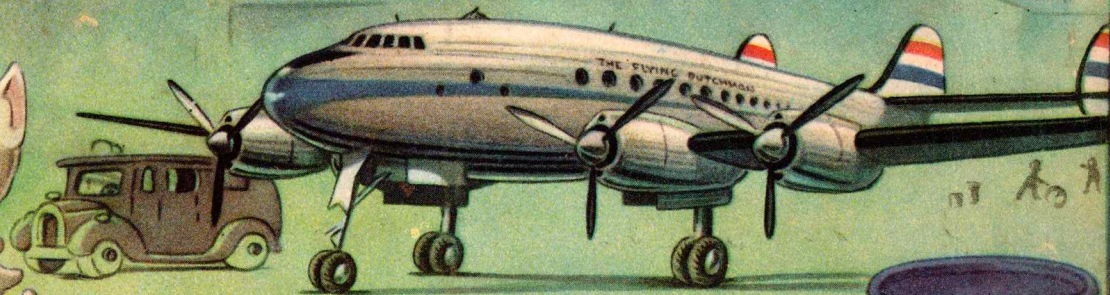


# TOM PUSS

## AND THE FLYING CALIPH





Leon Lurie Std II.D.  
For determined effort to improve  
your weak handwriting.

H. J. Clarke.

# TOM PUSS

## AND THE FLYING CALIPH

BY

MARTEN  
FOUNDER

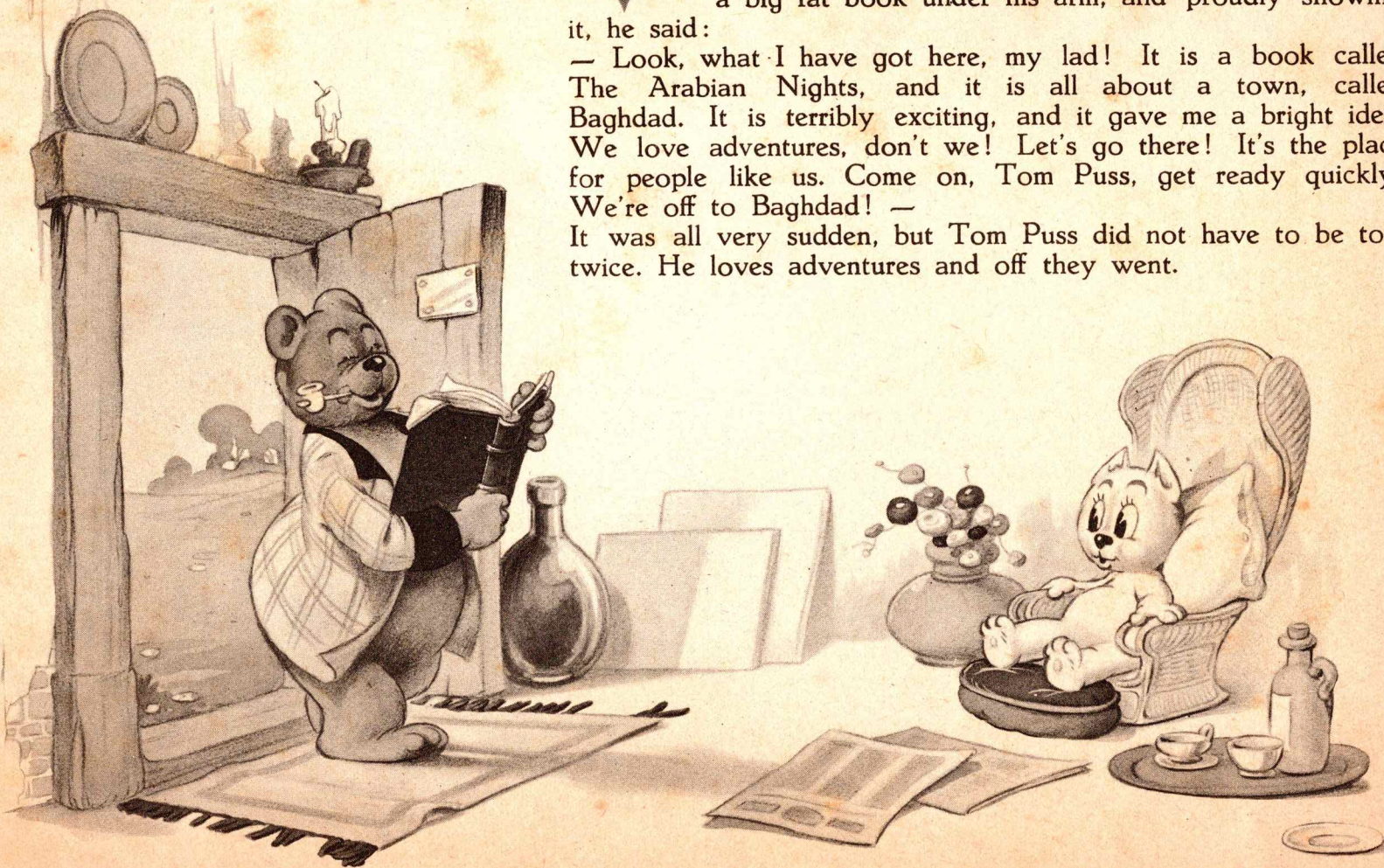


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ne fine morning, not so very long ago, Mr. Oliver B. Bumble, a very well-to-do gentleman-bear, went to visit his little friend, Tom Puss. He was carrying a big fat book under his arm, and proudly showing it, he said:

— Look, what I have got here, my lad! It is a book called The Arabian Nights, and it is all about a town, called Baghdad. It is terribly exciting, and it gave me a bright idea. We love adventures, don't we! Let's go there! It's the place for people like us. Come on, Tom Puss, get ready quickly! We're off to Baghdad! —

It was all very sudden, but Tom Puss did not have to be told twice. He loves adventures and off they went.







**N**othing worth mentioning happened on the way there, until they came to a little town on the edge of the desert. It was Monday-morning and it was market-day. Mr. Ollie bought a camel and a donkey.

After studying the camel carefully for a little while, he said to Tom Puss: — I think it's legs are too long! Of course I have ridden many camels before in my time, but I think I'll take the donkey. It looks more friendly . . . .! —

— Oh, allright, — answered Tom Puss — I don't mind! — And he clambered up onto his high mount, while Mr. Bumble made himself comfortable on the donkey.

— All ready? — shouted Mr. Ollie — Quick march! — . . . And off they went across the desert. The sun burned down upon them. And it was terribly hot. So they were very relieved, when they reached an oasis by midday. Underneath the palmtrees they caught suddenly sight of a tent.



Look! — exclaimed Mr. Ollie — We'll go over there, and I'll ask them for a drink...! — They dismounted and an Arab came out, and bowing politely, offered them a drink of water. Then he gave them some dates to eat.

Going inside his tent, they found he had all kinds of things to sell. There were Persian rugs, copper lamps, inlaid tables, and many different Turkish swords and knives. And then Mr. Bumble caught sight of a strange kind of machine, that stood in a corner.

— What's that? — he asked, looking very interested.

— That is very rare and old, noble sir! — answered the man.

