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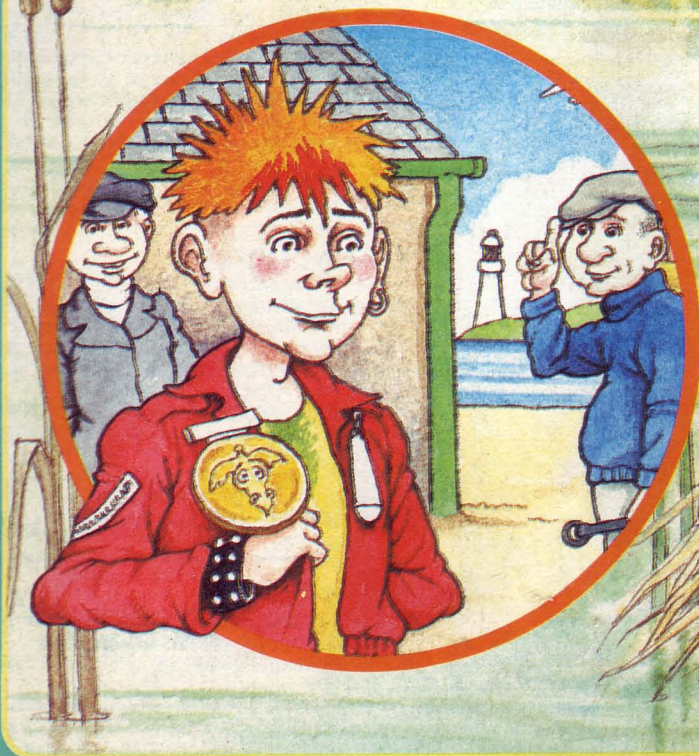
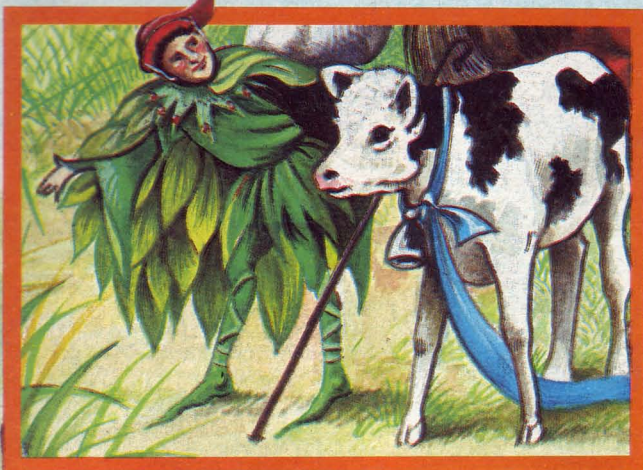
PART 3

# STORY

## Teller

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

# 2



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# STORY Teller 2

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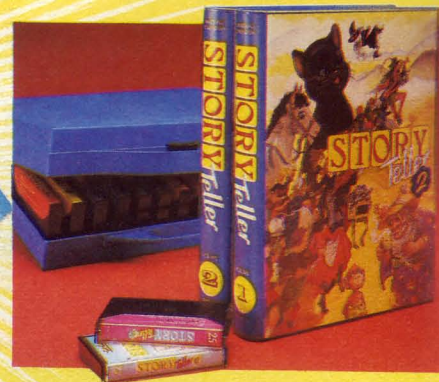
A fairy calf makes an adorable pet, but let go of his ribbon and he's bound to return to the fairies.

© Ruth Ainsworth from *The Pirate Ship and Other Stories*, published by William Heinemann Ltd.

### The Song of the Engine.....inside cover

Huff, puff, huff, puff... will he make it up the hill?

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Kebeg: **Denise Bryer**  
The Song of the Engine: **Nigel Hawthorne**



# The Musicians OF BREMEN



**I**n a small German village near the city of Bremen lived a donkey who worked for a miller. Day after day, year after year, he carried heavy sacks of corn to be ground at the mill. But as the donkey grew older, he could no longer manage the huge sacks and his legs collapsed under him. He was sure that the miller would soon get rid of him — so he decided to run away.

Now the donkey had always liked music, and he thought he could earn his living by playing in a town band. So one sunny morning, he set off down the road towards the great city of Bremen.

He had not gone far when he met a dog lying at the side of the road.

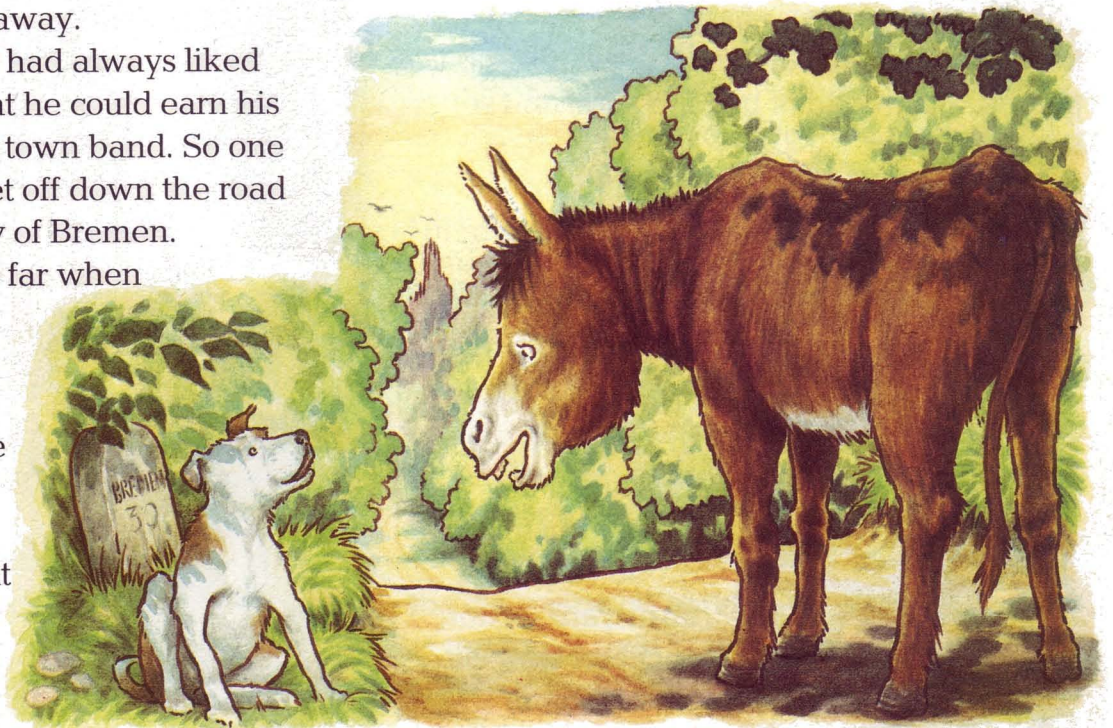
"Hello, old dog," he said. "And what's the matter with you?"

"Ooh, I'm too old these days to hunt foxes with the other hounds," panted the dog. "My master is

planning to get rid of me, I'm sure, and so I've run away."

"Why don't you come with me to Bremen?" suggested the donkey. "I'm going to join the town band. If I play the drum, you could play the trumpet!"

So the dog agreed and the two of them set off down the road to Bremen.







gate-post, crowing away loudly. "Hello, old cock," said the donkey. "What's the matter with you? It's a bit late in the day for crowing."

"Ooh, I'm old," explained the cock. "I keep oversleeping in the mornings. The farmer is so angry, I'm sure he's planning to get rid of me."

"Why don't you run away with us to Bremen?" replied the donkey. "We're going there to join the town band. I will play the drum, the dog here will play the trumpet, and the cat will play the fiddle. You have a fine voice — why not come and sing with us?"

So the cock agreed, and the four of them set off down the road to Bremen.

Well, it turned out that Bremen was a good deal further than any of them had thought and, as darkness began to fall, there was still no sign of the city.

An hour or so later they saw a cat sitting by the roadside looking very miserable.

"Hello, old pussy," said the donkey. "And what's the matter with you?"

"Ooh, I'm getting old," replied the cat. "My teeth are not as sharp as they were, and it's hard for me to catch mice. My mistress is planning to get rid of me, I'm sure, and so I've run away."

"Why don't you come with us to Bremen?" asked the donkey. "We're going to join the town band. Since you're a cat, why don't you come and play the fiddle?"

So the cat agreed, and the three of them set off down the road to Bremen.



A few miles further on, the little group came to a farm-yard. A fine cockerel was sitting on the





"I, I think I'm a bit too old for such adventures," moaned the dog. "And I'm very hungry."

"I'm feeling much more tired than when I was chasing mice," grumbled the cat.

