

# 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!”

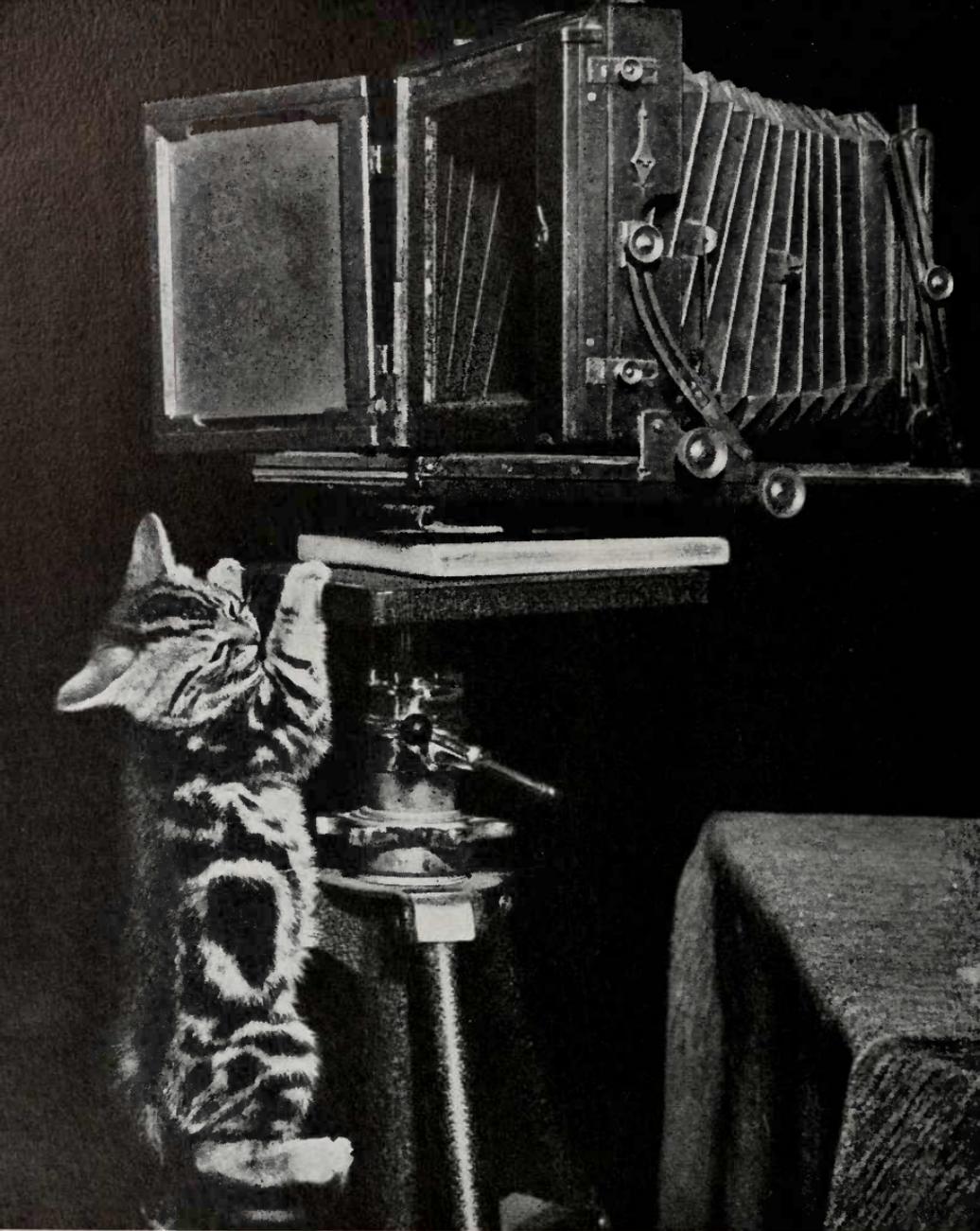


“Oh Floppy, you’ve a dreadful  
bump on your poor little nose!  
Please do let me kiss that better.”





“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.”





