

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

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**BUMPS AND
THE MAGIC PURSE**

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

BUMPS AND THE MAGIC PURSE

Once there was a little boy named Bumps, a name he was given because of the many times he fell down, bumping his little legs and head. He was a roly-poly little chap, a bit too heavy for his height, and when he started off to work or play he was usually in such a hurry that he tumbled over. Now Bumps lived in a wee hut 'way off in the country, with his mother, who was quite poor. In the mornings he would hustle out to chop wood and gather wild berries for their breakfast, always wishing that he could find a pot of gold to make his mother rich and happy. Finally he decided to start out into the big world to seek his fortune, and while his mother hated to have her little son leave her, she felt sure he would be successful because he had always been such a good boy.

So one bright sunny morning Bumps, after kissing his mother good-bye, set out on his long journey with a rabbit's foot in his pocket for luck and only a little lunch to eat on the way. He walked for miles and miles in the direction of the city until his little legs grew very, very tired. So he sat down to rest and to eat his luncheon, only to find that he had devoured it, bit by bit, as he trudged along. It was getting toward the end of the afternoon when he suddenly saw a little brown rabbit with a white tail hopping along ahead of him. He longed for the big gun which he had left behind in the woodshed, for he knew that he must soon have more food and he thought the rabbit would make a good supper. But just then he spied a stone with which he thought he might kill Mr.

Rabbit. Bumps threw the stone with all his might, just missing him by inches, and the rabbit, instead of running away, scampered right up to him, and sitting up straight, held out one little foot. Then it occurred to Bumps that here he was carrying a rabbit's foot for good luck, and yet he had tried to bring bad luck upon this poor little creature. With tears in his eyes he gathered the rabbit in his arms, calling him, "Dear little brown Bunny!" From that moment Bumps and the Bunny were the best of friends, and journeyed on together.

It was growing dusk by this time and Bumps was so hungry that he began hunting about in his pockets for crumbs of his luncheon. When the little brown Bunny saw him do this, and also saw that Bumps didn't find anything to eat in his pocket, he began running about, pausing every now and then to sniff the air with his little funny nose. At last he dashed off at a great pace, and Bumps saw him busily scratching and digging in the ground. When he caught up with him he saw that Bunny had uncovered a hidden basketful of the most delicious things to eat, which a picnic party had buried away in the cool, clean earth for another day's luncheon. Bumps and Bunny sat down under a tree for supper, and Bumps fed his little friend all the lettuce out of the sandwiches.

It was now quite dark and the two travelers felt very drowsy, so they curled up close to each other and fell sound asleep. Bumps was dreaming happily about his return home laden with riches, when he felt something nibbling at his ear, and awakened to find that Bunny was trying to tell him something. He couldn't make out what the little fellow was trying to say, until he heard a deep growl among the trees, and saw a big shadow in the moonlight. He was terribly frightened, but knew that the wisest thing to do was remain perfectly still. To his surprise, the Bunny scampered off right under

the nose of an enormous bear, making all the noise he could in the dead leaves. Of course, the bear ran after him through the woods, which was exactly what clever Bunny had planned, while Bumps stayed just where he was, breathless with fright and excitement. There was a great crashing and a terrific growling, and then all was still! After a minute or two Bunny reappeared, tumbling tail over ears with laughter, and sitting up on his hind legs, motioned Bumps to follow him. The two set off together through the underbrush, and all the while the frightful growlings grew louder and louder, until they came to where they saw old Mr. Bear stuck tight in a hole in the ground, into which he had vainly tried to follow Bunny, who had cleverly led him in and then escaped through the hole's back door. Bumps and Bunny left the bear stuck securely in the ground, fairly growling his head off, and went back to sleep. Bumps felt fonder than ever of Bunny, for he felt that the little animal's quick wit and quick action had saved his life.

In the morning the two friends proceeded on their way, walking as fast as they could, for they were in great haste to make their fortunes. Occasionally they met a good farmer who gave them apples and cabbages to eat. They walked and walked all day long; sometimes Bunny ran ahead over the roofs of the hills, but he always returned to see if Bumps was following him. And all the time Bumps' little legs were growing stronger and stronger, so that he seldom fell and hardly felt tired at all, which made him very proud. Finally, Bunny vanished over the top of the very last, highest hill, and though Bumps looked and looked for him, he didn't come back. When Bumps caught up with him he found him sitting on the doorstep of a great river, wondering how they would ever get across. Alas! Poor Bumps himself could see no way to go on, and feared that they would have to turn back. While they stood

sadly looking at the deep water as it went rushing by them, there was a great splashing and rippling all about, and hundreds of fish, of every kind and color in the whole world, poked their heads up above the surface, just exactly as if they were trying to tell the travelers something. Then Bumps and Bunny noticed that the fish were floating side by side, packed tightly together all the way across the river in a long, glistening silver bridge. Bumps had never heard of anyone crossing a river on a bridge of fish, but he stepped boldly out, with Bunny in his arms. And when he had safely reached the other side, without even so much as getting the soles of his feet damp, he thanked the fish for their kindness by digging hundreds of worms for them (with the help of Bunny's sharp little claws). As fast as they could dig they threw the worms into the river, and just as fast they disappeared into the fishes' mouths.

