

Mischief Again!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL KAYE

STORY BY Enid Blyton
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MISCHIEF AGAIN

by

Enid Blyton and Paul Kaye

Here is the second book about the irresistible Laughing Kitten—so enchanting that all animal-lovers, young or old, will love it.

Tinker romps through the pages once more, trying to teach the puppy how to play the gramophone, how to use the camera (in the wrong way!), what a typewriter is or isn't for, and what happens when you try to answer the telephone! Floppy the puppy is only too willing to learn, and to share in all Tinker's mischief.

Again the photographs are superb—almost incredibly good in the way they portray these ingenuous young creatures. They are by Paul Kaye, and the story is by that well-loved writer, Enid Blyton.

This unusual book will please everyone, and its pages will be turned many times, with delighted chuckles. Once more Paul Kaye, Enid Blyton, and the Kitten have presented us with a truly enchanting book.

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What are Floppy and Tinker up to
this morning? Mischief again!

“Floppy, help me to put this record
on,” says Tinker.

“Then we can have some music.
Careful now!”



“Now, I’ll wind up the gramophone
and the music will begin.
See, I’m turning the handle—
aren’t I clever?”

“Oh Floppy, why do you sit
on the record like that?

You’re going round

and round

and round!”





“Tinker, come up here with me.

It’s fun to go round

while the music plays!”



“Now, isn’t this wonderful?

Round and round we go—oh, it’s getting
slower now—it’s stopping!”



“Floppy, get off and I’ll wind it up again and put on another record.”

“No—*I’ll* get one, Tinker—it’s my turn to put one on.”



“Oh, you bad puppy! You’ve broken
the record—just look at the pieces!”

“Help me, Tinker—it’s sharp, it’s
hurting me! Oh, please do take it away!”

“There you are, poor old Floppy!

I’ve taken it away.

Is that better? Cheer up!”





“Quick, let’s go!

Somebody’s coming and
they sound VERY cross.

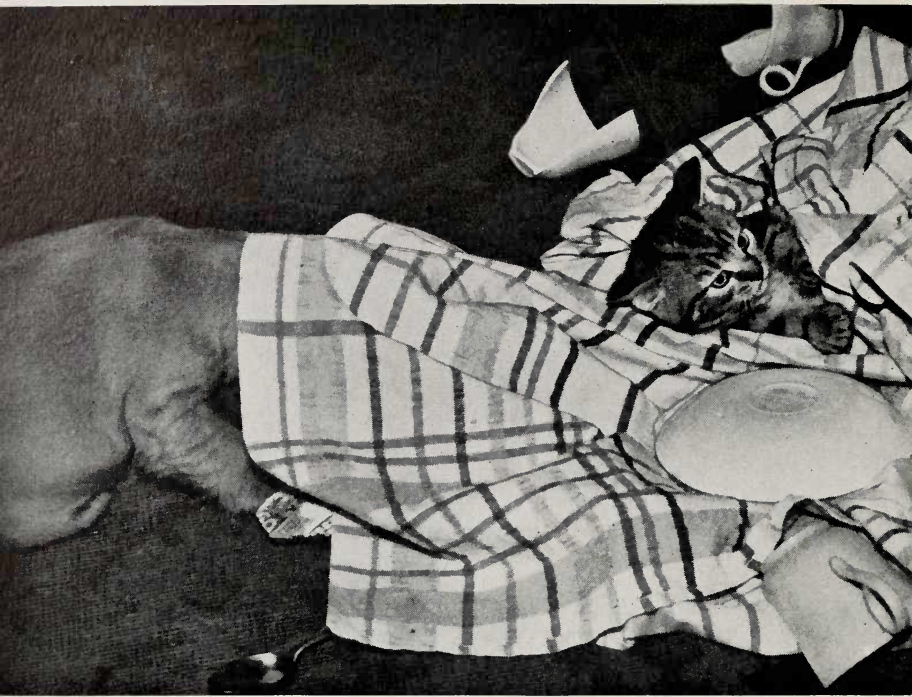
Run, Floppy, run!”



“Are you hungry, Tinker? I am. There’s a nice smell coming from something up on that table. Sniff-sniff! Whatever can it be?”



“I’ll go up and see, Floppy. Here I go, climbing up the tablecloth—oooh, it’s slipping off the table—help!”



CRASH!

Whatever's happened?

Was that an earthquake

or something?

Where are we?

Oh dear, what a mess!

“Floppy, I’ve cut my paw
on that broken cup!”

“Well, Tinker, lick it better!”