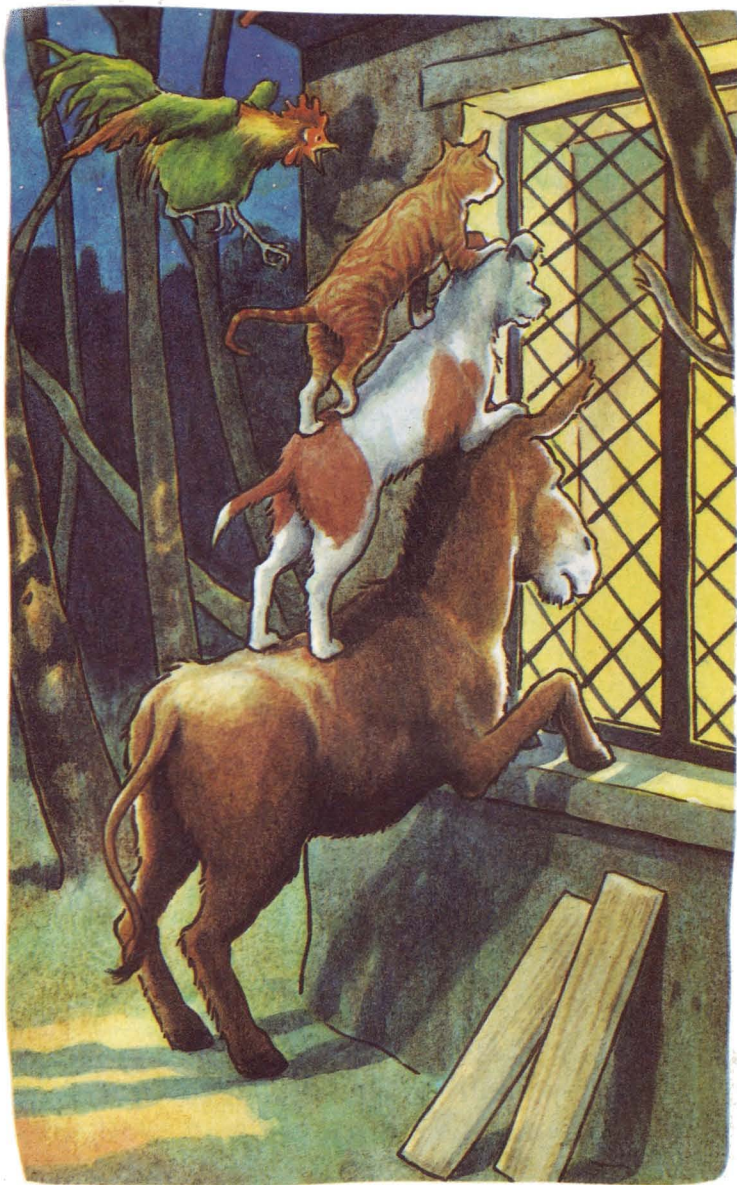
"I'm sure it was warmer in the old farm-yard in the evenings," sighed the cock.

But the donkey said, "Look! There's a farm over there in the woods. If we sneak up quietly, we can snuggle down in the barn, and there may even be some food!"

So the four weary travellers crept up to the farm-house and the donkey peered in through the window.

"What can you see?" hissed the cat.

"There's a table, loaded with food and drink!" whispered the donkey. "But there are three evil-looking men round it. I think they must be robbers!"



The four friends were much too hungry to give up the chance of a meal. So they crouched down out of sight and worked out a plan to frighten the robbers away. Then, very quietly, the donkey stood up with his front hooves on the window sill; the dog leaped on to his back; the cat climbed on to the dog's back, and the cock flew on to the cat's back.

When the donkey wagged his ears, they all began making as much noise as they possibly could.

The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat miaowed and the cock crowed — all at the top of their voices. You never heard such a terrible racket!





Then the four friends all toppled over and crashed right through the window into the room. The robbers were so scared they rushed out of the house and disappeared into the woods.

So the donkey, the dog, the cat and the cock sat up at the table and ate an enormous meal. They ate and drank until they were fit to burst — then they put out the light and settled down to sleep. The donkey lay on some straw in the farm-yard, the dog stretched out by the kitchen door, the cock flew on to the chimney pot and the cat curled up by the fire. Tired and full, they were soon all snoring away, and dreaming of life in Bremen.

Meanwhile, the robbers had seen the light go out. "We must have been mad to let ourselves be frightened like that," said their leader. And he ordered one of his men to take a closer look at the farm.

The robber crept up silently and climbed in through the broken window, then slipped into the kitchen to light a candle. He saw the cat's round eyes

glowing in the dark, and thinking they were coals burning in the fire, he bent down to light the candle. But when he poked it towards the cat's eye, she leaped up at him, hissing and spitting and scratching his face.

The man backed away in horror — but as he fled through the door the dog jumped up and bit him on the leg. He hobbled





across the yard and the donkey gave him a great kick with his hooves. Then the cock flew down from the chimney-pot and screeched all round his head.

The poor robber had never been so scared in all his life, and he bolted back into the woods.

"Well?" demanded the leader.  
"What happened?"



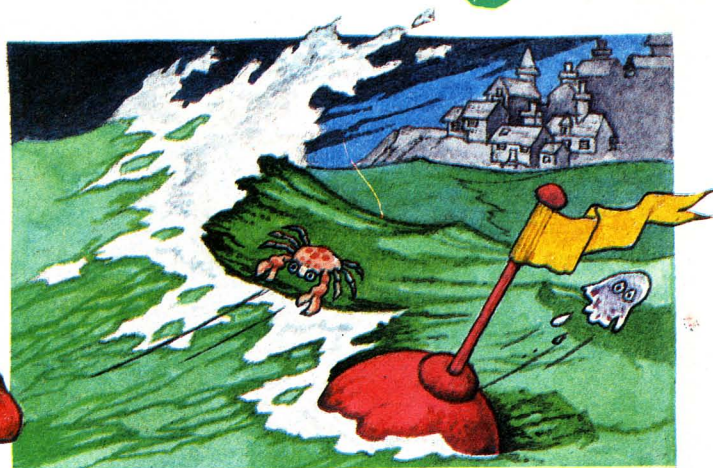
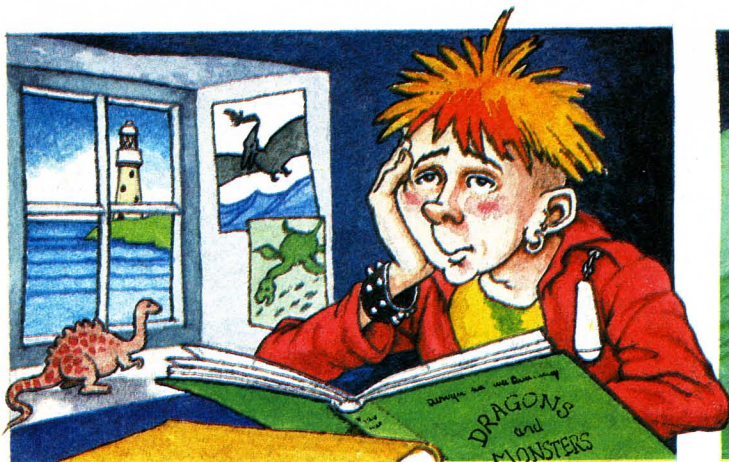
After that terrible night, the robbers never went near the house again. And the four friends decided *they* would never leave it . . . so they never did reach Bremen, or join the town band!

"There's . . . there's a witch in that house! She spat at me and scratched my face with her claws. And there's a dwarf who stabbed me in the leg with a dagger! And in the yard there's a big dark monster who hit me with his club! And a great bat screeched around my ears! I wouldn't go there again if you paid me a thousand gold coins!"



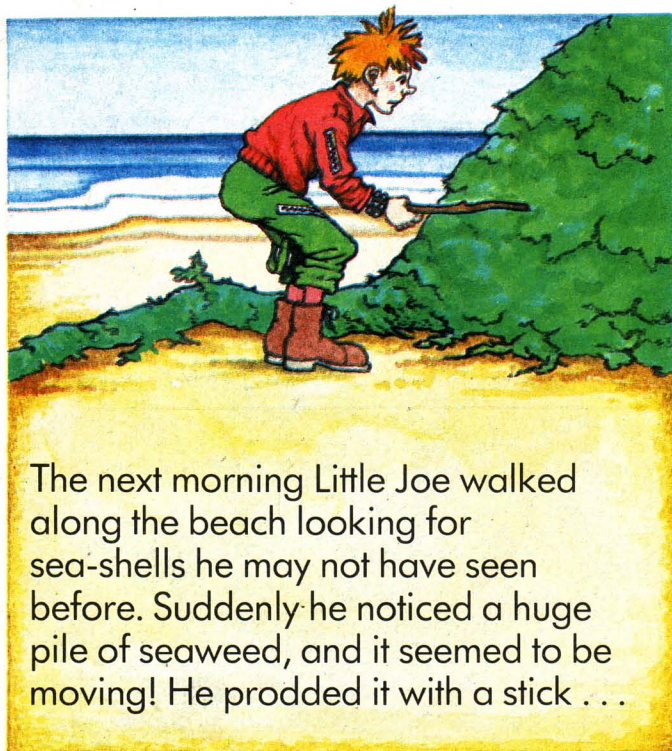


# Little Joe<sup>and</sup> the Sea Dragon



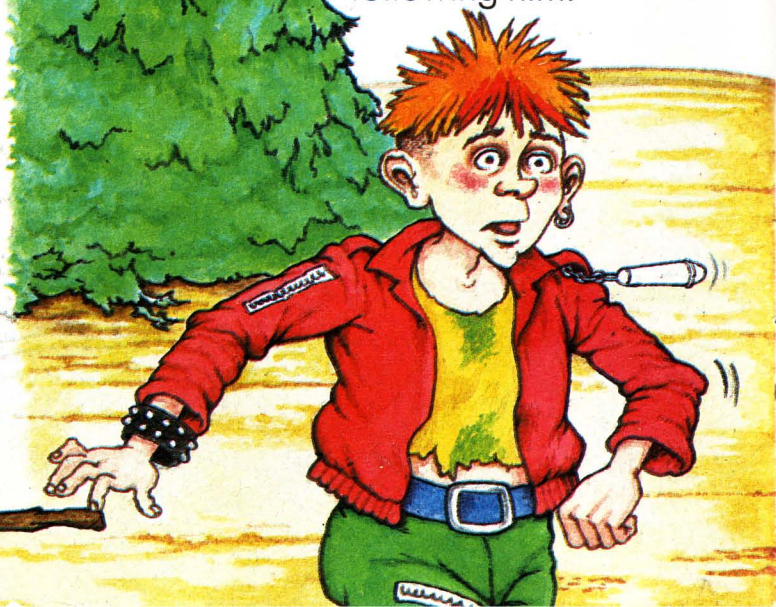
Little Joe lived in the peaceful fishing village of Caragh-on-Sea, where nothing out of the ordinary ever happened. Most of the people there worked very hard for a living but little Joe, who was rather lazy, spent all day reading about dragons. His favourite book was *Everything you need to know about dragons and monsters*.

"I wish I could meet a real dragon," he said to himself one morning. He did not have long to wait for his wish to come true. That very night a violent storm drove the waves up the beach and flooded the fields near the coast. And when the tide went out it left a vast sea of mud, with driftwood and masses of tangled seaweed everywhere.



The next morning Little Joe walked along the beach looking for sea-shells he may not have seen before. Suddenly he noticed a huge pile of seaweed, and it seemed to be moving! He prodded it with a stick . . .

