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Naughty Amelia Jane

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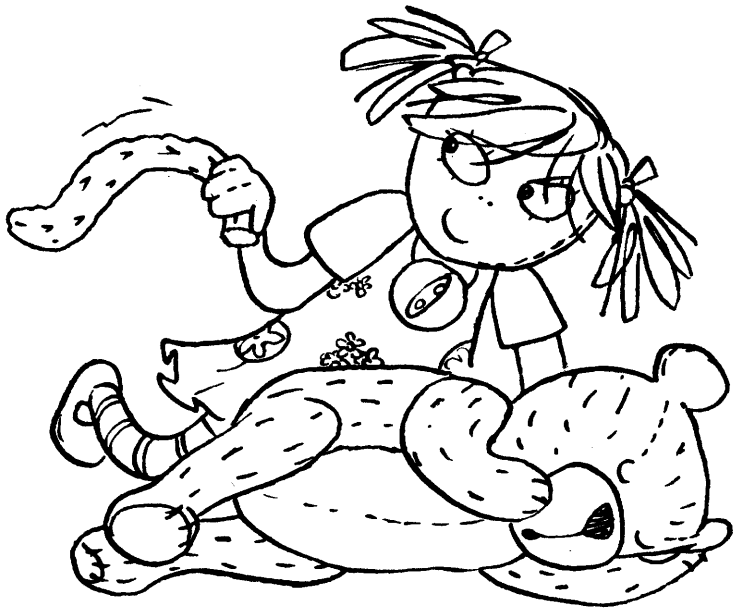
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Enid Blyton™

Naughty Amelia Jane!



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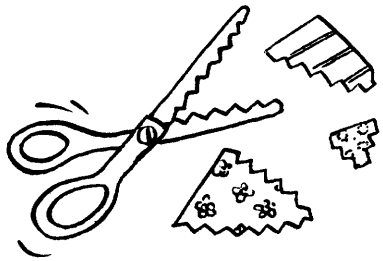
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Naughty Amelia Jane

The toys in the nursery were very friendly with the small pixies who lived in the bushes below the nursery window. The pixies had no wings, but they managed to climb up the tall pear tree and get in at the window whenever it was open. So you can guess that the toys and the pixies had many a good game!

There was one very naughty toy, who often made the others really angry. This was Amelia Jane, a big, long-legged doll with an ugly face, a bright red frock, and yellow hair. She hadn't come from a shop, like the others, but had been made at home. Shop-toys nearly always have good manners, and know how to behave themselves – but Amelia Jane, not being a shop-toy, had no manners at all, and didn't care what she said or did!

Once she poured a jug of milk down Tom the toy soldier's neck, and that made him wet and uncomfortable for two days. Another time she threw a woollen ball up so

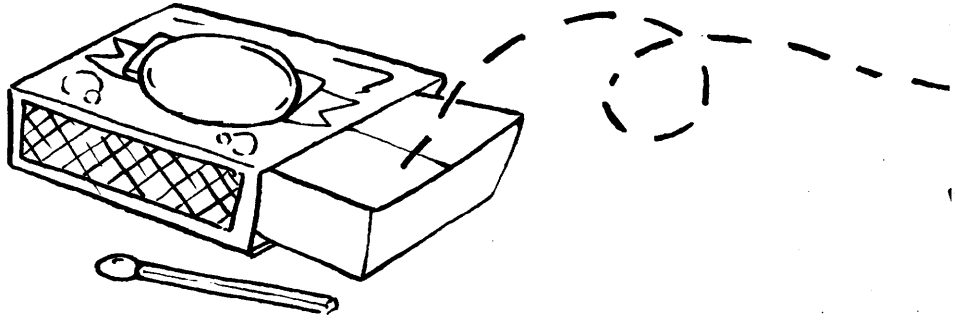


high that it went into the goldfish globe, and made the poor goldfish jump almost out of his skin. Then, when the teddy bear climbed up to get the ball out of the water, Amelia Jane

climbed up behind him, gave him a push – and there was the poor bear, spluttering away in the water, and trying his hardest to swim, whilst the goldfish darted at him in fury.

Dear dear, how Amelia Jane laughed, and how all the other toys shouted at her! Whatever would she do next?

