



# Animal Stories

By Enid Blyton

A Little Bit  
of Magic



Fanny had been reading a book of fairy tales. My goodness, the magic there was in Fairyland!

The way wizards changed people into different things – and the way that spells were worked and magic done – it was wonderful!





‘Oh, Mummy!’ she said when she had finished the book. ‘I wish I could see some magic. But I don’t believe there is any nowadays. Things don’t change suddenly into something else – there don’t seem to be any spells about at all.’



'Well, I can show you something that seems like magic', said her mother. 'Something that happens a hundred times every year, in everyone's garden.'

'Show me, Mummy!' said Fanny, really excited.





So her mother took her out into the garden. She went to the cabbage patch and hunted about.





She turned back a leaf with holes in and showed Fanny a green and yellow caterpillar there.





‘We’ll take this caterpillar on a piece of leaf, and watch him use a spell to change himself into something else,’ she said.



So, she and Fanny took the little caterpillar to Fanny's bedroom on a piece of cabbage leaf. Mother found a box and made holes in it. She put a piece of glass over the top so that Fanny could watch the tiny creature eating his cabbage leaf.





'Has anyone told you what a caterpillar can turn himself into?' asked Fanny's mother. But Fanny was only six, and she didn't know.

'Well, this caterpillar can turn himself into a butterfly with wings,' said mother.



‘However can he do that?’ said Fanny in surprise, looking at the long caterpillar. ‘I can’t see the beginnings of an wings at all.’

‘He hasn’t got even the beginnings now,’ said her mother. ‘He gets those later when the magic begins to work. We will watch him each day.’





So, they watched the caterpillar. Twice he grew so fat that he had to change his tight skin. Fanny was surprised to find he had a new one underneath each time. She gave the little caterpillar a new cabbage leaf every day and he grew and grew.





One day he didn't want to eat anymore. He went to a corner of the box and began to spin a kind of silky web there. fanny couldn't think where he got it from.

But he had plenty of silk. He fixed himself safely in the corner – and then a strange change came over him. He changed his skin for the last time. He lay still. He became hard and brown. He seemed quite, quite dead.





‘He seems just a hard little case,’ said Fanny, puzzled. ‘He isn’t like a caterpillar anymore. But he isn’t like a butterfly either. His magic must have gone wrong, Mummy.’

‘We’ll wait and see,’ said Mother. ‘We call him a chrysalis now. Watch carefully each day.’



Fanny watched – and one day she was very excited. ‘Mummy, Mummy! I believe there is a butterfly being made inside the caterpillar’s hard brown case! I can faintly see the outline of wings – and what looks like new legs all bunched up together! Look!’







I can faintly see the outline of wings  
– and what looks like new legs all  
bunched up together! Look!



Her mother looked – and as she looked, a magical thing happened.

The case split down the back! It began to move and wriggle – and suddenly, out of the split, came a small head!



'Something's coming out –  
something's coming out! Look!  
squealed Fanny.



Something did come out –  
something with four crumpled  
wings, six thin legs and a head with  
pretty, trembly feelers on it!  
Something so unlike a caterpillar  
that it was quite impossible to think  
there had ever been caterpillar  
inside the case.





'It's a pretty butterfly!' said Fanny. 'A butterfly with wings! Mummy, how did it grow wings? It hadn't any when it turned into a chrysalis. How can a caterpillar turn into a butterfly? Do, do tell me.'



'I don't know,' said her mother.  
'Nobody knows. It's a little bit of magic. The caterpillar goes to sleep and wakes up as a butterfly. It's like the tale of Beauty and the Beast – you remember how the Beast turned into the beautiful Prince? Well, that's the same sort of thing that the caterpillar does.'





'It's real magic,' said Fanny, watching the butterfly dry its crumpled wings in the sunshine. 'Soon, it will fly away and be happy in the flowers. It won't eat cabbage-leaves anymore. It's a butterfly!'



Have you watched this bit of magic? You ought to. It's just as strange as anything that happens in Fairyland, isn't it?







