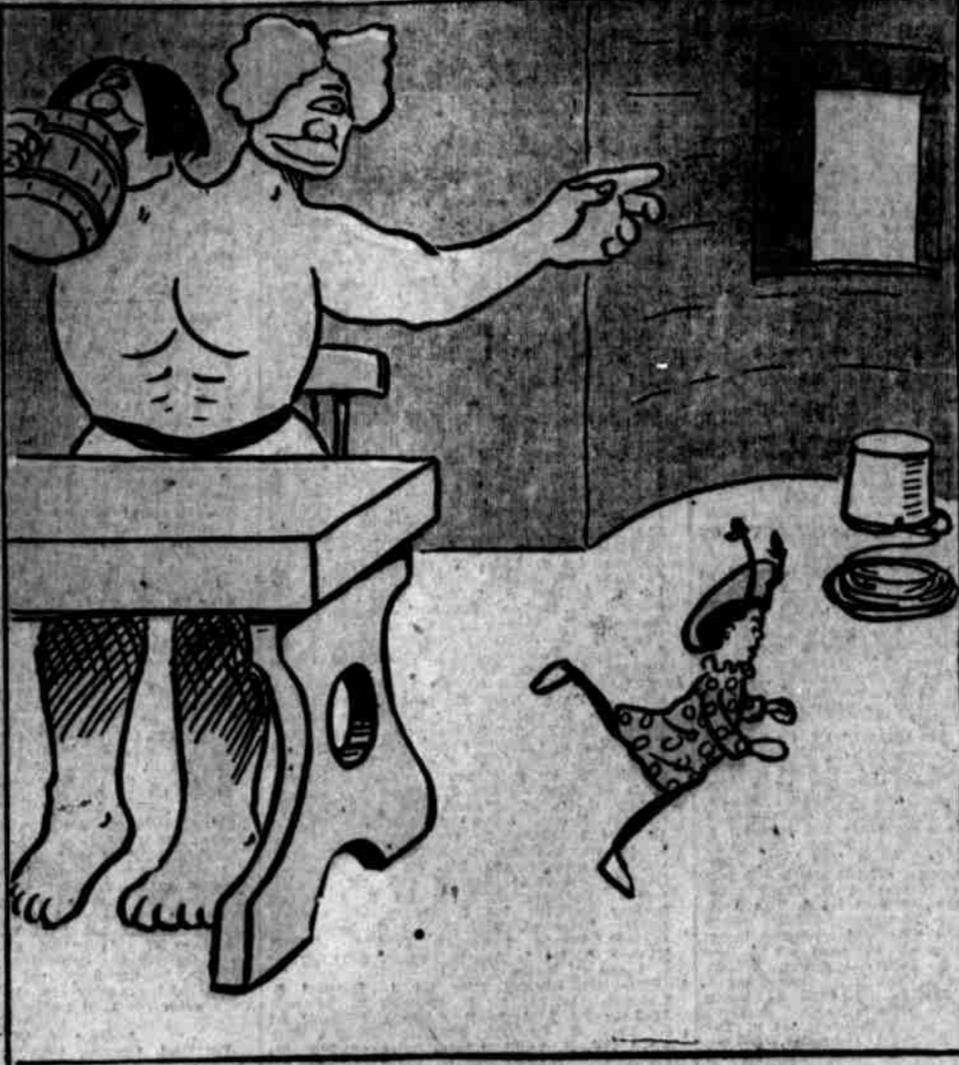


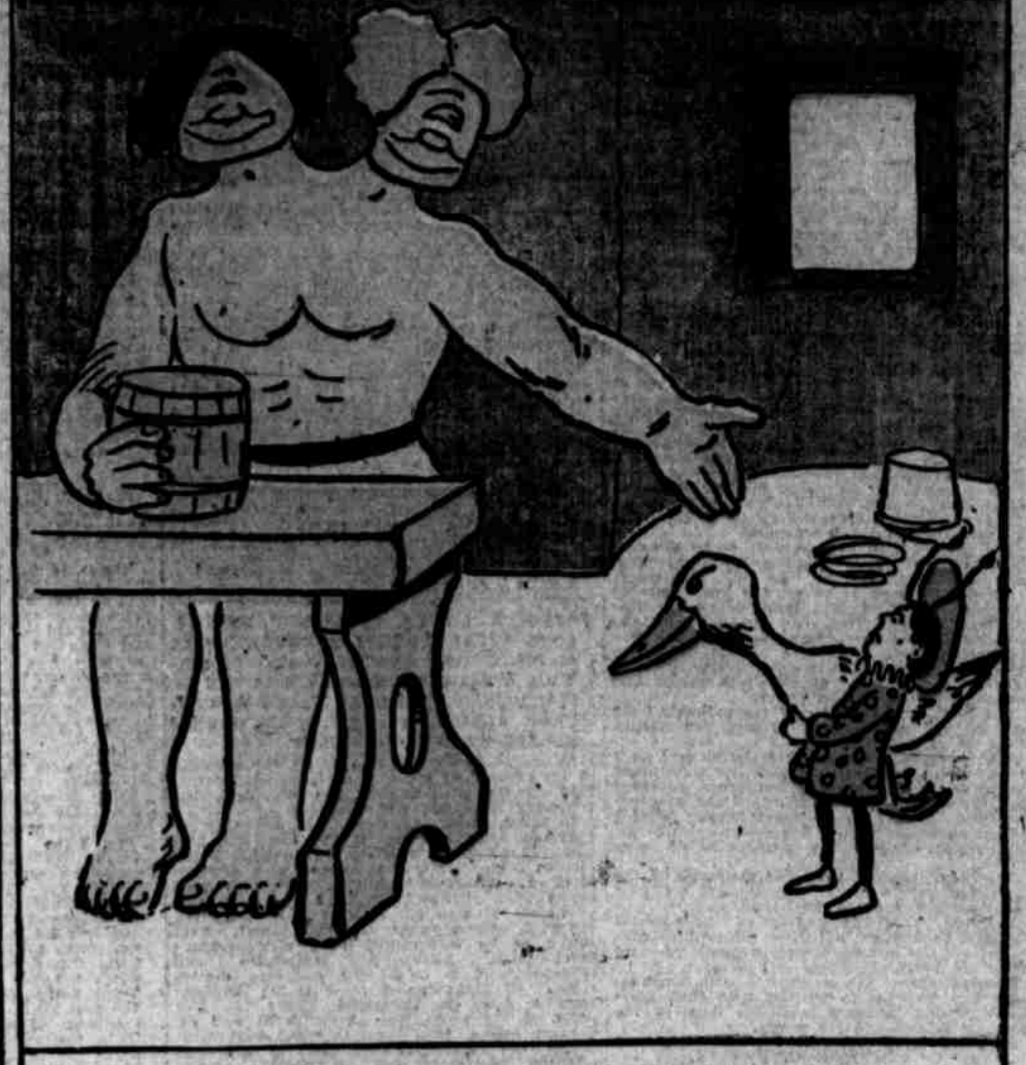
STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BESSIE BUSYBODY



1—WELL, WHEN Mr. Two-Face came around next day to make another attempt to serve me up for breakfast I felt as if my time had come for sure. Of course, I didn't sleep much and spent most of the night trying to figure out some way to escape.



