

The Project Gutenberg Etext of The Story of Little Black Sambo  
by Helen Bannerman

Copyright laws are changing all over the world, be sure to check  
the laws for your country before redistributing these files!!!

Please take a look at the important information in this header.  
We encourage you to keep this file on your own disk, keeping an  
electronic path open for the next readers.

Please do not remove this.

This should be the first thing seen when anyone opens the book.  
Do not change or edit it without written permission. The words  
are carefully chosen to provide users with the information they  
need about what they can legally do with the texts.

**\*\*Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts\*\***

**\*\*Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971\*\***

**\*These Etexts Prepared By Hundreds of Volunteers and Donations\***

Information on contacting Project Gutenberg to get Etexts, and  
further information is included below. We need your donations.

Presently, contributions are only being solicited from people in:  
Texas, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, South Dakota,  
Iowa, Indiana, and Vermont. As the requirements for other states  
are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will  
begin in the additional states. These donations should be made to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation  
PMB 113  
1739 University Ave.  
Oxford, MS 38655

Title: The Story of Little Black Sambo

Author: Helen Bannerman

Release Date: May, 1998 [Etext #1330]  
[Yes, we are about one year ahead of schedule]

Edition: 11

Language: English

The Project Gutenberg Etext of The Story of Little Black Sambo  
by Helen Bannerman

\*\*\*\*\*This file should be named sambo11.txt or sambo11.zip\*\*\*\*\*

Corrected EDITIONS of our etexts get a new NUMBER, sambo12.txt  
VERSIONS based on separate sources get new LETTER, sambo11a.txt

Project Gutenberg Etexts are usually created from multiple editions, all of which are in the Public Domain in the United States, unless a copyright notice is included. Therefore, we usually do NOT keep any of these books in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our books one year in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing. Please be encouraged to send us error messages even years after the official publication date.

Please note: neither this list nor its contents are final till midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement. The official release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so.

Most people start at our sites at:

<http://gutenberg.net>

<http://promo.net/pg>

Those of you who want to download any Etext before announcement can surf to them as follows, and just download by date; this is also a good way to get them instantly upon announcement, as the indexes our cataloguers produce obviously take a while after an announcement goes out in the Project Gutenberg Newsletter.

<http://www.ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext02>

or

<ftp://ftp.ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext02>

Or /etext01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90

Just search by the first five letters of the filename you want, as it appears in our Newsletters.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. This projected audience is one hundred million readers. If our value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour this year as we release fifty new Etext files per month, or 500 more Etexts in 2000 for a total of 3000+. If they reach just 1-2% of the world's population then the total

should reach over 300 billion Etexts given away by year's end.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000 = 1 Trillion]  
This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only about 4% of the present number of computer users.

At our revised rates of production, we will reach only one-third of that goal by the end of 2001, or about 3,333 Etexts unless we manage to get some real funding.

Something is needed to create a future for Project Gutenberg for the next 100 years.

We need your donations more than ever!

Presently, contributions are only being solicited from people in: Texas, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, South Dakota, Iowa, Indiana, and Vermont. As the requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will begin in the additional states.

All donations should be made to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and will be tax deductible to the extent permitted by law.

Mail to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation  
PMB 113  
1739 University Avenue  
Oxford, MS 38655 [USA]

We are working with the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation to build more stable support and ensure the future of Project Gutenberg.

We need your donations more than ever!

You can get up to date donation information at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/donation.html>

\*\*\*

You can always email directly to:

Michael S. Hart <[hart@pobox.com](mailto:hart@pobox.com)>

[hart@pobox.com](mailto:hart@pobox.com) forwards to [hart@prairienet.org](mailto:hart@prairienet.org) and [archive.org](mailto:archive.org)  
if your mail bounces from [archive.org](mailto:archive.org), I will still see it, if it bounces from [prairienet.org](mailto:prairienet.org), better resend later on. . . .

We would prefer to send you this information by email.