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## The Beautiful Big Bone

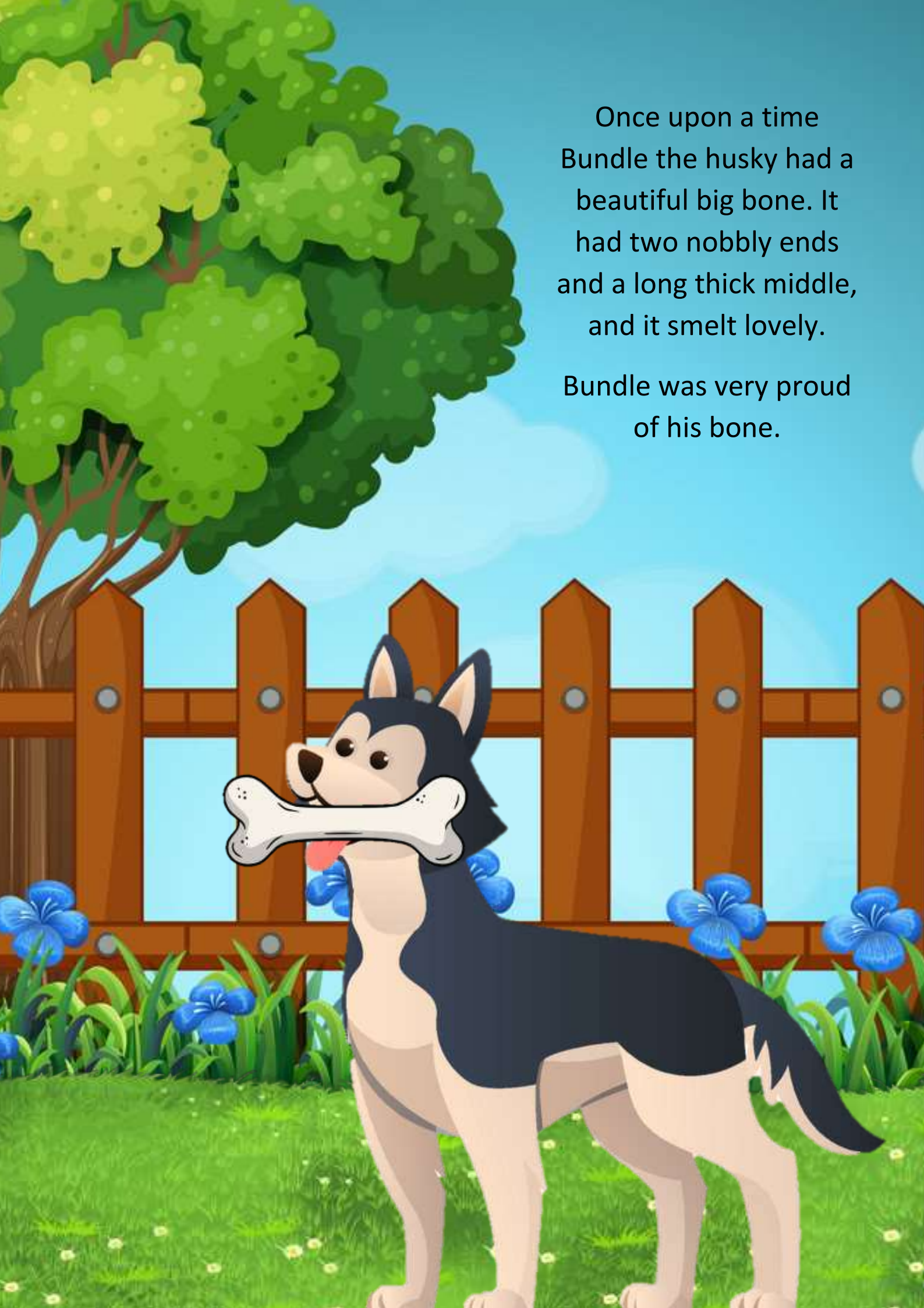


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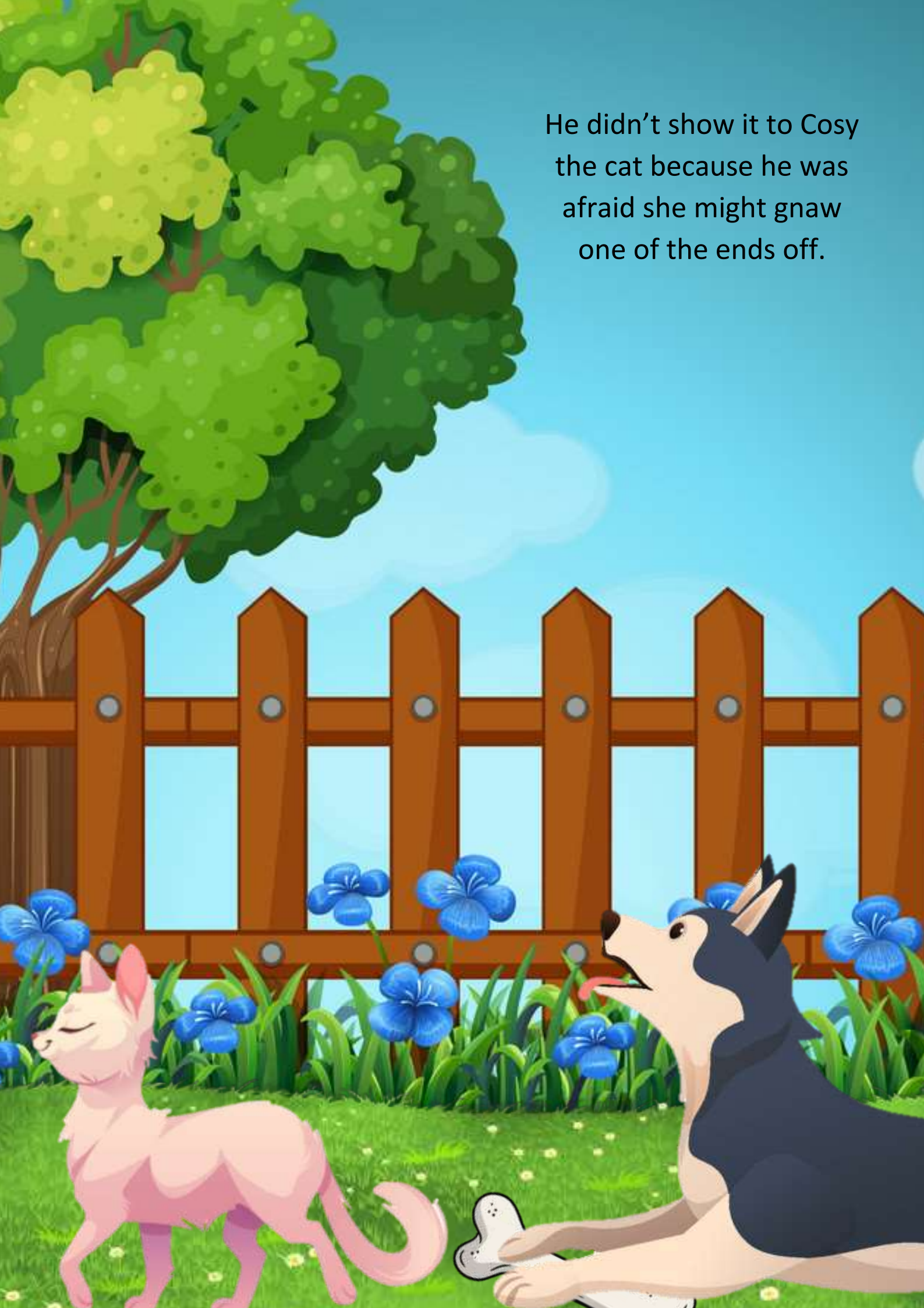
Once upon a time  
Bundle the husky had a  
beautiful big bone. It  
had two nobby ends  
and a long thick middle,  
and it smelt lovely.

