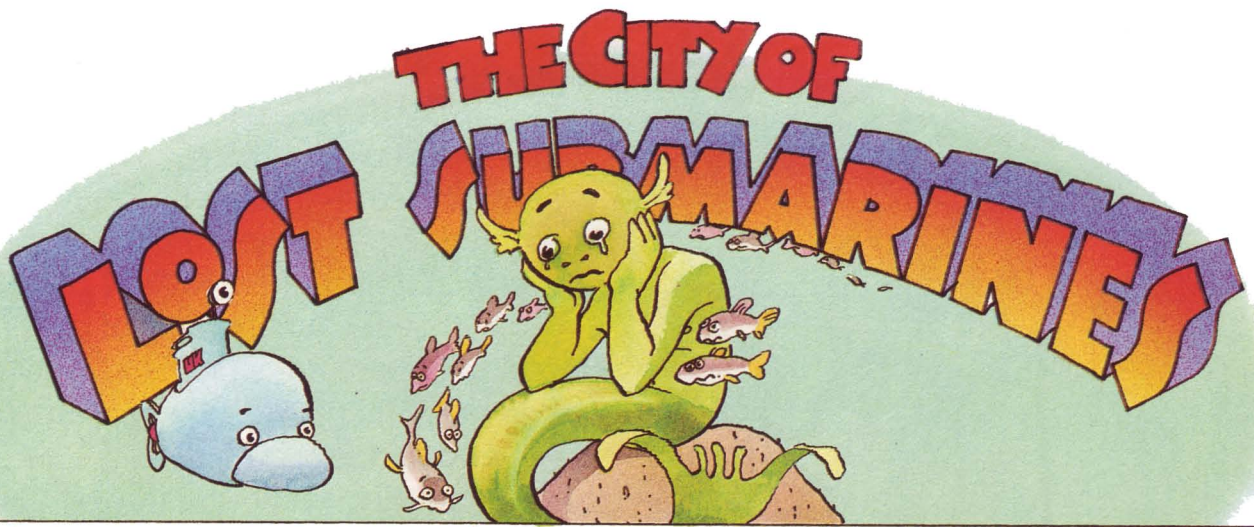
Suddenly, she found herself back on the river bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear," said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you've had."

"Ohhh! I've had such a curious dream," said Alice. And she told her sister all the strange adventures that she had had in Wonderland, from the very first moment she saw the White Rabbit.







## THE DAY THE SEA LOST ITS SALT

In the City of Lost Submarines, UK submarine was at the fuelling station. He heard a voice he knew.

"Oh! Hello UK. Have you seen UB 40?" It was KT, his friend UB 40's mum. "I can't find him anywhere."

"I haven't seen him, but I'm meeting my friend Devo the merman," said UK, "I'll ask him if he's seen UB 40."

UK sailed to the hill where Devo looked after his flock of fish. "Have you seen UB 40?" he called.

Devo was looking worried, "No, I haven't. Listen, my fish are ill. I'm going to see Father Neptune about them. Why don't you come? Maybe he'll know where UB 40 is."

When UK and Devo arrived at Neptune's cave, he was talking to Cirion. Cirion was the first submarine ever made, and he was very old now.

"Ah-hah, UK and Devo, perhaps you can help us," said Cirion. "The sea is losing its salt."

"Oh, so that's why my fish are ill," said Devo. Neptune nodded.

"But where did the salt come from

in the first place?" UK wanted to know.

Neptune told them the story of how the sea got its salt. "A long time ago a man went to hell and tricked the devil into swapping a magic grinder for a piece of meat. It could grind out whatever the man desired. Thanks to this amazing grinder, the man quickly became rich and famous.

"Then, one day a greedy sea captain stole the magic grinder, carried it off to his ship and set sail at once. He was on his way to collect a cargo of salt. He thought, 'Why should I buy salt when I can now grind all I want!' So he said the magic words, 'Grinder, you do what I ask, grind out salt good and fast.'

