THE LONDON SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

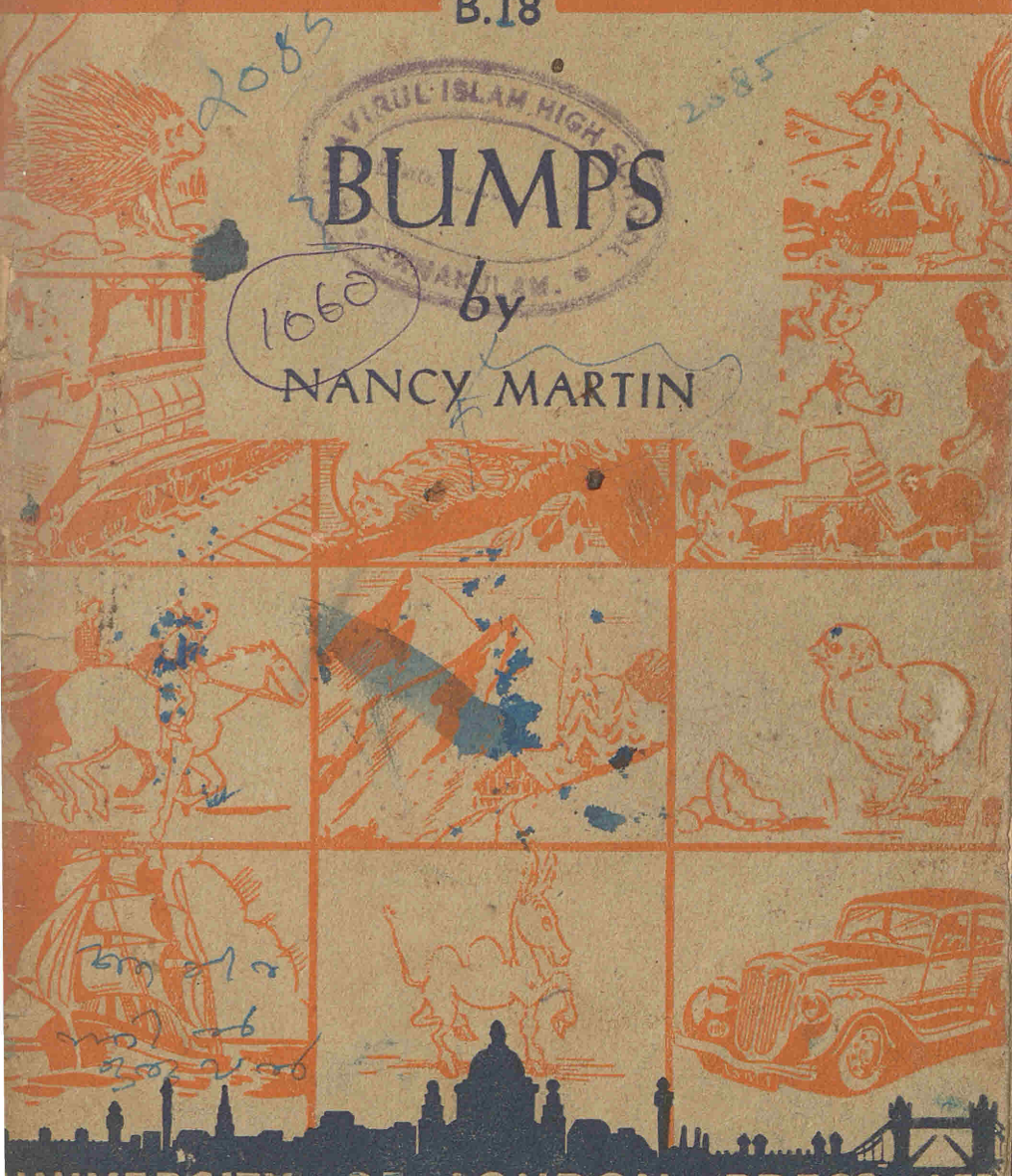
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BUMPS

by

NANCY MARTIN



UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS LTD

THE LONDON SUPPLEMENTARY READERS
General Editor: RODNEY BENNETT, M.A.

MAVELIKARA TEACHERS TRAINING SCHOOL
Date
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BUMPS

BY

NANCY MARTIN



With Illustrations by LORNA R. STEELE

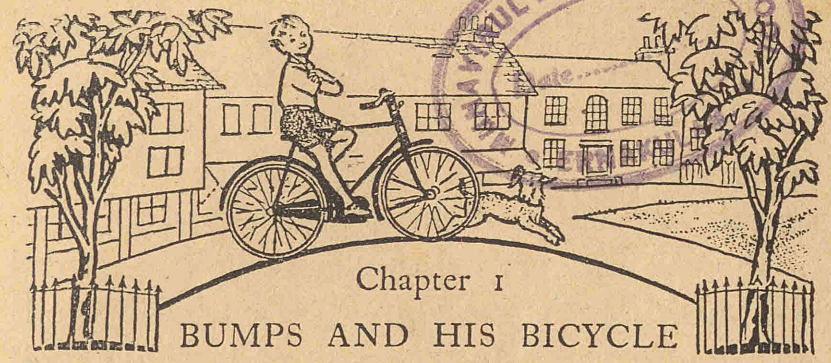
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS LTD.
WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4
1948

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Printed in Belgium by HELICON Uitgeversmaatschappij N.V., Antwerp

JAMIATUL ISLAM HIGH SCHO



Chapter 1

BUMPS AND HIS BICYCLE

Bumps had been called Bumps as long as he could remember. His real name was Benjamin Brookes, but nobody called him Benjamin, or even Ben.