Bundle was very proud  
of his bone.

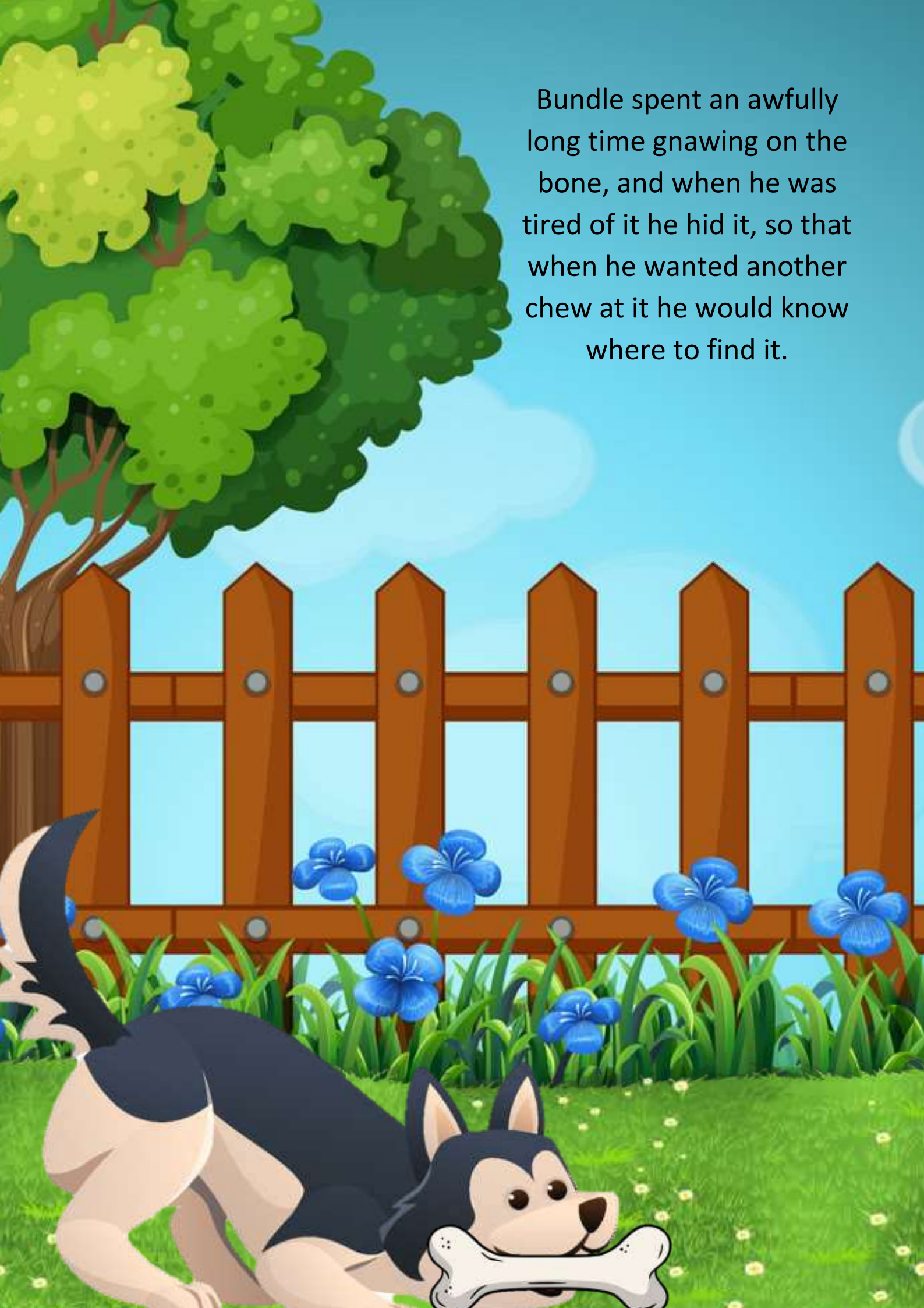




He didn't show it to Cosy the cat because he was afraid she might gnaw one of the ends off.



Bundle spent an awfully long time gnawing on the bone, and when he was tired of it he hid it, so that when he wanted another chew at it he would know where to find it.





I'll hide it in the vegetable bed, Bundle thought. No one goes there now. I think it will be a very good place.