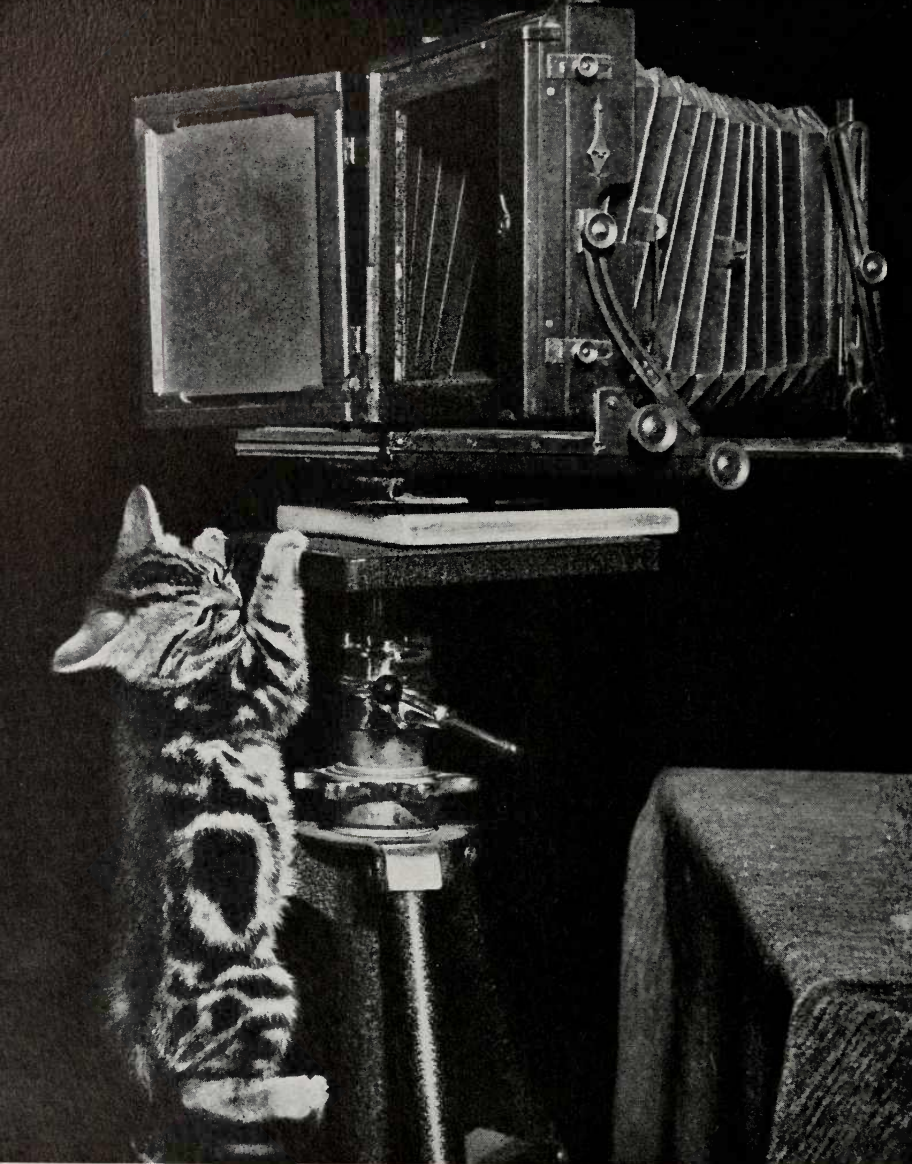


“Oh Floppy, you’ve a dreadful
bump on your poor little nose!
Please do let me kiss that better.”





“Licking is sleepy work.
We’ll lie down together
and have a little nap!”



“Now I’ll do a little exploring all on my own. What’s this thing up here that people call a camera? Why, it has a little open door . . .”

“And inside is a funny little
dark room. It will just fit me
because I’m not very big.”