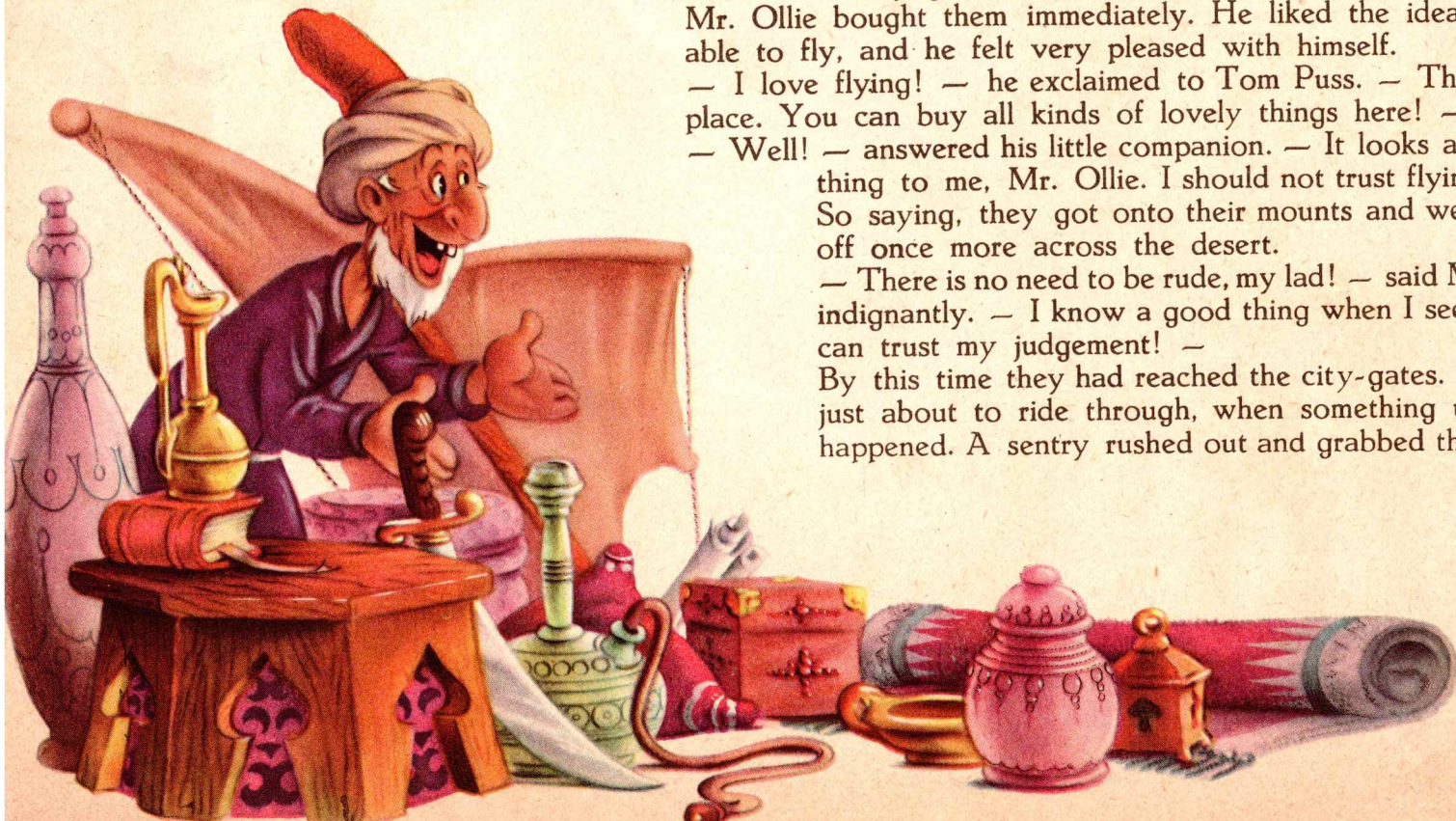
— Those are the Wings of Icarus! If you put them on and wind up the clockwork motor at the back, you go flying up into the air. It is a very good bargain, for it only costs a shilling! — Mr. Ollie bought them immediately. He liked the idea of being able to fly, and he felt very pleased with himself.

— I love flying! — he exclaimed to Tom Puss. — This is a nice place. You can buy all kinds of lovely things here! —

