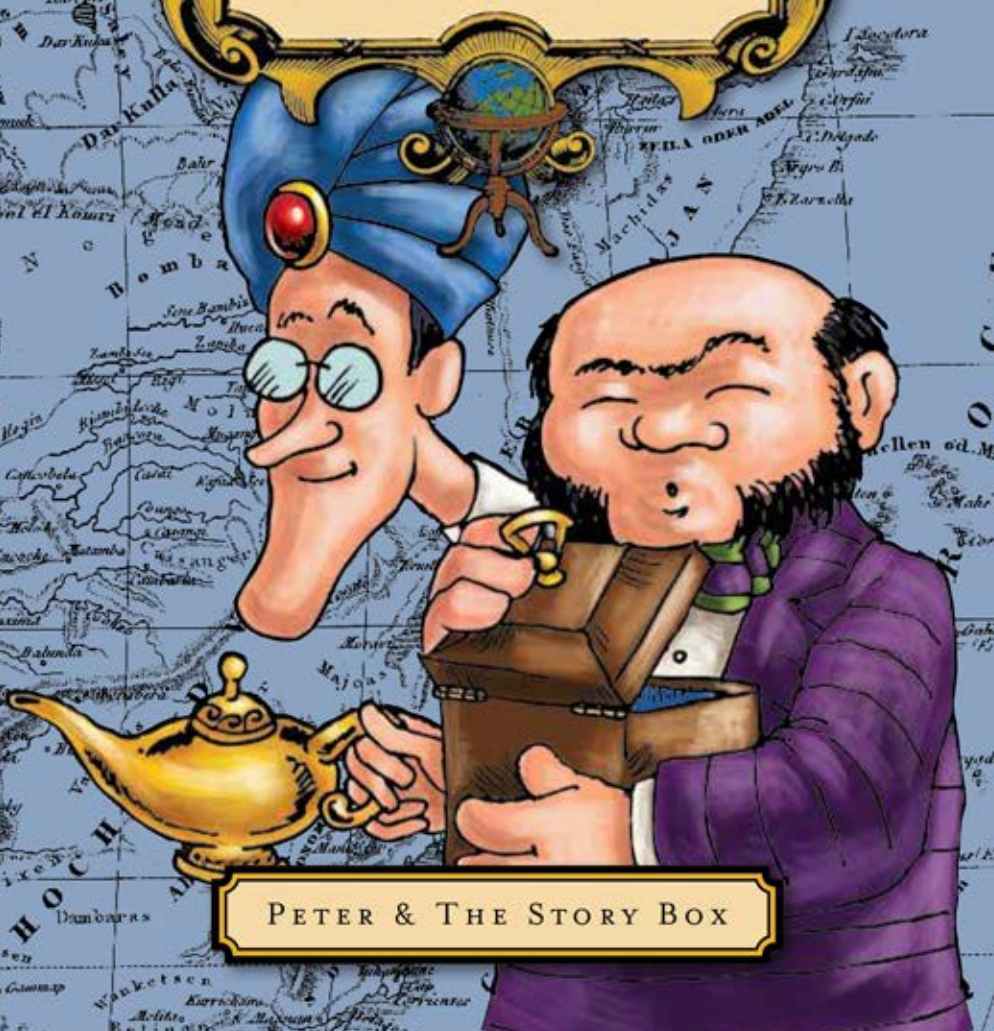




NED BUSTARD
**LEGENDS
& LEAGUES**
S O U T H



PETER & THE STORY BOX

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& LEAGUES
S O U T H

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PETER & THE
STORY BOX

Written by Ned Bustard

*Illustrated by Ned Bustard
& Matthew Clark*

THIS BOOK
is dedicated to my marvelous,
MARGARET ELLEN BUSTARD
—who is a delightful traveling Companion,
as well as being princesses, pirates, and Pan
ALL ROLLED INTO ONE



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CHAPTER 1
in which
WE MEET PETER
AND SAY GOODBYE
TO A PENGUIN

SOMEWHERE between the 51st and 52nd parallels—and not too far from the Flamsteed House—you will find Legends & Leagues, Ltd., the overstuffed offices of Mr. Azimuth Latitude and Mr. Meridian Longitude.