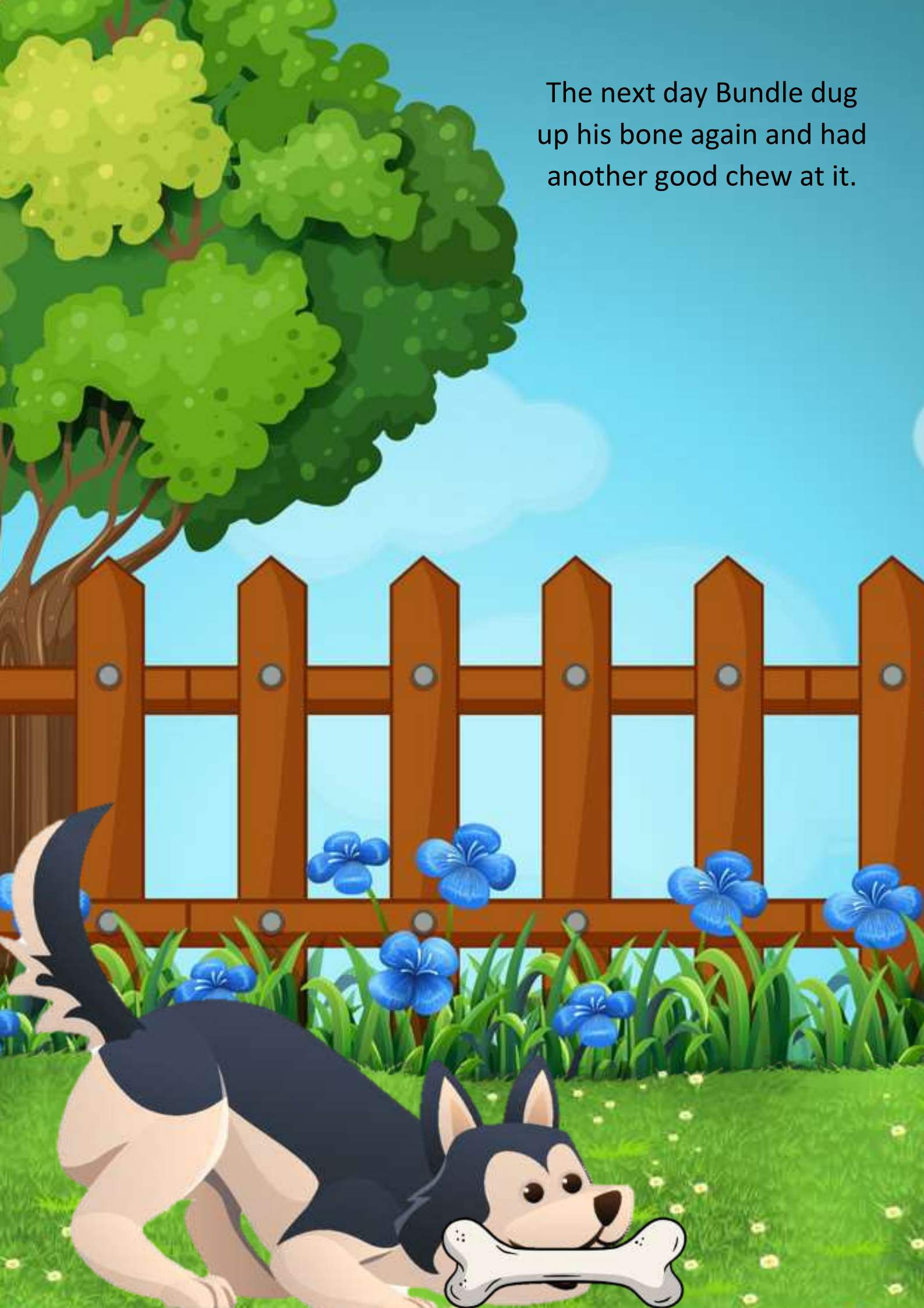



So, he dug away the earth and hid it there. Cosy saw him and wondered what he could be doing.





The next day Bundle dug up his bone again and had another good chew at it.





Then he carried it off in his mouth to bury it once more.

‘Are you going to put that in the cabbage bed again?’ asked Cosy, meeting him round the corner.

Bundle growled at her. ‘You mind your own business!’ he said.

