



PART 5

STORY

Teller

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



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STORY Teller 2

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The Snow Bear

Hans and Trudy lived in a cottage at the foot of a very high mountain called the Snow Bear. It was called this because of a curiously shaped rock at the top. When covered with snow, it looked just like a huge white bear, sitting with its paws on its knees.

Since they were very small, Hans and Trudy had often climbed the mountain with

their mother and father. But when they were seven they begged their parents to let them climb the mountain by themselves.

At last their father agreed. "You'll be safe enough if you keep to the path. But you must come straight down again as soon as you've reached the top. And remember, the sun sets early behind the mountains."

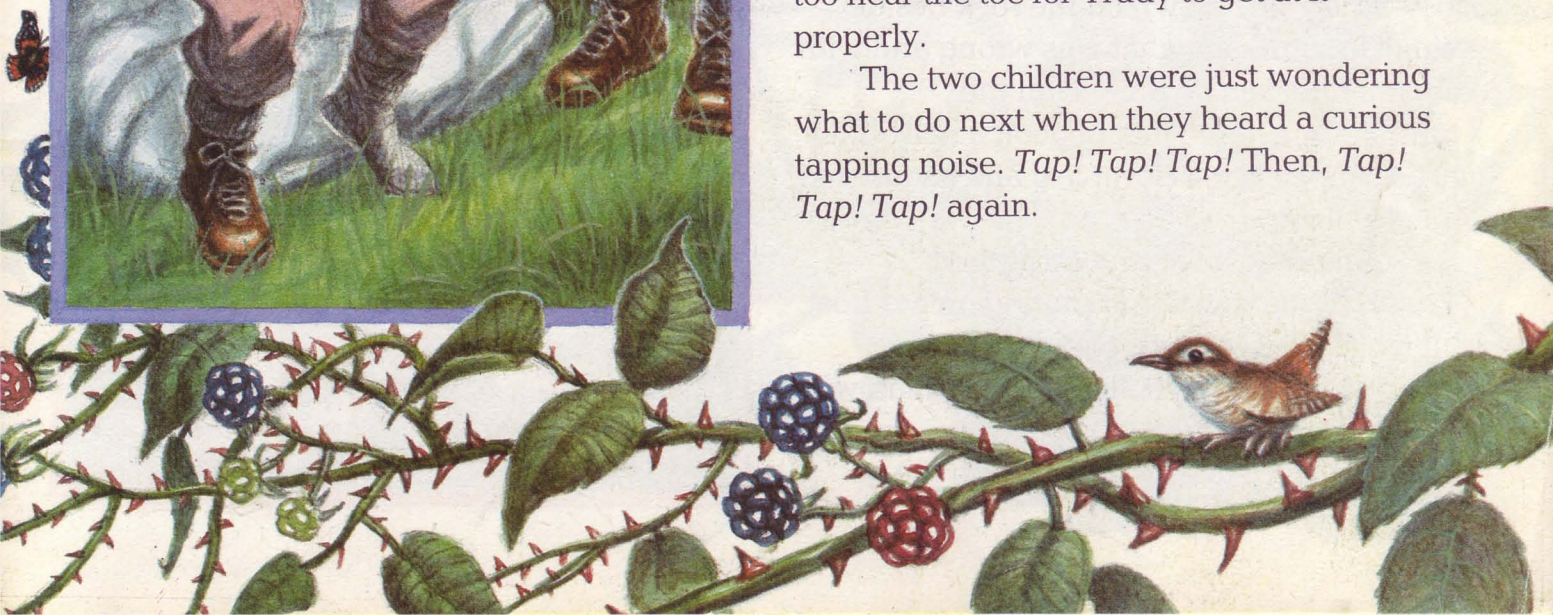
So the very next day, the children set off up the steep track. They wore warm clothes and heavy climbing boots, and Hans carried a knapsack of food. But they had not gone far when Trudy began to lag behind.

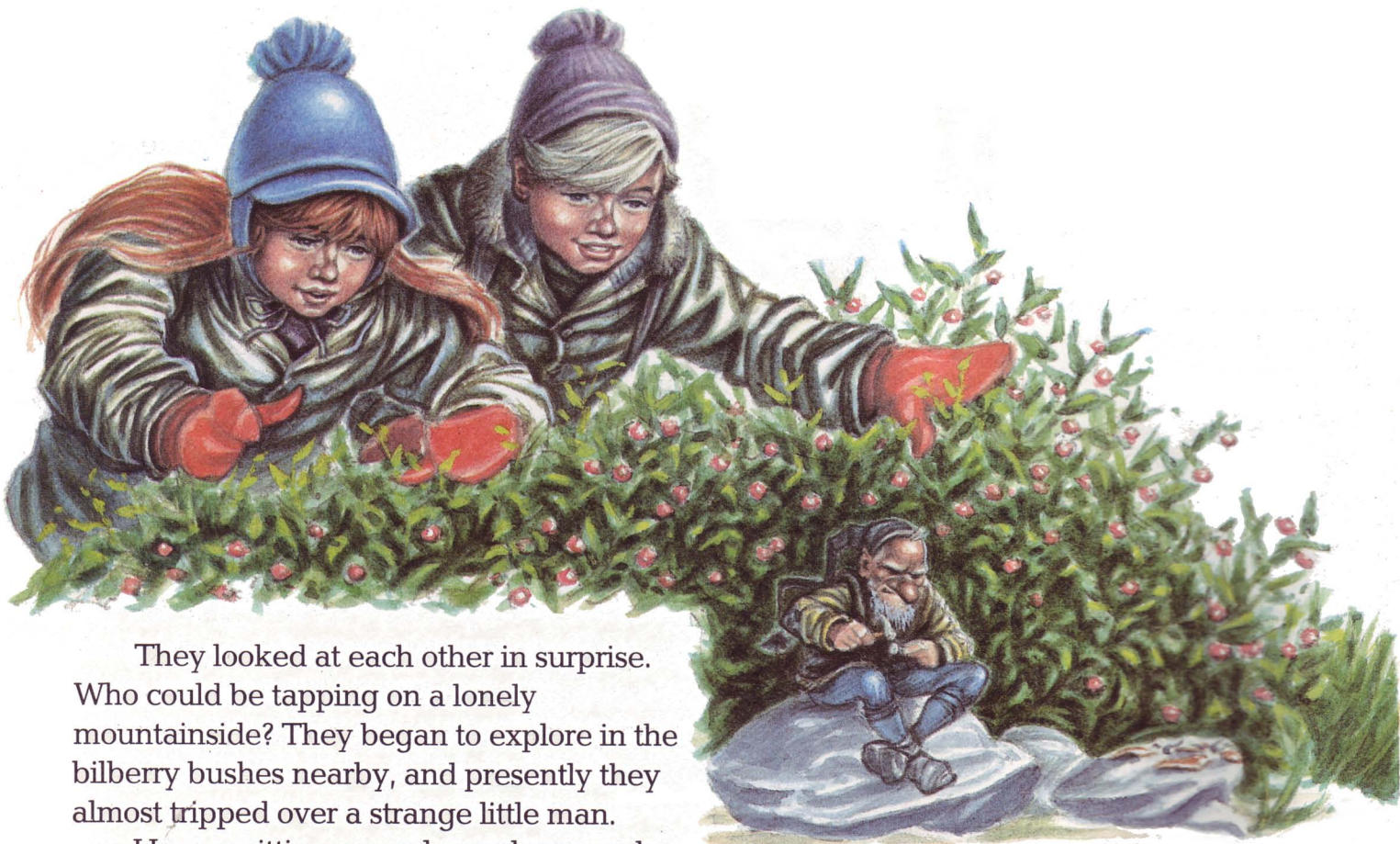
"You can't be tired yet," said Hans.

"I'm not tired," said Trudy, "but something is pricking in my left boot."

Trudy sat down on a stone, took off her boot and felt inside. The tip of a big nail had worked its way through the sole. She tried to knock it down with a small stone, but it was too near the toe for Trudy to get at it properly.

The two children were just wondering what to do next when they heard a curious tapping noise. *Tap! Tap! Tap!* Then, *Tap! Tap! Tap!* again.





They looked at each other in surprise. Who could be tapping on a lonely mountainside? They began to explore in the bilberry bushes nearby, and presently they almost tripped over a strange little man.

He was sitting, cross-legged on a rock, beside a collection of tiny hammers, pincers, nails and bits of leather. He was busy hammering at a bent nail, trying to straighten it.

He was dressed in ragged, patched clothes and looked rather disagreeable. The same idea crossed the children's minds.

"Please sir," said Trudy timidly. "Could you knock down a sharp nail in my boot?"

"I'm busy enough as it is," he said crossly. "But give me the boot."

Trudy set it down on the rock beside him. He soon saw what was wrong and with a pair of pincers he pulled out the troublesome nail. Then he took a nail with a head shaped like a clover leaf and hammered it in its place.

"Thank you very much indeed," said Trudy, sitting down and putting on her boot. "It feels quite comfortable now."

"So it ought!" replied the little man with a scowl. "So it ought!"

"I'm sorry I've no money with me or

I would pay for the nail," said Trudy.

"What use would your money be to me?" snapped the little man.

He looked such a thin, miserable creature that Hans said, "Would you like something to eat?"



And from his knapsack he took two chunks of dry, black bread, two small pieces of cheese and two wrinkled yellow apples. This was all their mother could afford to give them.

The little man seized a chunk of bread in both hands and began gobbling as if he had not eaten for days. The cheese went next, both pieces, and then the rest of the bread. The children almost wept when he began on the apples. Skin, pips, core — everything disappeared.

"A plain meal, but better than nothing," said the little man, shaking an apple pip out of his beard. "Now, leave me in peace to get on with my work."

The children returned to the path. "What a greedy little man!" said Hans.

"I never thought he would eat *all* our dinner. I've heard mother talk about the little men of the mountains who occasionally appear to travellers. But she said they always brought good luck if you spoke to them politely."

