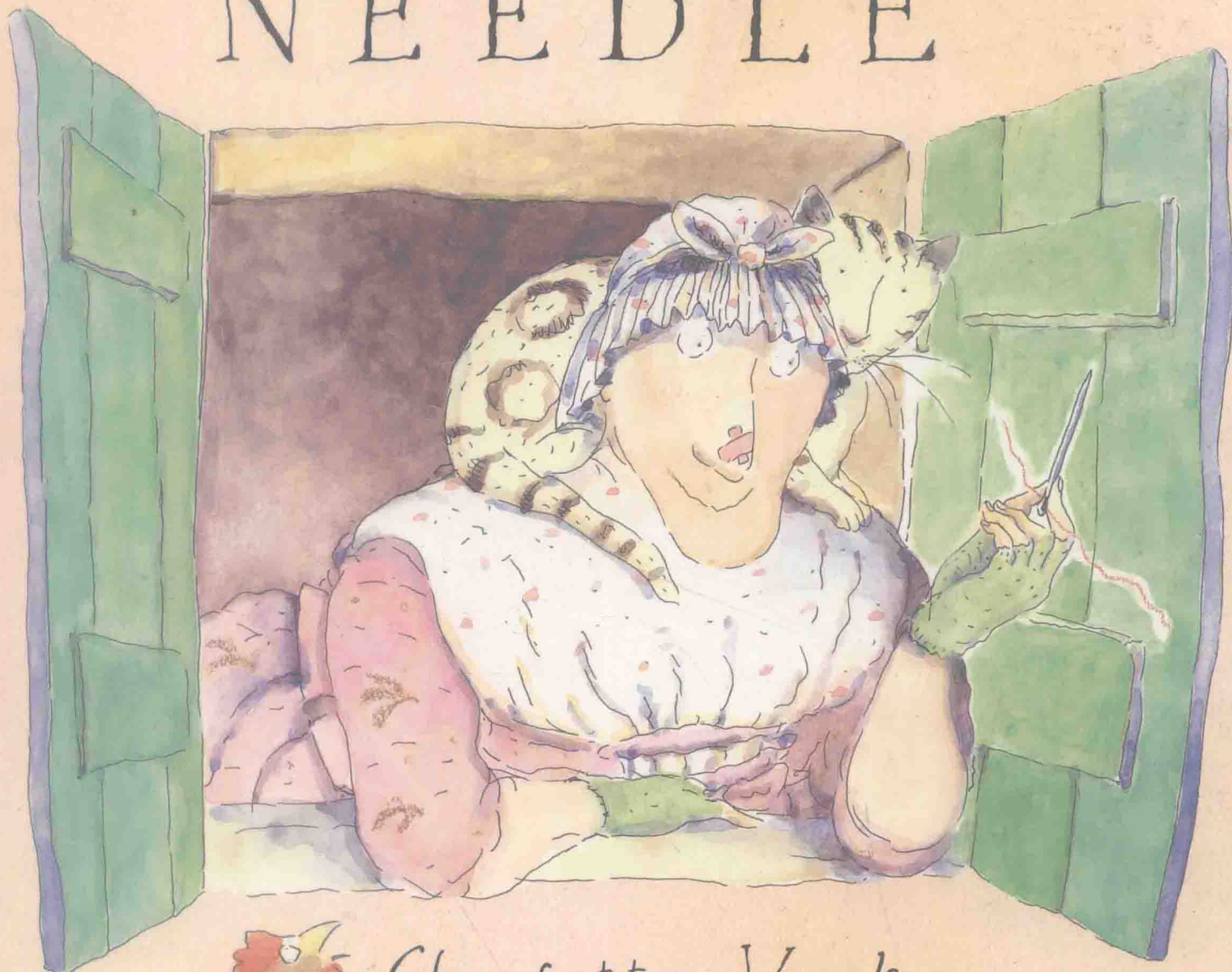


The Ridiculous Story
of
GAMMER GURTON'S
NEEDLE