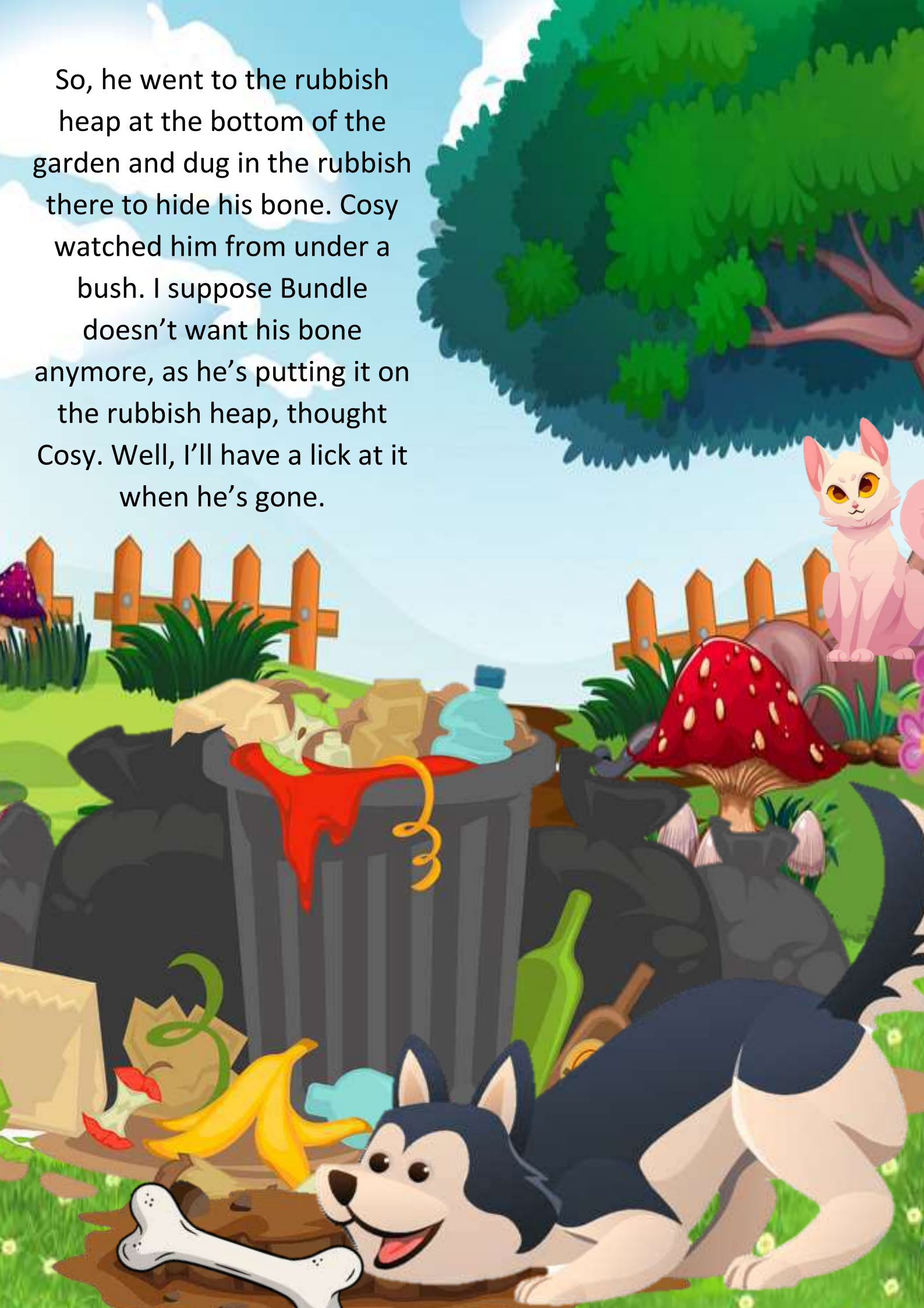


Bundle trotted off, thinking hard. What a nuisance! Now Cosy knew exactly where he had decided to hide his bone.

Never mind! Thought Bundle. I'll hide it somewhere else – somewhere that Cosy will never guess! I'll hide it in the rubbish heap!




So, he went to the rubbish heap at the bottom of the garden and dug in the rubbish there to hide his bone. Cosy watched him from under a bush. I suppose Bundle doesn't want his bone anymore, as he's putting it on the rubbish heap, thought Cosy. Well, I'll have a lick at it when he's gone.





So, when Bundle had gone indoors to snooze by the fire, Cosy scampered over to the rubbish heap. She soon found the beautiful big bone and she dragged it out.






She took it into a quiet corner  
where she began to lick it.


Her tongue was very rough and  
she managed to scrape off a  
few bits of meat. Then she  
decided it would be lovely to  
gnaw the bone, but her teeth  
were simply not strong enough.





‘Woof!’ said a voice in her ear suddenly, and made her jump high into the air. ‘Lend me that bone, Cosy!’

It was Shadow, the big sheepdog from the farm. He was a gentle fellow, and Cosy was not afraid of him.



‘All right,’ he said. ‘You can have it, because I’m sure Bundle doesn’t want it anymore. He put it on the rubbish heap.’

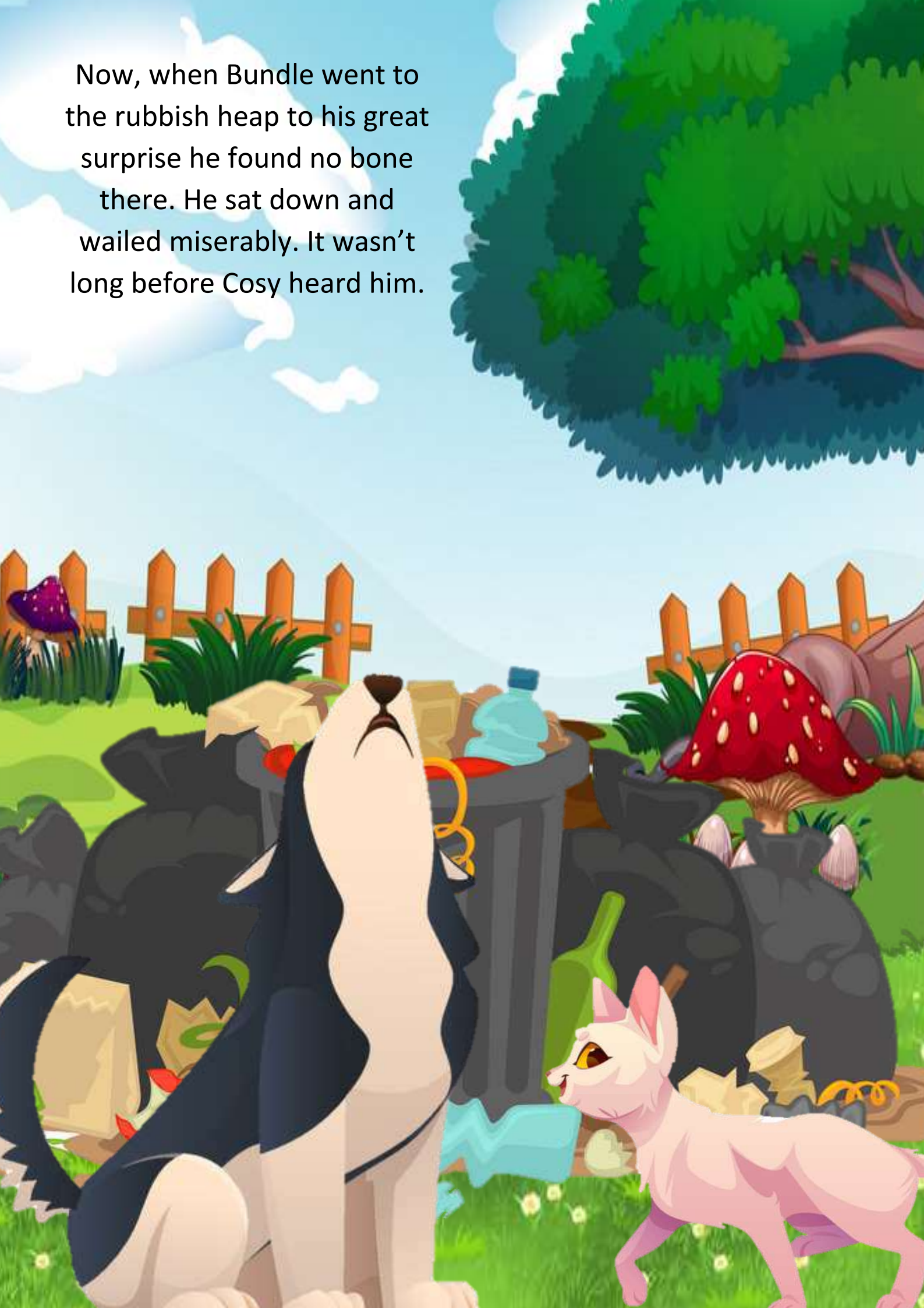
‘What a stupid dog!’ said Shadow, and picked up the bone to carry it away.