. . . and a moment later he was running for his life. He just could not believe his eyes. The seaweed was following him!





Sticking out from the mass of green was a slimy, dragon-like head, with a forked tail and huge, slime-covered wings.



Joe reached the village and raced down the street, shouting, "Look out! Look out! There's a dragon about." But the villagers only laughed, and said, "Joe reads so many books about dragons he's beginning to see them. He ought to do an honest day's work instead."

But that night a horrible dragon, half-covered with slime, poked its head through the pub window and sent the drinkers flying in fear out of the back door.



Then poor Mrs Clapper, the shopkeeper, saw the monster in her garden, burning her cabbages to ashes. She had to climb up on to the roof for safety.

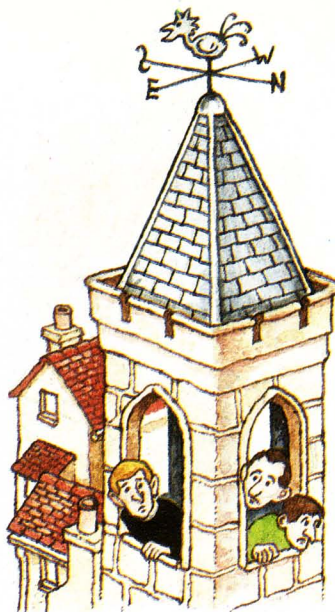


And Mr Murphy, the timid grocer, had a fearful fright when the dragon swallowed all his tins of spam and corned beef, and then tried to drag him out of bed.





By now everyone in the village was in a panic. Patrick O'Brien, the policeman, rode along the street on his bicycle, shouting, "Lock your doors and windows tonight if you want to stay alive!"

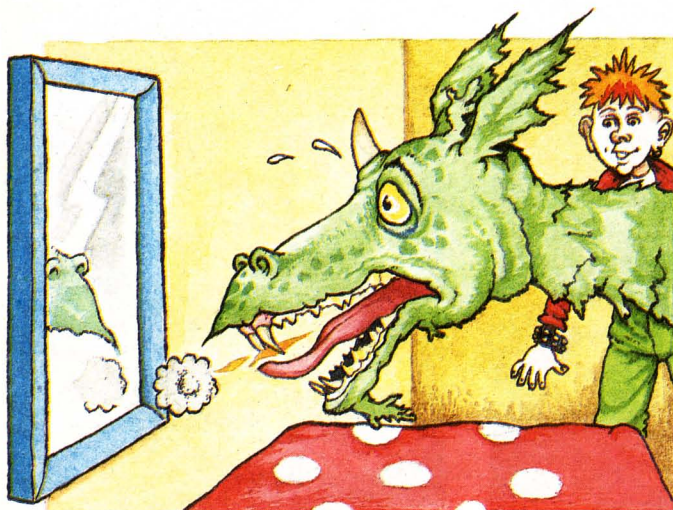
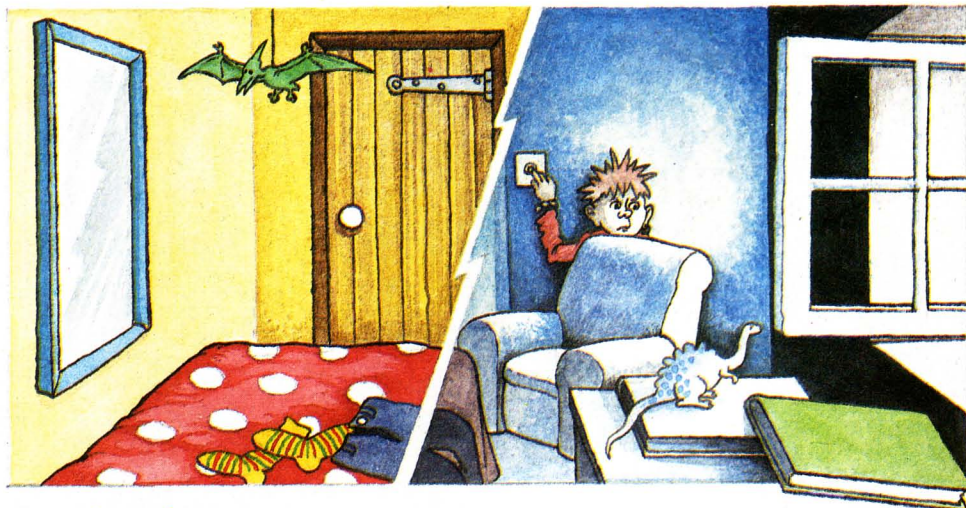


But Little Joe did not hide: he remained in his house and decided to face the dragon. Searching through his books he came across a passage that read, "No dragon can bear the sight of his own reflection in a mirror."



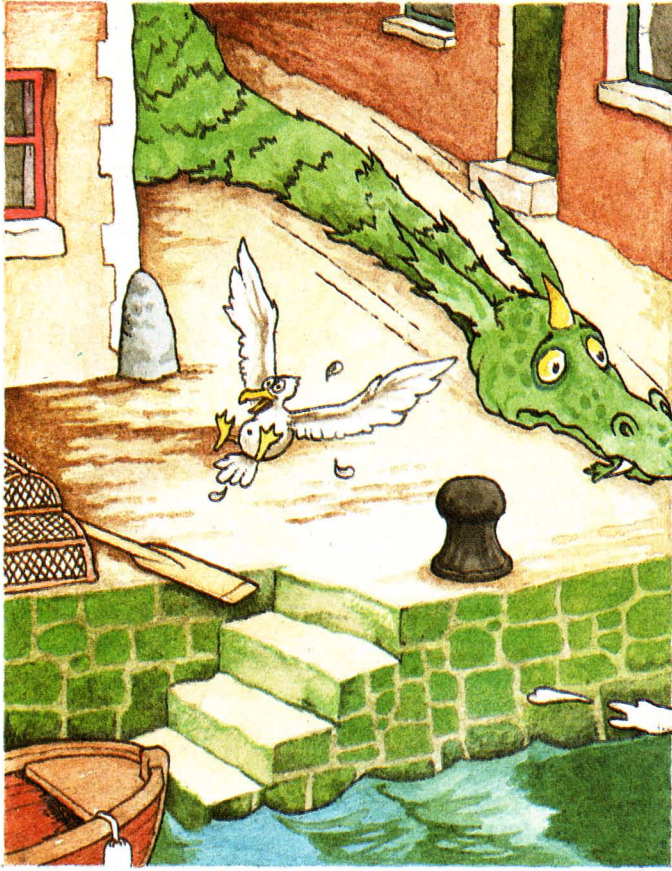
Some of the villagers hid inside the church tower for safety. Others escaped to the next village.

This gave him an idea. First, he opened his bedroom window wide. Then, he hung a large looking-glass on the wall opposite. Finally, he switched off all the lights — and waited.

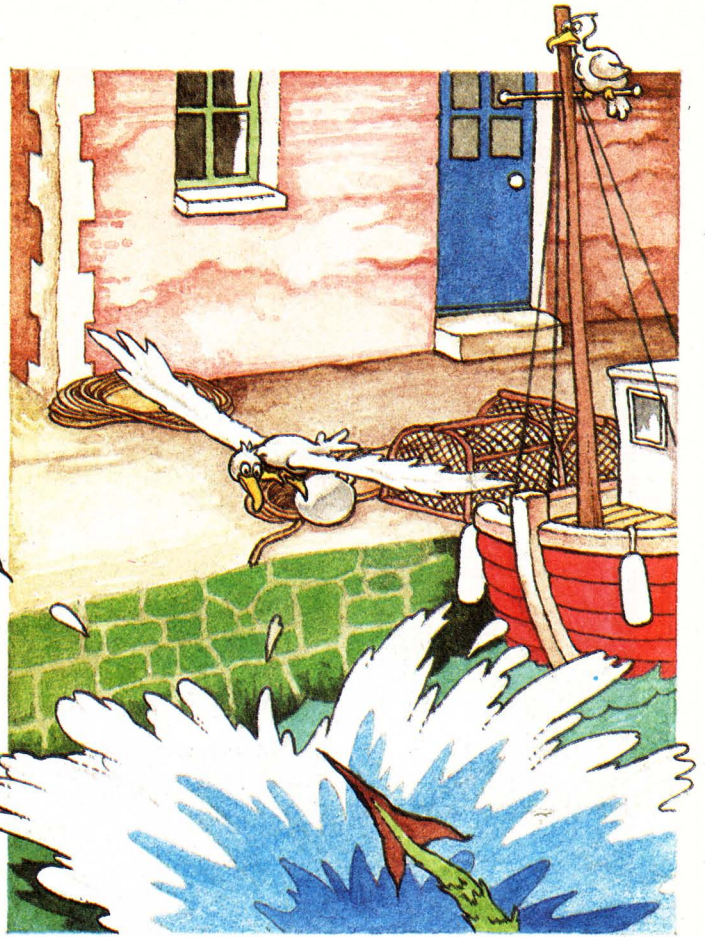


Just after midnight the dragon crept along the street and stopped outside Joe's front gate. Breathing fire and smelling of bad fish, it reached up to his window and squeezed its terrible great head through it. Hiding near the door, Joe switched on the light! The dragon suddenly saw its reflection in the mirror, screamed in horror, and fell backwards into the garden.