The next thing she did was to catch a bee in a matchbox, and then, when the sailor doll needed matches, she gave him the matchbox, pretending that there were matches inside. You can imagine how scared

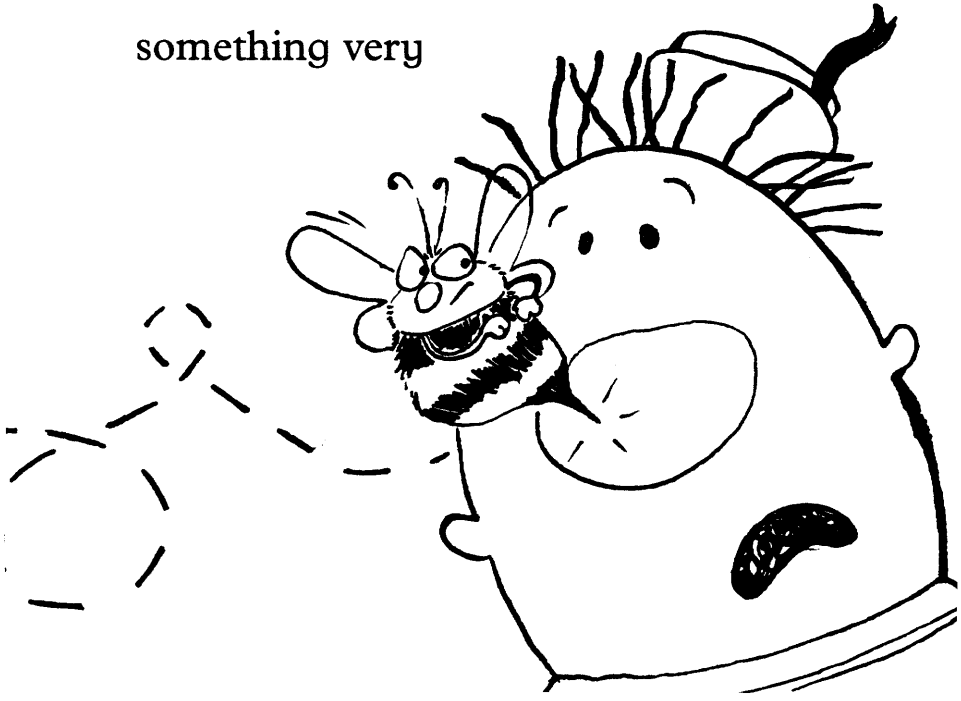


he was when a bee flew out and stung him on the nose!

'Amelia Jane, you are a perfect nuisance,' said the toys angrily. 'Can't you settle down and be good like us? One day you will do something that will get us all into trouble!'

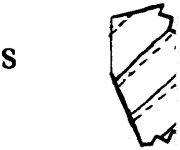
'Pooh!' said Amelia Jane rudely. 'I shan't!'

But she did do something very



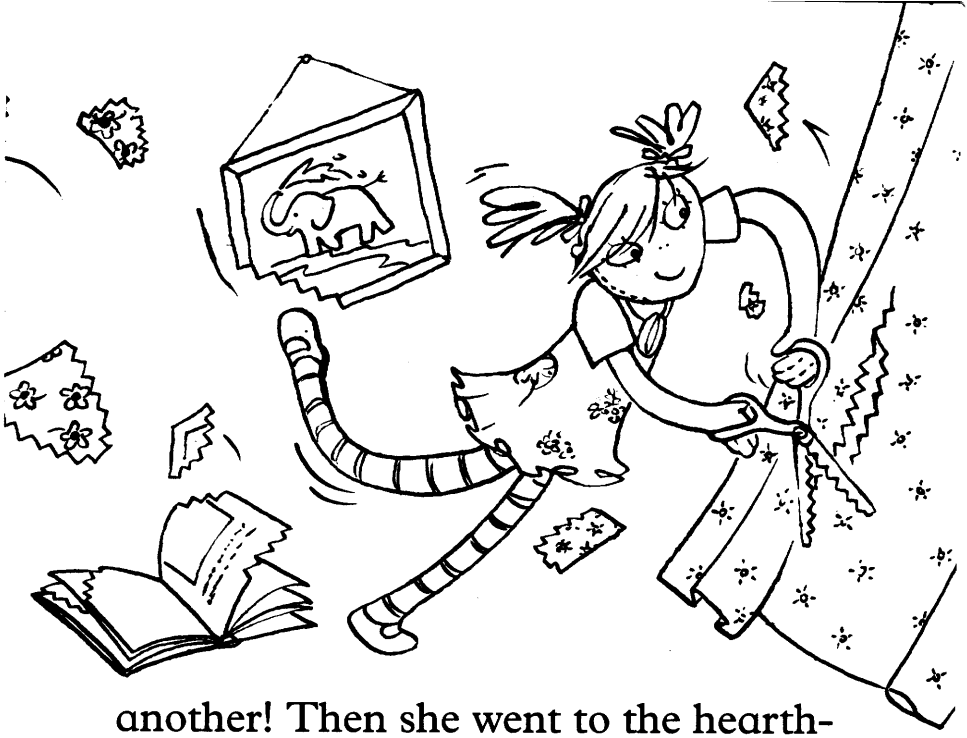
naughty indeed the next time.