He took it to the farmyard, went into his kennel with it and lay there, licking and gnawing very happily.



Now, when Bundle went to the rubbish heap to his great surprise he found no bone there. He sat down and wailed miserably. It wasn't long before Cosy heard him.





‘Whatever can the matter be?’ she said.

‘My beautiful bone’s gone!’ cried Bundle, and he wailed again.

‘It’s all right. Shadow has got it,’ said Cosy ...



... she was just going to explain that she had lent it to him when Bundle tore off down the garden, out of the gate and into the lane that led to the farm, before Cosy could say another word to him.





Bundle arrived at the farm. He saw Shadow gnawing his beautiful big bone. He went as near as he dared and spoke to Shadow.

‘Give me that bone. It’s mine.’



'Ask for it politely,' said Shadow, giving a crunch that sounded very loud to Bundle.

'Don't bite it in half, don't!' wailed poor Bundle. 'It's my bone! Give it to me at once, Shadow, you bad dog!'

'Not if you talk like that,' said Shadow, licking the bone well.





‘Well, what do you want for that bone?’ said Bundle at last, thinking that if he didn’t get the bone quickly, there wouldn’t be any to get.

‘I wouldn’t mind a nice drink of milk,’ said Shadow. ‘I feel very thirsty. You get me a jug of milk and I’ll give you the bone.’



Bundle ran off to Buttercup the cow. 'Could you give me some milk?' he said.

Buttercup looked at him and chewed hard. 'I might, if you'll go and ask Neddy the donkey in the next field if he'll let me have one of his carrots.' Said Buttercup. 'I just feel somehow I'd like to taste a carrot today.'





‘Oh, tails and whiskers – Neddy’s right at the end of the next field!’ said poor Bundle. ‘By the time I get to him and back, and get some milk and take it to Shadow, my bone will have been eaten!’



But he raced across the field, squeezed under the gate and ran to Neddy, who was crunching up a few carrots the farmer's wife had given him.





‘Neddy, will you give me a carrot for Buttercup the cow?’  
asked Bundle, panting.

‘Well, you’ll have to give me something in return,’ said Neddy.  
‘You go and get me a fine thistle plant to eat.’

‘What? Do you eat thistles?’ said Bundle, surprised. ‘Aren’t  
they very prickly?’

‘Yes. They’re delicious,’ said Neddy. ‘Go and get me some. Do  
you see Bleater the goat over there on the common? Well,  
there are some fine thistles near him. He will show you them’



Off went poor Bundle again, and came to Bleater, who put down his head and danced round and round Bundle as if he was going to butt him.

‘No, don’t do that, Bleater. I’ve only come for some thistles,’ said Bundle. ‘Tails and whiskers, aren’t they prickly? I can’t possibly bite them and take them to Neddy. I should make my mouth bleed.’





‘Well, I’ll pick them for you if you like,’ said Bleater at once. ‘My mouth is hard. I don’t mind anything. But what will you give me if I do?’

‘Oh dear, everyone wants something today,’ said Bundle. ‘What do you want, Bleater?’

‘Well, do you see that hole in the hedge there? said Bleater. ‘There’s a hen sitting there on eggs she has laid. I’ve always wanted to eat an egg, Bundle. You go and get one for me. My rope won’t reach that gap in the hedge.’



So, Bundle ran off to the gap and nosed his way to the hen. She pecked him and he yelped.

‘What do you want?’ she said.

‘An egg for Bleater, please,’ said Bundle. The hen gave an angry cluck.

‘An egg! What next? For nothing, I suppose?’





‘Well, what do you want for it?’ said Bundle. The hen put her head on one side and thought hard for a moment.

‘One of the eggs I’m sitting on is addled,’ she said.

‘I don’t mind Bleater having that one, and I dare say a goat would rather eat a bad egg than a good one. You go and get me some corn, Bundle, and then I’ll give you the egg.’



Bundle ran off to the corn bin. He knew where it was. But sitting beside it was Cosy.

‘Get away, Cosy, I want some corn,’ said Bundle.

‘Be quiet, Bundle!’ said Cosy. ‘I’m watching for the mouse that comes to the bin. You’ll frighten it away if you bark like that. Besides, you know very well you don’t eat corn!’





‘I want it for the hen,’ Bundle said crossly. ‘Get away, Cosy, and let me open the bin.’

‘Now listen to me, Bundle,’ said Cosy. ‘Don’t bother about corn for the hen. You go off home and look in your dish. I’ve put something there for you!’

‘Yes, a fishbone you can’t swallow, I suppose!’ said Bundle. ‘Now move away, Cosy and let me get this corn.’



‘Well, I’ll move away if you let me have half your dinner tonight,’ said Cosy.

Bundle groaned. Everybody wanted something. ‘All right,’ he said. ‘You can share my dinner, but do let me get the corn.’





Bundle put his nose into the bin and got a mouthful of corn and ran odd to the hen with it.