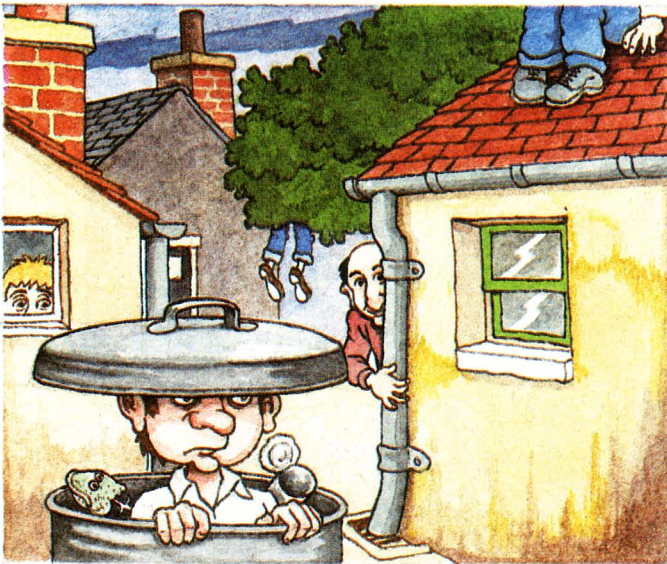




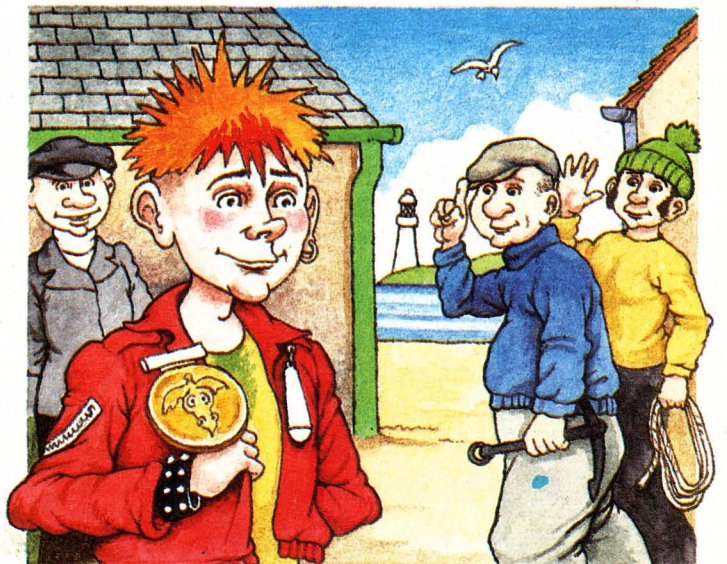
It slithered on its belly all the way down the street to the harbour,



plunged into the ocean — and was never seen again.



The villagers crept out from their hiding places and gathered in the street, cheering and waving and shouting as they learned of Little Joe's magnificent feat.



Joe was appointed Chief Dragon Slayer of Caragh-on-Sea and was saluted by everyone he met. And no-one ever said he was lazy or should do an honest day's work again.







The tall, grey-haired sailor kissed his little girl and set her down on the foot-path by the river. "Goodbye, my darling," he said. "Be a good child. And remember, one day I will, I hope, come back with a bag of gold, and I'll never leave you again."

Then he went his way, down the river path that led to the great ships and the sea. And little Susan walked slowly back to the



## The LORD of the RUSHIE RIVER

village of Rushiebanks. She could not help crying. But looking up, she smiled to see a family of swans who were swimming close by. She remembered the day when her father had rescued one of the fluffy cygnets from a cruel boy who had tied a string to its leg and was teasing it. The leg was broken, but the sailor had put it into a splint, and cared for the poor little cygnet until it could swim again. He was a kind man, so kind he found it hard to believe that anyone could do harm on purpose.

So he did not see what a wicked woman Dame Dinnage was. She was the woman he

had hired to take care of his house and his little girl. He thought she loved Susan as though she were her own. But as soon as he was gone, she hid the money he had given her for the little girl's food and clothes. Susan had to survive on the poorest scraps, and milk that was watered until it was hardly milk at all. Her clothes were not outgrown, for who could grow with no good food? — but in time they wore out. And as the Dame did not mend them, and bought no new ones, little Susan patched them as best she could. "Daddy wouldn't like to see me all ragged when he comes home," she said.





"See me! I am the Lord of the Rushie River!" But though he was proud and stately, he was gentle with Susan, and would feed from her hand.

So the months passed, while she waited hopefully. "It takes a long time to get a bagful of gold," she told the swans.

Then, one day, Dame Dinnage announced that they were going away from Rushiebanks. Susan cried and pleaded, but in vain. Everything was packed into a wagon. Susan was pushed inside among the baggage where she could see little, and for a night and a day they jolted along country roads, up hill and down dale. By the second night they reached a city, and Susan found that her new home was an attic at the top of a tall, rickety old house in a maze of narrow streets.

Now Susan was really unhappy. She thought of her father coming home and finding no daughter waiting for him and no-one to tell him where she was. She gave up trying to mend her frock. She had not even the swans to talk to — and the Dame threatened to beat her if she spoke to

Day by day, Susan watched from her little window, or wandered down the river path, talking to the swans. She saved bits of her scanty bread for them, and felt sure that they loved her and understood what she said.

The young ones grew up, and gradually their brown feathers were replaced by lovely white plumage. They were now over a year old, and the largest and loveliest of them all was the one whose leg had been broken. He was indeed a splendid swan; and as he sailed along, with his brothers and sisters following behind, he seemed to be saying:





the other people in the house.

But one day, as she leaned out of the attic window, she heard a sound of a great bird's wings. And there, to her delight, was a beautiful swan flying slowly over the house-tops, with its neck stretched out, looking from side to side.



"It's no good talking about Rushiebanks. You're not going there anymore."

Susan did not answer.

But that night, when the Dame was asleep, she tied an old shawl over her head and shoulders, and crept downstairs into the street.

"It was my swan," she was saying to herself. "If he can't find me, I must find him." And she began to run through the dark, silent streets.

She ran until there were trees and hedges and she knew she was coming to the country. Exhausted, she crept into the porch of a farm-house to rest. Then, as the first streak of light appeared in the dawn sky, she started off again. Her feet were sore and dusty, and there was no sign of a river like the Rushie, where her swan might be.

Presently, however, she saw a pond a little way from the road, and thought she would wash her feet in it. She pushed through some bushes, and there, on the grass of the opposite bank, was a large and beautiful swan preening his feathers.



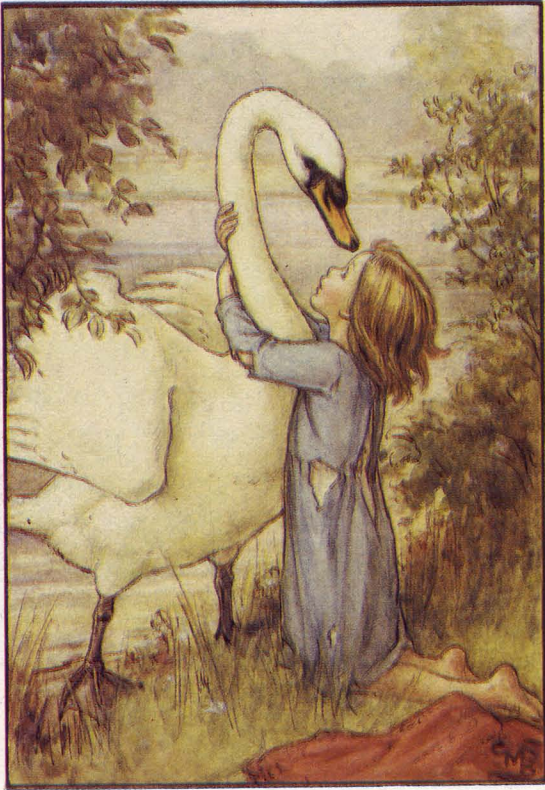
"Oh, can it be one of my swans looking for me?" thought Susan. But it did not see her, and soared out of sight.

The next day she saw it again. But again it passed by, though poor little Susan stretched out her arms and cried, "Swan, Swan, take me to Rushiebanks!"

"Hey, what's that?" said the Dame.







He crouched low on the ground, and spread out his wings. Full of trust, Susan laid herself down on the white feathers, put her cheek against the back of his neck, and clasped her arms tightly around it. The great wings on either side of her were lifted, and the noble swan soared into the air. Soon the little girl was fast asleep, tired out and lulled by the rushing wind and the steady swishing sound of the swan's flight.

When Susan awoke, she was lying on a great pile of rushes, and she could see nothing but rushes, rushes and water, all around her. She sat up and stretched, then saw a swan watching her.

He saw Susan. He flapped his great wings, launched quickly into the water, and swam across to her. "Oh, my Swan!" she cried with joy. And as he stepped up the bank she fell on her knees and threw her arms round his neck. It was so white and strong, and yet so soft and feathery. She thought she had never felt anything so lovely in her life.

"Did you come to look for me?" she asked, looking up at his beady, black eyes; and he bent his head and gently caressed her hair with his beak.

"Are you going to take me to Rushiebanks?" was her next question. And at that the Swan nodded gravely and said, "Yes! If you are not afraid, I will take you there on my back."



"She's awake!" said the swan. And at that a number of other swans appeared through the rushes.

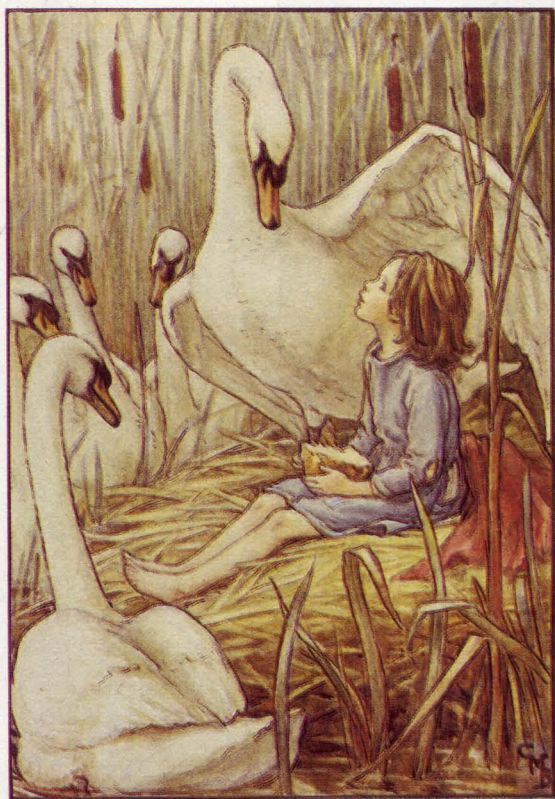
Last came her friend. He stepped up on the rush-pile which had once been a swan's nest and with a gracious air he laid half a loaf of bread in her lap. Stretching one wing around her, he said:



"Your father once saved my life, and you fed me when you had little enough for yourself. Now I will take care of you, until your father comes home. Do not be afraid, for I am the Lord of the Rushie River."

