



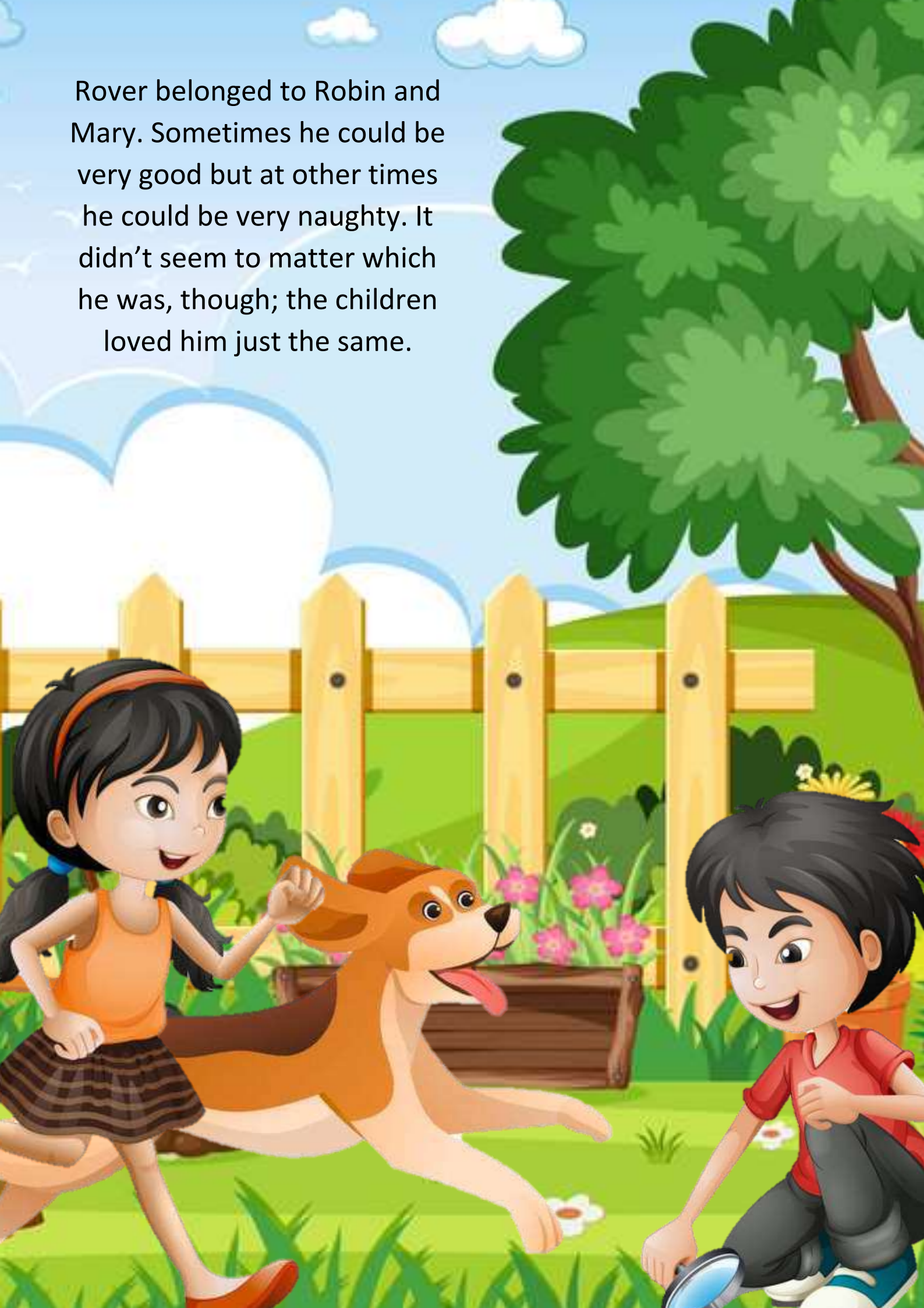
Animal Stories

By Enid Blyton

Good Dog, Rover!



Rover belonged to Robin and Mary. Sometimes he could be very good but at other times he could be very naughty. It didn't seem to matter which he was, though; the children loved him just the same.



One day Robin gave Rover a juicy bone to gnaw. 'It's good for your teeth,' he said. 'And you've been such a hood dog lately I think you really do deserve a bone!'



'Miao!' said Tabby the cat. She liked bones too, though she could only scrape them with her rough tongue – she couldn't manage to chew them.

Rover looked at her, with the bone in his mouth.



He dropped it for a moment and spoke to her.

‘You can miaow all day if you like,’ he said. ‘But you won’t get so much as one single sniff at this bone.’

‘Wherever you bury it I shall find it,’ said Tabby.



She was very clever at finding where Rover buried his bones, and he didn't like it. It was too hard to bury a half-chewed bone, and then, when next he came to dig it up, to find that it wasn't there because Tabby had found it.



'I shan't bury it this time, said Rover. 'I shall hide it where you will never be able to find it!'



He trotted off with the bone. He took it into the dark tool shed, and lay down to chew it. It was a very hard bone and Rover couldn't crunch it up. He had a lovely half-hour of chewing and gnawing. Then he heard Robin whistling for him.



‘Walkie, walkie, Rover!’ called Robin, and Rover knew he must put away his bone and go. But where should he put it? It must be somewhere clever, where Tabby would never find it. Rover thought of all the garden beds in turn. No, Tabby would hunt in each one. Then he looked around the tool shed. Tabby never came in here! He would hide his bone somewhere in the tool shed.



He was lying on a sack. What about tucking it inside the sack? Then no one would see, and it would wait here for him to come back and chew it. That would be a fine hiding place. So, Rover pushed his lovely smelly bone into the sack, and then scampered off to join Robin and Mary.



He forgot about his bone till the evening. Then he wanted it again. Off he went to the tool shed to have a good chew. But, alas for poor Rover, the door was shut fast! He stood and whined at it; he scraped it with his paw. But it was no use – the door wouldn't open.