Example command-line FTP session:

```
ftp ftp.ibiblio.org
login: anonymous
password: your@login
cd pub/docs/books/gutenberg
cd etext90 through etext99 or etext00 through etext02, etc.
dir [to see files]
get or mget [to get files. . .set bin for zip files]
GET GUTINDEX.?? [to get a year's listing of books, e.g., GUTINDEX.99]
GET GUTINDEX.ALL [to get a listing of ALL books]
```

**\*\*The Legal Small Print\*\***

(Three Pages)

**\*\*\*START\*\*THE SMALL PRINT!\*\*FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS\*\*START\*\*\***

Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this etext, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you can distribute copies of this etext if you want to.

**\*BEFORE!\* YOU USE OR READ THIS ETEXT**

By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this etext by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this etext on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

**ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM ETEXTS**

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etexts, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this etext under the Project's "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

Please do not use the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark to market any commercial products without permission.

To create these etexts, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's etexts and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other etext medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

#### LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES

But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] the Project (and any other party you may receive this etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

#### INDEMNITY

You will indemnify and hold the Project, its directors, officers, members and agents harmless from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this etext, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the etext, or [3] any Defect.

#### DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"

You may distribute copies of this etext electronically, or by

disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

- [1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the etext or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this etext in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as \*EITHER\*:
- [\*] The etext, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does \*not\* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (\*) and underline (\_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR
- [\*] The etext may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the etext (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR
- [\*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).
- [2] Honor the etext refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.
- [3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Project of 20% of the gross profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation" the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return. Please contact us beforehand to let us know your plans and to work out the details.

WHAT IF YOU \*WANT\* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

The Project gratefully accepts contributions of money, time, public domain etexts, and royalty free copyright licenses. If you are interested in contributing scanning equipment or software or other items, please contact Michael Hart at: hart@pobox.com

\*END THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS\*Ver.04.07.00\*END\*

Etext provided by John Horner

The Story of Little Black Sambo

By Helen Bannerman

PREFACE.

There is very little to say about the story of LITTLE BLACK SAMBO. Once upon a time there was an English lady in India, where black children abound and tigers are everyday affairs, who had two little girls. To amuse these little girls she used now and then to invent stories, for which, being extremely talented, she also drew and coloured the pictures. Among these stories LITTLE BLACK SAMBO, which was made up on a long railway journey, was the favourite; and it has been put into a DUMPY BOOK, and the pictures copied as exactly as possible, in the hope that you will like it as much as the two little girls did.

The Story of Little Black Sambo.

Once upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo.

And his mother was called Black Mumbo.

And his father was called Black Jumbo.

And Black Mumbo made him a beautiful little Red Coat, and a pair of beautiful little blue trousers.

And Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar, and bought him a beautiful Green Umbrella, and a lovely little Pair of Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings.

And then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his Fine Clothes, and went out for a walk in the Jungle. And by and by he met a Tiger. And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Red Coat." So the

Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings."

But the Tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I've got four feet, and you've got only two; you haven't got enough shoes for me."

But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."

"So I could," said the Tiger: "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And by and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful Green Umbrella." But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with?"

"You could tie a knot on your tail and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo. "So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time." So he got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And poor Little Black Sambo went away crying, because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-rrrrrr," and it got louder and louder. "Oh! dear!" said



Little Black Sambo, "there are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?" So he ran quickly to a palm-tree, and peeped round it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Tigers fighting, and disputing which of them was the grandest. And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each other's tails, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring round the tree.

Then, when the Tigers were very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up, and called out, "Oh! Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?" But the Tigers only answered, "Gr-r-rrrr!"

Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the Tigers would not let go of each other's tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-rrrrr!"

So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each other's tails. And they were so angry, that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.

And they still ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in India) round the foot of the tree.

Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "Oh! what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."

So he put it all into the great big brass pot, and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter, and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and

they were just as yellow and brown as little Tigers.

And then they all sat down to supper. And Black Mumbo ate Twenty-seven pancakes, and Black Jumbo ate Fifty-five but Little Black Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he was so hungry.

