

# THE MAGIC ICE CREAM

By

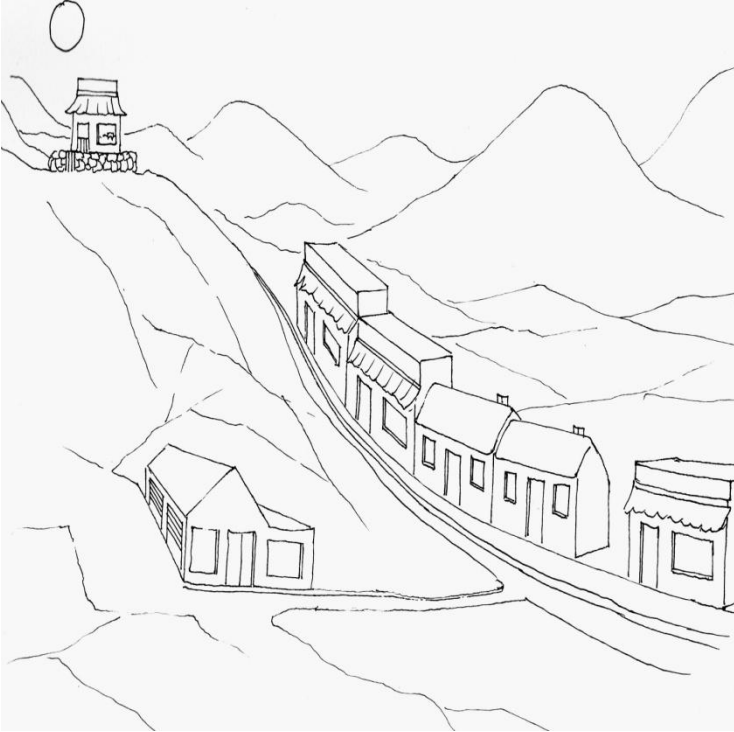
Malcolm Abbott

Mr Hawkins was sitting on a low stone wall outside his little shop, which was perched on top of a steep hill. He was looking down admiring the view. On one side was the lovely sleepy village of Blossomhill. On the other was a winding road leading into the countryside. The village got its name from the flowers which always bloomed there, no matter what time of year it was. There were red ones; green ones, white ones, and even a flaming orange type that sometimes, when the sun shone, it would make you think that the whole village was on fire.

Mr Hawkins counted the shops on the way down the hill. They looked like steps and stairs. The first one was a butcher's owned by Mr Porkpie, and then came the fish shop - Mr Herring



MR HAWKINS WAS SITTING ON A LOW STONE WALL



### THE LITTLE SHOPS ON THE HILL

owned that one. Next were two houses, followed by Mrs Lamb's wool shop. After that was Mr Onion from the

greengrocers, and Mr Bun the baker. There was a garage on the other side of the road. Mr Hawkins did not know the name of the man who had just bought it. Old Mr Spanner had now retired. Mr Hawkins' shop sold all sorts of things from cups to kettles and lots of toys for the children of the village.

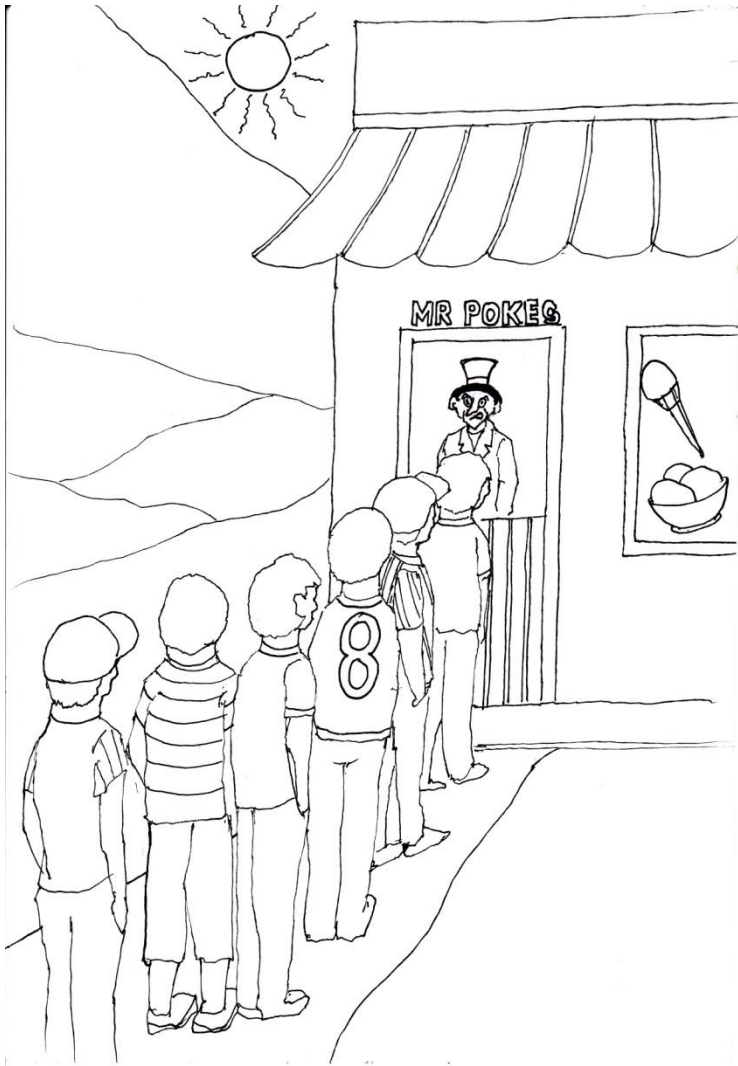
All the shop owners were sitting outside. It was far too hot to go indoors. The sun was shining and there was no breeze to help cool anyone down.

“Oh!” thought Mr Hawkins, “I wish we had some ice-cream in this village. It’s about the only thing we don’t have.”

The people of the village were very sad because there was not an ice cream shop

anywhere until you came to the next Village. This was a whole ten miles away. It was owned by an old man called Poke. Poke was not a very nice person. He would not tell anyone how to make ice cream, so no other village was able to have their own. Everyone had to travel to Mr Poke's shop. He made them all queue for ages in the hot sun. . No one liked him, but if you wanted an ice cream then all you could do was wait your turn.

Mr Hawkins remembered that his old Grandmother used to make delicious ice-cream. She made ice cream using all sorts of different flavours, for example, chocolate, strawberry, raspberry, banana, and many other varieties too.



MR POKES SHOP IN THE NEXT VILLAGE

Mr Hawkins could no longer remember them all. "I wish I had listened to my old Granny long ago when she wanted to teach me how to make her special ice cream." She lived until she was one hundred and one years old. Old granny always said it was the ice cream that kept her living so long.

Mr Hawkins was sorry now he did not want to learn the secret recipe when he had the opportunity. "I remember, she used to have a little yellow and white book, and old granny always looked in it before making her ice cream."



GRANNY READING HER ICE-CREAM RECIPE BOOK



Mr Hawkins went inside and climbed upstairs. He went into what used to be old Granny's room and looked around. He started to search through the cupboards and the drawers.

It didn't really feel right looking around in granny's room, but he was so hot he would do almost anything for an ice cream -even if he did have to make it himself.

He looked everywhere he could think, but after about one hour of hunting he gave up. Just as he was going to go back downstairs, he saw an envelope peeking out behind a picture of himself when he was a boy. Mr Hawkins lifted the picture and the envelope fell to the floor. It was addressed to Robert John Hawkins and underneath his name was written

PRIVATE in large print. Below was a message which said, “If you open this envelope you must agree to do exactly what I have written inside. Do you promise?” Mr Hawkins was so excited he shouted “YES! Yes! Yes!



MR HAWKINS LOOKED IN GRANNY'S ROOM

Granny I promise,” even though she wasn’t there anymore.

In his haste he ripped open the envelope but did not notice that a tiny piece of paper had got torn off and fallen to the floor. It slipped between the floorboards and rested in the dust underneath. Mr Hawkins read the note. It was exactly what he wished for - the secret recipe for Granny’s ice cream. Mr Hawkins jumped up and down for joy “Great!” he thought, “I will make myself some right away and it will help to cool me down.”

He read the rest of the message. It said “This is a very secret and magical recipe. You must never give anyone this information, or the ice cream will not have the magic powers to make everyone happy anymore. Remember what you

have promised. Only your son or daughter can have the secret recipe when the time comes. But not before then.”

The message went on to say “You must follow the recipe carefully and never add or take anything away from it. If you do, strange things might happen!! Good Luck and happy Ice creams.”

Mr Hawkins washed out a big bowl and started making the magic ice cream.

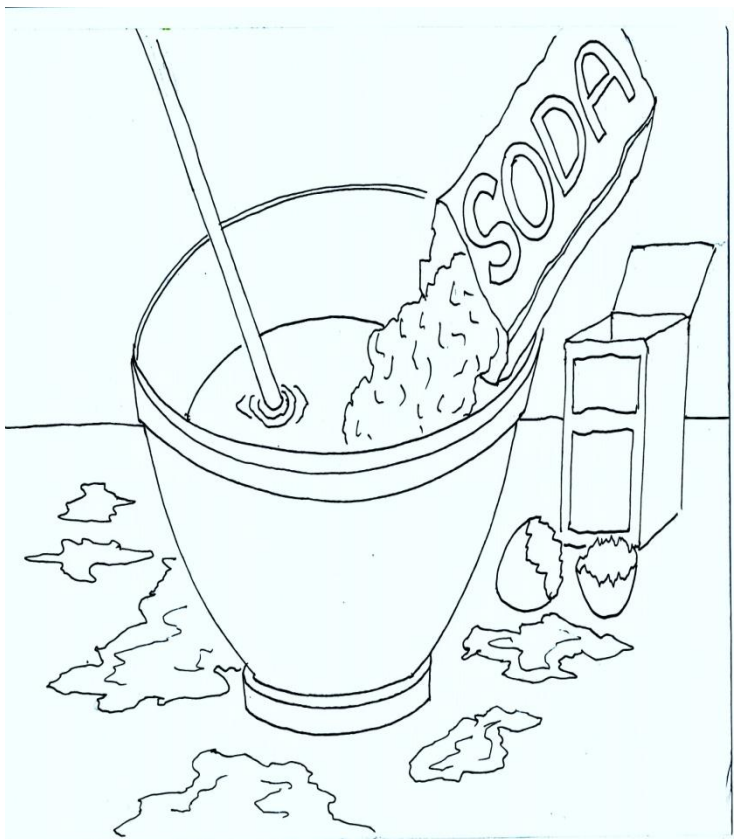
“This is really easy,” he said to himself. Mr Hawkins was so happy he started to whistle a happy little tune while he added the ingredients and mixed them together with a large metal spoon.

“Now what’s this? Oh dear,” he cried  
“There is a bit torn off. It’s just a tiny little

piece, so maybe it won't matter much." He could read the first few letters of the missing ingredient; they spelt the word SO DA. The rest was missing. Mr Hawkins thought to himself "Well there must be something like this in the cupboard downstairs. I will have a look and see if I can find anything starting with the word SODA." He opened the first cupboard "Hmmm" he muttered, "Nothing in there. I will try the next one." Yes! There was a bottle marked CREAM (SODA) WATER. Mr Hawkins lifted the bottle. "Now I wonder how much of this I should add."

He was careful at first - adding a little at a time, and then pouring some more, until the bottle was empty. "Ah well," said Mr Hawkins "That was no good. Maybe there

is something else with the letters S, O, D, A in it.” He opened the cupboard again. This time he saw a small container marked Soda. “This must be it!” he thought. He lifted the box over to the ice cream bowl and emptied the whole packet into it. He added some water and started to mix everything together. To Mr Hawkins surprise the mixture started to grow and get bigger and bigger. It started spilling out over the top of the bowl. Mr Hawkins did everything he could to push the ice cream back. He hit it with the metal spoon, then lifted a brush and hit it with that. He ran outside to get a shovel, but by the time he came back into the house the ice cream mixture was beginning to run out the front door. “Oh why didn’t I

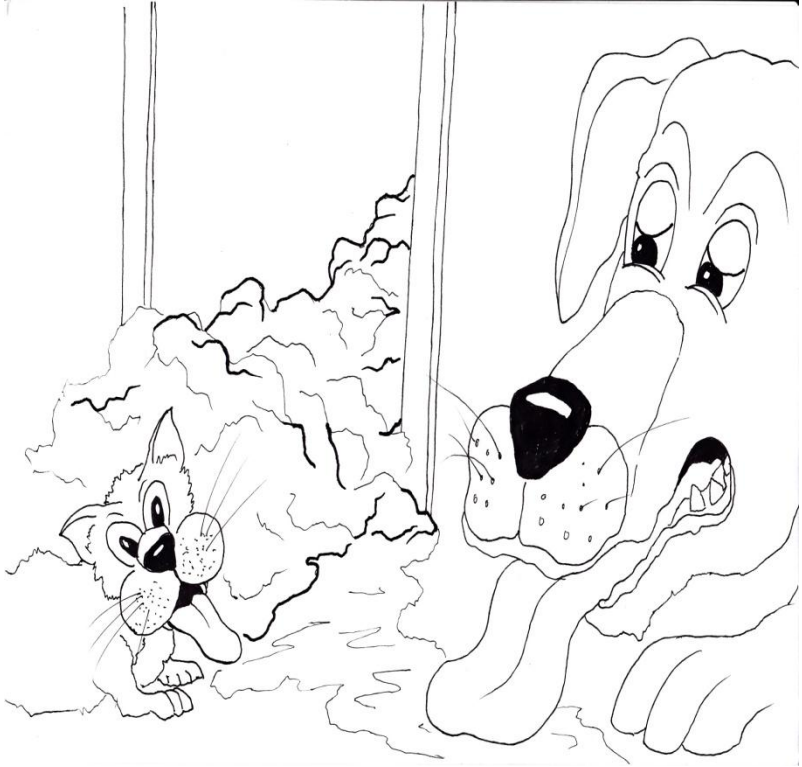


MR HAWKINS ADDED THE S.O.D.A.

do as old granny said, and stick to the recipe? After all, it is a magic recipe and it does not work with the wrong ingredients.” The ice cream was now beginning to run down the hill past the butcher’s, the baker’s, the fish shop and the wool shop. Everyone ran indoors - frightened by the funny looking liquid which by now was almost reaching the bottom of the hill. “What can I do to stop it!” shouted Mr Hawkins. At that very moment all the dogs and cats came running from everywhere and started to lick up the ice-cream. The little boys and girls just watched and laughed. They knew not to touch the ice cream



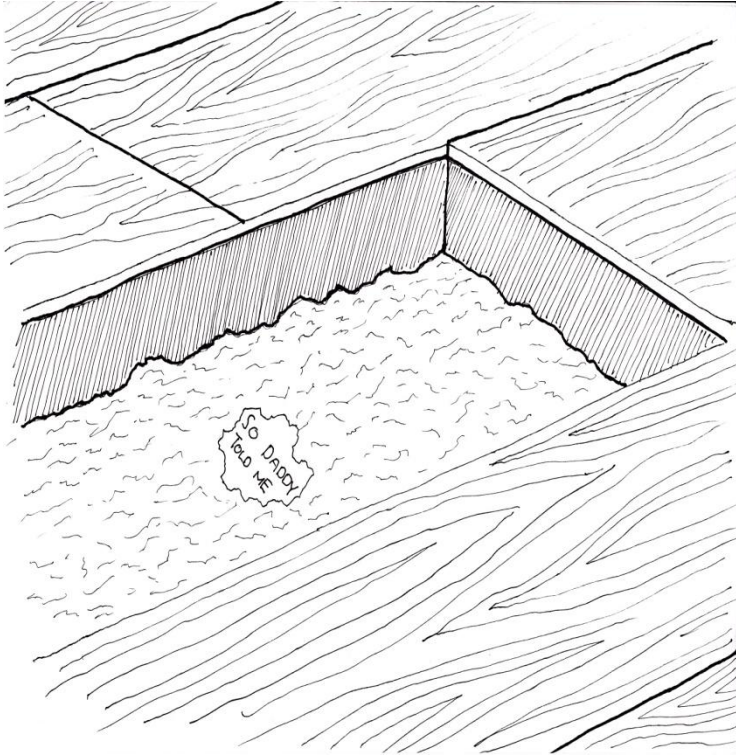
because by now it was very dirty from sliding along the ground. However the cats and dogs loved it. Finally the ice cream stopped pouring from the bowl. Mr Hawkins was very relieved to see it end. The cats and dogs soon cleared up the white mess on the street and everybody came out again to sit outside their shops. Mr Hawkins had learnt an important lesson. When you make a promise you MUST keep it. He would stick to the exact recipe in future. "I will try again tomorrow" he thought.



