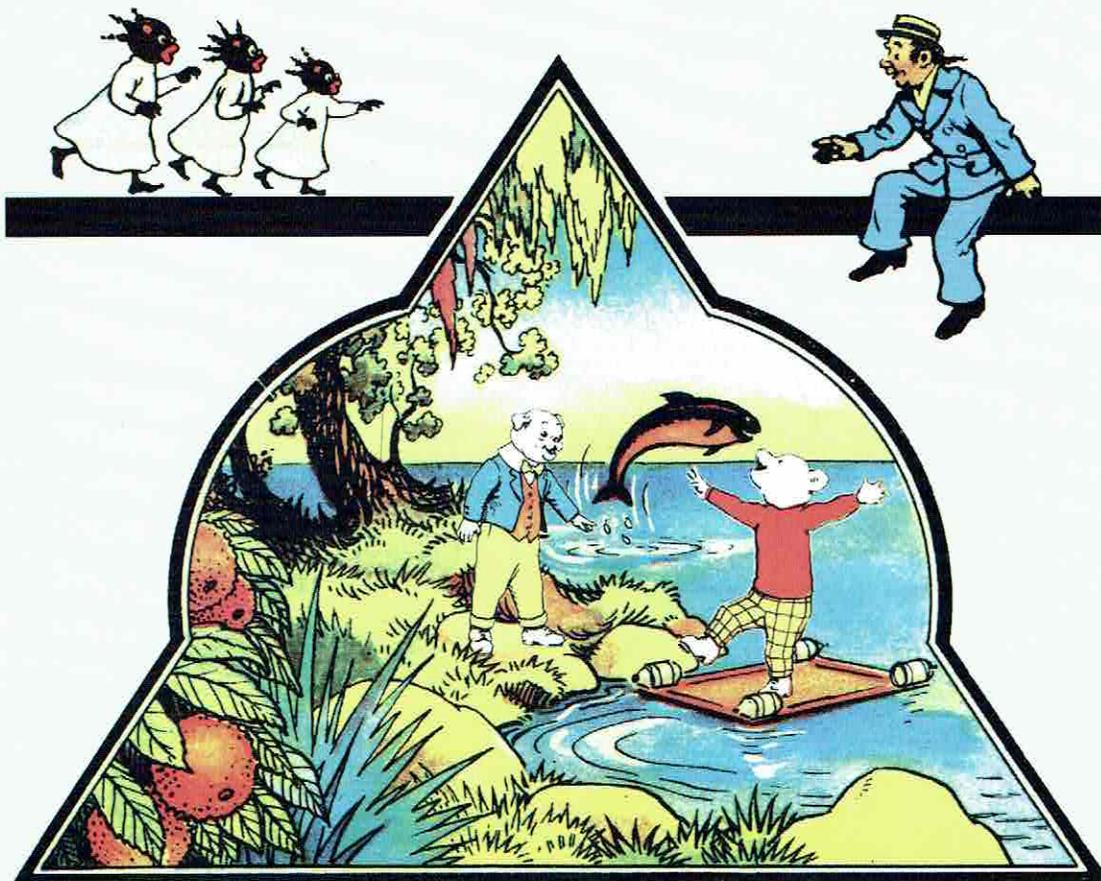




RUPERT



**ON COON
ISLAND**

Nutwood Special Issue : The Bestall Reprints 9



The cover art for this *Nutwood Special* is taken from the header page for the story in the 1946 Annual. We have added Rupert and Algy in the hope that Alfred would have been less upset by this sympathetic tinkering than he was by the (in)famous 1973 Annual cover! The Rupert and Algy figures are taken from the *Coon Island* story - scaled to fit and slotted into the image as naturally as possible - tucking their feet into the raft and the grass respectively.

Rupert on
of Rupert
the unac
Surely this sort



Rupert makes fi

The reader will s
Annuals have no
of *Coon Island* (C
in 1947. Earlier
as far as possib
removing refere
and "savages".
tampering with
concerns that led
see these as a p
written, the B
understandably
comment would
were and are stil
of these importa
do *The Followers*
on *Coon Island*
it?

The answer is th
house. We are a
enjoyment of R
Rupert and to di
overly solemn - c
not only approp
we provide this
and sensitive cor
the gentle story a
artwork. We wo
external reader
intelligent) comm

PREFACE

Rupert on Coon Island ... what are *The Followers of Rupert* thinking about? Are they unaware of the unacceptability of such a story title in 2000? Surely this sort of thing should be prevented?



Rupert makes friends with a little black person - from *Rupert and the Castaway*

The reader will surely know that the 1946 and 1947 Rupert Annuals have not been reproduced as facsimiles because of *Coon Island* (1946) and subsequently *Rupert and Koko* in 1947. Earlier facsimiles were also altered to conform as far as possible with 21st-century attitudes to race, removing references to "nigger" minstrels, "Gollywogs" and "savages". While many *Followers* deplored this tampering with the past, all understood the underlying concerns that led to them. While more enlightened readers see these as a product of the time at which they were written, the *Express* and *Pedigree* books were understandably concerned that media attention and comment would be less intelligent. On balance, *Followers* were and are still delighted to own "modified" facsimiles of these important and beautiful books. Why, therefore, do *The Followers* feel comfortable with producing *Rupert on Coon Island* when the professionals thought better of it?

The answer is that we are not a professional publishing house. We are a Society whose mission is to promote the enjoyment of Rupert, to exchange information about Rupert and to disseminate serious and intelligent - if not overly solemn - comment on Rupert's world. It is therefore not only appropriate, but constitutionally desirable, that we provide this reprint of *Coon Island* - with informed and sensitive comment upon it. We hope that you enjoy the gentle story and the characteristically exquisite Bestall artwork. We would also urge you - as a *Follower* or as an external reader - to read and ponder the (hopefully intelligent) comment that completes this preface.

Firstly, this story was written especially for the 1946 Annual and is a product of its time and the prevailing attitudes of that era. The world was staggering after two wars and black neighbours, friends and workmates were almost unheard-of in England. "Nigger" sat alongside "Jock", "Taffy" and "Paddy" as racial nicknames. *Little Black Sambo* - published in 1898 - was still a children's best-seller, as was Harriet Beecher-Stowe's classic *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Both would now be considered unacceptable ... along with *Rupert on Coon Island*. Attitudes were beginning to change, however - a friend of mine who was a child at this time was not permitted to read Rupert stories for this very reason. This is a laudable early example of racial awareness, although its consequences were sad - a lack of enjoyment of Rupert! Looking at the character and attitudes of Alfred Bestall - it is certain that he was not a conscious racist - we will expand upon this next. For the moment, we reflect upon his rock-solid Christian beliefs, the thought and care he gave to the effect of Rupert on children's minds and his well-known gentle and gentlemanly character. It is also interesting to note that Bestall was born in Mandalay and was the son of a missionary. It is therefore very likely that he had more awareness than most of multicultural matters and the existence of black people within the British Empire.

If we accept that Bestall did not write about "coons and darkies" with racist intent - we have to ask why he introduced such characters at all and why he made them look so outlandish. Let us look at the latter issue first - the appearance and demeanour of the black characters. Looking at the example on this page - the little "coon" is undoubtedly an odd little thing - but he/she is certainly charming. The big lips and fuzzy hairstyle are straight out of the Black and White Minstrel show. Is the little



Rupert and an imp - looking just as odd as a "coon" - from *Rupert and the Blue Mountain!*



Rupert meets a (surprised) dusky beauty!

