



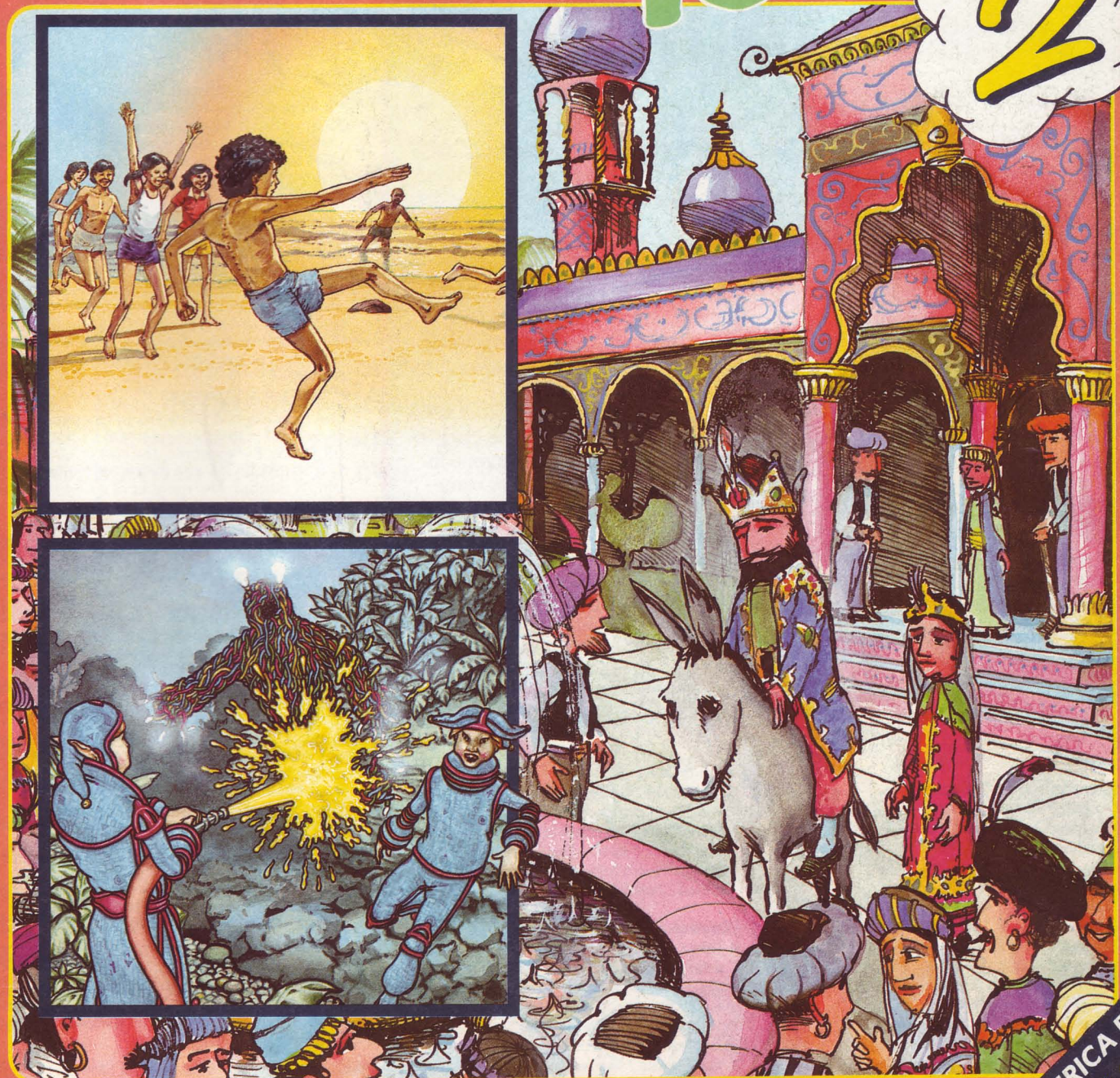
PART 25

STORY

Teller

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

2



A Marshall Cavendish Publication

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STORY Teller 2

CONTENTS PART 25

It Takes Time to Teach a King.....673

Susan Moxley is both author and illustrator of this story of a heroic Greek king who learns a lesson in humility when he finds himself in unfamiliar surroundings.

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Harlequin and Columbine.....678

In this second part of our tale of comedy and romance, Harlequin makes plans to outwit another of his rivals for Columbine's affections, the boastful Captain Spaventi.

Cabbage and the Foxes.....684

The adventure of a mischievous little puppy who strays too far beyond the garden fence to try and make friends.

The Donkey who Fetched the Sea.....687

Ian McLellan's charming tale of how a donkey wins immortality.

Give It To Zico!.....692

On the sunny beaches of Brazil a boy dreams of playing football for his favourite team. In this first episode Zico's friends try to make his dream come true.

The Electric Imps.....696

In the land of Nevermind the Electric Monster is frightening everyone for miles around. Can the Imps come to the rescue? Tony King illustrates his own exciting story.

If You Should Meet a Crocodile...inside cover

A cautionary poem about the creature with the ever-ready jaws.

THE TAPE

Recorded at The Barge Studios,
Little Venice, London:
Produced & Directed by **Joa Reinelt**
Engineered by **Jill Landskroner**

A Creative Radio Production

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It Takes Time to Teach a King: **Dermot Crowley**

Harlequin and Columbine: **Leonard Rossiter**

Cabbage and the Foxes: **Carole Boyd**

The Donkey who Fetched the Sea:

Dermot Crowley

Give It To Zico!: **Ian Lavender**

The Electric Imps: **Carole Boyd**

If You Should Meet a Crocodile: **Carole Boyd**

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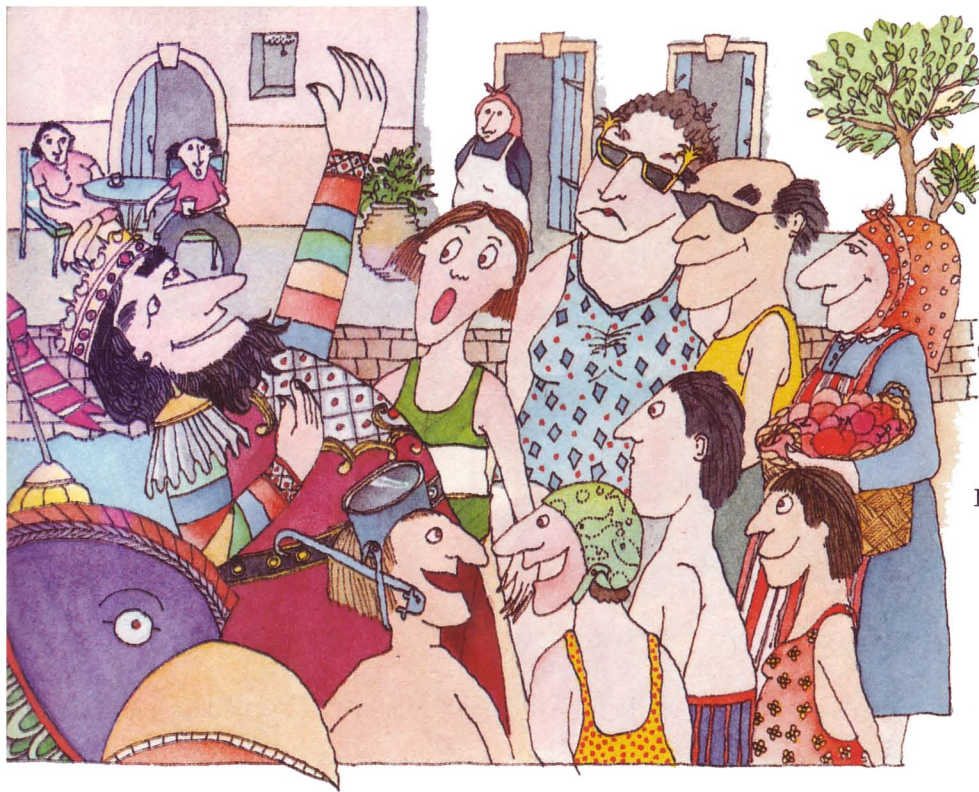
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greeted with laughter. People stared and chattered. "Who's that? What is he wearing?" Some saw that he was tired, and offered him water and fruit as they would to any stranger — but nobody curtsied to him or kissed his ring. They did not know that he was Odysseus, King of Ithaca, hero of the Trojan wars. At last, Odysseus realised that the gods had tricked him. They had pushed him out of his own time into the future, to a time and place where he

Summoning his most regal manner he bellowed, "The war is over and the Trojans are defeated!"

But the tourists just gaped at him through their sun-glasses in surprise.

"Have I been away so long that you do not remember me — Odysseus, King of Ithaca?"

"King?" said Katerina, a peasant girl who was selling her fruit on the beach. "There is no king in Greece, and the Trojan wars happened thousands of years ago."

"Thousands of years ago? Are you mocking me, girl?"

"No, no — but you are tired. Come," urged Katerina kindly, "come to my village and rest."

Odysseus and Katerina set off for the village. Odysseus was weary from the storm, but his heart grew lighter as he left the strange beach behind, for the countryside was just as he remembered it on Ithaca.

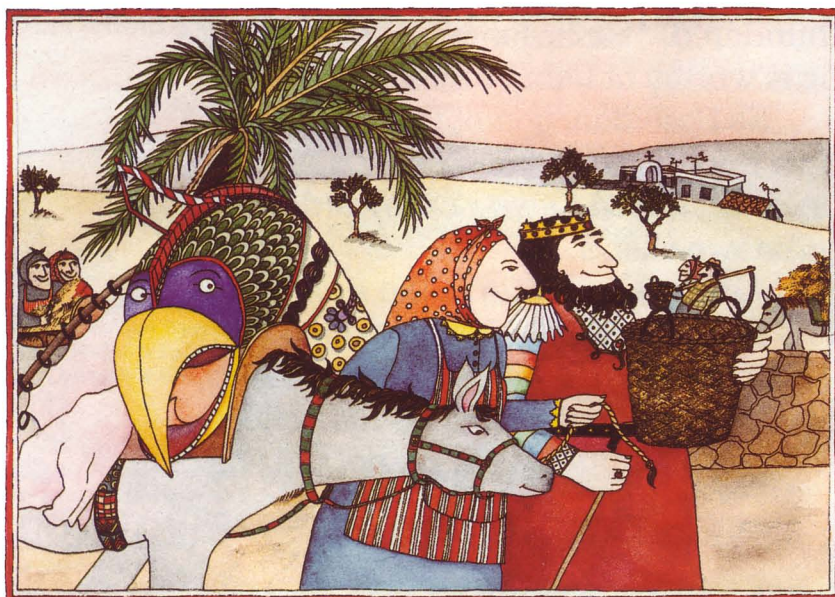
As they entered Katerina's village, Odysseus was again

was more a clown than a king.