Then the two travelers resumed their journey, telling each other how fortunate they had been thus far. They went on and on, until Bumps thought they must be approaching the city. They were pushing their way through a little thicket—Bunny hurrying on ahead, as usual—when Bumps heard the hiss of a snake. He looked around quickly to see where it came from, and right in front of him on the ground he saw a poor little bird held spellbound by the glittering eye of an ugly snake, so frightened that it could neither move nor fly. Without stopping to think that the snake might injure him, Bumps seized a big stick and killed it. Instantly the poor little bird was transformed into a beautiful Fairy, not much bigger than a robin. She told Bumps that a cruel Witch had put an enchantment upon her, forcing her to live in the body of a helpless little bird, at the mercy of all the beasts of the forest, until she should be rescued by some kind person. The Fairy was so grateful to Bumps for her

release that she made him a present of a beautiful purse, in which was just one shining gold coin. This was the first money Bumps had ever had for his very own and he felt that his good fortune was coming true at last. Thanking the Fairy politely, he skipped merrily on, overtaking Bunny, and soon the two friends were within sight of the big city.

The first person Bumps and Bunny met on their arrival in the city was a man selling ice cream, and although he hated to part with the gold-piece, Bumps could not resist buying two fat cones. As they walked along eating them and gazing at all the wonderful things about them, Bumps' toes suddenly began to feel very cold. Glancing down he saw that some of the ice cream had dropped through a hole in his shoe, which was badly worn from the long journey. Right across the street there was a fine big shoe store, and as Bumps stood wishing he had a pair of handsome new shoes, imagine his delight and surprise at suddenly feeling the smooth, hard surface of another coin in the purse the Fairy had given him! At first he thought there might have been two gold-pieces in the purse when the Fairy gave it to him and he had been so stupid as to have only discovered one of them. But when, after paying for the shoes, he felt still another coin, he knew that he had been given a wonderful gift indeed, and that the purse was truly a magic one, which would never become empty.

It was now an easy matter for Bumps to buy all the pretty things he had planned to take back to his dear mother, of which there were so many that he had to buy a great balloon to which was fastened a basket big enough to hold everything. And Bumps and Bunny and all the gifts purchased with the Fairy's money sailed away in it, over the wide river and all the hills, until they came in sight of the little home. Bumps landed the balloon in his own front yard, and

he and Bunny rushed in to tell his mother the story of his good fortune. She was delighted with all the presents he brought her, and because they were never able to empty the magic purse of its last shining gold-piece, Bumps and his mother always had everything they wanted, and lived happily together forever after!

**THE VOYAGE
TO NO-SUCH LAND**

THE VOYAGE TO NO-SUCH LAND

Whoops and Putty-Nose were at the seaside, playing on the shore of a beautiful, big blue bay—a bay which was really part of the big, beautiful blue ocean, where their father and mother had taken them for the summer. Whoops was a very pretty little girl with long yellow curls, and big brown eyes which were almost always wide open with surprise. She had been given her funny nickname because she always cried “Whoops!” when she saw anything that pleased her, and as almost everything pleased her she was crying “Whoops!” most of the time. Putty-Nose was her brother—a jolly, fat little fellow with a round face and a quaint snub nose in the exact middle of it so covered with big brown freckles it looked just like a lump of putty. Whoops and Putty-Nose had a very small tent, buckets, shovels, and a pop-gun, and had been playing that they were Robinson Crusoe and his good man Friday, cast away on a desert island. But after a while they got tired—it was hard work imagining oneself quite deserted when one could see home all the while! So they sat down by the water to rest and to think up some more interesting game.

All of a sudden Putty-Nose exclaimed, “Whoopsie! Look at that big, round, flat rock out in the water! Let’s wade out to it and we can pretend it’s a really truly island!”

Whoops was always ready for fun, so they waded out, carrying all their playthings in their arms with them; they pitched their tent in the very middle of the rock, and there they were, really on an island, with water all around. It was ever so much cooler than on the beach, and much more exciting, so they sat down to enjoy life

and plan what to do next. Whoops had just noticed that their rock was all marked out in a diamond pattern, something like a giant checkerboard, when she felt it begin to move smoothly and slowly through the sparkling blue waters. Whoops “whooped” in her very best manner, crying out to her brother, “Hold on tight, Putty-Nose! Our island is swimming away with us!”



Our Island Is Swimming Away With Us

And sure enough, the island was moving off to sea, making tiny ripples like those that follow in the wake of a boat. The children didn't know what to do; they had never heard of a swimming

island, and they had just about decided to become very, very frightened indeed, when a big, long, ugly head lifted itself up over the western shore of the island, turned, and looked back at them. It was exactly like the head of a turtle they had once seen, only a great many times larger, and although it was quite hideously ugly, it had a kindly humorous expression around its mouth and a merry twinkle in its eye.

“I’m Old Flipperoo, the sea-turtle,” it said by way of polite introduction, “and I’m perfectly harmless, so you mustn’t be afraid. You can stay on my back and I’ll carry you across the ocean to a place I know, and show you all the queer and wonderful things that grow there. Then I’ll bring you back safe and sound in time for supper. How does that sound?”