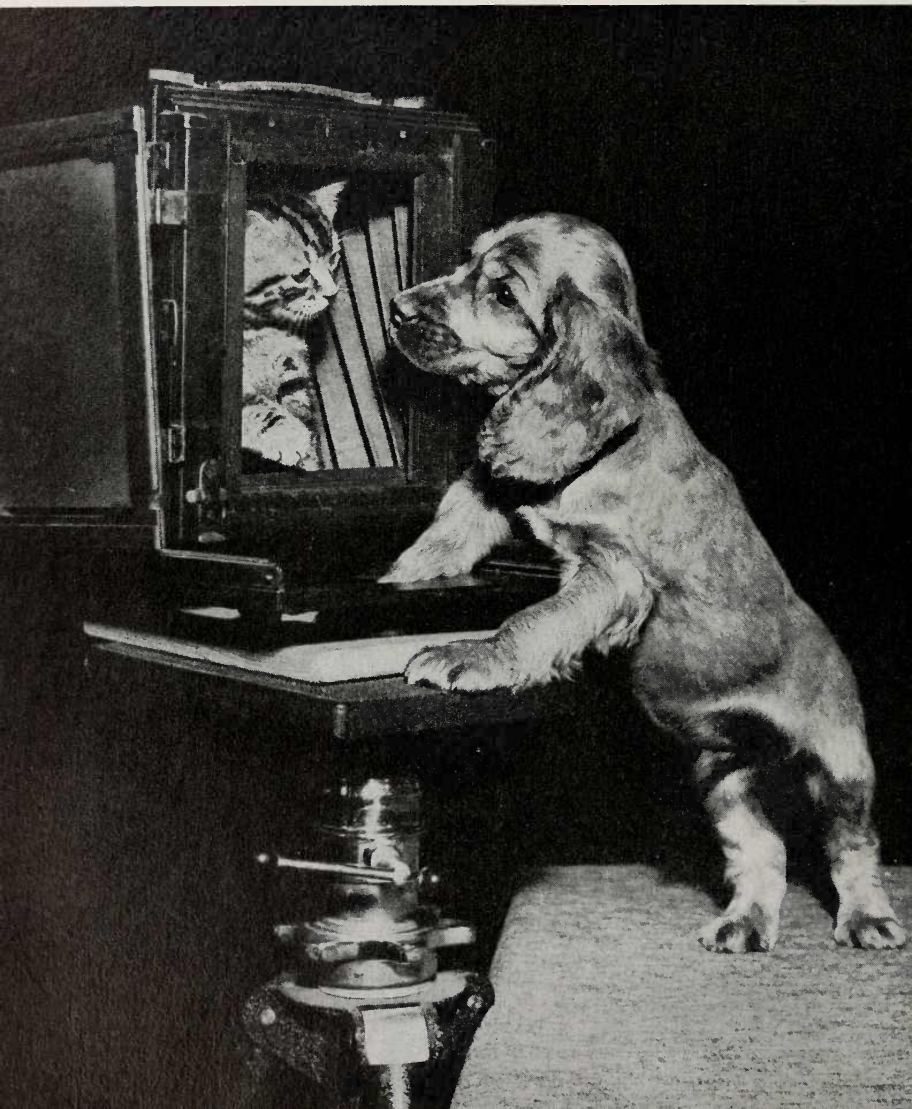


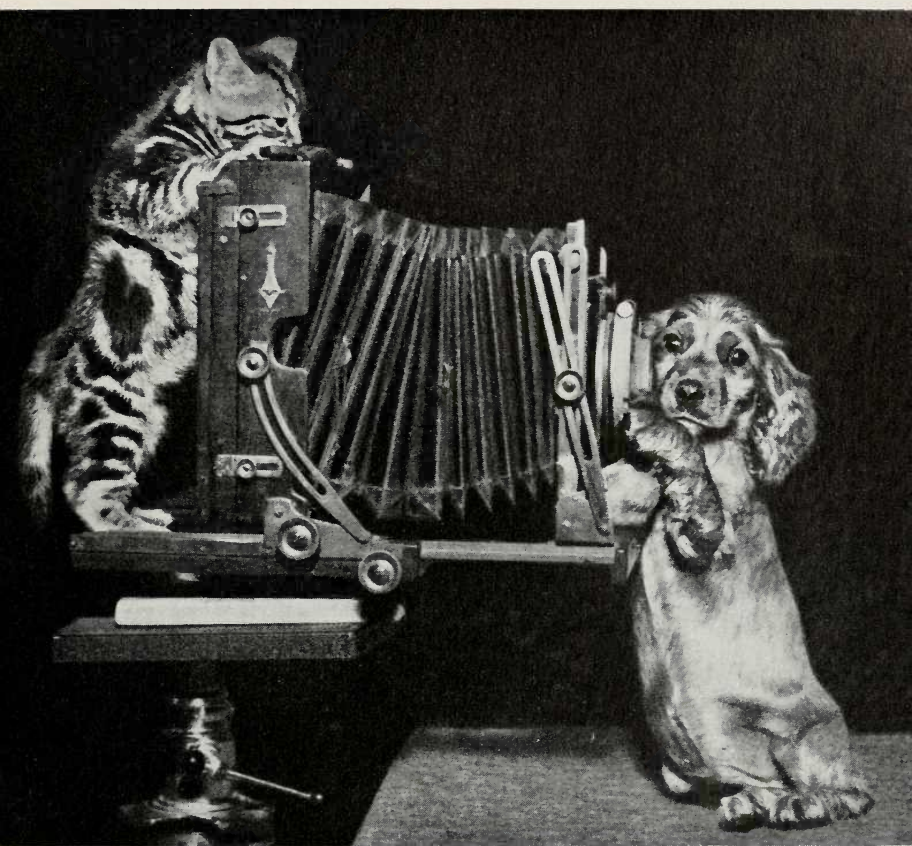
“Yes, I thought so. It’s exactly
the right size . . . I shall hide away
from that naughty puppy.”



“If Floppy doesn’t come to
find me soon, I shall be
fast asleep and dreaming.”

“Hallo, Tinker! I’ve been looking
for you everywhere. Is this a new
little kennel? Can I come in?”





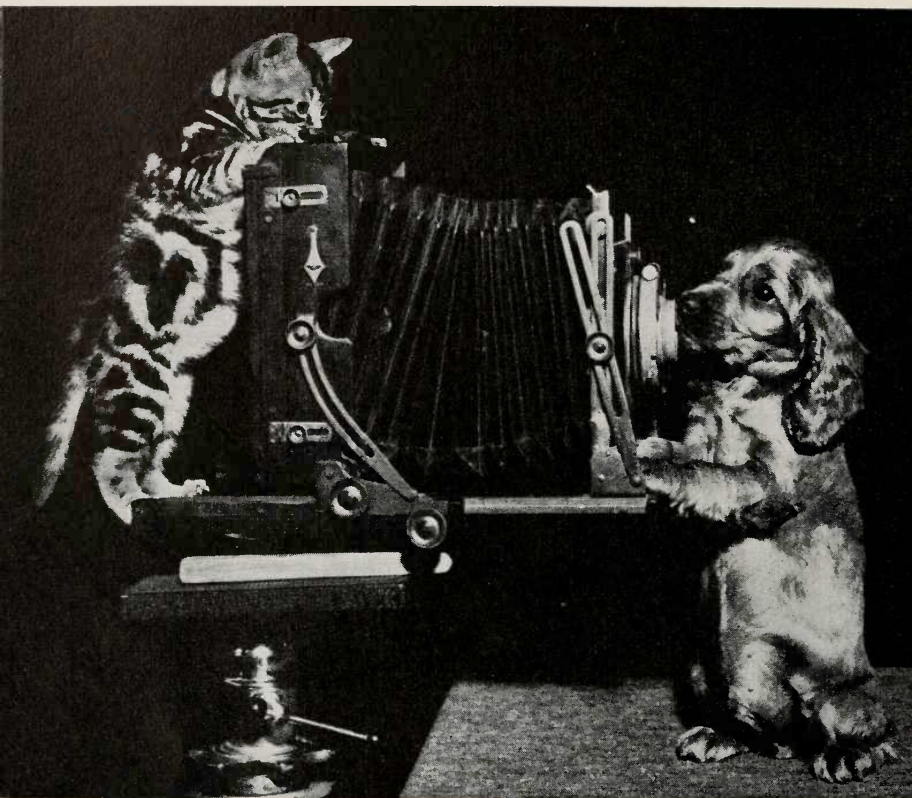
“It’s a camera, silly!