But the kindly Katerina took Odysseus to her home, and after he had washed and rested, he sat down to a meal with her family. When he had eaten his fill, Katerina said, "Now please, tell us where you've come from."

So Odysseus began to tell them of his adventures, and what a tale it was! Villagers squeezed into the small kitchen and others peered in through the window.

"But my name is unknown to you,"

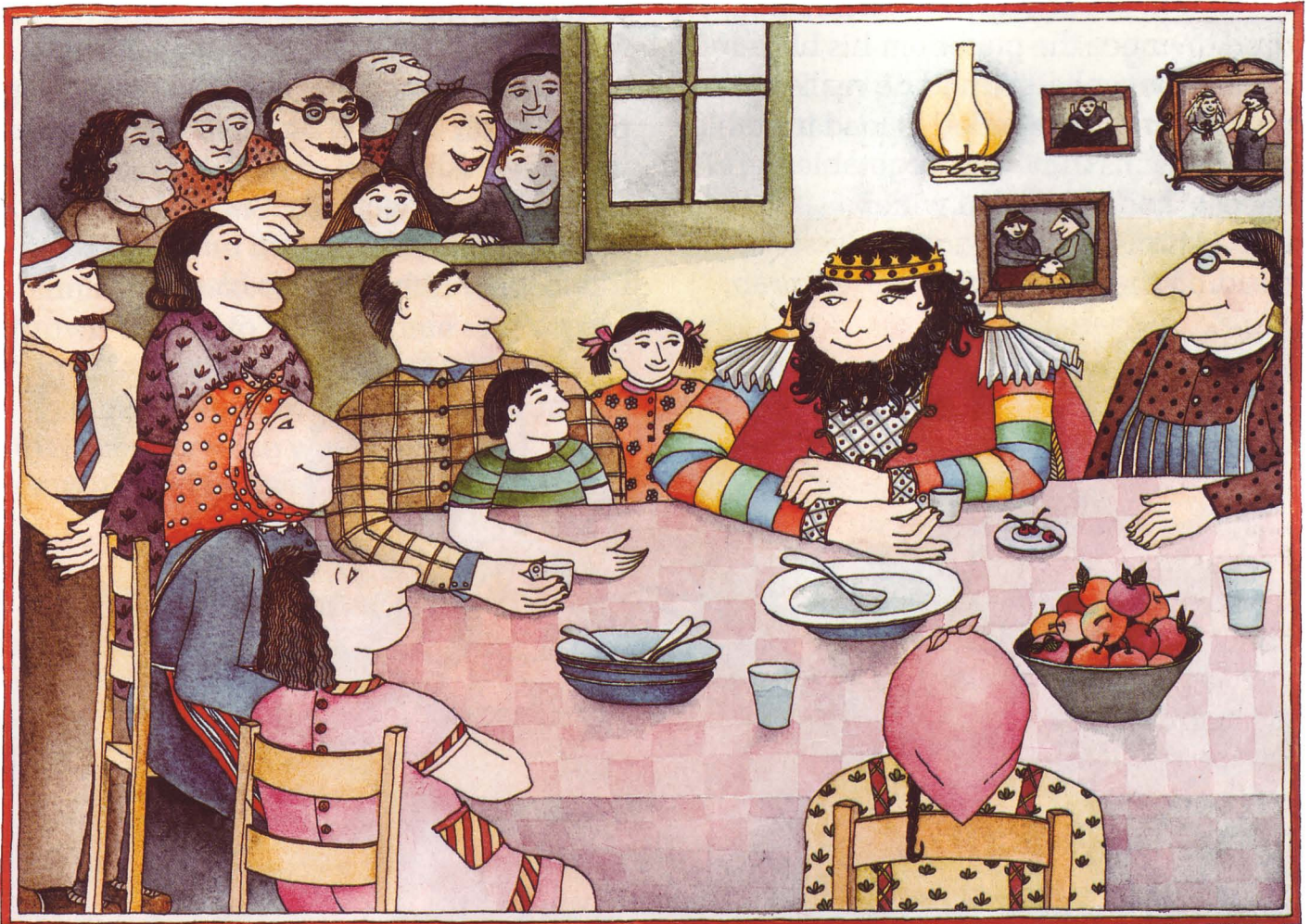




said Odysseus sadly as he finished his story. "And I thought I was a hero, to be remembered for all time. I wonder what I must do to make sure the name Odysseus is never forgotten?"

The next morning, Odysseus decided

he would get his boat repaired so that he could sail off to perform more heroic deeds. But the people of this strange land were far too busy in the fields to help the King of Ithaca. They expected the king to help *them*.



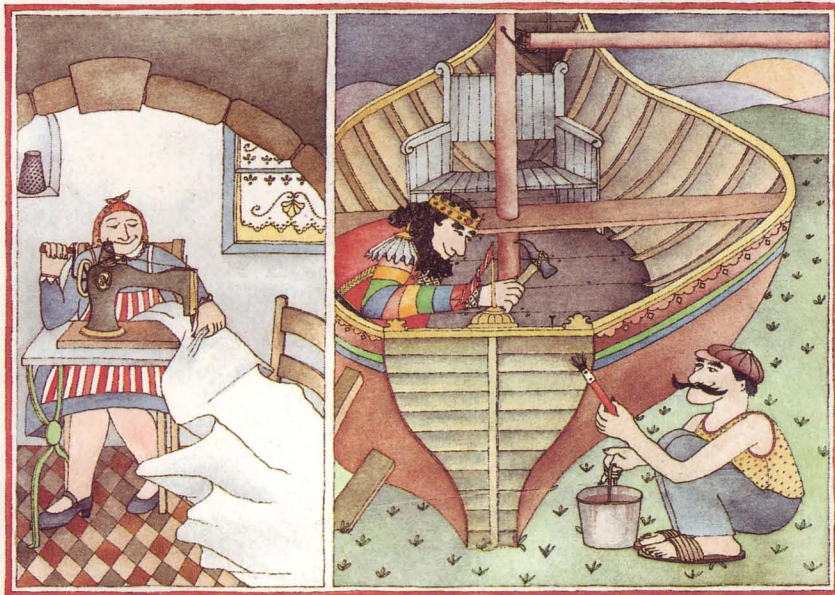
What a time he had had with the islanders! He had learned to work, but above all he had learned to respect the people. If he had been a hero in his way, so too were the islanders in theirs. Could this be a lesson from the gods?

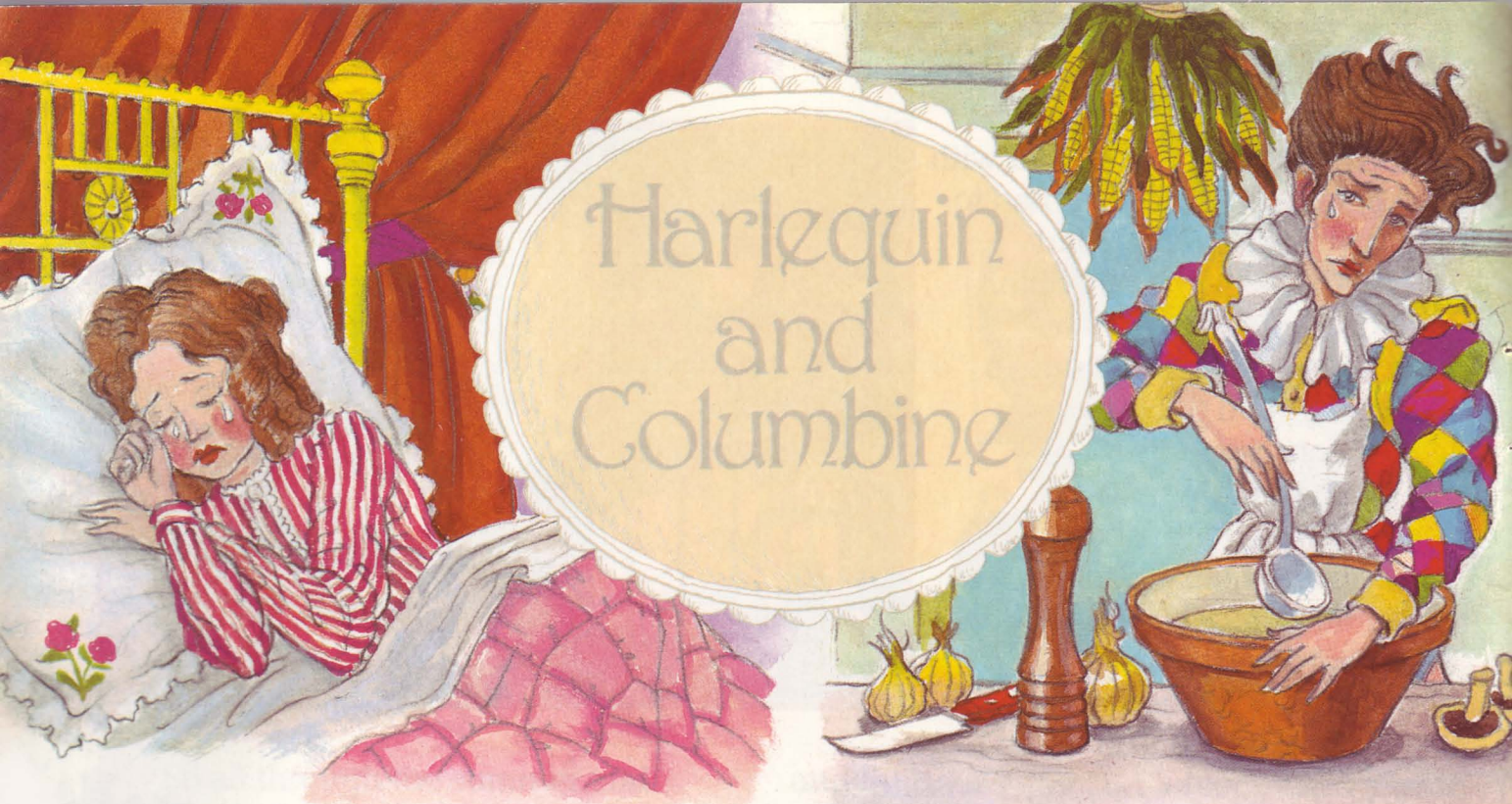
With the harvest over, Katerina and her husband were able to help Odysseus repair his boat. They painted and hammered all day long, and Katerina stitched the sails.

Odysseus yearned to see Ithaca again but he no longer wished to be treated like a god. Now he would rather be remembered as a king of wisdom than a king of pride.

When he was ready to leave, Odysseus knew that he must show the gods he had learned his lesson. As he stepped into the boat, he took off his crown and tossed it to Katerina. The gods looked down, and were pleased. Poseidon stirred the seas, tossing and spinning the waves. Odysseus was thrown back into his own time and set on course for home.

It had taken time to teach the King of Ithaca, but now he would truly be remembered for ever.





Harlequin and Columbine

Columbine wept and pleaded, but Pantalone was determined to marry her to Captain Spaventi.

