

Rupert

The Rhinoceros

BY CARL MEMLING

PICTURES BY TIBOR GERGELY



WORLD DISTRIBUTORS (MANCHESTER) LIMITED

Copyright © MCMLX, MCMLXXIII by Western Publishing Company, Inc.

All rights reserved throughout the world.

Published in Great Britain by World Distributors (Manchester) Limited,
P.O. Box 111, 12 Lever Street, Manchester M60 1TS, by arrangement with
Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Printed in Singapore.

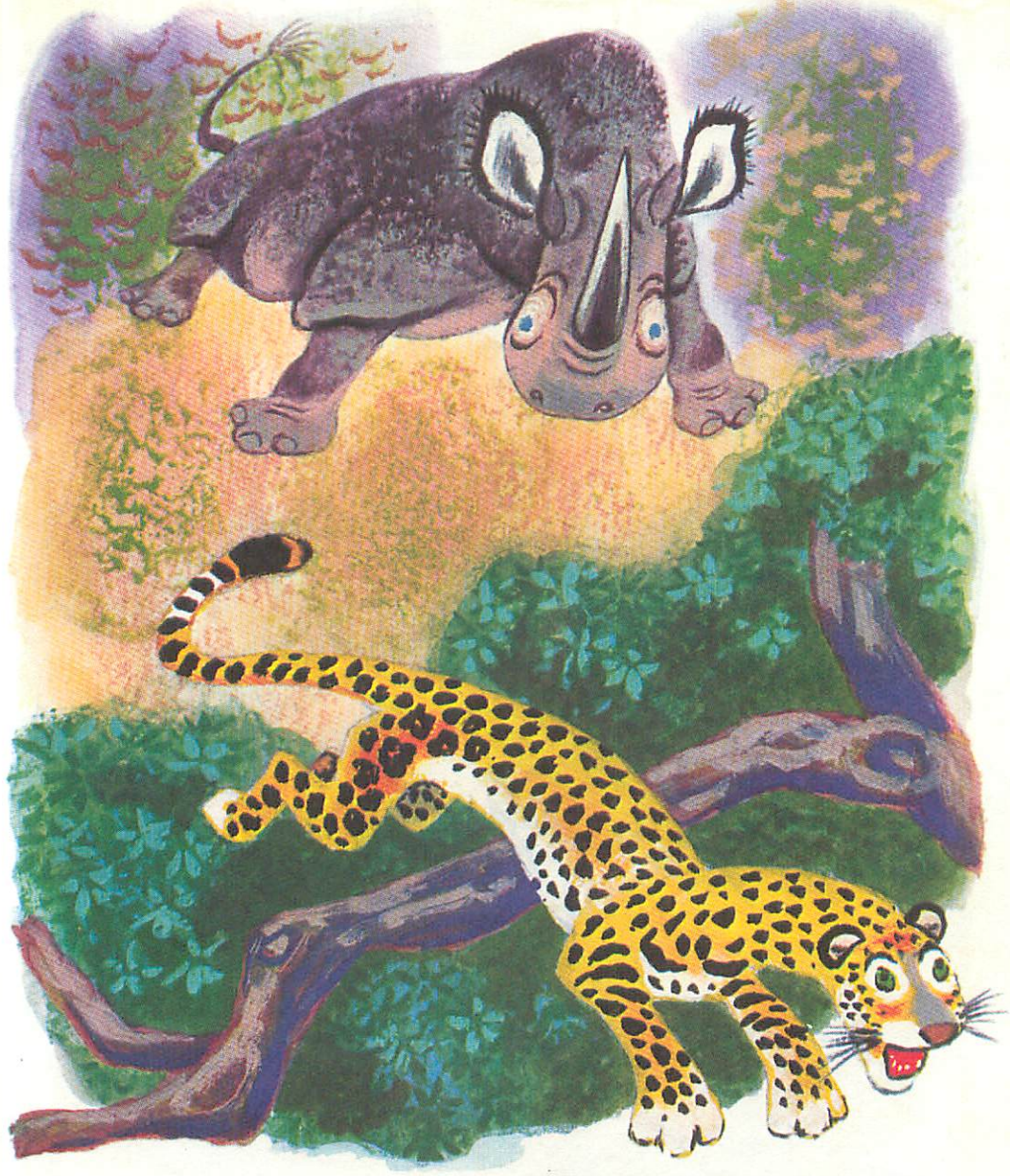
SBN 7235 2848 9



In a dense thicket in Deepest Africa there lived a rhinoceros.