### The Story of Little Black Mingo By Helen Bannerman

Once upon a time there was a little black girl, and her name was Little Black Mingo.

She had no father and mother, so she had to live with a horrid cross old woman called Black Noggy, who used to scold her every day, and sometimes beat her with a stick, even though she had done nothing naughty.

One day Black Noggy called her, and said, "Take this chatty {ed. A chatty is a large ceramic vase used to carry water.} down to the river and fill it with water, and come back as fast as you can, QUICK NOW!"

So Little Black Mingo took the chatty and ran down to the river as fast as she could, and began to fill it with water, when Cr-r-rrrack!!! Bang!!! A horrible big Mugger {ed. A Mugger is an alligator like creature.} poked its nose up through the bottom of the chatty and said "Ha, ha!! Little Mingo, I'm going to eat you up!"

Little Black Mingo did not say anything. She turned and ran away as fast as ever she could, and the Mugger ran after her. But the broken chatty round his neck caught his paws, so he could not overtake her.

But when she got back to Black Noggy, and told her how the Mugger had broken the chatty, Black Noggy was fearfully angry. "You naughty girl," she said, "you have broken the chatty yourself, I have a good mind to beat you." And if she had not been in such a hurry for the water she WOULD have beaten her.

Then she went and fetched the great big chatty that the dhobi used to boil the clothes in. "Take this," said she, "and mind you don't break it, or I WILL beat you."

"But I can't carry that when it is full of water," said Little Black Mingo.

"You must go twice, and bring it half full each time," said Black Noggy.

So Little Black Mingo took the dhobi's great big chatty, and started again to go to the river. But first she went to a little bank above the river, and peeped up and down, to see if she could see the old Mugger anywhere. But she could not see him, for he was hiding under the very bank she was standing on, and though his tail stuck out a little she never saw him at all.

She would have liked to run home, but she was too much afraid that Black Noggy would beat her.

So Little Black Mingo crept down to the river, and began to fill the big chatty with water. And while she was filling it the Mugger came creeping softly down behind her and caught her by the tail, saying, "Aha, Little Black Mingo, now I've got you."

And Little Black Mingo said, "Oh! Please don't eat me up, great big Mugger."

"What will you give me, if I don't eat you up?" said the Mugger. But Little Black Mingo was so poor she had nothing to give. So the Mugger caught her in his great cruel mouth and swam away with her to an island in the middle of the river and set her down beside a huge pile of eggs.

"Those are my eggs," said he; "to-morrow a little mugger will come out of each, and then we will have a great feast, and we will eat you up."

Then he waddled off to catch fish for himself, and left Little Black Mingo alone beside the big pile of eggs.

And Little Black Mingo sat down on a big stone and hid her face in her hands, and cried bitterly, because she couldn't swim and she didn't know how to get away.

Presently she heard a queer little squeaky noise that sounded like "Squeak, Squeak, Squeak!!! Oh Little Black Mingo, help me or I shall be drowned." She got up and looked to see what was calling, and she saw a bush coming floating down the river with something wriggling and scrambling about in it, and as it came near she saw that it was a Mongoose that was in the bush. So she waded out as far as she could, and caught hold of the bush and pulled it in, and the poor Mongoose crawled up her arm on to her shoulder, and she carried him to shore.

When they got to shore the Mongoose shook himself, and Little Black Mingo wrung out her petticoat, and so they both very soon got dry.

The Mongoose then began to poke about for something to eat, and very soon he found the great big pile of Mugger's eggs. "Oh, joy!" said he, "what's this?"

"Those are Mugger's eggs," said Little Black Mingo.

"I'm not afraid of Muggers!" said the Mongoose; and he sat down and began to crack the eggs, and eat the little muggers as they came out. And he threw the shells into the water, so that the old Mugger should not see that any one had been eating them. But he was careless, and he left one eggshell on the edge, and he was hungry and he ate so many that the pile got much smaller, and when the old Mugger came back he saw at once that some one had been meddling with them.

So he ran to Little Black Mingo, and said, "How dare you eat my eggs?"