They went on for some time in silence. Then, just as the path became steeper, they heard the sharp *Tap! Tap! Tap!* of the little man's hammer.

They both stood still. Where was he? How had he caught up with them so quickly? Then they noticed a patch of brilliant green in front of them.

"It may be a bog," said Hans, and he picked up a large stone and hurled it into the green patch. With a splash and then a horrid gurgle the stone was sucked under.



"Another step and we should have been sucked under like the stone," whispered Trudy. "What a good thing we thought we heard the little man's hammer and stopped, just in time."

They went on more carefully, looking out for patches of bog. The wind blew colder and colder as they reached the last steep stretch before the summit. But they went on, and were almost at the top, when they heard the loud *Tap! Tap! Tap!* of the hammer.

Hans stopped a moment. Then he noticed that the rock just above him had some loose soil at the base. He grasped it lightly, not putting his weight on it, but at once it rolled away. It crashed and thundered down the mountainside, loosening other rocks on its way. The noise echoed and echoed across the mountains.

Both children turned pale with horror.

If Hans had put his weight on the rock and grasped it firmly, then he, too, would have gone rolling down the mountainside, crashing to his death.

"We're so near now," said Trudy, "that nothing else can happen to us." And a few minutes later they were safe on the summit. Here the wind howled like a pack of wolves and chilled them to the very bone. They were thankful to get round to the other side of the Snow Bear and crouch down in the hollow between its great stone knees.


"If only we had our dinner," said Trudy.

"It's odd," remarked Hans, "but my rucksack feels lumpy when I lean back on it."

"Why don't you take it off and look inside?" said Trudy.

Hans did as Trudy suggested and plunged his hand inside the rucksack. The two children could hardly believe their eyes





Suddenly Hans stood still. "I can't see the track any more. What are we going to do?" Trudy peered down. There were just rocks and rocks, and still more rocks. But then she saw something else.

"Look, Hans! What are those lights? Can't you see them twinkling?"

"Yes, I see them. They make a winding trail all the way down the mountainside, just like the path. Perhaps if we follow them, they will lead us back home. Come on."

The tiny, glowing lights were a good guide, and the children — no longer frightened — followed them easily.

when he took out two white loaves, cut in thickly buttered slices. Next, came two creamy cheeses, and last of all, two perfect rosy apples.

"I don't know how they got there, but they are obviously meant for us," said Hans, "so let's begin eating."

"Yes. You see the little man *has* brought us luck," said Trudy.

They ate very, very slowly and did not waste a crumb. The food was the best they had ever tasted. When they got up to start their way down, it was later than they thought. The sun was only just above the top of the nearby mountains and would soon set behind them.

"We must hurry," said Hans. "Come on, Trudy."

All too soon darkness fell, and the children began to stumble over the rocks as they hurried down the mountain.





"I've been thinking," said Trudy. "The little lights shine every other step. It seems as though you or I must have made them on the way up. But how could we?"

"The nail the little man put in your boot must be a magic nail," said Hans. "Wherever it touched the ground coming up, there is a light to guide us home."

The children hurried on. When they passed the place where they had last seen the little man among the bilberries, the lights stopped. But this did not matter, as they were nearly home and the path was wide and clear. They ran down the last gentle slope, helter-skelter, to their cottage.

"We're very late," panted Hans. "But I'm sure when mother and father hear our story they'll understand and not be angry."

Hans was right. And when their mother heard how miserable the little man had looked in his worn and ragged clothes, she made him a waterproof cape. The children

left it at the very spot among the bilberry bushes where they had seen him. The next day they visited the place again and the little cape was gone. The mist was falling like fine rain. And the children were happy to think of the little mountain man keeping snug and dry in his little waterproof cape.



THE INN OF DONKEYS

Old Chao, the merchant, had travelled all over China and thought he knew all the inns and hotels in the country. One day, however, he found himself in a strange district and stopped to ask a farmer where he could find the nearest inn.

"Just over the hill," the farmer told him, "you'll find a very comfortable inn, and you can even buy donkeys there."

"Really!" exclaimed Chao. "I must say, it's time I bought a new beast. My old donkey is growing rather tired. Where do the donkeys come from?"

The farmer looked worried and said, "Well, I, I don't know. You can ask Third Lady, the innkeeper." Chao thanked the man, and rode on over the hill. At last he saw the Wooden Bridge Inn. Getting off his donkey, he went inside the inn.

Third Lady greeted him warmly. "I'm afraid I have no servants and must ask you to take your donkey to the stables yourself. But I'll prepare a meal and a bed for you."





That night Chao sat down with the six other guests to a delicious meal. Third Lady brought bottles of wine to the table. The six guests drank a great deal before falling wearily into their beds. But Chao did not drink any of the wine, and lay wide awake on his clean, soft bed. Just as he was dozing off, he was woken by the sound of a heavy thump. Fearing burglars were breaking into the inn, he peeped through a gap in the bamboo partition.

To his surprise he saw Third Lady dragging a heavy trunk across the earthen floor. He watched as she took some little carved figures from the trunk. Then she placed them on the floor. There was a man, an ox and a plough.

Third Lady hitched the plough behind the ox, and set the man behind the plough. Then she sprinkled some water over them and murmured some magic words. To Chao's astonishment, the little team began to move rapidly around the room!

In no time at all, the earthen floor



had been ploughed into neat furrows. Third Lady then placed a tiny basket of seeds into the wooden man's hand. No sooner had he planted the seeds, than fresh shoots of wheat appeared. Chao watched amazed as Third Lady gathered up the wheat, crushed it into flour and made little wheat cakes from the flour.

Chao was so troubled by this magic that he could not sleep. At last, as the sun peeped into his room, he packed his things. But just as he was about to leave the inn, Third Lady greeted him. "I have some delicious wheat cakes for your breakfast," she said. "Won't you stay?"

"Why, thank you," said Chao. "Do you mind if I just take one with me? I'm in a great hurry." He slipped the cake into his pocket and went to the stable to get his donkey. But he thought he would take just one more look at Third Lady, before setting off.

Peeping through the window, he saw her offering the little wheat cakes to the other guests. He watched them eat.





In amazement, he saw them roll upon the floor. Their clothes changed into rough grey fur; they grew long tails and big ears. Chao could not believe his eyes. The room was filled not with men, but with donkeys! Leaping on to his donkey, he scuttled away from the inn as fast as he could.

Chao did not stop until he reached the nearest city. And although his work kept him busy, he could not forget Third Lady and her strange and terrible magic.

When he had to leave the city, Chao bought six little cakes made of wheat. Packing these into one bag and the cake he had taken from Third Lady in another, he set off. He took the same road home as before, and once again stopped at the Wooden Bridge Inn.

Again, Third Lady gave him a warm welcome. And again when Chao got up in the morning, Third



Lady offered him some wheat cakes.

"Ah," said Chao, "I thought I would bring you some wheat cakes — do have one of mine."

With a scowl on her face, Third Lady took the cake Chao handed her. But the cake Third Lady took was the one she had given Chao on his first visit! No sooner had she eaten half, than she rolled upon the floor and turned into a donkey.

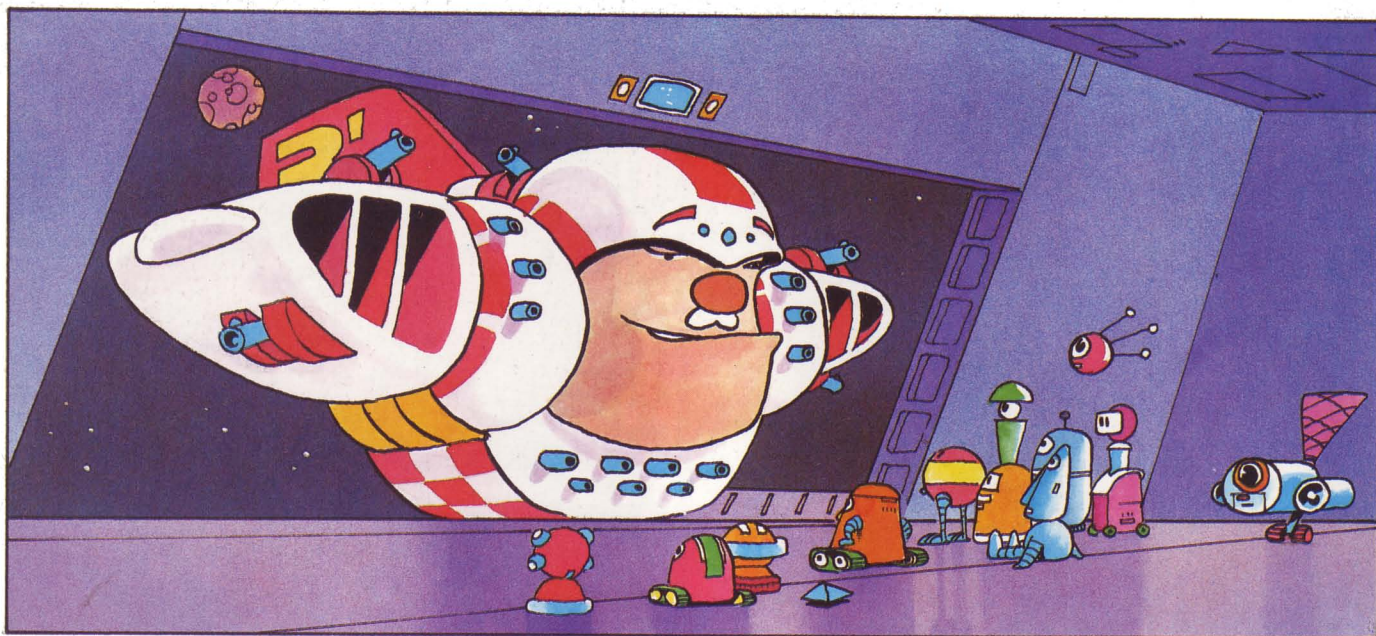
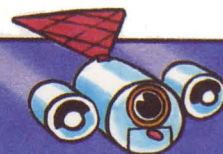
Chao was delighted. He pushed Third Lady out of the kitchen and tethered her to a tree. Then he hurried back to the inn and went to her bedroom and opened the trunk. Taking out the wooden toys, he burnt the little carved man, the ox and the plough.