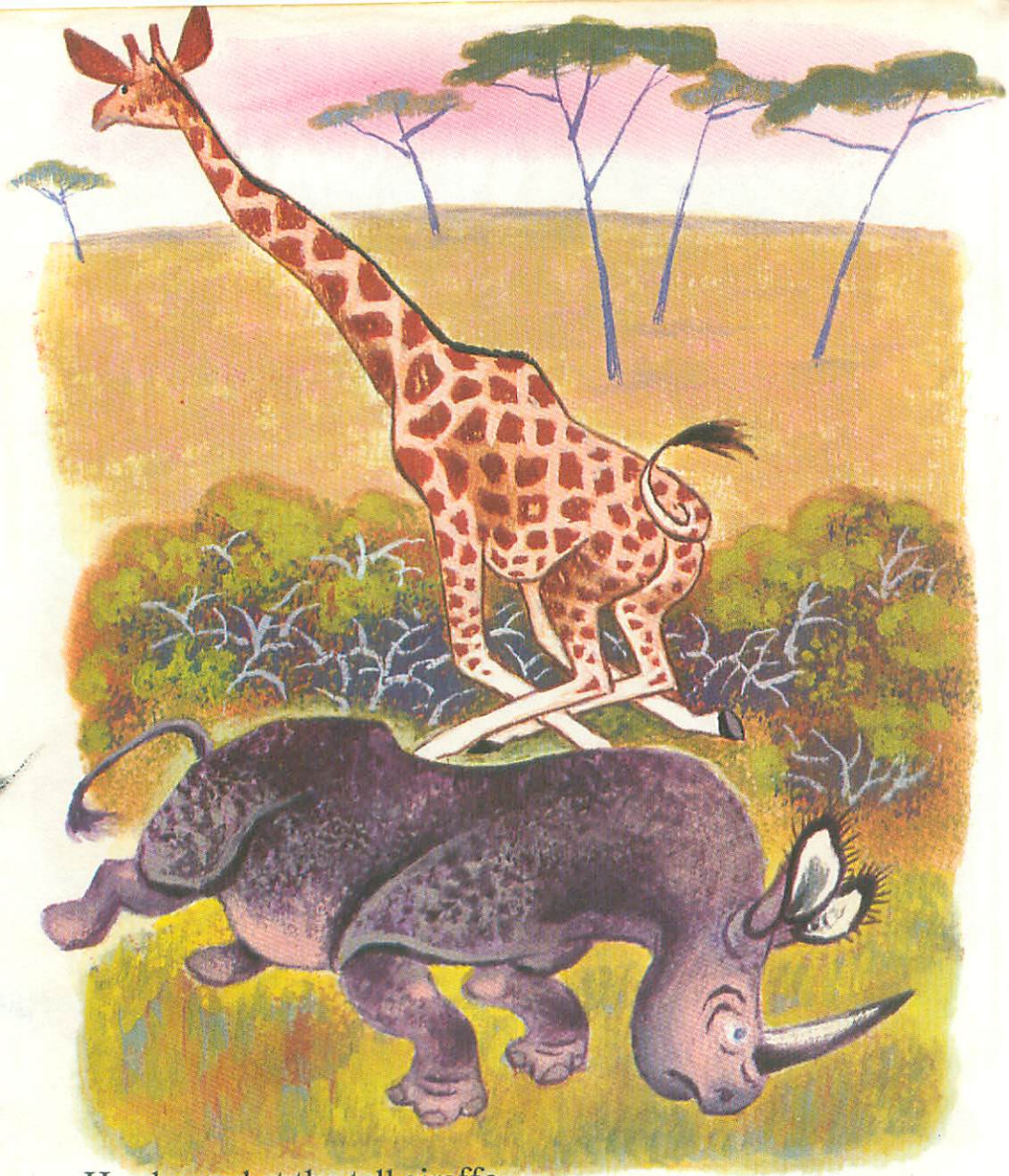
His name was Rupert.