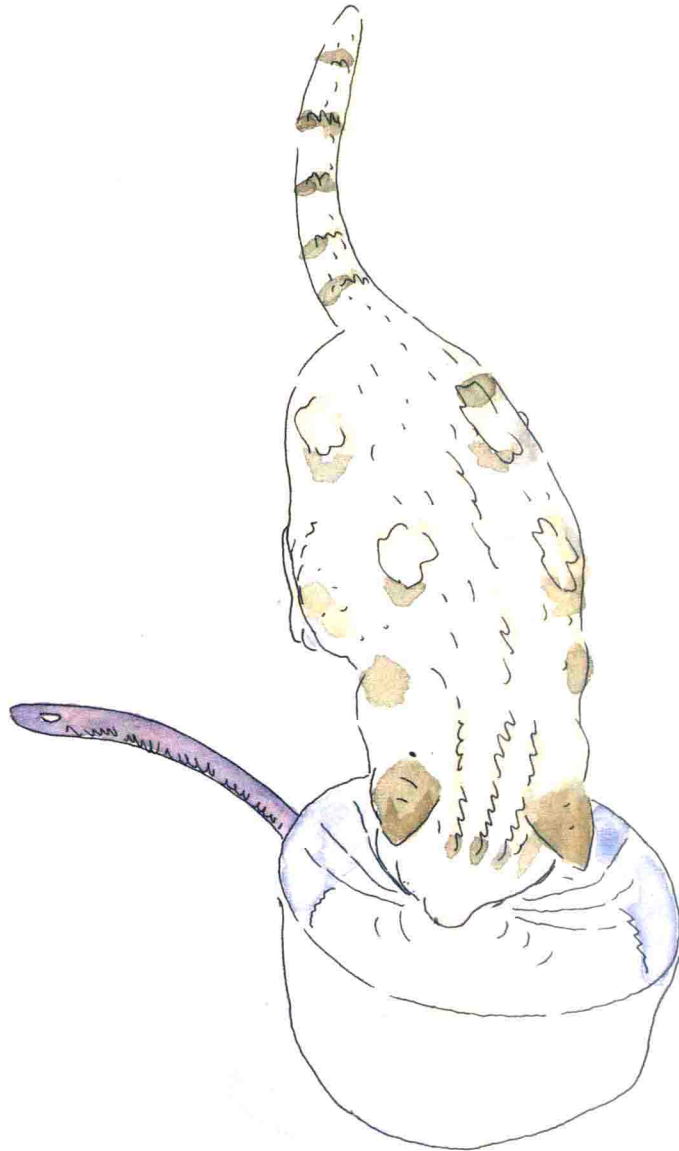


Charlotte Voake
David Lloyd



For baby Chloe ~ C.V.

For Wendy, Emma
and Silky
~ D.L.

