

# Enid Blyton

## THE LITTLE GREEN IMP

and other stories



# THE LITTLE GREEN IMP

and other stories

*Enid Blyton*

Illustrated by Peter Dennis

THE SHERIDAN  
BOOK COMPANY



This edition published in 1995 by  
The Sheridan Book Company

First published in *Mr Icy-Cold*,  
*Enid Blyton's Annual* and *The Grandpa Clock*  
Beaver edition 1984

Random House, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 2SA

Text © in this compilation Darrell Waters Limited 1984

Illustrations © Century Hutchinson Ltd 1984

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser

Set in Linoterm Times by JH Graphics Ltd, Reading, Berkshire

Printed and bound in Great Britain by  
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading, Berkshire

ISBN 1-85501-748-2

## *The Little Green Imp and other stories*

‘Watch!’ said his granny. He looked into the bowl, and suddenly out of the green water there jumped a green imp with a potato body and a grinning face! He smacked his hands together and looked up at Twinkle’s grandmother.

‘You’ll do!’ said the old lady, and she laughed. Twinkle thanked his grandmother and put the green imp into his pocket. The imp laughed out loud and pinched him once or twice, but Twinkle didn’t mind. He guessed that the imp would play a few tricks on Mrs Pudding, the bad-tempered cook!

## *Contents*

1	Chinky goes adventuring	7
2	The Grandpa clock	16
3	Mister Icy-Cold	26
4	Wisky, Wasky and Weedle	34
5	The cow that lost her moo	42
6	Lazy Luke	52
7	The magic rubber	60
8	The little blue kitten	68
9	Oh, Flibberty-Gibberty	77
10	Tippitty and the dolls' house	83
11	The little green imp	92
12	Winkle makes a mistake	100
13	What a surprise!	109

## *The Little Green Imp and other stories*

**'Watch!'** said his granny. He looked into the bowl, and suddenly out of the green water there jumped a green imp with a potato body and a grinning face! He smacked his hands together and looked up at Twinkle's grandmother.

**'You'll do!'** said the old lady, and she laughed. Twinkle thanked his grandmother and put the green imp into his pocket. The imp laughed out loud and pinched him once or twice, but Twinkle didn't mind. He guessed that the imp would play a few tricks on Mrs Pudding, the bad-tempered cook!



# THE LITTLE GREEN IMP

and other stories

*Enid Blyton*

Illustrated by Peter Dennis

THE SHERIDAN  
BOOK COMPANY





**This edition published in 1995 by  
The Sheridan Book Company**

**First published in *Mr Icy-Cold*,  
*Enid Blyton's Annual* and *The Grandpa Clock*  
Beaver edition 1984**

**Random House, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 2SA**

**Text © in this compilation Darrell Waters Limited 1984  
Illustrations © Century Hutchinson Ltd 1984**

**This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall  
not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired  
out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's  
prior consent in any form of binding or cover other  
than that in which it is published and without a similar  
condition including this condition being imposed on  
the subsequent purchaser**

**Set in Linoterm Times by JH Graphics Ltd, Reading, Berkshire  
Printed and bound in Great Britain by  
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading, Berkshire**

**ISBN 1-85501-748-2**

## *Contents*

1	Chinky goes adventuring	7
2	The Grandpa clock	16
3	Mister Icy-Cold	26
4	Wisky, Wasky and Weedle	34
5	The cow that lost her moo	42
6	Lazy Luke	52
7	The magic rubber	60
8	The little blue kitten	68
9	Oh, Flibberty-Gibberty	77
10	Tippitty and the dolls' house	83
11	The little green imp	92
12	Winkle makes a mistake	100
13	What a surprise!	109



*Chinky goes adventuring*

Chinky was a big, strong brownie who lived in a fine cottage in the middle of Pitpat Village. He had a little friend, a gnome called Dimity, a quiet fellow with a nice smile and neat ways. Dimity thought Chinky a fine brownie and waited on him all day long.

Now Chinky had great ideas of himself. He felt that he had the makings of a hero. If only something would happen so that he could show all the village folk how brave, how full of courage and pluck he was!

'You know, Dimity,' Chinky sometimes said, 'if a house got on fire, I'd be the first one to go and save all the people in it!'

'I'm sure you would, Chinky,' said Dimity admiringly.

'And if a horse ran away I'd be the first one to stop him!' said Chinky.

'There's no doubt about that!' said Dimity, gazing in admiration at tall, strong Chinky.

'And if someone fell into the pond and

couldn't swim I'd jump in straight away and pull him out!' boasted Chinky.

'But I thought you couldn't swim,' said Dimity.