Rupert was really very nice. But everyone thought he was horrid, because . . .



... no matter who came near, Rupert always charged!
He charged at the timid kudu.

He charged at the spotted leopard.



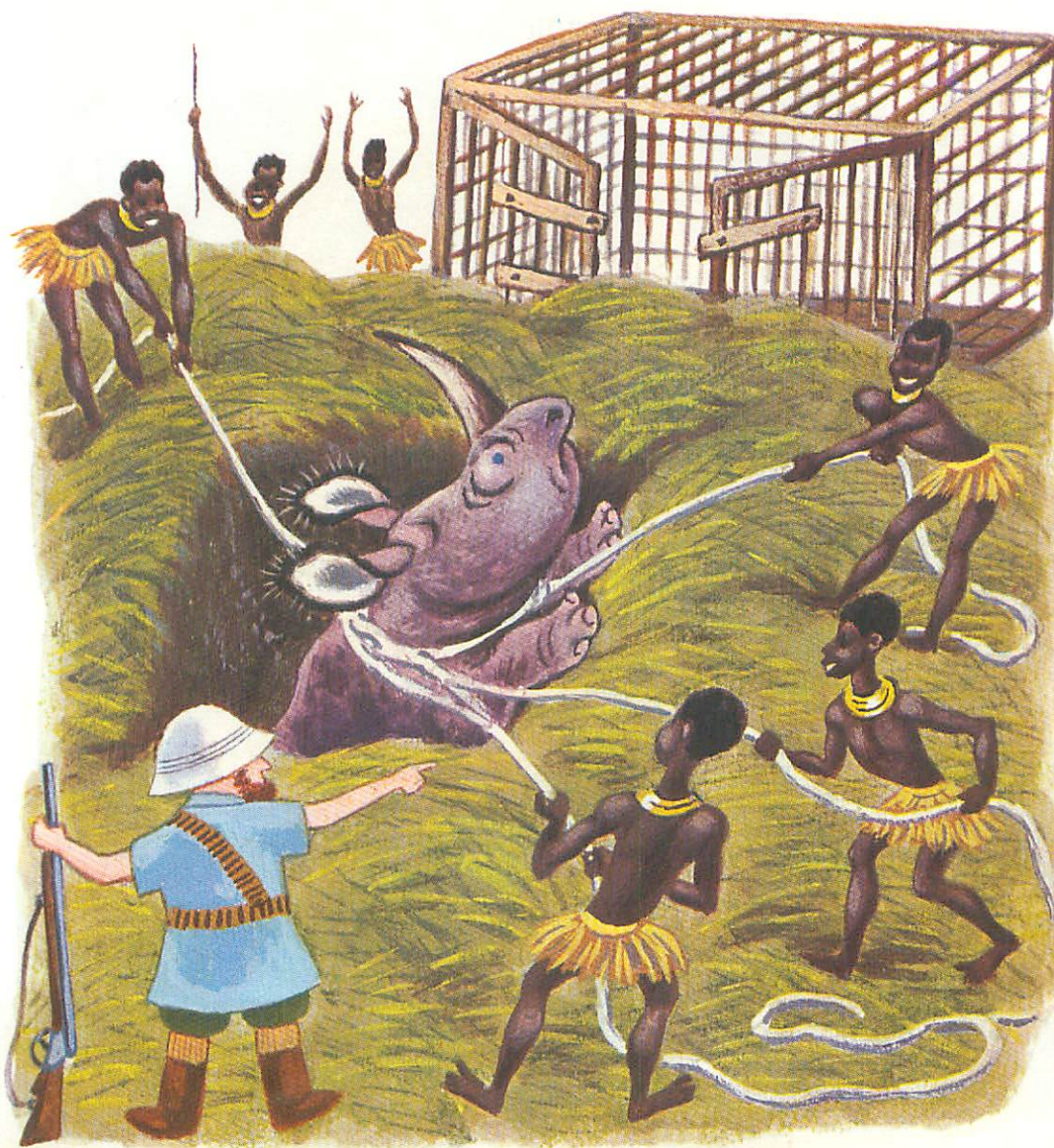
He charged at the tall giraffe.