He scattered it by her and she picked it up, clucking loudly.  
'Now you can have the egg,' she said. 'The one on the outside,  
just there.'

Bundle picked it up in his mouth and ran off to Bleater the  
goat with the egg.





Bleater was delighted. He pulled up a whole thistle for Bundle, and then ate the egg. It smelt horrible to Bundle, but Bleater thought it was delicious.



Bundle dragged the thistle along by its root. It was the only part of it that wasn't too prickly to hold. He came at last to Neddy the donkey.

'Ah,' said Neddy, 'just in time! I was going to eat my last carrot, but now you can have it in exchange for this fine thistle.'





He gave his Bundle a carrot, and then began to crunch up the thistle. Bundle thought it was marvellous not to bother about eating sharp prickles like that. He ran off with the carrot.



Buttercup the cow was waiting. Bundle gave her the carrot and she nibbled at it daintily. 'I have no teeth in my top jaw, so it's not as easy to eat a carrot as it is to pull grass,' she said. 'Still, it's very tasty. There is some milk in a small pail for you over there, Bundle. Can you pick up the handle in your mouth and take it along like that?'





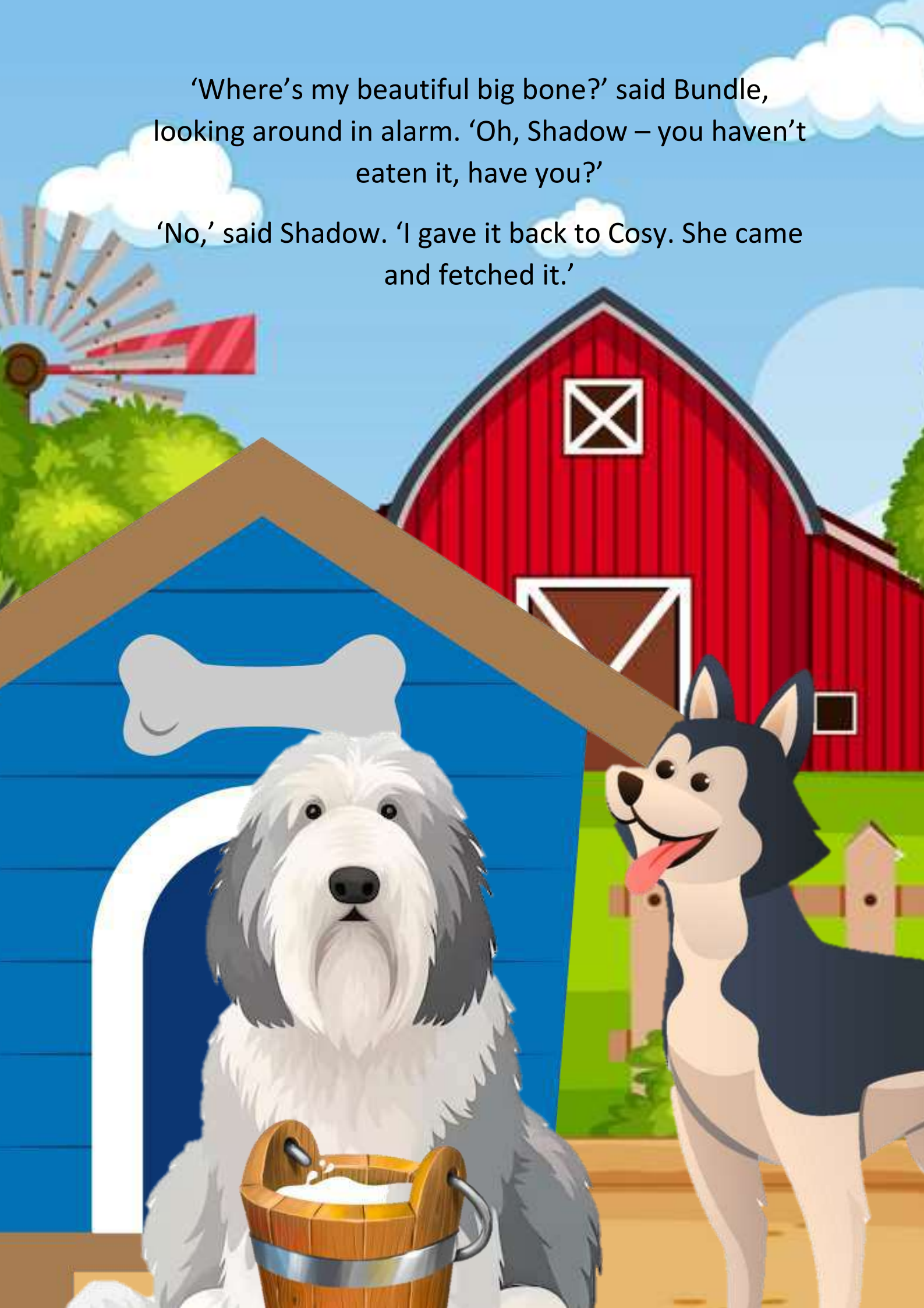
Bundle just managed to, though he spilt a little of the milk on the way. Still, there was plenty left in the pail when he reached. Shadow the sheepdog, who was still lying in his kennel.

‘Woof!’ said Shadow, and drank up the milk at once. ‘Most delicious! Thank you!’



‘Where’s my beautiful big bone?’ said Bundle, looking around in alarm. ‘Oh, Shadow – you haven’t eaten it, have you?’


‘No,’ said Shadow. ‘I gave it back to Cosy. She came and fetched it.’





'Well!' said Bundle, and  
tore off to find Cosy, quite  
determined to chase her  
all around the garden and  
back again if she had  
taken his bone.






‘Cosy! How dare you take my bone from Shadow!’ wuffed Bundle, out of breath.


