

THE
STORY
OF
LITTLE
BLACK
SAMBO

•
HELEN
BANNERMAN

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with love
from Aunt Adeline
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The Dumpy Books for Children

No. 4. LITTLE BLACK SAMBO.

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4. THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO.

By HELEN BANNERMAN.

With Pictures in Colours by the Author.

London: GRANT RICHARDS,
9 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

The Story of Little Black Sambo

BY

HELEN BANNERMAN

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS

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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.

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 beau-



tiful 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 Um-
brella." 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 beau-
tiful 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-r-r-rrrrrrr,"
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
others' tails, as they wran-
gled 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 an-
swered, "Gr-r-rrrrr!"



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 others' tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

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 others' 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
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.