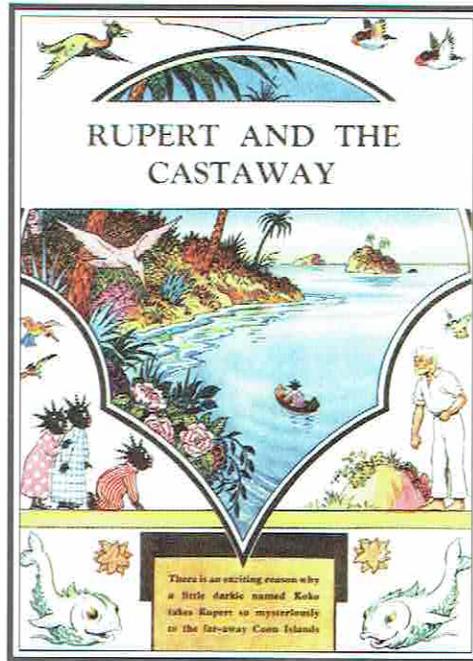
person any more outlandish, however, than the Imp of Spring that appears in the same annual - complete with silly hat, tights and frilly shirt? Furthermore, the black characters in *Coon Island* and other such stories are, on average, neither better nor worse than the white characters that appear in *Nutwood*. There are, certainly, occasional "savages" and "cannibals" - but Rupert's safety and that of his chums is threatened far more frequently by decidedly Caucasian baddies - who tie him up, lock him in crates and look far less attractive and more ferocious than the denizens of *Coon Island*. In fact the little black girl at the top of this page is a real beauty - and as gentle a character as you could imagine - as are all of her little friends.

So - it seems Bestall's phraseology was simply a feature of the 1940's lack of appreciation - shared by almost all - of the need to avoid language that could be considered racially (or sexually, religiously, age-related) derogatory. We have also argued that the black characters are generally no less attractive and no more negative than the white. This brings us to the key question - what are they doing there in the first place?

It is our view that they perform exactly the same function in Rupert stories as do the Imps of Spring, the Autumn Elves, the Spelies and all the other "supernatural" characters mentioned in our recent Newsletter article on *Nutwood's* elves. They are "other-worldly", outside the normal experience of the reader, and allow Rupert to be transported to a new story location, where the weather, the scenery and the way of life are all totally new. They allow the storyteller to introduce palm trees, snakes, outlandish fish and exotic animals. They allow the artist to introduce vibrant splashes of jungle colour, shiny black faces and startlingly new forms of clothing. Rupert has

new forms of tree to climb, new food to sample, language barriers to overcome and new transport problems to solve.

So - we contend that Bestall's "inappropriate" characters were and are simply a source of "otherness" - sharing that honour with the elves in *Nutwood* and elsewhere. Bestall found them sufficiently intriguing and useful to base several inventive and colourful stories around them.



The Return of Coon Island - in the 1954 Annual

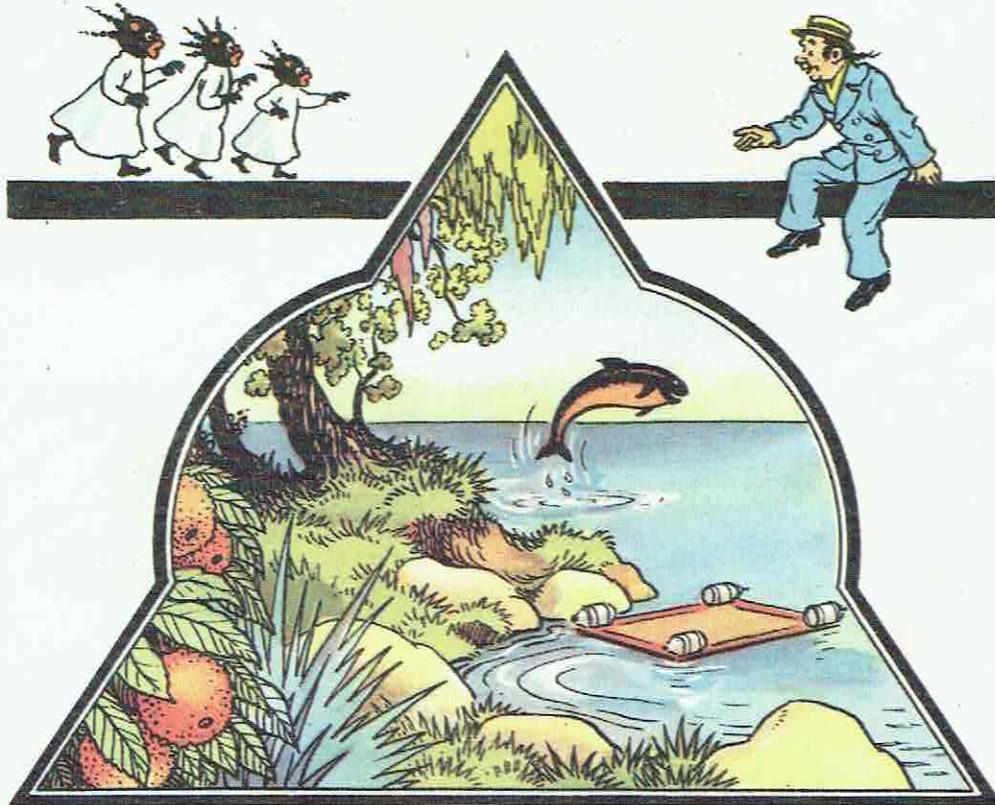
including the 1954 Annual's *Rupert and the Castaway* - header page shown here. This brings us back to the main point of this booklet. We hope that you enjoy Rupert's colourful Adventures on *Coon Island* ... and that this undoubtedly-collectable *Nutwood Special* gives you long-term pleasure. In addition, perhaps it will engender healthy and sensible debate over the future treatment of such innocent tales while viewing them in their historical context as a transitional stage in race relations. What, for example, would a black *Follower* have to say? In the 1940s, black characters had made their way into childrens' popular literature but not as in (say) *Grange Hill* - as a vehicle for dramatisation of racial difficulties. Here, they were merely a hint of the exotic at a time when TV did not bring it into our homes and David Attenborough was not in the broadcasting business.

Enjoy it.

Alan Murray and Raymond Cassidy - on behalf of the Followers' Committee



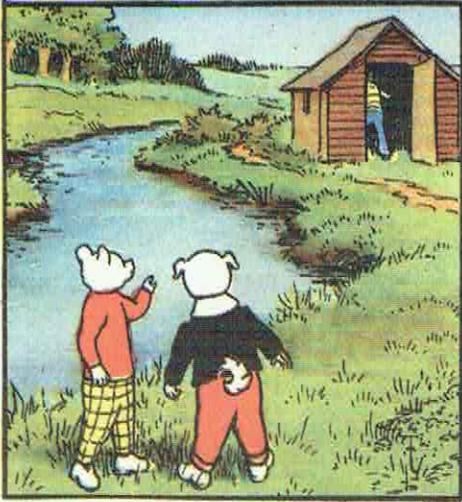
RUPERT ON COON ISLAND



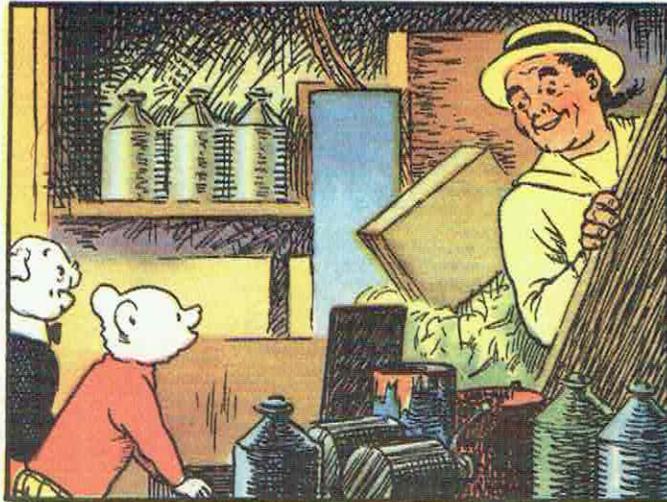
Telling how Rupert reaches
a strange island after being
swept out to sea on a raft
and of his rescue by Sailor
Sam.