"Oh my Lord Swan," said Susan, "how can I thank you?" Then, being very hungry, she began to eat the bread, while the swans looked on approvingly.

Presently she asked, "How did you know where to look for me, my Lord Swan?"



"Ah, I asked all the birds for news of you.

The seagulls, who came up the river, knew nothing.

But an owl had seen you travelling through the night

and told the swallows.

Then they flew off to see what they could find. At last, one of them heard

from a house-martin about a

child in a far-off city who leaned

from a window,

weeping for Rushiebanks.

So I came there. But

the roofs and the chimneys

confused me, and

I could not see you.

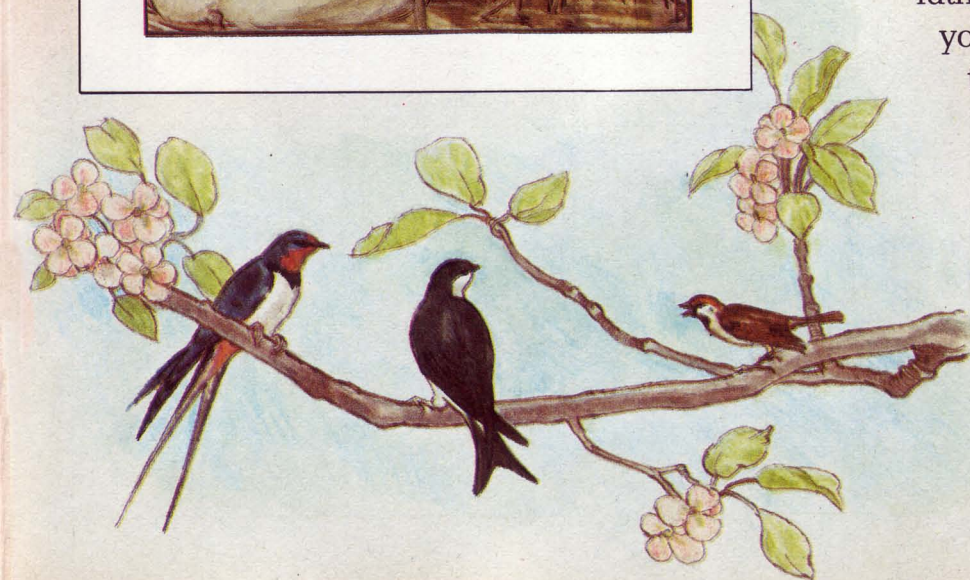
But I would have tried again, had you not come to me."

He said this proudly, looking around in his most majestic manner.

"The seagulls have promised," he went on, "to bring the news as soon as your father's ship reaches port. Until then, you must lie hidden with us. This is the backwater of the river, where no-one comes. It belongs to us and the other water-birds. We will bring you food, and you may swim in the early mornings, but not in the day, when the landfolk are about.

Will you be good, and do as we say?"

And Susan was only too glad to answer: "Yes, my Lord I will."







## The Emerald City

When the last glimmer of light disappeared from the forest, the travellers camped under a large tree. Dorothy lit a fire and the Scarecrow hurried off to collect some nuts for her supper.

Next morning, the first thing Dorothy noticed was that the trees no longer met overhead. Perhaps, she thought, they were at last coming to the end of the forest.

The travellers pressed on and soon they came to a broad, fast-flowing river. They gasped with pleasure when they saw what was on the other side. It was a beautiful country of green meadows dotted with bright flowers. Trees laden with succulent fruit lined the road of yellow brick.

"The Tin Man will have to build a raft so we can cross the river," said the Scarecrow.

The Tin Man got to work with his axe, and some hours later the travellers stepped on to a raft made from logs. The Tin Man and the Scarecrow held long poles to push the raft through the water.

At first they managed quite well. But when they reached the middle of the river, the swift current swept the raft downstream,

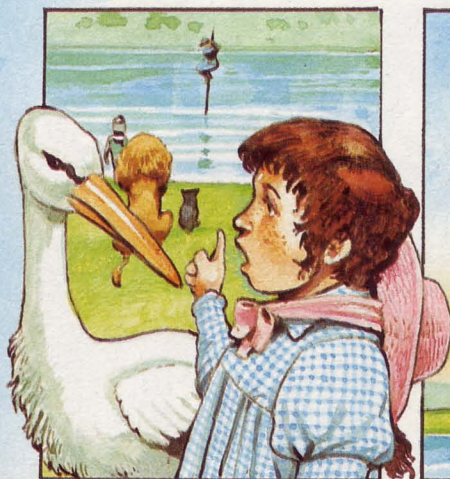




farther and farther away from the road of yellow brick.

"We will never get to the Emerald City if we do not stop the raft," said the Scarecrow.

He then pushed very hard on his long pole — so hard that it stuck fast in the mud at the bottom of the river. Before he could pull it out again, or let go, the raft was swept away and the poor Scarecrow was left clinging to the pole in the middle of the swirling water.



"Goodbye," he called after them.

The Lion spoke just as the Tin Man was about to cry for his lost friend.

"Something must be done to save us. I think I can swim to the shore and pull the raft after me, if you will only hold fast to the tip of my tail."

The Lion sprang into the water and the Tin Man held on to his tail. Big as the Lion was, it was hard work for him to pull the raft to shore. But eventually he got them out of the current, and then Dorothy took the Tin Man's long pole and helped push the raft to land.

They were all tired out when they finally stepped on to the pretty green grass. But they were worried about the Scarecrow, and after a few minutes rest they began to walk back along the river. Soon they saw their friend perched on his pole in the middle of the water.

No-one knew how to save him. So they sat down and gazed wistfully at the sad, lonely figure.

Presently a stork flew by. "What are you doing here?" asked the Stork.

"We are wondering how to rescue the Scarecrow," said Dorothy.

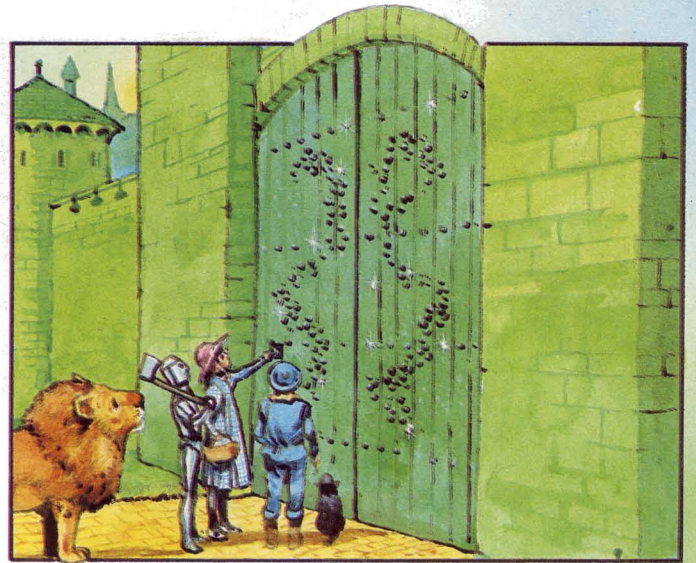
The Stork looked at the Scarecrow.

"If he wasn't so big and heavy I would get him for you."

"Oh, but he's not heavy at all — he's only stuffed with straw. If you could bring him back to us we would thank you for ever."

"Well, I will try," said the Stork. She flew to the Scarecrow. Then with her great claws she grabbed him by the arm and carried him back to his friends.





The Scarecrow was so happy that he hugged everyone, even the Lion and Toto. Then the kind Stork flew away, pleased to have helped someone in trouble.

The travellers walked along the smooth road of yellow brick, the Scarecrow singing, "Tol-de-rol-di-oh," at every step. Wherever they looked now, there were green fences and green houses, and the people all wore emerald green clothes.

"We must be getting near to the Emerald City," said Dorothy. And as she spoke, a beautiful green glow appeared on the horizon. At last they arrived at the great green wall that surrounded the Emerald City.

In front of them was a big gate all studded with emeralds that glittered in the sun. Dorothy pushed a button on the gate and heard the tinkling of a bell. Then the gate swung open slowly and they all stepped into a high arched room.

Before them stood a little man clothed in green. At his side was a large green box.

"Now, why have you come to the Emerald City?" he asked.

"We have come to see the Great Oz," said Dorothy.

"Ooh, it's been many years since someone asked to see Oz. He is powerful and terrible, and if you've come on a foolish errand



he might be angry and destroy you."

"But it is not a foolish errand," said the Lion. "It is very important. And we have been told that Oz is a good wizard."

"Oh, so he is, and he rules the Emerald City wisely and well. But he is most terrible to those who approach him out of curiosity. I am the Guardian of the Gates, and since you demand to see the Great Oz, I must take you to his palace. But first, first you must put on the spectacles."

He opened a big box and took out some pairs of spectacles with green glass.

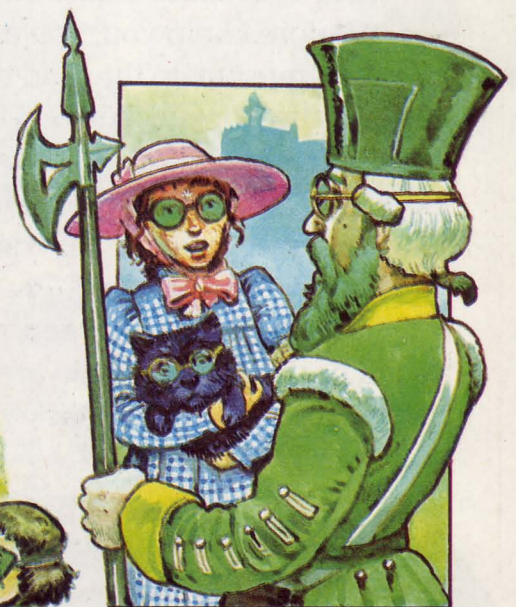
"You would be blinded by the brightness of the Emerald City if you did not wear these. When the city was first built, Oz ordered everyone to be locked into a pair, day and night. Only I have the key to unlock them."