In these offices, one Monday morning, a map began unfolding itself in midair. A curious sight, to be sure, but almost mundane in the midst of the



curiosities that filled the room. The office was a confusion of cartography and keepsakes: cabinets and cases, models and mementos, ottomans and oddities, and of course—maps. Large maps, small maps, square maps, round maps, relief maps, and treasure maps. Maps hanging on the walls, maps filed in drawers, maps of oceans, maps of continents, maps wedged between books, and maps shoved under furniture legs to keep things level. Most of the furniture was dark mahogany, and what could be seen of it under the clutter was carved with flowers, fruit, and fabulous creatures.

When the map had finished unfolding itself, out of it stepped an odd pair of gentlemen. Then, as the more lanky of the two began refolding the map, a pleasantly plump penguin fell out of it onto a chair.

Unwrapping himself from miles of scarf, the more rotund of the two casually commented, “Meridian, there seems to be a bird on that chair beside you.”

Ignoring the fowl, the lanky fellow replied, “Azimuth, there seems to be a boy on top of that cabinet beside you.”

“I’ve never seen a bird like that,” the boy cried



WE MEET PETER



out. And while making a sound like a crow, he leaped off the cabinet.

What happened next occurred so quickly and was so shocking that the two gentlemen were speechless for quite some time. Instead of falling to the ground, the boy *flew*. He swooped through the office and down to the penguin, picking it up and flying with it in faster and faster circles near the ceiling. Then the boy shouted, “Fly with me, black-and-white bird!” and let go of the penguin. The poor creature futilely flapped, and, due to the speed that the boy had been going, *did* end up flying—directly into the wall. Yet without a crash. The penguin hit a map and disappeared into it.

“Thank heavens that was a map of Antarctica,” gasped the tall man. “Imagine what would have happened to that penguin if it had landed in Africa.”

“I am Mr. Latitude, and this is my associate Mr. Longitude,” the short man said to the floating boy. “Who, may I ask, are you?”

“I’m youth, I’m joy,” laughed the boy. “I’m a little bird that has broken out of the egg . . . but you can call me Peter.”



CHAPTER 2
in which
WE VISIT
SOUTHERN AFRICA
AND HEAR A STORY
ABOUT CLEVERNESS

HOW CAN WE be of service?” Mr. Longitude asked Peter. “Are you lost? We could give you one of our maps and a compass—to help you find your way home.”

“No, I’m not lost,” said Peter. “And I know how to get home: *Second star to the right, and then straight on till morning.*”

“Hmm, novel directions,” murmured Mr. Latitude. “Do you know,” Peter asked, “why swallows build



in the eaves of houses? It is to listen to the stories.”

“You’re so clever,” commented Mr. Latitude.

“A girl used to tell me stories,” said Peter sadly. “But now she only comes to do my spring cleaning. I need new stories and saw through the window all of your shelves filled with strange things. I thought maybe you would be able to tell me stories about all of them.”

“Yes, each object in our office has a story to tell,” agreed Mr. Longitude. “But why don’t we help you get your own collection of things that will tell you stories when you are in your own home?”

“We will take you to see our Zulu friend. He always has good stories to tell,” said Mr. Latitude as he unfolded a worn sheet of paper. “We can’t fly like you, but with the new and old maps we have in our offices, we can go anywhere and anytime.”

And in an instant all three fellows were folded up into a map.

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“Whaaaaaaat strange fairy magic is that?” yelled Peter when the three travelers unfolded in a jungle.

“Not magic—just a map of Zimbabwe,” said Mr. Latitude. “And from where we’re standing, we can also see into the countries of Botswana and South Africa.”



WE VISIT SOUTHERN AFRICA



“Zenzele, old friend, it is good to see you again. Do you have a story you could tell this young lad?”

Peter spun around and saw a man sitting there, wearing an apron of twisted animal hide, a leopard skin headband, and cow tail bracelets.