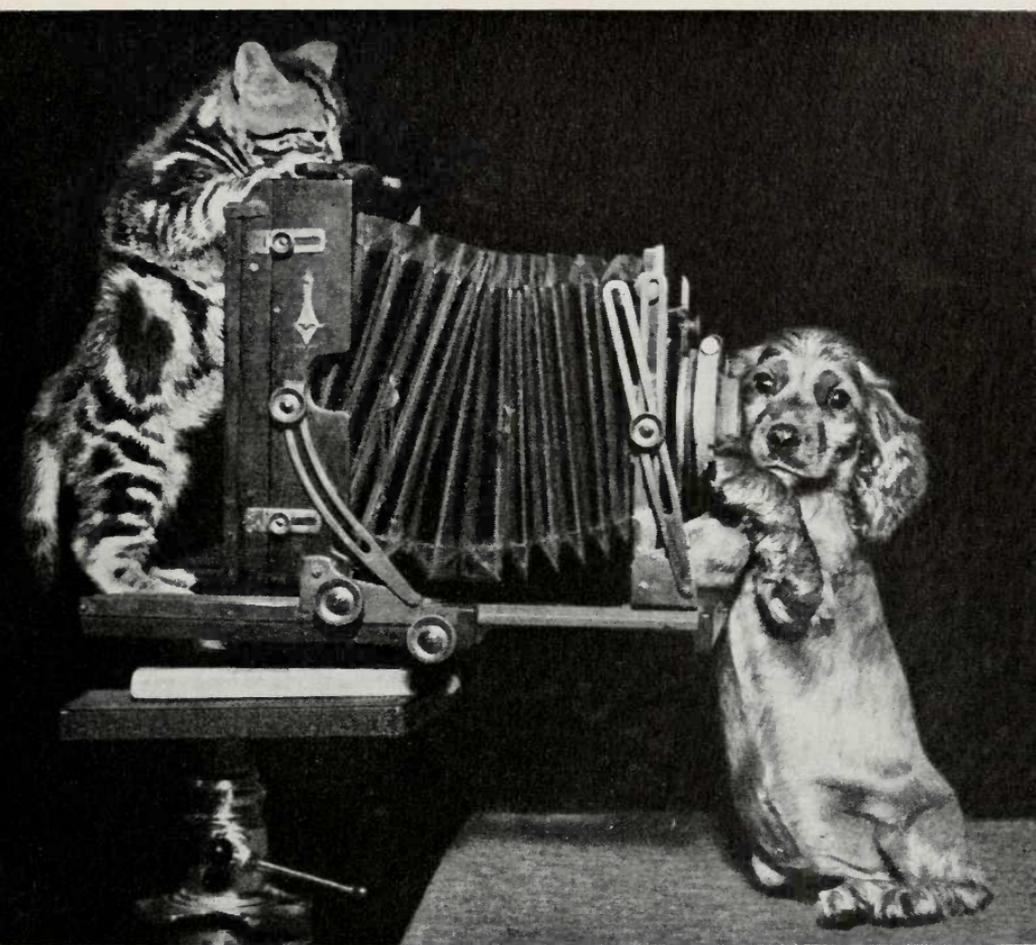
“Yes, I thought so. It’s exactly  
the right size . . . I shall hide away  
from that naughty puppy.”



“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?”





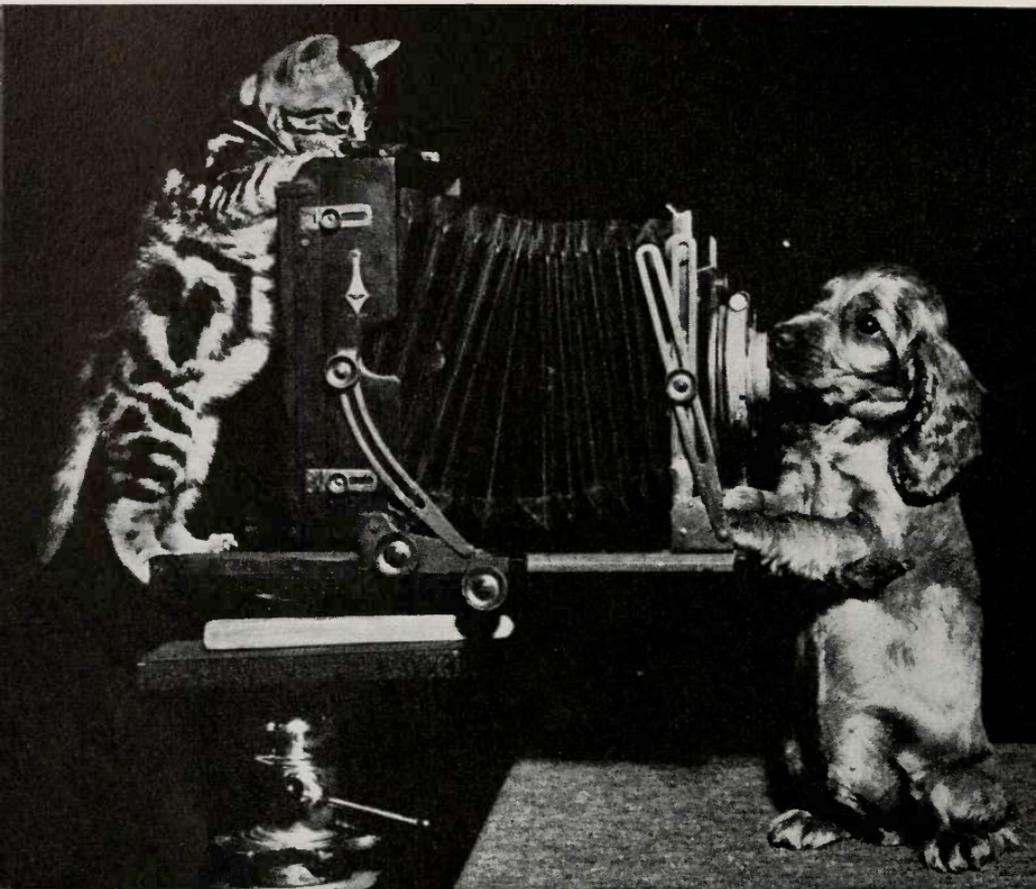
“It’s a camera, silly!