They called him Bumps. His chums called him Bumps. The shop people called him Bumps. Even his teacher called him Bumps. So did old Doctor Craddock.

It was his mother who gave him the name when he was quite a baby. He was always tumbling about and giving himself bumps.

Mrs. Brookes said she had to buy a tin of vaseline every week to put on them. She bought these tins from Mr. Stubbs, who kept the chemist's shop at the end of the road.

"You will have a really bad bump one day, Bumps," his mother often said to him.

Bumps grinned when she said that, but she was right. He did have a bad bump. It was on the very day that this story begins.

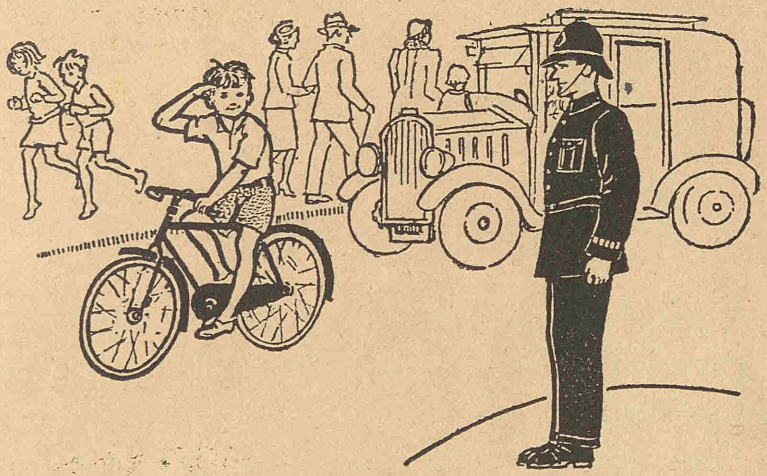
Bumps was very miserable about it. He did not know that it was going to lead to all kinds of happy days. He thought that it would spoil his fun for weeks and weeks. Worse still, it seemed as if it would spoil poor Mike's fun for the rest of his life.

But first you must know what the bump was, and how it happened.

That morning, a policeman came to school and gave a talk about Safety First. He said a good deal about riding bicycles too fast. But by the time school was over, Bumps had forgotten all about that. He sat straight up on his saddle, and folded his arms, and pedalled down School Street like an express train.

As he came to the main road, he slowed down a little and held his handle-bars lightly.

2088



He did not care about the traffic much. He had lived in a city all his life, and he could steer his bicycle in the busiest streets.

What made him go so carefully was the policeman on point duty. It was the same one who had given the talk about Safety First.

Bumps gave him a salute, and went slowly for quite a long way. But when he turned into the narrow street where he lived, he stopped being careful. He waved his hands and swung his feet out from the pedals.

And that was how it happened.

Chapter 2

HOW IT HAPPENED

A good many of Bumps's friends were busy at games in the street. They all stopped as Bumps came riding along.

Tom Jones stopped spinning his new top. Freddie and Billy Smith gave up their game of marbles. Jimmy Harris and Billy Brown broke off their Five Stones match.

"Look at Bumps!" they said.

A little farther on, Susie Smith was bouncing her coloured ball. As she saw Bumps coming she let it roll into the road.

At the same moment Mike leapt off the path. Mike was Bumps's Irish terrier and his best friend. He seemed to know when Bumps would be coming home. When he saw him he always dashed into the road, wagging his stump of a tail.

That was what he did now. Before Bumps knew where he was, his front wheel had touched Susie's ball. There was a yelp and a crash—and Mike and Bumps and the bicycle were lying in a heap in the middle of the road.



All the children came running and shouting. Bumps could not seem to hear them properly. There was a dull pain in his head. He could not think much, but he managed to think about Mike. Mike was hurt. He was holding one paw in the air and whining pitifully.

Bumps's head swam as he bent down, but he kept on his feet somehow. Somehow he managed to pick Mike up. Then he walked into the house as if nothing had happened.

That was as far as he got.

The next thing he knew was that he was in bed, and old Dr. Craddock was bending over him.

"Um!" said Dr. Craddock.

He said a great deal more to Mrs. Brookes in the next room, but Bumps's head hurt too much to wonder what it was.

He heard soon enough—and he did not like it at all. What Bumps heard was that he would have to stay in bed for quite a long time. Mr. Stubbs's vaseline was no good this time.

That was bad enough, but Bumps heard something worse a day or two later. His father had taken Mike to the vet, and the vet had said that he would very likely be lame for the rest of his life.

Bumps was not much of a one for crying, but tears stole down his cheeks as he thought of poor Mike.

The days in bed slowly passed by. Then he was allowed up. A week after that, Mrs. Brookes told him an interesting piece of news.

Chapter 3

BUMPS MAKES A PROMISE

The piece of news was that Bumps was to go to stay with Aunt Marsh and Rosanna. He smiled as he thought of Rosanna. As a rule, he liked boys better than girls, but Rosanna was different. She was as lively as any boy. He had never met her, but he had heard all about her.

Bumps did not smile quite so much when he heard what his mother said next.

"How I am going to manage to come with you, I don't know. There's Bertie and Betty and the twins to think of."

"Oh, but you needn't come with me, Mother," Bumps said. "I can look after myself."

"Can you, Bumps?" his mother said. "If you could, you would not have been in bed for weeks and weeks."

"Oh, but I will take more care now," Bumps said, but his mother did not seem sure.

"You say that now," she said, "but you will forget as soon as my back is turned and you get with Rosanna. You will be jumping off walls, and climbing trees, and riding horses. I am tired of you and your accidents."

"Mother," said Bumps, "I promise I won't do any of those things."