THE CATS AND DOGS SOON LICKED UP ALL THE ICE-CREAM

The next day was as hot as the day before. Mr Hawkins went back upstairs into his old Granny's room to try finding the missing piece of paper with the secret ingredient printed on it. After lots of searching around he went back to where he had torn open the envelope. He had been so careless at the time in his excitement at finding the special recipe. Mr Hawkins looked down and noticed that the tiny piece of missing paper must have fallen through the space between two of the floorboards. He pulled and pulled until he was able to lift up the board. There it was, lying in the dust. Mr Hawkins lifted the piece of paper ever so carefully this time, and read it aloud. It said "SO DA DDY TOLD ME." It wasn't an ingredient at all. It was old Granny telling

him that this was the recipe her Daddy had passed down to her many years ago.



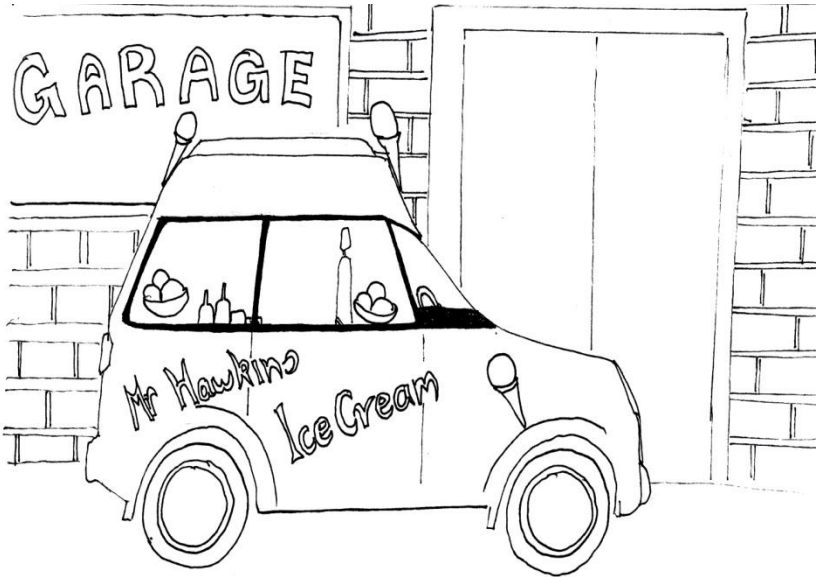
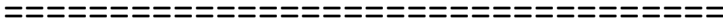
MR HAWKINS FOUND THE TORN PAPER UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS.

“Oh, I am so silly. I HAVE all the ingredients. I didn’t need anything else.” He rushed off down stairs to start making the magical ice cream all over again. This time it was a great success. Mr Hawkins mixed it with a metal spoon as he had been told, and the ice cream turned a beautifully white colour and looked ever so soft and creamy.

Mr Hawkins put it in the freezer. Later he took some out and spooned it into his best bowl. He set off down the hill at full speed. As he passed Mr Porkpie he said “Would you like to try my very own homemade ice cream?” “I would love to have some of your ice cream, especially as it’s such a hot day.” When Mr Porkpie tasted some he announced in a loud voice that it was the

best ice cream he had ever tasted in his life. When he had eaten a lot he started to smile and felt very happy indeed. All the other shop keepers saw how happy Mr Porkpie had become and they all wanted to taste some. The whole village tried the lovely mixture which could make them laugh and feel really happy. The little boys and girls sang and played in the park until it was dark. Mr Hawkins decided that never again would Blossomhill village, or any other village for that matter, be without ice cream. He bought a small van and carried his special ice cream to all the towns round about. No one had to travel ten miles anymore or wait in a big long queue for Mr Poke. Nasty old Mr Poke was the only person who was not happy, and everyone felt that he deserved it. "Guess what? I can't

tell you the secret magical recipe for Mr Hawkins ice cream because he never ever told it to me, or anyone else.



MR HAWKINS BOUGHT A SMALL VAN TO DELIVER HIS ICE-CREAM

Mr Hawkins was waking up from a deep sleep. He had been very tired the night before as he had made ice cream all morning and went out in his van to deliver it all afternoon. He didn't get back home until eight o'clock, and then he had to make his own dinner.

"I will have to get someone to help Me." he thought, "I cannot do all this on my own every day. Who could I trust not to steal the secret recipe?" More and more people wanted Mr Hawkins ice cream - it tasted so good, it cooled them down, and made them feel very happy. Even on rainy days people would walk up to the top of the steep hill just to get some of his ice cream.

"Another problem I have" thought Mr Hawkins, "Is that my machines are now



too small to make all the ice cream I need these days. I will have to buy a bigger shop with better equipment.

Mr Hawkins went out to his little ice cream van and drove down the steep hill into the village. His van was empty. There was no ice cream left in the freezer. He had not had time to make any that morning. "Oh dear, Now I have another problem. I will need bigger freezers too," he worried to himself. He was looking around the village to see if there were any empty shops for sale. On the corner of Green Street there it was - a big one! It was about four times the size of Mr Hawkins' old shop.

It had a huge sign in the window which read, "FOR SALE. Please contact this number." It was Mr Barn's number and he

was the estate agent for the village. Mr Hawkins wrote it down and decided to phone Mr Barn as soon as he got home.

He reversed his van and turned it around to go back up the hill. Suddenly he heard a meowing sound coming from the back of his van.

Mr Hawkins stopped instantly and jumped out to see what had happened. "Oh dear, dear me!!" he said "I am so sorry. Are you alright?" Mr Hawkins had driven his back wheel over the tail of a huge cat. The cat was not hurt but he was certainly not pleased, and wriggled and pulled to get free.



MR HAWKINS LOOKED INTO THE FREEZERS THERE WAS  
NO ICE-CREAM LEFT



THE CATS TAIL WAS CAUGHT UNDER THE TYRE

Mr Hawkins jumped back into the van and moved it forward little by little. He looked out of the window nervously to see if the cat was all right. It was ok and had jumped up onto the mudguard of the van. "Please get off my van." Mr Hawkins shouted. The cheeky cat stayed where it was. Mr Hawkins got out again and tried to push the cat off. But the naughty cat held on and would not jump down. "Oh well then, if you are going to stay with me you had better come inside the cab. It's too dangerous to sit there while I'm driving." The big cat jumped straight into the cab and onto the passenger seat beside him. Mr Hawkins drove the van back to his little shop on the hill. When he entered the shop the cat followed him. Mr Hawkins told him to be good and not

touch anything as he was about to make today's ice cream. The cat seemed to understand and jumped onto a high stool to watch what would happen. Mr Hawkins started to get the bowl ready. He washed it well with hot water, and then rinsed it in very cold water - just as he had been told to do. He was now very careful to do everything exactly right. He did not want any other strange things to happen like once before when he had added SODA by mistake!

Remember what his old granny said in her letter? "Strange things may happen if you add or take anything away from my special recipe."

Mr Hawkins looked closely at the little book, to follow what granny wrote. He added some of this and a bit of that and a

little pinch of something else. He was about to reach up to the top shelf when he heard something just outside the window. Mr Hawkins ran out to see what it was. Such a shock he got when he saw nasty old Mr Poke looking in through the other window, trying to see the secret recipe.

“Get away from here!” shouted Mr Hawkins. Mr Poke jumped back with fright. He didn’t think anyone had seen him. He fell off his ladder, and ran down the hill towards the village at top speed.



OLD MR POKE WAS LOOKING IN THE WINDOW



Mr Hawkins ran after him shouting “If I catch you I will turn you into a nasty tasting ice cream which no one will want.” The big cat meanwhile was wondering what all the fuss was about. He leapt off the stool and made a jump for the window ledge. On the table sat a salt cellar. Mr Hawkins liked to have a little salt on his eggs at breakfast time. Oh my goodness, the cat knocked it over and some of it fell into the ice cream bowl.

When Mr Hawkins came back from chasing Mr Poke he continued stirring, not knowing about the extra salt. The mixture looked as creamy as usual. He was placing the ice cream in the freezer when the big cat put his paw in the bowl and licked it slowly.



THE CAT KNOCKED OVER THE SALT INTO THE MIX

“Mr Hawkins,” a voice said. “Not bad, not bad at all.” Mr Hawkins looked all around.

“Come out wherever you are hiding. Are you trying to steal my secret recipe too?”

“No I am not stealing or hiding. I am sitting on the stool in front of you.” Mr Hawkins could only see the huge cat on the stool.

“That’s right I am a cat, and since I tasted your ice cream I can now talk - just like you.”

“Oh no, Oh no, dear me! What have I done this time?” Cried Mr Hawkins.

“Strange things are happening again. I followed the recipe carefully. I know I did.” Then he suddenly shouted, “IT’S YOUR FAULT!! When I was chasing old Poke you did something awful. You must

have added something bad to my ice cream mix.”

“It was an accident,” cried the cat, “I tried to jump onto the window ledge to see what was going on. I think I knocked some of the salt over. It must have got into your mix. I am so very sorry. But look! I can talk now! Isn’t that good? I heard you say that you would like some help and I wanted to volunteer. That’s why I refused to get off your van.”

“Very well then, I could do with a good helper. However I won’t be able to afford to pay you any wages. I don’t charge very much for my ice cream, because I want everybody to taste some and feel happy. I will give you food and shelter in exchange for your help. Now let’s get on with making some fresh mixture. That mix is

useless. We don't want all the animals in the village to start talking. Dear knows what they might say!!!

"I will put the salty mix in the fridge and label it," said the cat.

"Now that you can talk please tell me your name and where you live?" asked Mr Hawkins. "My name is Zorro. I am three years old and I live here with you."

"Well, where did you live before you came here?" Enquired Mr Hawkins.

"I used to live on a farm at the other end of town, but the farmer moved away and left me on my own. I have nowhere else to live except here.

Talking about names - What is your name?" asked Zorro.

"Mr Hawkins," came the reply

"Have you any other names?" Zorro asked

again.

“Of course I have, but I prefer to be called Mr Hawkins.”

“Well if that’s what you want then that’s what I shall always call you.” said Zorro.

Zorro took the ice cream with the salt in it and carried it to the freezer. He put it right to the very back, and wrote on a large label. “BEST ICE- CREAM.” He really meant to write BEAST ICE- CREAM, but poor Zorro never went to school and he had never learnt how to spell.

When Zorro came back into the room Mr Hawkins had almost finished making the next lot. He tasted it and knew it was perfect.

“Right, let’s get this into the van before it melts. We have a lot of deliveries to do

today and we are already running late." They both filled the big tubs into the back of the van. One was marked for Blossomhill village. The next was marked for the following village, which was called Hedgerow. It got the name because only one side of the road had shops and houses, while the other was all hedgerows. There were six tubs in all to deliver to the six different villages that day.

"Come on, come on," said Mr Hawkins.  
"We had better hurry."

He started the van and Zorro jumped in beside him. Off they went down the hill. As they were going up the next hill the



ZORRO JUMPED INTO THE VAN BESIDE HIM

van began to splutter, and suddenly stopped half way up. Mr Hawkins jammed on the brakes to keep the van from rolling back down again. He and Zorro got out and walked around it. "What am I going to do now?" cried Mr Hawkins, "All the little boys and girls in the villages will be waiting on us. It's a pity the garage is closed today. I could have got Mr what's his name to fix the van."



Zorro thought for a moment.

“I have an idea” he said, “Mr Hawkins would you go and get some rope from the shop across the road please? I will be back in a minute“. Zorro ran all the way to the house. He went into the freezer and took out a big spoonful of the salty ice cream. He then hurried down the hill again to where he had spotted two big plough horses in a field. He walked over to the horses and gave them some ice cream. Suddenly they were both able to talk. It seemed very strange not to hear them neigh now.

“What’s up?” asked one of the horses. Zorro explained that Mr Hawkins’ van had got stuck half way up the hill and he could not get his ice cream delivered to all the boys and girls in the villages. He really

needed urgent help.

“Will you please come?” begged Zorro.

“Of course we will. Let’s get that gate open and we will be on our way.” The two giant plough horses walked up the hill towards Mr Hawkins.

They told him that they were more than willing to help. Mr Hawkins had bought a rope in the D.I.Y shop while Zorro was away. He tied it to the two horses and attached the rest to the front of the van.

“Ok. Let’s go.” shouted Zorro, as they set off up the hill. The rest of the day went very well. The two big horses pulled the van all the way to the six villages. The people and the children were delighted to see the ice cream van trundling along the road. They didn’t care how it arrived

there so long as they got their treats.

On the way back Mr Hawkins asked the two horses to stop at the garage, which was now open. Mr what's his name was standing beside a brand new ice cream van marked, "FOR SALE"

"Isn't this exactly what we need Zorro? A lovely new van," Mr what's his name explained that he would be willing to paint some lovely pink and white stripes along the sides of the van and print the name HAWKINS ICE CREAM in big letters above the stripes."

"You can collect it tomorrow," said Mr what's his name.

"That was a brilliant idea of yours Zorro! Imagine getting the horses to talk, so as you could ask them for help."

Zorro replied “Well that’s what helpers are miaooow....”

“What did you say Zorro?” The cat tried and tried again, but the magic ice cream had worn off, and all he could say now was “meow.”

“Oh bother,” thought Zorro, “I will have to take another spoonful of the salty mixture.” Mr Hawkins laughed and laughed.

“Well you are a great helper. I feel so happy today knowing that all the children got their ice cream on time.”

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Mr Barn said he would meet Mr Hawkins at the shop on the corner of Green Street that very afternoon at 3pm. Zorro in the meantime was getting the big bowl ready for today's ice cream. He knew that Mr Hawkins would not let him actually make the ice cream seeing as it was such a secret recipe. Mr Hawkins added all the special ingredients himself and mixed and mixed until it turned a beautiful white colour and looked very creamy. "Hmmm" he said to himself, "That looks good." He tasted a little, as he always did, just to make sure that it was perfect. "Yes, oh yes, just right. Ok Zorro let's load the van and get our deliveries done early today. I have to meet Mr Barn at 3pm to view our new shop."

Off they went down the steep hill

towards the village. They heard a siren behind them. Zorro looked out the window and shouted to Mr Hawkins, "It's the fire brigade, they want to overtake us. It looks like they are in a big hurry." Mr Hawkins pulled his van into the side of the road and the big red fire brigade raced pass.

"I wonder what's on fire this time?" said Zorro. "That's three times this week the fire brigade has been called to the village." They drove on a bit further in their old van when they saw that the fire brigade had stopped at a farm house just outside the village. The firemen were talking to the farmer. Mr Hawkins heard them saying that someone had called them three times to the village thinking that there had been a fire, but it was only the sun shining on the red, green, and

orange flowers growing alongside the farm. From a distance it really did look as if the farmhouse was on fire. The fireman was not at all amused.

“We have lots of work to do you know!” he said. “We cannot be coming here to view flowers! We are firemen not flower men!” The firemen jumped back up into the big red engine and told everyone that they would not come back until something was done about the red and yellow flowers on the side of the houses.

Mr Hawkins and Zorro went on their way to the next village and completed their deliveries by half past two.

“That’s great. Today we have done well. We will go now to meet Mr Barns at the shop. They arrived at three o’clock on the dot. Mr Barns was already there.

“Hello Mr Hawkins, Hello Zorro,”

“Hello Mr Barns,” replied Mr Hawkins.

Zorro kept his mouth closed because he didn't want anyone to know he could speak.

Mr Hawkins looked all around the big empty shop.

“Yes,” he kept muttering to himself. “I could put the freezers over there. I could fit the ice cream machines into that space. I could place the...” Zorro interrupted him.

“It's absolutely perfect Mr Hawkins. We will work well together here. We can make lots and lots more ice cream.”

Then Mr Hawkins announced,

“I will buy it now, and we will move in next week.”

They left the building at about 4pm.



Outside there was a large crowd gathering. "What's going on?" asked Mr Hawkins.

"Can you not see the fire?" One man shouted. "Look! It's over there among the bushes, and the wind is blowing it this way. The whole village will burn down if we don't put it out soon."

"Have you phoned the fire brigade?" asked Zorro, forgetting that he was not supposed to let anyone know he could talk. The man looked all around. "Who said that?" he asked.