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,

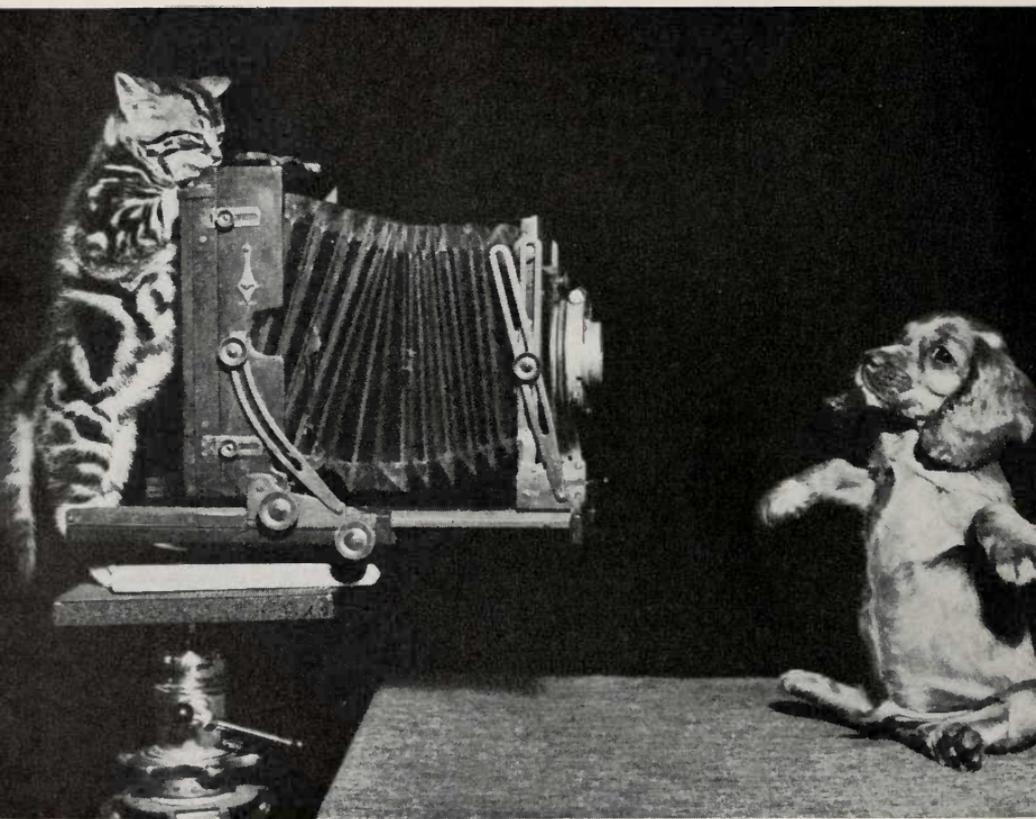
you don’t know very much!”

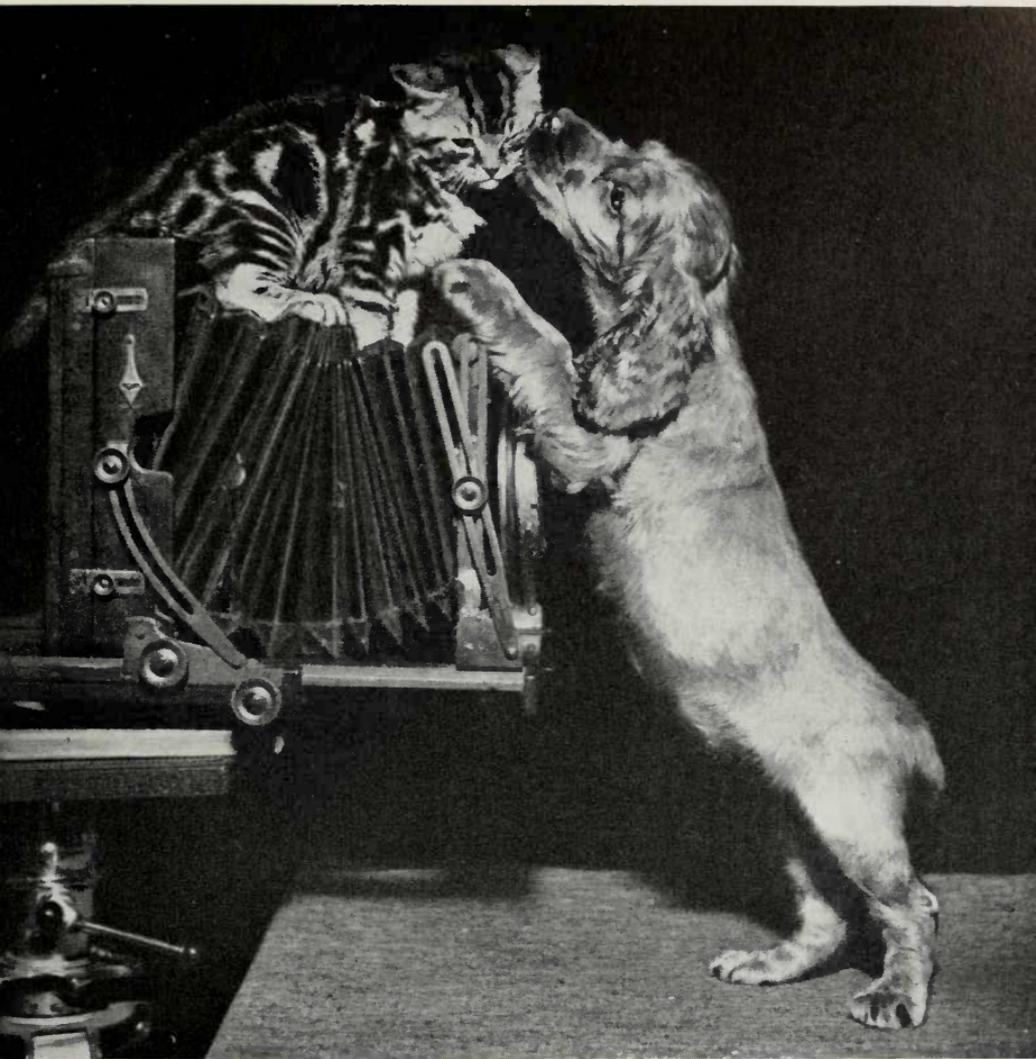
“Well, Tinker,  
tell me what to do then.  
I’ll do just what you say!”