And from that day on, until the end of his life, Third Lady proved to be a good, strong donkey and gave Chao very good service on his long travels through China.



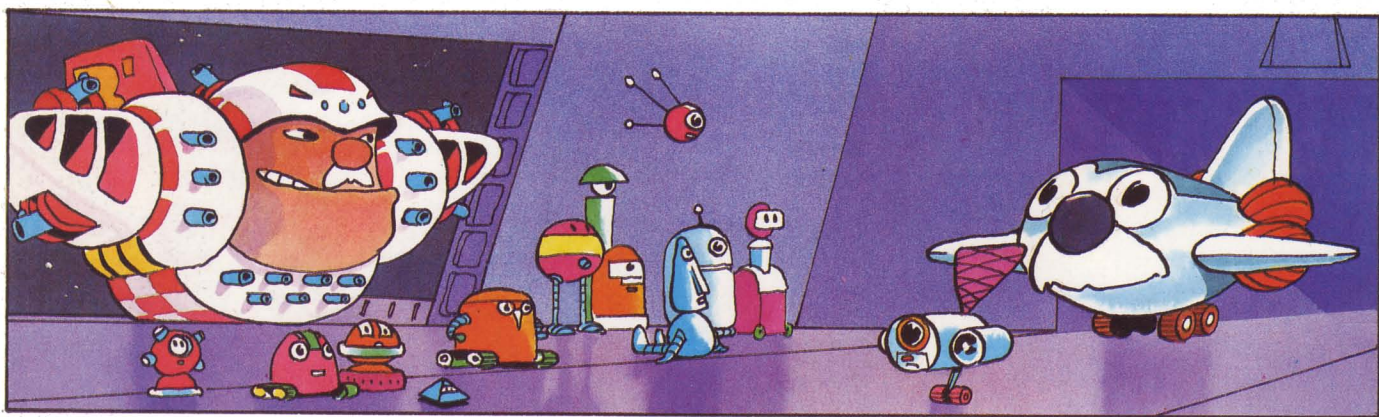
SHORTY

THE SATELLITE AND THE BRIGADIER



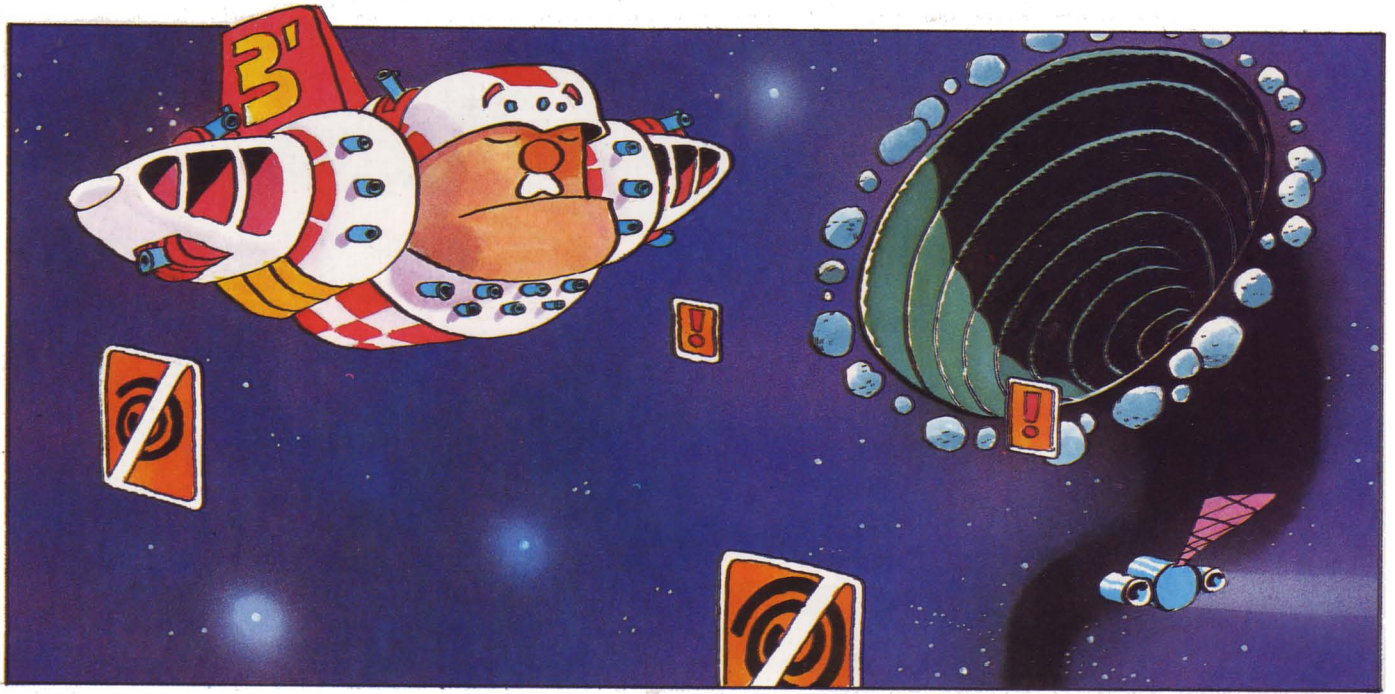
One morning, as Shorty was getting ready to go out on patrol, he noticed a new arrival to the space station. It was Brigadier Battle Cruiser, and he was surrounded by lots of little droids all listening to him boasting about his adventures.

"... There I was, surrounded by enemy fighters ... must have been six hundred of 'em at least! Any normal cruiser would have surrendered, of course, but not me. With amazing skill I opened up with my lasers — I'm the best shot in the fleet, y'know."



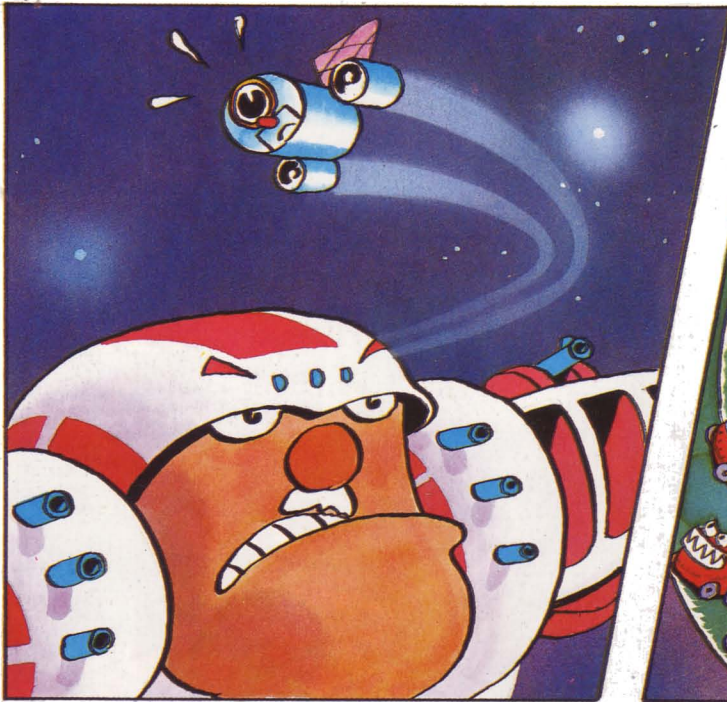
"Who's that?" Shorty asked Old Zeke the Space Shuttle. "Oh that's Brigadier Battle Cruiser. He's just returned from the intergalactic space wars." "Sounds like a show-off to me," said Shorty. The Brigadier turned to Shorty.

"Is that an ancient space shuttle I see over there? What a heap of rubbish! Should convert it into a vacuum cleaner so it can do something useful, haw, haw, haw. Where was I? Oh, yes. So, when I had 'em in my sights I opened up ..." Old Zeke left quietly.



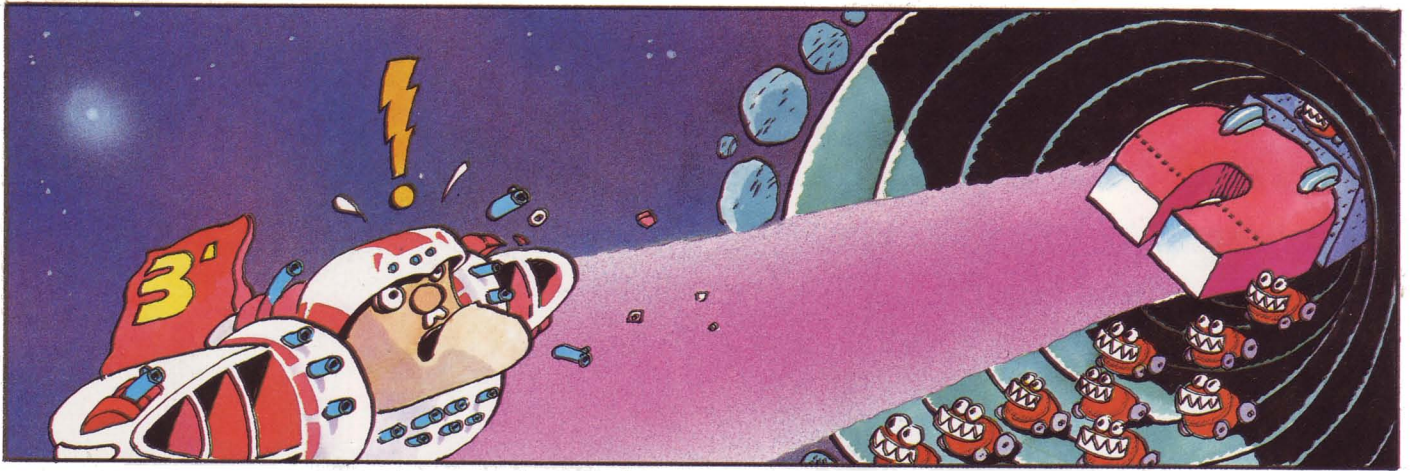
Later that day as Shorty was flying home, he saw the Brigadier flying near a Black Hole. He was ignoring the danger signs! Shorty

rushed towards him. "Excuse me, sir, you shouldn't go near the Black Hole. It's very dangerous. You might get pulled in."