She was hunting about in Nanny's work-basket for a thimble to play with, when she came across Nanny's scissors. Ho! Now she could have a fine game of cutting!



So she took the scissors and began to snip-snip-snip everything! The other toys were sitting in a corner playing a game of snap, and they didn't notice at first what Amelia Jane was doing. They wouldn't let Amelia play snap with them because she said 'Snap!' when it wasn't, and took away all their cards.

So Amelia Jane had a lovely time all by herself. She snipped a hole in the curtains, and then she snipped



another! Then she went to the hearth-rug and cut a whole corner off that! Then she found Nanny's handkerchief on the floor, and do you know, she cut it into twenty-two tiny pieces! It was one of Nanny's best hankies too, with a pretty lace edge. But Amelia Jane didn't care about that!

Then she went to the carpet and

began to snip little bits of it here and there. The carpet was a green one with red roses, and wherever Amelia could see a rose, she snipped! Wasn't it dreadful of her?

The toys took no notice. They were having such a lovely game. Amelia grew cross with them for being happy without her. So what do you suppose she did? She went up behind the pink rabbit and snipped his tail off!

Goodness! You should have seen how he jumped!

'Oooooooh!' he yelled. 'She's snipped my tail off! Look! Oh, the wicked, wicked doll!'

'And look what else she's done!'

cried the toys in horror, pointing to the spoilt hanky, the snipped rug, and the cut carpet. 'And look, she's spoilt the curtains too. Oh, what trouble we shall get into! Nanny will know it must be the toys, and she will throw us all into the dustbin! Oh!'

The toys stared in horror at all that the naughty doll had done. The pink rabbit cried bitterly, for he felt dreadful without a tail. Oh dear! How he would be laughed at, now that he hadn't a tail! Tom the toy soldier put his arm round him and comforted him.

'Don't worry, Bunny,' he said. 'We shall all love you just the same, even if you don't wear a tail, and look rather

like a guinea-pig!'

The pink rabbit cried all the more loudly when he heard that. 'I don't want to be like a guinea-pig!' he wept. 'I want to be like a rabbit! I hate Amelia Jane! Punish her, Tom! She is a very wicked doll!'

Amelia Jane laughed. She loved doing naughty things. She liked seeing all the toys staring in horror at the mischief she had done. Ha, Ha! That would teach them to play snap without her!

'Give me those scissors,' said Tom sternly.

'Shan't!' said Amelia Jane, twirling them round in her big hand.

'I said, "Give me those scissors!" '

ordered the toy soldier.

'I said "Shan't!" ' said Amelia Jane, 'and if you talk to me like that, Tom, I'll chop your hat into little pieces! Then you'll look horrid!'

'You naughty, wicked doll!' said Tom, in a fury. But he didn't dare to try to take the scissors away, for they had very sharp points, and he really was afraid that Amelia Jane would cut up his lovely hat. He was very proud of it, and he didn't want anything to happen to it.

'Whatever shall we do?' said the teddy bear. The toys all looked at one another in despair.

Then they heard a little scraping noise at the window, and they saw

their friends, the pixies, creeping in at the crack at the bottom.

'Hallo, Toys! You look very miserable!' said the pixies, scrambling down from the window-seat to the floor. 'What's the matter? Have you lost a pound and found a penny?'

'No,' said the toys. 'Just look here, pixies, at what Amelia Jane has done!'

'I say!' said the pixies, staring at all the damage. 'Why did you let her have scissors? And look, she still has them. You ought to take them away from her before she does any more mischief.'

'She won't let us have them,' said Tom. 'She says she will chop my hat into little pieces if I try to

take them from her.'