‘Bad luck, Rover!’ said Tabby nearby. ‘I suppose you’ve got your bone hidden in there! And you can’t get at it. Dear, dear, what a pity to hide a bone in a silly place like that.’

‘Well, if I can’t get it, you can’t either,’ said Rover with a growl, and I ran off.’



The next day nobody went to open the tool shed to get out the tools. Poor old Rover ran to the shed a dozen times that day, but he couldn't get in, and he couldn't manage to make Robin and Mary understand that he wanted to have the door opened. So, he had to go without his bone.



Tabby sat and laughed at him, and when he ran at her in a rage she jumped up on to the bookcase and sat and laughed at him there. She really was a most annoying cat.



Now, that night somebody went to the tool shed. It was midnight and everyone in the house was fast asleep. The somebody was a robber. He had come to steal as many tools as he could out of the shed.



He was very quiet, so no one heard him, not even Rover. He crept to the shed and found it locked. But he guessed that the key was not very far away, and he soon found it hung on a nail just under the roof of the shed.



He opened the door and slipped inside. He switched on his torch and looked around at the tools. They were very good ones, and kept beautifully. The man grinned. Just what he wanted! He would be able to sell them for a lot of money. He took them down quickly from their nails and put them quietly together.



I'd better slip them into a sack, in case anyone sees me on my way home, thought the robber. I might meet the village policeman on his rounds. He looked about for a sack and saw one on the ground. The bone was still there, very, very, smelly now. The bone slid to the bottom and stayed there.



The man quietly put all the tools into the sack, and then out the bundle over his shoulder. It was terribly heavy.



The robber went out of the door, locked it, and hung up the key again.



He went softly to the bottom of the garden. He put down the sack and squeezed through the hedge, pulling the sack after him.

Then he put it on his shoulder again. He walked across the field with it.



'I believe I could drag this sack across the field more easily than I could carry it,' said the robber to himself. 'It won't matter at all if it makes a bit of a noise now, because I am well away from any of the houses.'





So, he dragged the sack over the field. He came to another hedge and squeezed through it. He went down a lane, still dragging the sack, and then, when he heard footsteps, he crouched down behind a bush, listening.

It was the village policeman. He had not seen or heard the thief, and he went slowly down the lane, thinking of the hot jug of cocoa that would be waiting for him when he got home.

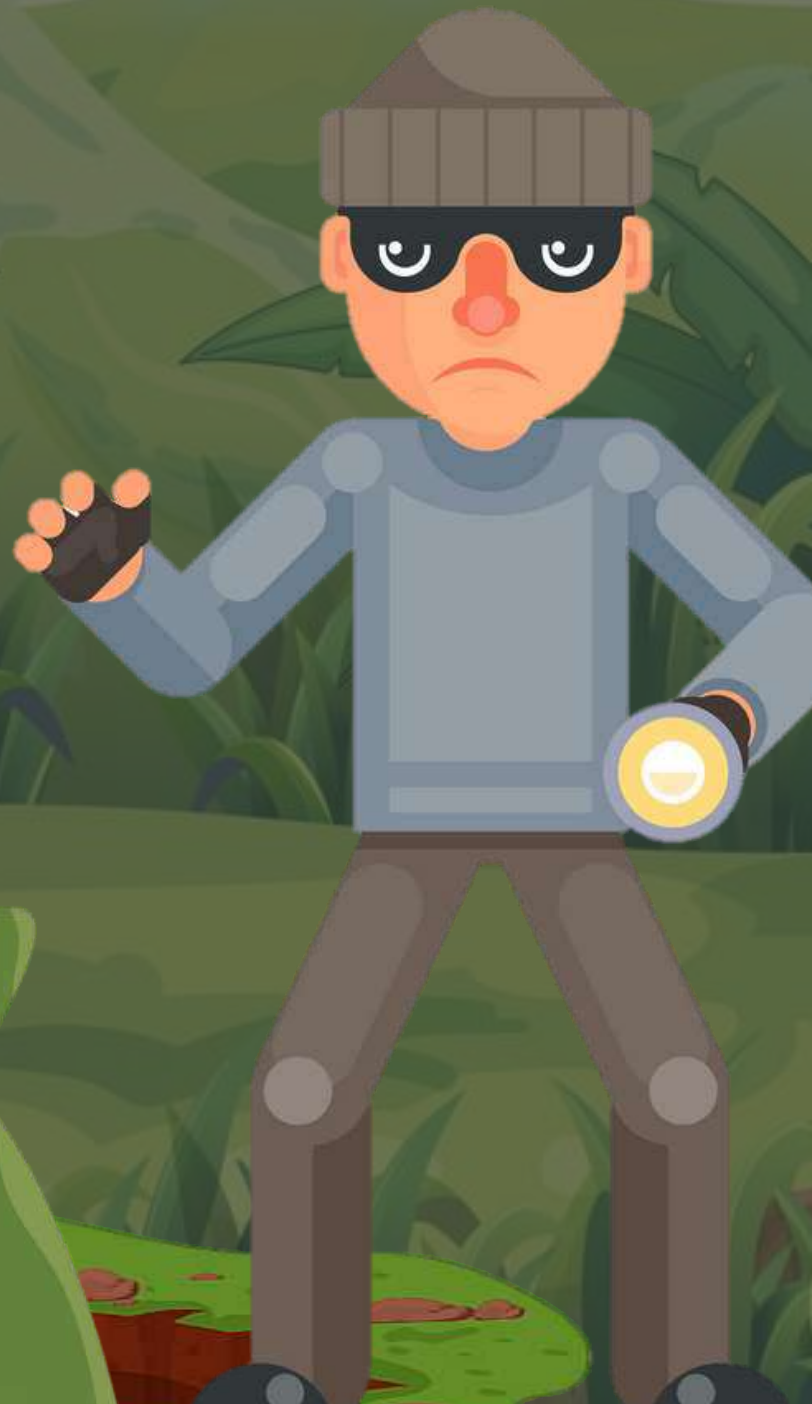


The man crept out from his hiding place and carried on down the lane. He came to the wood and slipped in among the dark trees.