"Indeed, indeed I didn't," said Little Black Mingo.

"Then who could it have been?" said the Mugger, and he ran back to the eggs as fast as he could, and sure enough when he got back he found the Mongoose had eaten a whole lot more!!

Then he said to himself, "I must stay beside my eggs till they are hatched into little muggers, or the Mongoose will eat them all." So he curled himself into a ring round the eggs and went to sleep.

But while he was asleep the Mongoose came to eat some more of the eggs, and ate as many as he wanted, and when the Mugger woke this time, oh! WHAT a rage he was in, for there were only six eggs left! He roared so loud that all the little muggers inside the shells gnashed their teeth, and tried to roar too.

Then he said, "I know what I'll do, I'll fetch Little Black Mingo's big chatty and cover my eggs with that, then the Mongoose won't be able to get at them." So he swam across to the shore, and fetched the dhobi's big chatty, and covered the eggs with it. "Now, you wicked little Mongoose, come and eat my eggs if you can," said he, and he went off quite proud and happy.

By and by the Mongoose came back, and he was terribly disappointed when he found the eggs all covered with the big chatty.

So he ran off to Little Black Mingo, and asked her to help him, and Little Black Mingo came and took the big chatty off the eggs, and the Mongoose ate them every one.

"Now," said he, "there will be no little muggers to make a feast for tomorrow."

"No," said Little Black Mingo, "but the Mugger will eat me all by himself I am afraid."

"No he won't," said the Mongoose, "for we will sail away together in the big chatty before he comes back."

So he climbed on to the edge of the chatty, and Little Black Mingo pushed the chatty out into the water, and then she clambered into it and paddled with her two hands as hard as she could, and the big chatty just sailed beautifully.

So they got across safely, and Little Black Mingo filled the chatty half full of water and took it on her head, and they went up the bank together.

But when the Mugger came back, and found only empty eggshells he was fearfully angry. He roared and he raged, and he howled and he yelled, till the whole island shook, and his tears ran down his cheeks and pattered on the sand like rain.

So he started to chase Little Black Mingo and the Mongoose, and he swam across the river as fast as ever he could, and when he was half way across he saw them landing, and as he landed they hurried over the first ridge.

So he raced after them, but they ran, and just before he caught them they got into the house, and banged the door in his face. Then they shut all the windows, so he could not get in anywhere.

"All right," said he, "you will have to come out some time, and then I will catch you both, and eat you up."

So he hid behind the back of the house and waited.

Now Black Noggy was just coming home from the bazaar with a tin of kerosene on her head, and a box of matches in her hand.

And when he saw her the Mugger rushed out and gobbled her up, kerosene tin, matches and all!!!

When Black Noggy found herself in the Muggers' dark inside, she wanted to see where she was, so she felt for the match-

box and took out a match and lit it. But the Mugger's teeth had made holes in the kerosene tin, so that the flame of the match caught the kerosene, and BANG!! the kerosene exploded, and blew the old Mugger and Black Noggy into little bits.

At the fearful noise Little Black Mingo and the Mongoose came running out, and there they found Black Noggy and the old Mugger all blown to bits.

So Little Black Mingo and the Mongoose got the nice little house for their very own, and there they lived happy ever after. And Little Black Mingo got the Mugger's beard for her seat, and the Mongoose got Black Noggy's handkerchief for his. But he was so wee he used to put it on the Mugger's nose, and there they sat, and had their tea every evening.

End of The Project Gutenberg Etext of The Story of Little Black Sambo  
by Helen Bannerman

e, and BANG!! the kerosene

exploded, and blew the old Mugger and Black Noggy into  
little bits.

At the fearful noise Little Black Mingo and the Mongoose  
came running out, and there they found Black Noggy and the  
old Mugger all blown to bits.

So Little Black Mingo and the Mongoose got the nice little  
house for their very own, and there they lived happy ever  
after. And Little Black Mingo got the Mugger's beard for her  
seat, and the Mongoose got Black Noggy's handkerchief for  
his. But he was so wee he used to put it