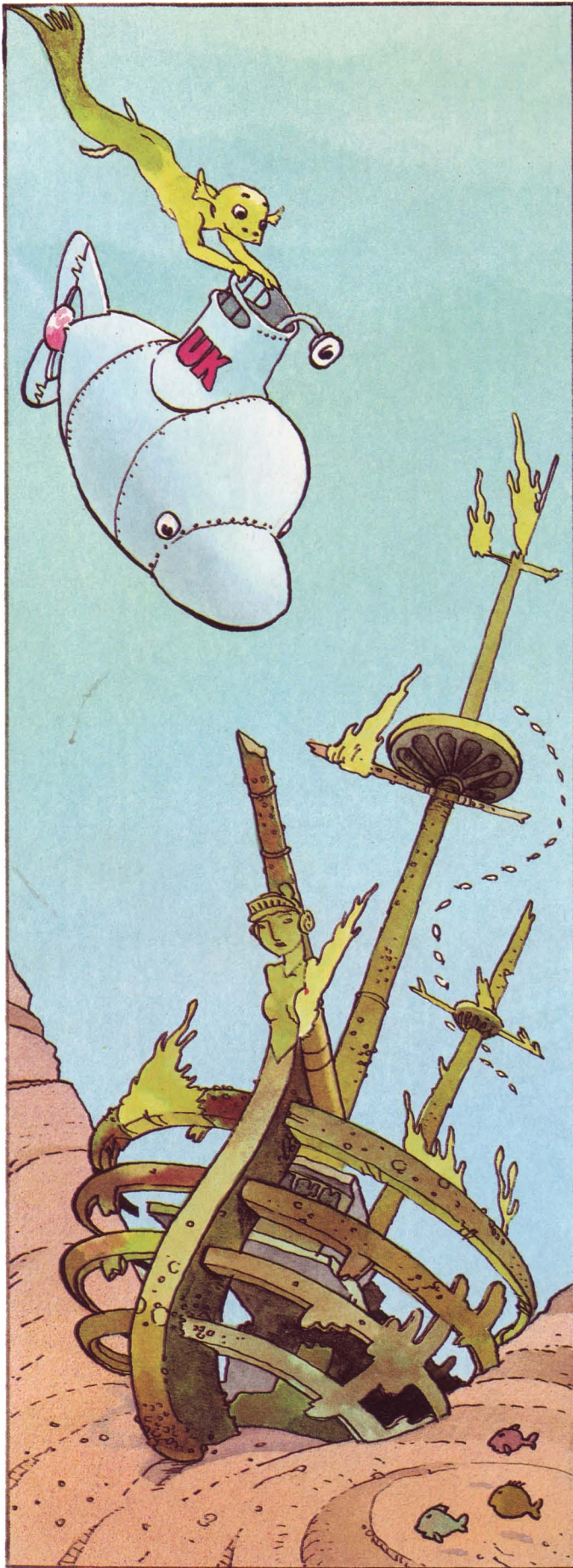
"Salt poured out of the grinder and soon the cabin was full. But the captain did not know how to stop the grinder. The ship filled with salt and sank to the bottom of the sea, where salt has been grinding ever since."

"Well, it seems the grinder has stopped," said Cirion. "Someone must swim down to see why. The wreck is at the bottom of a deep crevice."









"We'll go," said UK and Devo together. Down the great gap they went. At the bottom they found the wreck. The grinder had disappeared! They were looking for it when, suddenly, the current started to pull them along.

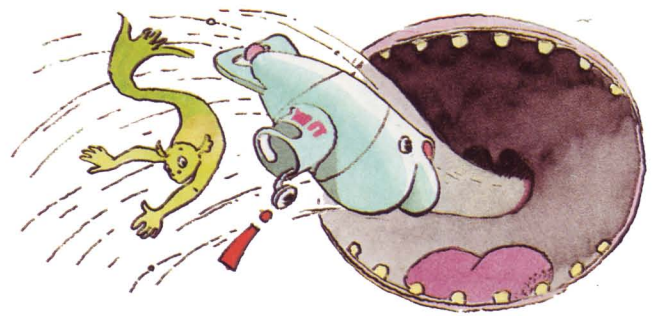
"What's happening?" shouted UK.

"Look out!" yelled Devo.

"Something is coming!"

A great black hole was racing towards them at top speed, sucking everything in its path.

"Swim for your life!" shouted UK, but it was too late. They were pulled into the hole. Inside, it was very dark. UK switched on his lights.



"UB 40! What are you doing here?" UK could not believe his eyes. There in the big cavern was his friend.

"UK and Devo!" UB 40 was thrilled to see them. "So you were swallowed too? I was swallowed yesterday!"

"What do you mean, swallowed?" asked Devo.

"I mean swallowed by the crazy whale," said UB 40.

"Are you saying we're inside a whale's stomach?" asked UK.