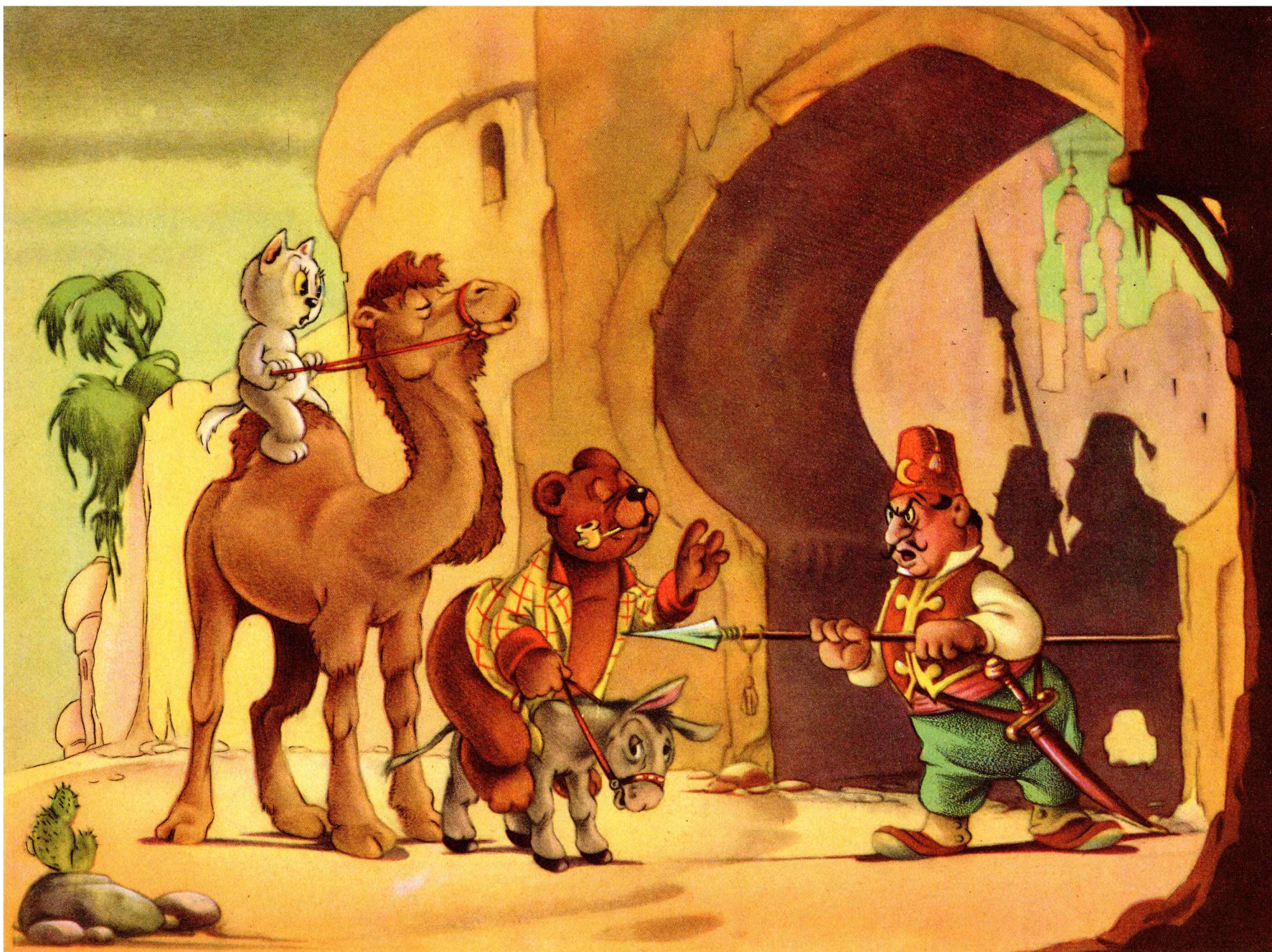
— Well! — answered his little companion. — It looks a queer old thing to me, Mr. Ollie. I should not trust flying in it! — So saying, they got onto their mounts and went jogging off once more across the desert.

— There is no need to be rude, my lad! — said Mr. Bumble indignantly. — I know a good thing when I see one. You can trust my judgement! —

By this time they had reached the city-gates. They were just about to ride through, when something unexpected happened. A sentry rushed out and grabbed their bridles.