RUPERT CALLS ON SAILOR SAM



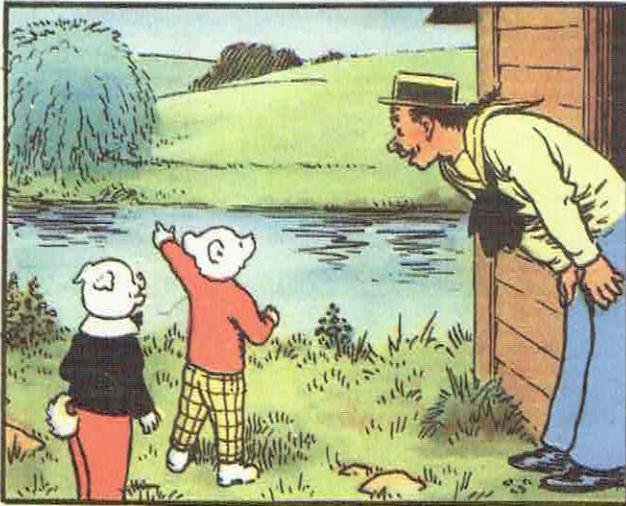
"There's Sailor Sam!" cries Rupert Bear,
"I wonder what he's doing there?"



Old Sam is pleased to see his friends,
And says he's clearing odds and ends.



"Oh, please," says Algy,
"So Sam gives us a raft."



Then Rupert says: "It would be good
To make a boat with all this wood."



"You see this door," is Sam's reply;
"To make a raft for you I'll try."



They go to the river,
Quite soon."

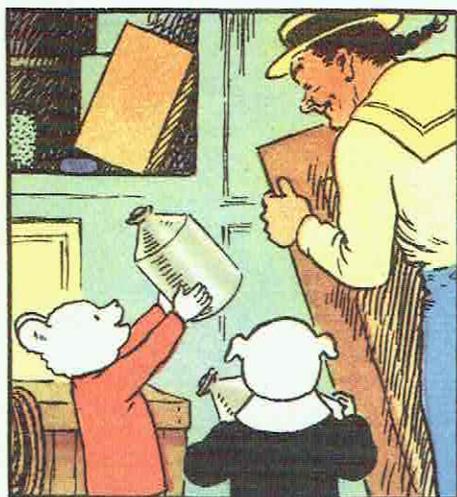
Rupert and Algy Pug are strolling along a quiet stretch of the river when they see an old shed and a figure working inside it. Going to the doorway they find it is their old friend, Sailor Sam, and that the shed is full of all sorts of rubbish, wood, broken boxes, and large oil-cans without handles. "Hullo! you two," cries Sam cheerily, "I don't know what to do with all this stuff, so I'm trying to tidy it up a bit." At once Rupert gets a splendid idea.

Asking Sailor Sam to come outside, Rupert points. "There's a lovely quiet part of the river," he says. "Couldn't you use some of that wood to make a little boat for Algy and me?" The Sailor grins. "That's a good notion," he says, "but it would take a long time. I've got a better idea." Going back into the shed he tugs out a large wooden panel. "How would you like that as a raft?" he asks. "It would be fine," cries Rupert; "but are you sure it would hold us both?"

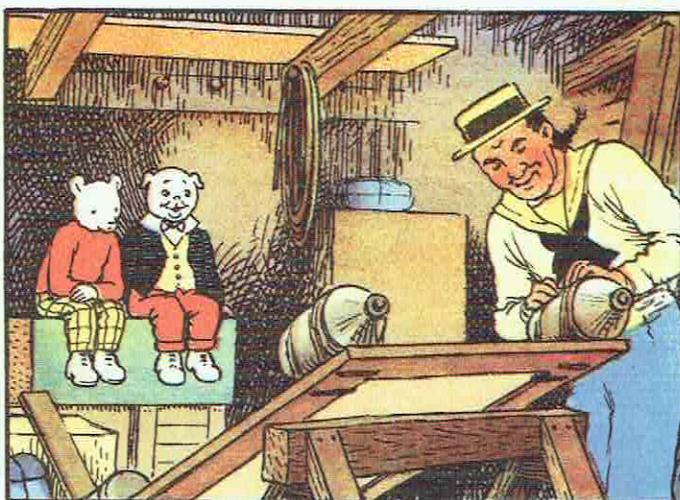
Before giving him to fetch for those for?" bores holes in the stoppers in firm "There," he says and begins to g afloat. They w are," cries Rupe of that trick!"



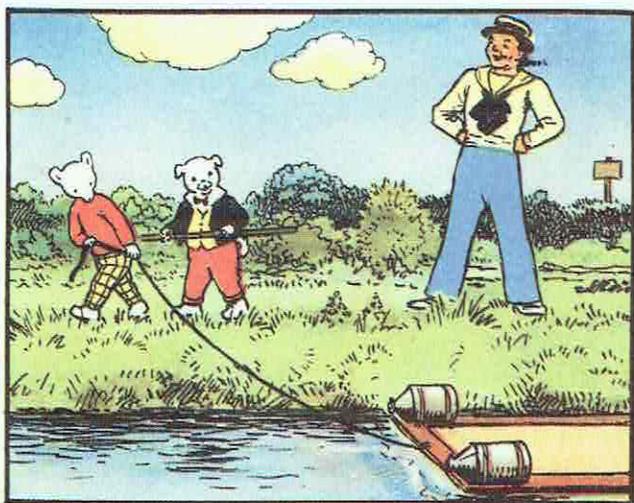
RUPERT GETS HIS RAFT



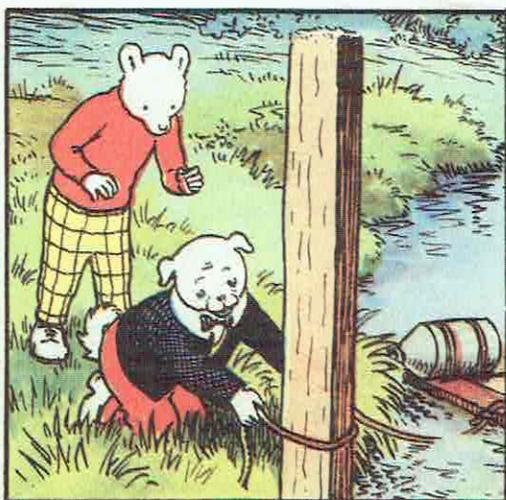
*"Oh, please!" cries Rupert, "don't delay."
So Sam gets busy right away.*



*He ties four oil-cans to the door,
And Rupert asks what they are for.*



*They gaily start when it is done,
Quite sure of having lots of fun.*



*"This raft is heavy," Rupert sighs.
"All right; let's stop," his chum replies.*

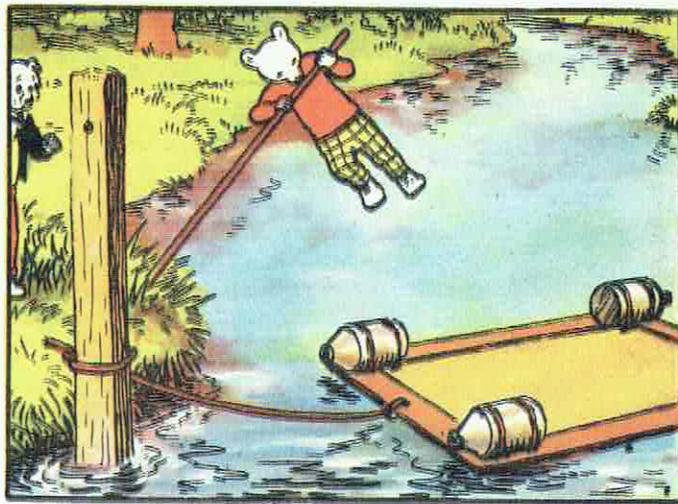
Before giving Rupert the raft, Sailor Sam asks him to fetch four of the old oil-cans. "Whatever are those for?" asks Algy, very mystified. Sam bores holes in the raft and then, after screwing the stoppers in firmly, he lashes a can to each corner. "There," he says, "in case the wood gets very wet and begins to go under, these cans will keep you afloat. They will never sink." "How clever you are," cries Rupert. "I should never have thought of that trick!"