"You say that now," his mother said again. "But you will forget as soon as Rosanna dares you to do something or other."

"No," said Bumps, "I promise."

After a lot of talk, his mother agreed to let him go alone.

"I shall write and tell your aunt exactly what has happened," she said. "Then she will take care of you and see that you get up to no mischief."

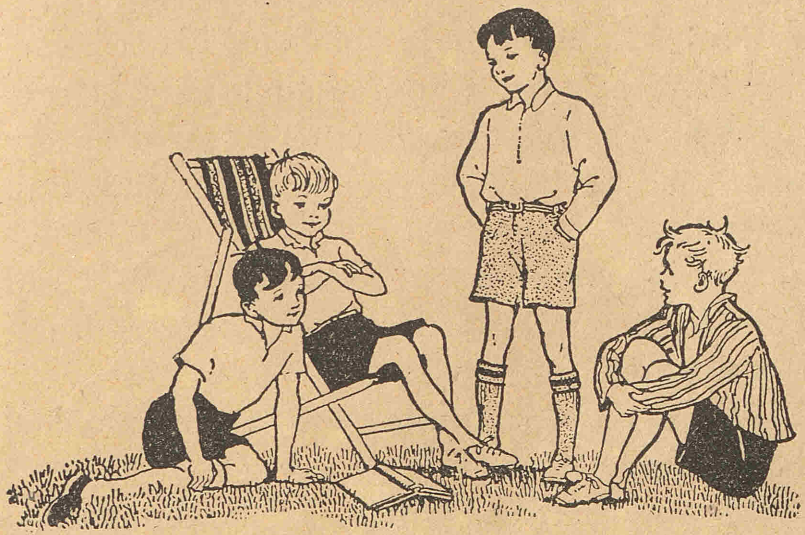
"Oh, please!" said Bumps. "Please don't do that. She will fuss me and coddle me—and I am so tired of all that. Auntie knows I haven't been well. Just let me go, and don't

tell her and Rosanna anything else. I won't forget what I promised. I promise I won't."

It was all settled at last. Bumps was to go the journey by himself, and his aunt was not to be told about the accident.

Bumps felt better now, but he did not feel very good. Rosanna would think he was a baby, and afraid to do things. Never mind. He had promised. It couldn't be helped.

Bumps cheered up a good deal when his friends came in to see him. They didn't fuss.



He was something of a hero in their eyes.

They thought he was lucky to have a holiday, and they talked for hours about it.

"I wish I were you," said Billy Smith. "I guess you'll have some fun on that farm."

Bumps hoped so.

"How big a place is it?" asked Tom Jones. "Do they keep cows and pigs and horses?"

"They keep cows, horses and sheep. I don't think they keep pigs," replied Bumps. "Rosanna, my cousin, has a horse of her own."

Bumps sighed as he remembered his promise.

"Pity she's not a boy," said Jimmy Harris.

"Oh, but she's a real sport, as good as any boy. She has only just come to England from Australia."

"Then you haven't seen her yet?" said Tom Jones. "Let's hope she'll be as sporting as you think."

When they had all gone Bumps looked thoughtful.

"I wonder if she will be?" he thought.

Chapter 4

BUMPS LEAVES HOME

Mike seemed to know that something unusual was happening. He limped round the room after Bumps. He sniffed at Bumps's suit-case.

That suit-case caused Bumps some trouble. It started with his swim suit. He put it out, ready to take.

"No, Bumps," his mother said firmly. "If you take that you will overdo it. There will be plenty else for you to do on the farm."

When his mother spoke like that Bumps knew it was no use saying any more. Anyway, he would have some fun, swim suit or no swim suit.

Bumps felt excited about the train journey. It would be good fun going alone. He might even have a chance of talking to the engine driver.

At last it was time to go. He felt very important as he and his mother went down the street. All his friends were out to see him off.

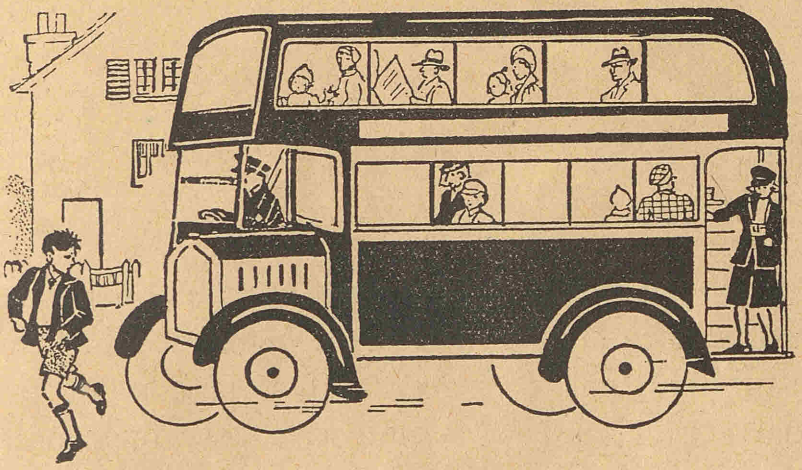
Even Mike looked proud and happy. He held his head high as he limped at the side of his young master. His stumpy tail wagged faster than ever.

At the end of the road they boarded the bus for the station. Bumps felt that his journey had really started. Tom Jones's father swung on to the bus after them.

Mr. Jones asked Mrs. Brookes how Bumps felt after his accident. Bumps looked out of the window. He wanted to forget all that. His arm went round Mike, who sat close beside him on the seat.

Suddenly the bus pulled up with a jerk. The traffic lights were changing. Bumps admired the driver's skill in steering his bus through the busy streets.

He admired him still more a few minutes later.