He made his way through the wood until he came to a big bank where he knew there were a lot of rabbit holes. He pushed the sack down a very big hole and pulled bracken and bramble sprays over the entrance.

I'll come and get the tools when everyone has forgotten about them, he thought. Then off he went home.



Now, in the morning, Rover ran to the tool shed early, for he knew the gardener would be there at eight o'clock to open the door.



Sure enough, the man soon came along whistling. He took down the key and opened the door. Rover darted him.

But the sack was gone! Rover gave a howl of dismay – and at the same time the gardener gave a shout of surprise.



'Hey! What's happened to all the tools? They're gone!'

Tools! Who cares about tools! Thought Rover. It's my bone that is really important. Oh, tails and whiskers wherever can it be?



The gardener went off to tell the children's father, and Rover flew off to ask Tabby if she knew anything about his bone



There was a great disturbance about the lost tools. The policeman was told and he came hurrying up to the house.

Nobody paid any attention at all to poor Rover and his lost bone.

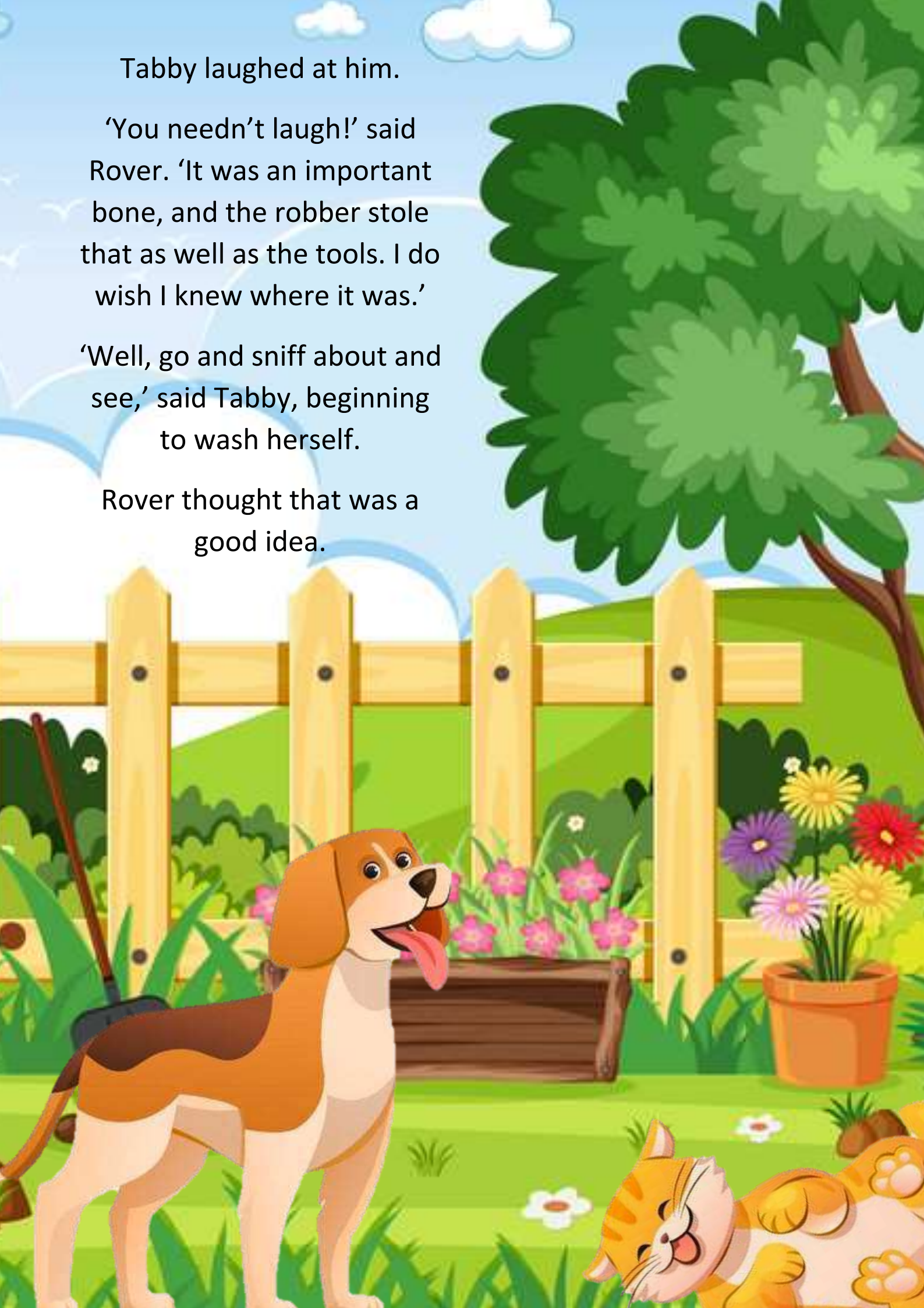


Tabby laughed at him.

‘You needn’t laugh!’ said Rover. ‘It was an important bone, and the robber stole that as well as the tools. I do wish I knew where it was.’

‘Well, go and sniff about and see,’ said Tabby, beginning to wash herself.

Rover thought that was a good idea.



He ran to the tool shed. Yes, he could smell exactly where his bone had been hidden in the sack in the corner.



He ran out of the shed and began to sniff around the garden, hoping to get a smell off the bone somewhere.

When he came to the hedge at the bottom he got very excited. There was the smell of bone there quite distinctly. That was where the robber had put down the sack to squeeze through the hedge. The sack smelt strongly of bone and the smell had been left on the ground beneath the hedge. Rover had a very sharp nose and he could easily smell it.