When the raft is complete, Sailor Sam lowers it into the water and he gives the pals an old pole he has found in the shed. "You can tie a string to that and use it for a fishing-rod," he says. He has also tied a strong cord to the raft and Rupert begins to tug it up the river. But it is rather a clumsy thing to pull and one corner keeps bumping into the bank, so Algy suggests that they tie it to a post for a time and then get on to it and begin to fish.

RUPERT LEAPS ABOARD



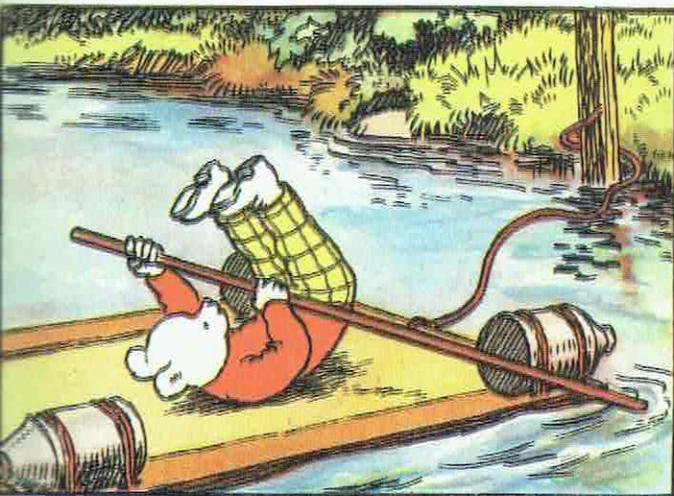
Now Rupert says that he will wait,
While Algy gets his rod and bait.



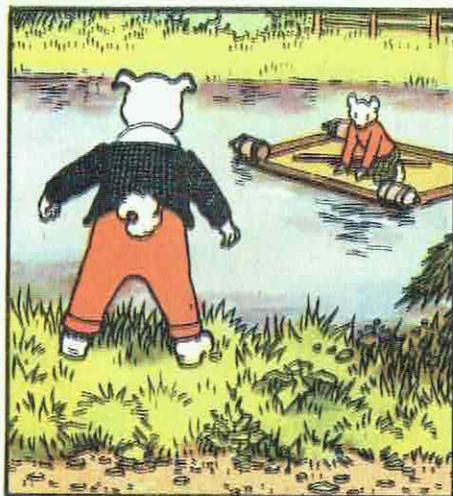
The raft has floated out a bit,
So Rupert pole-jumps on to it



"My, this is
As on he floo"



"Oh, help!" gasps Algy in dismay,
"You're drifting much too far away."



But Rupert laughs at his alarm;
He's sure he will not come to harm.



To steer the
And has to c

When Algy has tied the cord the raft drifts gently away from the bank for a couple of feet. "I'll go home for my own fishing-rod," says the little Pug, "and I'll bring you some string and a hook and some bait. Meanwhile, let's pull the raft in again. Then you can get on and see what it feels like." Then Rupert gets a mischievous idea. "Don't pull it in," he laughs. "I'll do a pole-jump on to it. It should be quite easy."

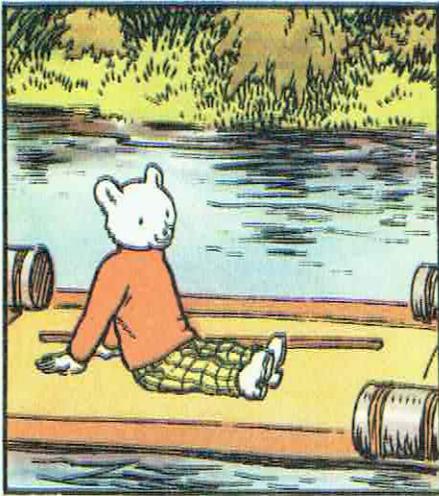
And, taking a little run, he launches himself into the air.

Rupert's aim is good and he lands on the right spot, but the raft wobbles under him and he tumbles over. His weight thrusts the raft away from the shore, Algy's knot fails to stand the strain and the rope comes away from the post. "Hi, you're drifting away," cries the little Pug. "I'll go and fetch Sailor Sam to rescue you." But Rupert is enjoying the unexpected trip. "No, don't do that," he says. "You run and fetch your rod and the string. The raft will be sure to drift to the bank before long."

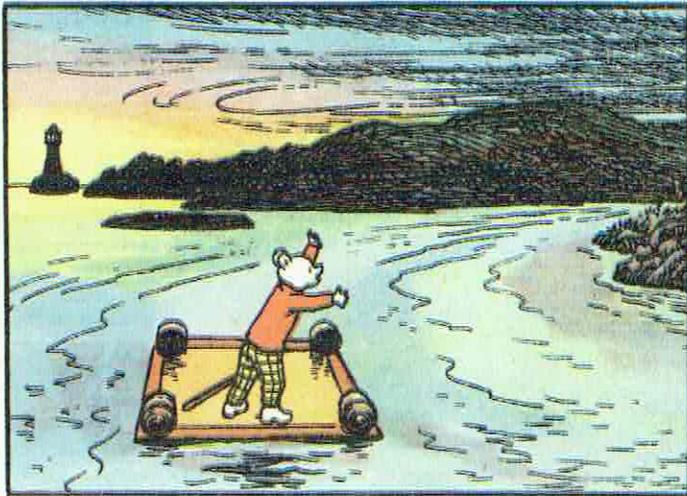
After Algy has got at the fields and tr lazily along. "This he smiles to himself raft is keeping stead which is getting wid the bank, he puts th touch the bottom, shouts for help as h sea.



RUPERT CRIES FOR HELP



*"My, this is lovely!" thinks the bear,
As on he floats without a care.*



*Alas, his pleasant dreams soon end;
The open sea lies round the bend.*



*To steer the raft he tries in vain
And has to drift along again.*



*He sleeps a little in the night,
Then holsts a signal when it's light.*

After Algy has gone Rupert sits down and gazes at the fields and trees as the current carries him lazily along. "This is a jolly way of getting about," he smiles to himself. But soon he notices that the raft is keeping steadily to the middle of the stream which is getting wider. Hoping to push himself to the bank, he puts the pole in the water, but cannot touch the bottom. Evening is coming on, and he shouts for help as he is carried out into the open sea.

There is a very desolate stretch of shore at the mouth of the river. There are no houses and nobody appears to answer his cries for help. Soon night falls and he finds himself surrounded by a dark waste of water. The raft tosses gently and he gets a little sleep until dawn breaks. When it is light he gazes round, but there is neither ship nor land in sight. "The only thing I can think of," he murmurs, "is to tie my handkerchief to this pole. Someone may see it."



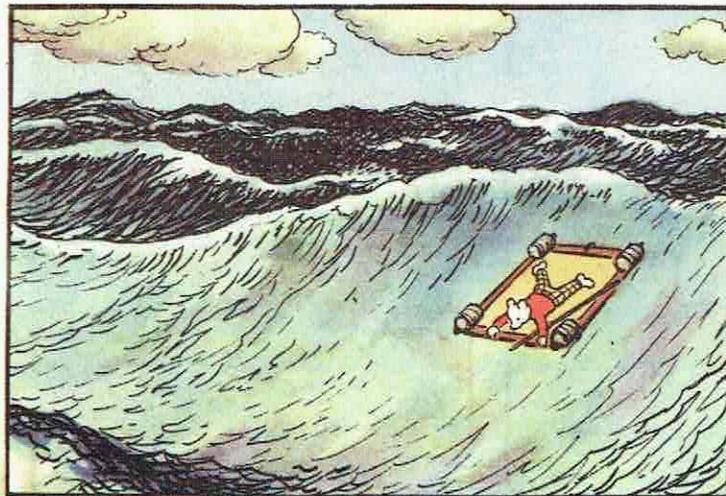
RUPERT SENDS A MESSAGE



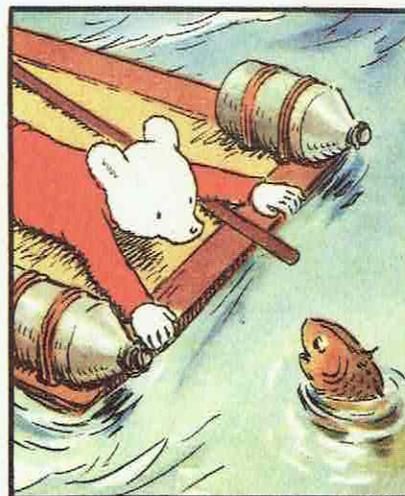
*A lot of flying fish flash by
And warn him that a storm is nigh.*