'Oho, we'll soon see to that!' said the biggest pixie at once. 'Scissors, come to me!'

He waved his little gold wand – and immediately the scissors flew out of Amelia Jane's hand and went to the pixie. He caught them and gave them to Tom.

'Oh, thank you,' said the toys gratefully. 'I suppose you couldn't help us to mend all these dreadful holes and slits that Amelia has made?'

'Oh yes, I think so,' said the biggest pixie. 'We'll just go and get our needles and thread, and come back to help you. We'll sew everything so that you won't see even a tiny

stitch! We are very clever at stitching, you know. Once we sewed all the petals on a daisy that had lost hers in a rainstorm – and you really couldn't see that they were not growing! As for that handkerchief, we'll use a bit of magic for that, and all the bits will join together so that Nanny will never know it has been cut!'

The pixies fetched their needles and thread, and soon they were sitting on the carpet and on the rug, mending all the slits and cuts, and two of them mended the curtains. Then the biggest pixie put a spell into his needle and sewed on the bunny's tail again. It didn't hurt a bit because of the spell. The

bunny was so grateful.

The handkerchief was mended too – and everything was put right.

'There!' said the pixies, in delight. 'We've done all we can!'

'We can't thank you enough!' said the toys. 'You may be sure that if ever we can help you in return we will!'

'As for Amelia Jane,' said the biggest pixie, 'I should keep her a prisoner in the toy-cupboard until she says she is sorry and won't be naughty any more. Here is a spell that will keep her there!'

Tom took the spell. It was in a little box, and when it was taken out and blown over Amelia, she had to stay where she was put. The toys surrounded the naughty doll, pushed

her into the cupboard, and then blew the spell at her. She couldn't move her legs! There she had to stay!

At first she was very angry. Then she was frightened, and begged to be set free. She saw the toys going happily about their play, and she wanted to join them. It was dreadfully dull in the toy-cupboard all alone except for a box of bricks that never said a word.

'I'm sorry, Toys! Do set me free!' begged Amelia Jane. 'I will try very hard not to be naughty any more.'

'If we could be sure you would do good things and not naughty ones, *we would* set you free,' said Tom. 'But we don't trust you. You have never done

a good or brave thing all the time you have been with us.'

Amelia Jane was just going to answer him when there came a tapping at the window. The toys looked up. A small red robin was there. He looked most excited.

'What is it?' shouted the toys, swarming up to the window-seat.

'It's the pixies!' said the robin. 'They have been attacked by the goblins! They have hidden in the old hollow tree, but the goblins are cutting it down! Can you rescue them?'

'How?' said Tom, upset and bothered to hear such bad news.

'I don't know,' said the robin. 'You'll have to think of something – but hurry,

because at any moment the goblins may get them!'

He flew off, and the toys crowded together, all talking at once.

'Toys, Toys, I have a plan!' cried Amelia Jane from the cupboard. 'Let me fly the toy aeroplane out of the window. It will frighten the goblins terribly, and they are sure to run away. Then, before they come back, the pixies can get into the aeroplane and I'll fly it safely back here!'

'All right!' shouted the toys, excited. 'It's a good idea. Set her free, Tom.'

So Amelia Jane was set free. The aeroplane was run up to her, and she got in. Rr-rr-rr-rr-rr! It shot up into

the air and out of the window. How exciting it was! Amelia was a bit afraid of falling out, but she managed to guide the aeroplane to the hollow tree. Then down she flew – and all the little goblins who were cutting down the tree to get at the pixies inside, cried out in horror:

'Run! Run! The aeroplane is coming down on top of us!'



They scattered in fright. Amelia stopped the aeroplane and landed by the hollow tree. She called to the pixies:

'Pixies! Quickly! Get into my aeroplane! I've come to rescue you!'

The pixies all shot out of the hollow tree at once and clambered into the plane. When the goblins saw what was happening they gave a shout of rage and ran to the aeroplane at once – but it was too late. Rr-rr-rr-rr-rr! It rose into the air, and flew straight back to the nursery window. In two minutes the pixies were safe in the nursery with the toys, and *how* pleased they were!

'Amelia Jane has turned over a

new leaf,' said the pixies, in surprise. 'Brave Amelia Jane! Thank you so much for rescuing us!'

'Don't mention it!' said Amelia. 'I am trying very hard to be good now.'

And you will be pleased to hear that she certainly *was* good for a little while, but I'm afraid it didn't last for very long!