"Oh, it was someone in the crowd." Mr Hawkins assured him. The man then replied,

"Yes, we have phoned, but they refuse to come. They say it's another false alarm and they are too busy coping with real

emergencies. Lots of other villages need them because their bushes and trees have become alight, by the heat of sun. They might come later, when they have dealt with all the other real fires.” Mr Hawkins looked at Zorro.

“What are we going to do?” he asked.

“The fire will soon spread through the whole village and that will mean my new shop too!” Zorro was very quiet for a few minutes. Suddenly he had a great idea.

“I know what we can try. Come with me quickly.” he shouted to Mr Hawkins. They both jumped into the van and raced up the hill to Mr Hawkins’ old shop.

“Now quickly make up some ice cream and put lots of SODA into it, like you did first time.” Mr Hawkins rushed to put all the secret ingredients together, and then

added the SODA. He poured in some water and watched as the ice cream started to come out of the bowl. He added more and more SODA. The ice cream now reached the door and more and more was spilling from the big bowl. It started to run down the hill into the village. Soon it met the fire, just in time, as it was about to burn down the first of the houses.

The ice cream began to spread over the top of the flames. There was a deafening sizzling sound as the ice cream started putting out the fire.

More and more of it came flowing down the hill from the shop, until the fire was totally smothered by the white liquid. A loud cheer went up from the crowd. "Hooray, Hooray, for Mr Hawkins and

Zorro. They have saved our village.” The villagers were so relieved the fire was over that they lifted Mr Hawkins up into the air like a hero. However there was one person who was not so pleased. Yes, it was nasty old Mr Poke. He thought that this might be a good opportunity to steal the secret recipe. While everyone was celebrating, Mr Poke climbed in through the window of the ice cream shop and searched everywhere for the magic recipe.

“Ah well,” he thought. “If I can’t find it I will steal some of his ice cream and sell it myself. He looked into the freezer, and took out the bowl that Zorro had placed at the very back. He read the label. In big letters was written “BEST ICE CREAM”  
“That’s just what I want,” he thought. Old

Mr Poke sneaked out by the back door and laughed to himself as he ran across the fields, to his own village. As soon as he arrived back to his shop he tasted the ice cream himself.

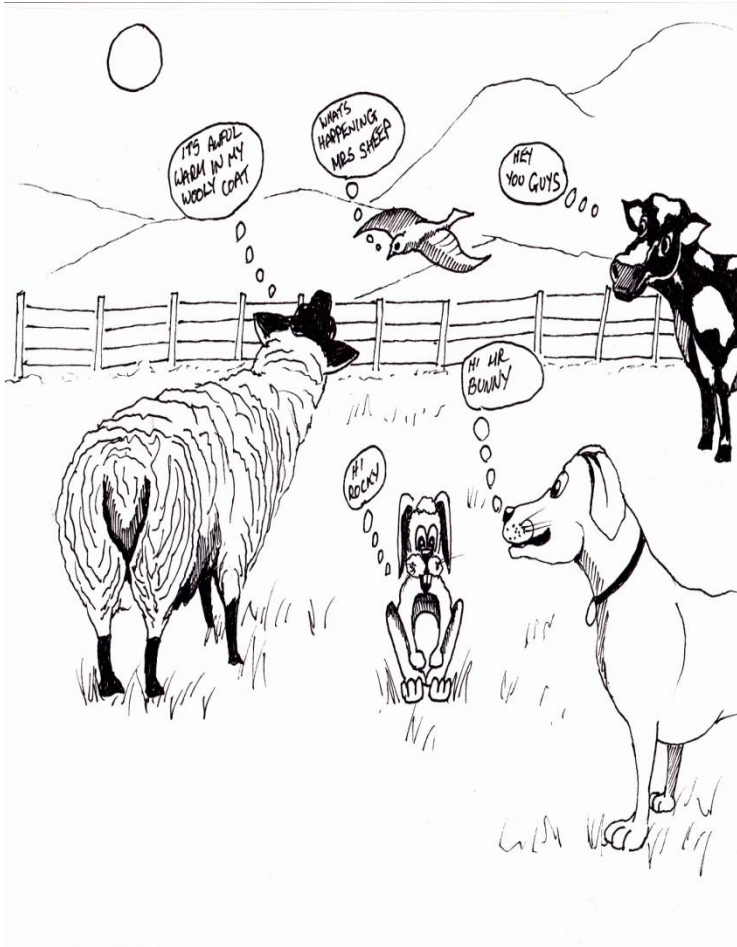
“Oh!” he shouted “This is really disgusting. It’s horribly salty.” Mr Poke threw it out the window, muttering “Yuck, yuck, yuck. I could never sell that!” He was settling down to watch television, when he heard some people talking aloud outside his shop. Mr Poke opened the window to look out. He could not believe what he was seeing; all the animals were speaking to each other. The cows in the next field were chattering to the sheep. The birds were talking to the cats and dogs. Somehow the ice cream had spread from field to field carried along by the

strong wind, and all the animals had been licking it up. (Remember how when Zorro stored the ice cream which made him talk, he labelled it “Best Ice Cream,” instead of “Beast Ice Cream” because he couldn’t spell properly.)

Mr Poke thought he was going mad, and ran from the house shouting, “I am going mad.”

“All the animals in the fields are talking to each other!” The other villagers wondered what he was raving about.

When they went to see what was happening, the magic ice cream had worn off, and the cows were just mooing and the dogs were barking as usual. “Poor Mr Poke, he really must have gone mad!” they all agreed.



THE ANIMALS WERE ALL TALKING TO EACH OTHER





Meanwhile Poke was still running through the fields, talking to the cows and horses, thinking they were going to be able to answer him back. Nobody saw Mr Poke for many days. He must have kept on running for fifty miles or more.

Back at Blossomhill Mr Hawkins and Zorro went to collect their new van from Mr what's his name, who owned the garage. When they arrived - there it was, the shiny new van sitting out front. Mr What's his name had painted it a beautifully pink shade, as he had promised, and printed MR HAWKINS ICE-CREAM in fancy writing on the side. Mr Hawkins felt very proud. He paid for his van and called Zorro. "Let's go into the

country, it has been a very busy day and it might help us relax a little.”



MR HAWKINS AND ZORRO TOOK A LONG DRIVE  
THROUGH THE COUNTRY IN THEIR NEW VAN

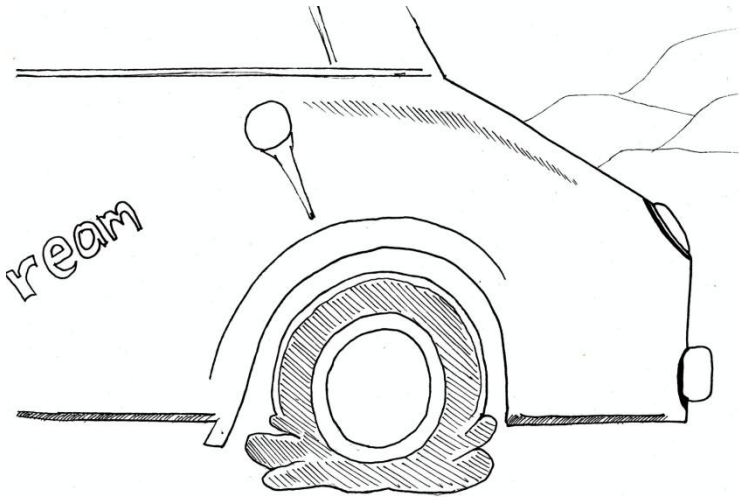
They drove their new van for almost forty miles, deep into the countryside, to places Mr Hawkins had never been before.

“This is great fun,” Mr Hawkins said to Zorro. “Seeing and visiting these lovely sights, is new to both of us.” He loved driving the new van. It accelerated well up and down the hills, purring along very smoothly. Suddenly they heard a loud bang, and the van swerved to one side. Luckily there were no cars coming towards them at the time, or they might have had a serious accident. The road was very narrow and bumpy. In fact two cars would never have been able to pass each other there.

“Oh, bother!” said Mr Hawkins, jumping down from the van “We have a puncture in the front tyre. Let’s get the spare

wheel out.”Zorro went to look for the spare tyre, but it was not anywhere to be found.

“I think Mr what’s his name at the garage has forgotten to put the spare tyre in.”



“WE HAVE A PUNCTURE” SAID MR HAWKINS.

“Oh dear,” said Mr Hawkins, “Now what are going to do Zorro?” Zorro thought and thought, but this time he could not come up with any ideas that would be of any help. They were forty miles from Blossonhill village, and had no idea where they were. They both tried to think about what direction they had come from, but only ended up arguing. Mr Hawkins said “We took the road to the left then the right.”

“No. We took the road to the right then the left,” replied Zorro, they tried to think of any villages they had passed, but there hadn’t been any for at least twenty miles.

“We really are in trouble this time!” they both cried together.

“Let’s settle down for the night, and try and find our way back in the morning,”

suggested Zorro, as it was now beginning to get dark.

Suddenly they heard a strange voice coming from the hedge. "Do you need any help?" the voice inquired.

"We do. We most certainly do!" shouted Mr Hawkins. "Our van has a puncture and we have nothing to fix it with. On top of all that we are totally lost. Who are you? Where are you from?" asked Mr Hawkins. "My name is Rocky. I am a dog but I do know how to help."

"You can talk!" said Zorro

"So! What's wrong with that? you can talk too," answered Rocky.

"That's true," said Zorro, "But I am special."

"Well, so am I," said Rocky, starting to get a bit annoyed by all the questions. "Do

you want me to help or not?”

“Oh yes please, please.”

“Ok, leave your van here and follow me into the village.”

“What village is that?” asked Zorro.

“It’s a village with no name. I call it “The Forgotten Village.”

“Why do you call it that?” asked Mr Hawkins.

“Well,” said Rocky, “All the village people are very sad here, especially the children. They have no swings, or slides, or merry-go-rounds to play on. There isn’t even a park. The grown-ups are really grumpy all day long. There is only one shop, and it does not sell any sweets or ice cream. In fact” went on Rocky “I don’t even know if the children of the forgotten village have ever tasted ice cream.”

“That sounds like a terrible place to live,” said Mr Hawkins

“Yes it definitely is,” answered Rocky. “I come here from time to time to help cheer the little boys and girls up, by letting them play with me. The poor kids don’t have any toys either.”

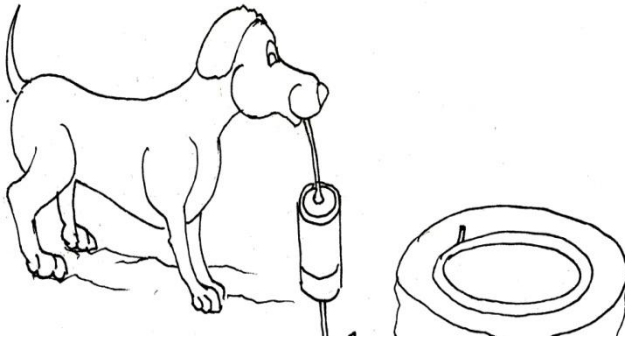
They eventually reached the village. There were no lights anywhere. Everyone had gone to bed early simply because there was nothing to do after six o’clock, once it started to get dark. Rocky slipped in through the back door of the one and only shop. He told Mr Hawkins and Zorro to wait outside for a moment. Rocky knew the owner, and asked him if he had a pump for a van tyre that he could borrow.

“Of course, anything for you Rocky.” The



owner handed a pump to Rocky, who took it straight to Mr Hawkins. “Here,” he said, “You can blow up your tyre with this, and then I will carry it back to the shop owner in my mouth when you are finished.”

They both thanked Rocky gratefully, and returned to their van. Mr Hawkins fitted the pump and blew the tyre up. They turned their van round and started to drive back in the direction of Blossomhill. Well, they were hoping it was the right road! All the way home the pair of them talked about that village with no name, or as Rocky called it, The Forgotten Village.



ROCKY CARRIED THE PUMP IN HIS MOUTH

“We will have to do something to help the people there. They really need something to cheer them up.”

“I agree,” said Zorro. “We will bring them some magic ice cream, and maybe even build a park for the children to play in.”

“Yes, once I sell my old shop, on the top of the hill, that’s exactly what we will do. I love to see all children happy,” said Mr

Hawkins.

“And so do I,” said Zorro.

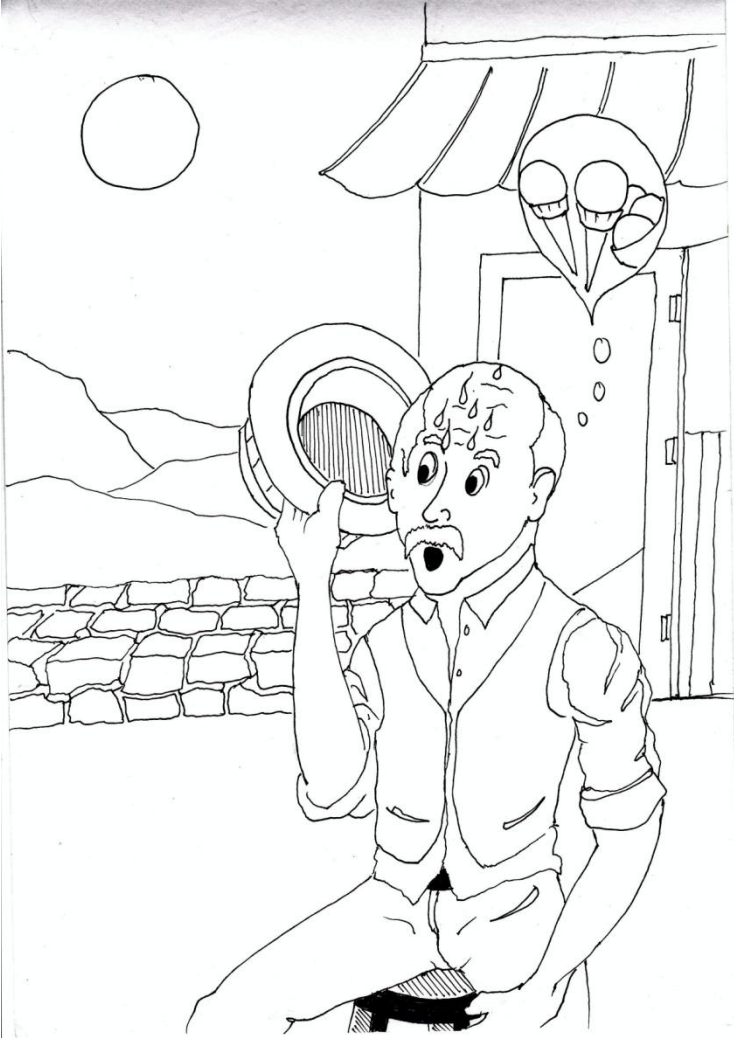
Later that night they did eventually find their way home. Both of them went straight into bed, they were so exhausted. Each dreamt about all the adventures of the day. There was the fire, then Old Poke running past in his slippers, talking to the horses and the cows.

“That was very funny,” Zorro thought. Afterwards they had bought a new van and a new shop. Later getting lost, and finding the village with no name. It’s no wonder they both fell asleep so quickly that night. It had been a hectic day, but also a very rewarding one.

YUMMY, YUMMY, YUMMY



MR HAWKINS ICE-CREAM CONE



MR HAWKINS WAS DREAMING OF ICE CREAM



OLD MR POKE WAS ALWAYS VERY CROSS

The next morning both of them decided to take an extra hour in bed as they knew there was a lot of work to be done later. Mr Hawkins was starting his big move into the new shop.