*Poor Rupert cannot do a thing
Except lie flat and tightly cling.*



*At length that driving wind and rain
Gives way to lovely sun again.*



*A friendly fish speaks to the bear
And asks him what he's doing there.*

As time goes on the wind freshens and then blows hard and big clouds come up over the horizon. Rupert stands and waves his handkerchief tied to the pole, but nothing appears in sight, and as the raft tosses more he finds it hard to keep his feet. Suddenly a number of flying fish streak past him. "You'd better hurry back to port," squeaks one of them. "But how can I?" groans Rupert. Next moment the great storm is upon him and to save himself he has to lie down flat.

While the wind roars and the rain teems down Rupert can do nothing but lie on the raft and get very wet. At length the sun comes out, but such a high sea is running that he cannot stand up. When the waves become calmer a fish pops up beside him. "Hullo, where are you off to?" it asks. "I'm going nowhere except where the wind takes me," replies Rupert. "Do you think you could help me?" "I'll go and fetch Peter Porpoise," says the fish. "He's sure to know what to do."



*The
Says*

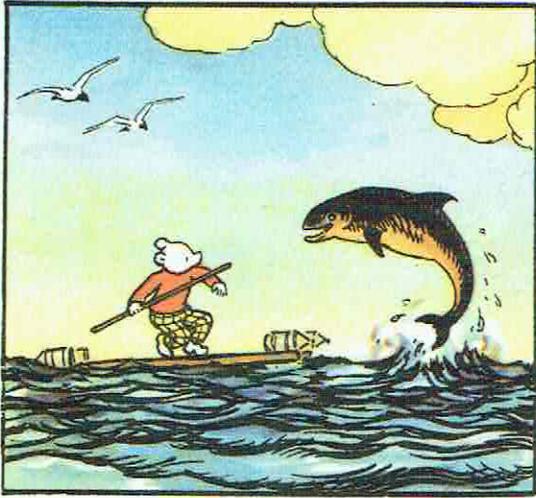


*The
That*

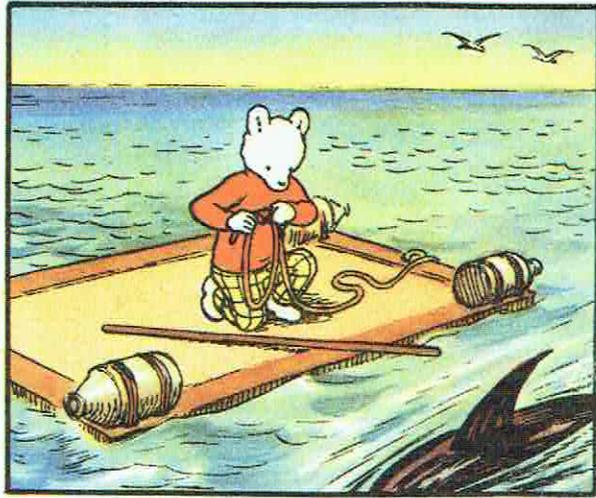
Rupert waits then, without from the way "That must be right," says the and swims strong want to get to can pull you. You'd better Rupert quickly



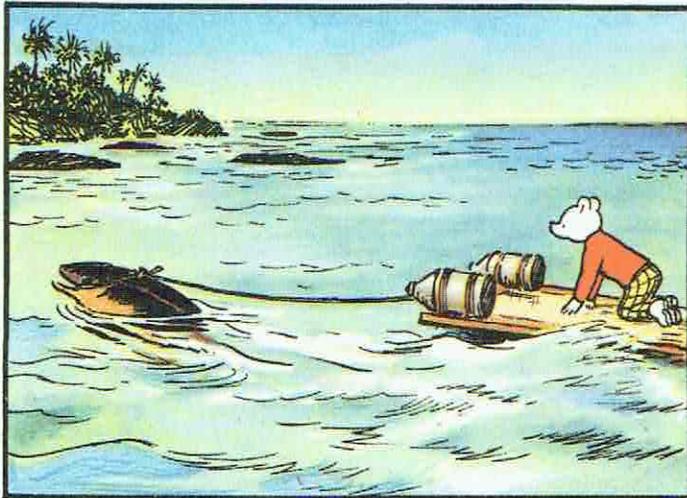
RUPERT MEETS PETER PORPOISE



*The next to come, a porpoise grand,
Says he will tow the raft to land.*



*How thankful Rupert is to find,
The rope still trailing out behind.*



*The porpoise swims so very fast,
That Rupert sees the land at last.*



*But then he learns to his dismay,
That Nutwood's very far away.*

Rupert waits until the sea gets calm again and then, without warning, a huge dark shape leaps from the waves and plunges into the sea again. "That must be the porpoise," gasps Rupert. "That's right," says the creature, as it rises to the surface and swims strongly round and round the raft. "You want to get to land, don't you? Well, perhaps I can pull you. I see there's a rope on your raft. You'd better tie a large loop in the end of it." Rupert quickly does as he is asked.

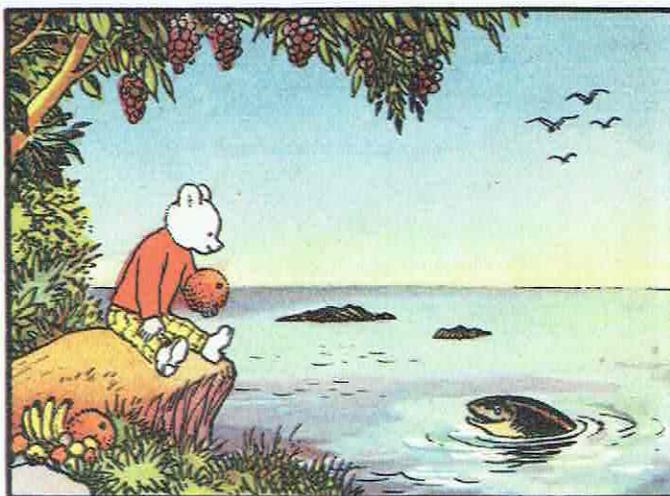
When the loop is tied Rupert tosses it into the water and the porpoise seizes it in its jaws and tugs the awkward raft away. After some time a dot appears in the distance, then some trees. Soon the raft is against a heavily wooded shore and Rupert steps on to a rock. "This is topping of you," he cries. "What part of England is this? Are we near Nutwood?" "This isn't England!" laughs the porpoise. "It's Coon Island." And with a swirl he disappears under the water.



RUPERT REACHES DRY LAND



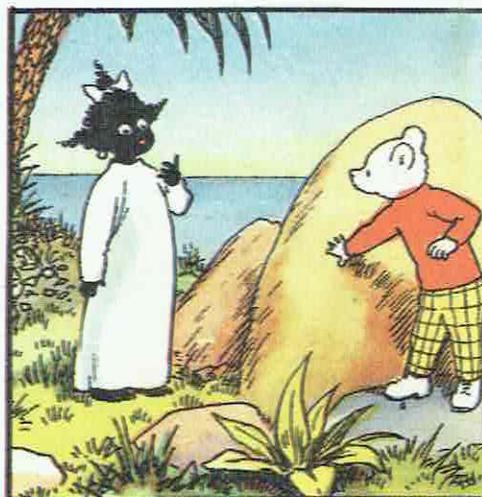
*He finds some lovely fruit to eat,
And sits down to enjoy his treat.*



*As Rupert sits there by the shore,
The porpoise comes to him once more.*



*He says: "I'll help you if I can,"
And so they both work out a plan.*



*When Rupert turns he has to stare;
The strangest little girl stands there.*

Rupert is terribly hungry after his long sea trip and to his delight he finds all sorts of lovely fruit growing on the trees. As he sits on a rock enjoying some of it, his friend the porpoise appears again. "Hullo, this is a grand island," cries Rupert, "and I think you're the nicest fish I've met." "Don't call me a fish," grins the other. "Porpoises are not fish. You ask your Daddy about that when you get home. And, by the way, how are you going to get home? It's a long way."