"But, Father, I've never even seen him! How *can* I love a husband I've never seen? Harlequin says Spaventi waves his sword about in the street, and shouts at people all the time. And he's so old! I mean, he's

almost as old as you, Father!"

Old Pantalone stamped his foot and gave a roar of anger. "Not another word! You *will* marry Spaventi, and you'll marry him next week! Go to your room!"

Columbine ran sobbing to her room and threw herself down on the bed. Her crying could be heard clearly from the kitchen where Harlequin was cooking the dinner.

He was so unhappy for his beloved Columbine that his own tears dropped into the soup and made it salty.

That night he crept upstairs and whispered through Columbine's door, "Please don't cry any more, Columbine. I've been thinking. Captain Spaventi has never seen you, has he?"

"No. Never," sniffed Columbine, opening the door a crack. "He only wants to marry me because he knows Father is rich."

Then Harlequin laughed out loud, and Columbine wailed, "How can you, Harlequin? Fancy laughing at me when my heart's broken in pieces. I hate you. Go away."

But Harlequin somersaulted happily down the stairs. He had a plan!



The Captain was drinking — as usual — at his favourite canal-side inn. "Drinks for everyone!" he bawled. "When I'm married to Columbine, you can all come round and drink Pantalone's wine!"

The innkeeper coughed nervously. "Will you pay your bills, er, when you're married, sir? You do owe rather a lot."

Spaventi waved his sword threateningly. "All in good time! Who's this little ninny in the patchwork suit? And who said he could moor his gondola there?"

Harlequin crooked his finger at Captain

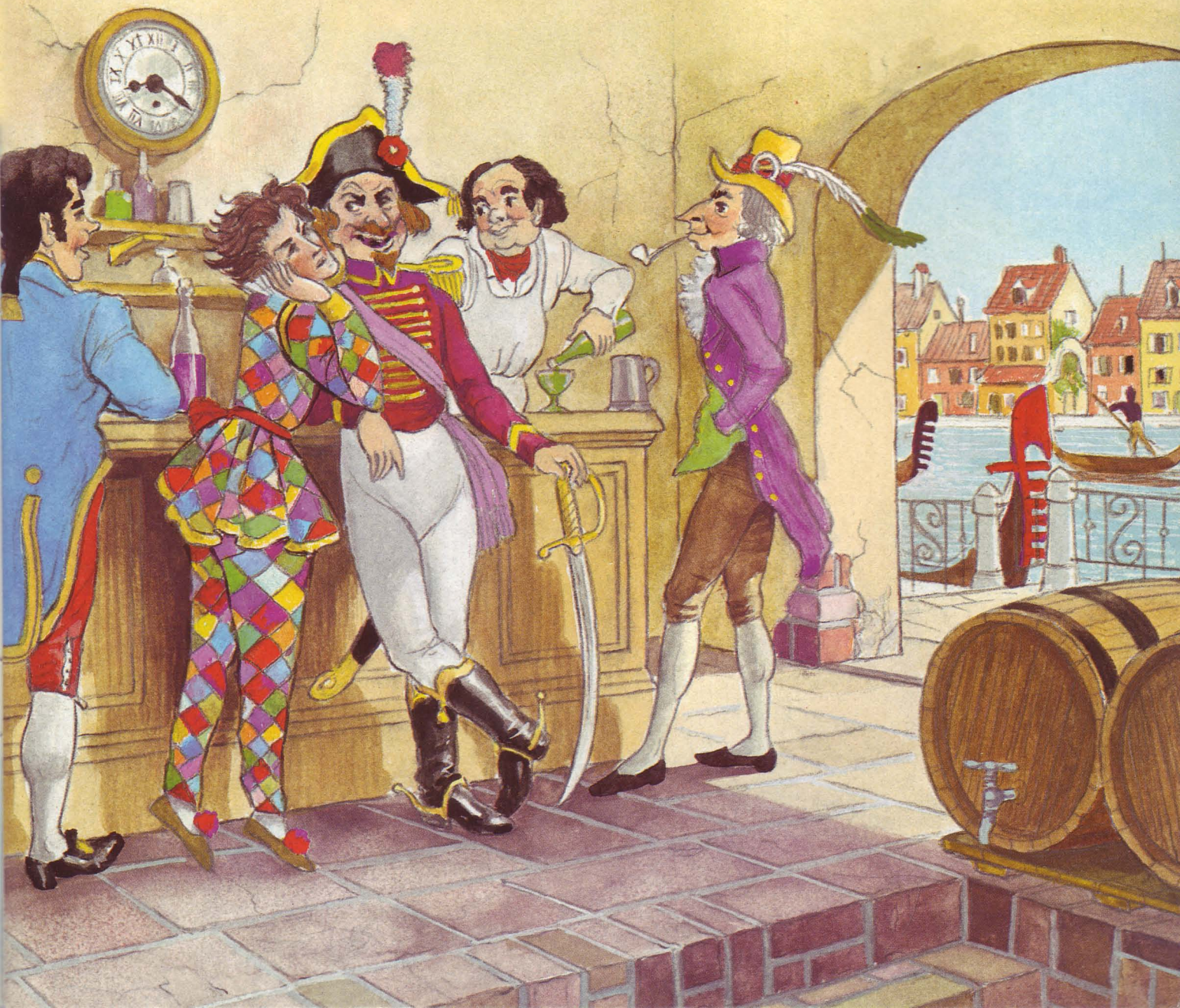
Spaventi. "Could I have a private word with you, your honour?"

"You? Talk to me? I've a good mind to throw you in the canal!"

Harlequin dodged out of reach. "Ah, but my mistress Columbine sent me with a message for you."

"Ah. Well why didn't you say so? Spit it out, lad!" Spaventi grinned, showing a row of black and broken teeth.

Harlequin stood on tip-toe to whisper, "She's heard about your good looks, signor, and she says would you come and visit her at her house?"





Spaventi whistled. "So she can't wait to see me, eh? Well, that's not surprising, not surprising at all. I'll come now! I'd like to see this famous beauty!"

"No!" Harlequin leaped aboard his gondola and pushed off. "Not tonight. Come at noon tomorrow when Pantalone is out. Goodnight, Captain!"

Next morning, Harlequin was kept busy fetching and carrying for Pantalone. He did not have a minute free to speak to Columbine. The moment Pantalone left the house, Harlequin raced upstairs and

hammered on her door. "Let me in, Columbine! Your fiancé will be here any moment and we have a lot to do!"

Columbine opened her door. Her face was white. "What do you mean, here any moment?"

"I invited him. Now take your dress off and fetch me your make-up box!"

Columbine was too surprised to argue. She slipped out of her satin gown and Harlequin stepped into it.

He stuffed a pillow down the front to make himself look fat. He pushed up the



sleeves so that his muscly arms showed. He tossed a ball of knitting wool into one of Columbine's hats and crammed it on his head, so that the wool spilled down round his ears. "Now, paint my face, Columbine. And make me really ugly. We'll give Captain Spaventi the fright of his life!"

Columbine clapped her hands in delight and began to daub Harlequin's face with rouge and lipstick. She was still busy when there were footsteps on the stairs. "He's here! Where can I hide?"

She tried to squeeze under the bed, but it was too low. She tried to hide in the cupboard, but it was too full of dresses. "Oh, Harlequin! He'll see me!"

Harlequin lifted his skirt. "Hide under my dress," he said.

Knock, knock, knock. "Columbine! O Columbine! I've come to visit you, pigeon! Your brave Captain is here to see you."

Harlequin threw open the door so that it crashed against the wall.





He grabbed Captain Spaventi's head and plonked a kiss on the top of it. "Oh, you're just as handsome as they say you are!"

Captain Spaventi stared and spluttered.

"Well, I . . . I do have to wear glasses mostly, but I wanted to look my best today."

"Your best?" snorted Captain Spaventi. "Yes, yes . . . but I . . . I can't promise always to look so pretty."

"Pretty?" gasped Captain Spaventi.

"I see you're admiring my hair," said Harlequin tugging at a strand of wool. "I'm afraid it's a wig. I'm rather bald, you see."

"Bald?"

Underneath Harlequin's skirt, Columbine was trying so hard not to laugh that she toppled over.

"What was that?" demanded Spaventi staring at Harlequin's skirt.

"Oh, that was just my wooden leg," he giggled. "It does tend to fall off, sometimes."

Columbine let out a shriek of laughter that made both men jump.

"Just my indigestion," said Harlequin quickly, "I'm a martyr to indigestion. Oh, are you going already? I wanted to talk about our wedding plans . . . Captain! Captain Spaventi!"

The Captain did not stop to open the door, but leaped straight out of the open window, shrieking, "No! No! I'd rather stay





a bachelor till I die! I won't, I won't, I won't!"

Columbine rolled from under the skirt. Her sides ached with laughing. She jumped to her feet and hugged Harlequin tight. "Oh, thank you, thank you, Harlequin. You were wonderful. And so brave! Why would you risk such a thing just for me?"

"Because I love you, Columbine, and I couldn't let Captain Spaventi marry you — because *I'm* going to marry you myself!"


"Oh no, you're not!" The bedroom door burst open, and there stood Pantalone. His clothes were all dusty and his hat was askew. "First Spaventi jumps out of the window on top of me and squashes me like a beetle. Then I find my daughter, in her underwear, hugging the servant. Take that, you rascal. And that and that and that!"

And Pantalone beat Harlequin all round the houses, across the piazza and right into the canal. "And don't come back!" he shouted. "I'll find myself another servant and I'll marry Columbine to the first man who'll have her!"

That night, Harlequin crept back to the house and sang sad love songs under Columbine's balcony. But the shutters at the window were closed tight and all the lights in the house were quenched.

[What will become of poor Harlequin and Columbine? Find out in Part 26]





Cabbage and the Foxes

Cabbage belonged to a little girl called Helen. She was as pretty a puppy as ever slept in a basket — and every bit as naughty!