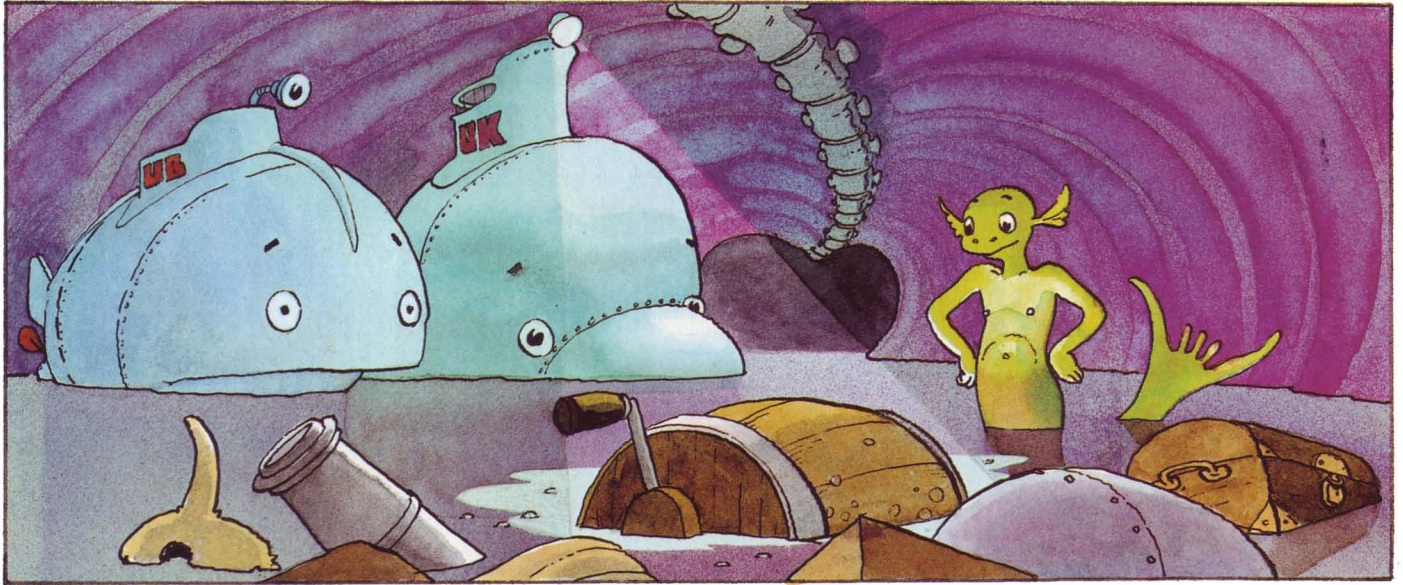
UB 40 nodded.

"Agh! I don't believe it!" said UK.

"Ooooh, my stomach," the whale's voice rumbled through the cavern.

"She's been moaning all day," said UB 40. "She must be very ill."





"Ugh! The water's so salty here." Devo made a face.

"Yes, it comes from that barrel thing over there." UB 40 pointed down the whale's stomach.

"The grinder!" UK shouted. "The whale must have swallowed it."

"Hum! No wonder she's got a stomach-ache," said Devo.

UK picked up the grinder and sailed towards the whale's mouth.

"I'll just lie here and die," the whale's voice boomed through the cavern.