Rupert thinks a moment. Then he points. "When Algy finds I haven't returned he's sure to tell Sailor Sam and they'll look for me in a boat. Do you think you could go to the mouth of the Nutwood river and look out for a boat with a Sailor and a little pug dog in it and then guide them here?" "Right ho, that's a good idea," says the porpoise. "I couldn't pull the raft that far." When he has gone Rupert turns to explore the island and at once comes face to face with a very odd little girl.



*She se
Withou*



*They
And*

Rupert and
She seems del
leads him acro
a strange cry
people run up
ring. They
Their faces ar
lets, and the
"This is Coo
Coons!" mur



RUPERT RECEIVES GIFTS



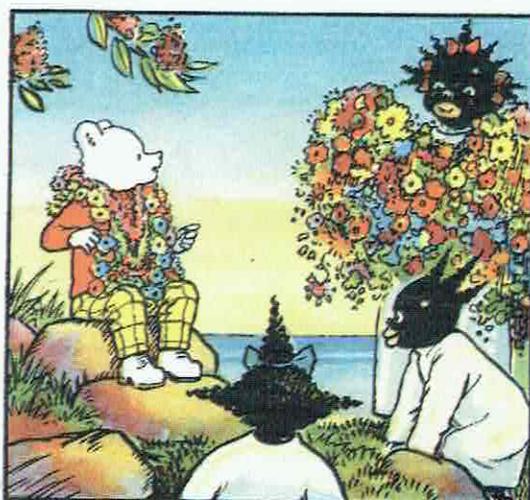
*She seems so pleased to see him and
Without a word she takes his hand.*



*They reach a hill and Rupert sees
A group of Coons beneath the trees.*



*They're very friendly folk indeed,
And try to grant his every need.*



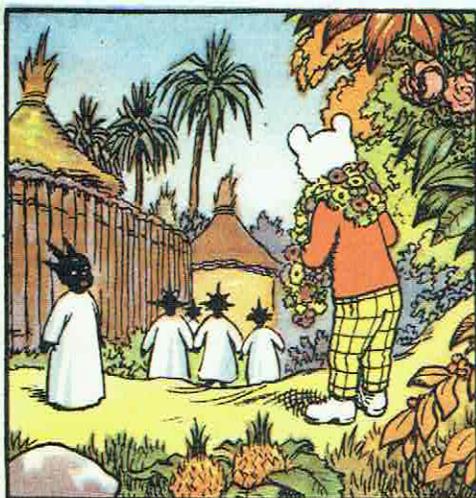
*Thinks Rupert, "This is nice, no doubt;
I'd like to know what it's about."*

Rupert and the little girl stare at each other. She seems delighted to see him and taking his hand, leads him across the island. On a little hill she gives a strange cry and at once lots more of the odd little people run up from all sides and stand round in a ring. They are all dressed in long night-gowns. Their faces are quite black, their hair in spiky ringlets, and they chatter in some queer language. "This is Coon Island. These must be the little Coons!" murmurs Rupert.

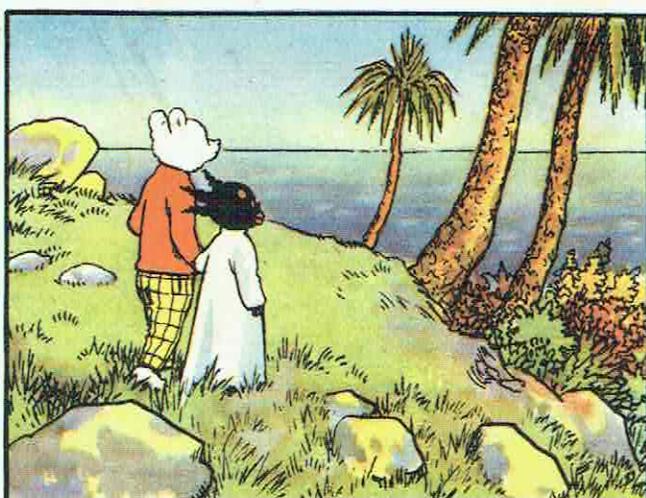
The little Coons seem determined to show how friendly they are and at first they bring Rupert all kinds of fruit on a large dish. But he has just had a good meal and doesn't want any more, so they seat him on a boulder and bring masses of flowers which they make into beautiful chains and then hang them in festoons around his neck. "This is all rather jolly, but I do wish I knew what they are talking about," thinks the little bear as he smiles at them.



RUPERT SHOCKS HIS GUIDE



Then when the black Coons move away,
The youngest one is told to stay.



He signs to Rupert, "Come with me!"
And leads him off towards the sea.



When they have walked for quite a time,
A palm tree Rupert starts to climb.



Though Rupert climbed the tree for fun,
The Coon's upset by what he's done.

After a while the Coons lead Rupert through a wood to a clearing where are some queer huts and a high fence surrounding one of them. Then at a word from the leader, all except the smallest of the little people run towards a hut. The small Coon takes Rupert's hand and they go for a walk. "I wonder what the others are up to now," thinks the little bear as he gazes out over the sea. "Perhaps they've got cooking or housework to do!"

After walking round the island, Rupert sees a palm tree growing at a curious angle. "That should be easy to climb," he thinks, "and I might be able to see farther over the sea in case Sailor Sam is coming for me." Freeing his hand, he swarms up the trunk while the small Coon looks on anxiously. When he is half-way up, Rupert glances round and sees to his surprise that the little person is running back towards the other Coons.



He spends
Until the



As soon
They

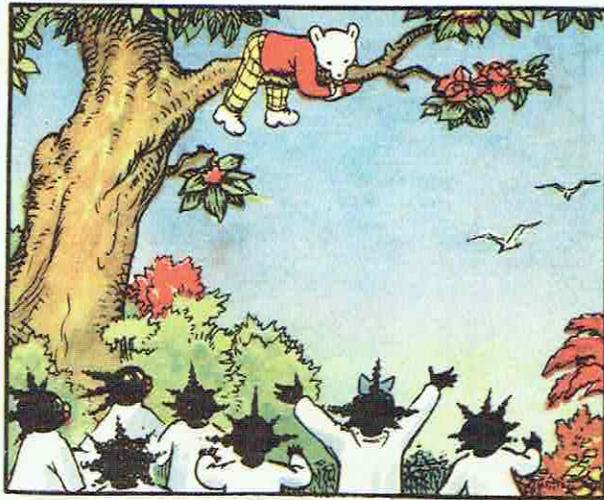
Feeling puzzled
Rupert descends
panion does not
of these trees
murs as he st
and flowers.
getting on to
of the little C
imploring him



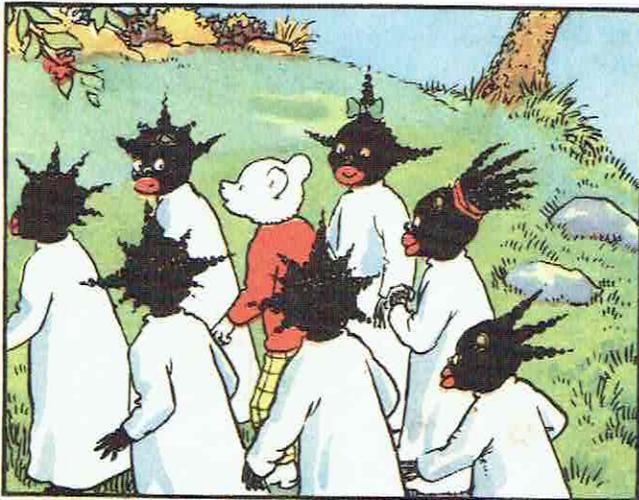
RUPERT IS MADE CAPTIVE



*He spends some time up in the trees,
Until the little Coons he sees.*



*They're waiting patiently below,
But what they want he does not know.*



*As soon as Rupert's on the ground,
They gather happily around.*



*They take him to a wooden hut,
And safe inside poor Rupert shut.*

Feeling puzzled at the action of the small Coon, Rupert descends the palm tree. As his little companion does not return, he strolls around. "Some of these trees are topping for climbing," he murmurs as he starts up another one with large leaves and flowers. Before long he hears chattering, and getting on to a lower branch, he sees that a crowd of the little Coons have collected and seem to be imploring him to come down to earth again.