The Guardian of the Gates locked a pair of spectacles on to each of the travellers. Then he led them into the dazzling streets of the city. Everything was green — even the people's skin had a greenish tinge.

When they arrived at the gates of the palace they were introduced to a soldier with a green beard. He went off to tell Oz that they wished to meet him.

"Have you seen Oz?" Dorothy asked on his return.

"Oh no," he replied. "I don't know anyone who has. Whenever I speak to him he sits behind a screen. He says that he will see you, but you must each enter his presence alone. He does not want to see more than one of you in a day. I will show you to rooms where you can rest, and tomorrow the Great Oz will send for you."





The next morning, a pretty girl dressed Dorothy in a gown of green silk and led her to the throne room of the Great Oz. She boldly opened the door and found herself in a wonderful room lined with emeralds. But what interested her more was the green marble throne, for sitting in the middle was an enormous head.

The eyes turned slowly and looked at her sharply and steadily. Then, the mouth moved, and Dorothy heard a voice say:

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why have you come to see me?"

It was not such an awful voice as she had expected to come from the big head.

"I am Dorothy, the Small and Meek," she replied. "And I have come to you for help."

The eyes looked at her thoughtfully. Then the voice asked her where she had got the silver shoes and the mark on her forehead.

Dorothy told the story of how her house had landed on the Wicked Witch of the East and killed her. Then the voice asked:

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Help me get back to my Aunt Em and Uncle Henry in Kansas."

The eyes rolled round very queerly.

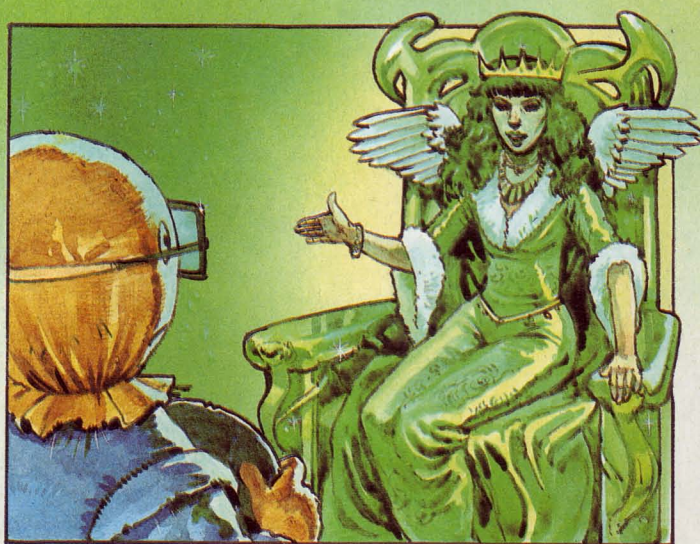
"Before I help you, you must first help me. You must go to the land of the Winkies and kill the Wicked Witch of the West."

"Oh, but, but that's impossible!"

"You killed the Wicked Witch of the East and you wear the silver shoes which bear a powerful charm."

Dorothy began to weep. "I never meant to kill her. If you, you who are so great and terrible cannot kill the Wicked Witch, well how can I ever do it?"

"That is for you to decide. Now go, and do not ask to see me again until you have completed your task."



Tearfully, Dorothy left the throne room and went back to her friends. They were all very sorry when they heard her story, but there was nothing they could do to help her.

The next day the Scarecrow was led to the throne room. Instead of a head he saw a most beautiful lady. But she too said that Oz never helped anyone without getting





when he had helped Dorothy kill the Wicked Witch of the West.

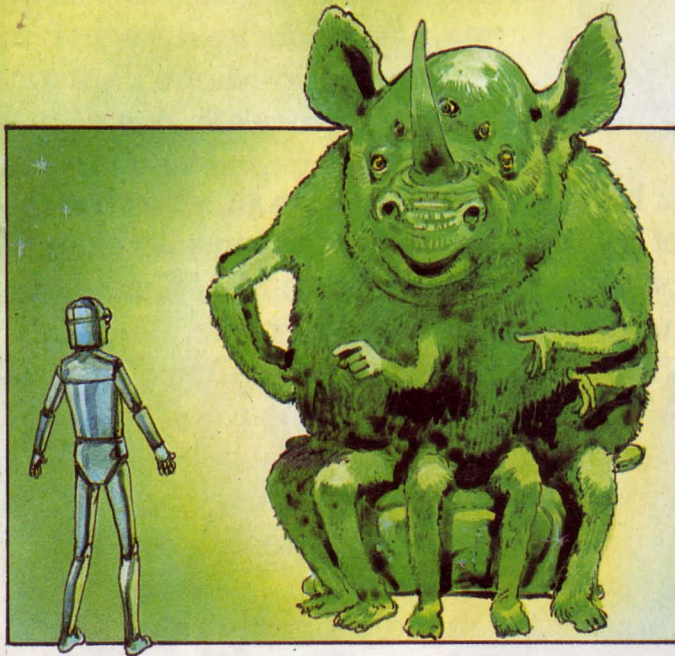
The Lion was the last to visit Oz. When *he* stepped into the throne room his whiskers were almost singed by a ball of fire.

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible," the ball of fire said. "Bring me proof that the Wicked Witch of the West is dead and I will give you courage."

The friends got together to decide what to do next.

"There is only one thing we *can* do," said the Lion. "We must go to the Land of the Winkies, seek out the Wicked Witch and destroy her."

And very reluctantly, Dorothy, the Tin Man and the Scarecrow all agreed.



[Follow Dorothy and her friends to the Land of the Winkies in Part 4]



something in return. If the Scarecrow wanted brains, he would have to destroy the Wicked Witch of the West.

Next it was the turn of the Tin Man. He was confronted by a terrible beast which was nearly as big as an elephant and had five eyes, five arms and five legs. He told the Tin Man that he would only be given a heart







All the birds of the forest and field were once invited to a party in heaven. The Nowhere Bird, who nests in the topmost cloud, and flies so high that no-one has ever seen her, sent invitations to them all. She did not invite Tortoise, of course, because he is not a bird.

But, when he heard about the party, Tortoise could not bear the thought of being left out. His mouth watered, and his pebbly eyes gleamed with envy.

So, one day, he went to a lonely clearing and tried his best to be a bird. Again and again, he climbed on to a log and jumped off, flapping his stumpy legs. But it was useless. So, taking a look



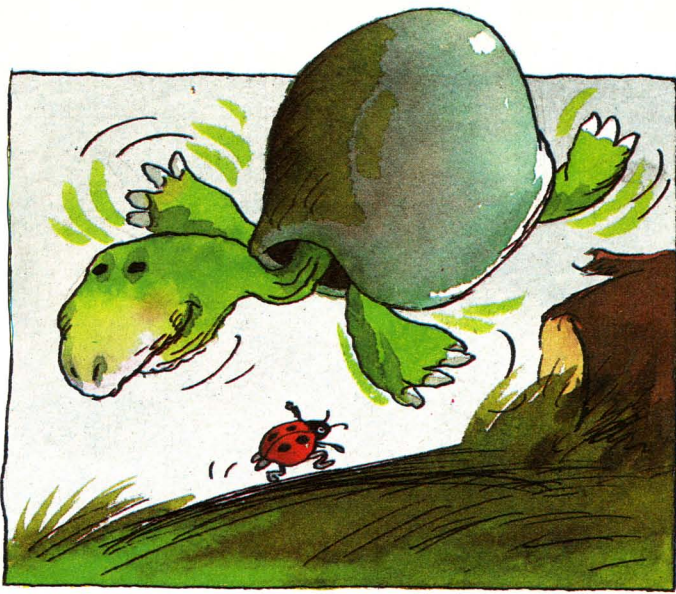
at his reflection in the smooth, shiny dome of his shell, he smartened himself up and presented himself to the birds. "Times are hard," he said. "Food is scarce. We must all share at times like this. Let me come with you to the party in heaven!"

"We couldn't take you to heaven!" exclaimed the parrot. "You're cunning and sly, and rude, and greedy. Besides, you can't even fly!"

"I've changed! Honestly I have! I'm as nice as can be, nowadays. And if each of you were to lend me one feather, I could fly. I'd be so good, you wouldn't even know I was there!"

So, the birds took pity on Tortoise, and each of them lent him a feather. Tortoise looked very fine indeed in his party clothes. Such an array of colours! Such a variety of plumes! And then, as





he flapped his little legs, he rose off the ground and soared towards heaven.

The Nowhere Bird's feast was laid out from the stars to the rainbow and from the moon to the dark snow-clouds. She greeted her guests graciously, and said she had never seen anything quite like the Tortoise-bird before.