I’ll take a picture of you, shall I?

Oh Floppy, don’t stand there

listening to the other end——

you won’t hear a thing!”



“And it’s no use *talking*
into it, either.

It isn’t a telephone.

Really, Floppy,

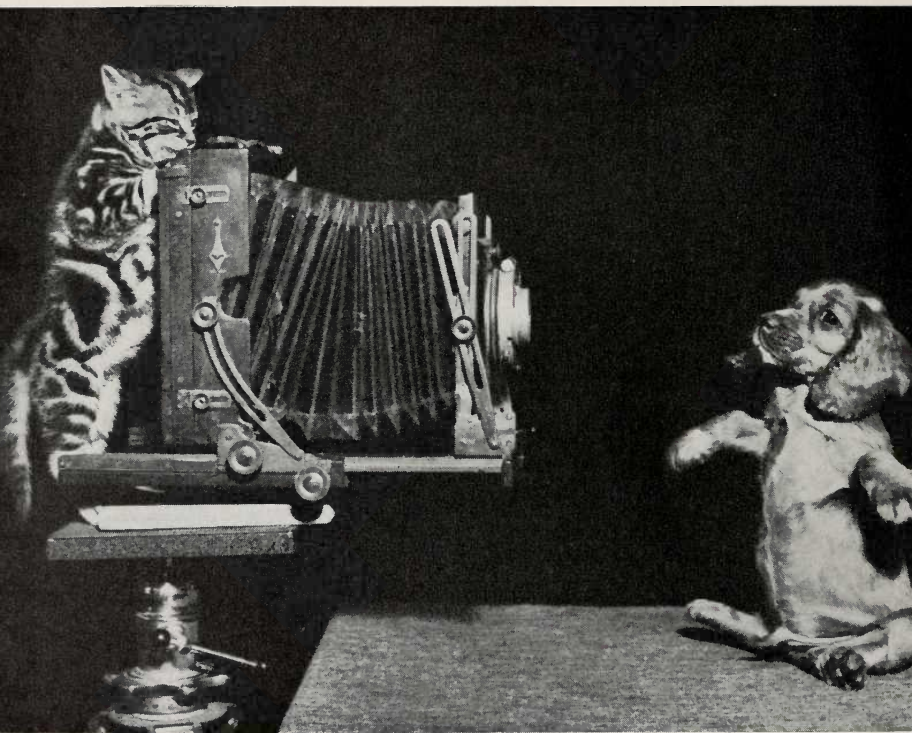
you don’t know very much!”

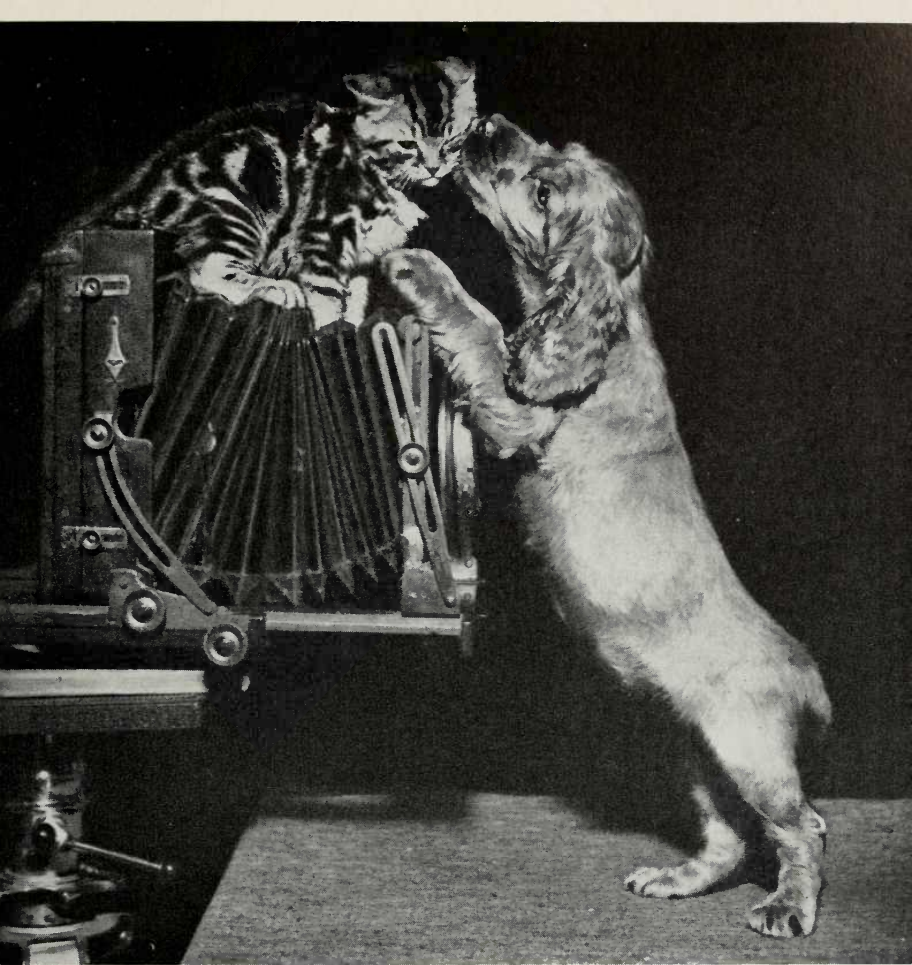
“Well, Tinker,
tell me what to do then.
I’ll do just what you say!”



“Stand right away from the camera, Floppy—there, I’ve taken a BEAUTIFUL picture of you.