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

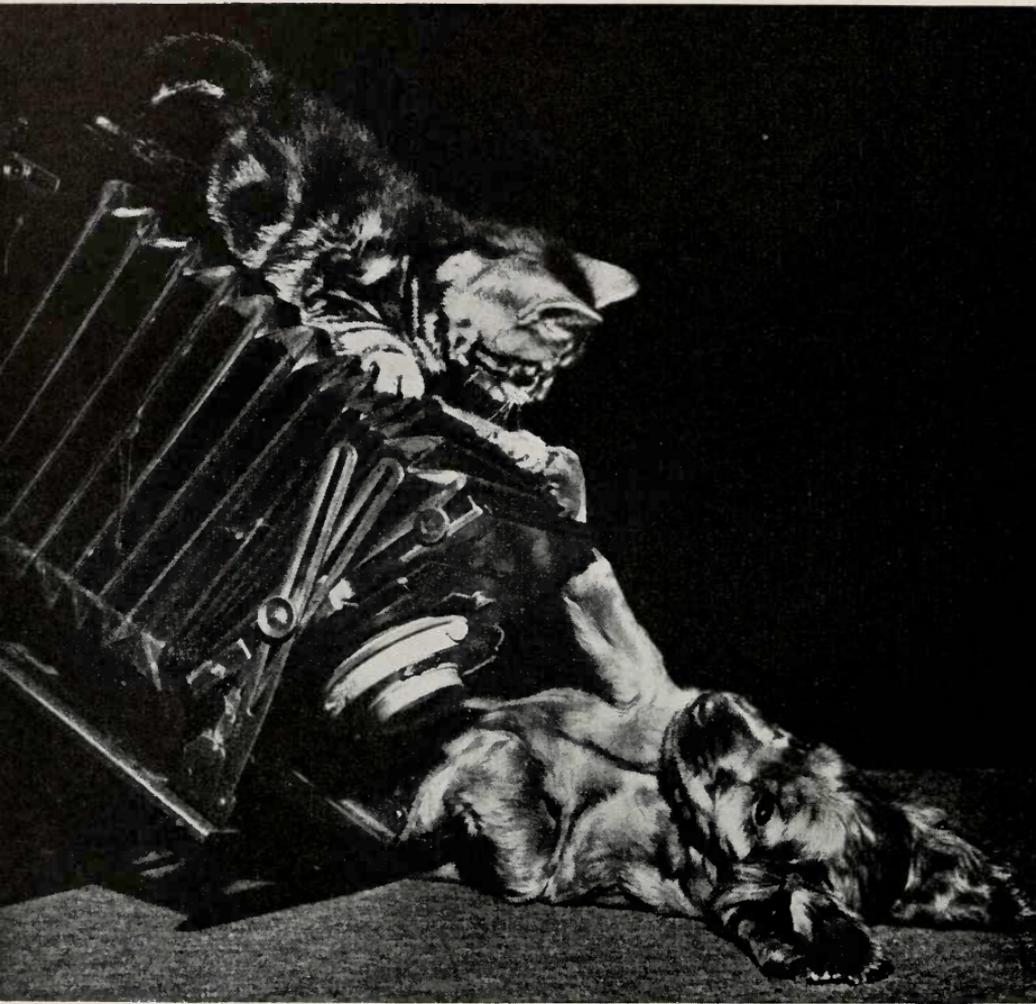
You’re a very good puppy.”





