



# Enid Blyton Stories

## The Very Beautiful Button





# Once Upon a Time

Cinders the gnome had three beautiful buttons.

One was green, one was blue and one was yellow. He always had them sewn on the front of his tunic, and was very proud of them indeed.





He was a bad-tempered fellow, and not many of the folk in Crab-Apple Village liked him. He was rich and knew a good deal of magic, so most people were frightened of him.





One day there was a concert in the village hall and Cinders made up his mind to go. It looked rather like rain, so he took his big umbrella with him.





But he didn't need to put it up because the rain didn't come after all, and he reached the hall quite dry.





He took his place in the middle of the seats and listened to the concert. Half way through he heard a loud pop and he looked down to see what had happened.





The middle button had come off his tunic! Cinders must have had rather too much dinner and the button had burst off. It was the yellow one that Cinders liked best of all. He looked down at the floor, but he couldn't see it. He didn't like to disturb everyone by getting up to look for it, so he just sat still, waiting for the end of the concert, when he could look for it.



When the concert finished, there was tea for everyone in the hall, and soon there was a lot of chattering and laughing. Cinders began to look for his beautiful yellow button. But although he hunted under all the chairs and searched all round about his seat, he could *not* find his precious button.





'Someone's picked it up and stolen it,' said Cinders fiercely. So he clapped his hands loudly and made everyone stop talking and look around.

'I've lost one of my very beautiful buttons,' said Cinders frowning hard. 'I can't find it, so someone must have taken it. Please come and give it to me at once!'





Nobody moved. Cinders frowned still more.

'Ho!' he said. 'So you won't give me back my button! Well, I'll soon be able to find the thief, so he needn't think he will get away with my button! Now come!

Let me have it back before I use my magic spells to find out who has it.'





Still nobody moved or said a word, although everyone looked as frightened as could be. Then Cinders got very angry indeed and took a piece of green chalk from his pocket.





He drew a big circle on the ground and put a dot in the middle of it. Then he put the chalk back into his pocket and took a little black wand out instead. He waved this in the air seven times, to and fro, and chanted a long string of powerful magic words, making everyone shiver with fright.

Then he clapped his hands three times and said loudly, 'Whoever has the button must now step into the middle of this circle!'





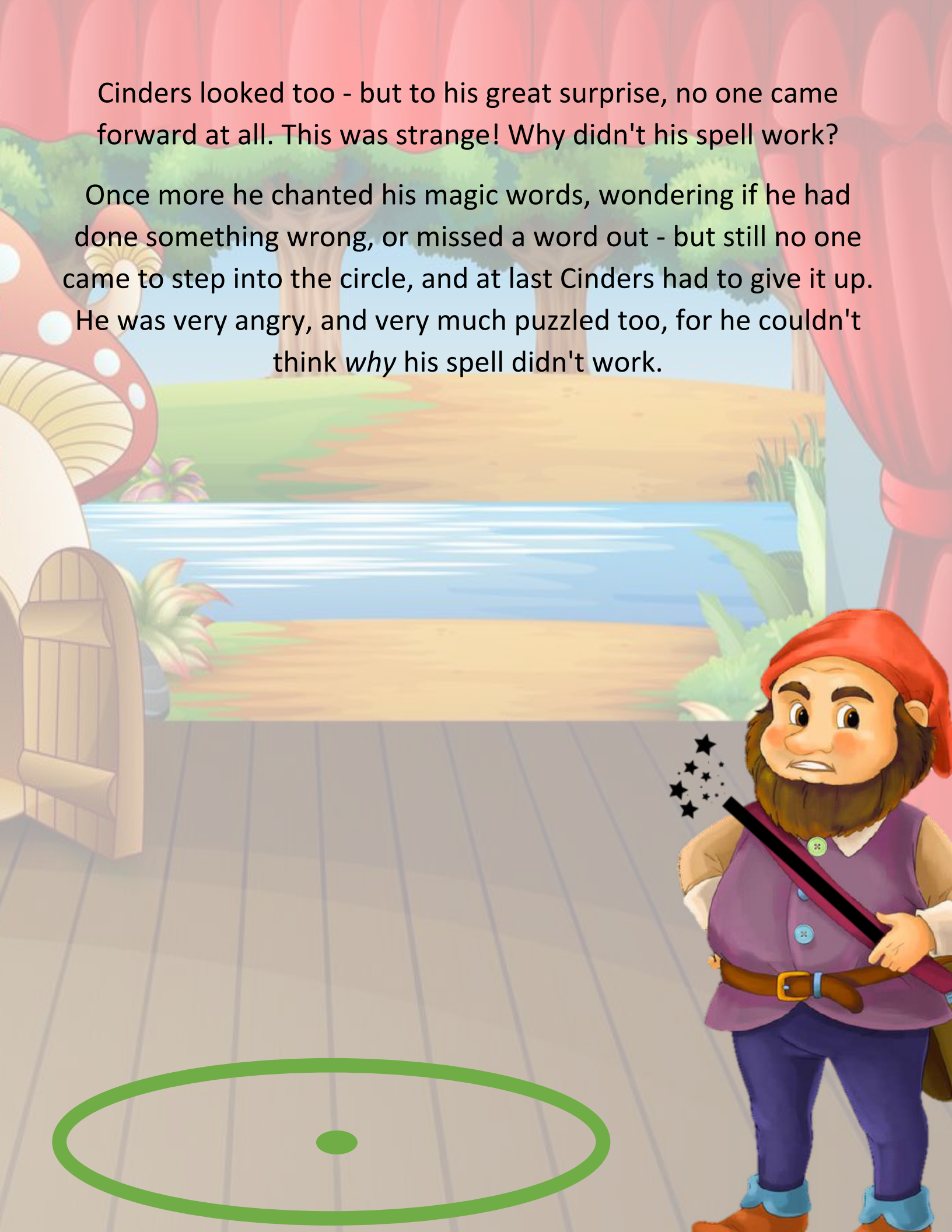
All the pixies and brownies looked at one another fearfully, wondering who would have to step into the magic circle.