“Skinnyman-friend!” called out Zenzele. “You’ve done so much for me—of course I’ll share a story. Listen, boy: One day a jackal entered a narrow, rocky pass. Suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks. A lion was coming toward him! The jackal was filled with fear, but then in a flash he thought of a plan.

“‘Help!’ the jackal called out to the lion as he cowered. ‘Do you see those huge rocks above us? They’re going to fall! We shall be crushed to death!’ And the jackal covered his head with his paws. ‘Please use your great strength to hold up the overhanging rock.’ So the lion used all of his might to hold up the rock. ‘I will fetch a log to prop up the rock,’ said the jackal as he ran out of sight.

“Do you know how long the lion held up that rock until he knew he had been tricked?” asked the wise Zulu man. “We will never know. But listen boy: you take this tooth that *I took from a jackal* to help you remember that cleverness isn’t always enough!”



CHAPTER 3
in which
WE VISIT
MOSI-OA-TUNYA
(WHERE THERE ARE
NO PIRATES)

MADAGASCAR! That’s the place to take this boy for stories,” said Mr. Latitude once they were back in their London offices. “Think of it, Peter, we could introduce you to the famous pirate, William Kidd. You know, they sing of Captain Kidd, *‘Two hundred bars of gold . . . we seized uncontrolled.’* Perhaps we could get him to tell us where he buried all his treasure.”



“*Pirates?*” scoffed Peter. “No. No pirates.”

Crest-fallen, Mr. Latitude suggested, “Well, Madagascar also has animals to see, like lemurs.”

“What are lemurs?” asked Peter.

“Lemurs look like an odd combination of a cat, a squirrel, and a dog,” answered Mr. Longitude. “Some lemurs are said to sing and others to dance.”

“A singing cat-squirrel-dog? That sounds awful,” Peter said, and crossed his arms. “I want *stories*.”

“Well, then, let’s go to Mosi-oa-Tunya,” grumbled Mr. Latitude as he pulled out maps of Zambia and Zimbabwe. “We have a good friend there who is bound to have a story to tell you.”

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They unfolded near a huge waterfall and Mr. Latitude called out to a mustachioed man standing nearby in a pith helmet: “Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

“Yes, and Ah feel thankful that Ah’m here to welcome ye,” said the man with a thick Scottish accent. “And who is this wee bairn?”

“This is Peter,” said Mr. Longitude. “He is looking for stories.”

“Ah cannah imagine any story that would be better than tellin’ people you’ve seen the Victoria Falls,”