‘Well, Bundle, you were so upset about it,’ said Cosy. ‘So, I went and told him it was yours, and he gave it back to me for you. It’s in your dish. I put it there myself. I don’t know why you wanted to go rushing around the garden getting corn for hens and things like that all the afternoon!’






‘Now, look here, Cosy!’ said  
Bundle fiercely.

‘Shadow said he’d give me back  
my bone if I gave him some milk  
from Buttercup the cow. And  
she said she’d give me milk if I  
got a carrot from Neddy for her.  
And he said he’d give me a  
carrot if I got him a thistle.



And Bleater the goat said he'd give me the thistle if I got him a hen's egg to eat. And the hen said she'd give me an egg if I got her some corn. And you said you'd let me have the corn if I gave you half my dinner tonight. And all the time I was rushing about getting presents for everybody my big beautiful bone was sitting in my dish waiting for me!





Cosy began to laugh. Bundle stared crossly at her. Then he looked so fierce she began to feel rather alarmed.

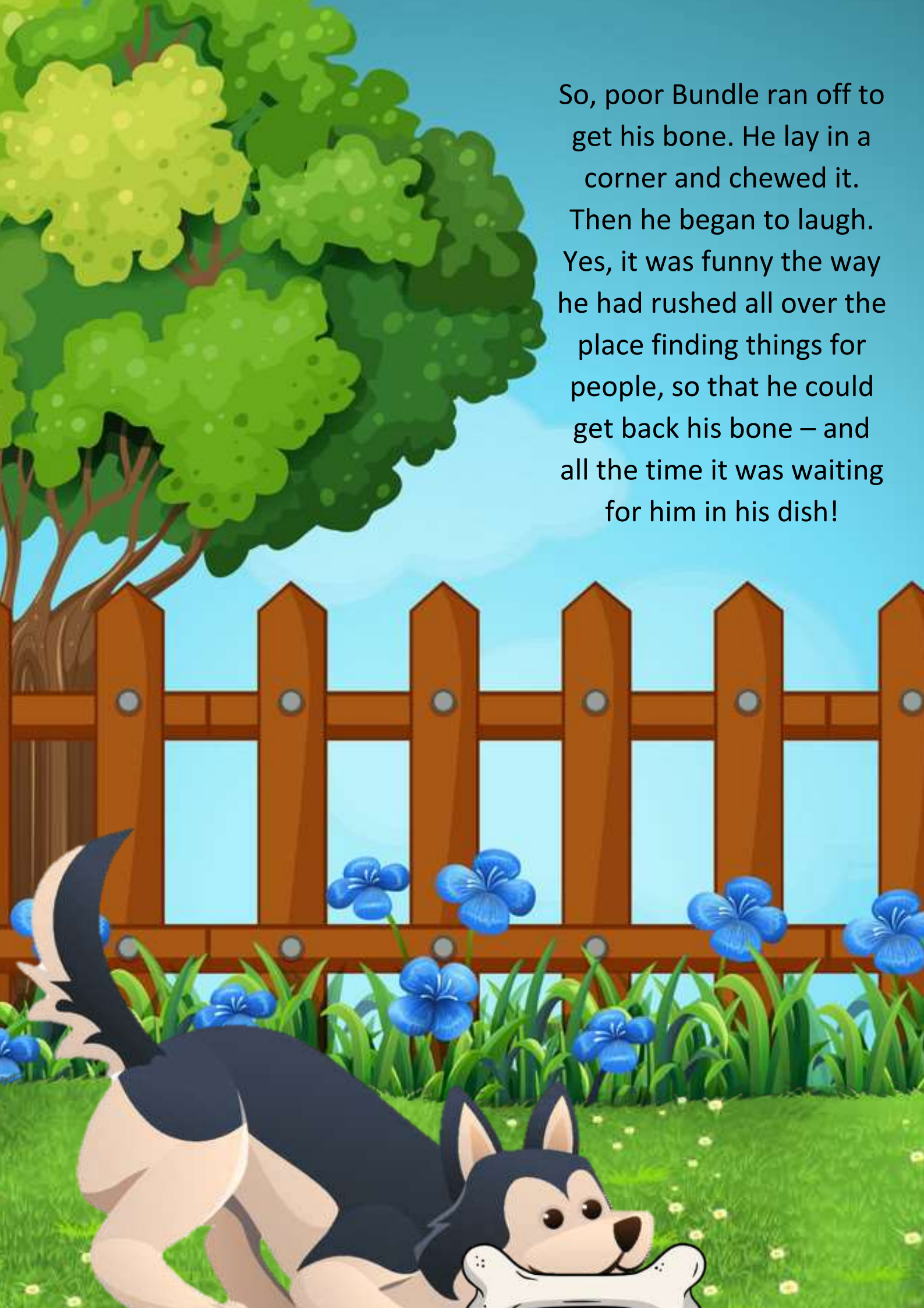
‘I’m going to chase you all around the garden and then bite the hairs off the end of your tail!’ said Bundle.

Now, Bundle, listen – while you do that someone may come along and take your bone out of its dish!’ said Cos, edging away. ‘Do be sensible, and go and get it while it’s safe!’






So, poor Bundle ran off to get his bone. He lay in a corner and chewed it. Then he began to laugh. Yes, it was funny the way he had rushed all over the place finding things for people, so that he could get back his bone – and all the time it was waiting for him in his dish!







‘You can share my dinner with me if you like!’ he called out to Cosy. ‘Why don’t we tell Mistress what I’ve done this afternoon, and let me make it into a story, shall we?’

So he did – and here it is!



A stylized lightbulb logo with a rainbow gradient. The bulb is purple at the top, transitioning through blue, green, and yellow to red at the bottom. It has several short lines radiating from the top, representing light.

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