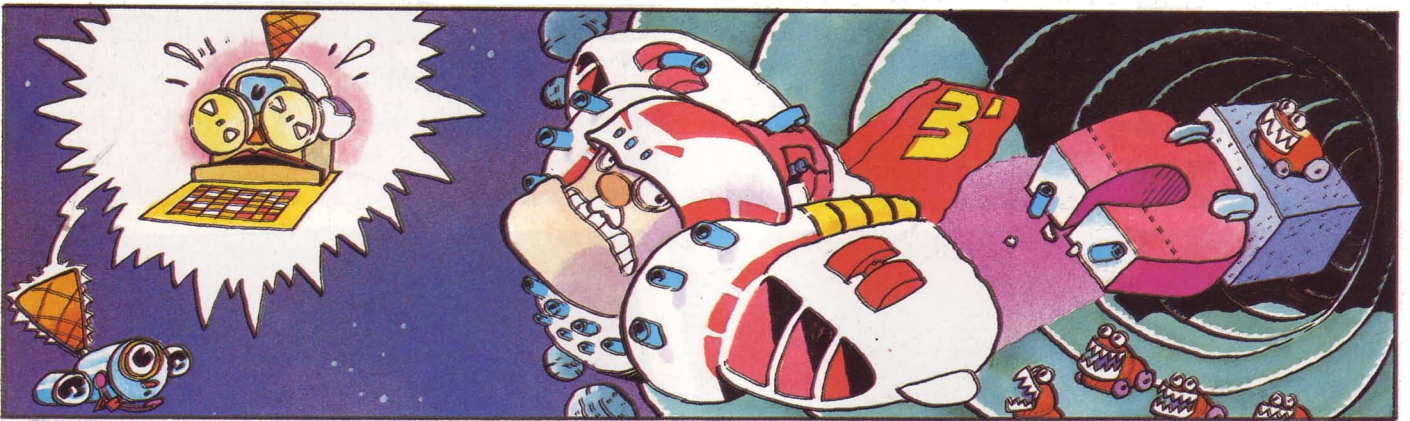
"You young whippersnapper. I'm Brigadier Battle Cruiser, intergalactic space hero. I don't need a puny flying sardine to tell *me* what to do." "But, but, it's very dangerous, you might . . ." "Clear off before I report you to your commanding officer. Cheeky young pup!"

Paying no attention to Shorty's warning, the Brigadier flew nearer and nearer to the Black Hole. Inside the hole dozens of nasty little red droids were waiting with a big magnet. "He's coming, any minute now. We'll soon have him in our pull. Yum, yum, he looks delicious."



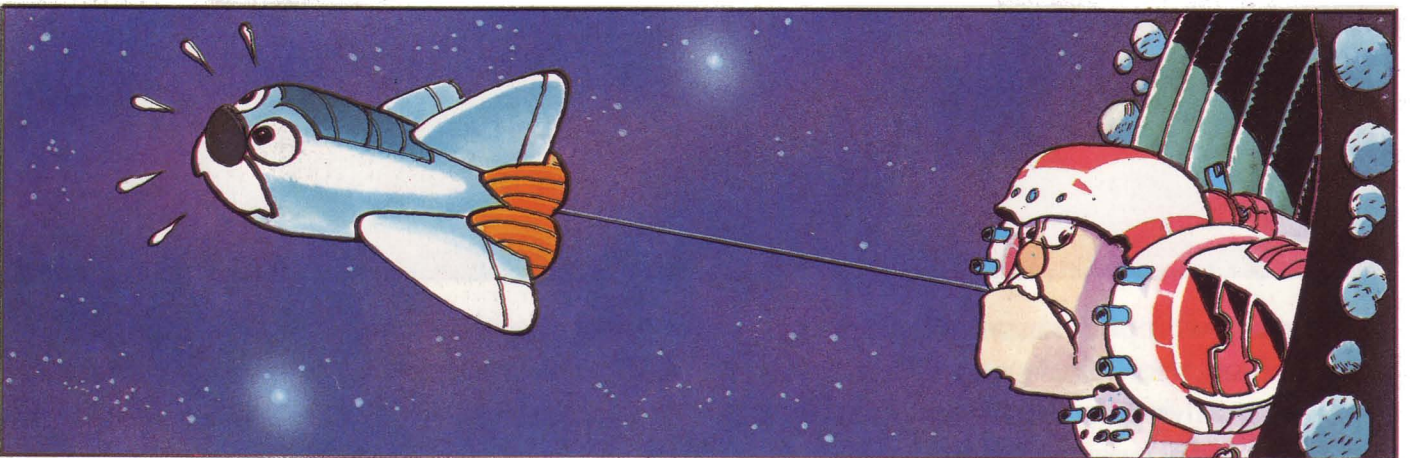
Slowly, very slowly, the Brigadier was pulled into the Black Hole. There was nothing he could do, he was being pulled to the centre.

"Heeeelp! I can't get out. Someone save me!"
The hungry droids began to eat the Brigadier.
"Mmm, he's delicious, munch, munch."



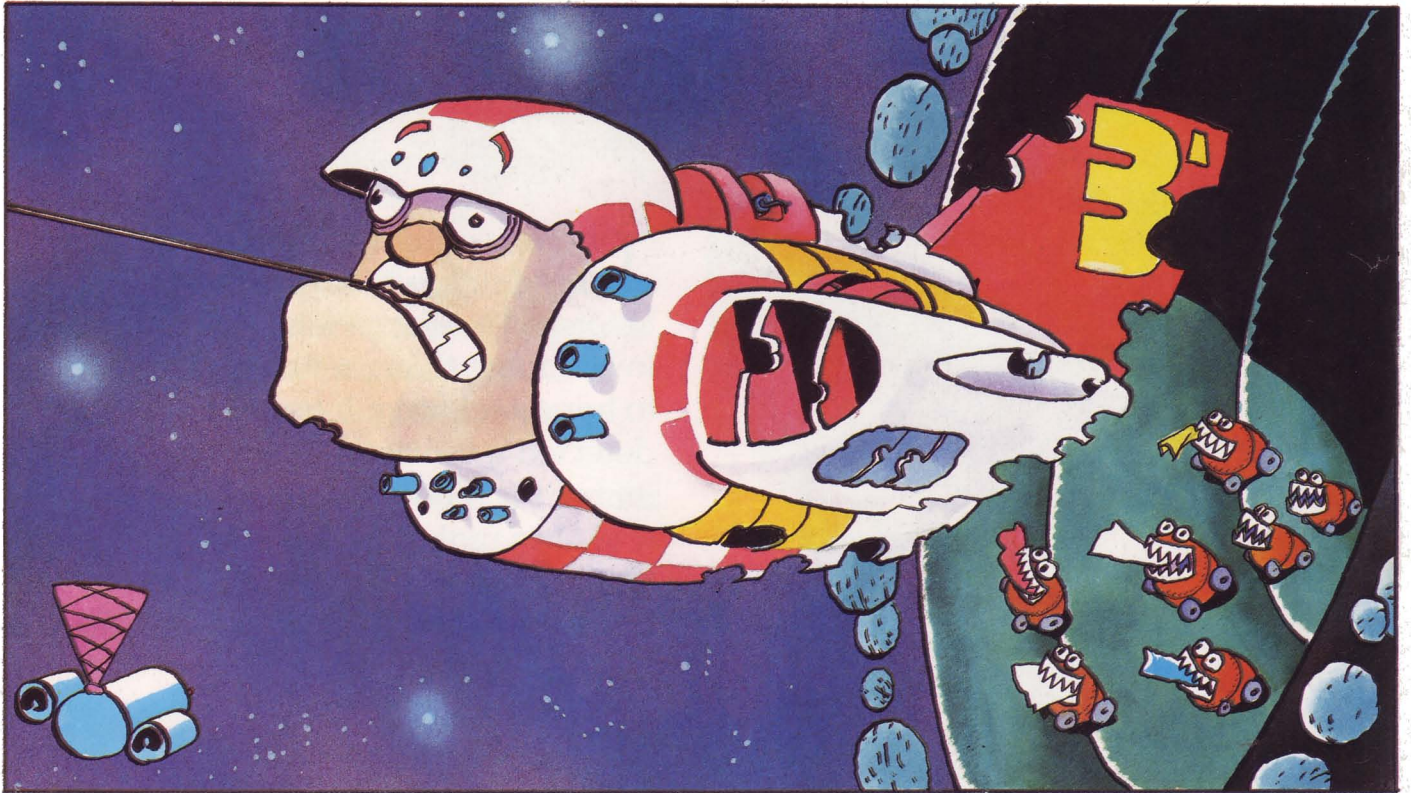
Shorty saw what had happened and radioed Grandma Computer. "Shorty to Grandma, Shorty to Grandma, come in Grannie. Brigadier Battle Cruiser has been pulled

down the Black Hole. The droids have got him. We need help quickly, over."
"Grandma to Shorty. I'll send someone over right away."