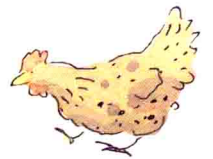


INTRO

The one and only
GAMMER GURTON

her clever cat
GIBB

her not very clever servant
HODGE



who will now play their parts with
great **SKILL** and general

D U C I N G

With
DAME CHAT
and her faithful
CHICKENS

and DR RAT
the magistrate

and featuring the jokes
and pranks of

DICCON THE
BEDLAM

with a
bottle of
GINGER
ALE and
a JOINT OF
BACON



BRILLIANCE in the pleasant and
merry COMEDY best known to
the world as

The Ridiculous Story of GAMMER GURTON



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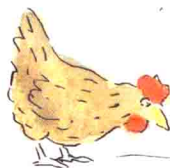
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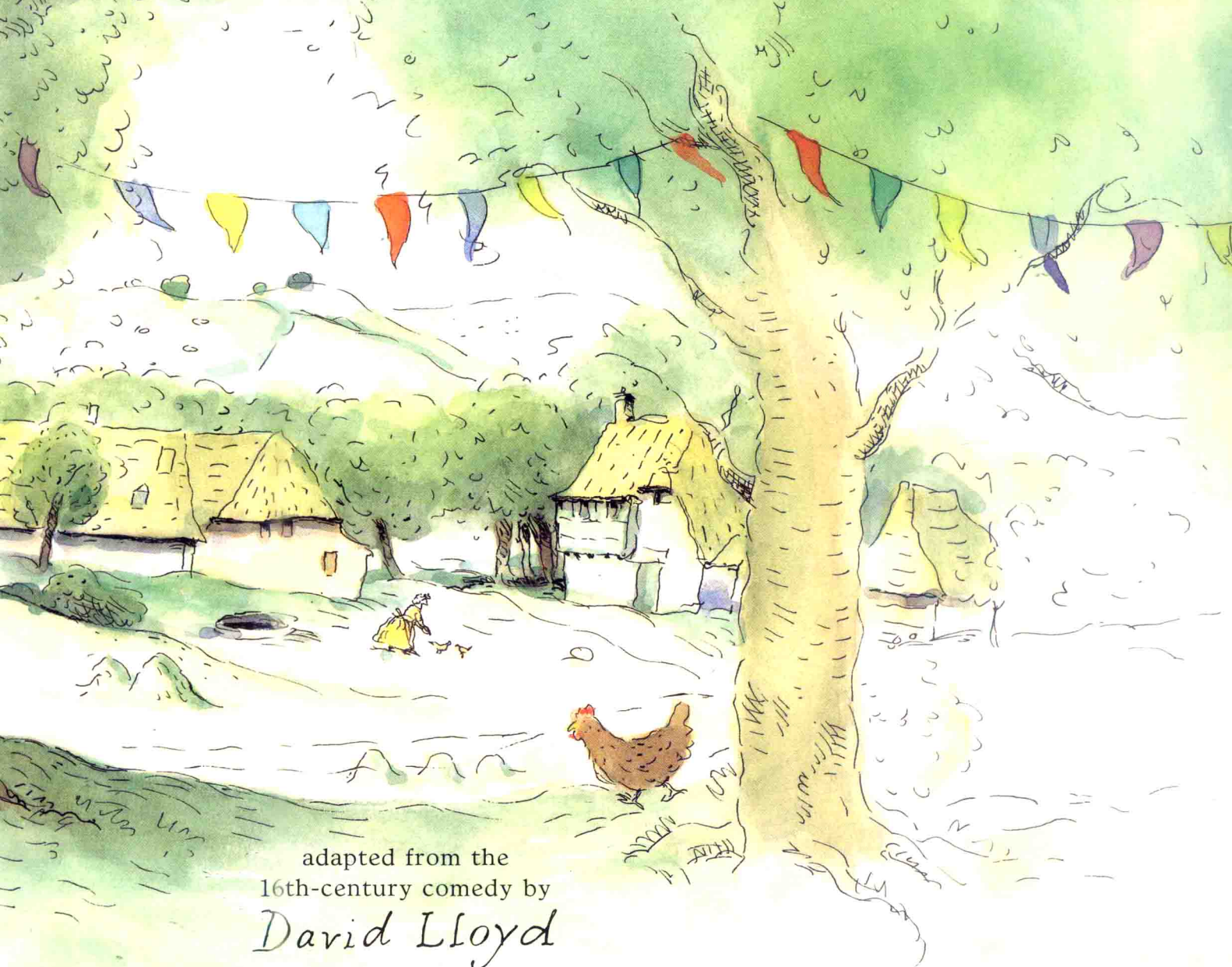
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TON'S NEEDLE