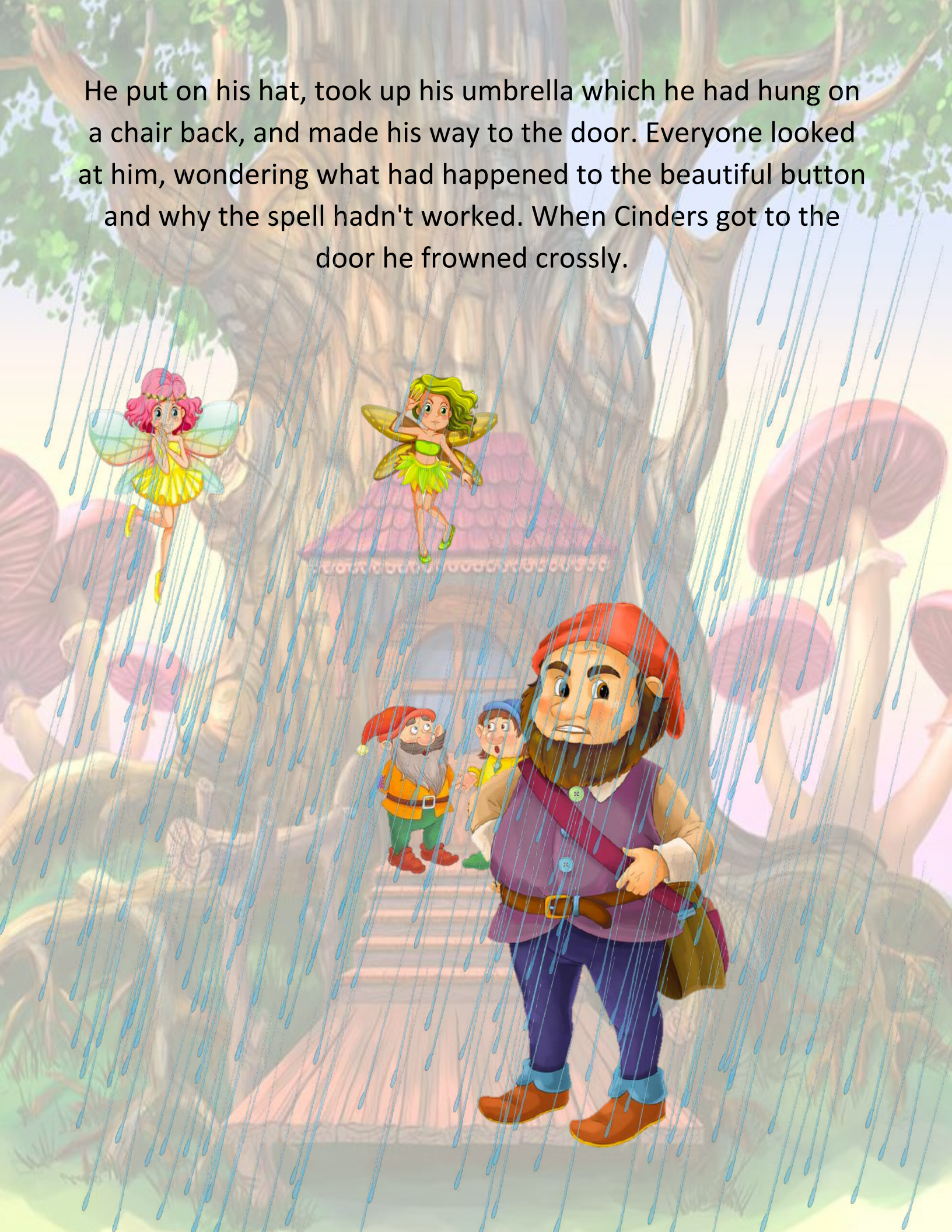
Cinders looked too - but to his great surprise, no one came forward at all. This was strange! Why didn't his spell work?

Once more he chanted his magic words, wondering if he had done something wrong, or missed a word out - but still no one came to step into the circle, and at last Cinders had to give it up. He was very angry, and very much puzzled too, for he couldn't think *why* his spell didn't work.





He put on his hat, took up his umbrella which he had hung on a chair back, and made his way to the door. Everyone looked at him, wondering what had happened to the beautiful button and why the spell hadn't worked. When Cinders got to the door he frowned crossly.





It was pouring with rain! What a nuisance! With everyone still watching him, he put up his big umbrella - and bump! Out of it fell his beautiful yellow button, hitting him on the nose and then dropping to the ground with a little tinkling noise.





'Ooh! It was in his umbrella all the time!' cried a hundred little voices. 'Ha, ha, ho, ho! It was in his own umbrella, and he didn't know it! It popped off and fell inside it and the foolish old thing didn't think of peering there! Oh, silly Cinders - oh, what a joke! It hit him on the nose!'





Well, that's just what *had* happened! When the button had popped off, it had slipped inside Cinders' umbrella, which he was holding in front of him – and he had never once thought of looking there! And of course, when he opened it, out fell the button!





How ashamed of himself Cinders was! He hung his head, blushed very red, and then ran home as fast as ever he could.





And now nobody is frightened of him at all, and when they  
meet him they say,

‘Good morning, Cinders, and how is your beautiful yellow  
button today?’

But I think he deserves to be teased, don't you?

*The End*







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