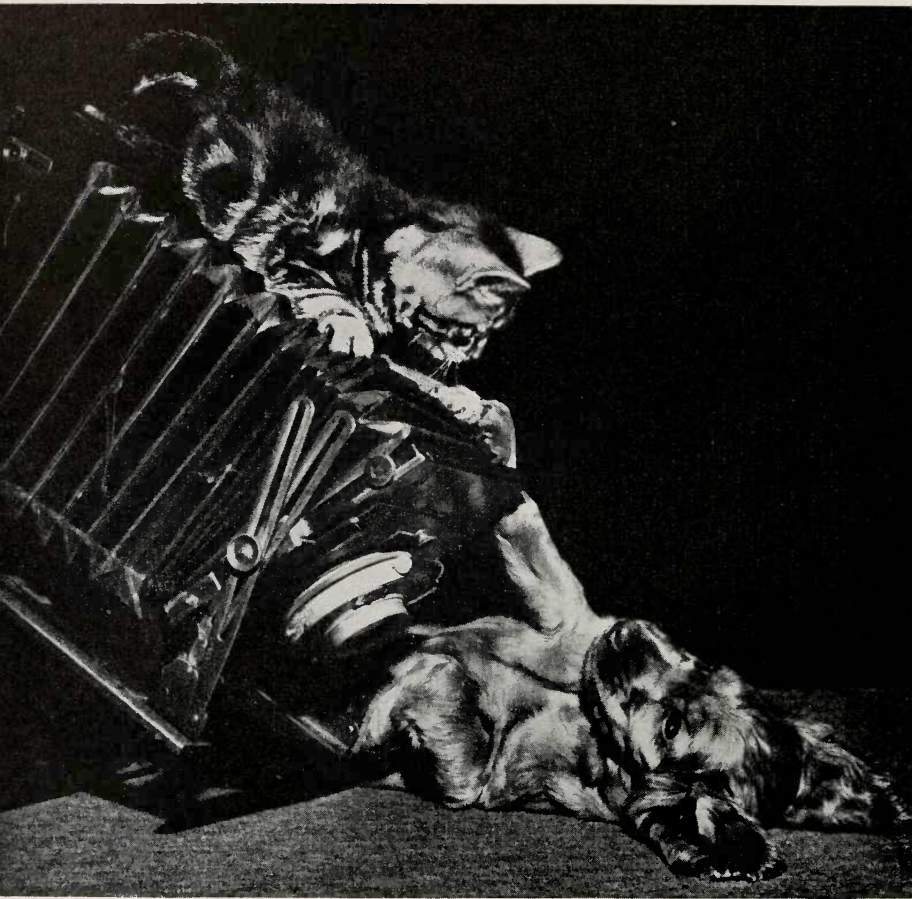
You’re a very good puppy.”





“Oh thank you, Tinker. I’ll
give you a kiss for that!”

“Be careful, Floppy,
your paws are tipping
the camera—be careful!”



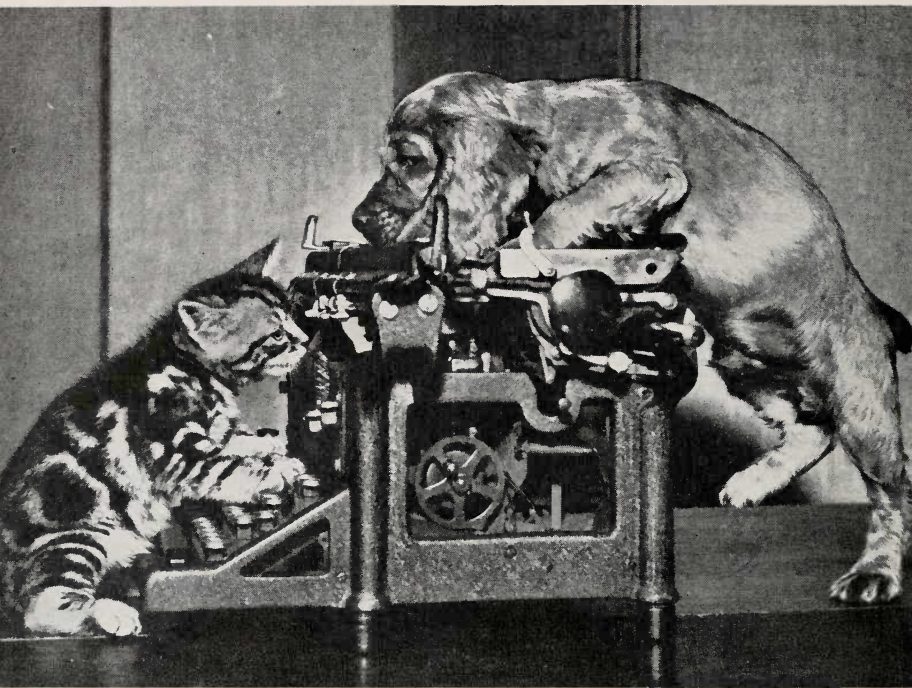
“Ooooooh! The camera’s falling—
get out of the way, Floppy!”

“Now look what you’ve done!