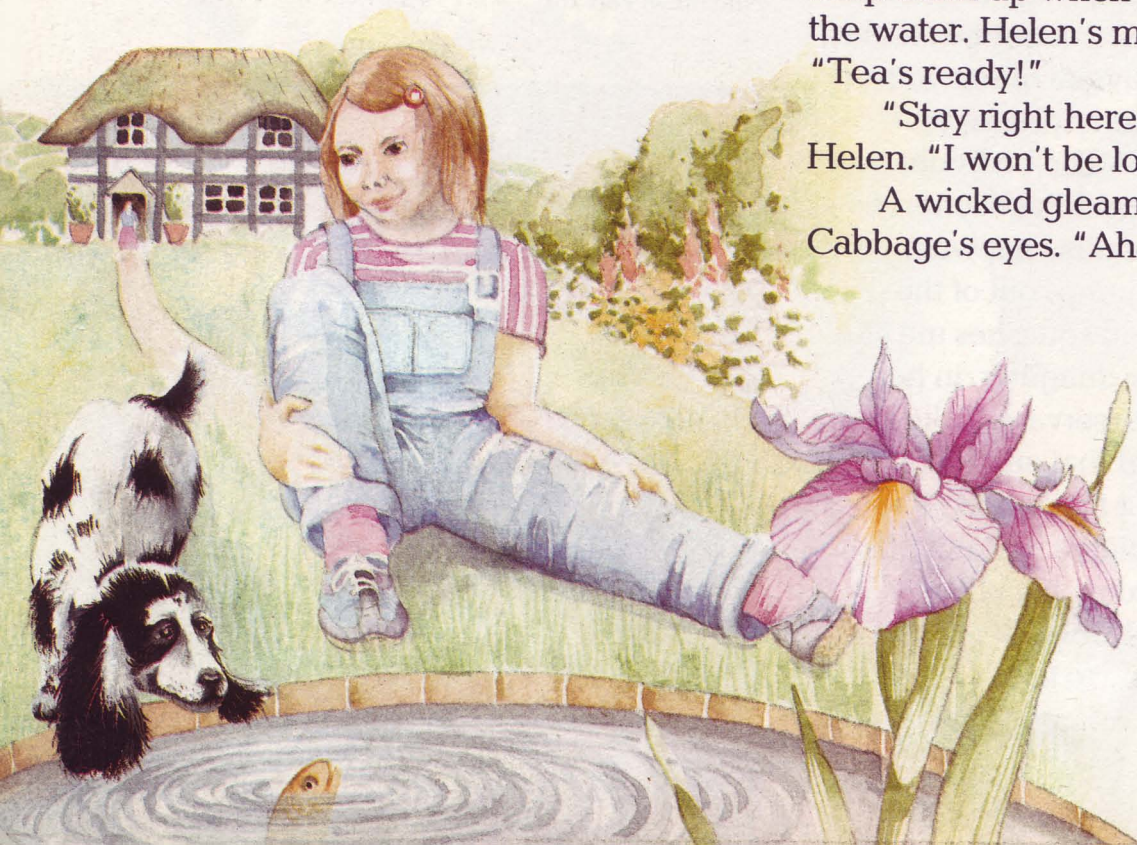
She chewed up the letters, she sat on the clean washing and she rolled in the flower beds. On her very first day in Helen's house, she stole a cabbage from the shopping basket and ran round the kitchen slapping it on the floor.

(That was why she was called Cabbage.)

One day Helen and Cabbage were playing by the garden pond. Cabbage was barking at the goldfish, trying to snap them up when they plopped out of the water. Helen's mother called, "Tea's ready!"

"Stay right here, Cabbage," said Helen. "I won't be long."

A wicked gleam came into Cabbage's eyes. "Aha! Here's my chance





to sniff round the dustbins without getting smacked!"

But on the other side of the fence, a mother fox was out with her three cubs. One of the cubs smelled the tempting smell of dustbins. He squeezed through a hole in the fence — and came face to face with Cabbage!

"You're a funny-looking fox," said the cub. "Your ears are upside-down."

"I'm not a fox, I'm a puppy."

"I've never heard of a puppy before. Are you . . .?" But the mother fox called, "Come back here, you bad cub!"

Off went the cub — and Cabbage followed — through the fence and on to the wooded wasteland beyond.

When Helen came out of the house, she called, "Cabbage! Come here Cabbage. Where are you? But Cabbage had gone.

The mother fox noticed the stranger among her cubs, but she was in too much of a hurry to drive

Cabbage away. Back home in the wood, she was happy for her to stay and play.

At first it was fun. The puppy and the cubs played hide-and-seek, and chased insects and frogs. And when they got filthy dirty nobody shouted.

But soon it got dark, and the air turned damp and chilly.

"What's for dinner?" asked Cabbage.

"Bones from a bin, insects and rabbits' ears," said her new friends.



The woods were not cosy like the kitchen in Helen's house. Twelve little paws pushed and trampled Cabbage as she tried to gulp her food down.

"Time you were going home," said the mother fox. Cabbage looked around at the shadows which were full of frightening noises.

"But I don't know my way home."

The mother fox understood. "You can stay with us tonight."

The fox family slept in a hole in the ground, all piled on top of one another. During the night rain seeped into the foxhole. "I don't like being a fox," thought Cabbage. "I wish I were a puppy, and in a basket again."



Next morning, Cabbage crept out of the hole. She trotted a little way off, then sat down and howled — and howled and howled!

Close by, Helen's voice called, "Cabbage! It's Cabbage!" Helen had been searching since daybreak.

When Cabbage saw Helen running towards her, she wagged her tail and barked happily. "Cabbage!" shouted Helen, cuddling her little dog. "Don't you ever run away again!"

And Cabbage thought, "I won't — at least not until foxes have more fun than puppies."



THE DONKEY WHO FETCHED THE SEA

In the middle of a distant desert stands a green oasis town. And though the sun beats down all year, there is a lake to the east and another to the west, and both always brim with cool water.

Once, long before the lakes were there, a small donkey called Chaki lived in the village. He was owned by a poor family who scratched a living from dry, dusty land. But though they had barely enough to eat, what they had they shared with Chaki.

Three times a day, Ali, the youngest son, strapped two buckets to Chaki's back and led him a mile to the well to fetch water. As they went, Ali would talk happily to

Chaki. Other children called out, "Hey, Ali! There you go, talking to that donkey again. Don't you know donkeys are stupid . . . stupid . . . *stupid*?" But Ali only stroked Chaki's ears and told him, "Don't listen to them."

Then one day, Ali only came twice with buckets for Chaki to carry to the well. And that night, Chaki's bowl of drinking water was half empty. Two days later, they made only one trip to the well.

"The well is drying up, you see," said Ali. "They say that in a few days there won't be a cupful left. It's the end for all of us — donkeys too, I'm afraid."





That night, Ali was so worried that he forgot to chain Chaki to the wall of the house. When the whole village had gone sadly to bed, the little donkey was still thinking, "I must do something." Then he remembered.

Once he had heard Ali speak of a thing called The Sea — made completely of water. "I'll go and find The Sea and bring it back here. It may be a bit heavy, but I'll manage."

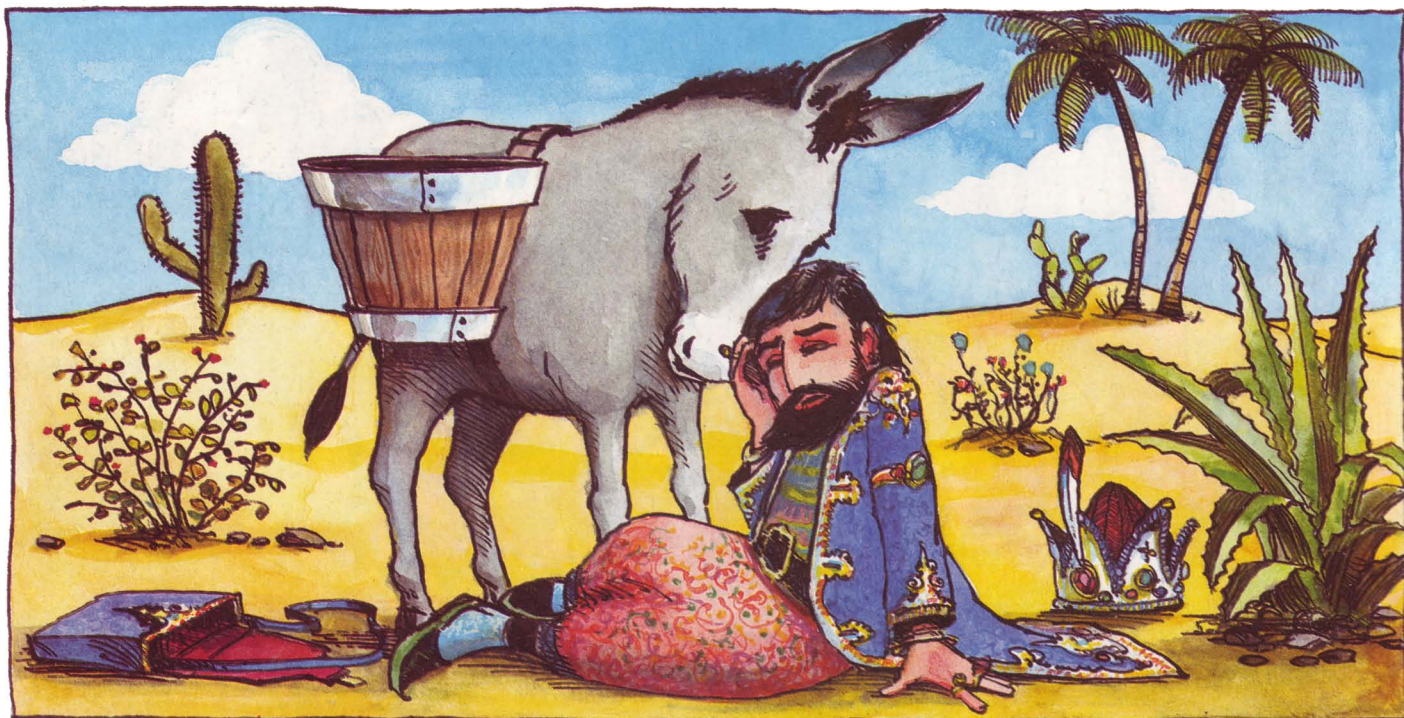
He started out at once. He was not sure which direction to take, but hour after hour he walked until, when he turned, he could see nothing of the village in the moonlit distance. "And still I haven't reached The

Sea," he thought with surprise.

Dawn came and he kept on walking. Then night again, then dawn, then darkness once more. He pressed on through the heat of the day, the cold of the night, without food or water. There was no strength left in him, but on he went, determined to reach The Sea and bring it back.

Days later he was battling on when there in front of him he saw a man slumped in the sand. He went up and nuzzled him gently. The man groaned. He was dressed in fine robes, and on his fingers were rings of gold.

"My friend!" he cried out, "help me to



my palace and you shall have anything in the world you want!"

Chaki's first thought was to hurry on — to find The Sea. He did not know if he had the strength to carry a man on his back.