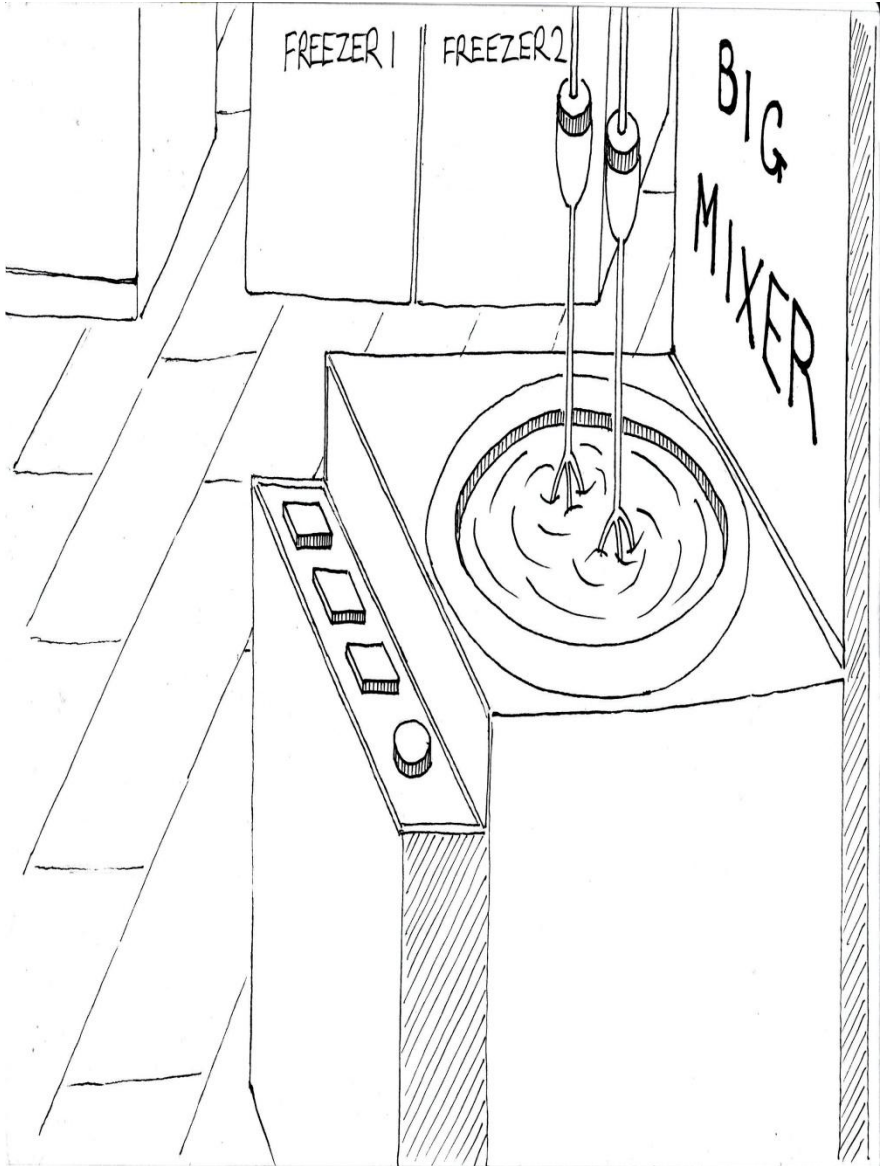
First he ordered the new fridges from a large store in the next town, and then he ordered a new ice cream machine which was as tall as him.

“Hmmm,” he announced to Zorro, “That should make all the ice cream we need for all the people in the villages. Let’s go Zorro,” he shouted, “Let’s get started.” They both set off down the hill to the new shop on the corner of Green Street.

THE SHOP FOR SALE ON THE CORNER OF  
GREEN STREET







Mr Hawkins had brought some paint with him and lots of materials to give the shop a good clean over. He wanted to freshen it up a little before the new machine arrived. They worked hard all week and while Mr Hawkins painted a big sign outside advertising, MR HAWKINS BEST ICE CREAM the new machine, the fridge, and the freezers arrived. Everything fitted in well, and the shop looked like a real ice cream factory.

“We will start to make our first batch of ice cream tomorrow, and let’s give it free to all the boys and girls in the villages. After all they had to do without for a whole week while we were moving” announced Mr Hawkins.

Due to all the excitement they could not sleep that night, thinking about the new

shop and all the ice cream to be made next day. After breakfast Mr Hawkins started to mix together all the secret ingredients. He made up 10 times as much as before in the bowl of the big new machine. Finally he added the water saying, "Ok Zorro, this is it!" As he switched on the huge mixer, there was a loud purring sound. Zorro jumped with fright. He thought another cat had come into the factory, but it was only the sound of the machine starting to blend all the ingredients together. The machine got louder and louder and mixed the ice cream until it was white and creamy. Mr Hawkins switched it off and sampled a little spoonful as usual. "Perfect," he said, "Just perfect."

They loaded the fridges and the freezers

and set off down the hill to the village. It was still early in the morning, but they were so excited they couldn't wait any longer. Zorro pressed the red button in the new van and a lovely tune began to play, letting all the people know that Mr Hawkins and Zorro were arriving. The little boys and girls were the first out of the houses when they heard the tune, quickly followed by the mums and dads. Along came the cats and the dogs, all wanting ice cream.

"We have missed you both," said Mr Porkpie. "Yes," said Mr Cod, "It's great to see you back on the road."

They were all very surprised when Zorro announced that Mr Hawkins was not going to charge for his ice cream today - it was all free! Everybody had some and all

felt ever so happy for the rest of the day. The pair drove on to all the villages in the neighborhood and everyone was delighted to see the van arriving with the delicious ice cream.

Soon the fridges and the freezers were empty and they had to return to Blossomhill. Both decided not to make anymore that day, because they were really tired from getting up so early.

“We will make a big bowlful tomorrow and take it to the forgotten village. Maybe we can help Rocky cheer up some of the children.”

“That’s a good idea,” said Zorro “and maybe we could leave one of the freezers full of ice cream in the shop for the children whenever we are not there.”

“Right,” agreed Mr Hawkins, “We will take

an extra freezer with us tomorrow. Now let's get some rest I am ever so tired."

"Goodnight," mumbled Zorro,  
"Goodnight, and happy ice creams,"  
whispered Mr Hawkins.

Zorro woke early next morning. Mr Hawkins was still fast asleep and snoring like a bull.

"I can't get back to sleep with all that noise; I might as well get up and do something around the house. Maybe catch a mouse, or find something to chase for a while," thought Zorro. Mr Hawkins always left a bowl of milk and a bowl of water beside the bed for Zorro to drink if he got thirsty during the night. Zorro crossed the room and was sipping some milk, when he heard a scratching sound

coming from a corner. Zorro thought this could be a mouse, so he turned quickly, but very quietly, to face the corner.

Unknowingly he spilt some of the milk onto the floor. Very slowly he crept across the room without making a sound, while getting closer and closer to the scratching. He was now close enough to see the little mouse trying to make a hole in the woodwork. Zorro pounced, but the mouse was too fast. It disappeared under the floorboards before Zorro could catch it.

“Oh,” thought Zorro, “I really will have to get a lot faster, like I used to be when I was young; I would never have missed a tasty mouse then.”

Zorro went down the stairs and wondered what to do until Mr Hawkins got up. He

looked around the room, and jumped onto the big table where the ice cream bowl was. He noticed that Mr Hawkins had left the book with the secret recipe lying beside the bowl on the table. Zorro knew what he was doing was wrong but he began to read the recipe anyway.

“That doesn’t look too hard to make. I will try mixing a small amount while Mr Hawkins is still asleep. It can’t do any harm if I follow the recipe, and it will be fun to try.”

Meanwhile unknown to Zorro, the milk spilt from his dish had run down between the floorboards, and was starting to drip into the ice cream bowl.

Zorro read the recipe again, before climbing onto the shelf where all the



ingredients were kept. He added some of this, and a little bit of that. He opened the cupboard and found the other ingredients. He was extra careful while measuring everything out, because he knew that strange things would happen if he added or took away anything from the secret magical recipe. What he did not see was the milk dripping slowly into the bowl as he was mixing it all together.



Zorro looked into all the cupboards

“That’s funny,” thought Zorro; he could see the mixture was beginning to turn a very strange bright green colour. “I did everything right, I know I did. How could this have happened?”

Just then he heard Mr Hawkins coming down stairs. Zorro did not want Mr Hawkins to catch him trying to make the ice cream or even reading the secret recipe book. He knew Mr Hawkins would be very cross, so he quickly opened the window to the garden and threw the ice cream out. He was washing out the bowl just as Mr Hawkins entered the room.

“You’re up early Zorro, could you not sleep?” asked, Mr Hawkins.

“I see you are already working hard cleaning out the bowl for today’s ice-

cream. You most certainly are a great helper. I will have some breakfast, and then I'll make a big bowl of ice cream to take to the forgotten village as we promised.

Zorro just nodded his head. He felt so ashamed for dabbling with the ice cream recipe when he had been told not to. Poor Mr Hawkins was thinking he was a really good cat to be cleaning the bowl for today's ice cream. If he really knew what had happened he might not let Zorro be his helper anymore.

After breakfast Mr Hawkins made up a big bowl of ice cream with the new mixer. The milk by this time had stopped dripping down from the upstairs room, so the ice cream was perfect. They both started to fill the freezers in the new van.

“This should make the whole village happy,” said Zorro

“I hope so,” said Mr Hawkins, “I don’t like to see boys or girls being sad.” As he spoke the phone rang. It was Mr Barn to tell Mr Hawkins that his old shop was now sold at a very good price indeed.

“Great!” shouted Mr Hawkins, “I will use the money to buy some swings and slides for the village to show them that they are not forgotten after all.”

It took almost two hours to reach the village. It was now around 12 o’clock, yet the village was very quiet. Everyone was still in bed as there was nothing to get up for. When they did, there was nothing to do all day. Everyone went to bed early every night. Mr Hawkins knocked on the

door of the only shop in the village. He heard someone shout “Hello, who is calling at this time of the morning?” “It’s me, Mr Hawkins and Zorro. Let us in please. We have some ice cream with us for everybody in the village.” The door opened and the shop owner was still in his pyjamas.



“I have not got a freezer to keep the ice cream from melting Mr Hawkins,” he sighed.

“Don’t you worry we have brought a new freezer with us in the van, you can keep it here for the ice cream. Now let’s get it into that corner over there away from the sun.”

Mr Hawkins and Zorro pushed the big freezer across the floor of the shop and into the corner. They could now bring the ice cream, some strawberry, some with banana, and even more with chocolate.

The shop owner was called Andy. It was a sort of antique shop he owned filled with all sorts of odd things nobody wanted to buy. Andy was a bit of an antique himself. He always wore the same old clothes and a very odd looking hat which sat on his

head like a bird's nest. Zorro thought it looked very funny and wondered if it really had been a bird's nest.



**Andy the shop owner had a hat like a birds nest.**



“Now let’s all go outside and bring that bell you have in the window. We will use it to waken everybody and get them out of bed. Then we can tell them there is lots of ice cream for them to enjoy,” announced Mr Hawkins.

“Great idea,” said Zorro.

Andy thought he should dress better seeing as he would be going outside. Mr Hawkins and Zorro went into the village. They rang the bell as loudly as they could. All the people looked out their windows and shouted, “Go away it’s far too early to get up.”

“We have brought lots and lots of delicious ice cream for everyone and it’s all FREE today,” announced Mr Hawkins. Within minutes all the doors opened.

“Ice cream!” they all screamed, “And it’s free.” The little boys and girls were first to arrive at the shop. Andy was now properly dressed and wore a new white apron. He started serving the ice cream. Each person got a big carton full of whatever flavour they wanted. Mr Hawkins and Zorro filled and refilled the freezer until everyone had had enough.

The boys and girls were all feeling really happy and dancing in the street. The mums and dads brought out their long forgotten guitars and fiddles. They played music while the whole village danced. No-one had ever been so happy before. The ice cream was working its magic.

Meanwhile old Mr Poke had come into the village. He had been passing in his car and wondered why everybody was singing

and dancing. Mr Poke did not like people to be too happy.

“It’s that ice cream again. I will steal it from the shop.” Old Mr Poke crept in through the back door and crossed the room to the freezer. He opened the door and took out a little of the magic ice cream. Suddenly he jumped with fright. He heard a voice right behind him saying, “Hey Pokey Nose, what do you think you are doing?” Mr Poke turned around. It was Rocky. He had come to see the children of the village, and had spied old Poke sneaking into the shop.

Old Poke dropped the ice cream and shouted, “Oh No! It’s happening again, this dog is talking to me. I must be really going mad.” He ran so quickly through the back door that his trousers caught on a

nail and ripped right down the back. He ran up the street shouting, "I am going mad, I really am going mad." Everybody was laughing when they saw him running past with a big tear in his trousers and his big pink striped underpants on display. Mr Hawkins and Zorro watched as old Poke dashed off. "I wonder what he has been up to this time?" laughed Zorro.

"I am sure he was up to no good," replied Mr Hawkins.

Mr Hawkins promised that he would come back to the village every week with more ice cream. He also promised that he would order some swings and slides from a toy shop he knew, to make a play ground. Now all the boys and girls would

be able to have fun every day after school. The mums and dads were all very happy to see the children enjoying themselves. Even the dogs and cats were happy. Everyone was happy. That night they all wished each other “happy ice creams” before going to bed.

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MR POKE TORE HIS PANTS ON THE NAIL

It was late when they got home that night. Mr Hawkins and Zorro were both tired after all the events of the day. Mr Hawkins made himself a cup of tea and took a biscuit before going upstairs to bed. Zorro went to have a drink of milk from the bowl beside the bed. "That's funny," thought Zorro, "There was a lot more milk in this bowl when I got up this morning." Zorro did not know that he had spilt most of it when he turned to chase the mouse. He finished what was left and jumped into his basket beside the bed.

The alarm went off at seven and it made Mr Hawkins jump because he was having a really nice dream. It was about everybody in the whole world eating some of old granny's ice cream every day.

All the people in the world were happy and content. There was no more arguing or fighting. Every person simply enjoyed their lives and helped each other.

“What a lovely dream,” Mr Hawkins thought to himself, “I wish I didn’t have to wake up.” He gave himself a long stretch and got out of bed. He then looked at the clock, it was five past seven. Mr Hawkins went over to the window and pulled back the curtains, but it was very dark outside.

He crossed the room and pulled back the curtains on the other window at the opposite side and from there the sun was shining brightly. It was a beautiful morning on one side, but dark on the other.

“That’s strange,” thought Mr Hawkins. He

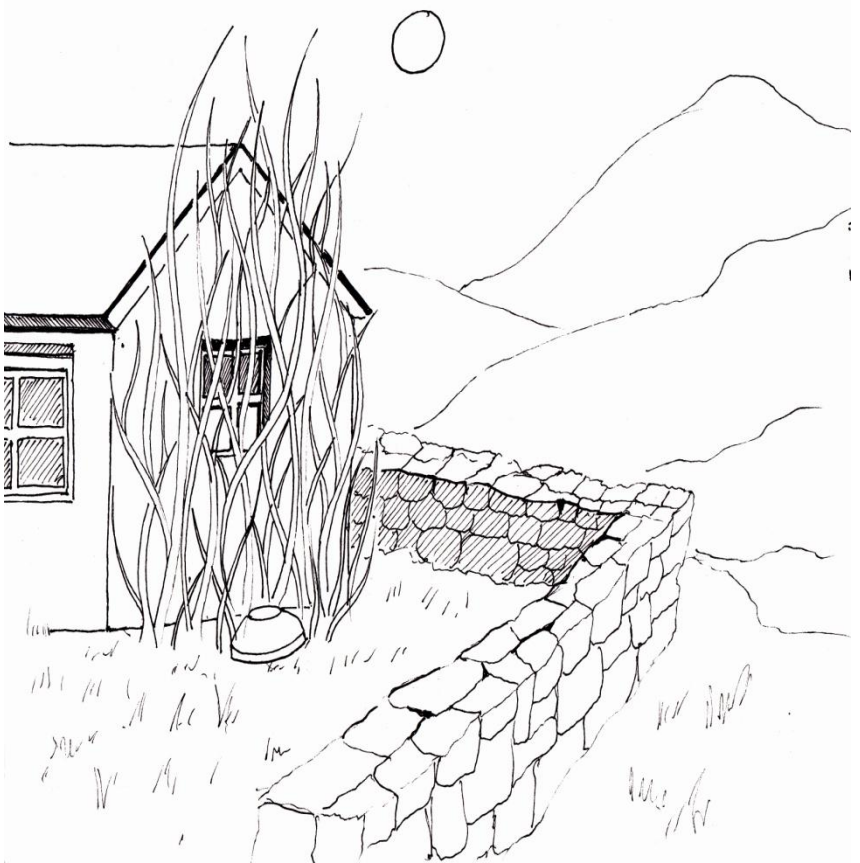


kept walking from one side of the room to the other trying to understand why one side was dark and the other side was bright.

He gave up, got dressed and then went down stairs to make some breakfast.