The bus had just turned a busy corner when a boy darted across the road. There was the sound of brakes as the bus came to a sudden stop. The driver shouted at the boy to cross at the right place next time. But the boy was not hurt, so he took no notice.

Bumps thought of the many times he had not bothered about crossings. Perhaps they had some use after all.

"All change," called the conductor.

"Now the fun begins," Bumps whispered to Mike.

Chapter 5

ADVENTURES ON THE TRAIN

Bumps sat in the corner seat of a third-class railway carriage. Mike sat close beside him.

There was only one other person in the carriage. He was a man with very little hair, and horn-rimmed spectacles. At least, that was what Bumps noticed about him.

Mrs. Brookes had asked him to keep an eye on Bumps. Bumps wished she hadn't. Bumps felt his eye on him all the time.

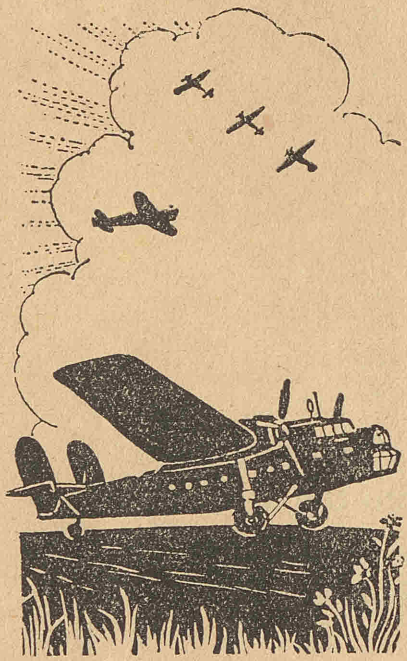
"He seems to find me amusing," thought Bumps, noticing that his eyes were twinkling. Then he began to chat.

Before long, Bumps was telling him everything. Bumps soon found out why it was so easy to talk to him. He was known to Bumps and hundreds of other boys and girls as Uncle Jack, B.B.C. He took a great interest in Mike.

"It's a pity about his limp," said Uncle Jack, "but I expect it will improve."

The train sped by big factories. Uncle Jack knew just what was made in them.

The big airfield they passed was crowded with planes. Bumps would not have seen half of them but for Uncle Jack. He knew all the different kinds, too.



"One day I hope I'll be a pilot," confided Bumps. Uncle Jack was sure he would. It gave Bumps a great thrill.

But Bumps got his biggest thrill when they stopped at Derby.

"We stay here for twenty minutes," said Uncle Jack. "Shall we look at the engine?"

ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL

It was a fine big one. Bumps wished he could drive it.

The fireman jumped down from the driving plate. A large rubber pipe was hanging down over the platform. He caught hold of it, and swung it up to the engine driver.

"What is he going to do, Uncle Jack?" asked Bumps.

"He is going to give the engine a drink."

The engine driver put the end of the pipe into the water tank.

"But what does the water do?" continued Bumps.

"The fire inside the engine boils it and makes it into steam, just like a kettle. It is that steam that makes the wheels go round, and so takes us along."

"It seems to need an awful lot," said Bumps.

"It does. It has drunk three thousand bucketfuls of water since we started."

It was just then that Bumps saw the driver looking at him.

Chapter 6

ON THE ENGINE

The engine driver looked a very friendly sort of man. He smiled at Bumps when he saw him looking up at the engine.

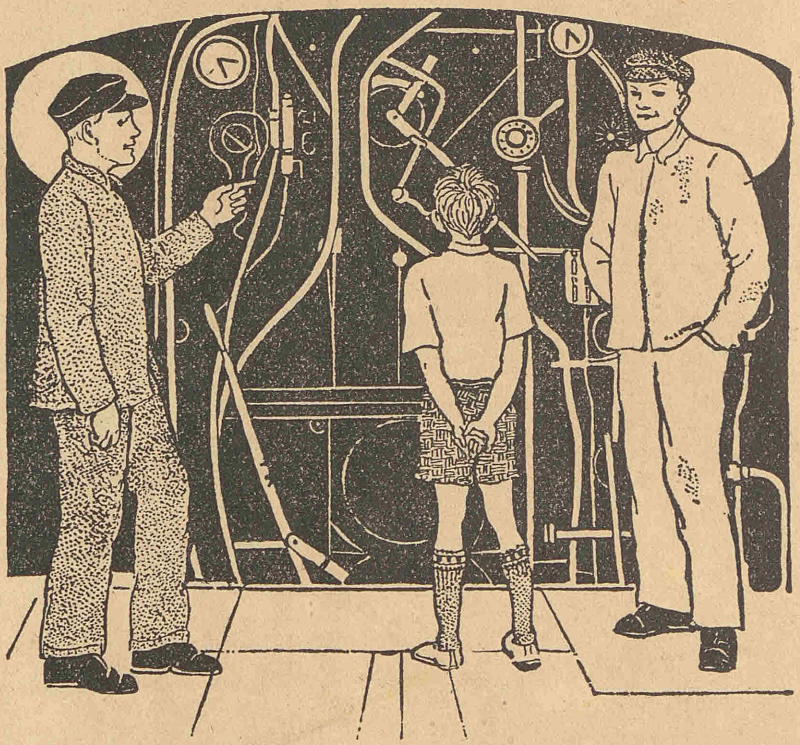
"I wish I could see how it works," said Bumps to Uncle Jack.

Uncle Jack spoke to the engine driver. The engine driver looked at his watch. Then he nodded and smiled.

"Just five minutes," he said.

The next moment Bumps found himself being lifted up on to the engine. He could hardly believe his eyes and ears. It seemed too good to be true. He felt proud as he stood beside the driver in the engine cab.