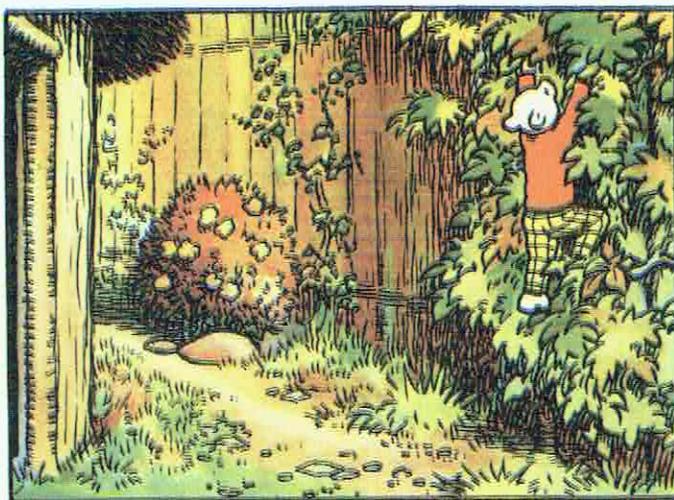
When Rupert has rejoined the Coons they close round him in a circle and gently urge him back to the place where the huts are and then push him inside the strong fence which he had seen before. They look very anxious but not angry. "I see what it is," says Rupert to himself. "They've grown fond of me and they're afraid I shall either hurt myself or run away if I'm left alone, so they're keeping me in here. It's all very difficult."



RUPERT TRIES TO ESCAPE



*Of food and drink he finds the best,
And then he settles down to rest.*



*As soon as it is light next day,
He tries his best to get away.*



*Then
Bring*



*But oh! Alas for Rupert Bear;
The little Coons are waiting there.*



*He finds the door is guarded too,
And cannot think what next to do.*



*To
Sees*

Inside the fence Rupert finds a hut supplied with lots of food and water. "These little Coons are trying to be very kind to me," he murmurs, "but they don't understand. I just can't stay here long." There are also cushions and soft straw and Rupert, after his tiring adventures, sleeps soundly for many hours. Next morning early he spies a strong creeper growing up the inside of the fence. "I may be able to escape this way," he thinks as he starts to climb.

Rupert climbs as quietly as he can and after managing to reach the top he peers over the fence. To his surprise, although it is so early, one of the Coons is on sentry-go just beneath him, and at a cry others come running along. They chatter excitedly and Rupert goes back down the creeper. Then he goes on tiptoe to the entrance, only to find two of the little people seated there on guard. "My word, they do mean to take care of me!" he whispers.

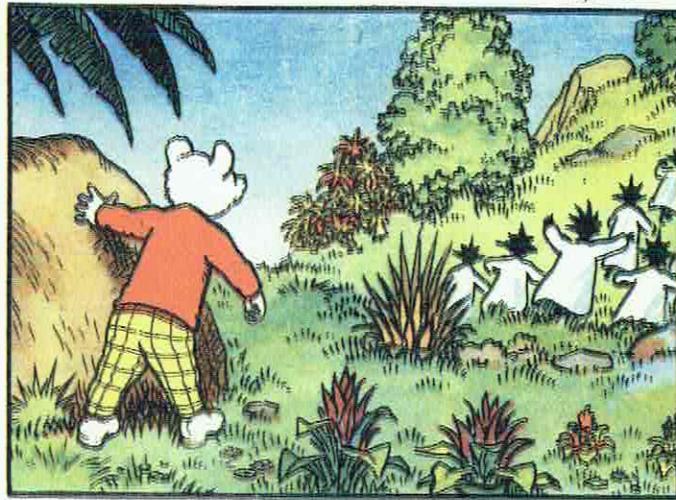
While Rupert's problem is solved, he is panting and gasping, and the others see where he will. He gasps the little Coons at top speed to the highest part of the fence, and they are frightened the best."



RUPERT GREET'S SAILOR SAM



*Then suddenly a little girl
Brings news that sets them in a whirl.*



*They run off in a dreadful fright,
And Rupert is forgotten quite.*



*To his delight, the little bear
Sees Sailor Sam and Algy there.*



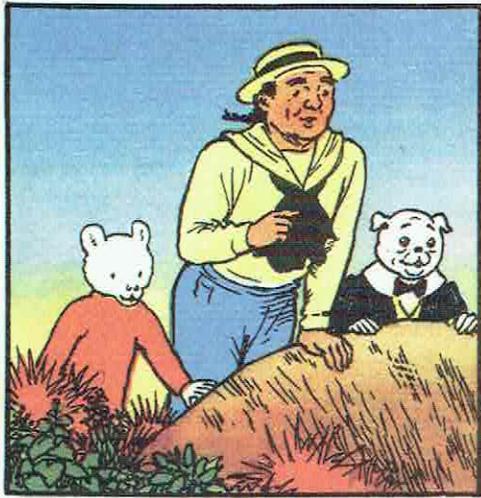
*Old Sam lifts Rupert off the ground,
So glad to find him safe and sound.*

While Rupert is wondering how to escape, his problem is solved for him. A small Coon runs up panting and gabbles something. Immediately all the others scuttle away, leaving Rupert free to go where he will. "Well, if that isn't extraordinary!" gasps the little bear, as he watches them all running at top speed towards the thick woods on the highest part of the island. "Something must have frightened them. I wonder whatever it can have been."

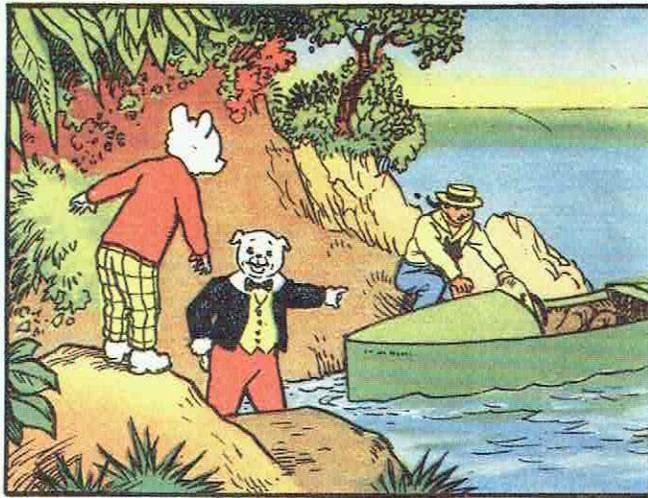
Rupert is not left long in ignorance. Hearing a shout he turns and sees to his amazement that two figures are clambering up from the shore and that they are his old pals Algy and Sailor Sam. "Thank goodness you are safe and sound!" cries the sailor as he swings Rupert into the air. "Did the porpoise lead you here?" asks the little bear. "Yes, and I'm jolly hungry," says Algy. "Is there any food on this island?" "Just you wait and see," laughs Rupert.