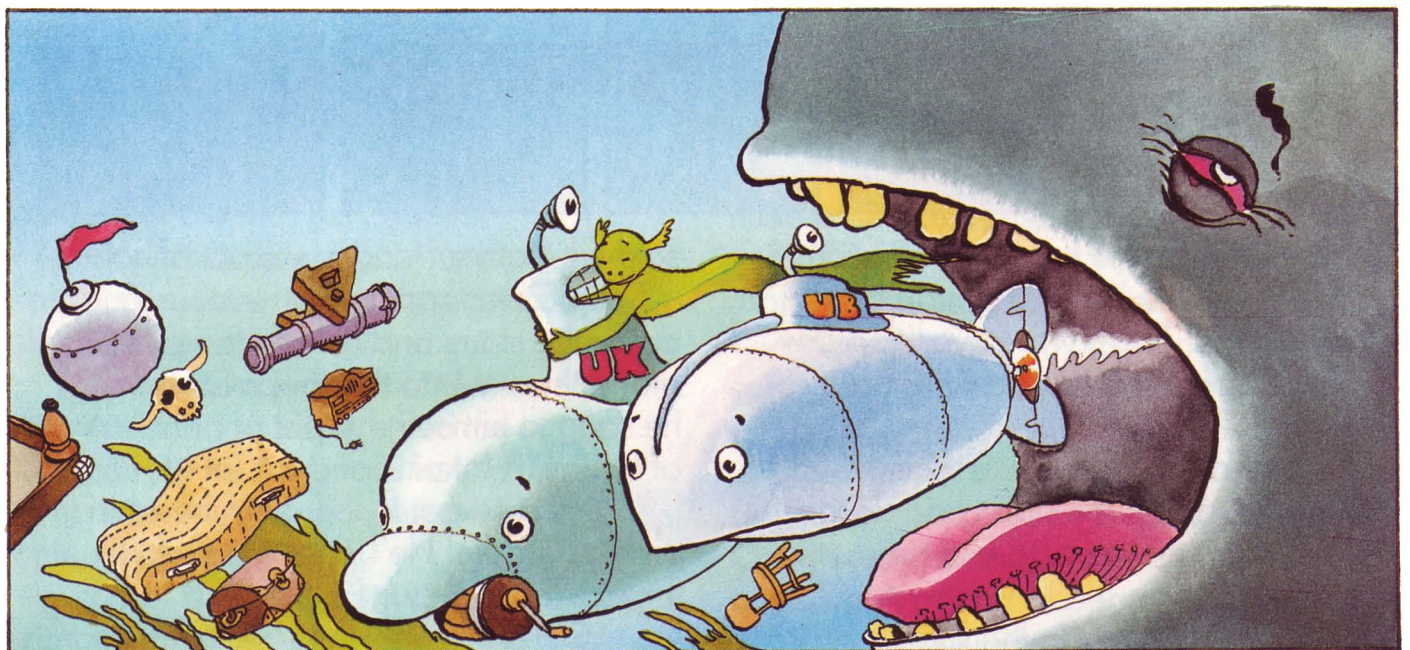
"Next time she opens her mouth, swim for your lives," UK said to his friends.

"Oooh, the agony. Oooh, I'm dying," moaned the whale.