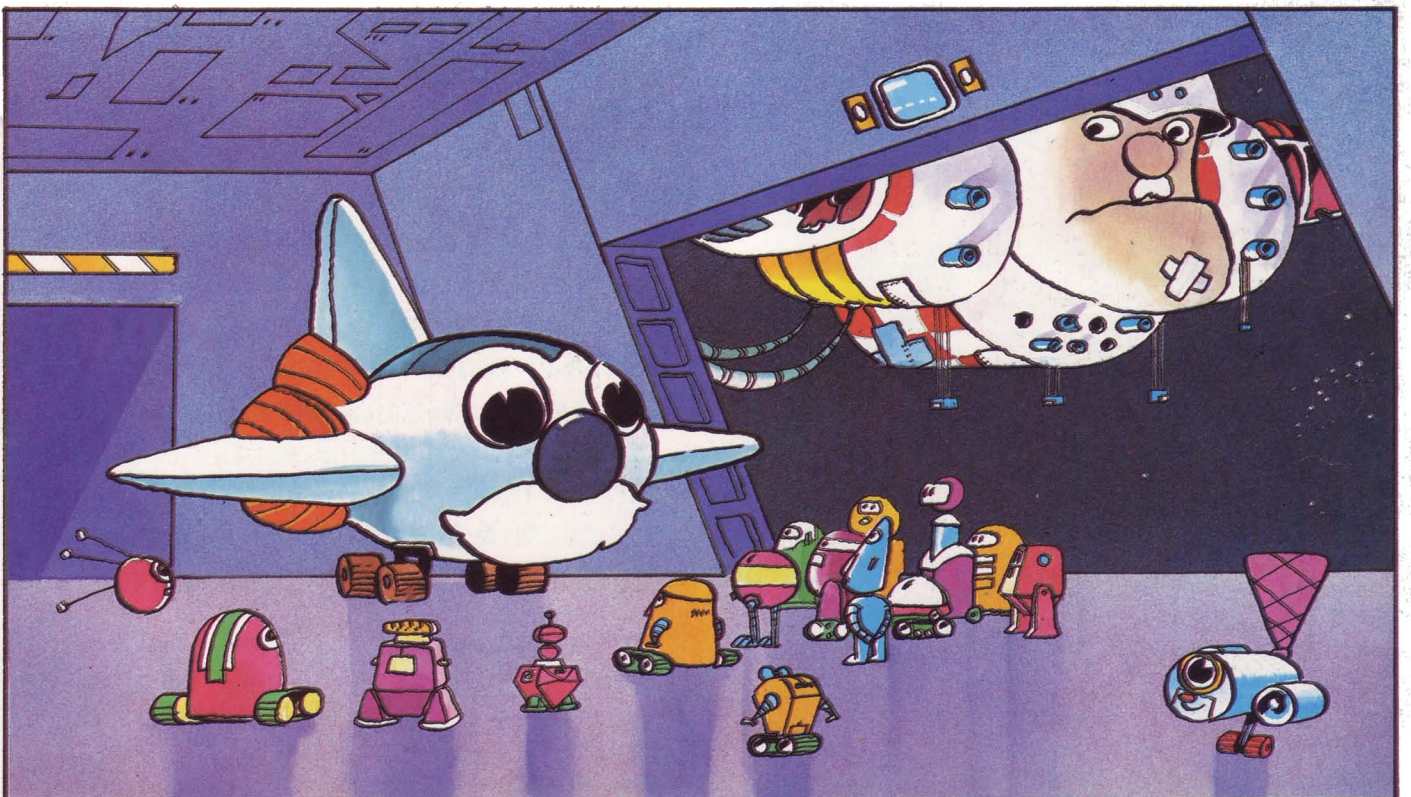
A few minutes later Old Zeke arrived. He fired a line attached to a rocket into the

Black Hole and slowly, using all his strength, hauled out the Brigadier.



The battle cruiser was full of holes, where he had been eaten by the red droids.

"Oh help, help. They've munched my metal and gobbled my guns."



Back at the space station all the droids crowded round Old Zeke to hear about the

rescue. Brigadier Battle Cruiser had learned his lesson.

The Nightingale

There was once a nightingale who lived in a large crystal cage. She belonged to a rich Persian merchant who loved, more than anything else, to listen to her sweet song. If he sometimes detected a sad note, he quickly dismissed it from his thoughts.

"My nightingale has everything a bird could possibly want," he told himself. "I'm sure she's the happiest bird in Persia."

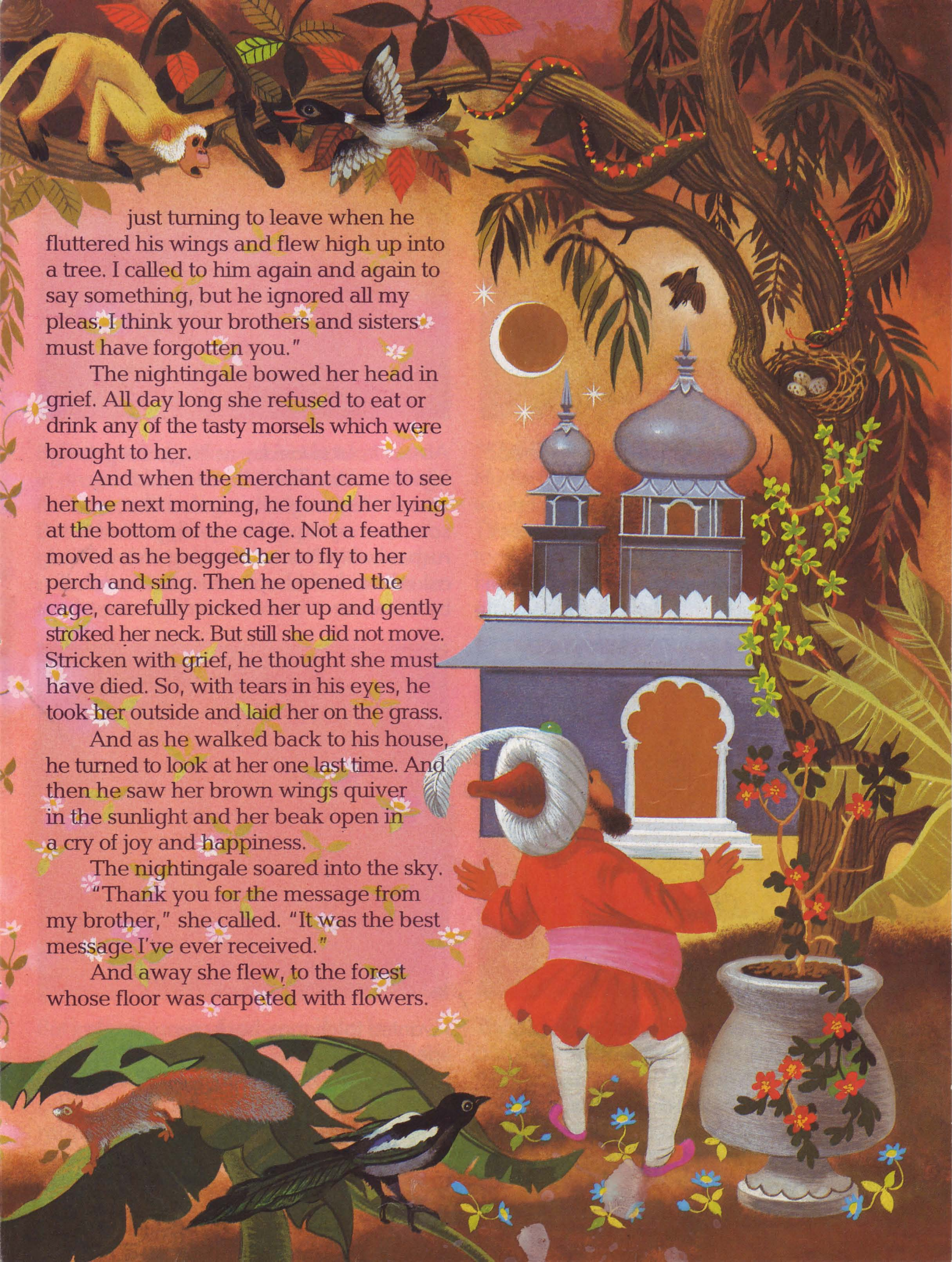
One day the merchant announced that he was going on a long journey to buy silks and perfumes from the East. On the way he would pass the nightingale's first home — a forest whose floor was carpeted with flowers. Was there anything the nightingale wished him to say to her brothers and sisters?

"Just tell them I'm well," she said, "and ask if they have a message for me."

The merchant did as she requested, and on returning from his journey, he immediately went to see her.

"I asked one of your brothers if he had a message for you," he said in a puzzled voice. "But all he did was to fall to the ground and lie completely still among the flowers. I picked him up, but he still didn't move, so I decided he must be dead. I gently put him down and was





just turning to leave when he fluttered his wings and flew high up into a tree. I called to him again and again to say something, but he ignored all my pleas. I think your brothers and sisters must have forgotten you."

The nightingale bowed her head in grief. All day long she refused to eat or drink any of the tasty morsels which were brought to her.

And when the merchant came to see her the next morning, he found her lying at the bottom of the cage. Not a feather moved as he begged her to fly to her perch and sing. Then he opened the cage, carefully picked her up and gently stroked her neck. But still she did not move. Stricken with grief, he thought she must have died. So, with tears in his eyes, he took her outside and laid her on the grass.