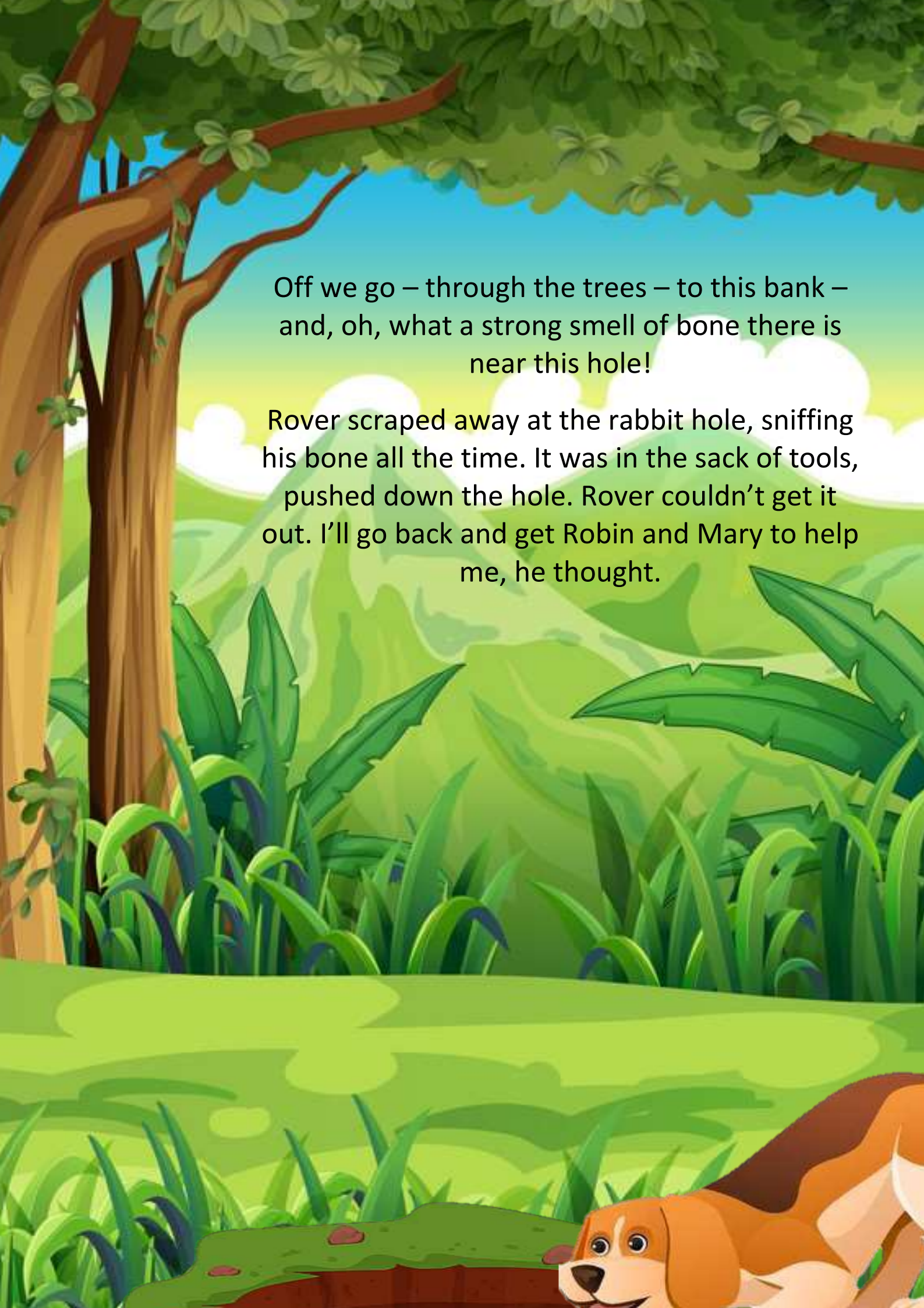


He squeezed through the hedge. He ran into the field and sniffed about. He could smell nothing – till suddenly he came to the spot where the burglar had put his sack down and had begun to drag it instead. With his nose to the ground Rover followed it across the field to the second hedge, through the hedge and out into the lane.



Fancy the robber taking my bone with in the sack such a long way! Thought Rover. It must have seemed a very fine and important bone to him. Now, here we go again – down the lane – behind the bush – down the lane again – and into the wood.