adapted from the
16th-century comedy by

David Lloyd

illustrated by

Charlotte Voake



WALKER BOOKS

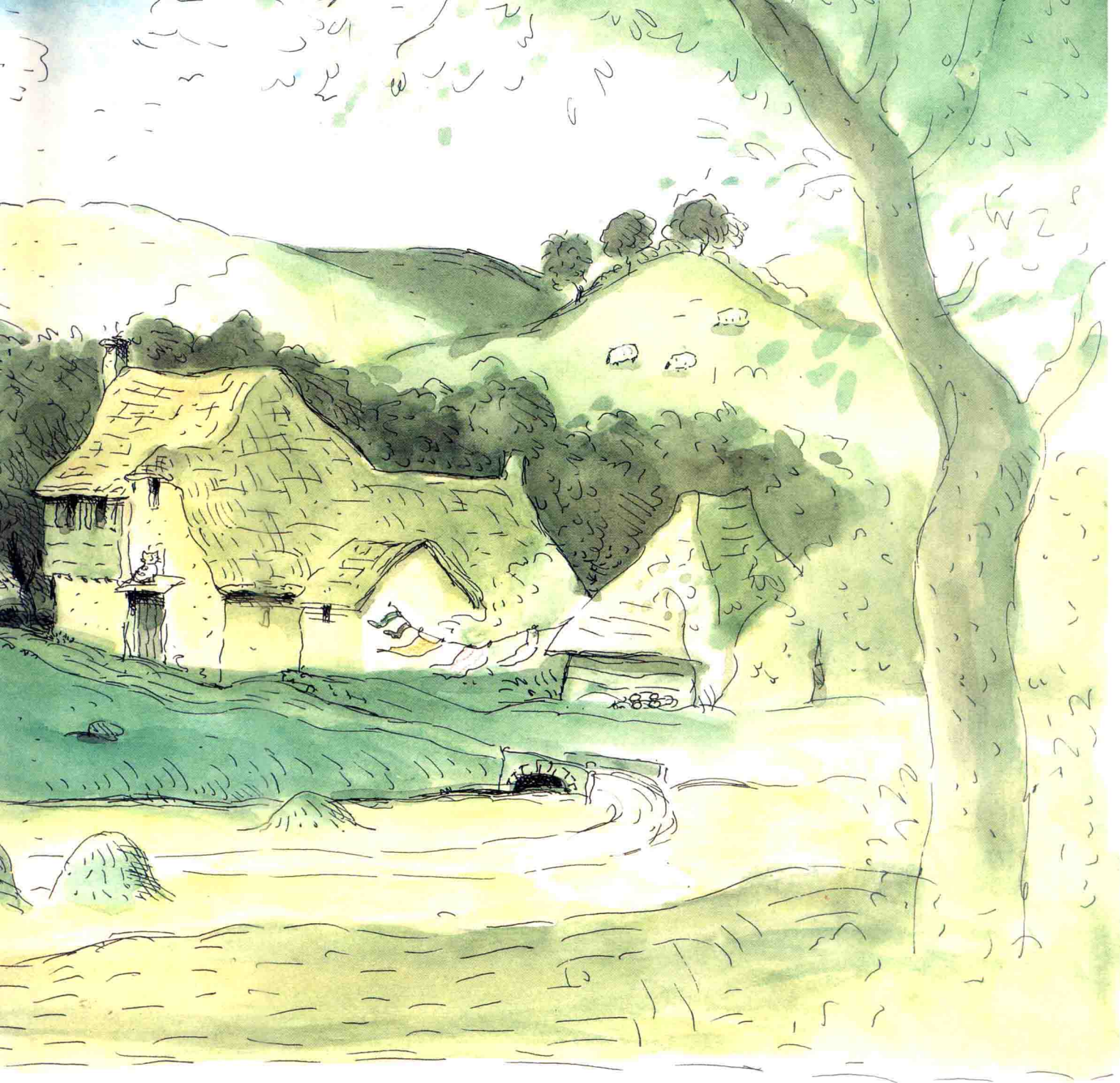


LONDON



Diccon the Bedlam came down the road
to Gammer Gurton's crooked house
and Dame Chat's crumbly one.

"Here comes Mischief! Here comes Nuisance!"
clucked Dame Chat's chickens.



“Here comes Trouble!” mewed Gibb the Cat,
watching from Gammer Gurton’s door.

“Hungry as a horse, I am, that I am!” —
this is what Diccon was thinking.
He stopped and rubbed his tummy.