He even charged at the enormous elephant.

Rupert could not help himself; no matter who came near, he charged every time!

One day he charged at a hunter, but the hunter did not run away.

Suddenly the ground gave way under Rupert and he fell into a trap.



The hunter's helpers put him in a cage and took him to the port where their ship was anchored.

As the cage went up, Rupert said farewell to Deepest Africa.

One day, there was a terrible storm at sea.



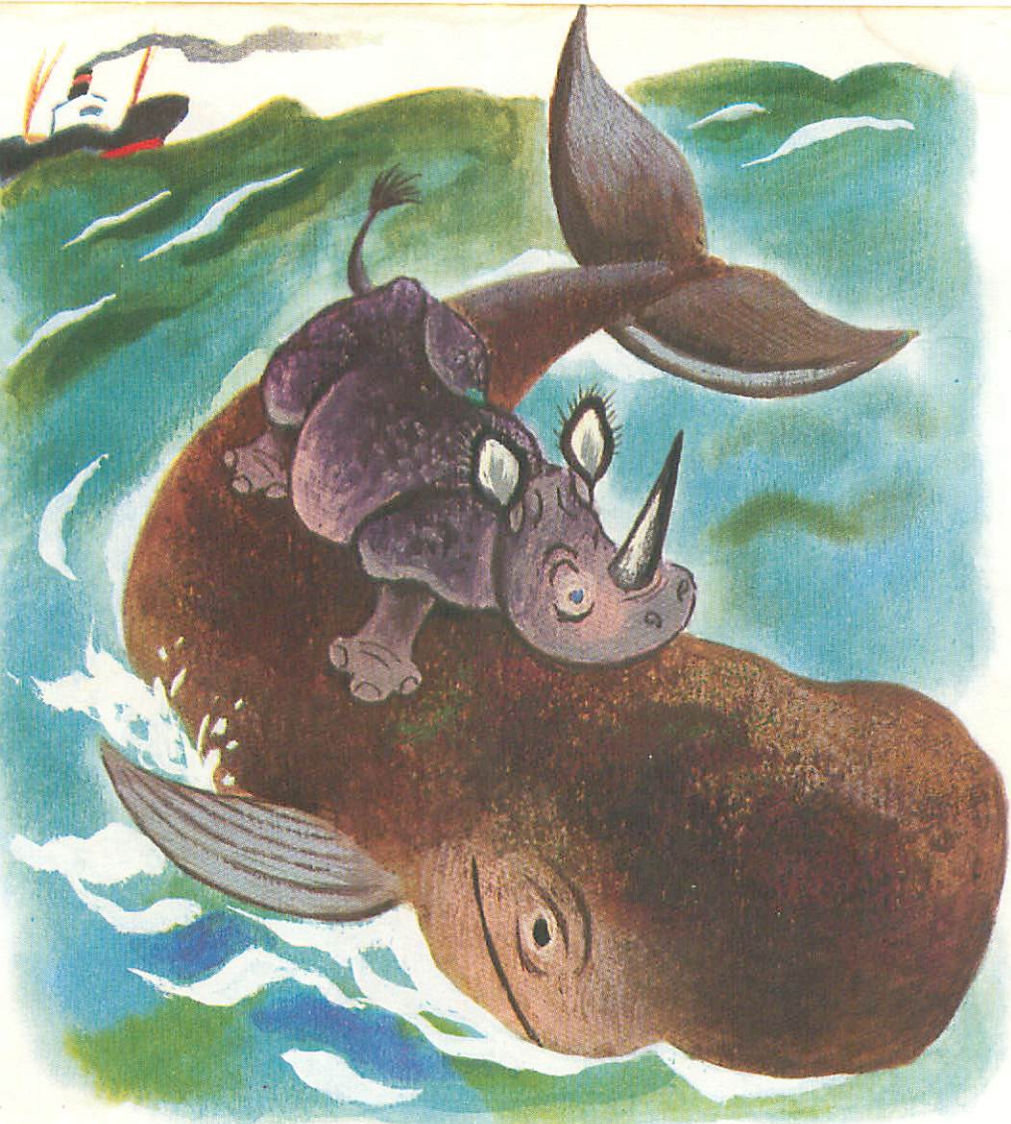


Down in the hold of the pitching ship, Rupert's cage fell over with a *crash* – and the door sprang open!