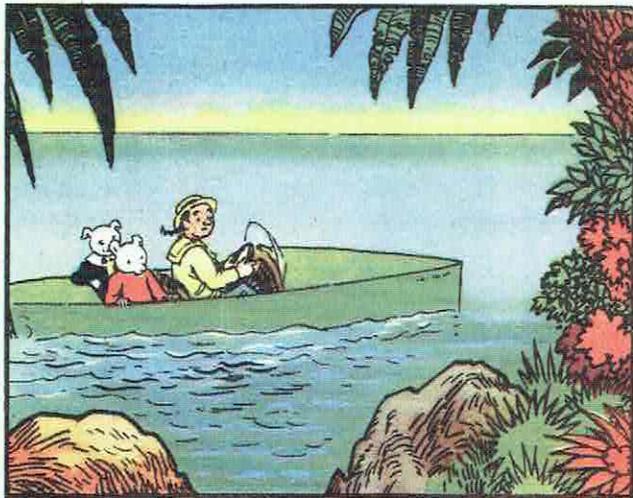
RUPERT CLAIMS HIS RAFT



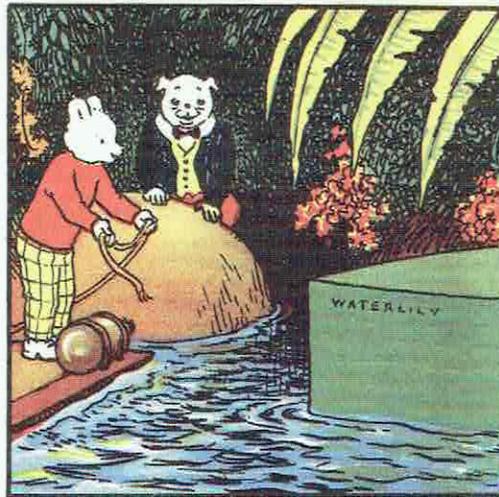
When they have had some fruit to eat,
They say the Coons they'd like to meet.



They look around, but now it's late,
And Sam says that they must not wait.



Then Algy says, "The raft let's find;
It easily will trail behind."



The chums are pleased to find their raft,
It really is a splendid craft.

After giving his friends some of the fruit from the trees, Rupert tells of his adventures. "So this is Coon Island!" cries Sailor Sam. "I've always wondered where it was." "You must meet some of the Coons," says the little bear. But though they search they cannot catch a glimpse of the small people, and at length Sailor Sam declares they must not waste any more time, so they descend to the shore where his smart little motor boat is waiting.

Sailor Sam wants to set off for home immediately but, once they are all aboard, Algy begs that they search for the raft and take it with them. So they gently cruise around the beautiful island, looking for the creek where the little bear first landed. "I expect those young Coons are peeping at us through the trees. I wish we would see them," says Sam. At length they spy the raft. Rupert jumps on to it while Algy gets ashore and unties the rope which is then passed to the boat.



"Come on
And so I



They g
With

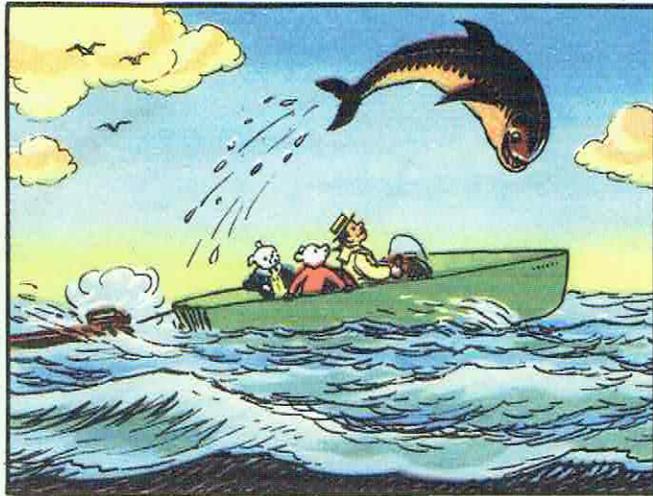
When the roy
motor-boat, Ru
they chug gent
and explore thi
Sailor Sam. T
left far behind
huge form of M
and flashes ov
again," cries th
visitors out her



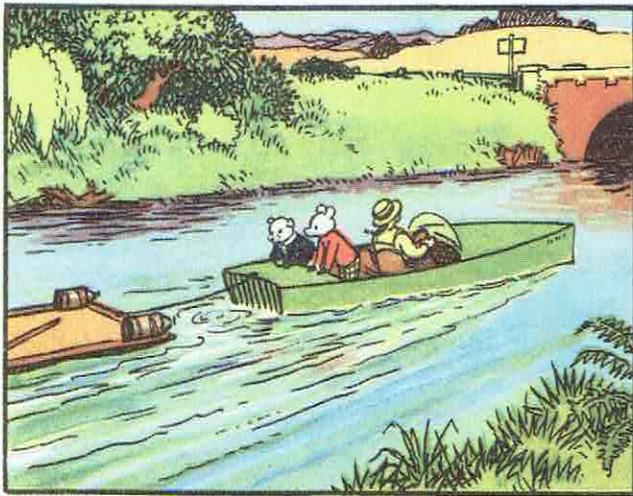
RUPERT RETURNS TO NUTWOOD



*"Come on," says Sam, "let's not delay,"
And so they start upon their way.*



*The porpoise comes to say good-bye,
And thrills them with his leaps so high.*



*They get to Nutwood late that day,
With no adventures on the way.*



*"Well, thank you, Sam," cries Rupert Bear;
"I had a fine time over there."*

When the rope is tied to a ring at the stern of the motor-boat, Rupert and Algy scramble aboard and they chug gently away from shore. "I must come and explore this place properly some day," declares Sailor Sam. They gather speed and Coon Island is left far behind. Suddenly out in mid-ocean the huge form of Peter Porpoise leaps from the waves and flashes over the boat. "Come and see us again," cries the great creature. "We get very few visitors out here!"

The raft holds back the motor-boat from its best speed, but at length they are in the smooth water of the Nutwood river and in safety again. When boat and raft are secured the three pals step out on to the bank. "Well, Rupert," laughs Sailor Sam. "When I made you that raft I didn't expect you to start on an adventure within five minutes." "It's been grand fun," cries Rupert. "And if we visit Coon Island again, I do hope you'll be with us!"

RUPERT'S MONKEY PUZZLE



AFTER one of his voyages, Sailor Sam brings home some little monkeys and gives one each to Rupert, Bill Badger, Podgy Pig, Algy Pug and Edward Trunk.

The five pals tie very long strings to their pets and then meet in a wood to let them play.

One of the monkeys immediately runs away, but the other four, delighted to have so much freedom, dash round and round happily until the strings are in a wonderful tangle.

Can you see which of the pals has lost his monkey?



RUPERT
on Rob
Woods
signpost
"Wh
watching
signpost
Rup
Down.
Whic

RUPERT'S CROSS-PATH PUZZLE



RUPERT and his friends have set out from Nutwood and are going for a picnic on Robin Down, which they have never visited before. At the edge of Cuckoo Woods they come to an extraordinary crossing where there are no fewer than six signposts!

"What on earth are all these?" gasps Bill. "Ha, ha!" croaks a bird who is watching them. "Those are put there to see how smart people are. Five of the signposts are wrong. Only one of them is correct."

Rupert gazes at them for a moment. Then he leads his pals safely to Robin Down.

Which path does he take? And why?



Original Rupert text and illustrations © Express Newspapers plc, whose permission to reproduce here is acknowledged gratefully. *Nutwood* is a non-profit making journal published by and © *The Followers of Rupert*, 2000. This *Nutwood Special* was compiled by Alan Murray. Permission to reproduce any part of it must be obtained from:- *The Secretary*, John Beck, 29, Mill Road, Lewes, East Sussex, BN7 2RU.

**FOLLOW
RUPERT
EVERY
MORNING
IN THE
DAILY
EXPRESS**



Rupert Characters™ & © Express Newspapers plc Series licensed by and © 2000 Nelvana Ltd. UK Representative Copyright Promotions Licensing Group plc Printed in Canterbury by E.C. Parker Ltd.