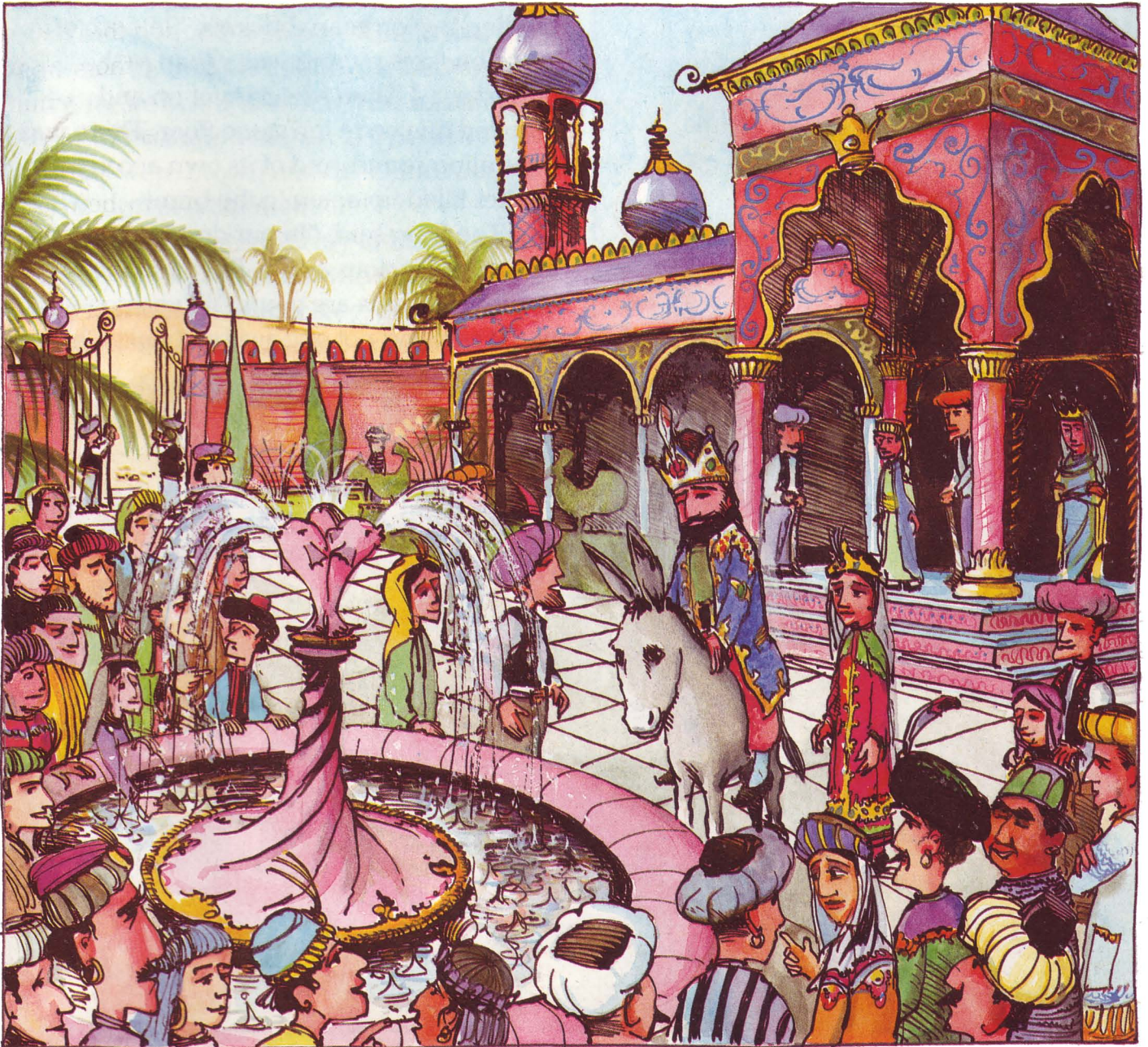
But he thought, "I can't leave him here. What would Ali say?" So he knelt down and the wounded man was able to clamber on to his back. With his new load, Chaki stumbled on.

As they went, the rider began to recover and talk to Chaki. "I may seem weak and helpless to you, but in my city I am a King of great power. I was attacked by bandits and

left for dead. But you found me, friend, you rescued me, didn't you? I won't forget it. You'll have your reward, I promise."

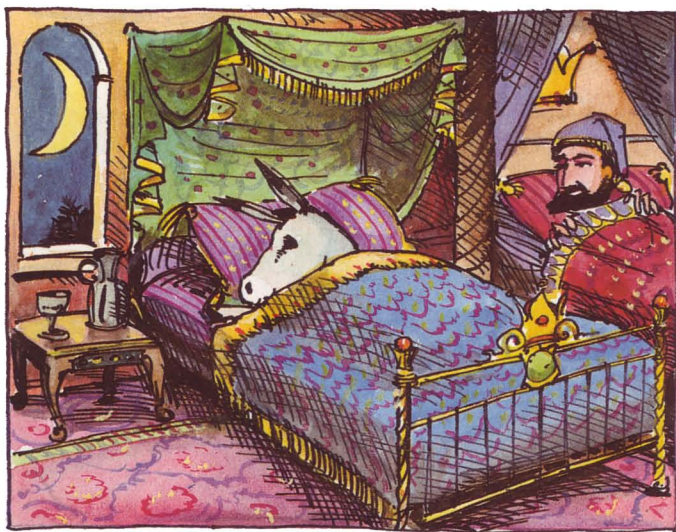
Somehow, without water, without food, the two pressed on until far away they glimpsed the faint outline of a city. "Keftalia! My home!" cried the rider.

The people of the city were astonished, and ran to see their King come in through the gate, slumped on the back of a tiny donkey. But he would not stop to speak to anyone. He rode right up to the palace doors. Only then did both Chaki and the King stop to drink at a fountain.



The King's wife greeted him with tears of joy, and doctors fussed about him, but he drove them away. "Send food and drink to my chambers — enough for a man and a donkey. And next to my bed set up another with the finest silk sheets for my friend here.

A murmur of astonishment swept through the palace, but that evening Chaki was tucked up in a royal bed with perfumed silk sheets drawn up to his nose. "Good night, old friend," called the King, as the candles were blown out.



Next day, Chaki was given a white saddlecloth with the royal insignia embroidered on four corners.

Then the King led Chaki to a secret place at the back of the palace — down a flight of stone steps, until they reached a dimly lit chamber. "This is where my magician, Melcior, lives. Melcior knows everything. He tells me that you are seeking the sea, to carry back to your village in the desert."

In front of them stood a tall, thin man in a deep green robe. His grey eyes shone strangely. He went to a dark corner of the room and a few minutes later reappeared holding two ordinary buckets. "In each of these buckets is more water than in the largest sea." Then Melcior got up and emptied one on to the stone floor. There was a gurgling sound, and of its own accord, the bucket filled up again to the brim!

The King said, "In our dry desert, this is almost as precious as life. But you saved my life. The buckets are yours. You can go home carrying not one sea but two!" Chaki





went up to the King and they rubbed noses to say thank you to each other.

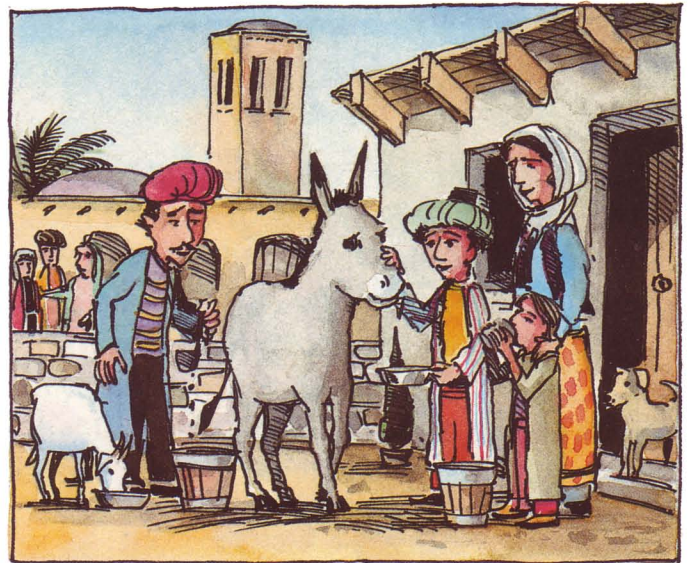
The way back was easy. Chaki had all the water he could drink. But he had to hurry, for he knew that time was running out for the village. When at last he saw it, the trees were brown and dead and there was no sign of movement.

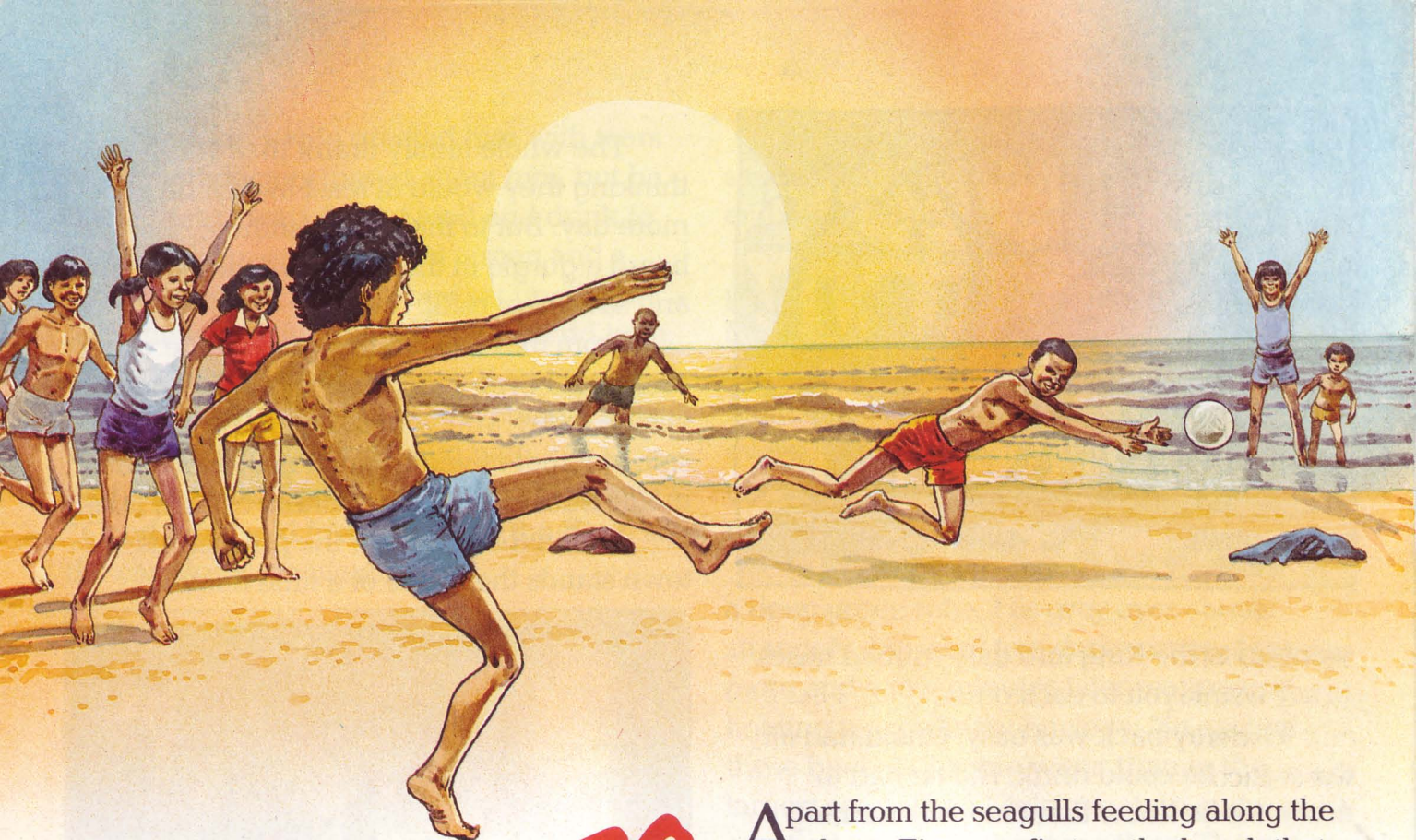
He clip-clopped quickly to his old house and brayed loudly outside the door. He heard a dry shout from inside, and Ali appeared, his lips white and cracked. "Chaki! You've brought us water."