As he pulled back the curtains in the kitchen he noticed the same thing, the sun was shining on one side of the house but the other side was still in darkness. "That just isn't possible," thought Mr Hawkins. He opened the back door and looked out, sure enough the sun was shining brightly and it looked a lovely day. Mr Hawkins then opened the front door. He got the fright of his life when he looked out. The grass in the garden had grown up and over one side of the house during the night. That was why when he

looked out the window everything  
seemed dark.



**The grass had grown over one side of the  
house.**

“What on earth has happened?” he wondered. It seemed to be one small patch near the front window that had overgrown. The rest of the garden was the same as before. Mr Hawkins shouted to Zorro to come and see what had happened. Zorro looked out through door and rubbed his eyes, because he thought he must be imagining things.

“What has happened to the grass,” he gasped.

“I have no idea. I have never seen anything like this before in all my life. We had better cut it down after breakfast, in case it grows any higher.

Zorro started to laugh, he was thinking it might grow all the way up to the clouds.

Like Jack and the Bean Stalk he imagined himself climbing up the grass into the clouds, and there might even be a giant, or maybe a place full of sweet tender mice to chase all day. Suddenly he remembered what happened yesterday morning when he was making the ice cream and it all turned a funny shade of green. He had thrown it out of the window when he heard Mr Hawkins coming down the stairs.

“Oh dear,” he thought, “It’s all my fault. What should I do? I can’t tell Mr Hawkins because he will be very cross with me. He might throw me out and never let me help him again. I think I had better not say anything.” Meanwhile Mr Hawkins had got the grass cutter out of the shed, and was cutting the grass back to the right

length. He kept muttering to himself, “How did this happen? I bet it has something to do with old Mr Poke. He will do anything to get my secret ice cream recipe. Maybe he was planning to sneak through the door while Zorro and I were in the garden. “Mr Hawkins stopped and looked all around the house, but no one was there.

“Well let’s get on with making today’s ice cream,” he said to Zorro. Mr Hawkins began putting all the secret ingredients together.

“Oh dear,” he sighed, “I have run out of one of the ingredients, but not to worry, we can get it on the way to the village. We can add it to the ice cream before we sell it to the boys and girls.”

“Good idea,” said Zorro, “As we are late

already”

Mr Hawkins stirred the mixture in the big bowl and they both carried it into the van.

“I didn’t make too much this time,” he told Zorro. “We are only going round our own village today, so we do not need as much as usual.” Mr Hawkins jumped into the van with Zorro beside him and off they drove. As they were going up the hill suddenly the back doors sprung open. One bowl of ice cream fell out and rolled back down the hill.

“Oh no! Look what has happened Zorro.” Zorro looked around just in time to see the bowl tumbling down to the bottom. He saw old Mr Poke stopping his car and setting the bowl on the back seat.

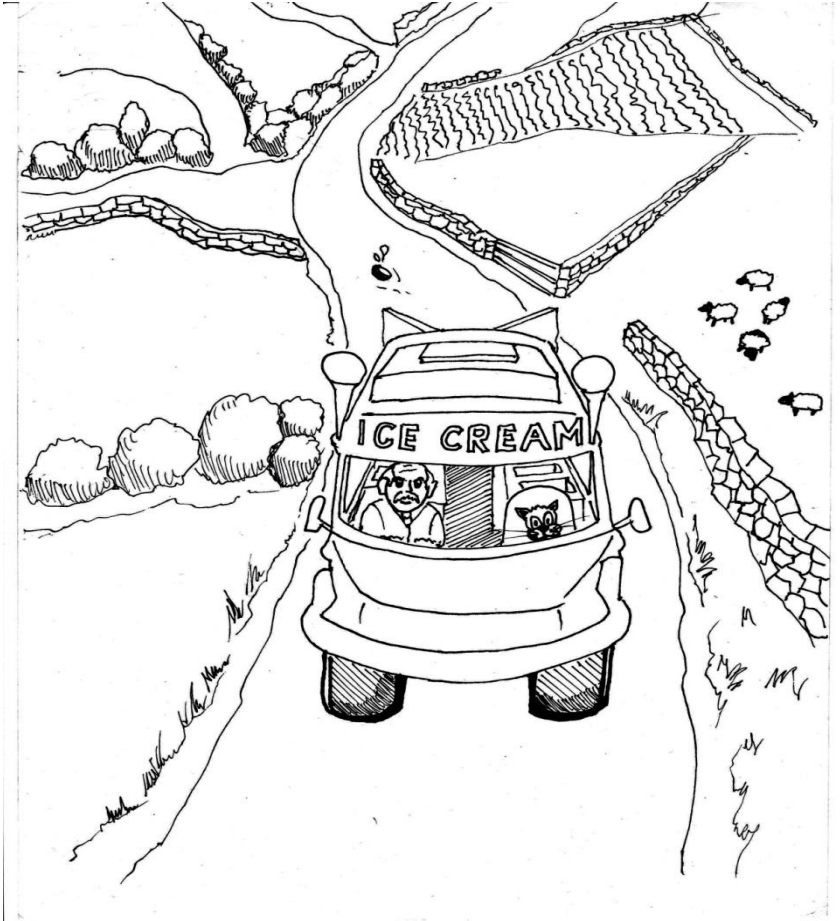
“I have it now!” he shouted and laughed.

Poke roared off in the opposite direction with the bowl.

“Well it will do him no good stealing it,” said Zorro. “We should stop here and get that other ingredient you need to finish the ice cream, Mr Hawkins.”

“Yes, I will stop at Mr Onion’s the greengrocers, because I need a special type of herb, which only he sells,” Mr Hawkins informed him. When they entered the shop the shelves were empty. Mr Onion was standing behind the shop counter crying.

“What is wrong?” inquired Mr Hawkins, “Why are you crying, and why are there no vegetables for sale today?”



**ONE BOWL OF ICE-CREAM FELL OUT AND  
ROLLED DOWN THE HILL**



“Did you not hear the news Mr Hawkins? There are no vegetables to sell because the sun has been so hot for too long and there has been no rain. Without that the farmers in all the villages cannot grow any vegetables. I don’t know what the people will eat for dinner as vegetables are very good for the little boys and girls, it helps them grow up to be strong - like Zorro there.”

“Yuk,” thought Zorro, “I don’t like vegetables, give me a nice tender mouse anytime.”

“That’s very bad, very bad indeed,” said Mr Hawkins, “When will you have some more vegetables?”

“The farmers say there won’t be any for a whole year.”

“That’s funny,” thought Mr Hawkins,  
“Why did a patch of my grass grow so high today while the rest didn’t. It needs water to grow too. Very strange, very strange indeed, Unless?...” he stared at Zorro. “Can you shed any light on what happened?” Zorro looked very sheepish; he was trying to hide under the van.

“Come out here Zorro,” shouted Mr Hawkins. “Do you have something to do with this, now tell the truth? Were you trying to make ice cream when I was asleep?” Zorro had to admit the truth. “I am very sorry Mr Hawkins. Please don’t throw me out. I wanted to help.”

“Well, tell me what you put into the bowl which made the grass grow so high?”

“I don’t know,” sobbed Zorro, “I followed the recipe carefully, but suddenly the

cream turned a funny green colour. I threw it out the window when I heard you coming down the stairs.”

“Well what were you doing before you tried to make my magic ice cream.”

“I was chasing a mouse in the bedroom, and before that I was drinking some milk.”

“Did you spill any of the milk Zorro?”

“I think I must have, because there wasn’t very much left in the bowl when I came back to it.”

“That’s it! The milk has somehow dripped down through the ceiling into the ice cream while you were mixing it.” Mr Hawkins then asked Mr Onion if he had any of the special herb left.

“I do have a little bit. It never sells very



**ZORRO KNOCKED OVER THE MILK**

well,” he told them. Mr Hawkins paid for the herb and started back to the ice cream factory in his van. Zorro kept telling him how sorry he was for trying to make the ice cream when Mr Hawkins was asleep.

“I will forgive you this once, but please never do it again. You never know what can happen when the recipe is not exactly right.”

When they reached the shop they put the herb into the ice cream and mixed it through. Mr Hawkins tasted it and decided it was now ready for sale.

“Right, let’s make another large batch. This time we will add some milk.” They added all the ingredients to the biggest bowl they owned and mixed it together

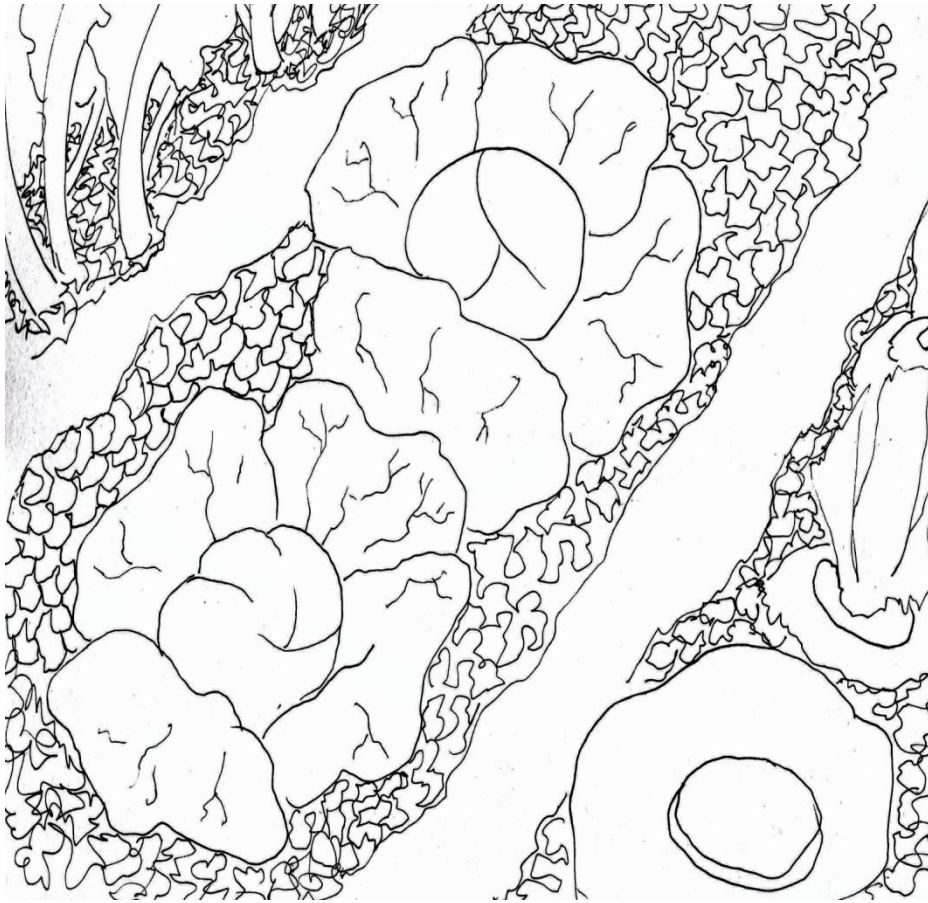
with some milk. Sure enough the ice cream turned a bright green shade. "OK! Let's get it into the van. We will need to deliver this to all the farmers before nightfall." They stopped at the first farm and explained to the farmer what they had done.

"Thank you," said the farmer, "I will try anything to get my vegetables to grow again".

"Spread some of this over them tonight and see what happens in the morning." They called around all the farms until the ice cream was done.

Next morning the people of the village and all the farmers could not believe their eyes. There were carrots, cabbages, spouts, in fact all the vegetables you

could imagine growing in the fields. Some were as tall as the roofs on their houses.



**The vegetables just grew bigger and bigger**

“My, my,” shouted the farmers, “We have enough vegetables to last a whole year, all thanks to Mr Hawkins.” Zorro thought he was the one who should be praised, because after all it was he who invented the ice cream with milk. But he knew to keep quiet and hope that Mr Hawkins would forget how naughty he had been.

It was another lovely day while Mr Hawkins and Zorro sat in the garden, taking a well deserved rest. Zorro looked up and almost fell off his stool. “Mr Hawkins!” he cried, “Look up. Am I seeing things?” Mr Hawkins looked up in time to see old Mr Poke floating past.

“Get me down! Get me down. This is all your fault. I am up here and can’t get down.



“What has happened Poke?” asked Zorro. “It was the ice cream which fell from your van. As soon as I tried it I started to float into the air.”

Mr Hawkins and Zorro laughed and laughed telling him,

“This serves you right. You stole our ice cream. You are a thief!” They both knew why Mr Poke was flying. When the ice cream fell from the van it was missing the special herb.

They were still chuckling as old Mr Poke floated out of sight.

Later that night when Mr Hawkins was getting into bed he heard a massive bang. Zorro came running into the bedroom.

“What was that noise?” he asked.

“I don't know. I think it came from the garden,” replied Mr Hawkins.

He opened the curtains, and switched on the outside light. Right in the middle of the compost heap was Old Poke. The magic ice cream had worn off, and he landed in the smelly mess. Zorro opened the window and shouted, “Clear off you horrible old smelly man.” Mr Poke scrambled out from the compost. It was really very, very smelly. Off he ran as fast as he could down the field shouting, “Someday I will find the secret recipe and then you will be sorry.”

Zorro and Mr Hawkins laughed even harder until their tummies were sore.



**Old poke landed in the compost heap.**

Zorro woke early the next morning. He crept quietly down the stairs into the kitchen, as he did not want to waken Mr Hawkins at this early hour. He knew they had a big day ahead. Yesterday he heard Mr Hawkins say that they were going to the forgotten village tomorrow to see how the boys and girls were enjoying themselves. It was a really nice morning. Dawn was breaking, but it was still very cold. Zorro thought it was cold enough for snow, it was only three days to Christmas after all.

Zorro walked over to the hedge where he saw two birds pecking for worms and insects. He didn't bother to chase them.

“Far too early for that,” he thought.

Instead he crouched down and watched them peck the ground. He had only seen this type of bird once before, because it usually lived further north, near Iceland.

“They must be here because the weather is even colder up north. Imagine coming here for winter because it is warmer here than at home.” Zorro overheard one of the birds saying to the other,

“It’s a pity about Rudolph.”

“Why? What has happened?” the other asked.

“I thought you had heard the news. Everyone in Iceland knows. Rudolf had a bad fall last week, when he was practising pulling the sleigh for Santa.”

“That’s serious,” the second bird said,  
“How will Santa deliver all the presents to

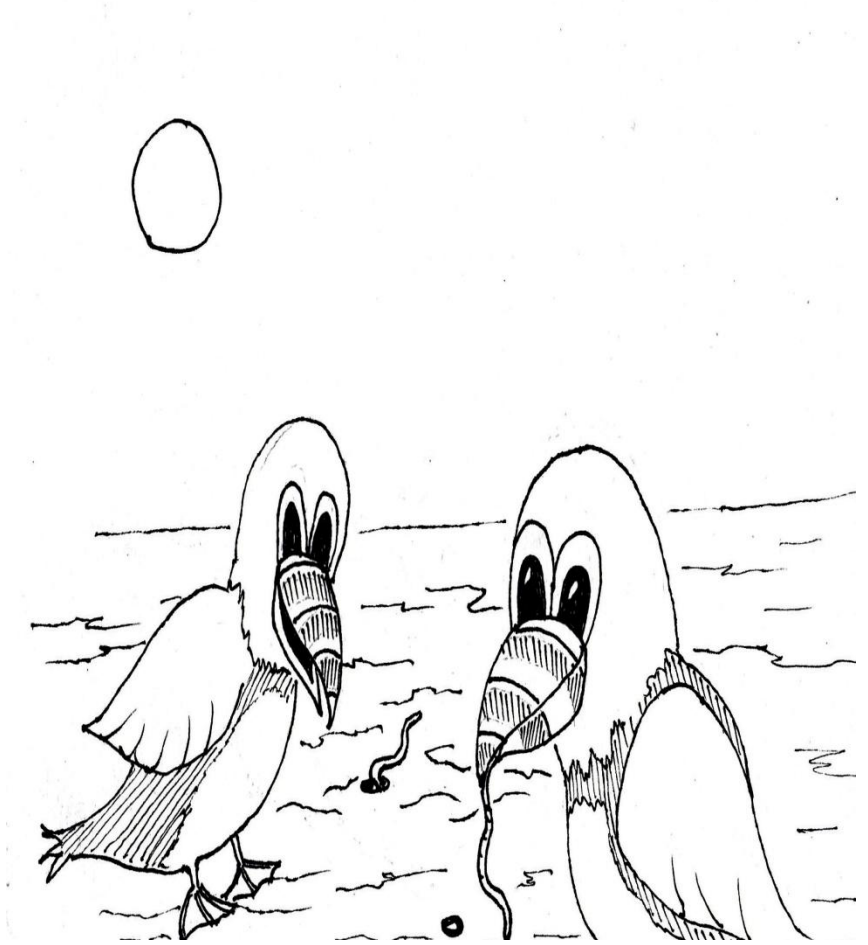
the children around the world this Christmas?”