Now of course, Whoops and Putty-Nose said it was the one thing they wanted to do most of all, so Old Flipperoo tucked his head away out of sight again and set himself to paddling away at a great rate. The mariners were soon so far out to sea that they could no longer see land, and when they passed close by the great sea-going vessels and trans-oceanic liners, all the people on their decks ran to the rail to look at the queer flat boat and its very youthful passengers. Everybody waved and called greetings to the children, and the children waved back, and shouted “Ship ahoy!” which they knew was the polite thing to do.

After a long, long voyage they sighted a land almost completely covered with the queerest looking trees. Flipperoo swam into a quiet bay and waddled right up on the sand, so that Whoops and Putty-Nose were able to step ashore without even wetting their feet. “I’ll lie here in the sun and take a nap,” said the turtle, “and you children start off on a journey of discovery. Nothing in this strange

country will hurt you, although you will be surprised at many of the things you will see. Only be sure to come back here to me when you hear the Tick-Tock bird calling, 'Five o'clock!', or we'll all be late for supper."

So Whoops and Putty-Nose left their wonderful new friend dozing in the hot sand and set off, hand in hand, along the path which led up among the trees. Now they understood why the island had looked so funny when they were approaching it on the turtle's back, for all the trees grew upside-down, their roots in the air, and the figs, cocoanuts, and bananas on the ground, where they could easily be picked. They decided to gather some of the fruit on the way back to take home to their father and mother, and went on up the winding path. The air was full of Jujube and Lollypop birds, which flew ahead of them calling, "Whoops and Putty-Nose have come to visit us!"

All at once they came upon a colony of Chase-Tails, little striped animals with a very sweet tooth. Instead of regular tails they had sticks of peppermint candy, which they were forever chasing round and round, in order to satisfy their enormous appetites for candy. Each Chase-Tail was chasing his tail for dear life around a little bush, until every bush in sight had a Chase-Tail lying around it like a doughnut, holding its peppermint tail fast in its mouth, and nibbling away happily at the candy. Just as Whoops and Putty-Nose were wondering what would happen when the tails were all eaten up, the Whispering-Tell-Tale bird flew down and explained that new tails would grow by tea-time next Thursday. It was then only Monday, and the Chase-Tails had to make their peppermint candy tails last for four whole days, or go hungry.

Further on, in a cool little dell, they found the Ice Cream Soda plant in full bloom, covered with great white cup-shaped flowers, like Easter lilies. All you had to do was pick one of these flowers, wish very hard for your favorite flavor, and instantly it was full of cold, delicious ice cream soda. After sampling as many kinds as they could think of, Whoops and Putty-Nose continued their journey, and were just crossing a bridge over a tiny stream when they were brought to a standstill by a strange sound. It came from the water, and, on looking closer, the children discovered a school of Gurgling Gonces swimming in a quiet pool under the bridge. They ran down on the bank to see and get a closer look, and were amazed to find that a Gurgling Gonce is exactly like a small, red rubber hot water bottle, and makes the same noise a water bottle does when shaken. Putty-Nose waded carefully into the stream and succeeded in catching one of the funny fish. It seemed not at all afraid—and very, very warm, and it had just one big, round eye in the end where the stopper of the water bottle would be. It looked so pleadingly into his face and seemed so helpless that Putty-Nose felt sorry for it and put it back in the water right away. “Gurgle-Gurgle,” said the grateful Gurgling Gonce, very politely, and swam off to join its brothers and sisters.

At last, just as Whoops and Putty-Nose were beginning to feel very hungry, they smelled a pleasant odor of cooking, and coming out into a little clearing in the woods where a fire was burning, they found dozens of chubby little Waffle-Wimps dancing hand in hand around it. The Waffle-Wimps were square and flat, with little square holes all over their plump little bodies. They kept dancing closer and closer to the flames until they grew crisp and brown and very hot. Then they all ran off sizzling and chuckling, each one crawling under a marvelously sweet Syrup-Bush, where he lay

down on his back and let the bush drip delicious maple syrup on him until he was just prime for eating. The children ate all the Waffle-Wimps they could hold, then they said, "Thank You," to the ones they left behind, and went on.

They had a wonderful time getting acquainted with all the strange and marvelous creatures that lived on the island, but at last it began to get darker and cooler in the woods and they heard the Tick-Tock bird calling, "Five o'clock! Five o'clock!" so they ran back obediently to Old Flipperoo, who opened one eye at them sleepily and asked, "Did you see everything on the island?"

"Oh, yes! Everything! And we loved it!" cried the children. So Flipperoo promised to bring them again, and crawled lazily back into the water, preparatory to carrying them home. Whoops and Putty-Nose, who were very tired by this time, climbed on his back under their Robinson Crusoe tent and lay down. They fell fast asleep, and never woke up until they heard their mother calling to them from the shore. You can guess how surprised she was to see them come sailing home on Old Flipperoo's back, and to hear all about the delights and wonders of their voyage to No-Such Land.

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