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

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

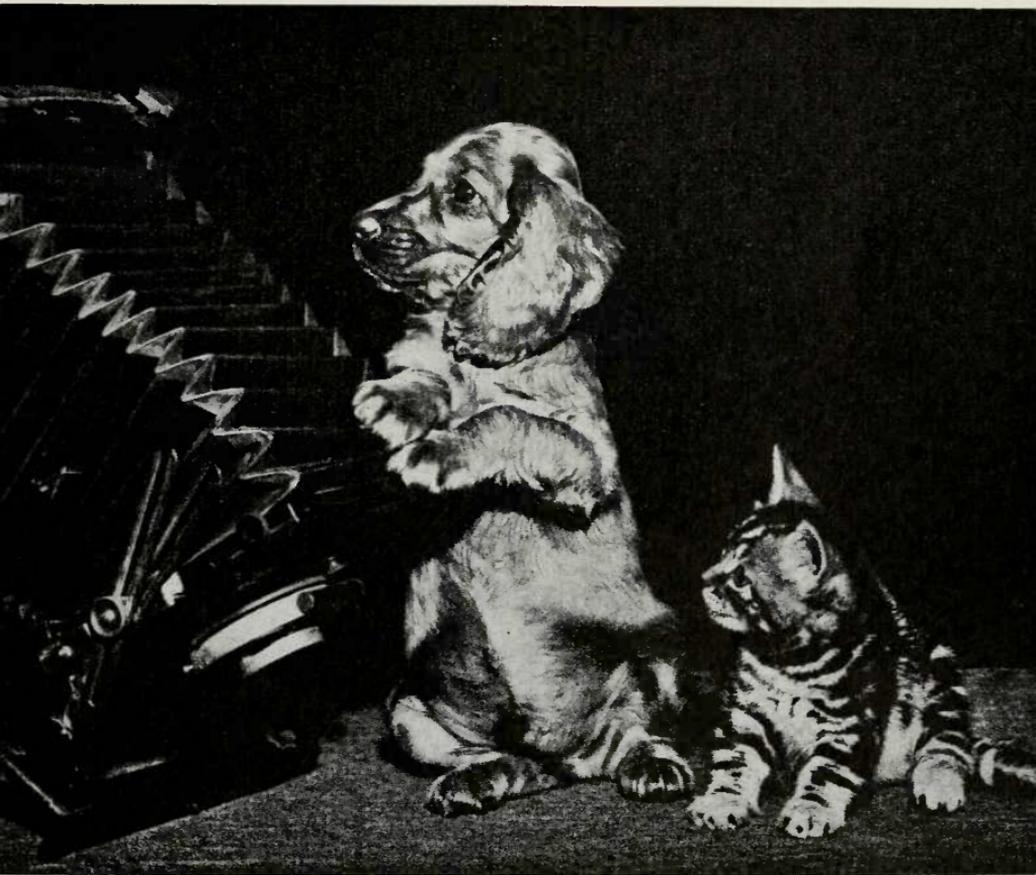


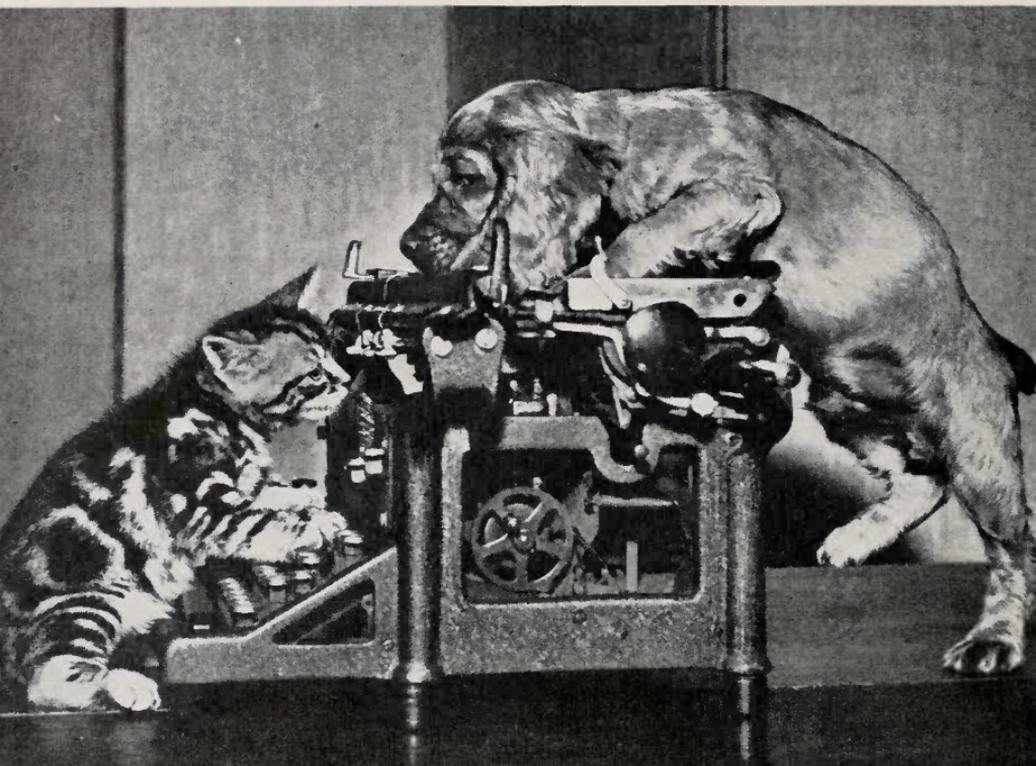
“Ooooooh! The camera’s falling—  
get out of the way, Floppy!”

“*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!”