“I don't know. I did hear Santa say he may have to cancel Christmas this year.”

“I don't believe it,” exclaimed the other bird, “It has never happened before. This would be a terrible calamity.” Zorro listened to all they said, and agreed it would be awful to call off Christmas.

“What can I do?” wondered Zorro, “I am only a cat. I could not pull Santa and the sleigh full of toys.

Besides I can't even fly!” Then a thought came to him.



**The two birds from Iceland were chatting.**

“I wonder, I wonder,” he muttered to himself. “No it would be impossible.” He started to laugh at his silly idea. “I must tell Mr Hawkins about Rudolf. We will have to try to help somehow for the sake of all the children in the world who are waiting for Santa.” Zorro ran up the stairs and shook Mr Hawkins until he woke.

“What is it?” Mr Hawkins asked, still feeling sleepy. Zorro was so excited he started to stutter. He was trying to speak too quickly.

“Santa fell and broke his leg and Rudolf can’t fly anymore.”

“Slow down Zorro,” said Mr Hawkins, now



fully awake. “What are you talking about? Rudolf can’t fly because Santa

has hurt his leg? That's just silly.”

“No, what I meant to say was that Rudolf has hurt his leg and can’t fly, and now he can’t pull Santa's sleigh on Christmas Eve. This means Santa has to cancel Christmas this year! The birds say it is the first time ever, and it will be terrible for all the little boys and girls all over the world.”

“Yes it is terrible, but what can we do, we don’t even know where Santa lives. I know it is somewhere up north, maybe Iceland. But how can we help? It seems there will be no Christmas this year, and its only three days away,” said Mr Hawkins. “You know I would help if I could Zorro. Do you have any ideas?”

“I have an idea but I really do not think it will work,” Zorro replied

“Well go on then, I am listening,”

“OK here goes. You will probably think it’s impossible but it just might work,” suggested Zorro, “What if we make a huge bowl of the ice cream without the special herb in it? Then we put some into the tank of the ice cream van. It might float like old Poke did. We could point it towards Iceland and when we start the engine it might fly. Maybe we could meet Santa, tie his sleigh to the back and bring him all around the world to deliver the toys for Christmas!”

Mr Hawkins just stared at Zorro for about five minutes without saying a word.

“Are you serious?” He eventually said.

“There are so many ifs and buts and maybe’s - do you really believe that this plan could work?”

“No I really don’t, “admitted Zorro, “But we could give it a try.”

“There are so many things that could go wrong - supposing we do get to Iceland and the ice cream runs out. We could be stuck there forever, and who would want ice cream in Iceland? It’s far too cold.”  
reasoned Mr Hawkins.

“Well I only wanted to help the boys and girls, but if you think it won’t work without even trying we may as well just give up!” Zorro said with a cheeky tone in his voice.

“Ok, fair enough. You have talked me into it. Let’s give it a go. Clean out the biggest

bowl we have. We will need lots of ice cream to fly the whole way to Iceland,” agreed Mr Hawkins.

Zorro worked very hard cleaning the big bowl carefully. Mr Hawkins made the mixture - without the herb! They filled the bowl and switched on the mixer. It started with a purring sound, and then got louder and louder. The big machine mixed and mixed the huge bowl of ice cream until it was very smooth and creamy.

“Right, stop it now. We will get some into the van.”

The two of them carried all the ice cream out in buckets and put it into the van’s freezers. “Now you climb in Mr Hawkins and I will empty the last bucketful into the tank.” Zorro opened the cap and shouted,

“Here goes.” He poured the ice cream in and left the cap off, running to get inside the van before it started to float. Zorro scrambled in beside Mr Hawkins and waited. They both waited a long time but nothing happened.

“It’s not going to work,” Zorro said sadly, “I suppose it was a crazy idea anyway.” They sat for another hour, before Mr Hawkins said, “Well, we might as well give up. There will be no Christmas this year for any of us.”

Zorro suddenly suggested,

“Take the brake off and let the van roll down hill.”

“Why should I do that?” Mr Hawkins asked.

“Because I remember now that old Poke was driving away while he tried the ice cream. Maybe that’s how it works.”

“One more go and that's it.”

Mr Hawkins released the handbrake and the van started to roll, getting faster and faster as it went.

“Oh no! We are going to crash into that house,” shouted Zorro. Mr Hawkins was just about to put the brakes on again when the van started to rise up into the air - right over the top of the house, knocking down one of the chimney pots, on the way.

“We are up, we are up,” they both shouted together. The van was still climbing; it had almost reached the clouds.

“Now what do we do?” asked Mr Hawkins.

“Start the engine, start the engine, see if we can move forward,” screeched Zorro excitedly.

Mr Hawkins turned the key and sure enough engine started. He put the van into first gear and pushed his foot onto the accelerator pedal, slowly. The van started to go faster and straight ahead, just as they had planned.

“Great,” shouted Mr Hawkins,  
“Everything is working perfectly.”

“What direction do you think Iceland is from here Zorro?” he wondered.

“We can’t guess that,” warned Zorro, “We will have to go by the stars. Steer towards that big bright one. It is the North Star.

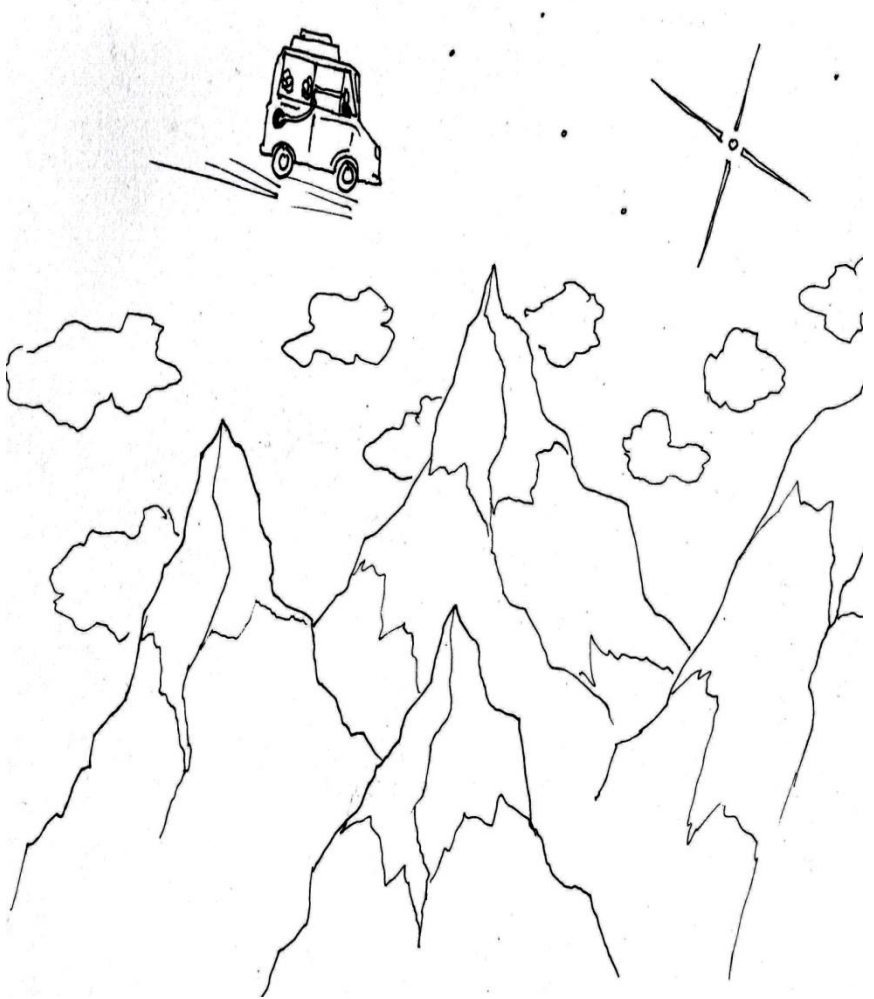
Iceland must be over that way.”

Mr Hawkins was now enjoying driving in the sky. This was great fun. He pointed the van towards the brightest star and pushed the accelerator down as far as it would go. The van was now travelling at a 100 miles an hour. He certainly would not drive at that speed on the roads, because that would be a very dangerous thing to do.

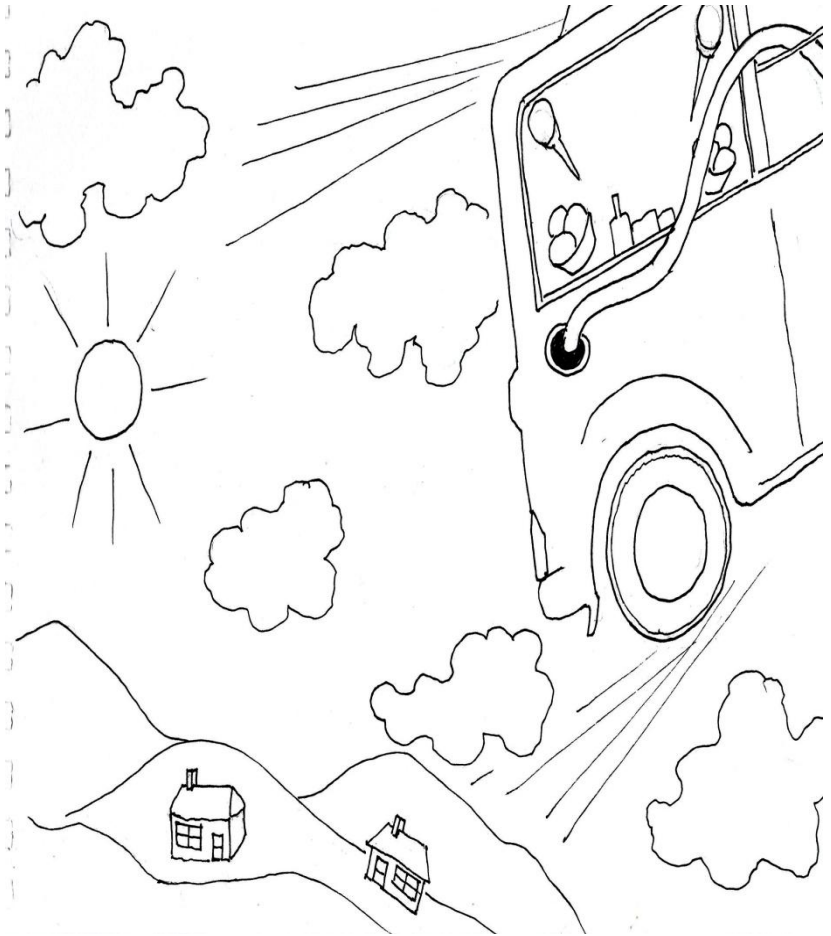
After five hours and 500 miles driving the van started to slow down.

“We are running out of ice cream Mr Hawkins!” shouted to Zorro. “But don’t worry I will put some more into the tank.”





**The van headed towards the bright star  
in the north**



**Zorro put some more ice-cream into the van  
with the hose**

“How are you going to do that? The tank is on the outside?”

“I already thought of that. When we filled the van, I brought a long tube. It’s in the back. I can open the back doors, push the tube into the tank and then fill it up. That's why I didn’t put the cap back on.”

“You are very smart Zorro. I am so glad to have you as my helper.”

Zorro filled the tank when the van had slowed down enough.

Off they went again at full speed. The star was getting brighter the closer they got to it.

“Another 500 miles to go” said Zorro, “I think someone told me Iceland was 1000 miles away from where we live in Ireland.

“I am starting to feel tired Zorro. Would you drive for a while?” asked Mr Hawkins.

“Of course I will. I have watched you so often I know what to do now.”

After about another five hours Zorro saw lots of huge mountains far below them, all made of ice.

“This must be where Santa lives,” he cried. Mr Hawkins woke and took over the controls. He slowed the van right down and it started to float towards the ground. Soon they were almost on the ice. Mr Hawkins let the van land and it skidded along for almost half a mile before it stopped.

“Well this has got to be Iceland all right, everywhere is covered in it.” Zorro opened the door gasping, “It’s freezing

out there.” Just then a reindeer ran past and Zorro called to it. The reindeer came a little closer. He was very nervous as he had never seen a van like this before.

“Hello,” said Zorro. The reindeer made a funny sound.

“I know what to do,” thought Zorro. Going into the back of the van he brought out some of the special ice cream he always kept for himself to help him talk. He gave some to the reindeer, who enjoyed it very much as he had never tasted any ice cream before. Suddenly the reindeer began to speak.

“What are you doing here in that strange machine?”

“We are looking for Santa. Do you know where we can find him?”

“Of course I do. Sometimes I am allowed to pull the sleigh at Christmas.”

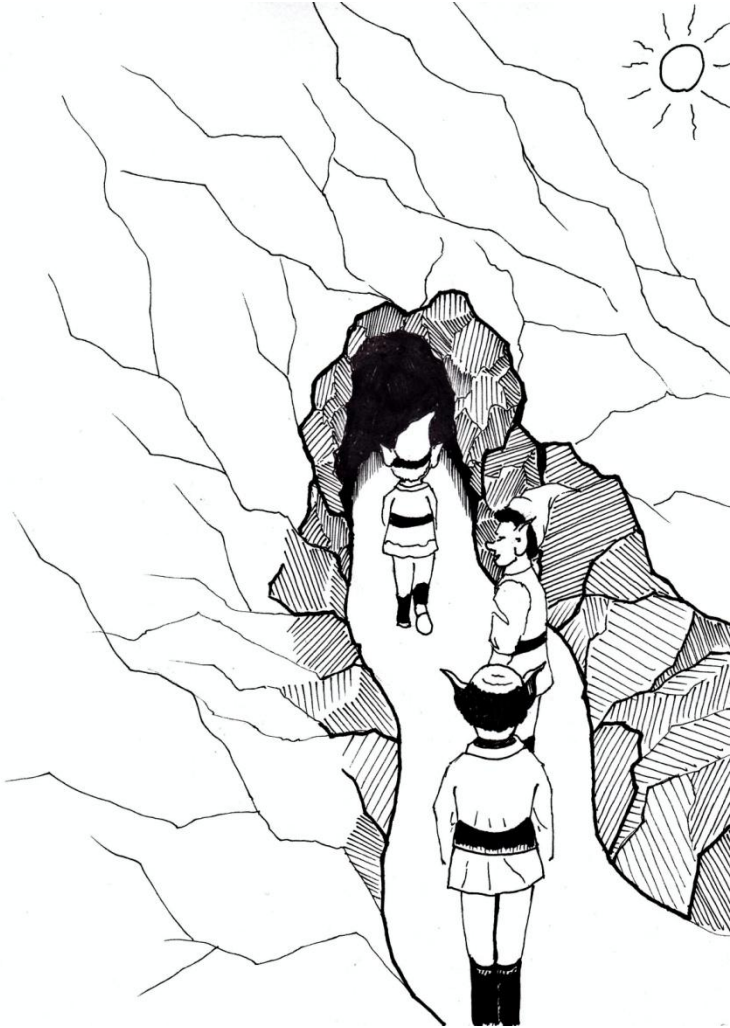
“Will you take us to him please?” pleaded Zorro.

“Follow me. Toy land is not too far away.”

The reindeer started to fly towards the high mountain made of ice. Mr Hawkins released the brakes and once again the van began to roll. Suddenly it was airborne and they were following the reindeer over the mountain. The reindeer landed on the top of the mountain.

Mr Hawkins and Zorro followed. They stopped the van and stepped out. The reindeer was just in front of them, going into a cave in the mountain. Next minute they were surrounded by little elves, all wearing bright clothes, reds, yellows, greens, and blues.

“What do you want here?” asked one of them, who seemed to be in charge.



“We heard that Rudolf was not well and couldn’t pull the sleigh this year,” Zorro told him.

“Yes, you have heard right. Rudolf fell and hurt his leg, but how can you help? None of the other reindeers know their way around the world. We can’t make the journey without Rudolf,” said the elf.

“Our van can travel very fast. We could put Rudolf into the back of the van, where he could lie down, so as not to hurt his leg. We could tie Santa’s sleigh on to the back and pull it.”