Now Rupert was free!

But just as he climbed up on deck, a sailor came near. Rupert could not help himself; he charged again.

The sailor leaped aside – and Rupert crashed through the railing.



Luckily, a whale happened to swim by.

Rupert held on tight, and had a nice ride on the whale's back. After a long swim, the whale let him off near a beach, and Rupert said goodbye.

Behind the beach, Rupert found a city. By the light of the moon, he walked along the quiet streets, until at

last he found a park and fell asleep.

In the morning, a parade came near the park.

People watched and people marched. The mayor rode in a long, long car. The drummers went BABBOOM, BABBOOM, BABBOOM – and Rupert woke up.



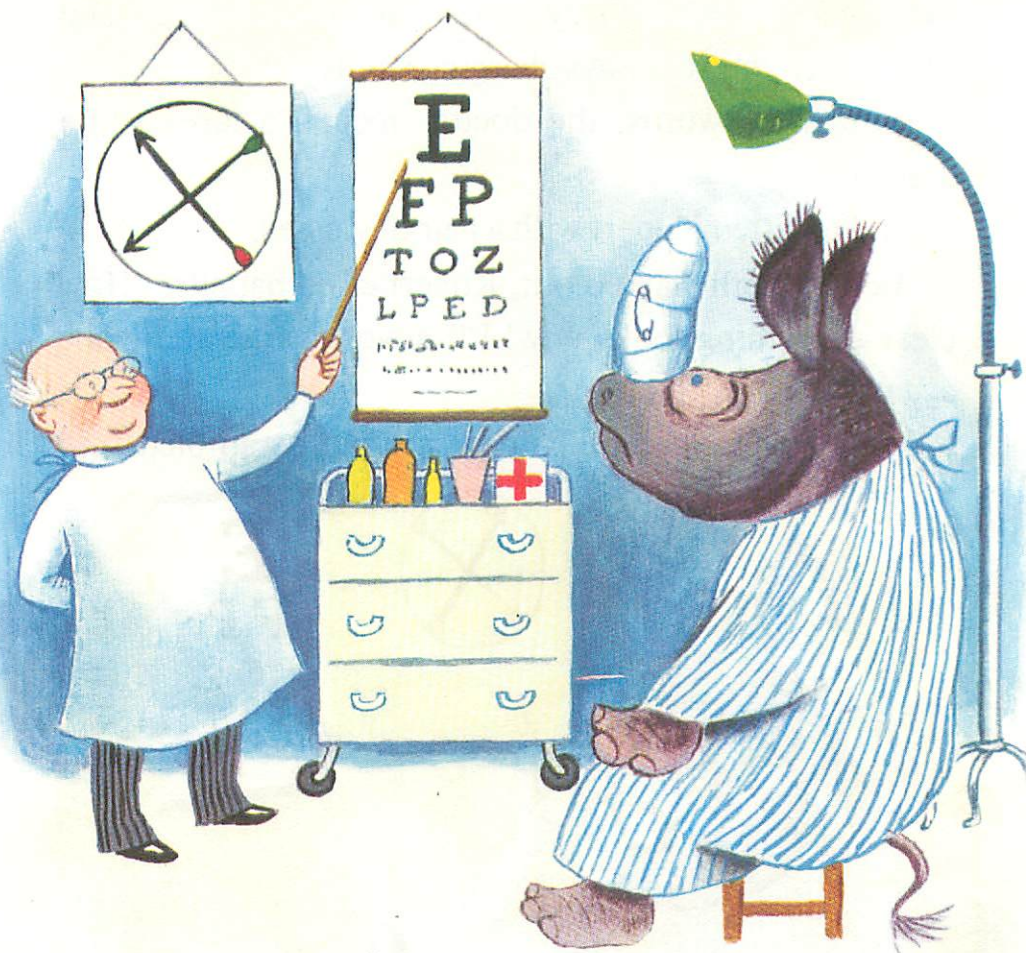


Rupert charged wildly again.

He charged at the people watching. He charged at the people marching. He charged at the drummers. He even charged at the mayor's long, long car.