*Don’t let’s play with
the camera any more.*

*Let’s go and look
for something else!”*





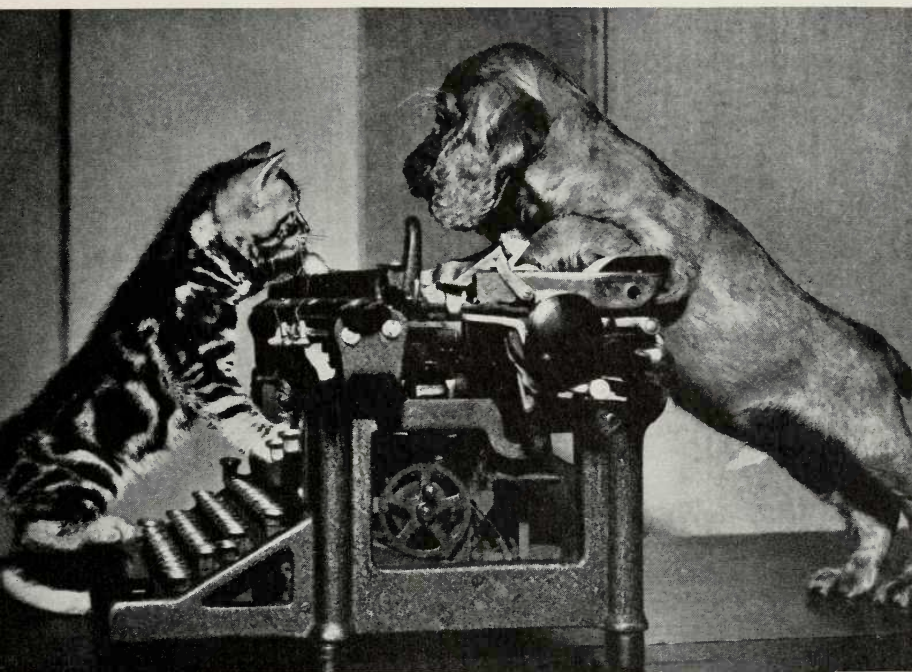
“What’s this, Tinker? Do you know?”

“Yes, it’s a typewriter.

I can write a letter with

it if I tap these little

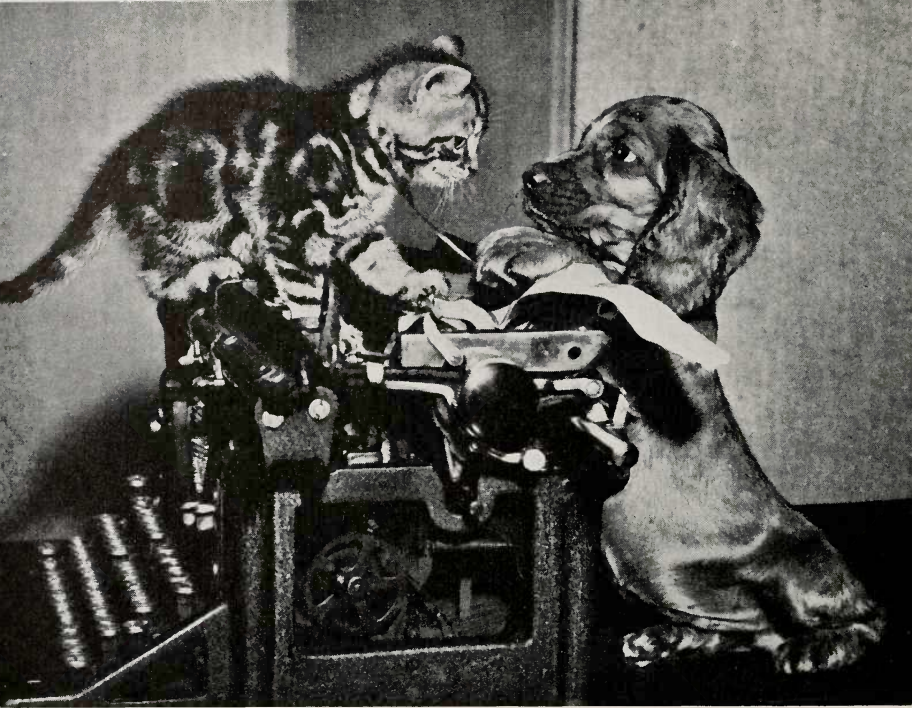
round keys. Just watch.”



“Floppy, get down!

You’re spoiling
my beautiful letter.

You’re being naughty again.”



“I’m sorry, Tinker.

Don’t look so angry. I’ll come
and put your letter right
for you if you’ll let me.”

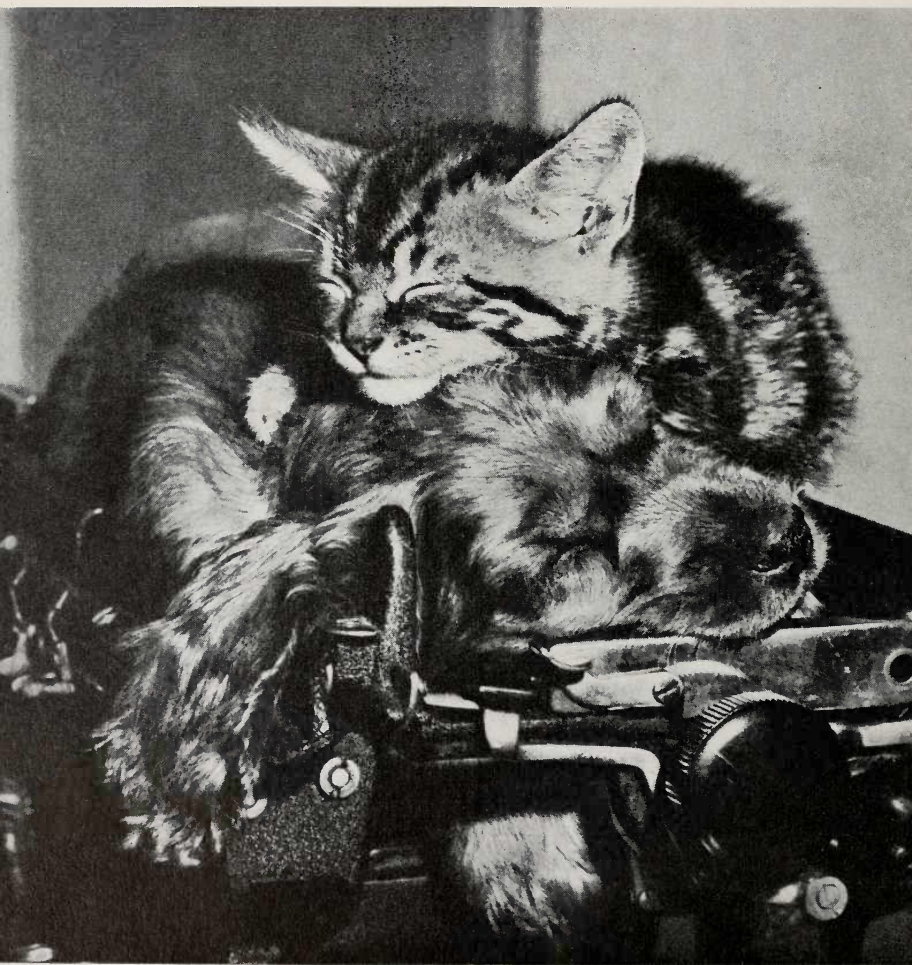
“Oh Floppy, you can’t use a
typewriter upside down like that.
Don’t be silly!”



Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap!

It's very difficult to type
a letter properly.

“Do let's have a little rest!”



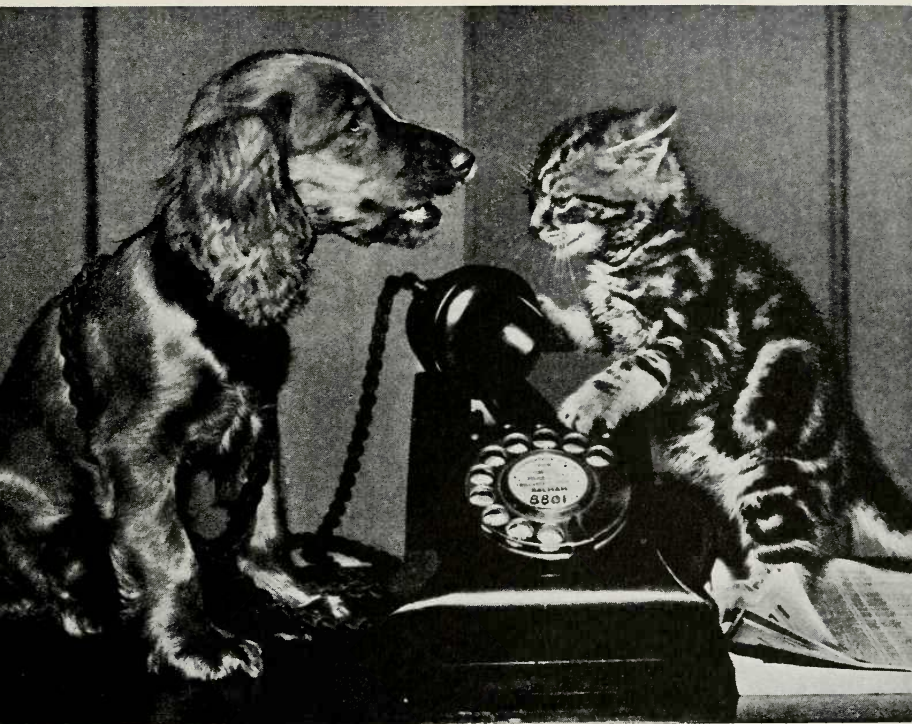


R-r-r-r-ring! R-r-r-r-ring!
“That’s the telephone bell
ringing, Floppy.
I’ll show you how to answer it.
Just watch what I do!”



“You lift the receiver off,
like this——
and then you talk into
the end with the hole . . .”

“Now *I’ll* try, Tinker—
quick, give me the receiver.
Oh dear,
now I’m all tangled up
in the flex!”





“Floppy, you are the silliest puppy I ever knew! You’re always spoiling things! I’ll give you such a biff on the head . . .”

“There! That’s what happens to little puppies who haven’t any brains! Now behave yourself and be quiet.”



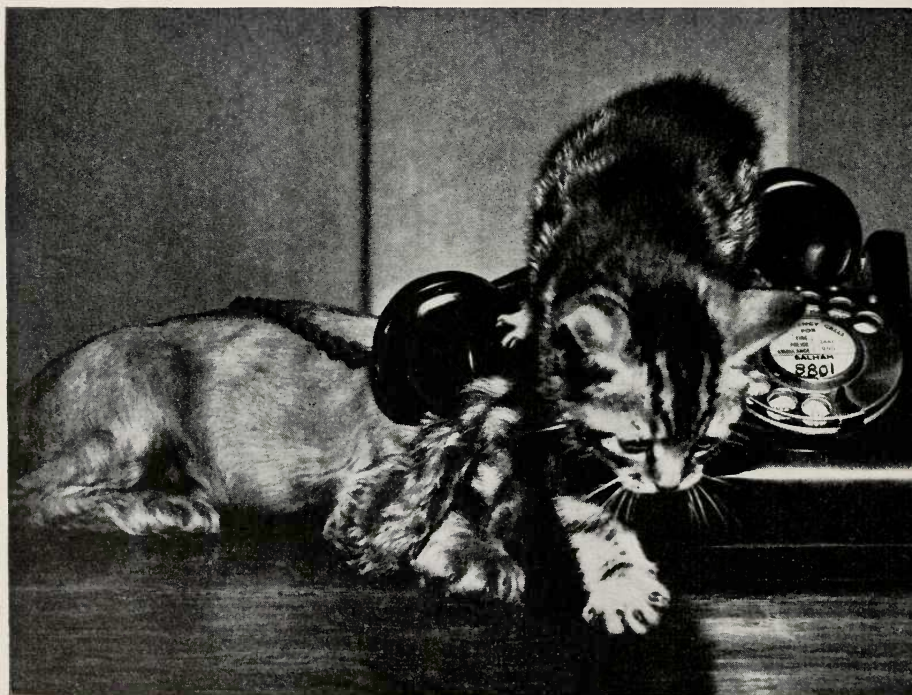
“I shan’t play with you

ANY more, Floppy!