Gammer Gurton was in the kitchen.
She was mending her servant Hodge's trousers.
"Hen's teeth, man! What a rip!
What a gash! What a shameful hole!" she said.
"You be careful with that needle," said Hodge.



“And you keep quiet,” said Gammer, “or you’ll be stitched and not your breeches!”
Gibb the Cat crossed the room to the stove.
She wanted to drink the milk.

OUT! OUT!



“Out, cat! Out, thief!” Gammer shouted,
jumping up and knocking Hodge over.
One moment Gibb was up to her ears in milk.

OUT!



The next, Gammer was chasing her round
and round and up and down, bellowing,
“Out, cat! Out, thief! OUT! OUT! OUT!”

Diccon walked in just as Gibb ran out.
“Hello, Gammer,” he said with a smile.
His smile said that he had seen
the joint of bacon hanging behind the door.

“And hello, Hodge,” said Diccon with a grin,
seeing the hole in Hodge’s trousers.



“Now where’s my needle?” asked Gammer,
just beginning to look a little stormy.
“Find my needle, Hodge!” Gammer ordered.
“Hurry up and find my needle now!”



Hodge searched the floor.



He searched the fireplace.



He searched the table and chairs.



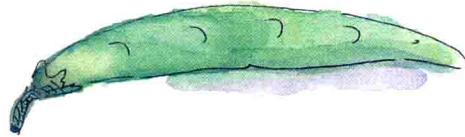
"Here it is!" he said.

"THAT'S NOT IT!" shouted Gammer.

Hodge searched the cupboards.
He searched the drawers.
He searched the pots and pans.



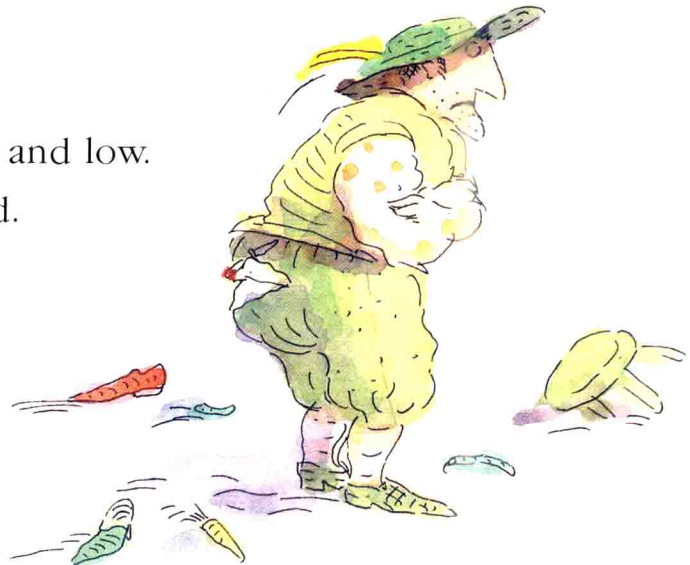
“Is this it?” he asked.



“OF COURSE IT’S NOT!” shouted Gammer.



Hodge searched the boots.
He searched the shoes.
He searched everywhere, high and low.
“I can’t find it, it’s lost!” he said.



“LOST! LOST! LOST!”

Gammer Gurton howled and scowled,
she wept and wailed,
she wrung her hands and groaned.

“Alas, alack! My needle is lost!
My own dear needle is lost!”



“Oh no it’s not,” said Diccon.

“Keep looking and you’ll find it.”

And while Gammer wailed
and Hodge searched,
Diccon stole the bacon
from behind the door
and went outside to eat it.





When Diccon had finished the bacon,
he went and knocked on Dame Chat's door.
Dame Chat was playing cards with her chickens.
"I've got news for you, Dame Chat,"
said Diccon with a smile.
A bottle of ginger ale was standing on the dresser.
"Not now," said Dame Chat. "Can't you see I'm busy?"
"Gammer Gurton's lost her needle," said Diccon.