Next day Rupert woke up in a hospital.

His horn was bandaged, and a kindly old doctor was taking his pulse.



“Don’t worry, Rupert,” said the doctor. “You’ll be better soon.”

Then the kindly doctor gave him an Eye Test. Rupert tried his best to read the Eye Chart. But all that he could see was a fuzzy blur like this:

“Hmmm,” said the doctor. “Just as I thought, Rupert. You are really very nice, but . . .

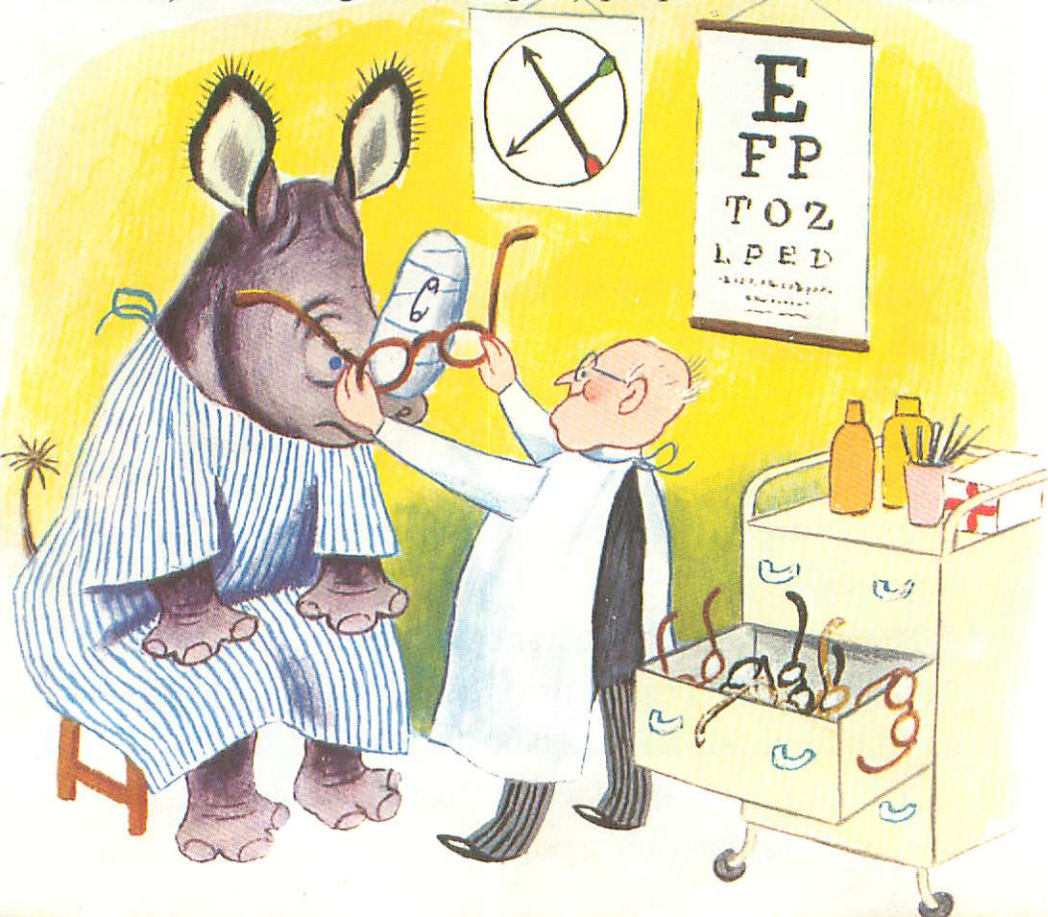
“... you have very poor eyesight. No matter who comes near, *you* see only a fuzzy blur. That frightens you – and that is why you’re always charging wildly.”