There were no end of levers, as well as little dials like clock faces. One lever was much longer than the others.



"That," said the driver, "is the most important one."

"Why?" asked Bumps.

"When I pull that lever up," replied the driver, "the train starts. When I lift it higher, the train goes faster. When it is right up, the train is going as fast as it can."

"Oh," said Bumps once more. "But what does the other man do?"

"He is my fireman," answered the driver, "and he makes up the fire all the time. Every minute he puts on to the fire as much coal as your mother burns in two days at home."

Then the driver pulled out his watch again.

"It is almost time we were off," he said as he handed Bumps down to the platform once more.

"Thank you. Thank you so much," said Bumps. "That was lovely."

"I am glad I met you," said Bumps to Uncle Jack, as they jumped into the first coach.

Uncle Jack laughed. They were the best of friends. Bumps was full of all he had seen and heard.

The guard blew his whistle. They were off again.

Uncle Jack led the way through the train. In the Dining Car he stopped.

"Shall we have American Cream Soda or Ginger Beer, Bumps?" he asked.

"Ginger Beer, please," said the excited Bumps.

A waiter served it with a big plate of biscuits and cake. Bumps felt most important.

Uncle Jack seemed to think of everything. He even provided biscuits for Mike.

"Yours is the next station, Bumps," said Uncle Jack. "We just have time for an ice, though," he added as he called the waiter again.

"I am glad my mother asked you to keep an eye on me," said Bumps. He gave Uncle Jack a grateful smile.

"Perhaps we shall meet again," said Uncle Jack. "I think we shall," he added as Bumps said good-bye and jumped down from the train.

The train started, and Bumps waved his cap until it was out of sight.

When he turned round he was face to face with Rosanna.

Chapter 7

ROSANNA

Bumps knew it was Rosanna, although he had never seen her before.

She was standing watching him. Her short straight black hair was blowing over her face. She pushed it back impatiently.



All of a sudden Bumps felt awkward. He wished she wouldn't stare at him so.

She was a little taller than Bumps. He had to raise his eyes to return her stare. Then she held out her hand.

"Are you Bumps?" she said.

"Yes," said Bumps, shaking hands awkwardly. "You're Rosanna."

...MAVIKAL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL
Date

Then they both laughed, and Bumps felt better.

"She'll do," he thought.

Rosanna thought, "He's all right. A real boy to play with at last."

They began to walk up the platform together. Bumps had put Mike on his lead, and he limped along between them.

"I didn't know that Mike was lame," said Rosanna.

Bumps felt awkward again.

"He hurt his paw a bit, that's all," he said bluntly. "Where do we get the bus?"

Rosanna laughed.

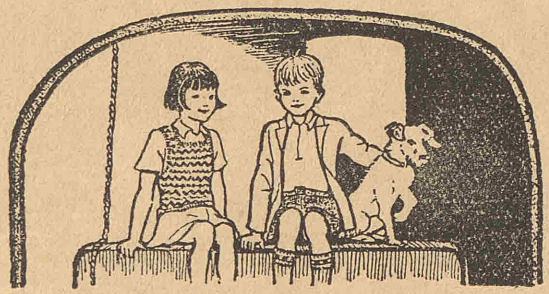
"There isn't a bus. Father is outside with the van. Come on." Rosanna quickened her pace.

Bumps coloured and bit his lip.

"Of course. I ought to have known," he thought as he strode after Rosanna. "Why did I make that silly mistake?"

A small farm van was outside. In the back of the van an old bus seat was fixed. Mr.

Marsh was at the wheel, and greeted Bumps kindly. He put Bumps's suit-case in the back, under the seat. Rosanna climbed into the back too, and Bumps and Mike followed.



Bumps found Rosanna quite good company. As the van jolted along the narrow country lanes, she told him about their farm.

It was six miles from the station, and a mile outside the village.

Bumps wondered how he was going to like it after living in a city.

Rosanna also told Bumps about Australia.

"Father had a big sheep farm there," she said. "We had hundreds and hundreds of sheep."

Bumps gasped. He had hardly seen sheep, except in butchers' shops.

"My father works in a factory," he said. "He makes thousands and thousands of things, with machines as big as houses."

Rosanna was not going to be beaten.

"In Australia I went to school on a pony."

Bumps looked at her.

Rosanna felt that she had scored a point.

"I missed her an awful lot when we came here," Rosanna went on. "But now I've got Patsy I don't mind. You can ride a pony, of course?"

"Of course," agreed Bumps. He had often been for rides on donkeys at the seaside.

"You shall try Patsy to-morrow," said Rosanna.

"I'd love to," said Bumps eagerly.

Then he remembered his promise.

Bumps was very quiet after that.

He was wondering what excuse he could give for not riding Patsy.

Chapter 8

FIRST DAYS ON THE FARM

Luckily for Bumps, Patsy needed to be shod. It would be several days before this could be done.

Bumps decided he was going to like the Farm. His uncle and Rosanna were fine. Bumps liked them both.

He was not sure about Aunt Marsh. She looked rather stern and strict.

As a matter of fact, Aunt Marsh was not sure about Bumps. She had heard what a daring boy he was. Now she watched Rosanna and Bumps vault over the farm gate. They climbed up to the cut part of a haystack.

Aunt Marsh hoped that Bumps would not teach Rosanna to be more boyish. She was quite rough enough now. She often boasted that she was a match for any boy.

Aunt Marsh knew that Rosanna was expecting to have a good time with Bumps.

She would have been surprised had she seen what was happening on the haystack.

Rosanna was showing off.

