

THE
STORY OF
SAMBO AND THE
TWIN S



HELEN BANNERMAN

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A New Adventure of
Little Black Sambo

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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A New Adventure of
LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

By HELEN BANNERMAN



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SAMBO AND THE TWINS

A New Adventure of
Little Black Sambo

ONCE upon a time
Little Black Sambo
was very busy. He was
building a house for him-
self, and his father Black
Jumbo had given him a big
hammer and a lot of long
nails. So he was nailing two
bits of wood together when
he heard some one calling,



“Little Black Sambo! Little Black Sambo!” He looked up and saw Black Mumbo standing at the door.

“Yes, Mother,” he shouted. “What is it?” “Come here and you’ll see,” said Black Mumbo. So Little Black Sambo ran to the house, and there he saw



two darling little black babies lying in a big basket.

“Oh!” said he, “are they for me?”

“Yes,” said Black Mumbo, “they are yours for always and always.”

“How lovely!” said Little Black Sambo. “I shall call them Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof.”



At first Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof were so tiny that they had always to be kept in their basket, but by and by they got big enough to sit on Little Black Sambo's knee, and presently they got big enough



to walk with his hands to
steady them, and then they



got big enough for him to
give them their bath



and their supper of bread
and milk.



And on their first birthday Little Black Sambo gave them each a mug, and on one mug was painted

WOOF

and on the other was painted

MOOF

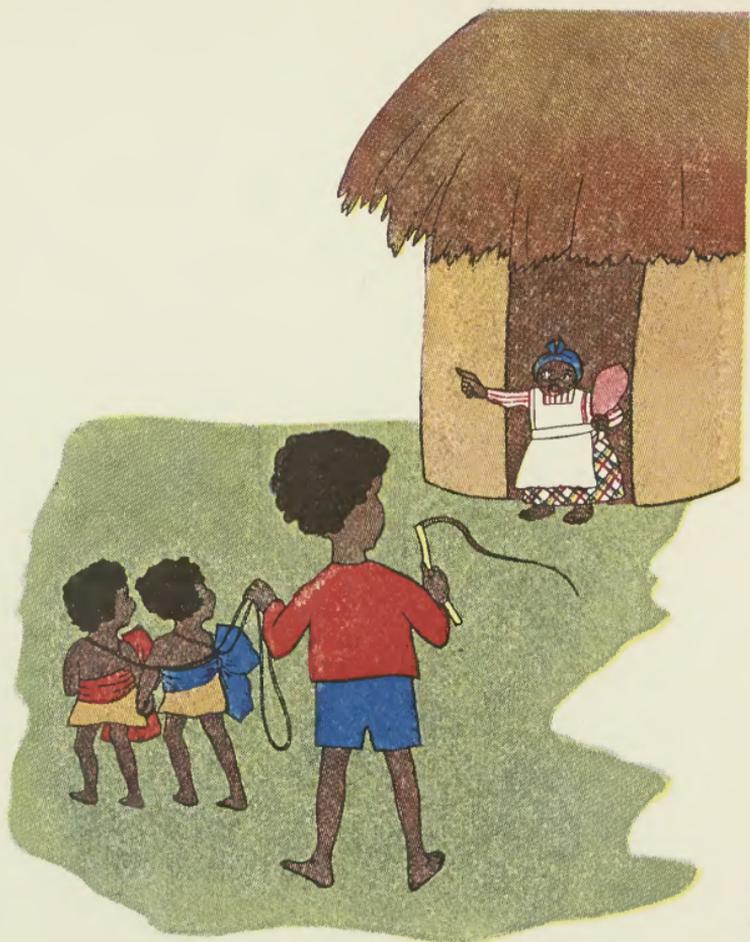


And on their next birthday Little Black Sambo gave them two lovely long sashes, and Little Black Woof's was red and Little Black Moof's was blue.

And then didn't Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof look grand?