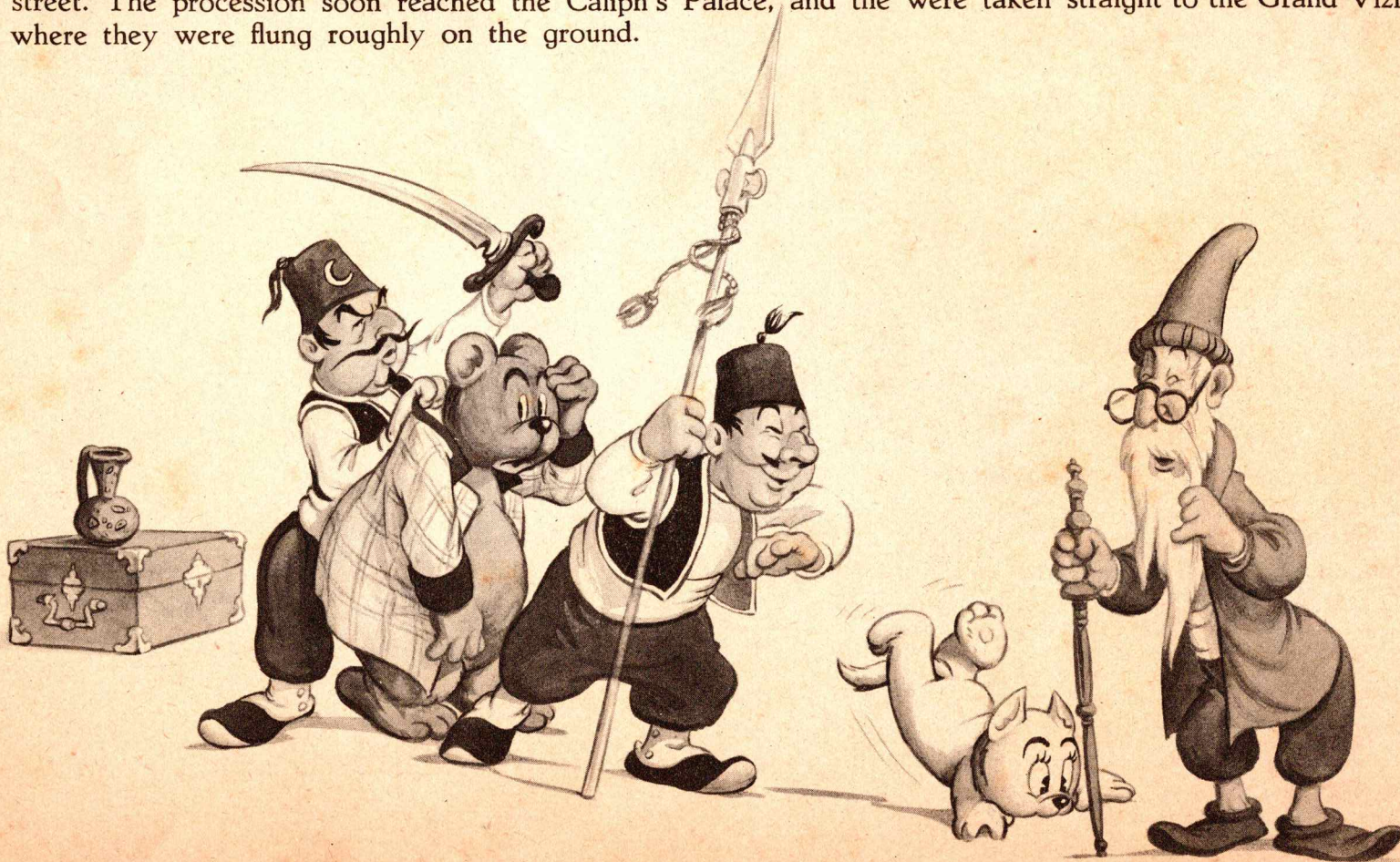




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trangers!! — he shouted. And an officer of the guard roared — Marshallah!!.... get off quickly and come with me to the Caliph! Hurry up!! —

— This is too much! — exclaimed Mr. Ollie, looking very dignified. — What kind of hospitality is this? I am Mr. Bumble of Bumblestone-Castle! We are respectable people, and we wish to.... — He was unable to finish — the guards pulled him off his donkey — while two other soldiers hauled Tom Puss down from his camel and loudly protesting they were dragged along a narrow winding street. The procession soon reached the Caliph's Palace, and the were taken straight to the Grand Vizier, where they were flung roughly on the ground.





W

elcome to this humble palace, noble strangers! — said the Grand Vizier. — Make yourselves at home! In a few minutes you will be taken into the exalted presence of his High and Mightyness, the Caliph! —

— Wat does all this mean? — demanded Mr. Bumble haughtily.

— Is this the right way to treat respectable people? If the Caliph wants to see us, can't he be more polite about it? —

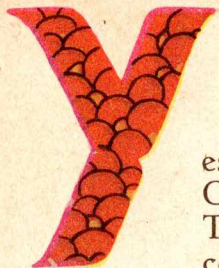
— A thousand pardons, honoured sir! — said the Grand Vizier, bowing deeply. — But we had to hurry. The Caliph is in great trouble! His Mightyness is extremely worried. He is pining away! —

— What is the matter with him then? — asked Mr. Ollie.

