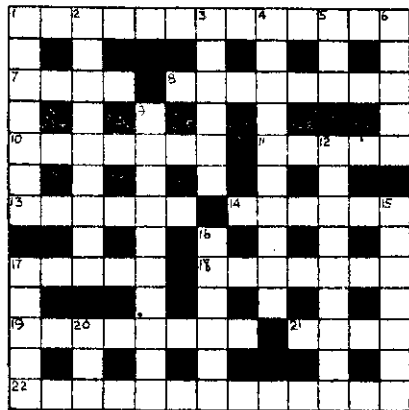


THE LISTENER CROSSWORD
(No. 68)
(Constructed by R.W.C.)



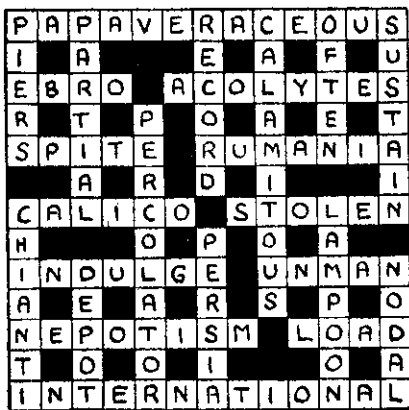
Clues Across

- Among these odds and ends you may find a pearl in a harp.
- Lake.
- Falls.
- Eighteen across in dull weather.
- Pile up, as Sam says.
- Side.
- Breathless.
- Super (anag.).
- Unavailing.
- Care-killing drug.
- Two-thirds of a present ally expresses the whole.
- Healthy Alfred (anag.).

Clues Down

- Less pie (anag.).
- French version of Tusitala?
- Empower.
- Nine crates of fruit.
- Guided.
- Fools.
- The most popular hole?
- Spoke to.
- Does try (anag.).
- Irish term of endearment.
- The London Charivari.
- Buddy.

THE LISTENER CROSSWORD
(Answer to No. 67)



Soothing
Liquorice and
Menthol pellets
for the THROAT
and VOICE.

LIXOIDS
A TIN
FROM
CHEMISTS

Contain Liquorice and Menthol



SHORT STORY

KIPPY KIWI

(By D. Price)

KIPPY the Kiwi was very sad and very hungry for there was a drought on in the bush and all the nice muddy places where a little Kiwi could have found worms were all dried up and wrinkled hard. For three days Kippy had had next to nothing to eat; at last he tried a beetle but it left such a nasty taste in his beak that he hurried down to the creek to take a drink to wash away the flavour. As he dipped his beak in the water a thing like a pink ping-pong ball bobbed up beside him; this was the head of Gibby, the creek Goblin out for a swim.

"Hello, Kippy," said Gibby, "how are things?"

"Bad," said Kippy sadly, "very bad. There is nothing to eat in the bush, and I am so hungry."

"Why don't you go down to the farm?" inquired Gibby. "There are fowls down there who always seem to have lots to eat, the humans give it to them for nothing. I am sure they would give you some if you were to go and ask."

"Thank you very much," said Kippy, "I will go right away," and he went.

"Mind the dog," called Gibby after him.

"I'm not afraid of dogs," said Kippy with dignity.

PRESENTLY Kippy came in sight of a place where curious creatures were walking about. They had flappy red little things on their heads and one of them had a tail of streaming feathers. Kippy hastened forward and came bump against wire netting which puzzled him very much as he had never seen such a thing before.

One of the hens noticed him and gave a cackle. "Look at this," said she, "whatever is it?"

"Look at its beak," said another.

"Kuk kuk kuk kaw," said a third. "It's a hairy hen from the bush. Did you ever see anything so ugly?"

"I'm not," sobbed Kippy. "I'm not. I'm not a hairy hen. I'm a kiwi and I'm so hungry," but all they would say was "kuk kuk kuk kar," and a haughty looking hen said, "Go away. We don't want any low persons like you around."