But, as she spoke, Tortoise strode straight past her and proceeded to devour everything in sight. Barging the birds out of the way, he munched and scooped and wolfed and bolted his way



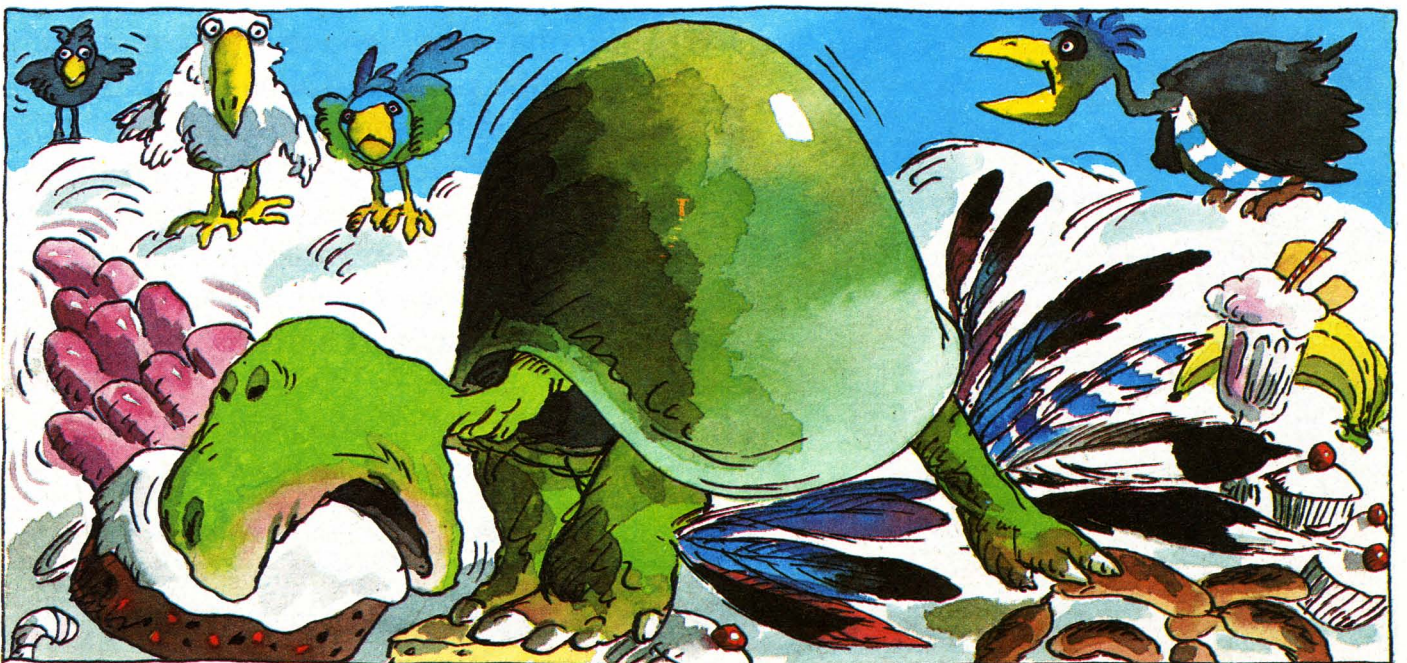
through the best of all the food until he was stuffed as full as a pillow.

The birds were furious. Some pecked at the scraps Tortoise left, but most were too angry to eat. The parrot

begged forgiveness of the Nowhere Bird. "This greedy animal has spoiled your party.

I'm very sorry we brought him."

One by one, the angry birds snatched back the feathers they had lent Tortoise, and left the party. Tortoise did not even notice: he was too busy gobbling and guzzling to lift his head or say goodbye.







When at last he looked round, he was alone with the Nowhere Bird, on the topmost cloud, with nothing on his back but his smooth, shiny shell.

"Help! Help! Come back!" he called after the swooping flock of birds. "Wait for me! How can I fly down without any

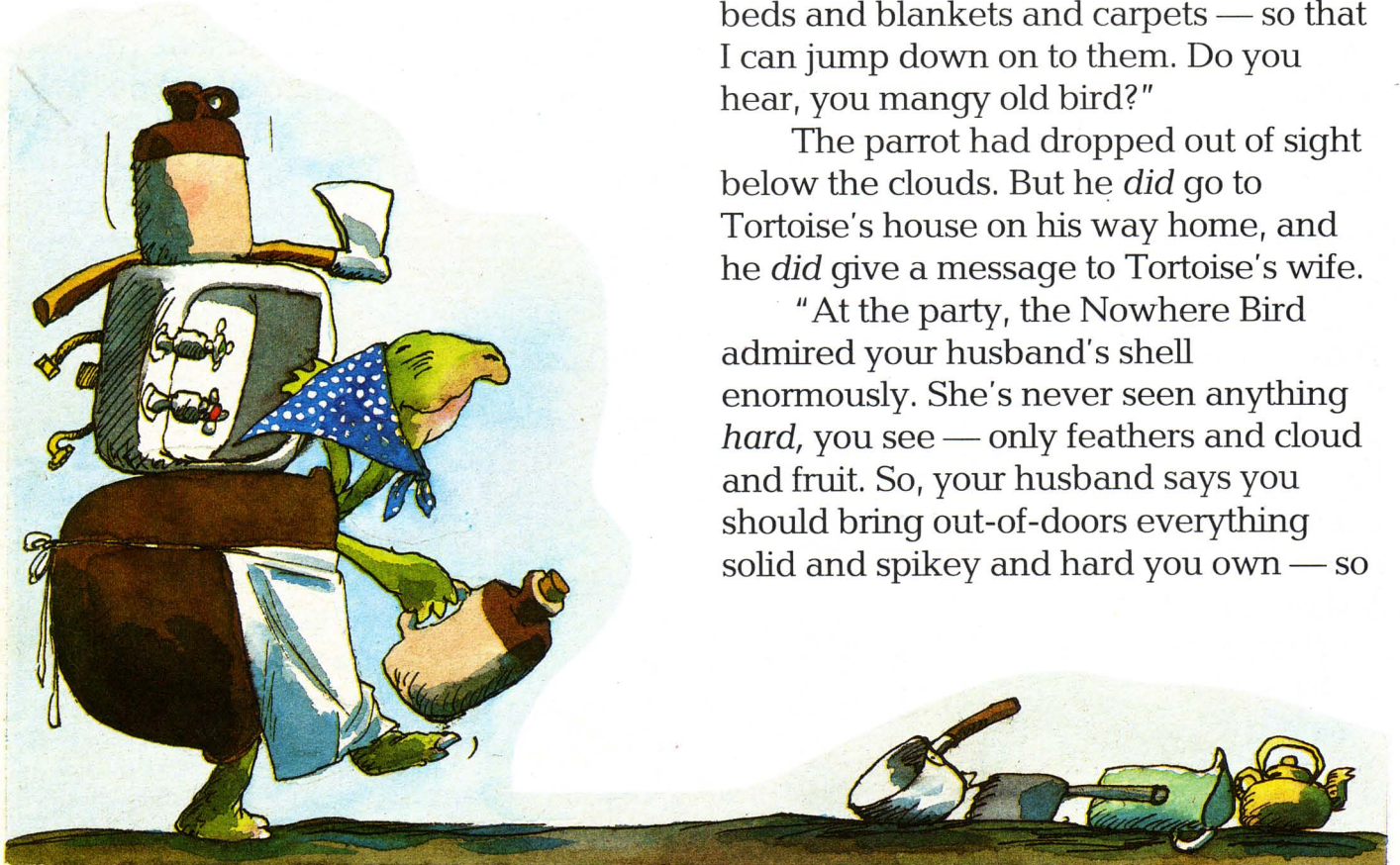
feathers? Hey, come back! You there! Parrot! At least give a message to my wife!"

The parrot looked back over his shoulder. "What should I tell her?"

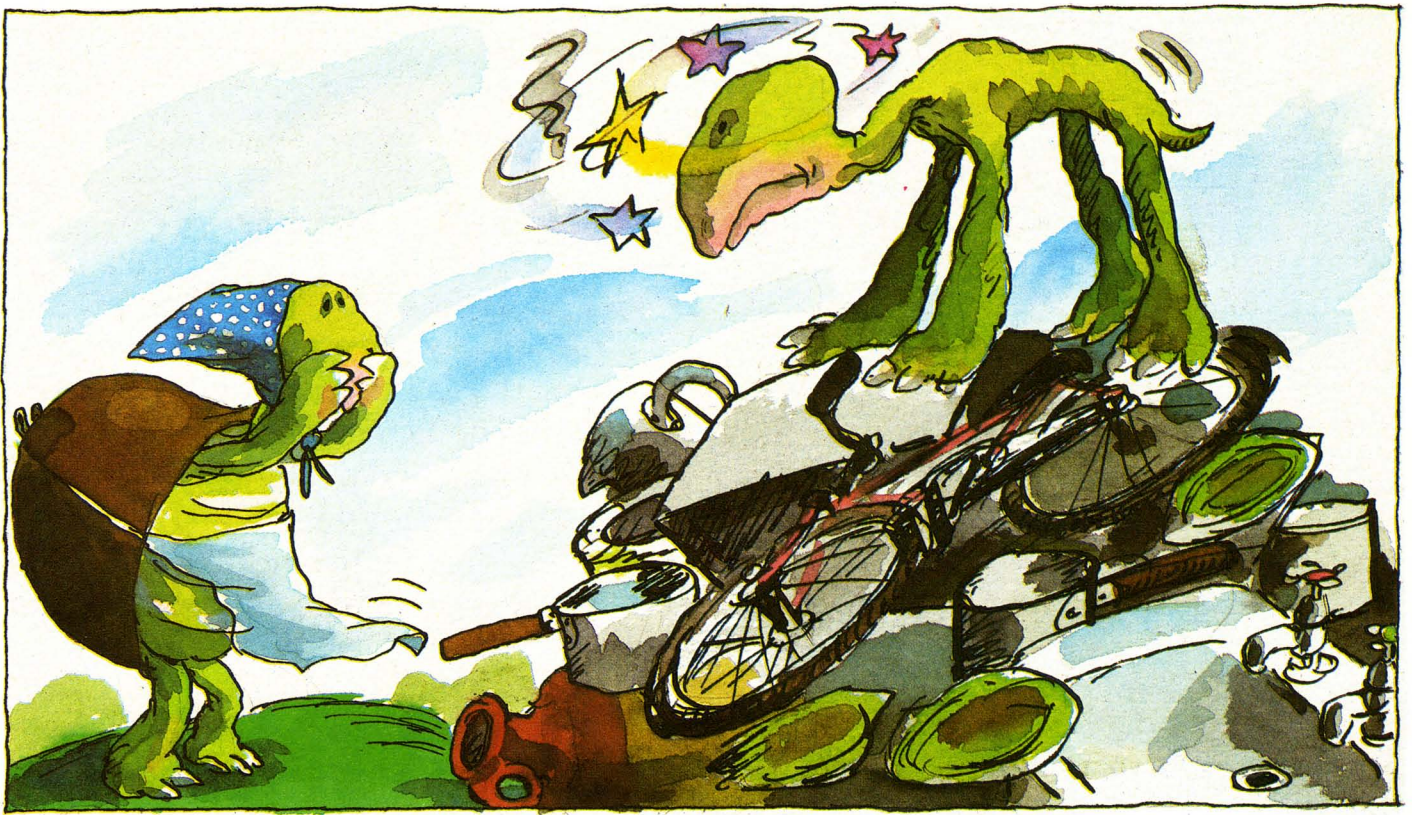
"Tell her to bring everything soft out from the house — all the cushions and beds and blankets and carpets — so that I can jump down on to them. Do you hear, you mangy old bird?"