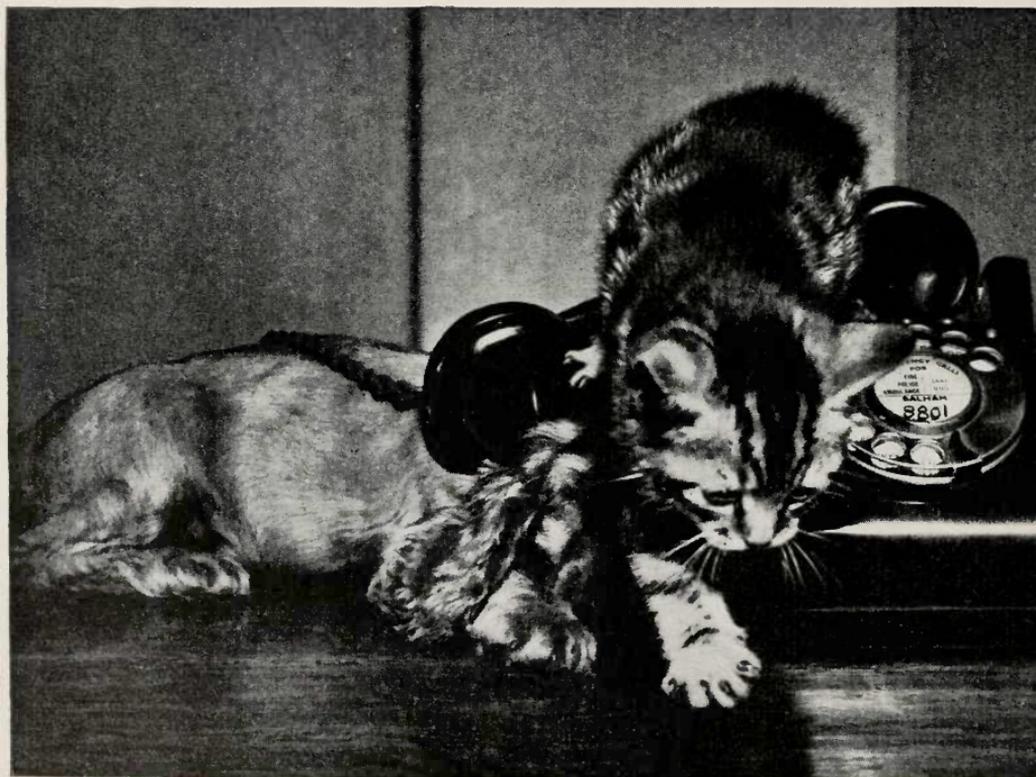


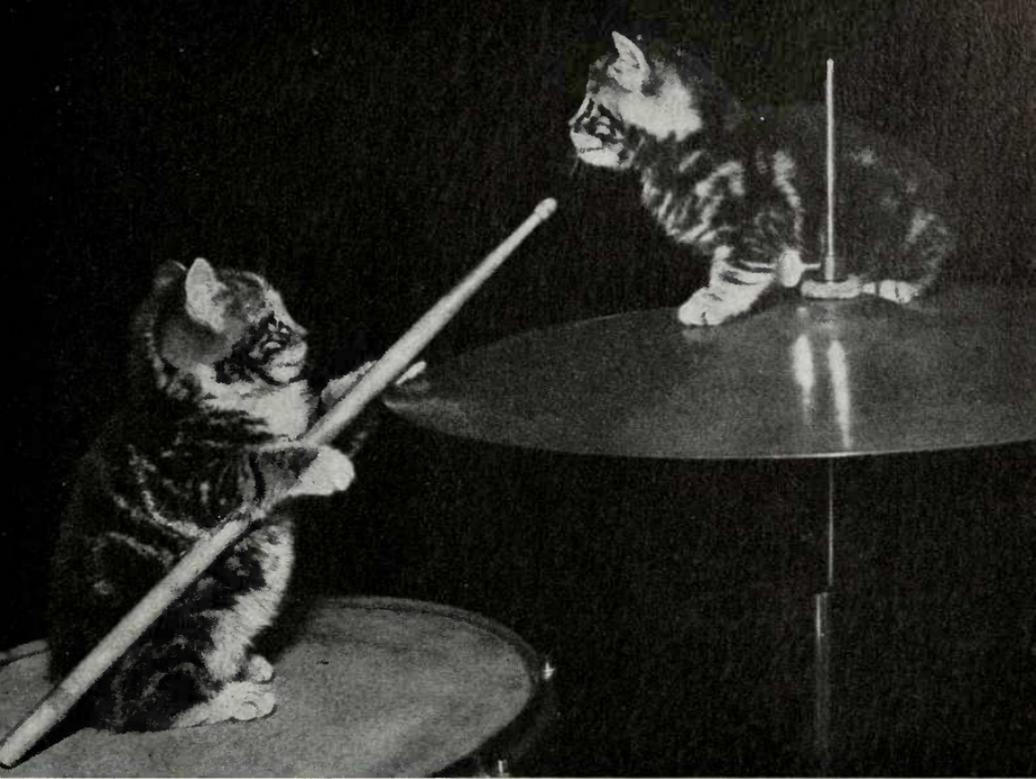
“Floppy, you are the silliest puppy I ever knew! You’re always spoiling things! I’ll give you such a biff on the head . . .”

“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!”

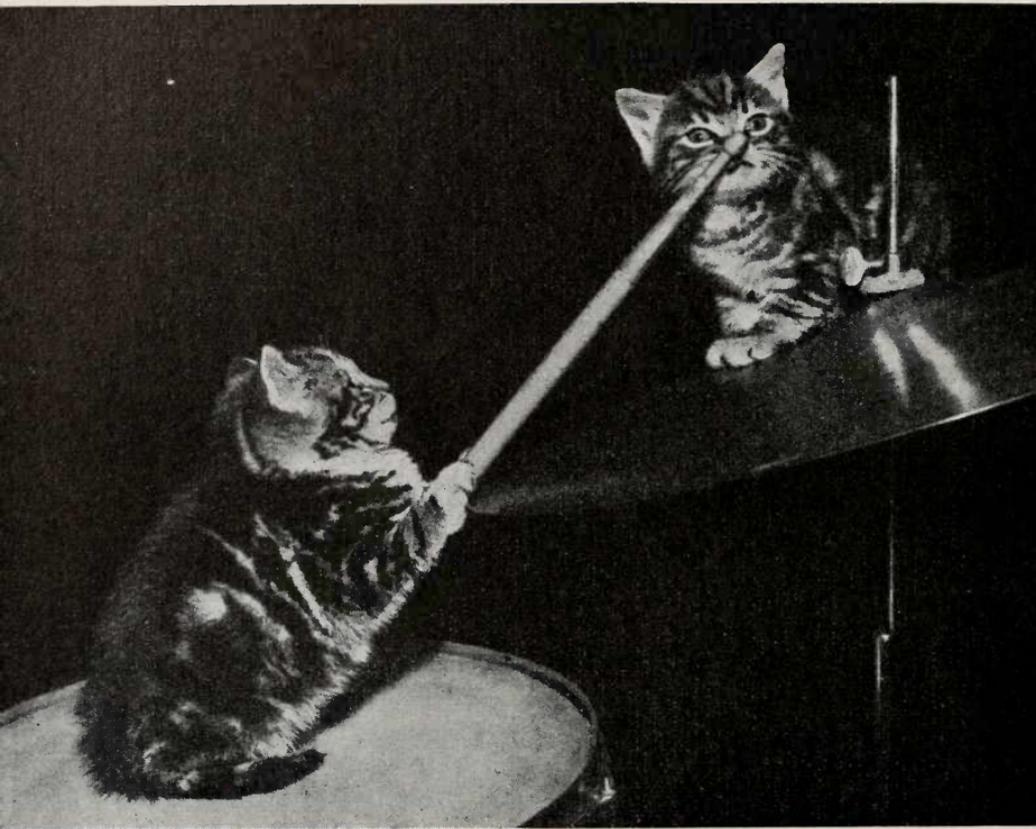




“Ah! Here’s another kitten  
to play with.