"Bumps, watch!" she cried.

She stood up and walked to the edge of the haystack. Then she dropped lightly on to the ground below.

Without a moment's hesitation Bumps got up and walked to the edge of the stack, ready to do the same.

Rosanna grinned up at him.

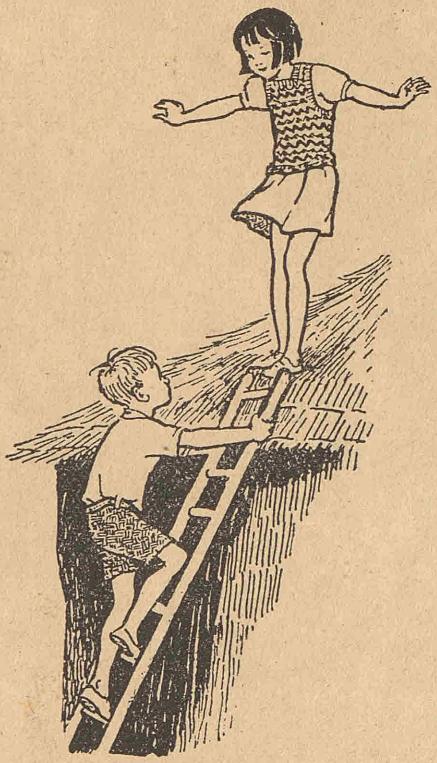
He grinned back at her. But then he remembered. Oh, that promise!

But he must keep it at all costs. Although he was always ready for any kind of mischief, Bumps was a sport. He did not break promises.

He saw a ladder at the side of the stack. He moved towards it.

"I love ladders," he called to Rosanna. He tried to make his voice sound eager.

Rosanna stared. Bumps had a queer feeling inside. He was sure Rosanna must think him an awful coward.



"You promised to let me feed the fowls and rabbits," he said as he reached the ground. And he led the way to the rabbit hutches.

"I got out of that pretty well," he told himself as he watched a rabbit nibbling a cabbage leaf.

"I say, Bumps," said Rosanna, when they had fed the fowls, "what about catching some minnows? There's a fine pond the other side of the fields."

RHANAVIRUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL. Date..... ENTRANCE No.

"That's a good idea," said Bumps.

While Rosanna went for two hand nets and jam jars, Bumps whistled to Mike. Minnow catching was right in his line.

They caught quite a lot of minnows, and started home the best of friends. Then something happened which changed everything.

It was only a little thing, but little things can hurt a lot.

Mike was limping along between Rosanna and Bumps.

Suddenly Rosanna said, "You know, Bumps, I do think Mike looks funny."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Bumps.

Rosanna pointed to Mike, and giggled.

"That queer limp of his," she said. And she tried to copy him.

Bumps loved Mike. He could not bear to see anyone make fun of him.

He began to feel that Rosanna was not such a sport after all. That feeling was to grow and grow as the days went by.

Chapter 9

BUMPS KEEPS HIS PROMISE

Rosanna never made fun of Mike again. She knew she would be no friend of Bumps if she did. And she wanted to be.

But somehow Bumps could not feel that Rosanna was quite such a friend as he had hoped.



Some things about Bumps puzzled Rosanna too. There was that day when Patsy was shod. Rosanna had put on breeches.

"Your turn after me," she said, as she swung on to Patsy's back.

Patsy broke into a steady trot. She cleared the wall at the end of the field, and jumped a hurdle. When Rosanna cantered back on her, Bumps was full of admiration.

"That was fine!" he said.

Rosanna was pleased.

"Now you try her, Bumps."

Bumps was sure he could. He stroked Patsy's nose and patted her shiny brown coat. He was just going to mount her when he remembered.

"Oh, that wretched promise!" he groaned.

He drew away from Patsy.

"I—I think I'll wait for a day or two," he stammered. Rosanna looked puzzled and hurt. Then she stamped her foot.

"You're a coward, Bumps. That's what you are!" she said.

And Rosanna turned her back and jumped on Patsy and galloped back to the stable.

Bumps blinked back hot tears. It was bad enough not to be able to ride when the chance came. But for a girl to call him a coward!

Oh!—it was unfair. If only she knew how he longed to ride!



Bumps went to bed that night feeling very unhappy. He wished he was back at home. Tom Jones and the others didn't think him a coward.

"Still," he thought, "Rosanna doesn't know about the promise. Oh, how hard it is not to break a promise sometimes! But I'm not going to."

A day or two afterwards, Rosanna, too, found it hard to keep her word.

She did not often help her mother. But Aunt Marsh had to go out directly after breakfast, so Rosanna promised to wash the dishes and make the beds.

She had not asked Bumps to ride Patsy again. Each day since the day Bumps had refused to ride her, Rosanna had just gone off by herself. Bumps had begun to feel very homesick.

Rosanna had not been happy either. So when her mother had gone, she said to Bumps, "If you come with me, I can show you some birds' eggs."

"Right," replied Bumps, pleased that Rosanna had decided to be friends again. "I'll give you a hand with the washing up first."

"Pooh!" said Rosanna. "D'you think I'm stopping to do that?"

Bumps stared at her.

"But you just promised to do it," he said.

"That doesn't matter," she replied. "Mother can do it when she comes home. Come on."

"No fear!" said Bumps. "You can't break promises like that."

Chapter 10

THE QUARREL

Rosanna slammed the door and went off in a temper, but Bumps did not care. He knew it was as bad to break a promise as to tell lies.

"Sorry, Mike, old boy, you must wait a bit for your run. I can't leave this lot for Aunt Marsh."

Mike wagged his stump of a tail in a very understanding way.

