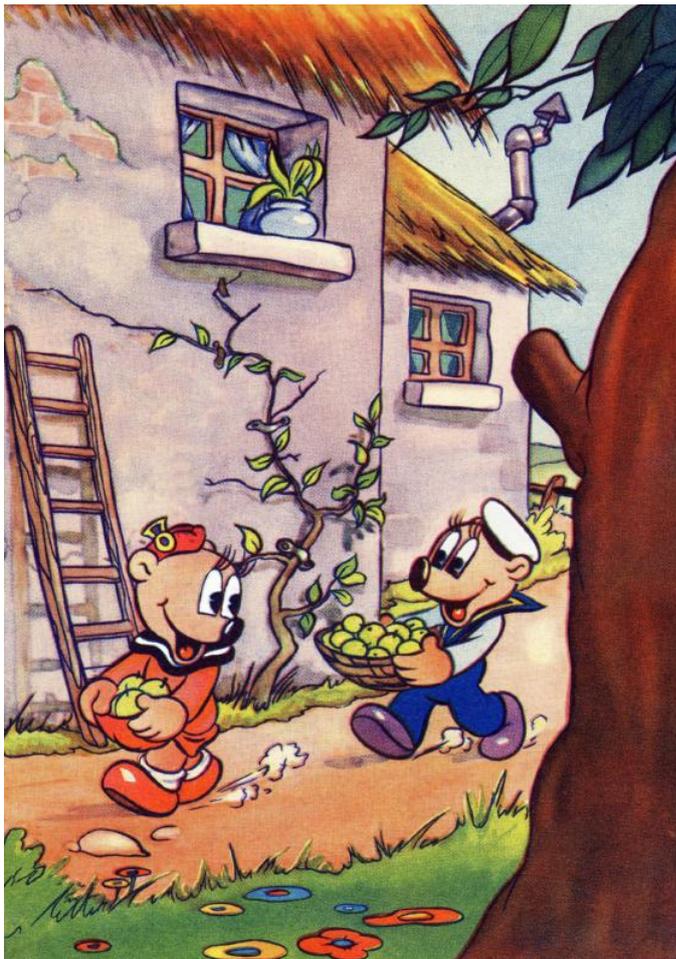


# *The Bruins World Grand Tour*

## *1 Down on the Farm*

" RA-LA-LA ! " sang Belinda Bruin, and her brother Bertie chimed in with " Oh, how happy are we ! "

The cheery pair were carrying apples from the orchard to the barn, where they were stored, and it was the warm sun shine, the singing of the birds and the lovely smell of the farm where they lived that made them sing.



Again and again they made the trip from orchard to barn, but at last Mother Bruin popped her head out of the farm house window and called " Dinner ! It's rabbit pie and baked custard ! "

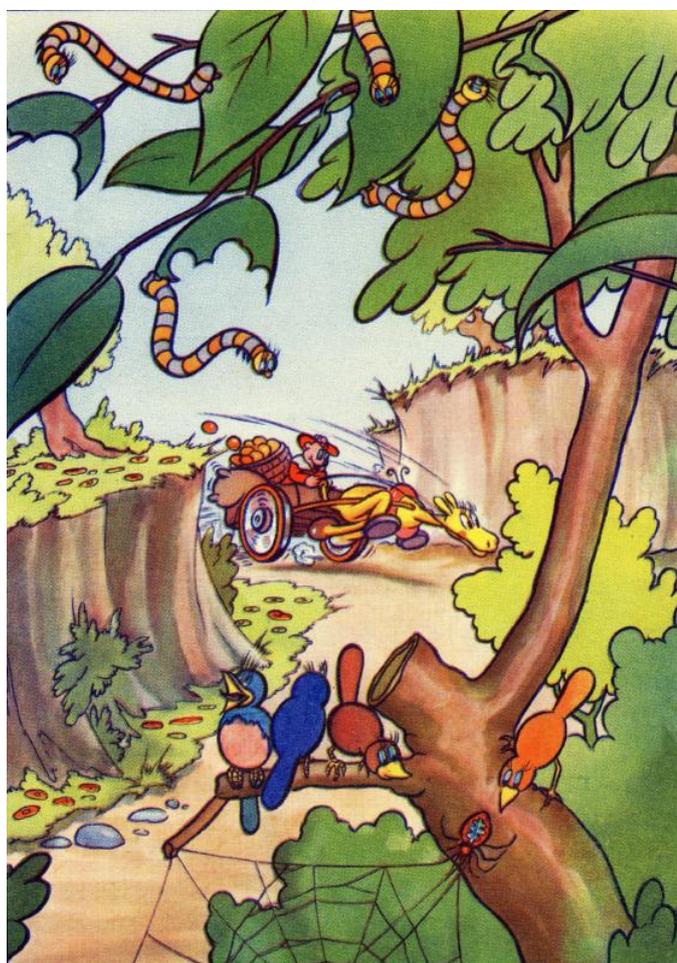
That did it. The youngsters dropped the last of the apples and raced each other indoors. Belinda won by half an inch, but Bertie didn't really mind because there was plenty of rabbit pie and custard for both.

No sooner was dinner over than Mother Bruin put on her bonnet and announced that she would take a barrel of the rosy-cheeked apples to market.

“ Harness Nellie to the cart, children, ” she said briskly, “ and then load the apples. ” She paused and looked at Bertie and Belinda. “ I know I can trust you to be good while I’m gone, eh ? ” she added.