SUDDENLY Kippy heard a sniff behind him and turning quickly found himself face to face with a dog. The dog growled, Kippy stood on one foot and lashed out with his other claw, making a deep scratch on the animal's nose, and it yelped loudly.

"What's the matter with Bonzo?" said a girl's voice. "Why, look, he's got a scratch on his nose. It's bleeding. Why, what have we here! I do believe it's a kiwi, a little kiwi."

"Mind, Nancy," said a boy's voice, "or you'll get served the same as Bonzo. Pick him up this way so he won't scratch," and Kippy felt himself lifted into the air.

"Give me something to eat I'm so hungry," grunted Kippy.

"Let's put him in the old rabbit hutch at the foot of the garden," said Bob, "and we'll see if he'll eat some chopped meat." They found he would, any amount of it, and when he was finished he tucked his head into a corner of the rabbit hutch, and turning his back on the public, went to sleep.

FOR many days Kippy remained in the hutch until he grew heartily tired of it, even though he got a square meal every day; he would have liked much better to be free and hungry. The creek ran on the other side of the fence from which his hutch stood and he could hear it gulping and gurgling as it flowed. He often wondered about Gibby, the creek Goblin, and whether he knew what had become of him. Then one day the drought broke. It rained and rained and rained, all day it rained, and when night came it was heavier than ever. Kippy was frantic to get out. All the lovely damp smells of the bush came floating down to him and he longed with all his heart to be free. Presently he became frantic for another reason. The creek on the other side of the fence was rising rapidly and soon the water began to wash about the legs of Kippy's hutch.

"Oh, Nancy and Bob," he sobbed, "come and save me or I'll be drowned," but nobody came and soon the water swept the hutch from its stand over the fence line and away down the flooded creek. Presently a loud roaring sounded in the distance and Kippy realised to his horror that he was being washed towards the falls. Just on the brink of the fall, however, the rabbit hutch brought up short, caught and held by a big snag which was sticking out of the water.

"WHAT will I do?" sobbed Kippy.

"Oh, what will I do? Any minute I may go over the fall," Then the moon suddenly shone on something like a pink ping-pong ball, bobbing in the water alongside.

"Hello," said Gibby, the creek Goblin, "How are things?"

"Oh, terribly bad," sobbed Kippy, "I'm going to be drowned."

"Oh no you're not," said Gibby cheerfully, "not this time. I have here a team of creek goblins and a strong flax rope. We are going to pull you off the snag and in to the bank, and we'll have you out of there in a jiffy." And so they had. With deep thankfulness Kippy stepped out of his cage on to the bank.

"I can never thank you enough," said he to the creek Goblin.

"Listen!" said Gibby suddenly. "What's coming down the stream?" There was a confused noise of cackling upstream and round the bend sailed the hen-house from the farm, with the cock and haughty hen looking out of the window at the top.

"Oh, kuk kuk kuk kaw," screeched the haughty hen, "save us or we'll all be drowned," and she screeched still more loudly as the hen-house bumped a tree and swung on to the snag where Kippy had been a few minutes before. There it stuck, while a frightful cackling and thumping went on inside.

"Can we save them?" asked Kippy of Gibby.

"I think so," said Gibby, "but it will take a few hundred creek goblins and an extra strong flax rope. I'll send messengers to collect the goblins at once, and we'll set to work and plait a fresh rope straight away."

THIS was done, and with more cackling and screaming from the hen-house it was hauled by a hundred creek goblins all calling "Yo! Heave Ho!" to the bank and the hens released.

"Thank you very much," said the cock, and the haughty hen came up to Kippy and offered him her claw, "Shake hands," she said, "I apologise for ever having called you a hairy hen from the bush. You're not. You're a real good sort and we'll be very glad to see you any time you like to visit us." So Kippy often slips down to the hen run from the bush nowadays, though he takes care to do it at night when Bob and Nancy are in bed and Bonzo chained up in his kennel.