Bumps had been used to doing his share in the house at home. Now he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and began.

He whistled as he worked, to keep his spirits up. It did seem unfair of Rosanna.

He finished at last. Putting on his coat, he whistled Mike. Then off they went across the fields to the woods beyond.

Suddenly he saw Rosanna perched high in a tree. It seemed ages since he had climbed a tree. He wasn't sure whether he had promised not to climb trees.

But, in any case, he didn't want Rosanna just now. He couldn't forgive her for going off like that.

Rosanna saw him turning away.

"I suppose you can't climb trees," she called.

"I could give *you* a few lessons," replied Bumps.

Without a moment's hesitation, Rosanna climbed down.

"She certainly knows how to do it," thought Bumps.

"All right, then—show me," she said crossly.

"I'll have to, this time," thought Bumps. "But shall I be breaking my promise, I wonder?"

Then something happened which altered things more than ever.



In the pocket of Rosanna's blazer Bumps saw three birds' eggs. He pointed to them.

"What are you doing with those?" he demanded.

Rosanna gave him an angry look.

"Keeping them, of course," she replied.

Bumps's face went red. He could hardly speak for anger.

"Town boys would scorn to steal birds' eggs," he said.

Rosanna dashed off in a dreadful temper.

Poor Bumps! He felt miserable. If Rosanna had been a boy he would have fought her.

All the fun of the holiday was gone. It didn't seem much good staying any longer.

Bumps decided to write to his mother that very night. Aunt Marsh was home when Bumps got back. He heard her voice as he opened the kitchen door.

"I am proud of you, Rosanna. You've cleared up so nicely. Why, you even thought of sweeping the kitchen floor."

"Yes, it looks pretty good," replied Rosanna.

Bumps looked at her. She was actually going to let her mother think she had done everything!

"Well," thought Bumps as he went out, "after that I don't want to speak to her again, ever."

Chapter 11

BUMPS TO THE RESCUE

Bumps ate his dinner in silence.

As soon as dinner was finished, Rosanna went out. She did not even look at Bumps.

"Well, Mike," said Bumps, "it's just as well that *we* understand each other."

Mike wagged his tail and rubbed his nose on Bumps's legs.

"Come on, then, old boy. Let's go for a walk by the river this afternoon."

Bumps walked slowly.

Patsy put her nose over the wall. Bumps gave her a sweet and stroked her face. How he longed to ride her!

He turned away quickly. He mustn't think about such things.

Bumps strolled on lazily, thinking of home. It would be nice to see buses again.

HIGH SCHOOL

Perhaps he would be allowed to ride his bicycle when he got back.

The river was looking very cold. A strong wind was blowing.

Suddenly Bumps stopped. There was Rosanna!

Bumps thought he would go before he was seen. Then he saw what Rosanna was doing.

An old leaky boat was moored by the side of the river. Mr. Marsh had told them they were not to use it.

Rosanna had pushed it to the edge of the water. As Bumps watched, she gave it a last push and sprang in.

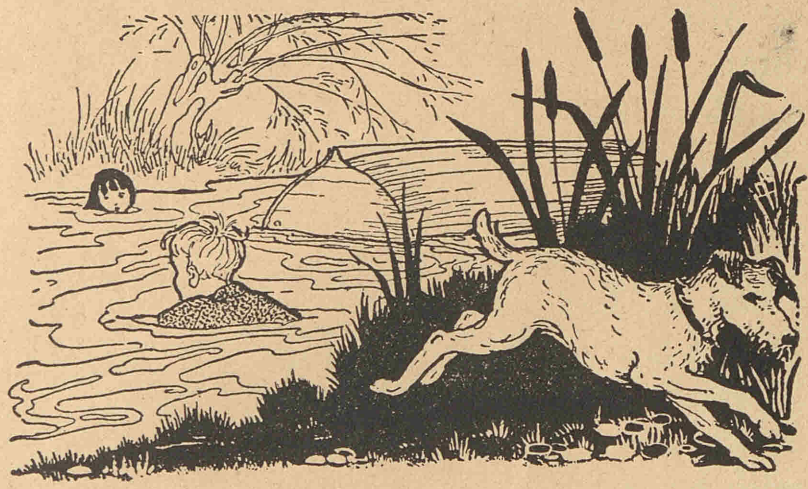
"The little silly!" muttered Bumps. "That old boat will sink."

He cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Come back, Rosanna," he yelled.

But either Rosanna didn't hear, or else she wouldn't hear.

There was no doubt that Rosanna could row well. But when in midstream the boat tipped badly.



Bumps never could remember how it all happened. All he knew was that somehow the boat overturned.

Rosanna tried to cling to it. But the water ran strong. She could not hold on.

With Mike limping behind, Bumps raced down to the river bank. By this time Rosanna was swimming strongly. But the current was stronger. She was tired already.

Bumps threw off his coat.

"Fetch help, Mike," he yelled as he plunged into the water.

Mike was off like the wind, in spite of his limp.

How cold it was! Bumps could see Rosanna's head bobbing up and down as she tried to swim.

He reached her at last. What a good thing he had won that Certificate for Life Saving last year! Rosanna was just giving up.

With a tremendous effort Bumps got Rosanna on to her back, and began to swim with her towards the shore.

Could he do it?

Bumps had swum in clothes before, but never in a current like this.

In spite of all his efforts, they began to drift downstream.

Then there was a loud "Whuff! Whuff!" It was Mike. Then came a shout. It was Mr. Marsh.

A rope was thrown out. Bumps just had enough strength left to catch it.

Bumps forgot everything after that. When he woke up he was in bed at the Farm.