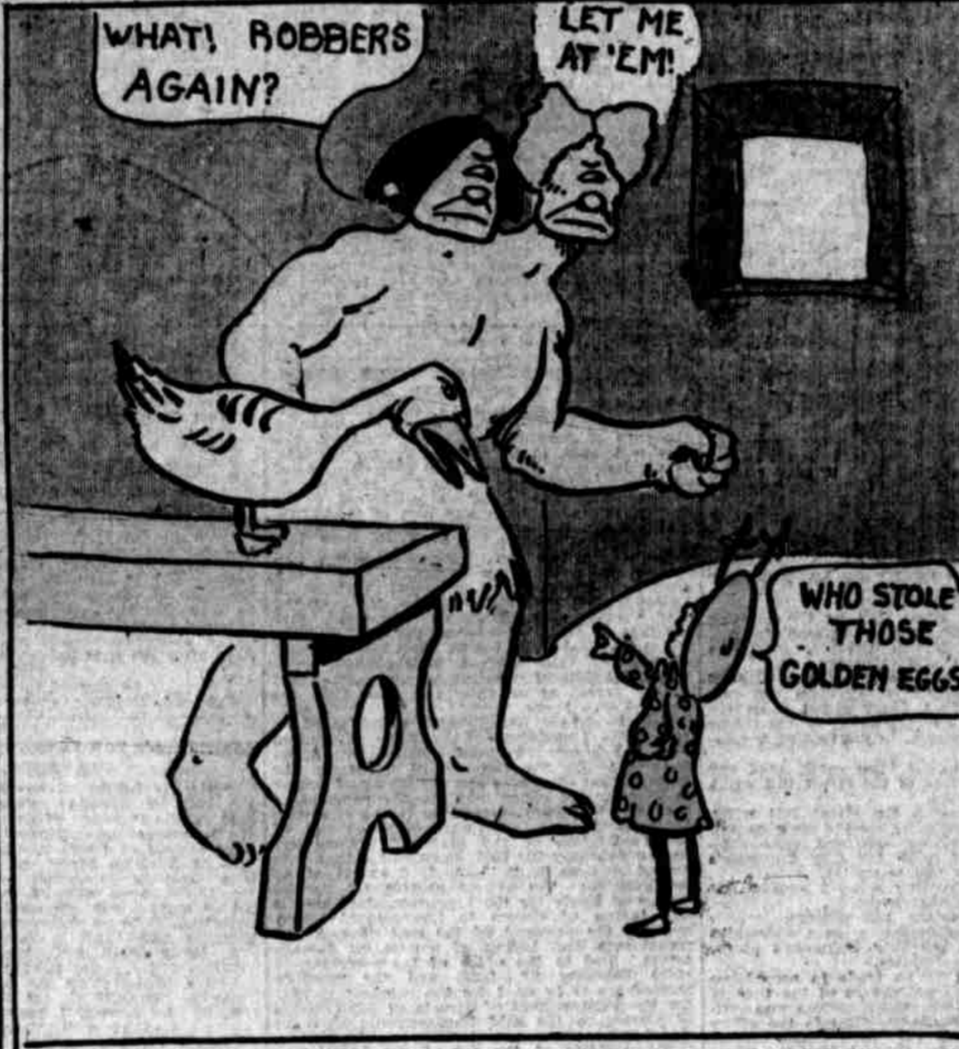
2—I REMEMBERED there was a pail with a rope tied to it that the giant used to pull up sea water. "I need a little gold!" said Old Two-Face. "Bring me my goose!" So I got the magic goose and he set it on the table and told it to lay.



3—WELL, SIR, YOU wouldn't believe it, but that was no common goose. No, sir! That goose laid golden eggs so fast the table wouldn't hold 'em all. Then an idea struck me. I wanted the captain to have that goose and those eggs, even if I couldn't, hope to live to get any use of 'em.



4—SO I GRABBED a lot of the eggs and dropped 'em straight down into the sea at the foot of the tower. Before the giant knew what had happened every egg had vanished. "Lookee! lookee!" I shouted. "Someone has stolen all the eggs!" When he recovered from the shock he was furious.



5—HE WAS WILD with rage, and stormed all through the castle looking for the thief who could have stolen the eggs right under his nose. As soon as he went out I grabbed the goose, chucked it in the pail and lowered it out the tower window. The captain was below in the submarine, and I guess he was puzzled.



6—I MOTIONED TO him to get the goose, but just then I heard a noise behind me, and there was the giant making a rush for me. Luckily, the rope was tied inside so it could not be lost out, and in about two jiffies I jumped over the window ledge, and slid down it so fast it chinned my hands.



7—BUT I WAS TOO late again. Before I got near enough to the water to risk dropping into it I felt myself being drawn up again, and knew that the giant was pulling up the rope. I dumped the goose out of the pail into the water and hollered to the captain to catch it, for it laid golden eggs.



8—THEN I COULD hear the thunderous roar of that giant just above me. Talk about being mad! Well, he was wiser than that, and thought his roaring would shake the castle down.



9—THEN HE SNATCHED hold of me, jerked me in the window, threw me on the floor and was about to crush me, when he seemed to think better of it again and threw me back in the dungeon. If I ever get out of this horrible castle alive I will tell you the rest of the story.

Bessie Busybody