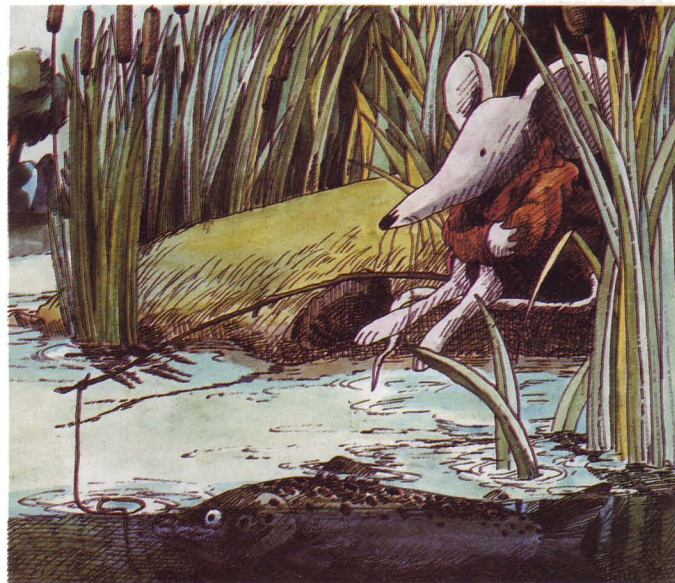
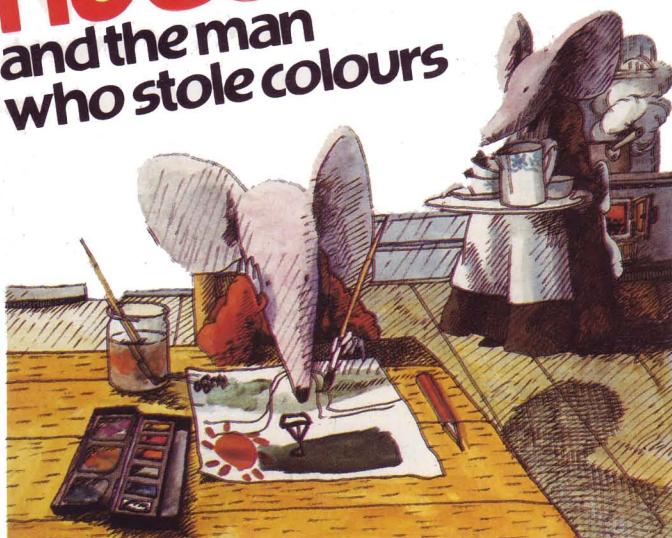
And as he walked back to his house, he turned to look at her one last time. And then he saw her brown wings quiver in the sunlight and her beak open in a cry of joy and happiness.

The nightingale soared into the sky. "Thank you for the message from my brother," she called. "It was the best message I've ever received."

And away she flew, to the forest whose floor was carpeted with flowers.

HUGO

and the man who stole colours



Hugo was bored. He had just finished the painting he had been doing all morning.

"It's a lovely day," said mother, "why don't you go fishing?"

So Hugo took his fishing rod and set off for the river.

An old trout swam by as Hugo sat gazing into the water. Then, he heard a faint sound. He thought it sounded like someone crying. Hugo gently parted the rushes behind him. "Anything wrong?" he asked the dark shape which sat huddled by the water.



"Yeeech," screeched Hugo. "A witch!"

"But I'm not a witch!" wailed the creature. "I'm a good fairy. My name is Belinda. Yesterday I changed myself into a witch for a fancy-dress party. I used a spell from my beautifully coloured Book of Magic. But when



I wanted to change back, every single spell had vanished. Nothing was left, nothing but empty, white pages. Whatever shall I do?"

Hugo was stunned. "Well, first of all, you'd better show me where you left your Book of Magic."



Belinda pulled out an ancient book, bound in dragon skin. "Look!" she cried, flicking the bare, white pages under Hugo's nose. But something caught Hugo's eye — one ghostly *white* toadstool stood out among a cluster of coloured ones. More white toadstools led into the trees.



"Someone's stealing colours," cried Hugo. "We must follow this trail of white toadstools." The two friends followed the tell-tale toadstools all that afternoon and evening. Finally, exhausted, they sank down on a grassy bank to sleep.



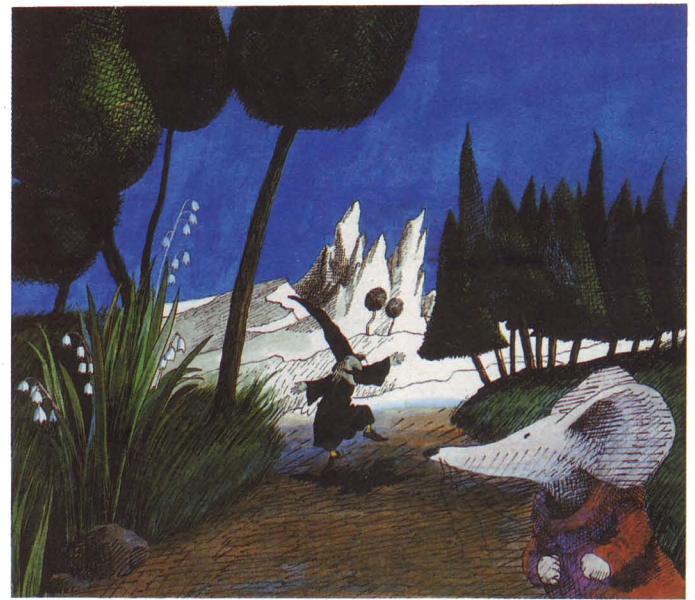
But in the morning they were in for a surprise. *Thump, thump, bang, bang!* Hugo pulled Belinda clear as a little door in the bank opened to reveal a white rabbit wearing crumpled pyjamas. "You may as well come in for breakfast," he grumbled.



The two friends followed him into his cosy burrow, and told the white rabbit about their search for the lost colours. "Funny," frowned the rabbit. "Yesterday afternoon I went to sleep in the sun, brown as usual, but when I woke up I was white!" "So we're on the right track," cried Hugo.



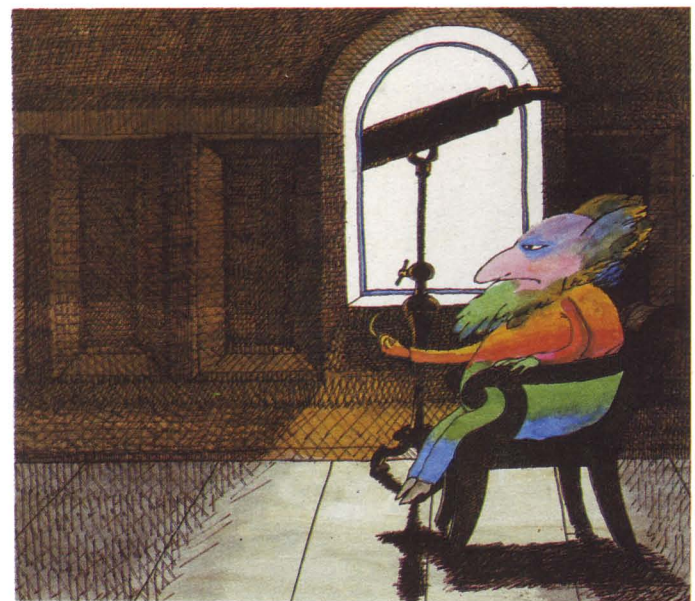
After breakfast Hugo and Belinda set off again on their search. Suddenly, a large white animal jumped out at Hugo. "A brown weasel turned white!" gasped Hugo. The newcomer scowled. "I am an ermine," he snapped. "And ermines are always white."



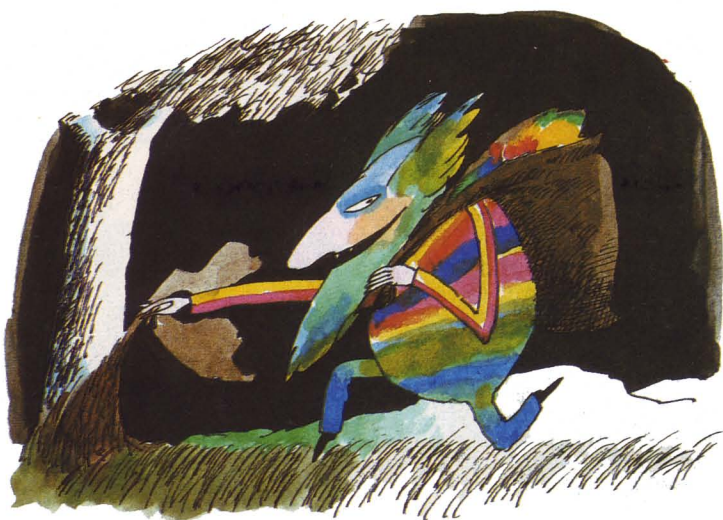
Hugo blushed and rushed away. "Hugo, come quickly," cried Belinda. A trail of white bluebells led to an extraordinary sight. The colourful countryside stopped, giving way to a cold, white landscape. "The colour thief must live here," said Belinda.



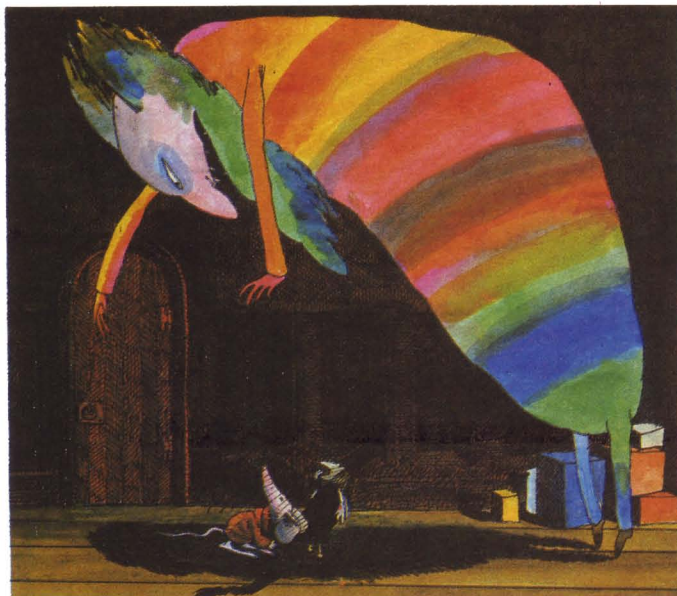
They came to a long white tower. "That must be the thief's house," whispered Hugo. They climbed a dark staircase. At the very top of the stairs sat a little man made of colours. "I watched you through my telescope," he boomed. "What do you want?"