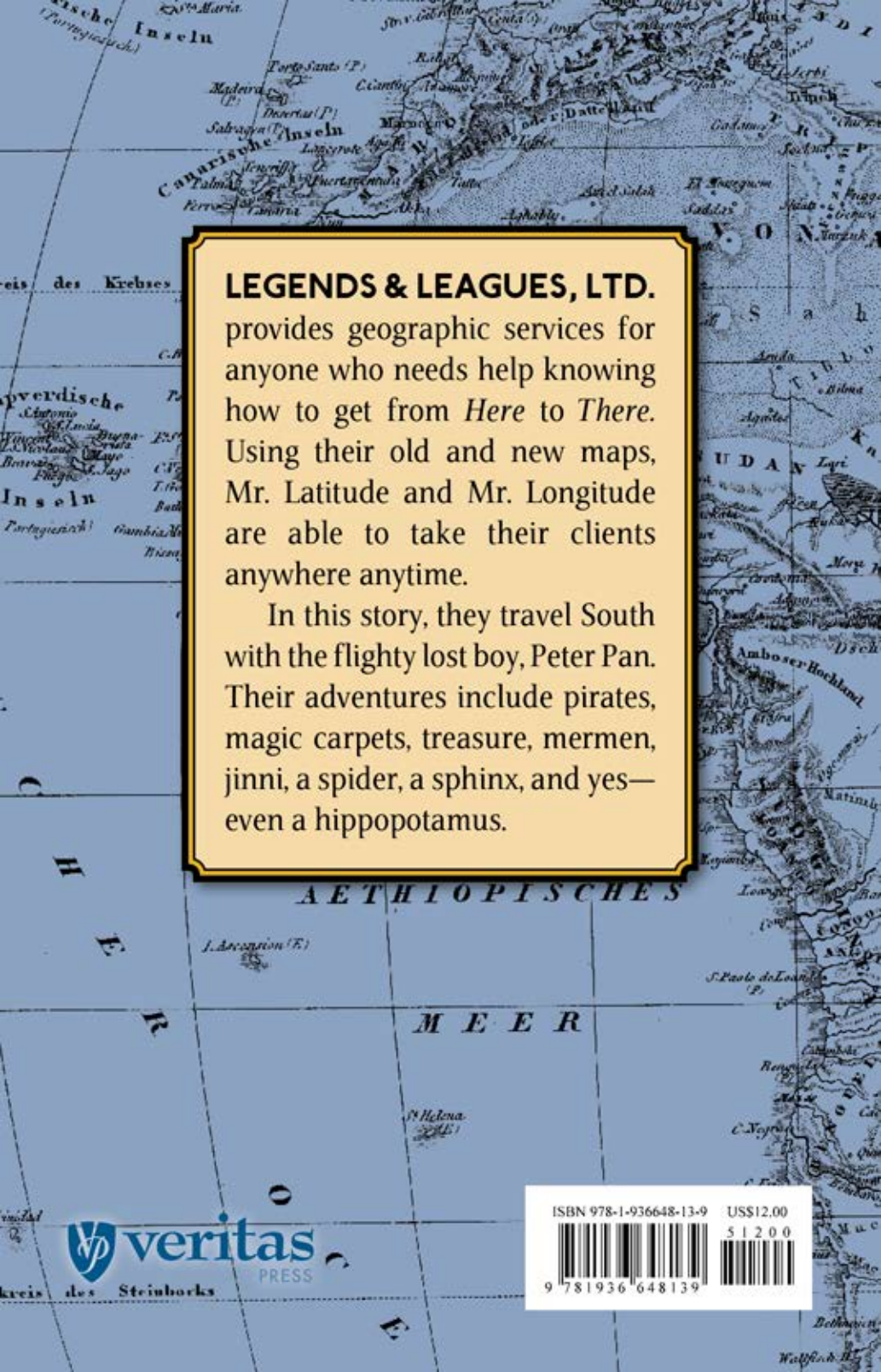
WE VISIT MOSI-OA-TUNYA



shouted Dr. Livingstone. “But Ah did hear one the o’er day from a Malawi man.” He then had them sit close so that they could hear him above the roaring waters.

“A Medicine Man went searchin’ for some herbs and found a lion in a trap! He was scar’t, but the Lion moaned and promised that it would do anything the man wanted, if he help’t him out of the trap. The Medicine Man felt sorry for the Lion, and help’t the beastie out of the trap. Then the Lion grab’t the man and calmly tel’t him that he was starvin’, and would have to eat ’im. The man scream’t and an African Dormouse (named Johnston) came o’er and asked what was happenin’. The Medicine Man quickly tel’t the dormouse about the whole affair. After the tale, Johnston tel’t the man that he did nah believe him. The Lion insisted it was true, but the dormouse kidded on nah to be convinced. Then Johnston asked to see how it happened. So the Lion and the Man reset the trap, and the Lion got back in—and was trap’t all o’er again! The dormouse then rebuked the Lion for betraying the Man, and tel’t the Medicine Man to be more careful in the future. Then they went their separate ways, leaving the Lion. But don’t fret, the Lion *was* eventually freed from the trap—by a Hunter, who made a braw cloth from the Lion’s skin.”





LEGENDS & LEAGUES, LTD.

provides geographic services for anyone who needs help knowing how to get from *Here* to *There*. Using their old and new maps, Mr. Latitude and Mr. Longitude are able to take their clients anywhere anytime.

In this story, they travel South with the flighty lost boy, Peter Pan. Their adventures include pirates, magic carpets, treasure, mermen, jinni, a spider, a sphinx, and yes—even a hippopotamus.

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