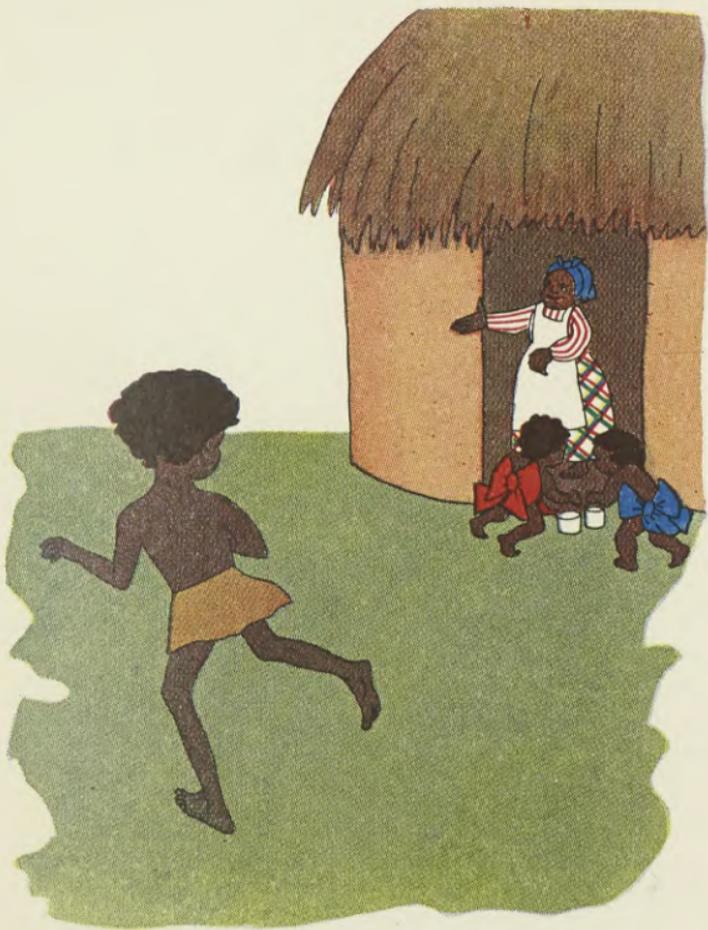


One day Little Black Sambo was playing at horses with them, when Black Mumbo called him. "Oh, Little Black Sambo," said she, "please go to the jungle and fetch me some sticks. I want to roast this mutton for dinner, and I haven't enough wood."



So Little Black Sambo hung his little red coat and his little blue trousers on a bush, because he did not want to spoil them, and ran off to fetch some sticks.

And he left Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof playing at the door with their mugs.



Now not very far from
Little Black Sambo's house
grew a grove of very tall
palm trees, very thick and
close together,



and at the very top of the very tallest of the trees lived two Wicked Monkeys.

They had often looked at Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof, and wished they could have them for their babies.



So while Little Black Sambo was away in the jungle, gathering a big bundle of sticks, and bringing them home on his shoulder,



these Wicked Monkeys came creeping softly down, and snatched up Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof, and scampered away up to the top of the tree.

And they thought the mugs so pretty, they took them too.



Poor Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof screamed and struggled, and Black Mumbo came running to the door, but it was all no use. The Wicked Monkeys carried them right away up to the top of the tree, and said, “Ha! Ha! Now you are our babies!” And Little Black Woof and Little Black

Moof cried and cried and
cried. And their tears fell
through the leaves of the
tree, and pattered on the
ground like rain.

When Little Black Sambo came back with the sticks, he was very much surprised not to see Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof playing at the door.

“Little Black Woof, Little Black Moof,” he called, “where are you?” But there was no answer.



Then Black Mumbo came running. "Oh! Little Black Sambo!" cried she, "the Wicked Monkeys have carried off Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof!"

Poor Little Black Sambo dropped all his sticks in horror!

"Oh dear!" he cried, "what shall we do?"



And Little Black Sambo
and Black Mumbo ran to
the trees, and they looked
and looked and looked up
among the leaves, but they
couldn't see Little Black
Woof and Little Black
Moof anywhere!



And poor Black Mumbo sat down and threw her apron over her head, and cried and cried and cried, for she thought she would never see Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof again.

And Little Black Sambo wandered sadly away among the trees.

All of a sudden he saw the two little mugs lying at the foot of the tallest of all the trees. The Wicked Monkeys had had to drop them before they could climb up with Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof in their arms.

So he left one mug at the foot of the tree to mark it, and he came flying back with the other in his hand.

“Mother, Mother!” he cried, “I’ve found the tree!”



Up jumped Black Mumbo, and ran with him to the tree, and as they stood staring up, a big tear splashed right on to Little Black Sambo's nose and another onto Black Mumbo's, so they knew it really was the right tree!