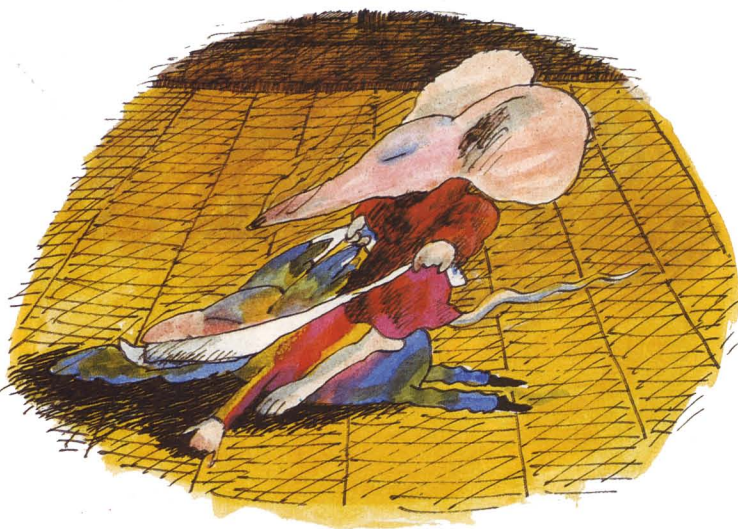
"Sir," squeaked Hugo, bravely. "We are searching for the coloured words from Belinda's book, the red and white spots from the toadstools, the blue from the bluebells in the forest and the brown from our friend here, the rabbit. Have you seen them by any chance?"



The little man leaped from his chair, screeching with laughter. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! I've got them all here," he cackled. "I'm the man who steals colours!" "We'll have our colours back, please," said Hugo. "Oh, no, you won't," said the colour man,



mumbling magic words that made him grow until he reached the ceiling. "You can't frighten us," cried Hugo. "I bet you can't shrink, though," said Belinda. "Easy," said the colour man. And he mumbled the magic words backwards.



He grew smaller and smaller until he was small enough to ride a snail. Hugo sprang forward, tied his handkerchief around the man's mouth and bound his arms with a piece of string he had in his pocket. Meanwhile, Belinda searched the room.



She found a jar full of coloured letters. "These must be mine," said Belinda. Hugo grabbed the Book of Magic and dipped it into the jar. An angry gurgle sounded from the colour man as the pretty letters slipped back between the pages of the book.



Belinda chanted a spell from her Book of Magic, and, in a flash, the colour man was his old size again.

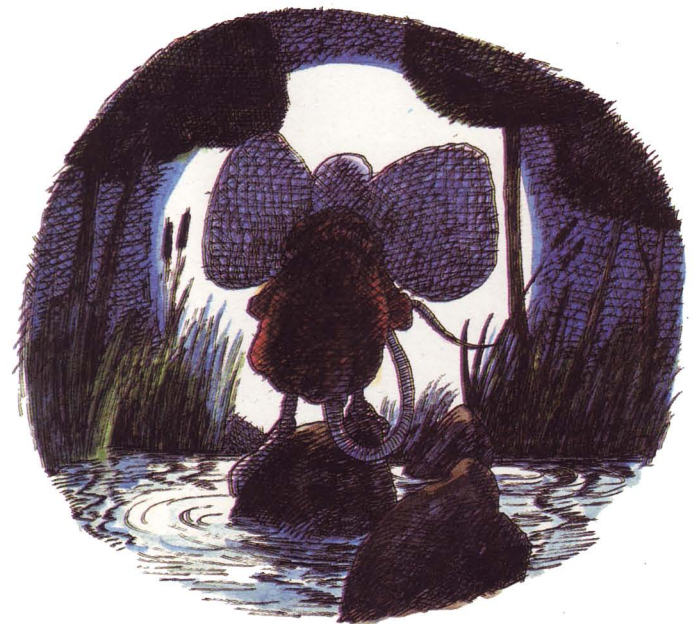
"All your power to make mischief has gone," Belinda said as she freed him. "I want you to take each box and jar of colours to the window and tip them out



into the countryside, where they belong." As the colours spilled out over the ground, they all seemed to remember *where* they belonged. Their work done, Hugo and Belinda set off for home. Belinda murmured the spell to change her back into her old self. "Ziggity, zaggity, zippity, zap."



In the woods they met their old friend, the rabbit. He was very happy to be brown again, but he could not quite believe that the funny little witch he had invited to breakfast that morning had turned into such a beautiful creature in such a pretty dress.



"It's time I was going," said Hugo, and he set off across the stream. While the rabbit sat puzzling over the change in Belinda, Hugo skipped home trying to think up a tale his mother would believe. And what do you think he told her?



A Great and Terrible Humbug

The Winkies did not want to say goodbye to Dorothy and her friends. Indeed, they had grown so fond of the Tin Man that they begged him to stay and rule over the Land of the West. When they realised that he was determined to go back to the Emerald City, they gave him a silver oil-can and presented Dorothy with a golden cap.

"You destroyed the Wicked Witch and set us free," said one of the Winkies. "So we think you should have her most valued possession — this golden cap. It has a charm written inside. Perhaps it will help you next time you are in trouble."

Dorothy put the cap on her head. Then, she thanked the Winkies for their present

and set out with her friends across the fields.

There was no road to the Emerald City, but they knew that they must walk eastwards, towards the rising sun. At first they were sure they were going the right way. But by midday the sun was directly over their heads and they did not know which way was east and which was west.

"Oh, what shall we do?" said Dorothy. "We're completely lost."

"Hmm. Why don't you try the charm in the golden cap," said the Scarecrow.

Dorothy looked inside the cap and read the directions. Then she put it back on her head, stood on her left foot and chanted, "Ep-pe, pep-pe, kak-ke, ziz-zy, zuz-zy, zik!"





In an instant, there was a great chattering and flapping of wings, and the band of Winged Monkeys flew up to them. The travellers were rather frightened, until the King bowed low before Dorothy and said, "You now own the golden cap, so we must obey you three times. Tell me, what is your first command?"

"To be taken to the Emerald City," said Dorothy, "for we've lost our way."

"We will carry you," said the King.

And no sooner had he spoken than two of the monkeys caught Dorothy in their arms and flew away with her. Other monkeys lifted up her friends.

They flew very fast, and it was not long before the travellers were standing at the gate of the Emerald City. The Guardian of the Gate fitted them with green spectacles and then led them to the palace.

The soldier with green whiskers was still on guard. "What! Are you back again?" he asked in surprise. "I thought you had gone to visit the Wicked Witch of the West."

"We did visit her," said the Lion, "and Dorothy destroyed her."

"Good gracious!" said the soldier, and hurried off to tell the Great Oz.

Dorothy and her friends were sure that



the Wizard would send for them at once, but he did not. Instead, he gave orders for them to be shown to comfortable rooms.

They had no word from Oz the next day, nor the next. At last, they grew so tired of waiting that the Scarecrow sent him a message. If he did not see them straight away they would summon the Winged Monkeys.

This frightened the Wizard and he immediately invited them to the throne room. Slowly they opened the door and anxiously looked round for a giant head, a ball of fire, or some hideous beast. But all they saw was an empty throne. They drew close to each other, for the stillness of the room seemed more dreadful than any

of the forms they had seen Oz take.

Presently, they heard a voice coming from the dome in the ceiling. "I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?"

"Where are you?" asked Dorothy.

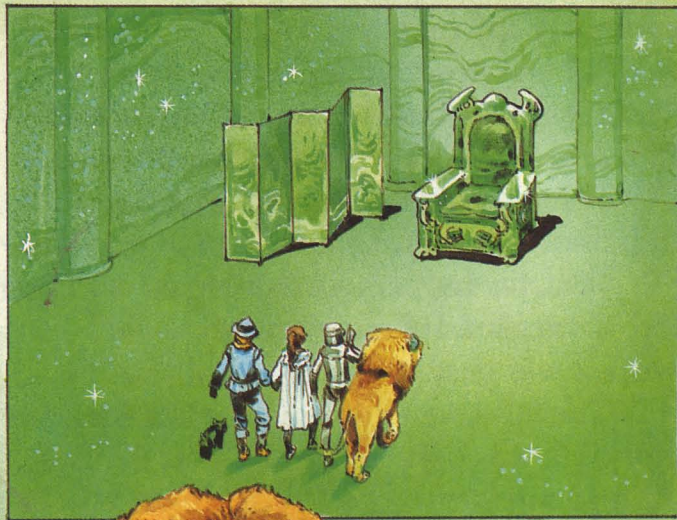
"I am everywhere, but to the eyes of common mortals I am invisible. I will now sit on my throne so that you can talk with me." Indeed, the voice seemed just then to come straight from the throne itself.

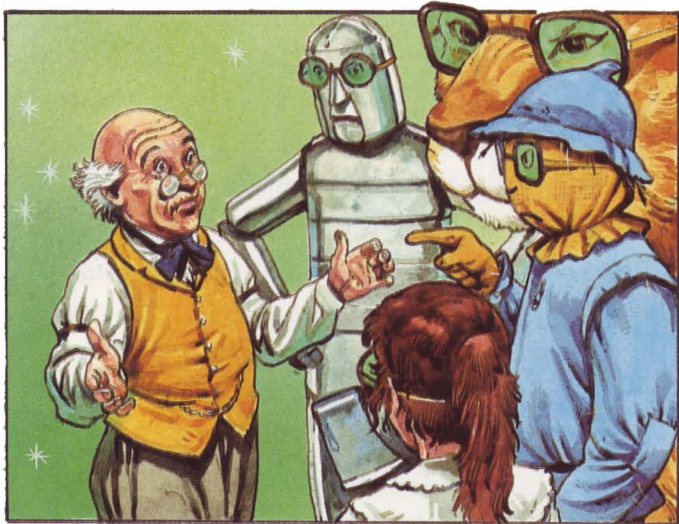
"We have come to claim our promise, Great Oz," said Dorothy. "You promised to

help us if we destroyed the Wicked Witch. And we *have* destroyed her. I melted her with a bucket of water."

"Dear me," said the voice. "How sudden. Well, come back tomorrow, for I must have time to think it over."

"You have had plenty of time already," said the Tin Man, angrily rushing towards the throne. The Lion gave such a dreadful roar that Toto jumped away in alarm and knocked over the screen that stood in the corner.





