



Enid Blyton Stories

Pinkity's Party Frock



Once Upon a Time

There was a pixie called Pinkity. Pinkity was a pixie who loved to go to parties.

She went to the rabbits' parties, and to the mouse picnics. She loved going to the fairies' parties, and dear me, what a treat it was to go to a party at the palace.



Pinkity lived in Jenny's garden—but Jenny didn't know!
Pinkity had a tiny house under the old lilac bush. All the
mice knew it well and so did the two rabbits who lived at
the end of the garden. One of the hens knew it too, for she
had gone under the bush to lay an egg.



But Jenny didn't know, though she had played round the bush a dozen times a day!

Jenny played with her doll Rosebud. She loved her very much, for Rosebud was a pretty, cuddlesome doll, whose eyes shut to go to sleep, and who could say " Ma-ma " in a very baby-like voice. Rosebud had two lots of dresses—a pink silk one with a white sash, and a blue cotton one for mornings.



Pinkity often used to watch Jenny playing with Rosebud.
One day, as Pinkity was peeping through the leaves at Jenny, the postman came with a letter for the pixie. The postman was a little mouse.



Pinkity took the letter in excitement.

" I hope it's a party invitation! " she cried. And it was! It was from the Fairy Goldywings, and the party was to be the next day, Monday, a picnic party on Breezy Hill.

" Oh, what fun! " cried Pinkity. " I shall make myself a dress and hat of pink rose-petals. I *shall* look fine! "



That night she went to collect the pink rose-petals from Jenny's garden. She came across old Shellyback, Jenny's tortoise, lying asleep in the grass. Pinkity laughed.

" I shall use you for a stool to sit on! " she said. So she sat down on the tortoise's back, and began to make her pink frock and hat.



First she made the hat and fitted it on her head. Really, it looked very pretty, all made of silky petals. Then she began to make the frock.



She worked till dawn, and then she had to go and fetch some more pink thread from her little house. So she dropped the little frock lightly on to the ground by the tortoise and ran off.



When she came back, whatever do you think had happened? Why, the old tortoise had awakened, and put his head out of his shell. He had seen the rose-petal frock—and had begun to eat it up!

You see, rose-petals were a great treat to him. He loved a feast of them and didn't often get them. So when he saw the rose-petal frock, he began to gobble it up in delight!



Well, poor Pinkity sat down and cried and cried when she saw what was happening! " You horrid unkind thing! " she sobbed. " Here I've spent all night long making my new frock—and you eat it in about two minutes! "

"Sorry! " said Shellyback. " I didn't know it was a frock. I thought it was just rose-petals and I'm very fond of them."



"It's Monday morning now and there won't be time to make myself a frock again," sobbed Pinkity. " I shan't be able to go to the picnic this afternoon! "

"I'm very sorry," said Shellyback again. He did wish he could do something!



Pinkity slipped back to her house under the bush, still crying.
Shellyback pulled at the grass and waited for Jenny to come
out to play.



When she came out she looked very important. It was Monday—and she was going to have a washing-day just like Mother! She had washed Rosebud's pink silk frock, and her white petticoat and vest, and had washed her pram-cover and pillow-case too. Now Mother had put her up a little clothes line in the garden to hang the things on to dry!



The tortoise watched Jenny pegging up all the clothes. He wished he could tell her about Pinkity, but he had only a hiss for a voice and Jenny wouldn't understand.



Jenny went indoors then to get her hat and coat for a walk. Shelly-back watched the clothes flying on the line and went on eating.



The wind blew hard. It blew the little clothes on the little line and it blew Mother's big clothes on the big line. It blew so hard that it blew the pink silk frock off the line altogether, and it flew off and wrapped itself round the tortoise's head!



He *was* surprised! He put his head into his shell at once.
Then he poked it out again to see what it was that had
dropped on him.



It was Rosebud's best pink silk frock—and the tortoise stared at it in excitement. Just the thing for Pinkity to wear at the picnic! If only it would fit her!



Shellyback picked the frock up in his mouth and crawled under the lilac bush with it. Pinkity was there, still crying. How she stared when she saw the tortoise bringing the pink silk frock!



"Oh! Oh! Where did you get it from? " she cried. "What a beautiful dress—and I believe it will just fit me—and will match my new rose-petal bonnet beautifully!"



She slipped the frock over her head and tied the white sash round. How sweet she looked!

" Oh, thank you! " she said to Shellyback, kissing his little blunt nose. " I'll wear it to the picnic! "



She ironed it out, and then put it on for the picnic with her pretty pink bonnet. Off she went, as happy as could be—and how everyone admired her in her pretty silk frock!



Poor Jenny *was* upset when she came in from her walk and found the pink silk frock had been blown off the line. She hunted and hunted for it—but, of course, she couldn't find it! Then it was *her turn to weep*.



The tortoise heard her crying and soon knew why. How uncomfortable he felt! First he had eaten Pinkity's rose-petal frock and made *her* cry—and now he had taken away Jenny's doll's frock and made *her* cry.



He went to the lilac bush and waited for Pinkity to come home.

When she came he told her how upset Jenny was. " Oh dear! " said Pinkity, " what a shame! Well, I'll soon wash and iron this frock, Shelly-back, and then I'll give it back to Jenny for Rosebud. And I'll give her my rose-petal bonnet too. It should fit the doll nicely."



So that evening Pinkity washed and ironed the pink frock, and then packed it up in a little box, with the pink bonnet too.



She flew up to the nursery window, slipped in at the top, and left the box on the table.



When Jenny found it and opened it the next morning, she could hardly believe her eyes! " Oh, look! " she said, " here's my doll's frock back—and a lovely rose-petal bonnet too! It will just fit Rosebud."



So it did, and she wears it every time she goes out. Jenny would so love to know who made it. Shellyback has told her heaps of times, but she doesn't understand his hisses. I wish / could tell her, don't you?

The End





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