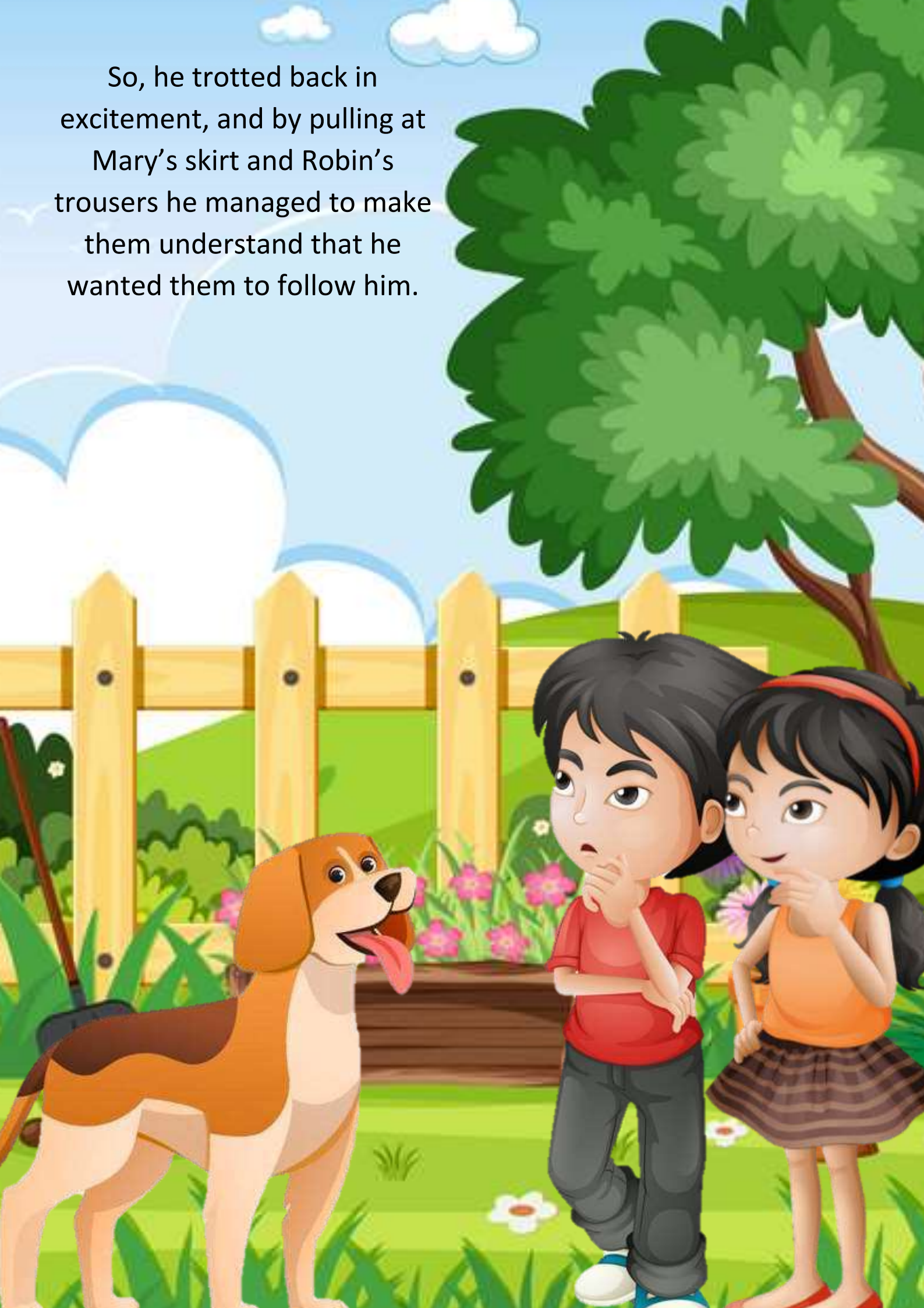




Off we go – through the trees – to this bank –
and, oh, what a strong smell of bone there is
near this hole!

Rover scraped away at the rabbit hole, sniffing
his bone all the time. It was in the sack of tools,
pushed down the hole. Rover couldn't get it
out. I'll go back and get Robin and Mary to help
me, he thought.

So, he trotted back in excitement, and by pulling at Mary's skirt and Robin's trousers he managed to make them understand that he wanted them to follow him.



In great astonishment they went down the garden, through the hedge, across the field, through the second hedge, into the lane, and then into the wood to the big rabbit warren.



And there Rover showed them the sack in the rabbit hole. 'My bone's in there,' he woofed to them. 'Get it out, please.'

But Robin and Mary were not at all interested in the bone – they shouted with joy to see the tools in the sack! 'Daddy's tools! Look, they're all here! Let's take them home this very minute. Won't Daddy be pleased? Oh, you very, very clever dog. Rover, to find them for us!'



Rover trotted home beside them, sniffing his bone eagerly. What a fuss there was when the children arrived home with all the tools!

They were emptied out and counted. Yes, they were all there! 'Rover, you shall have a very big, extra-juicy bone today, for being so clever!' said Robin.



Well, that was good news.
Robin rushed off to get the
bone from the butcher's, and
Rover put his head inside the
empty sack and dragged out
his beautiful old bone as well.



‘I must say you were terribly clever to find all of the things that were stolen by the robber,’ said Tabby in a very admiring sort of tone. Rover was extremely proud.

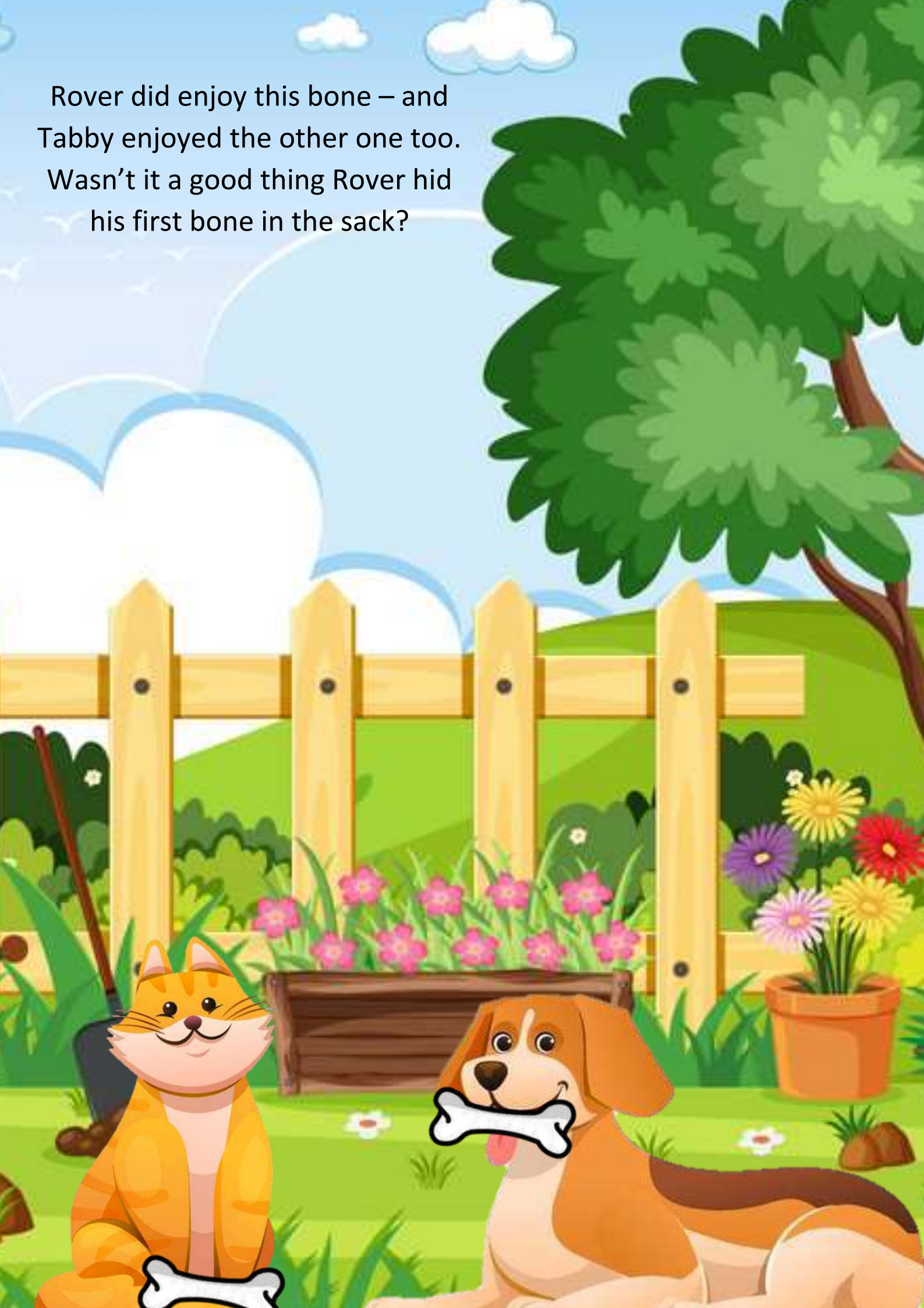
‘Well, I am rather a clever dog, you see,’ he said, ‘and as you seem to have learnt that as last I’ll show you that I’m a very generous dog too – you can have this bone, and I’ll have the new one when it comes!’