"Now! Swim quickly," said UK. They rushed out of the whale's gaping mouth, swimming as fast as they could.

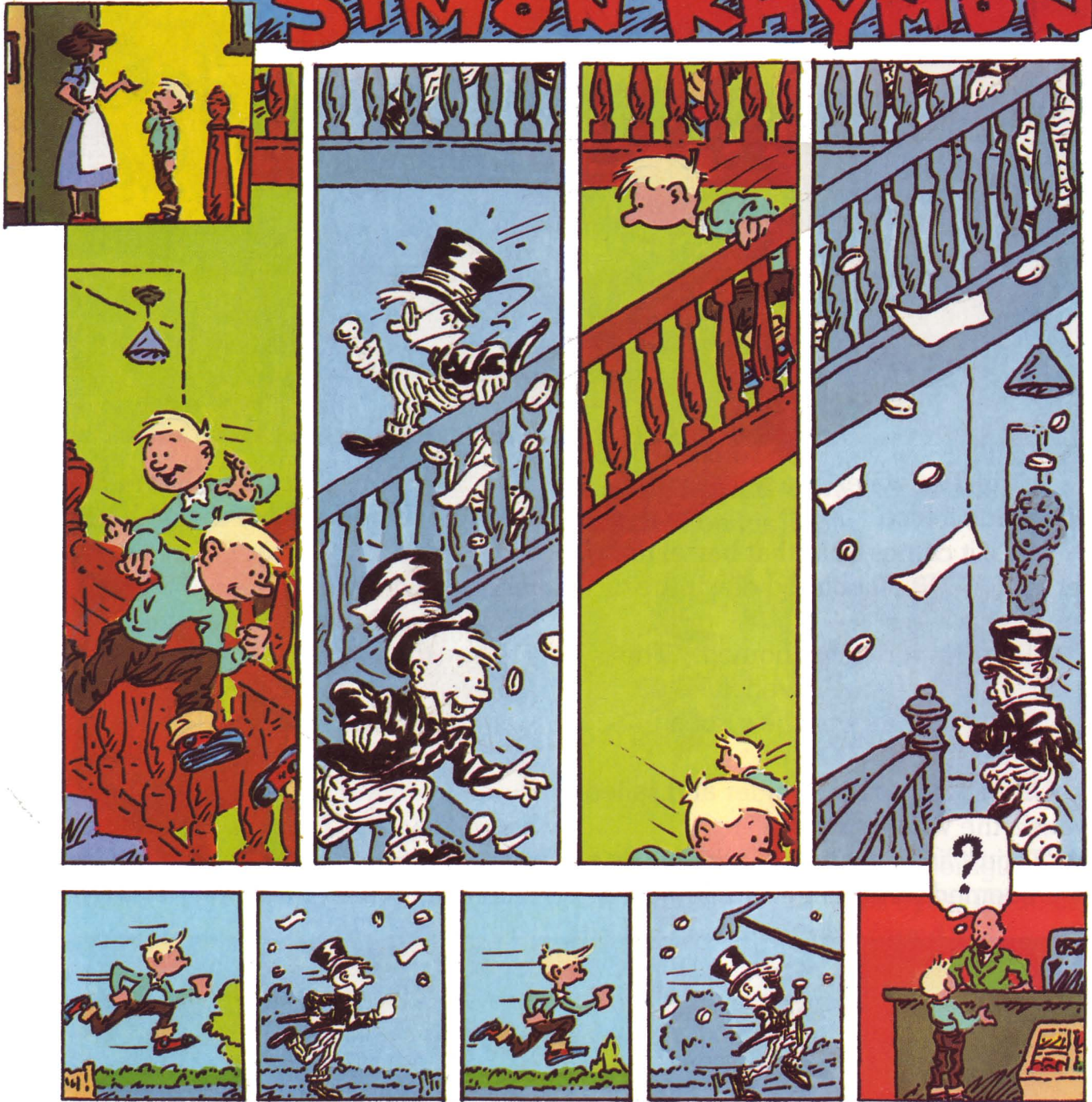
UK dropped the grinder on to the seabed. The sea started to get its salt back.