The whole family drank their fill — thinking they would at least live for one more day. But to their astonishment, they heard a gurgle in the bottom of the buckets and saw them refill.

From that day on, they had all the water they could ever need. And if you visit the village today, you will find lakes on either side of it that never dry up. People say that a magic bucket lies at the bottom of each lake.

And in the square of the prosperous town stands the statue of a little donkey.





GIVE IT TO ZICO!

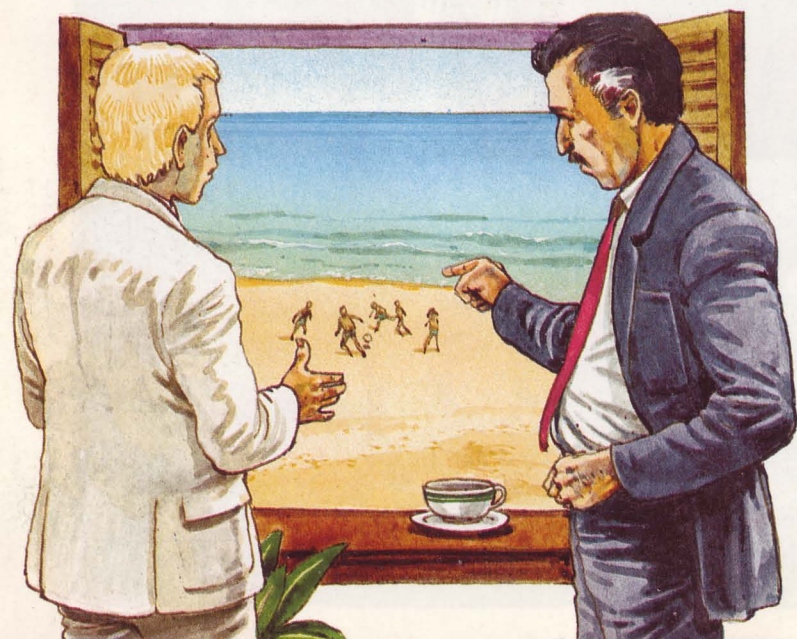
A part from the seagulls feeding along the shore, Zico was first on the beach that morning. The sun was still so low that it looked like a big football floating on the sea. Zico was always first to arrive, but he could not start playing until Donelia and Frederico arrived with the ball.

They used their shirts for goalposts, and Donelia and Frederico both played against Zico, because he was so good. As the day got warmer, more and more children arrived on the beach and joined in.

Some rich boys came down from the hotel at the back of the beach and wanted to join the game. "Boots off! Boots off!" cried Donelia pointing at their expensive, studded boots. "No-one here wears boots!" So the boys joined in barefoot, and all the time cries split the air. "Zico! Zico!" "Give it to Zico!" "Shoot, Zico!" "Goal!"

Up at one of the hotel windows, two men stood watching the game below. "Look how fast he is! Look how he controls the ball," said one.

"Do you want me to go down and speak to him, boss?" said the other.



"Yes. Do that."

Zico saw a man beckon him from the steps of the hotel. "Have you ever heard of Santos, boy?"

"Santos, sir? Everyone in Brazil's heard of Santos. They're the greatest football team in the world."

"Well, the Santos scout has been watching you. Why not come along for a trial on Friday? We might be able to make a real footballer of you. What's your name?"

"Er, Zico, sir."

"Well, Zico, you'd better get yourself a pair of boots by Friday, hadn't you?"

Zico could not believe his luck. Donelia and Frederico ran up. "What did the man want, Zico?"

"I've got a trial with Santos," whispered Zico. Then a shadow fell over his face. "But he told me to wear boots. I haven't got any. Oh Donelia! Frederico! What'll I do?"

"Don't worry," said Frederico, "I'll buy you some. You can pay me back when you're a star."



Zico hugged his friend, and they ran down the beach whooping with joy, and dived into the blue and white breakers.

Later, Donelia whispered to Frederico, "You can't afford to buy him a pair of boots! Do you know how much they cost?"

"Let me worry about that. Just so long as Zico plays in the trials."



On Friday, Donelia and Frederico went with Zico to the huge white stadium on the hill. Lots of other young footballers had been invited there for the trials. But among the crowds, Zico glimpsed the faces of his greatest heroes — the Santos first team!

He was so excited that his heart bounced inside him like a football. Not until the last moment did he remember what the scout had said. "Hey! Frederico! Did you manage to get the boots?"

Frederico handed him the most magnificent boots, striped black and yellow, with studs of gleaming white. Zico was too grateful to speak. He laced up the boots and stood gazing down at them on the sidelines of the velvety, green pitch. A steward pinned a number to his vest.

"With those boots on, he can't fail!" whispered Frederico with a nervous giggle.



"Why? Where did you get them?" hissed Donelia anxiously.

"From one of the lockers in the changing rooms. They belong to one of the first team!" Frederico laughed with a mixture of triumph and fright. He had never stolen anything before. But he did so want his friend to be chosen to play for Santos! "After the trial I'll tell Zico, and we'll put them back."

A voice came over the loud-speaker: "Zico Hernandez!" And Zico ran out. But it was strange playing in boots. Zico was used to the sand under his feet.

A boy in dazzling white boots passed him the ball. But as Zico set off to run, his feet felt like lead. He reached the ball, but skied it over the touchline into the empty seats. "You're rubbish," said the boy with white boots.

Zico's legs grew so tired as he clumped



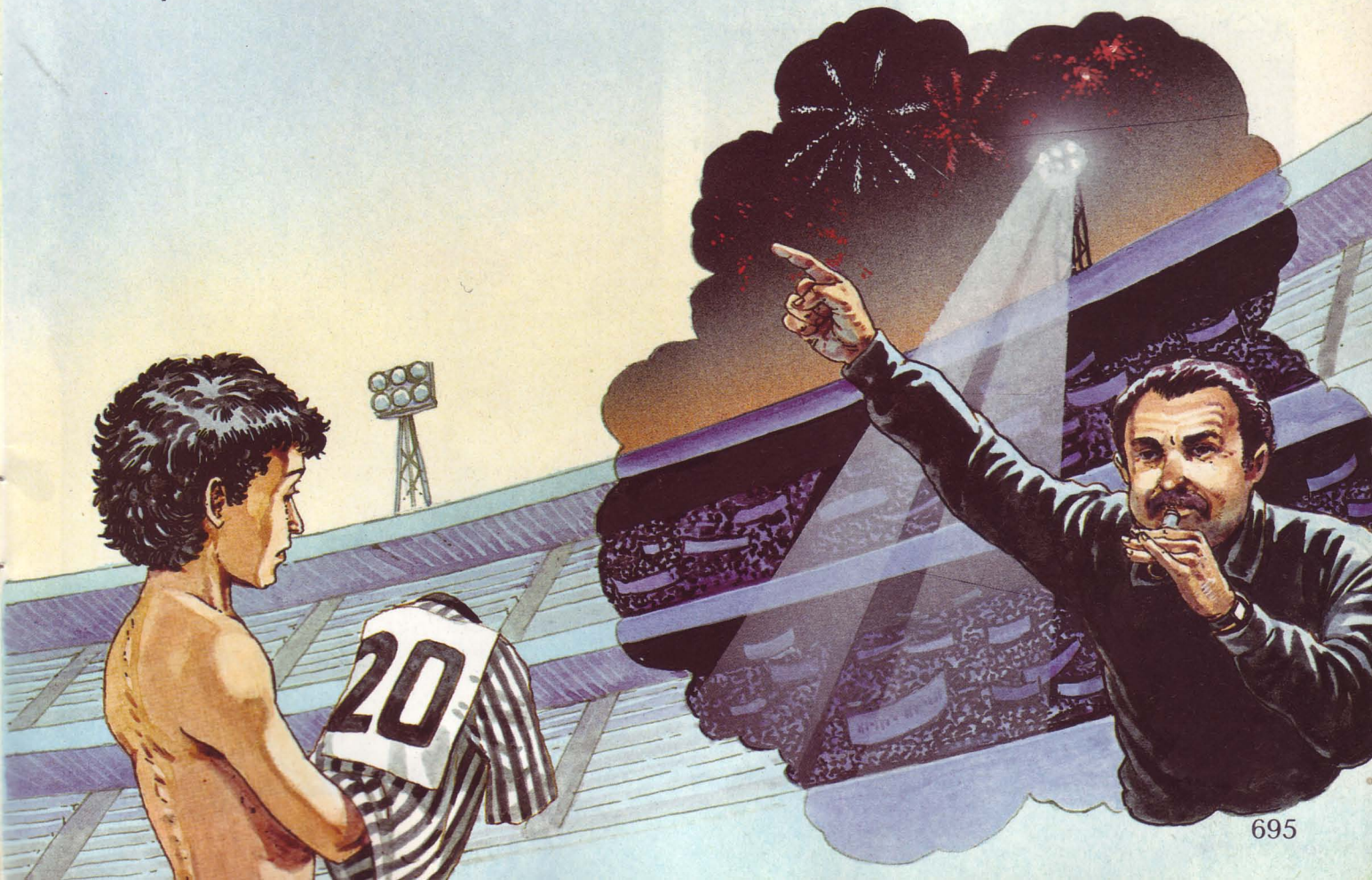
round the field that he only had one more chance with the ball. Then he tried to spin round and shoot, but it was not like playing in bare feet. The studs gripped the ground, and Zico only fell over and twisted his knee. Some of the other boys were laughing. "Whoever offered you a trial?" said one.