And I say – have you heard? The policeman is going to hide in the wood till the robber comes to fetch the tools he hid. Then he'' be caught! I'm going to hide too. I shall have fun!'



Rover did enjoy this bone – and
Tabby enjoyed the other one too.
Wasn't it a good thing Rover hid
his first bone in the sack?






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Clever Old Budgie





Every evening after tea, Robert and Bessie opened their budgerigar's cage and let out the excited little bird.

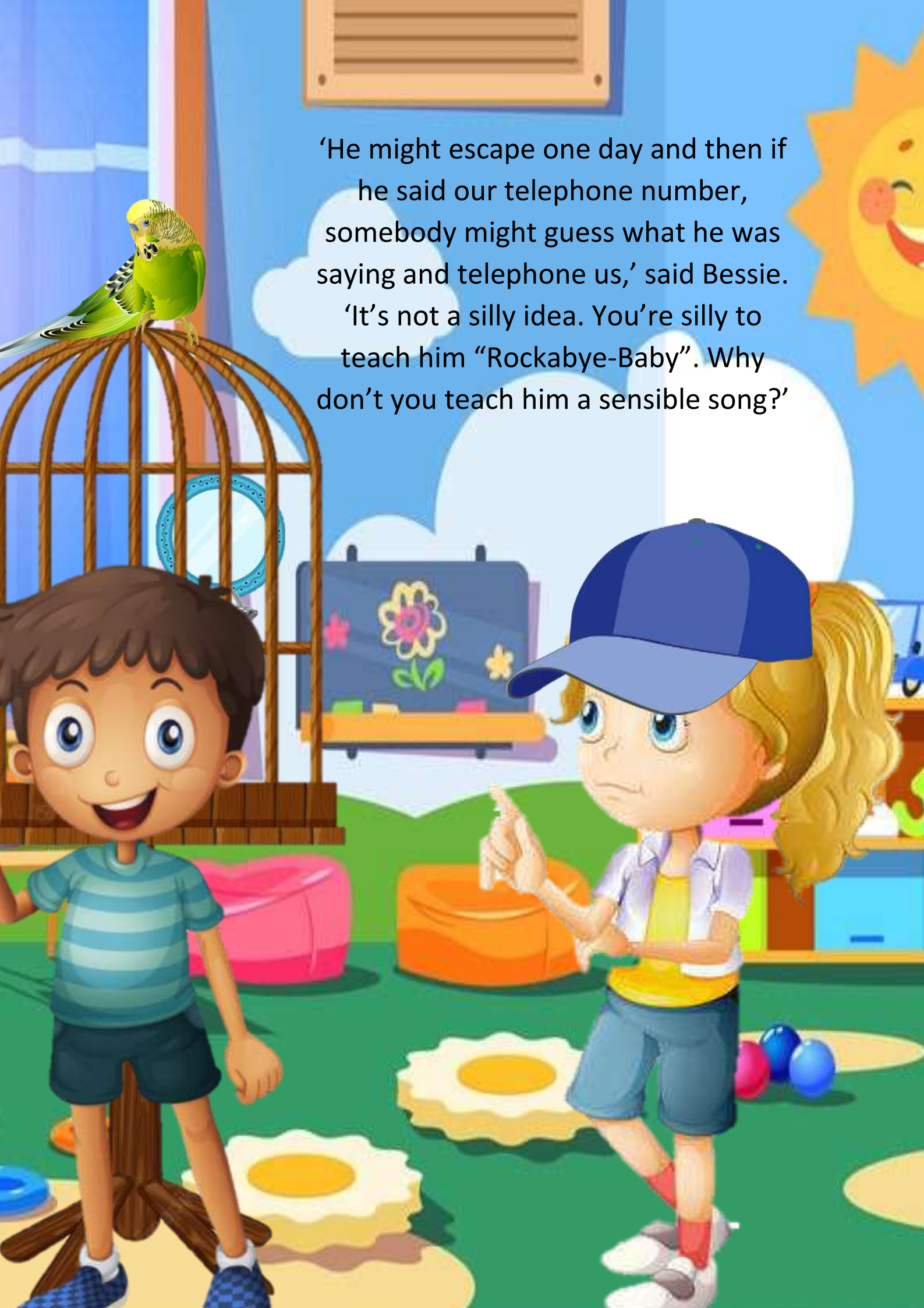
'Come on, Budgie, dear little Budgie, spread your wings and fly!' said Robert.

'Come on to my head, if you like!'


‘Talk, Budgie, talk!’ said Bessie. ‘Say 10345!’