The parrot had dropped out of sight below the clouds. But he *did* go to Tortoise's house on his way home, and he *did* give a message to Tortoise's wife.

"At the party, the Nowhere Bird admired your husband's shell enormously. She's never seen anything *hard*, you see — only feathers and cloud and fruit. So, your husband says you should bring out-of-doors everything solid and spikey and hard you own — so







that the Nowhere Bird can look down from the sky and see them."

"Of course! Of course!" Tortoise's wife hurried indoors and brought out pots and pans, chairs, tables, a bicycle, two stone jugs and the kitchen sink. Piling them up in a heap, she squinted up at the sky and waved — in case her husband could see her.

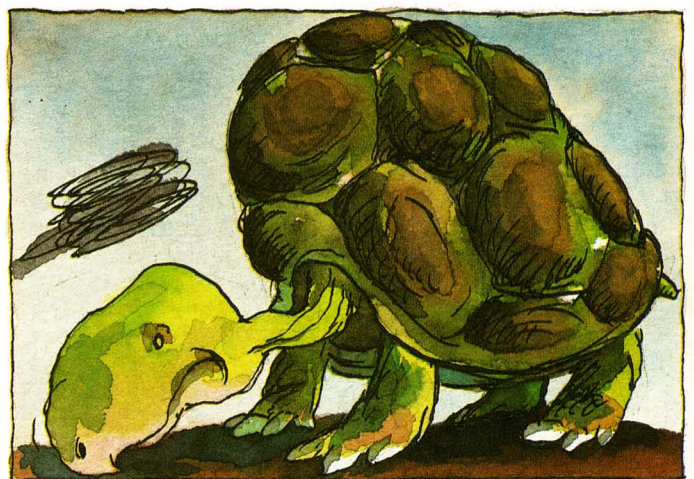
From high, high up in the sky, Tortoise could just make out his hut, and the figure of his wife fetching things out and piling them in the garden. It was too far to see exactly *what* she brought, but when she waved he thought she must be ready for him. So he closed his eyes — and jumped.

Down, down, down, falling, falling, Tortoise somersaulted through space

until he thought he had been falling for ever. He landed on the pile of things with a noise like a dropped egg — and his shell shattered to pieces.

His wife tried very hard to get used to him without his shell. But he was so scrawny and *green* that, at last, she collected up all the bits and glued them back together.

That's why, to this day, the Tortoise looks as he does.





# KEBEG



Once upon a time there was a little fairy calf no bigger than a kitten, with big black eyes and a soft nose. He had a bell around his neck that rang ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling. He belonged to the fairies but sometimes he ran in the fields with the farm calves, although he was so tiny. His name was Kebeg.

One day, a farmer saw little Kebeg wandering in the meadows and he picked him up and put him in his bag. "I'll take him home for my little girl to play with," he said to himself.

When he got home and took Kebeg out of his bag his little girl, Jenny, was very pleased. She fed him with milk and kept him in an old rabbit hutch. Every day she took him for a walk, with a ribbon round his neck.

"Don't let go of the ribbon," said her mother. "Kebeg is a fairy calf and if you let go he'll run back to the fairies."

"I don't think he'd ever run away from me," said Jenny, "because I love him so much."





One day, Jenny and Kebeg were out walking together. The little calf frisked and pranced, but Jenny kept tight hold of the end of the ribbon. Suddenly, a little fairy man appeared, all dressed in green, with a pointed red hat.

"Would you like to come with me and see a fairy house?" asked the little fellow.

"Yes, I would," said Jenny. "Has it got a little chimney?"

"Yes, it has, with smoke coming out of it too."

So they went off together, Jenny



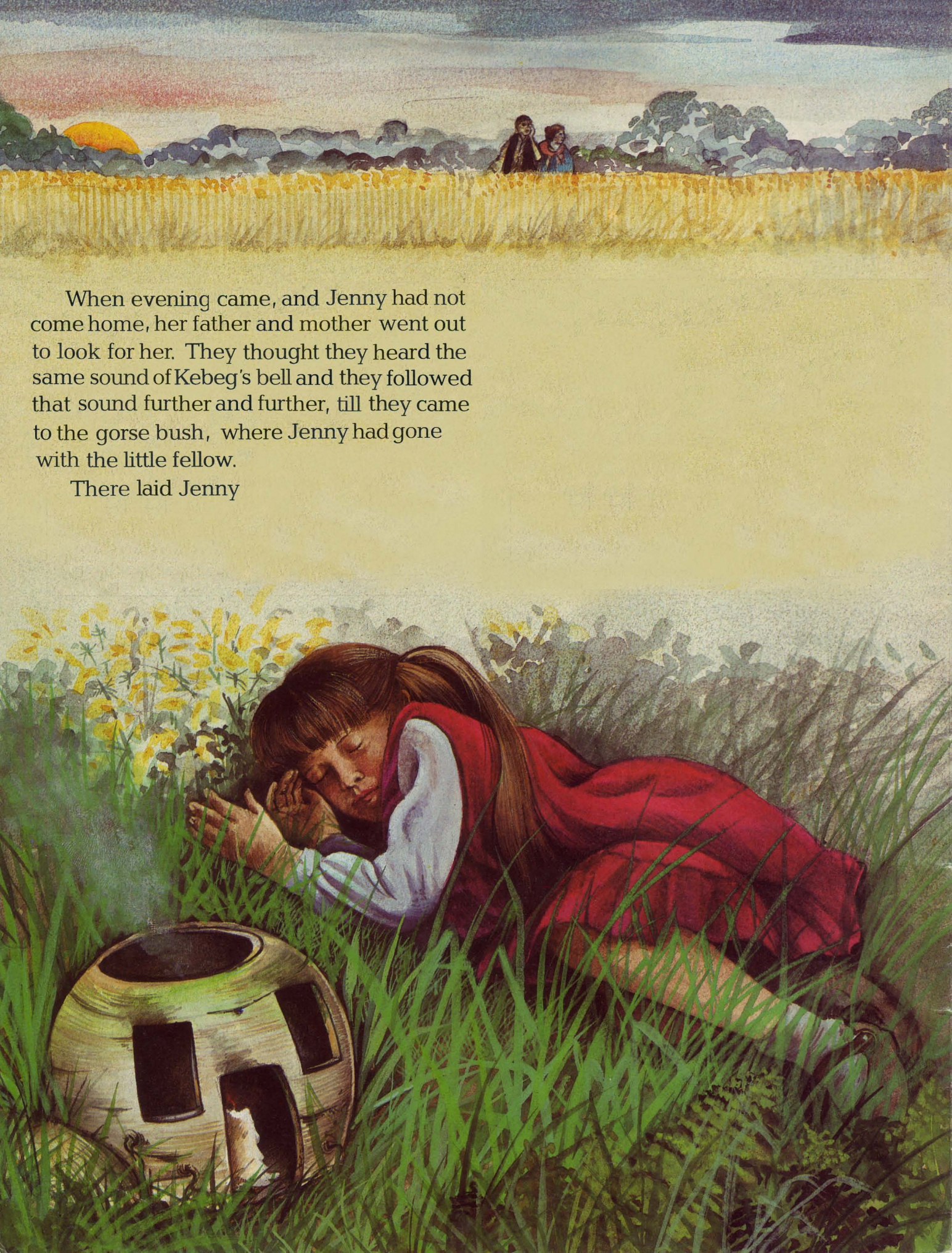
leading Kebeg by his ribbon. At last they came to a gorse bush. Under the gorse bush there was a dear little fairy house, no bigger than a large turnip, with a thatched roof and smoke coming out of the chimney.

"Come inside," said the little fellow.

"But I'm too big," said Jenny, "and the house is too small."

Then, as she watched, the house grew and grew until she could get through the door. She was so excited that she let go of the ribbon and Kebeg was left outside.



A painting of a young girl with long brown hair, wearing a red dress over a white long-sleeved shirt, sleeping peacefully in a field of tall green grass and yellow wildflowers. She is lying on her side, with her head resting on her hands. Next to her is a small, round, light-colored wooden house with a dark roof and several small, dark rectangular openings. In the background, a golden field stretches to the horizon under a soft, hazy sky. Two small figures are visible in the distance, standing near a line of trees. The overall mood is peaceful and serene.

When evening came, and Jenny had not come home, her father and mother went out to look for her. They thought they heard the same sound of Kebeg's bell and they followed that sound further and further, till they came to the gorse bush, where Jenny had gone with the little fellow.

There laid Jenny





# THE SONG OF THE ENGINE

With snort and pant the engine dragged  
Its heavy train uphill,  
And puffed these words the while she puffed  
And laboured with a will:

"I think — I can — I think — I can,  
I've got — to reach — the top,  
I'm sure — I can — I will — get there,  
I sim — ply must — not stop!"

At last the top was reached and passed,  
And then — how changed the song!  
The wheels all joined in the engine's joy,  
As quickly she tore along!

"I knew I could do it, I knew I could win,  
Oh, rickety rickety rack!  
And now for a roaring rushing race  
On my smooth and shining track!"



# IN PART 4 OF STORY Teller 2



Stories read by  
JANET SUZMAN,  
MIRIAM MARGOLYES,  
NIGEL LAMBERT &  
DENISE BRYER

Clumsy, ugly PETRUSHKA longs to partner his beloved ballerina – but he has a fearsome rival...

When the MASTER OF THE LAKE challenges a young boy to a trial of strength the outcome is not quite what he expects...

Bleep! Bleep! SHORTY THE SATELLITE zooms to the rescue of a lost rocket and a rejected radar-unit!

More hair-raising adventures for Dorothy and her friends as they seek out the Wicked Witch of the West on the orders of THE WIZARD OF OZ

Susan is happy at last, under the protection of THE LORD OF THE RUSHIE RIVER, but still awaits the return of her father...

PLUS  
THE GARDEN  
RILLOBY-RILL