“It’s much too heavy for your van to pull, but if you can take Rudolf with you he could show you the way. All we would need to do is pull the sleigh and follow you,” said the head elf.

“Ok let’s get started,” agreed Zorro,



“It’s almost Christmas eve.”

Some of the elves worked very hard to fill the sleigh; others were getting the reindeers ready for their long journey. Mr Hawkins and Zorro were talking to Santa and Rudolf. Santa was so pleased to know they had come to help. Rudolf was explaining the quickest way to go. “You do know we have to do all this in one night? We will need some magic reindeer dust to sprinkle on both the van and ourselves. It makes everything go faster, but you don't realize until it’s all over,” Rudolf explained.

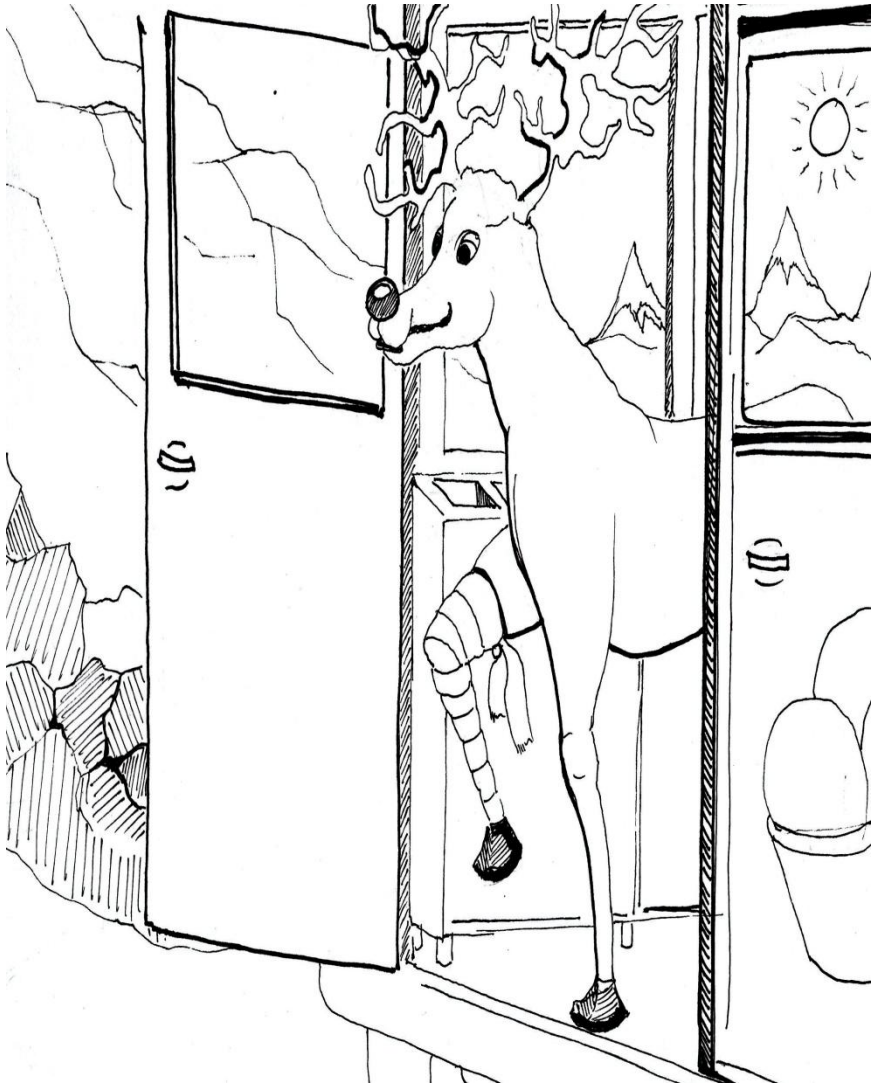
Santa then asked, “Is there anything special you pair would like for Christmas? As you have come to help I feel I would like to return the favour.”

“Well,” said Zorro licking his lips, “A nice piece of salmon would be great.”

“What about you Mr Hawkins? What would you like best in the whole world?”

Mr Hawkins thought for a while and said,

“The best present I could have is to see all the children in the world happy, especially the ones in the forgotten village.”



RUDOLPH IN THE BACK OF THE VAN



THE REINDEERS FOLLOWED RUDOLPH

“That’s a big wish, and a really kind thought,” said Santa. “I would love to do that, but it’s too big a task even for me. I will try my best, as I do every year to bring the right toys. I will find the forgotten village this year and every year from now on.”

They heard a bell ring and the elves shouting, “The sleigh is ready to go.” Rudolf told them they had better hurry. Mr Hawkins and Zorro helped Rudolf across to the toy factory and into the back of the van.

The reindeers lined up behind them and the sleigh (which was bigger than a house) was fitted on at the back. Santa jumped into the sleigh with some of his elf helpers.

He shouted, “Ho Ho Ho. Off we go!” and as he did so all the elves in toy town cheered. Santa rang the bell on the sleigh to let Mr Hawkins know to set off. Mr Hawkins released the brakes and the van started to roll down the ice mountain. In a few minutes it was up into the air.

“Now Rudolf which way do we go first?”

“Once we are clear of the mountain we turn left across the sea. First call is Ireland. I will sprinkle some dust on everything after we take the left turn. The van was going at top speed. Zorro had filled the tank with lots of ice cream. Mr Hawkins did as he was told and started to turn left at the sea.

“How are you getting home again after the toys are all delivered Rudolf?” Zorro

asked. “Don’t worry about me Zorro, I will get into the sleigh when it is empty and the reindeers will take me home. Now it’s time for the dust, so get ready it will make you jump.” Rudolf took out a small white bag from his fur. He threw it into the air and it landed on Mr Hawkins and Zorro, while some also fell onto the van.

Mr Hawkins jumped up in bed.

“Where are Santa and Rudolf? Where are all the toys and the reindeers? Oh no,” cried Mr Hawkins, “It must all have been a dream. I was so enjoying helping Santa.” Zorro came into the room.

“Good morning Mr Hawkins,” he said sounding not too happy.

“What’s up with you Zorro? Why are you so sad?”

“Well I was having a wonderful dream about helping Santa, but then I suddenly woke up.”

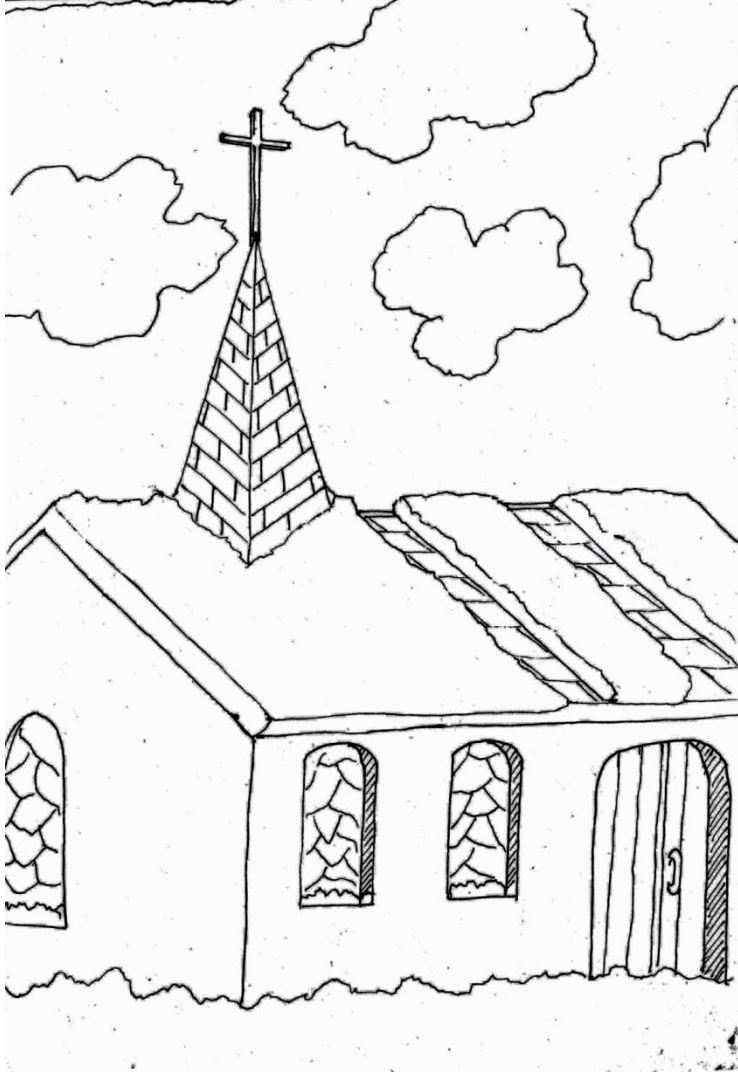
“That’s funny, I dreaming the same thing.”

Mr Hawkins jumped out of bed and opened the curtains. It had been snowing all night.

“This is Christmas day Zorro. Happy Christmas.”

He looked across the road at the church roof, where he could not see any reindeer footprints, but instead noticed tyre tracks. When he looked at the houses one of them had lost its chimney pot.





**MR HAWKINS SAW TYRE TRACKS ON THE ROOF OF THE  
CHURCH**

“That was in my dream!” he shouted, “I landed there by mistake. How could there be tyre tracks on a roof if it was all only a dream. It was me who knocked over the chimney pot. It must all have really happened. Rudolf did say when he sprinkled the dust over everything that the world would go faster, without us knowing. We have been all around the world in one night. That’s how Santa does it every year.”

Zorro ran down stairs and there was the biggest salmon he had ever seen.

Mr Hawkins followed him down, and to his amazement there was a large turkey with lots of stuffing in the centre of the table.

“Come on Zorro. Let’s take this to the

forgotten village. It's big enough for everyone to have a share."

They reached the village shortly after 11am. There was a new sign on the village green. It read.

## WELCOME TO THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

Mr Hawkins and Zorro were thrilled. They looked over towards the playground, and there were all the boys and girls with the new toys Santa had brought for them. They had bikes, and skateboards, footballs and all sorts of toys. Everybody had the best Christmas ever. The adults then cooked the big turkey and everybody had a great feed. Rocky joined in later to a party which could be heard for miles around. The men played their guitars and

everybody sang and danced for most of the day.

Even old Mr Poke started to feel happy. In fact he felt he should go to the doctor soon because he never felt like this before.

As for Santa, Rudolf, and all the reindeers they got home to Iceland safely. Rudolf had to rest his leg for another few weeks and he was looking forward to leading the sleigh again next Christmas.

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Christmas and the New Year celebrations were now over. It was the month of May. Zorro knew it would soon to be Mr Hawkins birthday- on the 20<sup>th</sup>. He decided that as Mr Hawkins was so good to him that he would organise a special birthday party. It was his 50<sup>th</sup> birthday and that was very special. Zorro booked the village hall and told all the people in the village about the great party he was going to have for Mr Hawkins. He asked them to keep it a secret as it was to be a big surprise.

Nobody told old Mr Poke. They did not want him there anyway! However he heard some people whispering to each other. Old Pokey was so nosey he listened into everyone's conversation as



**ZORRO THINKING OF MR HAWKINGS BIRTHDAY CAKE**

he was passing.

“H’mmmm,” he thought, “This might be a good chance for me to steal the secret recipe. Everyone will be at the party, and

Mr Hawkins might be having such fun he will not be thinking about me and what I am up to at that time. The 20<sup>th</sup> came. Zorro pretended not to know it was Mr Hawkins 50<sup>th</sup> birthday. Mr Hawkins got up as usual and went downstairs. Zorro followed.

“Good morning Zorro. Did you sleep well?”

“I did indeed, and did you?” enquired Zorro.

“Yes, very well. Do you know what date this is Zorro?”

“I think it’s the 20<sup>th</sup> of May. Why do you ask?” pretending not to know it was Mr Hawkins birthday.

“Oh I was just wondering. By the way,

when is your birthday Zorro?" Mr Hawkins hoped Zorro might remember about his 50<sup>th</sup>.

"I really don't know. Cats don't have birthdays - only lives."

"What do you mean only lives?"

"Well, we all have nine lives," Zorro informed him, "That's what I have heard you humans say."

"My goodness I did not know that. How many do you have left Zorro?"

"I am a very smart and careful cat," he boasted, "I don't run across roads without looking both ways first, and I don't climb trees that I might fall from. I still have all of mine left."

"Anyway, when is your birthday Mr



Hawkins?”

“Well, it’s today. I am 50 years old. I was hoping somebody would remember,” Mr Hawkins muttered very quietly and sadly.

“Oh well. It’s a pity no one did. Shall we go a walk before we start our ice cream deliveries?”

Mr Hawkins agreed and the two of them set off down the road. When Mr Hawkins came to the village (which was close to his new factory) he could not believe his eyes.

There were balloons and flags hanging from the lampposts. On a huge banner across the street was printed the words

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY MR HAWKINS”

“OH dear me, oh dear me,” was all Mr

Hawkins could say, “People did remember after all.”

“Yes indeed they did, and there is to be a grand party tonight in the town hall.

There will be a group playing all your favourites tunes of the last fifty years.”

Zorro told him.

“Oh thank you so much. This is so kind of you and all the people of the village.

We will bring lots of ice cream for everyone,” exclaimed Mr Hawkins.

Later that evening the party was a great success. There were lots of cakes and ice cream and some savouries too for the old folk. Mr Hawkins opened lots of lovely presents from the people of the village, while the group played all his favourite

tunes.

Everybody was having so much fun that nobody noticed old Pokey Nose looking in through the window. He was watching to make sure that everyone was there, so he could steal the secret recipe from the ice cream factory without being seen.



**MR HAWKINS GOT A REALLY BIG SURPRISE.**

Old Poke slipped away into the darkness. He made his way up the entry close to the factory. There he pushed open one of the windows with a special tool he had with him. Poke looked around inside. He looked in all the cupboards and all the drawers. Finally he found what he was looking for; the secret recipe was sitting on a shelf close to the big mixing machine.

Poke crawled back out through the window and ran through the fields back to his own village, thinking to himself, "I have it now. I will make the happy ice cream and sell it at a cheaper price than Mr Hawkins does.



**POKE WAS BREAKING IN TO THE FACTORY  
USING A SPECIAL TOOL**

Everybody will come to my shop, and old Hawkins and Zorro will have to shut theirs. When they have left I will put up the price up as much as possible. I will be richer than anyone else. What a crafty old Poke I am.” When he reached his own shop old Poke hid the secret recipe in a safe place, and went to bed.

Next morning, after breakfast, he started to think about what he should do.

“I know. I will order a bigger ice cream machine than Mr Hawkins, and like that will be able to make lots more ice cream.”

Old Poke followed the recipe very closely and made up a small amount of the magic ice cream. He tasted it and decided it was delicious. He began to feel very happy again.

Mr Poke lifted the phone and spoke to the ice cream machine factory.

“I want to order the biggest ice cream machine you have, and I want it delivered tomorrow!”

“Yes sir,” replied the man in the office,  
“We will deliver it immediately, but you will need a crane to lift it from the lorry.”

“Don’t you worry about that? I have a crane in one of my fields.”

Mr Hawkins and Zorro searched for the recipe everywhere.

“I know where I put it,” said Mr Hawkins,  
“I know I set it on the shelf beside the big mixer. I wonder where it has got to.”

“I think I know,” shouted Zorro



“Where do you think it is?”

“I think old Pokey Nose stole it.”

“What! How could he get it? How could he have got in?” Mr Hawkins questioned loudly.

“Look over there. That window has been opened last night when everyone was at the party- except of course old Pokey,” said Zorro.

“He is the only one who would want to steal it,” Zorro went on.

“I think you must be right. Goodness knows what will happen if old Pokey starts making the ice cream and does not follow the recipe to the letter.”

It was getting late so they both decided to go to bed and think about how to get the secret recipe back.