‘Don’t be silly, Bessie!’ said Robert. ‘What’s the sense of teaching our budgie a silly thing like out telephone number?’






‘He might escape one day and then if he said our telephone number, somebody might guess what he was saying and telephone us,’ said Bessie. ‘It’s not a silly idea. You’re silly to teach him “Rockabye-Baby”. Why don’t you teach him a sensible song?’



‘Soon he’ll get the whole line – and the tune too! Budgie, listen: “Rockabye-Baby, on the treetop.”

‘Rockabye, rockabye,’ said the little green and blue budgie, his head on one side. ‘10345, rockabye 10345.’



‘There – you’ve muddled him with your silly telephone number!’ said Robert crossly. ‘Please don’t teach it to him anymore.’

‘He knows it now,’ said Bessie. ‘Ask for your dinner, Budgie! Say, “Where’s my dinner?”’

‘Where’s my dinner?’ said Budgie in his funny little voice. ‘Dinner, 10345.’

He flew all about the room, sitting on the lampshade, then on the curtain pelmet, then on the top of the clock. Bessie held out her finger and he flew on to it at once, making a funny little noise in his throat.



The budgerigar was very sweet, and very tame. Robert and Bessie loved him, and Robert felt proud whenever the tiny bird flew on to his shoulder and pretended to whisper in his ear.



Budgie had a lovely cage with a little mirror, and a bell he could ring. Sometimes he rang it so often that Bessie said it sounded as if little Noddy was somewhere in the room, ringing the bell on his blue hat!



One day Joe came to tea, and he couldn't take his eyes off the budgie. Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle, went the little bell, and, as soon as Joe looked up to the cage, the budgie put his pretty head on one side and spoke clearly.

'Rockabye, dinner, dinner, dinner!'



‘Isn’t he marvellous?’ said Joe. ‘I do wish I had a bird like that! Will he come out of his cage? Is he tame?’

‘Oh, yes – he always comes out after tea,’ said Bessie. ‘He may fly on your head, Joe, so don’t be surprised!’



After the tea was cleared away, Mother left the children to amuse themselves. Joe wanted the budgie out of his cage, of course, and Bessie went to get him.



‘Shut the window, Joe,’ she said. ‘It’s open and we mustn’t let Budgie fly away. He wouldn’t know how to feed himself, and he might die.’



Joe slid the top part of the window upwards – but he didn't quite shut it. He didn't notice that there was a small space still left at the very top. He was so anxious to see the budgie come out of his cage.



Out he came, and flew straight to Robert,
sitting on his hand and pecking at his nails.
'Dinner, dinner,' he said, and Robert laughed.
'No, my nails aren't your dinner. Don't, Budgie!'



Joe spoke to the tiny bird. 'Say my name,' he said.

'Joe, Joe, Joe! Say Joe!'

'10345,' said the budgie, his head on one side.

'What's that he said?' asked Joe, surprised.



‘It’s a silly thing Bessie has taught him to say,’ said Robert. ‘Our telephone number! Budgie, say “Rockabye-Baby on the treetop”. Go on now – you said the whole of it yesterday!’

‘No – say “Joe, JOE!” said Joe in such a loud voice that Budgie was frightened.



He flew off Robert's hand at once with a little squeak, and went to the pelmet of the curtain above the window.



Then he felt the little draught that came in through the open space at the top of the window, and flew down to see where it came from.




And in one moment he was gone! He hopped on to the top of the open window, slid through the little space there, spread his wings – and vanished!



Bessie screamed. 'Oh!
Budgie's gone! Joe, you didn't
shut the window properly –
you left a crack at the top.
Budgie's gone!'



An illustration of three children in a garden. On the left, a girl with dark skin and curly hair wears a green shirt with a yellow and orange zigzag pattern and blue shorts. In the center, a boy with brown hair wears a blue and white striped shirt and dark shorts. On the right, a girl with blonde hair wears a blue baseball cap, a purple shirt over a yellow tank top, and blue shorts. They are standing on a green lawn with a wooden fence and a large green tree in the background. The sky is blue with a few clouds.

They all raced out into the garden. 'Budgie, Budgie, Budgie, where are you? Budgie, come back!' they called.

But no Budgie was to be seen anywhere. Where could he be?