Swimming up the crevice, they heard the whale's voice, "Hmmm, it must have been something I ate. Mm! I'm feeling a bit better now."





# SIMON RHYMON



There was once a boy called Simon Rhymon who lived at the top of a block of flats. There were ever so many flights of stairs to get to Simon's flat, so most people took the lift.

Not Simon! He did not take the lift. He liked to go up the stairs and up the stairs and up the stairs to find his mother at the top.

"Just pop down to the shop, Simon,"

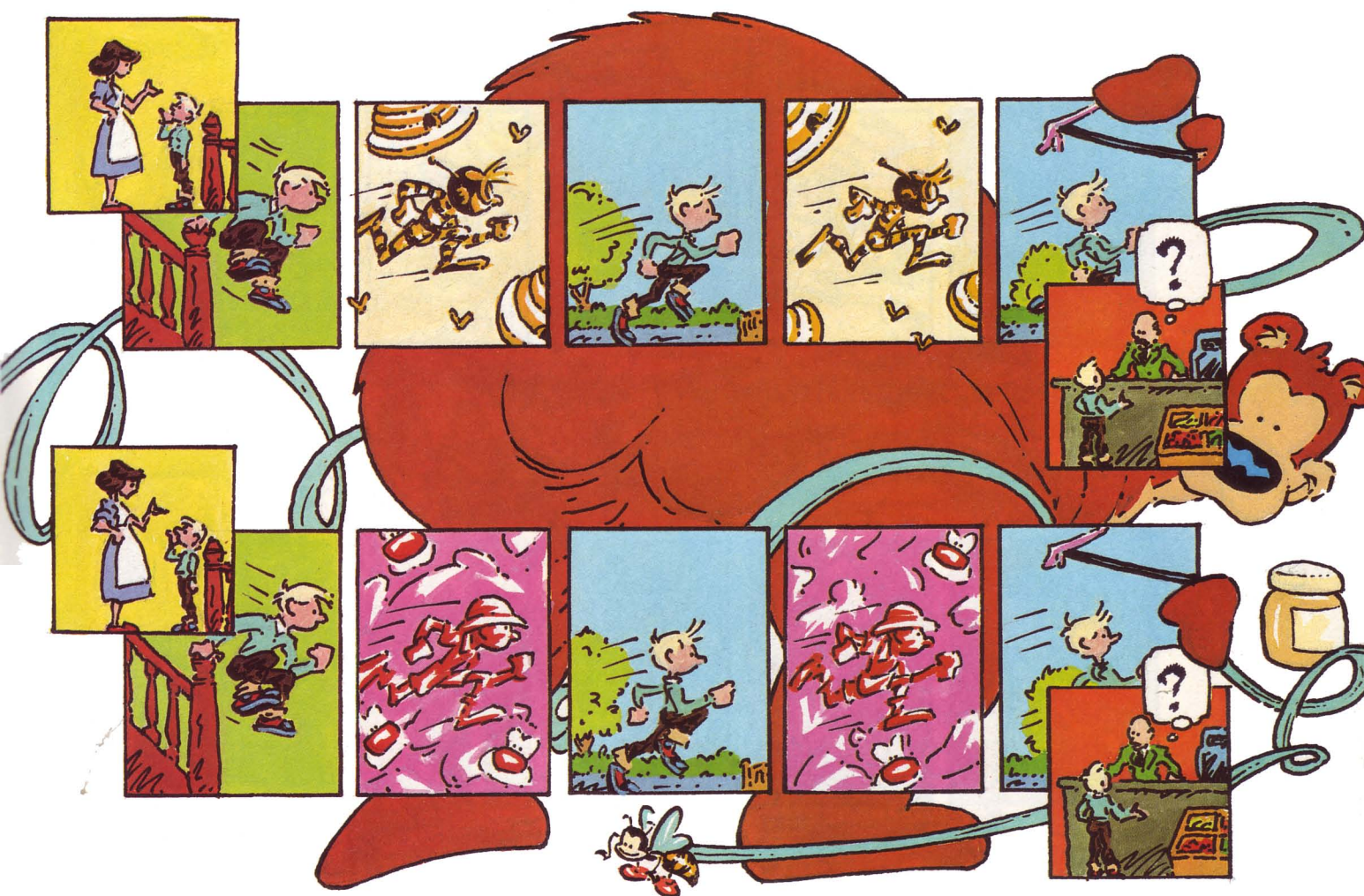
said his mother, "and buy a pot of honey."