They all looked in amazement at the little old man who now stood before them.

"Er, I am Oz, the Great Wizard," he said. "At least I'm supposed to be. But, really, I'm, I'm just a common man."

"You are more than that," said the Scarecrow. "You are a . . . a humbug."

"Oh, exactly so," said the little man.

"But I don't understand," said Dorothy. "How did you manage to appear to me as a giant head?"

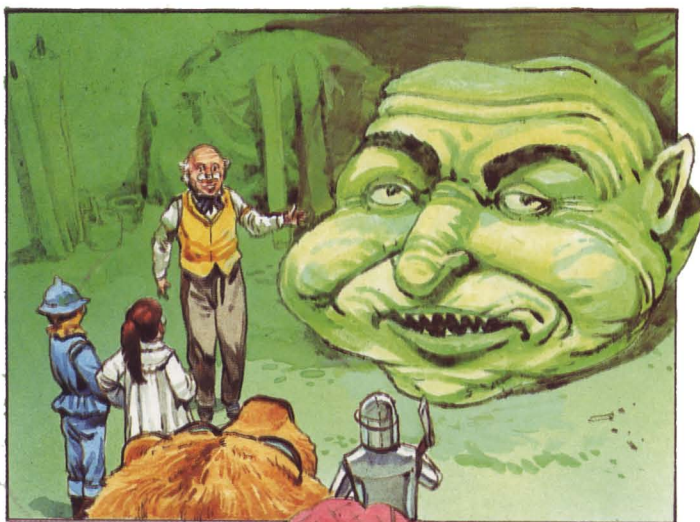
"Oh, that was one of my tricks," said Oz, and he led them into a small room. In the corner lay a giant *paper* head.

"I hung this from the ceiling by a wire. Then I stood behind the screen and pulled a thread to make the eyes and mouth move."

"What about the voice?" Dorothy inquired.

"Oh, ha, ha, I am a ventriloquist and I can throw the sound of my voice wherever I wish. It was easy to deceive all of you."

The little man then told the travellers his story. He was born in Omaha, near Kansas. As a young man he had been a balloonist as



well as a ventriloquist. One day his balloon carried him high above the clouds, and far away, to the strange country of Oz. When the people saw him coming down from the sky they thought he was a great wizard and promised to do anything he asked. So he ordered them to build a palace and a city.

"As the country was so green, I decided to call it the Emerald City," he said. "And to make the name fit better I put green spectacles on all the people, so that everything they saw was green."

"Isn't everything here green?" asked Dorothy.

"Oh no. But the people have been wearing the green spectacles for so many years that they believe it is. They also believe that I'm more powerful than all the witches. But, um, in fact, I've always feared the magic powers of the wicked witches.

"That's why I promised to help you if

you would do away with the Wicked Witch of the West. I'm not sure that I can keep my promise, but I *will* try. All I ask is that you don't tell anyone that I am a, a humbug."

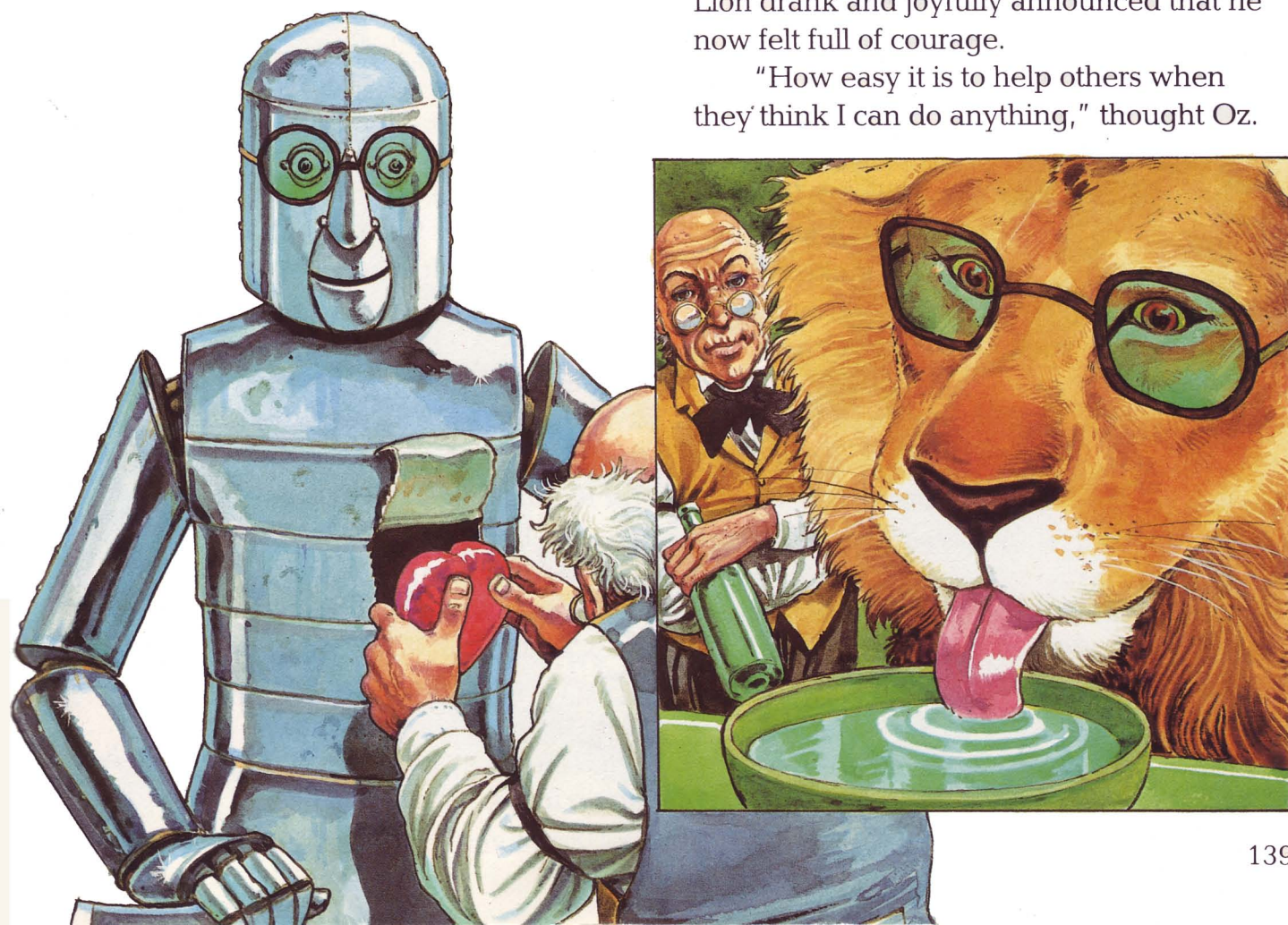
"Hm, a great and mighty humbug," thought Dorothy. But she and her friends agreed to say nothing, and the next day the Scarecrow hurried off to see Oz again.

The little man asked for permission to unfasten and empty the Scarecrow's head. This done, he poured a mixture of bran, pins and needles into the top and stuffed the rest of the space with straw. The Scarecrow returned to his friends feeling very wise.

The Tin Man was the next to visit the throne room. Oz cut a hole in his chest and pushed a heart of silk stuffed with sawdust into his body. The Tin Man was delighted.

Next it was the turn of the Lion. Oz poured the contents of a green bottle into a dish and told the Lion it was courage. So the Lion drank and joyfully announced that he now felt full of courage.

"How easy it is to help others when they think I can do anything," thought Oz.





It was going to be more difficult to help Dorothy, but he would try. When it was her turn to see him, he said, "We'll make a hot-air balloon to carry us back to Kansas."

"Us!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Are you going with me?"

"Oh yes, of course. I am tired of being such a humbug. Let's get to work right away. We'll make the balloon from strips of silk and fasten a big clothes basket to the bottom for us to ride in."

Three days later the balloon was finished, and Oz ordered it to be carried outside. The news spread that he was going to visit a great wizard who lived in the sky, and everyone came to see the wonderful sight.

The Tin Man had chopped a big pile of

wood and made a fire. Oz held the bottom of the balloon over the fire until the silken bag filled with hot air. Then he got into the basket and said in a loud voice, "While I am away the Scarecrow will rule over you. I command you to obey him." The balloon was now tugging at the ropes that held it to the ground. "Hurry Dorothy," cried Oz, "or the balloon will fly away."

But Dorothy could not find Toto. As she searched for him in the crowd, the ropes went crack and the balloon rose into the air. "Come back," she screamed.

"I can't come back my dear," called Oz from the air. "Goodbye."

And away he floated, never to be seen again in the Land of Oz.

[Will Dorothy ever get back to Kansas? Find out in Part 6]

RECIPE

If I tell you this tale you might wince,
It concerns an odd mixture for mince,
Made from dogs' teeth and tails
By a witch from North Wales
In a pot with a pattern of chintz.
You take pigs' ears and lemons and cheese,
And the wings and the stings from queen bees,
Some frogs live and frisky,
A cupful of whisky,
Some slugs and a few black-eyed peas.
Boil it an hour or two,
Season with essence of shrew;
If it turns out too salty,
The frogs must be faulty —
There's nothing at all you can do
(Except throw out the whole beastly brew!)



IN PART 6 OF **STORY** Teller

Readers include
SHEILA HANCOCK,
NIGEL LAMBERT &
CAROLE BOYD



NEW SERIAL

Two world-famous friends—
**GOBBOLINO AND
THE LITTLE WOODEN HORSE—**

join forces in a brand new adventure.
Dare you go with them to Hurricane Mountain?

Don't miss the end of Dorothy's amazing
travels when she embarks on her last journey
in **THE WIZARD OF OZ**

THE FARMER, THE TOMT AND THE TROLL
make a quarrelsome threesome

A SILLY OLD BABOON decides to fly to the sun

With the help of **THE FISHING STONE**, a lonely
boy makes a strange but happy discovery

SHORTY THE SATELLITE
makes a Shooting Star into a sheriff!