“ Oh yes, Mother ! ” came the reply in chorus, and in a few minutes the two were waving good-bye as Nellie the mare dashed off in the shafts of the farm cart, with Mother Bruin holding the reins and the apples bouncing about in the barrel behind.

Left alone, Bertie and Belinda made straight for the barn and all was quiet on the farm. This peace lasted for some time but, long before Mother Bruin returned, there came the sound of groaning from the direction of the barn. The children had eaten just ONE apple too many !



Of course it was very naughty of Belinda and Bertie to eat so many apples but you know what apples are. They're so sweet, so juicy and so crisp that they disappear like magic and before you know what's happened well, you have a pain under your pinny.



Yes, and that's what the Bruin children had and as there's only one cure for a pain-under-the-pinny, Father Bruin reached up to the mantelpiece for the medicine and set about curing those twin pains.

" Ugh ! " shuddered Belinda as she took the cure.

Nasty I muttered her brother as he swallowed his portion.

" Cheer up! " cried their father heartily. " You'll soon feel ever so much better. Run along now! " And with a kindly smile, he gave them each a shining new penny.

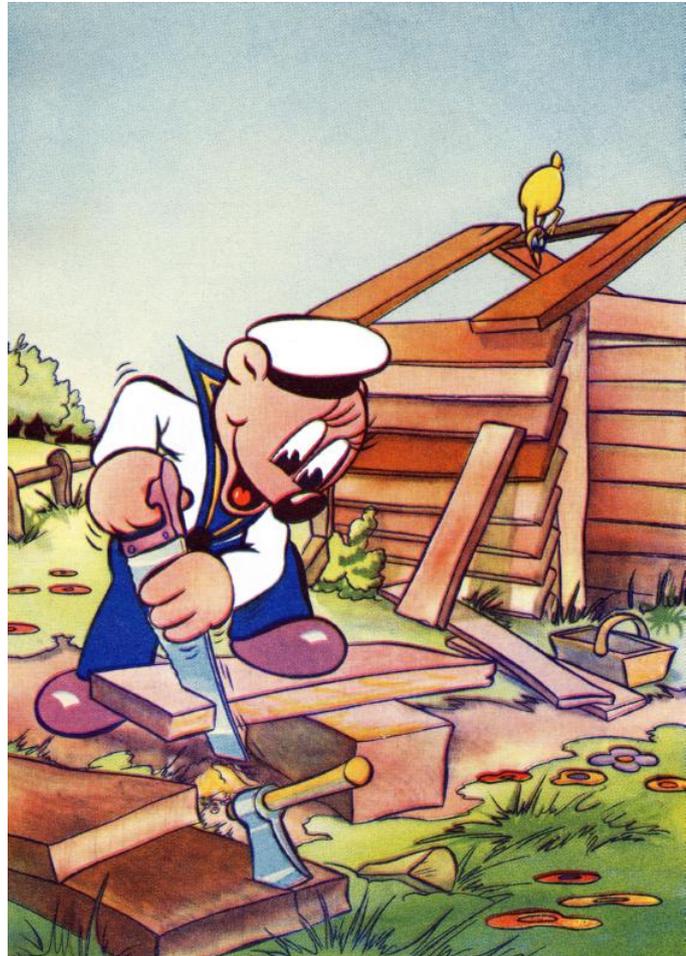
The pinny-pains forgotten, Belinda and Bertie were soon as, happy as ever and, after running down to the village to spend their pennies, came back to the farm and to a job they had been planning for weeks.

There was a sound of hammering, another sound of sawing, lots of happy chickenish clucking and pretty soon a magnificent hen-house began to take shape.

" You are so clever, Bertie ! " sighed Belinda, as she fetched and carried for her brother. " The chickens will love their new house. "

" Cluck ! Cluck ! cried the hens. " Cock-a-doodle-do ! " crowed the rooster.

" Bang! Bang! " went Bertie, as he hammered in more and more nails. There never was a busier scene than that.



When the hen-house was finished, Bertie wiped his brow and watched the chickens march in one by one. " Yes, " he muttered to himself, " it's a grand chicken house all right, but I don't suppose the hens will be a bit grateful. "

" I'm sure they will " interrupted his sister. " You wait and see! "

Bertie did wait and he did see because the very next day Belinda discovered no fewer than five large eggs piled up in the neatest manner possible.



" Cluck ! Cluck !  
CLUCK ! " cried  
Gertrude Hen, as she  
gazed proudly down at  
the eggs and that clucking  
meant that she and her  
friends had proved their  
gratitude for their lovely  
new home.

" Well, that's that ! " said  
a happy Bertie. " But  
there's no time to waste  
on the farm. I'm off to  
milk Mabel the cow,  
Coming, Belinda ? "

" I'll race you there ! "

shouted Miss Bruin; and she DID

It was after Bertie had been milking for a few moments that the grand attack from the bees came with a zoom and a buzz. From all angles the insects swooped down upon poor Mabel, but she was quite ' ready for them.

" Swish ! " went her tail and away flew one bee. " Swosh ! " went her, tail again and away flew another bee. The attack failed dismally and finally Mabel was in her shed and Belinda and Bertie returned to the farmhouse just in time to learn the greatest news they had ever heard.

" Children ! " announced their mother in, a quiet, don't-be-surprised kind of voice. We are leaving the farm ! "

" Leaving the FARM ? " echoed Bertie and Belinda.

Father Bruin nodded " Yes, " he said. I have decided that we should see the world. Then, when we come back here, we'll be more content to settle down. Pack your bags, wash your hands and face, and heigho for the GRAND TOUR OF THE BRUIN FAMILY ! "