So Simon ran down the stairs and down the stairs and along the street to the shop. On the way he sang to himself, "A pot of honey. A pot of honey. A lot of money. A lot of money."

When he got to the shop, he was in such a muddle! He asked the shopkeeper for a lot of money.

"Get along with you, Simon Rhymon,"





said the shopkeeper. "I can't give you a lot of money. We don't sell money here!"

So Simon went home along the street and up and up the stairs to find his mother at the top.

"The shopkeeper says he doesn't sell a lot of money," he told her.

"Oh Simon Rhymon!" said his mother, "I'd better go myself."

Now the next day, Simon's mother said, "Pop down to the shop and buy a slice of cheese."

So Simon ran down and down the stairs and along the street to the shop. On the way he sang to himself, "A slice of cheese. A slice of cheese. A hive of bees. A hive of bees."

When he reached the shop, he was in such a muddle! He asked the

shopkeeper for a hive of bees.

"Get along with you, Simon Rhymon," said the shopkeeper. "We don't sell bees here!"

So Simon ran home along the street and up and up the stairs to find his mother at the top.

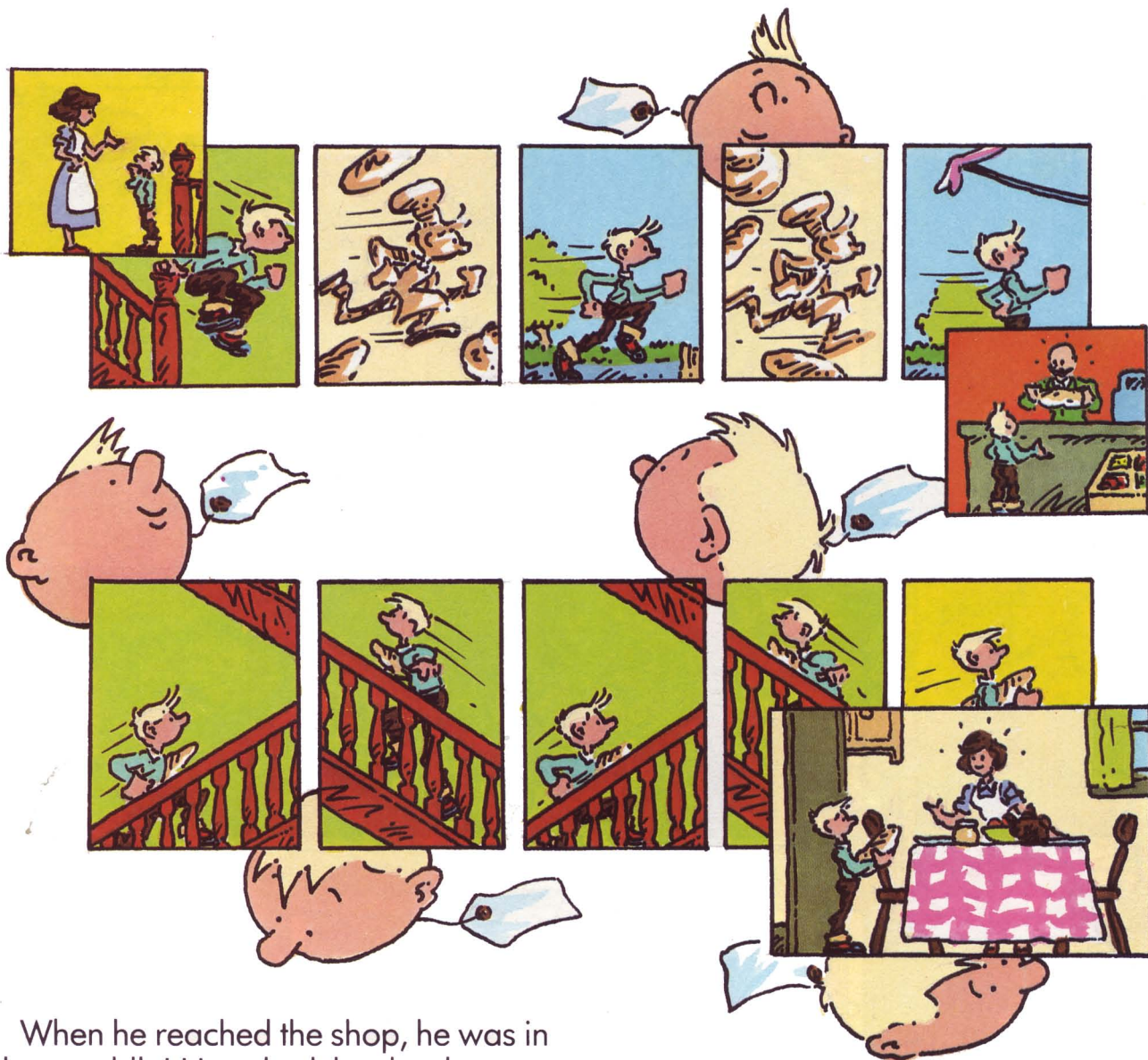
"The shopkeeper says he doesn't have a hive of bees," he told her.

"Oh Simon Rhymon," said his mother, "I'd better go myself."

Now the next day, Simon's mother said, "Pop down to the shop and buy a pound of pears."

So Simon ran down and down the stairs and along the street to the shop. On the way he sang to himself, "A pound of pears. A pound of pears. A mound of bears. A mound of bears."





When he reached the shop, he was in such a muddle! He asked the shopkeeper for a mound of bears.

"Get along with you, Simon Rhymon," said the shopkeeper. "We don't sell bears here!"

So Simon ran home along the street and up and up the stairs to find his mother at the top.

"The shopkeeper says he doesn't sell bears," he told her.

"Oh Simon Rhymon," said his mother, "you are a silly boy. Your head can't remember anything for two minutes. You'd better get yourself another head."

So Simon ran down and down the stairs and along the street to the shop.

On the way he sang to himself, "I'll buy myself another head. I'll buy myself a loaf of bread."

When he reached the shop, he was in such a muddle! He asked the shopkeeper for a loaf of bread.

"Certainly Simon," said the shopkeeper, and gave him a loaf of bread.

So Simon ran home along the street and up and up the stairs to find his mother at the top.

"The shopkeeper sold me a loaf of bread," he told her.

"Thank you, Simon," she said. "That's just what we needed for tea today. How ever did you guess?"