You can just stay here by yourself.

I’m off to look for

someone else!”





“Ah! Here’s another kitten
to play with.

He’s sitting on that
big round cymbal.

I’ll jump up on the drum and
jab him with the drum-stick!”



“Biff! Aren’t I clever
with the drum-stick?
Come down off the cymbal
and play with me, kitten!”

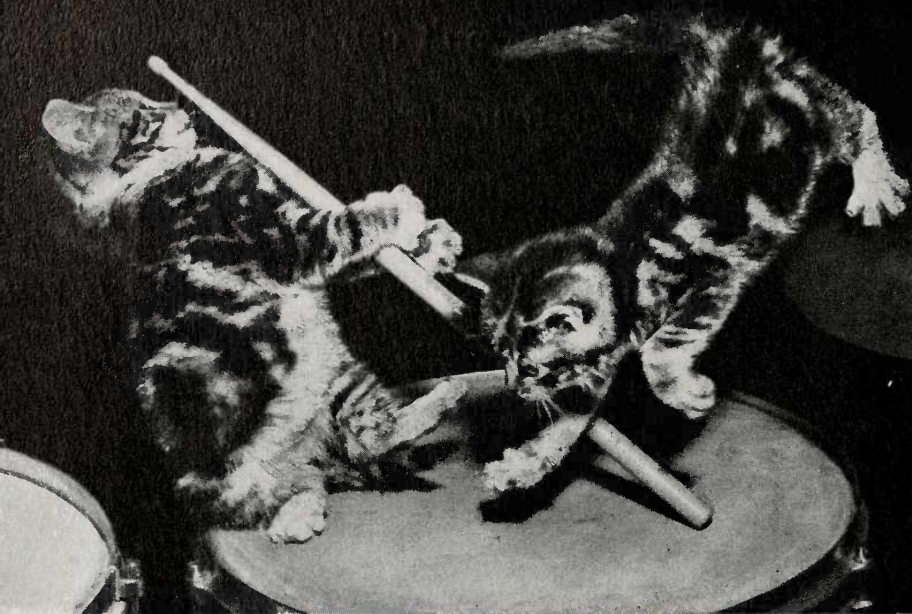
“What! You won’t come?

Well, take that then—biff-biff!”

“Tinker, stop that,
you bad little fellow!

I’ll soon show you
how sharp my claws can be!”





“There now, Tinker—
you’ve hit your own nose
with the stick—
and you’ve fallen off
the drum.
It serves you right!”

Tinker runs away in a hurry.

Ah, what is this—

a saucer of milk!

“Just what I feel like!” says Tinker.

“Quack, quack—and so do I!”

says somebody nearby.



“Quack! Let me have some too!”

“Well, duckling—do you *have*
to stand in the saucer?

Don’t you know better manners
than that?”





“I know how to drink
milk just as well as you do,
kitten!

Oh dear—I’m getting
my feathers all wet.”



“You’ve drunk all the milk, you greedy duckling! Let me lick your feathers dry, then I shall at least have a few drops!

I’m tired of puppies and kittens and ducklings. I’ll go and talk to that old brown horse.

Hallo, Dobbin, what’s in your bag?”





“Hrrrrrrrrrump! Climb up and see, little kitten. I’m eating my dinner and it’s very nice. I’ll take my nose out and then you can see into the bag.”

“Hey, be careful, kitten—you’ll fall
in and get lost among my oats——
there, I thought you’d go
head-over-heels!”





“Peep-bo! Here I am, Dobbin! I don’t
like your oats and I’m going home.
Do you know the way, please?
I feel rather lonely.”



“I’ll climb up on top of your gate, Dobbin,
and see if I can spy my way home from
there. I want Floppy, he’s my friend.
Oh, I believe I can see him!”

“Yes, it’s Floppy.

Oh dear, he doesn’t seem
very pleased to see me.

Hallo, Floppy! I’m back again.”





“So I see, Tinker. I hope you are going to be a good, kind kitten now!”

“Yes, I am, Floppy.

I’m sorry I was naughty.

Please be friends with me.”



“Yes, we’ll be friends. Come along
and cuddle up to me, Tinker.
I missed you dreadfully.
But now everything is happy again!”

THE END



THE LAUGHING KITTEN

by

Enid Blyton and Paul Kaye

Tinker, the mischievous, laughing little kitten, romps through the pages with his friends the puppies—surely the most natural, lively, lovable kitten that ever faced a camera and didn't know it!

The superb photographs are by Paul Kaye and the story is, of course, by that best-loved of all children's writers, Enid Blyton.

This book will enchant not only the children, for whom it is written, but also all animal-lovers, no matter how long ago their childhood.

This is a merry, amusing, real-life story, with Tinker the Kitten as the gay little hero. Open the book where you like, you will have to smile.

Children of all ages will love this book—it is, in fact, that uncommon phenomenon, a book with absolutely no limit in age range—the combination of Enid Blyton and Paul Kaye and the Kitten is quite irresistible.

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