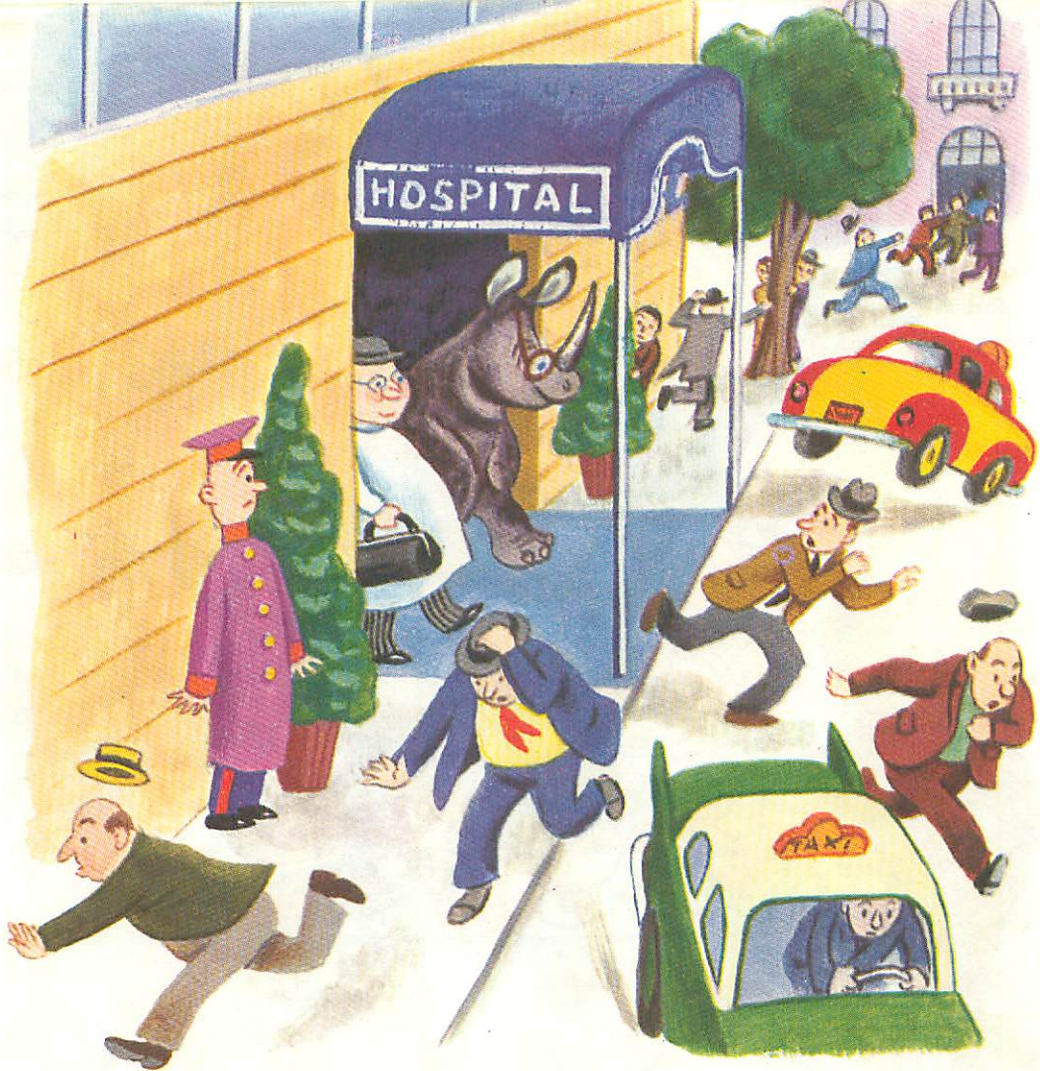
With these words, the doctor opened a large white drawer.

And he fitted Rupert with a pair of glasses.

As they both walked out, Rupert cried happily, “How clear everything looks now! I’ll never charge at anyone again!”

But, at the sight of Rupert, people scrambled into





doorways and hid behind trees.

“Dear me,” said the doctor. “They’re still afraid of you. But don’t cry, Rupert. They’ll know better soon.”

The doctor phoned his friends and said:

“Drop what you’re doing, and come this instant! Don’t change your clothes – come just as you are! We’re going to have a party!”



Soon the doctor's house was filled with friends. They had all come just-as-they-were.

Then in came Rupert, wearing his glasses and a shy



smile, and looking so nice that even the littlest girl at the party was not afraid of him.

She gave him a garland of roses to show how much she liked him.

And now Rupert, like all
RhinoceROSES



had roses at

THE END