— Something awful happened when His Mightyness went off for his daily trip on his magic carpet this morning. — whispered the Grand Vizier. — He had risen a few feet in the air, when the carpet split, and the Caliph fell through onto the ground. Now he is suffering from a terrible headache and he has got a very bad bruise. It's a very ancient carpet, you know. More than a thousand years old, and it is quite worn out, Now he cannot use it anymore and go for his daily flying trip. And that is terrible! But a little while ago the court magician said, that two strangers would arrive in our beautiful city today. He foretold that they would enable the Caliph to fly once more, so we had orders to bring you here immediately — and here you are !!!”







es, indeed! — exclaimed Mr. Ollie proudly. — We are the strangers and of course I can help your Caliph to fly again.... That's easy. Just take us to him, and everything will be alright!! — The Grand Vizier ushered them into the throne room. The Caliph was lying on a large couch, and he looked very ill.

— The strangers, Your Mightyness! — announced the Grand Vizier. — The Caliph's face brightened. — Ah there you are at last! My magic carpet is worn out, and as Caliph of Baghdad I must be able to fly. What are you going to do about it? If you succeed, I'll give you the biggest diamond in my treasury. But if you don't, I'll have your heads chopped off! Quite clear? Now you may begin! —

— Eh... ahem...? — began Mr. Ollie nervously. — I.... eh.... I h-have got the Wings of.... what's its name.... All, you have to do, Caliph, is to put them on. Then wind up the little motor here, and off you go, flying up into the air! But we must go outside first! — Of course the Caliph was very anxious to try them on, so they all went into the garden. It had high walls all around, so they could not be disturbed by inquisitive people. Mr. Ollie helped the Caliph to fasten on the wings, while Tom Puss stood by, watching very anxiously. — Oh dear! — he murmured to himself — I am sure they won't work! I have never seen such queer old wings before! —

But Mr. Bumble did not seem to be worrying at all. — Look Caliph! — he was saying. — Put your arms through here and your feet on here, and then fasten on the belt tighty. Then I'll wind up the clock-work motor!.... —

— Oh dear! — complained the Caliph. — The magic carpet was much more comfortable. This is much too undignified for a Caliph like me. No I don't like it! Help me get it off...! —

But it was too late.... Mr. Ollie had wound it up, and set it going. He gave it a push, and with loud rattling and grinding noise, the Caliph left the ground!







B

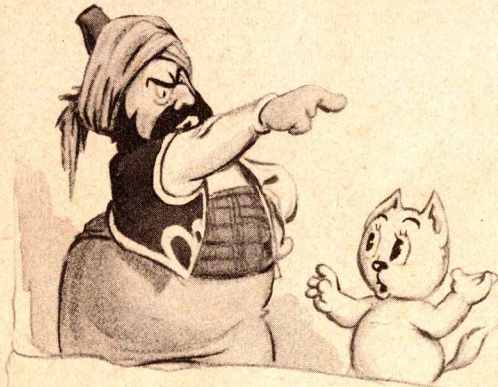
ut, oh dear me, the wings were too old and the framework was all rusty, and His High and Mightyness was no light weight! Just as Mr. Ollie was saying: — You see, Tom Puss, how clever, I am! . . . —, there was a loud bang, and the wings gave way. Tom Puss shouted: — Oh, catch him, he is falling! —, but it was too late. The Caliph landed with a hard bump on the ground. He was buried under the broken wings and the remains of the clock-work motor.

Lucky for him, he had not gone very high up in the air, so he did not hurt himself very much. But he was terribly angry any his howls of rage brought all the Palace guards rushing up. They seized hold of Mr. Bumble and threw him into the deepest dungeon.





— Now what about you?! said the Caliph, angrily turning to Pom Puss.  
— I hope you have not got another machine like that?! —  
— Oh no! — exclaimed Tom Puss, racking his brains for a good idea.  
— These things are much too old fashioned for a mighty Prince like you.  
Magic Carpets and Wings don't fit in with the modern world. They are  
all out of date . . . . —



— But all the same, I  
want to fly! — insisted  
the Caliph.