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!”

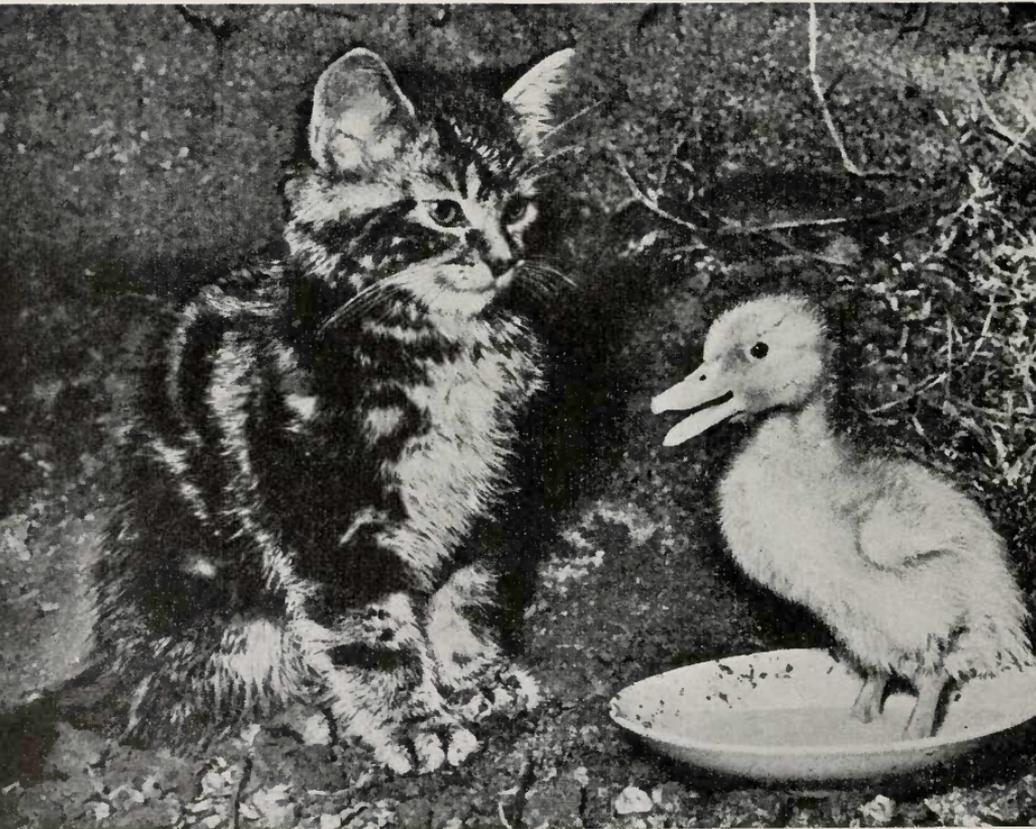
says somebody nearby.



“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.”