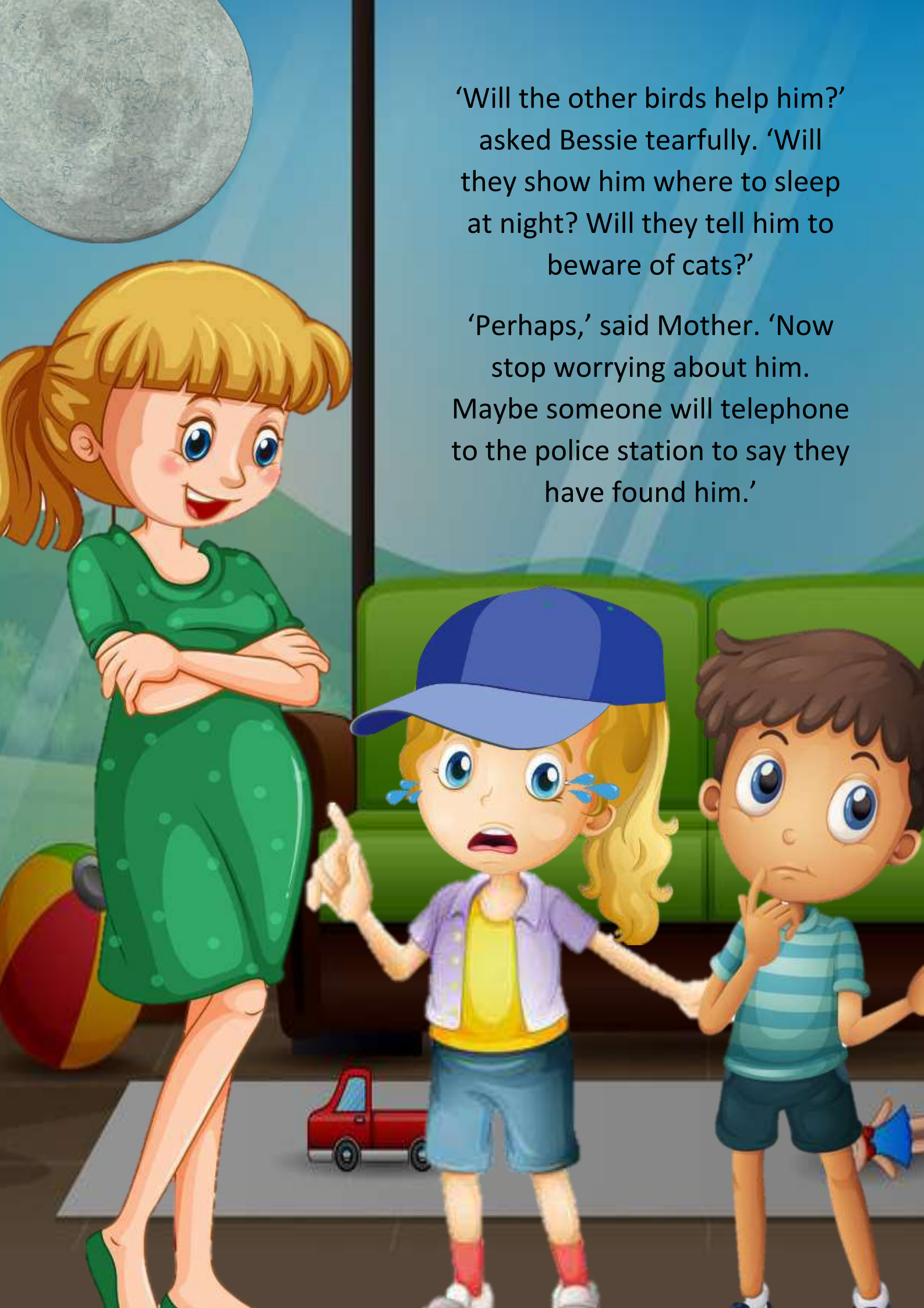
The children called him and hunted in the garden from top to bottom till it was dark.

‘It’s no good,’ said Robert at last. ‘He’s gone. Goodness knows where! He won’t last long because he can’t feed himself properly – and a cat might get him?’



Bessie was in tears. Mother comforted her and went to ring up the police station to report the loss. It was dreadful to think of the little budgie out in the darkness all by himself. He had never been out of doors before. What a big, frightening world it would





‘Will the other birds help him?’
asked Bessie tearfully. ‘Will
they show him where to sleep
at night? Will they tell him to
beware of cats?’

‘Perhaps,’ said Mother. ‘Now
stop worrying about him.
Maybe someone will telephone
to the police station to say they
have found him.’

But nobody telephoned the police that night nor the next morning. And then suddenly their own telephone rang, and a voice spoke clearly.

‘Hello! Is that 10345?’



‘Yes, it is,’ said Robert, who was answering the telephone because his mother was busy. ‘Can I take a message to my mother for you?’

‘Well, I rang up to know if you had lost a beautiful little budgerigar,’ said the voice.



‘Oh, yes – we have!’ said Robert. ‘Is he all right?’

‘Well, he’s a bit scared,’ said the voice. ‘He’s in my garden, and he won’t let me catch him.’

‘However, did you know he might be ours?’ said Robert.



‘My little boy saw him first,’ said the voice, ‘and when he went out to see what kind of bird was sitting in our plum tree the bird spoke to him – he was so surprised – and it said 10345 over and over again. So my little boy came running in and said that the bird must be telling him its telephone number, and please would I telephone to see if a budgie lived at that address!’



‘Oh – clever Budgie!’ said Robert. ‘It is our telephone number. What’s your address? We’ll come and fetch him.

‘We live at Tall Chimneys, Scotts Lane,’ said the voice. ‘I’ll tell my little boy to keep his eye on the budgie till you come. Fancy him knowing his own telephone number!’



Robert ran to tell Bessie and his mother.

‘There! I was very sensible to make him learn his telephone number, wasn’t I?’ said Bessie, overjoyed. ‘Oh quick – let’s go and get him. Mummy, will you take us in the car?’

‘Of course,’ said Mother. ‘Go and open the garage, Robert. We must go at once, or Budgie might fly away from the garden he’s in.’



They were soon at Tall Chimneys, where a small boy was waiting for them at the gate. 'Hello – you've been quick!' he said, opening the gate to let the car through into the little drive. 'Budgie's still here. I almost thought he was going to fly on to my hand once, but he didn't. come on, he's over here!'



He led the two children down a little path to a summerhouse – and there, sitting on a creeper that climbed all over it, was Budgie!

‘Budgie!’ called Bessie, excited.
‘Dear Budgie. We’ve come to take you home!’



Budgie gave a little squawk of joy and flew straight to Bessie's outstretched hand. She covered him gently with her other hand so that he could not fly away again.



Robert had brought a little travelling cage with him, and Budgie was soon safely inside, the door shut on him.
'10345,' he called. '10345.'



‘There – that’s what he kept saying,’ said the little boy. ‘At first I didn’t know what he was talking about, then suddenly I wondered if he could possibly be saying his telephone number.’

‘He was! I taught him,’ said Bessie, red with pride. ‘But Robert thought it was a silly idea, didn’t you, Rob?’



‘Yes. But I don’t know. I think it was a marvellous idea of yours,’ said Robert. He turned to the boy. ‘Thank you very much for phoning us. We’re so glad to get our little budgie safely back!’

And off they went with him, laughing to hear him squawking crossly in his tiny travelling cage.



How glad he was to see his own big cage again! He hopped inside, rang his bell loudly, and looked at himself in the mirror.

‘Rockabye, dinner, dinner,’ he said.



'It's a good thing you didn't say that to the little boy!' said Bessie.

'Clever old Budgie!'

'Clever old Bessie!' said Mother and Robert together. And I agree with them – clever old Bessie!





THINK

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