— I can manage that  
alright! — replied Tom  
Puss. — But you must  
come with me to Cairo  
first. There I can show  
you how a Caliph of  
Baghdad ought to fly! —









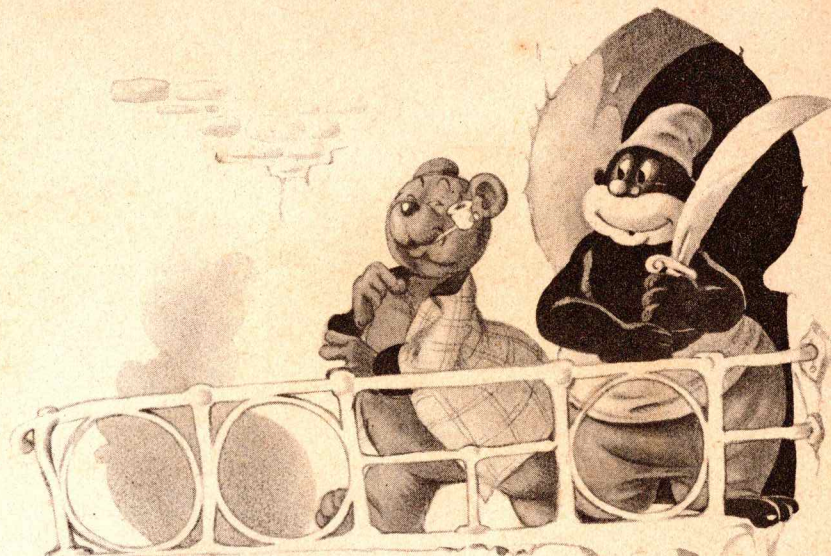


An elephant was saddled at once, and Tom Puss and the Caliph climbed upon its back and off they went to Cairo. Now an elephant can go quicker than a donkey and so they soon reached the town. The streets were crowded with people, who cheered when they went by. But the Caliph didn't stop for Tom Puss took him straight to the Airport. They left their elephant in the carpark, and went and bought two tickets. An aeroplane was standing by ready to take off. — What a wonderful silver bird! — exclaimed the Caliph. — It looks far better than your friends wings. If this machine is as fine inside as it looks outside, I'll reward you handsomely! —

He was not disappointed. As you must have guessed by now, the silver bird was a K.L.M. plane. You all know what that is like! You only have to look around you and you'll see just what the Caliph saw. He was simply delighted, and they had a lovely trip.



**L**ater on, when they had gone back to the Palace, the Caliph said: — Now that is what I call real flying! You can't compare my Magic Carpet with Your Flying Dutchman! No wind blowing about your eyes, but a very comfortable seat, and a charming stewardess, who brings you some coffee. It really is a right royal way of travelling! —



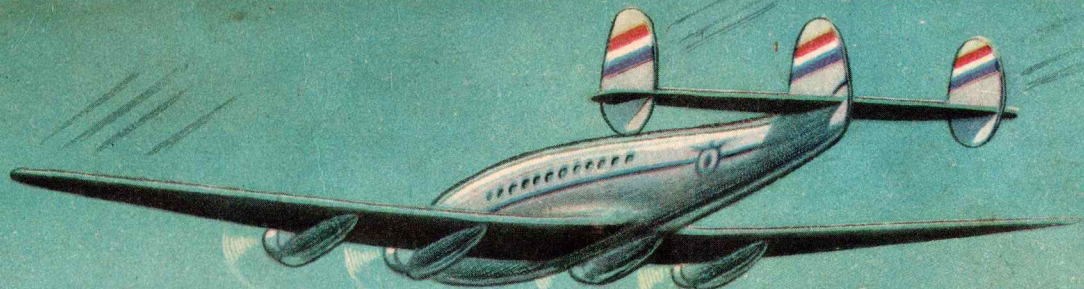
He ordered poor Mr. Ollie to be brought out of prison, and he presented Tom Puss with the biggest diamond in his treasury. The next day he went and bought a ticket from the K.L.M. to go flying round the whole world.

Tom Puss and Mr. Ollie were free to go home, and as they jogged back across the desert, Mr. Ollie said: — Well! That is the end of that adventure! I must admit my lad, that you managed it very well. It was an excellent idea to think of that aeroplane! I might even have thought of it myself! —









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