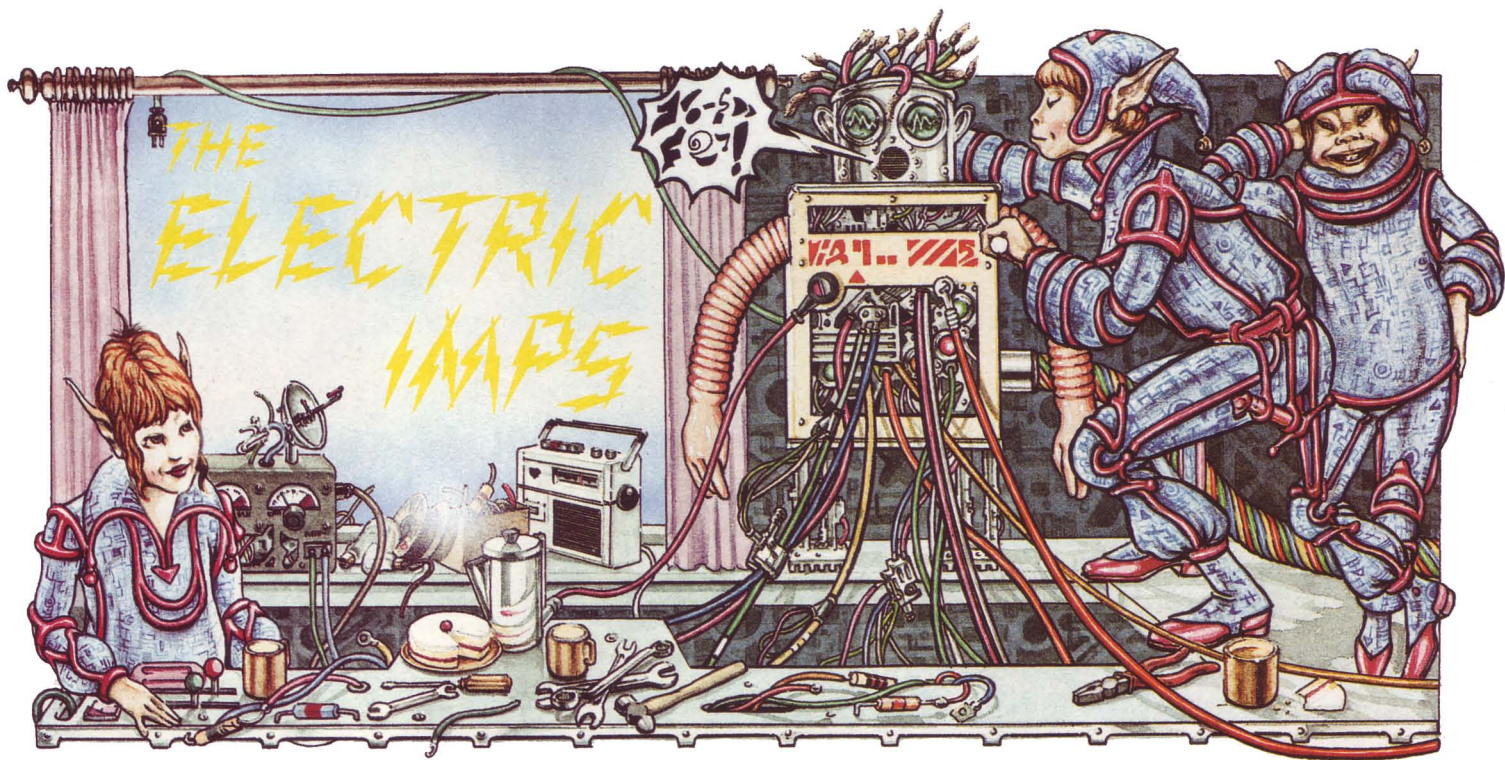
The whistle blew. "Take a break!" called the coach. "Numbers 48, 32, 12 and 20 can go home. We don't need you."

Zico took off his shirt and looked at the number on it. It was 20. He had failed.

He looked round him at the white concrete stands gleaming in the sun. Only once in his life had he ever had a ticket to watch Santos play here. He remembered every minute of it — the flags waving, the whistle blowing, the huge roar as Santos scored. "I can't let all this go," he thought, blinking back his tears. "I can't. I can't."

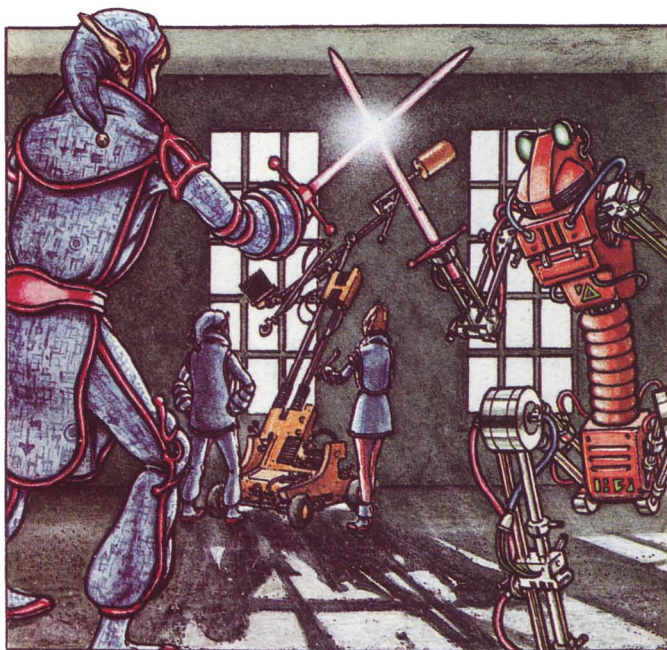
[Will Zico get another chance to prove himself? Find out in Part 26]





Far away in the forgotten city of Nevermind lived the Electric Imps, Flash, Glimmer and Glint. They had been chased off their own planet by the Electric Monster and had by chance landed in Nevermind. "You may stay here as long as you wish," said the Mayor

graciously. The Imps were so grateful that they decided to help the people of Nevermind. They put their wonder robot Computatrix to work, making electricity night and day, while they invented lots of clever electrical gadgets to make life easy.



Suddenly, there was a violent crash, a blinding blue flash, and a hideous creature burst into the room.

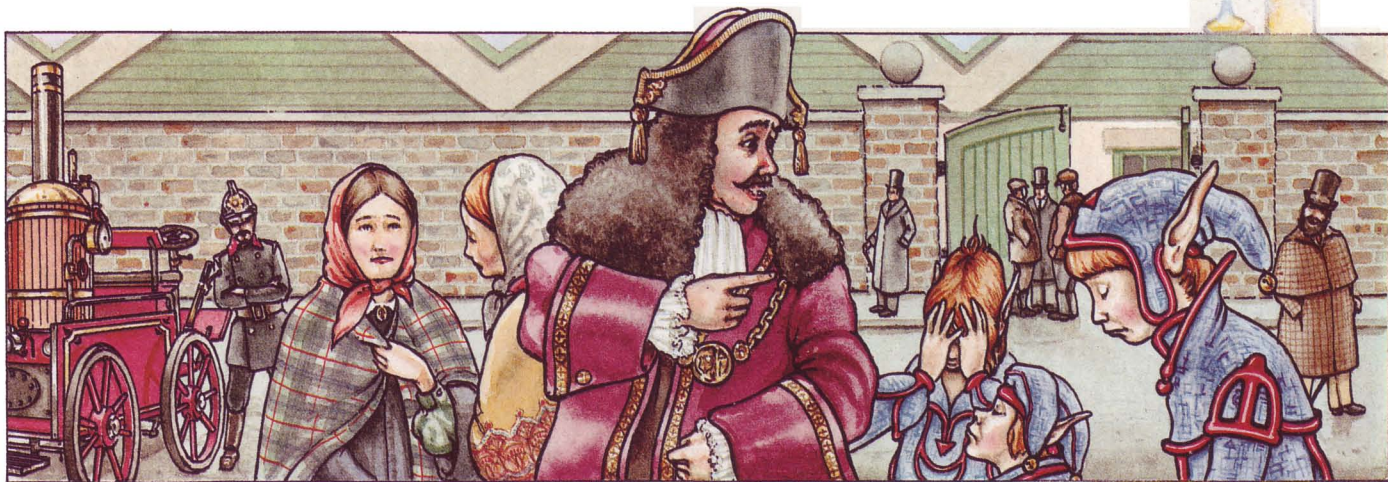


One afternoon, Computatrix was humming away peacefully while Flash practised using his electric sword. Glimmer and Glint were busy with their latest invention — an electrically-powered window-cleaning device.

Glimmer and Glint were paralysed with fear. And Flash could not use his electric sword. It was their old enemy, the Electric Monster! In seconds its tendrils had snaked around Computatrix, yanked out his wires and dragged him off, short-circuiting with fright.



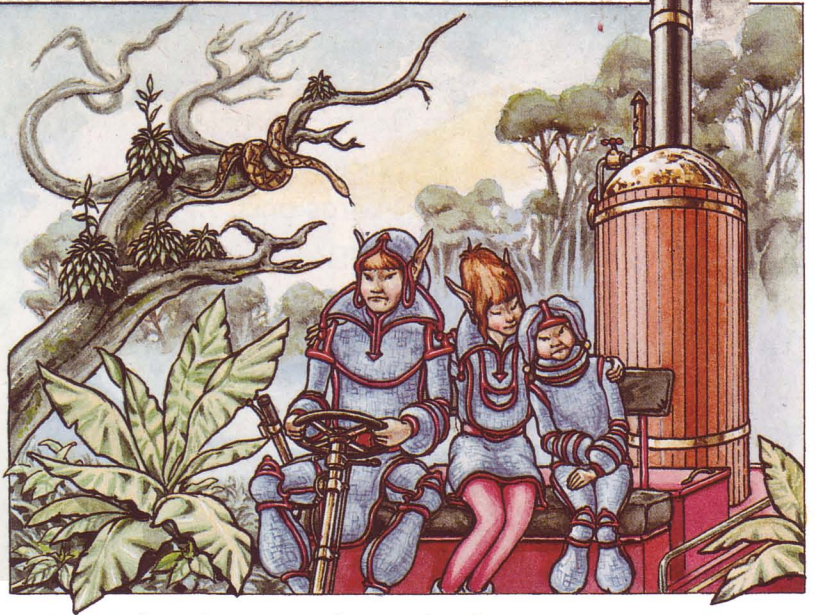
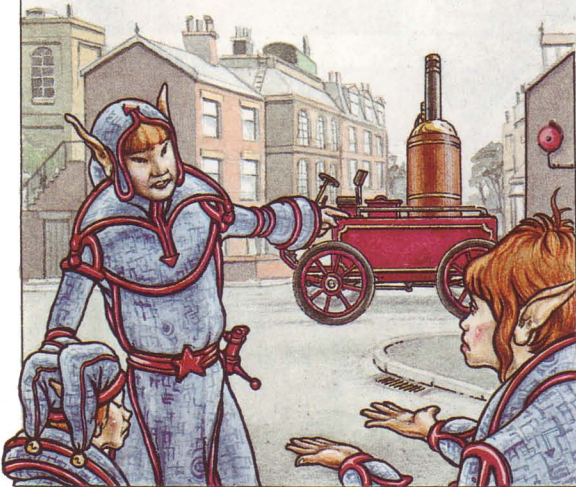
At once all electricity was cut off throughout the whole city. Bunbury the baker's oven went cold. Clamp the carpenter could not use his drill. And Gammon the grocer gasped in dismay as gallons of melting butter oozed out of his fridge.



Everyone rushed round to Electric House. The Mayor spoke very sternly to the Imps. "You must find Computatrix. We can't live in Nevermind without electricity."