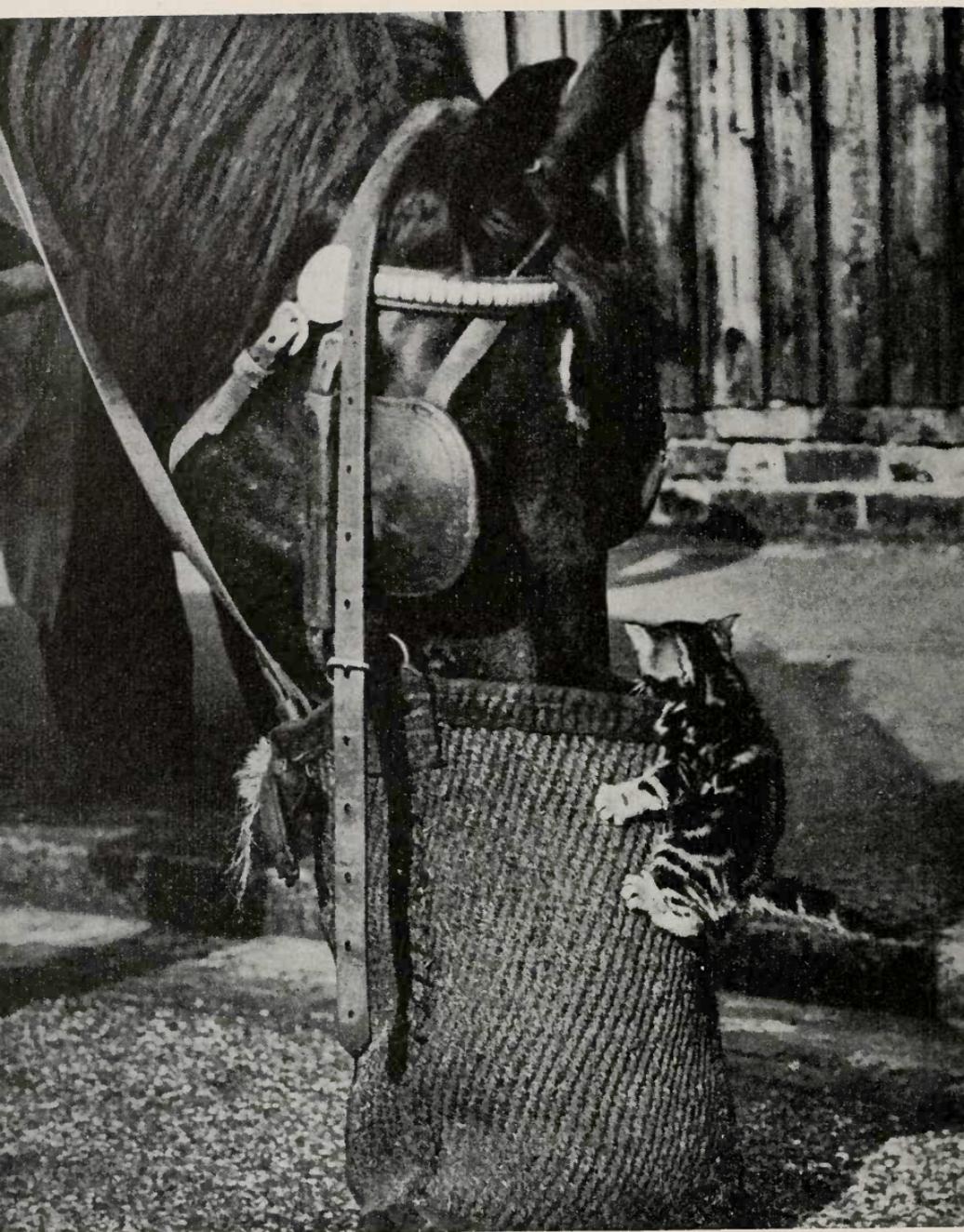


“You’ve drunk all the milk, you greedy duckling! Let me lick your feathers dry, then I shall at least have a few drops!

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.

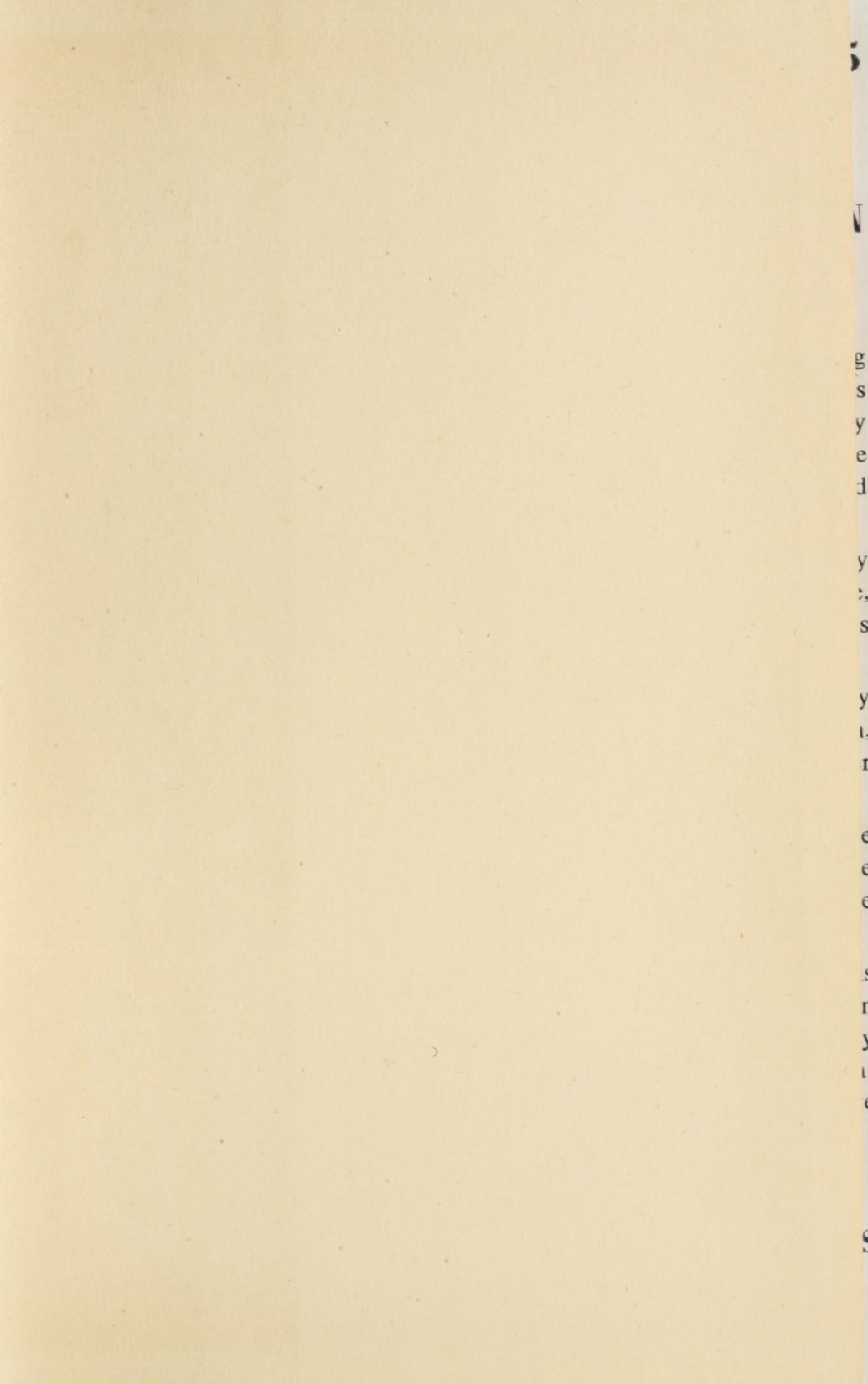
I’m sorry I was naughty.

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



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\$1.75

## 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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