Chapter 12

GOOD NEWS FOR BUMPS

A week later, Bumps and Rosanna were sitting side by side on the haystack.

Mike lay across Bumps's knees. His front paws were on Rosanna's lap.

Since the accident, the three had been better friends than they had ever been before.

"You know, Bumps," Rosanna said for about the hundredth time, "I only went in that boat to spite you. I feel terribly mean."

"Don't let's talk about it," replied Bumps. "The great thing is that you don't think I am a coward any more."

"I think you are the grandest boy I've ever met," replied Rosanna.

She meant it. But all the same she was puzzled. She had no doubt of his bravery, but there was a lot she did not understand.

She couldn't understand why he never wanted to mount Patsy.

And why did he always go down the ladder, while she jumped from the haystack?

She had not seen him climb a tree, even yet.

Rosanna knew that she would never steal birds eggs again. She went hot all over when she remembered Bumps's scornful gaze on that awful day.

Bumps was thinking about it too.

"That accident of yours was a good thing," he said. "If it had not been for that, I should have gone home."

"I am glad you didn't write that letter," said Rosanna.

"So am I," agreed Bumps heartily.

He was more glad than ever when Mrs. Marsh came out with his mother's letter.

"DEAR BUMPS (he read out),

I hope you are happy at the Farm. It must seem different from town.

Have you tried to milk a cow yet?

Mr. Jones has just bought a bicycle for Tom. Yours has gone to be mended.

And now, Bumps, I have a piece of real good news for you. I know you have kept your promise. You have never yet broken one.

Well, you can forget it. The Doctor says you must be perfectly well again by now.

So, Bumps, my boy, climb trees, ride Patsy, jump off walls—in fact, do what you feel you can do, and good luck to you.

Your proud
MOTHER.

"*P.S.*—I am sending on your swim suit by the next post!

P.P.S.—Use your sense, and don't show off or be silly. You know what I mean."

Bumps was trembling with excitement when he finished reading. He had quite forgotten Rosanna.

But Rosanna sat with wide-open eyes.

"What does it all mean?" she said.

Bumps didn't want to, but in the end she made him tell her all about the accident, and why he couldn't do all he wanted to do.

Rosanna *did* feel she had been mean. How poor Bumps must have suffered! And Mike!

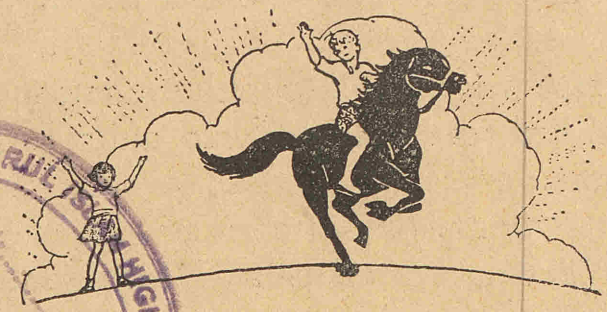
Rosanna started to say all this, but Bumps was on his feet. How happy he looked!

"Come on, Rosanna," he said. "I'm off for a ride on Patsy."

Almost before Rosanna had got to her feet Bumps had jumped lightly off the haystack, with Mike in his arms.

Rosanna had hard work to keep up with Bumps as he raced across the field to find Patsy and scramble on to her plump back.

That was the best day in all his life.



MUNAVIRUL ... HIGH SCHOOL
ERNAKULAM.

CAN YOU SAY?

Chapter 1.—What was Bumps's real name?
What was his nickname, and why did he get it?
Where had he lived all his life?
How did a policeman come into this chapter twice?

Chapter 2.—Why did they all stop to look at Bumps?
What made Bumps fall off his bicycle?
What do you think the doctor said to Mrs. Brookes?
What made Bumps cry a little?

Chapter 3.—What was the piece of news?
Why had Bumps never seen Rosanna before?
Who was Mrs. Marsh, and why did Bumps not want her to know about his accident?
What sort of girl was Rosanna?

Chapter 4.—Why was Bumps not allowed to take his swim suit to the farm with him?
What colour did the traffic light change to?
What did the bus driver say to the boy?
What makes you think the boy was rather silly?

Chapter 5.—Who was Uncle Jack, and what was his work?
How did they run the water into the engine?
How much water had it used already?

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Chapter 6.—How do you know it was a corridor train ?
Who was travelling farther: Bumps or Uncle Jack ?
Which picture in the book have you liked best up to now ?
Tell what is in it.

Chapter 7.—How do you know it was a lonely farm ?
How do you know Bumps didn't know much about farms ?
What makes you think Rosanna was older than Bumps ?
Why did Bumps suddenly go very quiet ?

Chapter 8.—Why did Rosanna not ride Patsy at once ?
Why did Bumps and Aunt Marsh not trust one another ?
What made Rosanna think Bumps was rather a coward ?
What made Bumps not like Rosanna quite so much ?

Chapter 9.—How did you know Rosanna wanted to make friends with Bumps if she could ?
Why did Bumps not ride Patsy ?
What made Bumps think very little of Rosanna ?

Chapter 10.—What makes you think Rosanna was plucky ?
Which was the better sport: Rosanna or Bumps ? Why ?
What did they quarrel about ?
What made Bumps look down on Rosanna most of all ?

Chapter 11.—Why were they not allowed to use the boat ?
Why did Rosanna get tired if she could swim well ?
How do you think Mike got someone to come ?
Explain how Bumps managed Rosanna in the water.

Chapter 12.—Why did Rosanna go in the boat ?
Why was Rosanna still puzzled about Bumps ?
Make up what Bumps told Rosanna about the accident.
Make up what Rosanna said about herself.

It was Good Story.

By

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