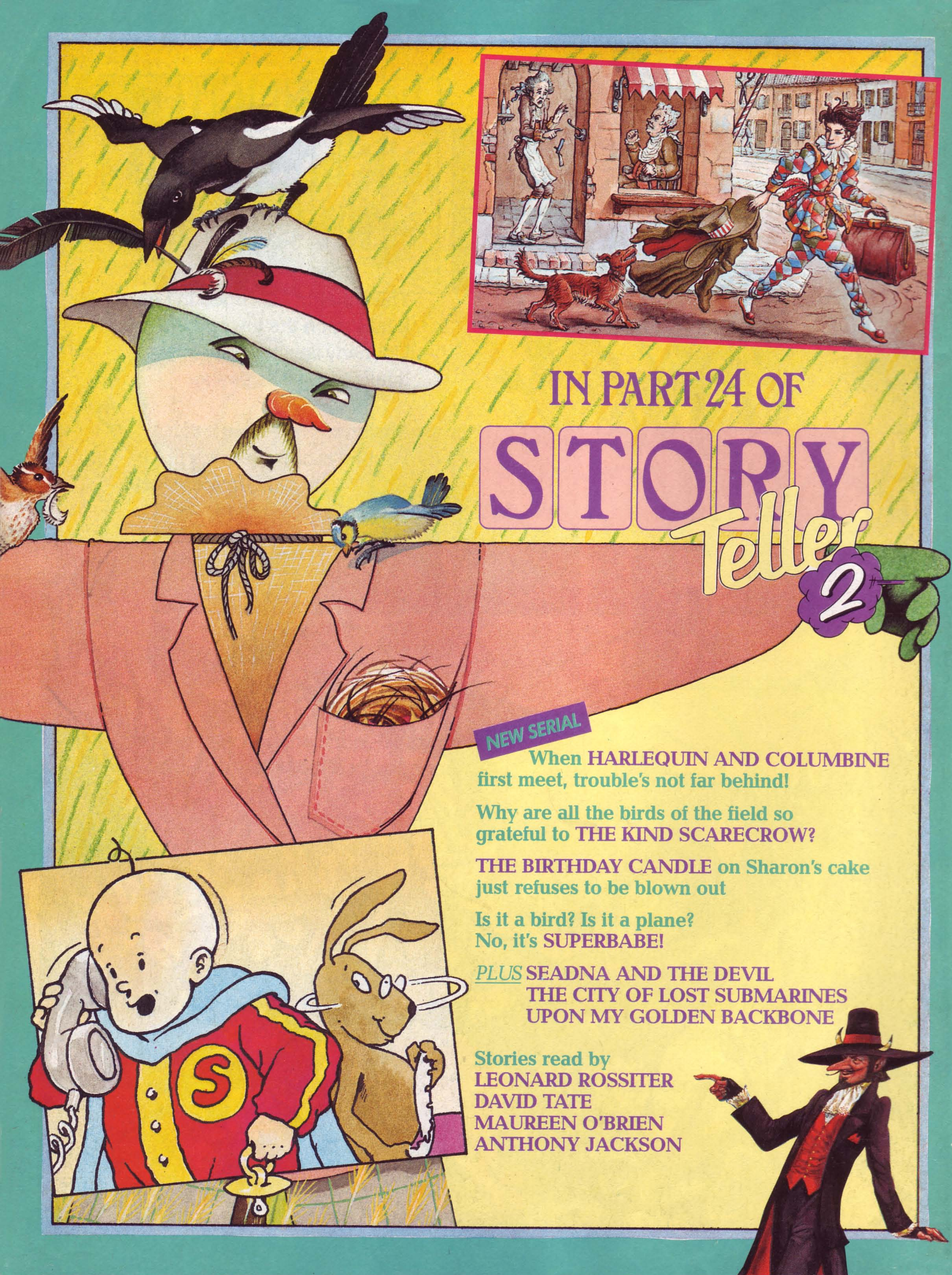


# The SUNLIGHT falls upon the GRASS

The sunlight falls upon the grass;  
It falls upon the tower;  
Upon my spectacles of brass  
It falls with all its power.

It falls on everything it can,  
For that is how it's made;  
And it would fall on me, except,  
That I am in the shade.





IN PART 24 OF  
**STORY**  
Teller **2**

**NEW SERIAL**

When **HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE** first meet, trouble's not far behind!

Why are all the birds of the field so grateful to **THE KIND SCARECROW**?

**THE BIRTHDAY CANDLE** on Sharon's cake just refuses to be blown out

Is it a bird? Is it a plane?  
No, it's **SUPERBABE!**

PLUS **SEADNA AND THE DEVIL**  
**THE CITY OF LOST SUBMARINES**  
**UPON MY GOLDEN BACKBONE**

Stories read by  
**LEONARD ROSSITER**  
**DAVID TATE**  
**MAUREEN O'BRIEN**  
**ANTHONY JACKSON**