But they did not know how to get up the tree, and they were afraid to call, for



fear Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof would peep over and tumble down.

Little Black Sambo sat down at the foot of the tree, and gazed up into the leaves, and tried hard to think of some way of getting up.

“I’d like to batter those Wicked Monkeys with my hammer,” he said, and suddenly that gave him an idea.



He took his hammer and the big nails Black Jumbo had given him and he began to hammer them into the tree one by one, till he had made a sort of ladder right up to the top of the stem,



and up he climbed joyfully
enough. But when he got
to the top of the stem, to the
place where the leaves come
out, he found he could not



push past the prickly points,
and the nails would not stick
at all. So he had just to
come down again, very
sorrowfully indeed.



He sat down at the foot of
the tree in despair, and cried
and cried and cried.



Now it so happened that when Black Mumbo came to the door, with the leg of mutton in her hand, a big Eagle was soaring up in the sky, so high nobody could see him. But with his big

bright eye he spied Black Mumbo and the mutton though they were so far away, and he thought what a lovely dinner the mutton would make for his little white eaglets, if only Black Mumbo would give it to him.

When he saw Little Black Sambo sitting under the tree, he thought he would ask him if there was any way he could persuade Black Mumbo to give him the mutton.

So down he flew, and when he saw how Little Black Sambo was crying he was very sorry for him, for he was a kind old Eagle.



And he said, "What's the matter, Little Black Sambo? Why are you crying like that?"

And Little Black Sambo said, "The Wicked Monkeys that live in this tree have taken away Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof, and I don't know how to get them back."



“If I help you,” said the Eagle, “do you think Black Mumbo would give me that leg of mutton?”

“I’m sure she would!” said Little Black Sambo.



“Very well, then,” said the Eagle. “I’ll fetch them.” And up he flew to the top of the tree.

When the Wicked Monkeys saw the Eagle they were terrified and scrambled down as fast as they possibly could, and ran away, away into the jungle.



But when Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof saw him, they were terrified too, and they crept down among the leaves, and made themselves so small, he could not possibly reach them. And the Eagle came

down again to Little Black Sambo and said, "Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof won't let me come near them. They creep away down among the leaves. Whatever are we to do?"

“Perhaps,” said Little Black Sambo, “if you took me up there on your back, they’d come out to me. They wouldn’t be frightened then, because they know me.”

“All right,” said the Eagle. “Get on my back, then, and I’ll take you up in a jiffy.”



So Little Black Sambo climbed up on the Eagle's back, and the Eagle spread out his great wings and flew away up with Little Black Sambo holding on tight round his neck.

Then the Eagle perched on the tree, and Little Black Sambo



climbed off his back and
scrambled close to Little
Black Woof and Little Black
Moof, and Oh! how happy
Little Black Woof and Little
Black Moof were to see him!



Then Little Black Sambo took off the red sash, and tied Little Black Woof firmly to the Eagle's neck on one side, and he took off the blue sash and tied Little Black Moof firmly on the other, and then he climbed on to the Eagle's back again,



and the Eagle spread out his great wings again and flew down to the ground, and Little Black Sambo climbed down and untied the red sash, and lifted Little Black Woof to the ground; and then he untied the blue sash and lifted Little Black Moof down.



And then they all said,
“Thank you!” most politely
to the Eagle and bowed to
him, and the Eagle bowed
back to them.



And Little Black Sambo took Little Black Woof in one hand, and Little Black Moof in the other, and they all ran to the house as fast as ever they could.



Black Jumbo had just come home from his work, and Black Mumbo was telling him all about the Wicked Monkeys, when they heard Little Black Sambo, Little Black Woof and Little Black Moof running and all calling, "Father! Mother!" together.

Out they ran, and oh! how glad they were when



they saw all the children safe
and sound! And Black
Jumbo hugged Little Black
Woof, and Black Mumbo
hugged Little Black Moof,
and Little Black Sambo
hugged everybody.



And the Eagle came, and
Black Mumbo gave him
TWO legs of mutton.



And he carried them away
to his little White Eaglets,
and what a feast they had!



And as Black Mumbo had no mutton left for dinner she made an ENORMOUS DISH OF PANCAKES. And they all sat down to dinner and they ate them every one. And so everybody had a feast, except the Wicked Monkeys.



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