'Oh, that wouldn't matter!' said Chinky. 'I'd be brave enough to jump in all the same.'

'You are so big and strong, Chinky,' said Dimity, with a sigh. 'I'm such a little fellow, and not brave at all. Why, I even run when I see a big spider!'

'You are weak and foolish, Dimity,' said Chinky grandly. 'Never mind – you have a brave friend. If only I could show what a fine chap I am! Nobody seems to think I am anything out of the ordinary. I never have any adventures.'

It was true. Pitpat Village was quiet and well-behaved. No one did anything they shouldn't. Nobody ever had a house on fire. None of the horses ever ran away. Nobody ever fell into the pond or the stream. There were no adventures to be had at all.

So no one knew that Chinky felt so brave. They just nodded to him when they met him, and said 'Good-day!' Or they asked him out to tea and showed him their fine roses or their best sweet-peas and their biggest marrows. It seemed very dull to big, brave Chinky.

'Dimity,' said Chinky, at last, 'I am going to seek adventures. Pack up our things and we

will set out tomorrow. If adventures will not come to me, I must go to them.'

So Dimity packed their things into one big bag, put it on his shoulder and set out with his friend. Chinky had long, strong legs and he got along fast. Dimity was always out of breath, for his legs were thin and small, and he had to carry the heavy bag. So he always seemed to be running to catch up.

They walked and they walked. They passed right through Pitpat Village and Chinky shouted to everyone how he was going on brave adventures, and they nodded in surprise.

'You will do something one day, Chinky!' they called, and Chinky marched on, pleased. He left the village behind. He came to farm land, and walked over fields and meadows. And then he came to his first adventure!

'Look!' he cried, stopping and pointing, 'there is something on fire!'

Dimity looked. Yes – smoke was rising up from behind a hedge, and flames crackled loudly.

'It must be a shed or something,' said Chinky. 'Hurry, Dimity, and get a pail for me. There is a stream here, and I will put out the fire. I knew I could be a hero if I had the chance!'

Dimity rushed to a barn not far off, found a

pail, and took it to Chinky. Chinky filled it with water from the stream and threw it on the fire. He got more water and threw it on the flames – and yet more. Soon the fire sizzled loudly, and a cloud of black smoke rose into the air instead of flames and blue smoke.

‘The fire is going out,’ said Chinky. ‘I have put it out!’

Just at that moment there came a roar from behind him. Chinky turned and saw a farmer standing there looking very angry indeed.

‘What have you done to my bonfire?’ he shouted. ‘I was burning up all my rubbish – and now you have interfered and put out the fire! You deserve a good whacking!’

Chinky stared at the angry farmer and then at the fire. Yes – it was a bonfire. He could see that quite plainly now. The farmer lifted up his stick and ran towards Chinky – and the brownie ran away in a terrible fright! Over the fields he ran, and up the hill and down, and he didn’t stop till he had lost all his breath. Dimity panted behind him.

Chinky said nothing at all. He didn’t feel very brave. Soon he got up and went on again, and it wasn’t long before he found his next adventure!

‘Look!’ he said to Dimity. ‘Someone has left their shopping basket behind! They must have put it down for a moment and then forgotten it.



**We will find the owner – and how pleased she will be!’**

**Dimity saw the basket by the hedge, full of bags and parcels. Yes – someone had been shopping – but who? There was no one in sight.**

**‘Shall I carry the basket, Chinky?’ Dimity asked.**

**‘Oh, no, I’ll carry it,’ said Chinky, who was longing to see the owner and have her thanks. He picked it up and set off with it. But he hadn’t gone very far before there came an angry yell from the other side of the hedge.**



**'Stop thief! Stop thief! He's got my basket! I just stepped through the hedge to say good morning to Mrs Flip and someone came along and took my basket! There's the thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!'**

A big fat brownie woman came running down the path, red in the face, looking as angry as could be. Behind her came another brownie woman, carrying a rolling-pin.

'Excuse me, madam,' began Chinky politely – but the brownie women did not listen to him. One smacked him on the cheek and the other hit him on the shoulder with her rolling-pin. Poor Chinky! He dropped the basket and fled down the path as fast as ever he could, crying tears all down his nice new coat! He was dreadfully frightened.

Dimity followed with the big bag, panting and puffing, very sorry for his friend.

Chinky dried his tears and went on his way. He felt brave again, ready to go in for any adventure that came, but he did not mean to put out fires nor to pick up baskets. No – he wanted something grander than that!

And he soon found it! He came to a river and saw, in the middle, a boat, rowed by a magician. Sitting in the boat were four pixie-like creatures, with no wings. Just as the boat floated opposite, the magician stopped rowing,