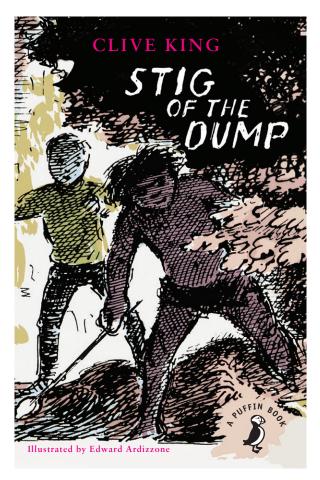
Stig of the Dump



By the time Barney had got his load to the edge of the pit he was quite tired, but there was still the problem of getting them to the bottom. He sat on the camel'sneck tree-trunk.

The string was still there. It was the thick brown sort, and he thought it would be strong enough for a few jam-jars. He called to Stig, and after a time Stig came out backwards, like a badger with its bedding, dragging a load of chalk.

'I've got some things for you, Stig!' Barney called. He pulled up the string and took the end to the pile of jamjars. About eight of them were packed in a cardboard box. It would take too long to pass them down one by one, so he tied the string round the box, took it carefully along the tree-trunk, and started to lower it. This wasn't nearly as easy as the carrots. The box swung wildly, the string round it started slipping, the part he was holding tried to run through his fingers and burned his hands. He took a turn round the stump

of a branch and let it run out round that, hardly daring to look down and see what was happening. He hoped Stig wouldn't get a jam-jar on his head.

The box was hanging by one corner when it reached the ground, but instead of untying it Stig disappeared into his den.

'Hey! Stig! Undo it!' Barney called. 'There's some more to come.'

Stig came out again holding what was left of a large broad-brimmed lady's straw hat, with ribbons to tie it under the chin. He untied the string from the box and tied it to the ribbons. It made quite a useful-looking cargo-sling.

'Jolly good idea, Stig!' Barney shouted. Stig's got brains, he thought.

After that it was quite easy. He hauled up the hat, filled it with jam-jars, lowered it down with the string running round the stump of branch, waited for Stig to unload, hauled it up again, and so on. When he had finished the jam-jars he started on the tins, which were much lighter. And when he had lowered all the tins he looked at the truck.

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