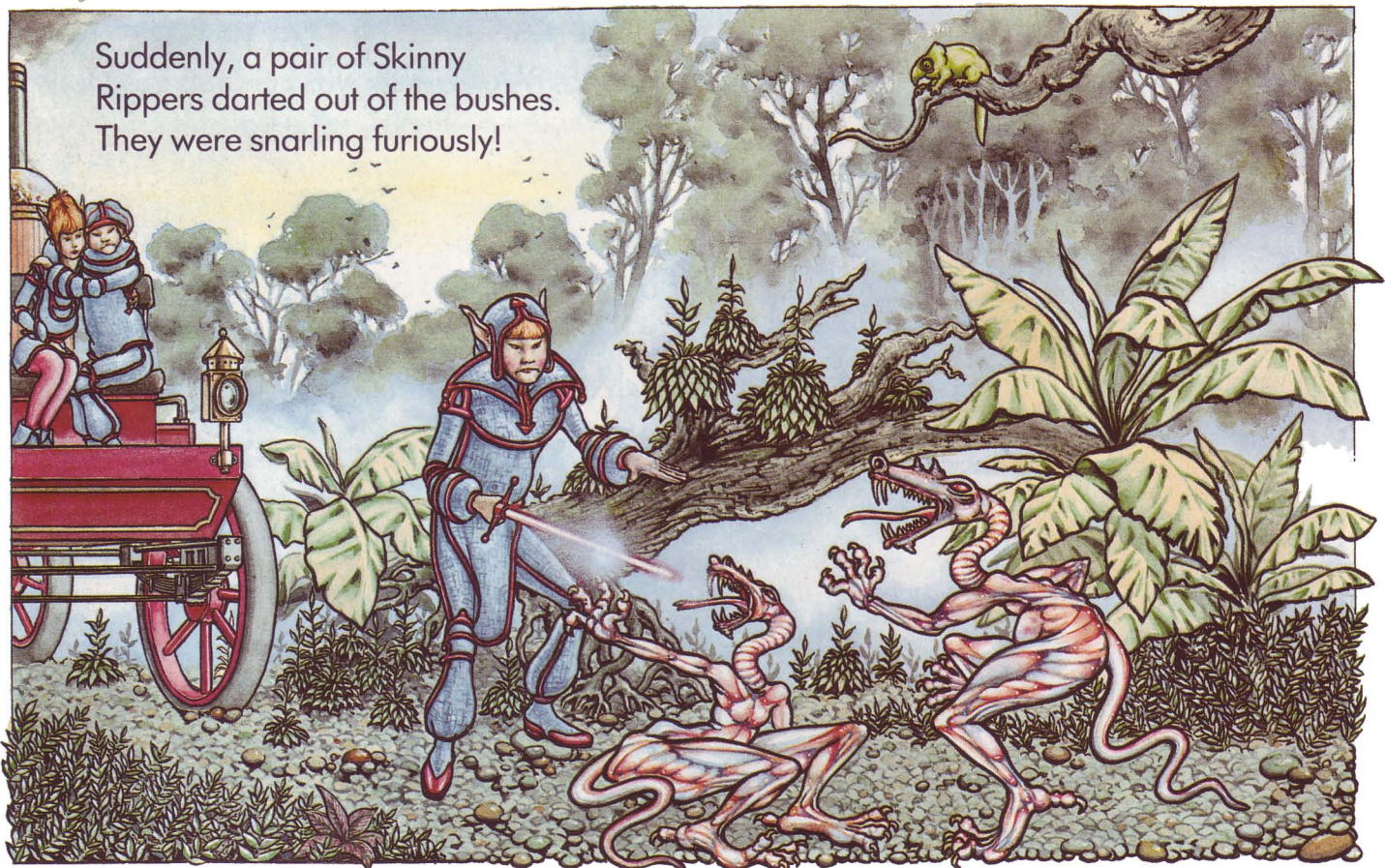
"And try to stop that Electric Monster from bothering us any more. It's the first thing we have ever minded about and we really don't want it to happen again."

"But the Electric Monster is so powerful," sobbed Glimmer. "He'll swallow us all up," wailed Glint. "Stop it, you two," snapped Flash. "Now let me think. Hmm, yes — we'll need a fire engine and Gammon the grocer's melted butter . . ."



Next day the Imps drove the fire engine into the gloomy forest that lay beyond the city. Wild beasts howled all around them. "Nothing to be afraid of," said Flash gruffly as his friends huddled together, trying very hard to look brave.

Suddenly, a pair of Skinny Rippers darted out of the bushes. They were snarling furiously!



Flash drew his sword and flew at the beasts, whirling and slashing, until he was dizzy.

After a long struggle the beasts were driven back, howling and spitting with rage . . .

At last, on the edge of the forest, they reached a deep ditch. On the other side was a cave, lit up by an eerie glow. Glimmer felt sick with fright. "That must be the Monster's lair," hissed Flash. "No need to panic. Off you go Glint, you know what to do." Glimmer helped Flash to uncoil the great fire hoses, her knees knocking together. Glint made two rushes at the ditch, jumped it at the third attempt and landed right outside the Monster's lair. He cleared his throat nervously and yelled, "Yah! Boo! Silly old Electric Monster! Stupid battery-powered nitwit!"



With a shriek of fury, the Monster burst from its lair, and rushed after Glint who took off like the wind.



He cleared the ditch with a great leap as Flash cried, "Turn on the hoes!" There was a mighty *whoosh!* and a fat jet of melted butter

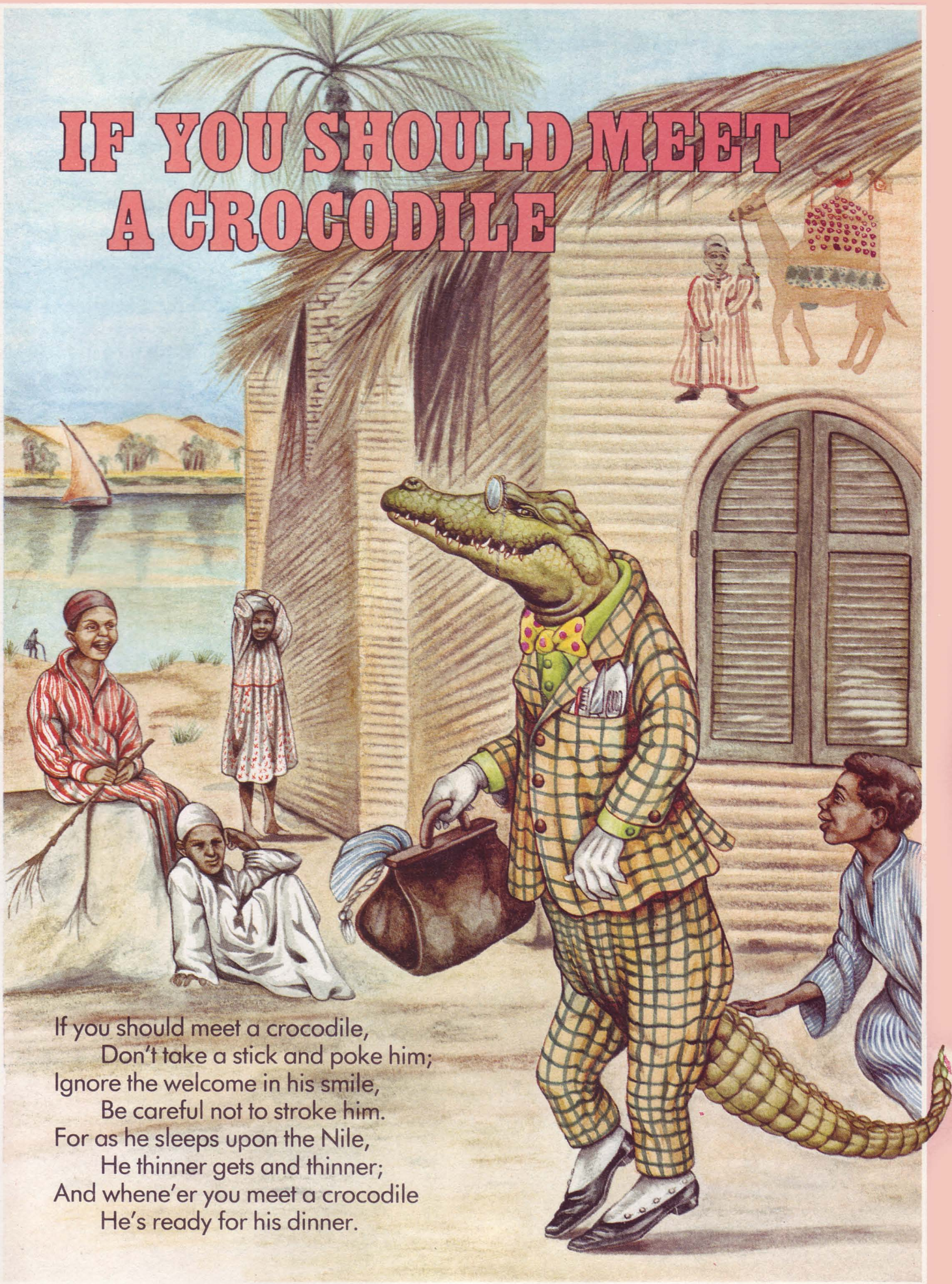
shot out and slurped against the creature's legs. Squealing, it slithered into the ditch and lay there, quite helpless.



Triumphantly, the Imps led Computatrix out of the Monster's lair. Then they heard a strange sound from the ditch. The creature was weeping! "Boo, hoo, hoo! Now I'll be all alone." The beast looked so sad and so messy that the Imps felt quite sorry for it. "You really shouldn't have taken our robot, you know," said Flash. "I know," it sobbed, "but I was so lonely. Everyone is scared of Electric Monsters — I only wanted Computatrix for company."

"Ah," sighed Glimmer, with tears in his eyes. "Look," said Glimmer, after some thought, "you make electricity and so do we. Why don't you come back to Nevermind with us? Then you and Computatrix can be together." The Monster was so delighted all its wires hummed. Now it would never be lonely again. And the Imps were happy too — of course. With the Electric Monster to help Computatrix there was much less work for everyone to do!

IF YOU SHOULD MEET A CROCODILE



If you should meet a crocodile,
Don't take a stick and poke him;
Ignore the welcome in his smile,
Be careful not to stroke him.
For as he sleeps upon the Nile,
He thinner gets and thinner;
And whene'er you meet a crocodile
He's ready for his dinner.



IN PART 26 OF STORY Teller 2

A young footballer hopes to hear the crowd cry "GIVE IT TO ZICO!"

Two robots on planets a galaxy apart join forces in **MANDY AND THE SPACE RACE**

There's danger in the stormy sea for **THE MERMAID WHO COULDN'T SWIM** – and for her friend the fisherman

A lonely little bird looks for **SOMEWHERE SAFE** to shelter

Can **HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE** finally find happiness?

PLUS **NOGGIN AND THE MONEY**
your **INDEX** for **STORY TELLER 2**

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