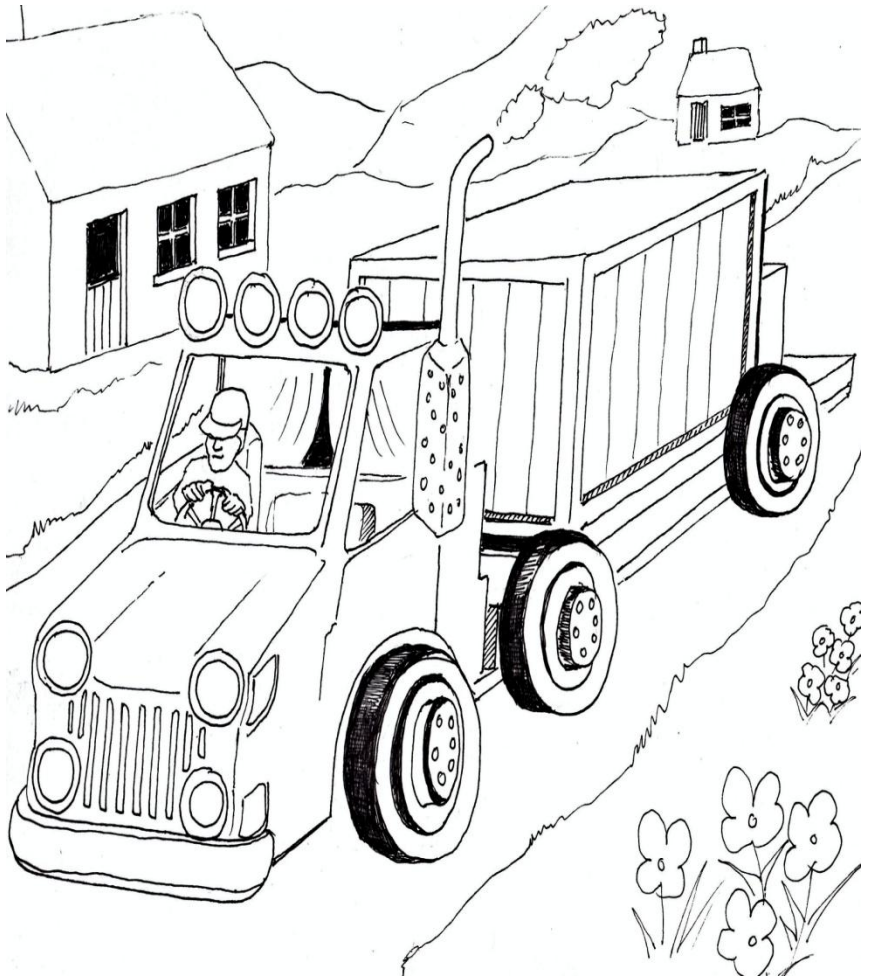
Next morning they were awakened by a very loud noise- a rumbling type sound.

They both jumped out of bed and rushed to the window. They saw a huge lorry with the biggest ice cream machine ever on its trailer.

The lorry driver shouted up to Mr Hawkins,

“Is this Mr Poke’s ice cream factory? I have a new machine for him.”

“No, he is not here. His shop is in the next village.” Mr Hawkins shouted back.



**THEY BOTH SAW A HUGE LORRY THE DRIVER  
WAS LOOKING FOR MR POKES SHOP.**

“Thank you, I will drive on to the next village.”

“Oh dear me,” said Mr Hawkins looking worriedly at Zorro.

“I think we are in big trouble. If he has stolen the recipe, and it looks as if he has, then he will make our ice cream in that enormous machine. We will never be able to make as much. He will put us out of business. Imagine old Poke making all the ice cream for our villages. What can we do to stop him?” cried Mr Hawkins.

“I have an idea,” whispered Zorro. “I will have to run quickly and find Rocky.”

Zorro ran at full speed, passing the big lorry on his way. He could see old Poke in the distance getting the crane ready to lift the huge ice cream maker.

Zorro was out of breath. He had never run so fast in all his life. He arrived at the forgotten village, which was now called the Happy Village. Zorro searched everywhere for Rocky. One of the boys playing on the swings told Zorro how Rocky had been with them, but had left for home just a few minutes earlier.

Zorro set off again in the direction the boy pointed, and there he saw Rocky walking slowly along the path ahead.

“Rocky, Rocky,” Zorro shouted.

Rocky turned around and shouted back  
“What’s up Zorro?”

“We need your help urgently Rocky.”  
He explained about old Pokey stealing the secret recipe. “We can get it back if you help us Rocky.”

“Ok. What can I do?”

Zorro told his plan to Rocky. It made him laugh aloud.

“That should scare him alright.”

They both ran back to old Pokey’s shop.

By this time Mr Poke had the huge machine lifted high into the air by the crane and was about to lower it into his shop.



**ZORRO TOLD ROCKY HIS PLAN**

Rocky shouted to Zorro,

“Right, let’s put this plan into action.”

Zorro nodded.

Rocky climbed up one side of the crane onto the roof of the cab, where old Pokey was sitting. Zorro climbed up the other side to where Rocky crouched.

Then they both put their heads over each side of the roof, and started talking to each other through the open windows.

Old Pokey was in the middle. He almost fainted when he saw the two heads popping in through the windows. A dog and a cat speaking to each other! He got such a fright that he let go the handle of the crane holding the big machine in the air. It fell and smashed into a thousand



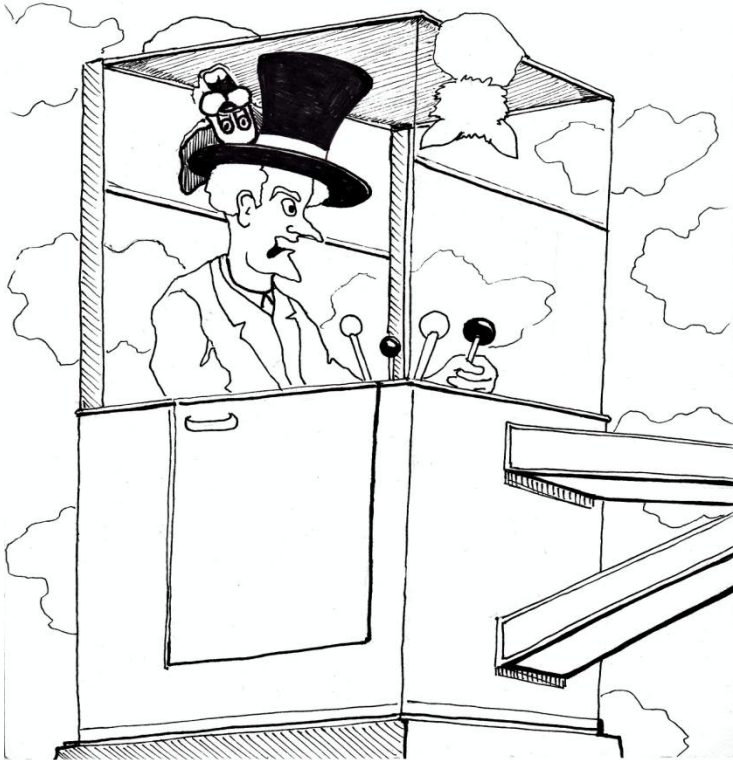
pieces when it hit the ground. Old Poke was not staying to see what happened next. He jumped out of the cab, and as he fell, caught his trouser braces on the handle. He had to hang there until the fire brigade came to rescue him. All the people of the village gathered round and laughed at the sight of old Pokey Nose hanging by his braces.

“Serves him right for stealing from Mr Hawkins,” they all said. When he did get down old Poke ran up the hill as fast as he could, shouting,

“I am, I surely am going mad.” Rocky and Zorro ran inside the shop and found the recipe. Zorro told Mr Hawkins all that had happened. He thanked Zorro again and again for finding the recipe.

“I had better keep it in a safer place in

future,” said Mr Hawkins.



**OLD POKE WAS IN THE CRANE**

**ROCKY LOOKED IN ONE SIDE AND ZORRO LOOKED IN  
THE OTHER**

Mr Hawkins was awake early the next morning. He looked out the window. It was a really beautiful day. The sun was shining and it was getting quite warm even though it was still very early.

“Good,” thought Mr Hawkins, “summer is coming and we will be needing lots of ice cream to help keep everybody cool.”

Zorro came down the stairs, and asked sleepily, “What time is it?”

“Just after six o’clock Zorro,” Mr Hawkins informed him

“Why are you up so early?” asked Zorro.

“Well I couldn’t sleep very well last night thinking about that old Mr Poke, and

what he is planning to do next.”

“Ah, don’t be worrying about him;” said Zorro, “We can always foil his plans one way or another. Anyway it’s good we are both up early because it’s going to be a warm day, and we will need extra ice cream on the van.”

“We will Zorro. Let’s get some breakfast first and then we can make the ice cream for today.” They had a good breakfast and then they went to the ice cream factory and started up the big ice cream maker.

Mr Hawkins carefully followed the secret recipe and added all the ingredients, while Zorro poured in the water.

Soon the ice cream was thick and creamy just like it should be.

Mr Hawkins tasted a little and thought it tasted just perfect.

Just about ten o'clock they set off for the villages. It was a Saturday so all the boys and girls were off school and were already playing in the park.

They saw the ice cream van coming along the road sounding its cheerful little tune letting everybody know their ice cream had arrived.

All the children bought some and the mums and dads came out of the houses to buy more.

After a few hours Mr Hawkins asked Zorro about having some lunch.

“A good idea,” said Zorro, “We could buy a sandwich and sit under that big tree

over there in the park.”

They did just that, buying a sandwich each and a drink of lemonade.

While sitting enjoying lunch they suddenly saw the ice cream van starting to move along the road.

Two bad boys from another village had noticed that the keys were still in the van. They thought it would be fun to drive it around the countryside.

Mr Hawkins jumped up and shouted.

“Hey there! Stop at once. That is my new van. Stop thieves, Stop.” But the bad boys just laughed and drove on.

“You get the police Mr Hawkins and I will



**They sat under the tree to have lunch**

run after the van. I can catch it easily. They are not going too fast yet,” Shouted Zorro.

Zorro ran as fast as he could and soon caught up with them. He jumped onto the van and held on with his sharp claws. The two bad boys had never driven a van before and were swerving all over the road, narrowly missing people and other cars. The police also caught up with the van, but the boys either would or could not stop. The van was veering towards a very steep downward slope which led to Blossomhill beach.

“Oh no,” cried Zorro “If they go down this hill at this speed.” (Because the van was now moving very fast,) “There will be a terrible accident.”



The boys were now really frightened, they had tried to stop the van but did not know how. The van was now on the hill and getting faster and faster. The speedometer read 50 mph, then 55, and then 60. The boys were crying and shouting,

“Help! Help!” But no one could stop the van.

Soon it reached the beach and the soft sand helped to slow it down but not quite enough. The van plunged into the sea and started to sink. Zorro jumped off the roof and ran up onto the sand. The police and Mr Hawkins were all running towards the van. They could just about see its top above the water.

The police grabbed the two bad boys and

told them that they would be going to jail for stealing Mr Hawkins van.

Poor Mr Hawkins sat down and cried on the beach.

“My lovely new van,” he said over and over again.

Zorro felt very sad also and sat beside him not knowing what to say or do.

Then suddenly Zorro heard a creaky sort of a voice just behind him. The voice said. “You don’t need to worry, the van is not damaged it’s just wet. If you could stop crying now, why not get a tractor from the farmer to pull the van out. It would dry off quickly in this heat.”

“Besides,” went on the voice, “It is sitting on top of my house.”

Zorro jumped up and looked all around.  
“Who said that?” he asked.

“I did, I am down here on the sand. I am very cross about my house I feel I should nip your paw.”

Zorro looked down, and there he saw a large reddish, brown crab looking up at him.

“Was that you talking,” inquired Zorro, feeling a bit silly to be talking to a crab. But then he remembered that he was a cat and was talking too.

“Yes it was me, and I wish you would get that van off my house.” said the crab.

“Where is your house?” asked Zorro.

“Well it was under a large stone until your van come crashing down on top of it,”

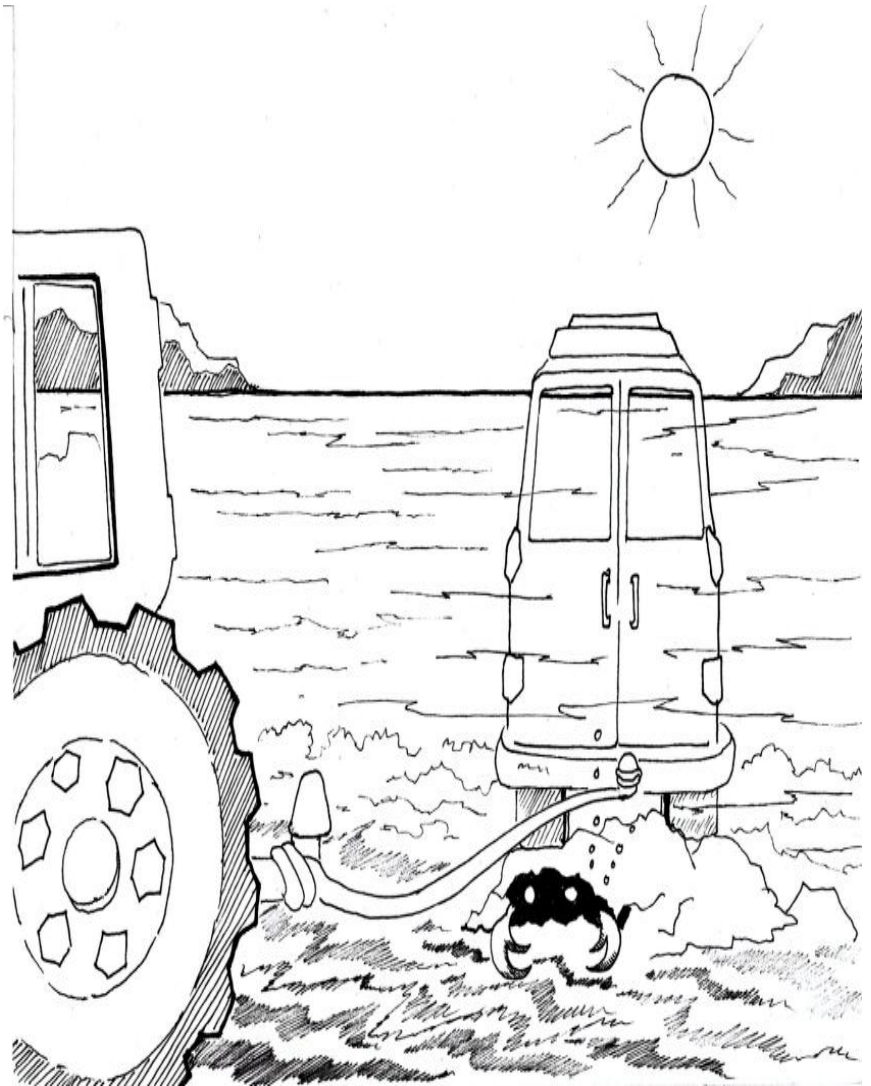
answered the crab, getting angrier.

“How come you can talk?” asked Zorro.

“I don’t know! I have never been able to talk before! Maybe it’s because I am so cross.”

Zorro thought for a few minutes.

“I know,” he said, “The ice cream must have spilled out into the sea when the van crashed. It has mixed with the salt water and that makes all the animals talk. Now all the fish and whatever else is in the sea around these parts will be able to talk for a while.”



**The tractor pulled the van out of the sea  
and of the top of the little crab's house**

Mr Hawkins had stopped crying and was listening to all that was being said.

“The crab is right. Let’s get a tractor from the farmer,” he called out, feeling a bit more hopeful now.

“No more time to waste,” shouted Zorro, as he started to run up the beach.

Mr Hawkins followed as fast as he could. They came to a nearby farm house where as luck would have it the farmer was in the field using his tractor.

“Hello! Hi there! Shouted Mr Hawkins.

The farmer stopped and asked him what he wanted.

“Could you please help us pull our ice cream van out of the sea?”

They told the farmer the whole story of

how the bad boys stole and crashed the van.

“Of course I will,” said the farmer.

He turned the big tractor around and shouted “Jump on both of you; we will have your van out in a minute or two.”

The tractor travelled easily over the sand, with its big wheels and tyres it could go almost anywhere.

They stopped just in front of where the van entered the sea.

“Tie on that rope,” said the farmer.

Mr Hawkins went into the sea, because Zorro did not like to get wet - typical cat.

He tied the rope to the tractor and shouted, “Pull now.”

The tractor's engine roared and it started to drag the van out of the water.

The crab was shouting,

“Would you mind my house please, you have damaged it enough for one day.”

Soon the van was on the dry sand and the sea water was running out of the doors and windows.

“Oh,” said Mr Hawkins, “It will never be dry again.”

“It will, don't worry. We will take it onto the road and leave it there until morning,” said Zorro.

“Better than that, I will pull it into my shed and you can leave it there to dry. Now I will give you both a lift home in my tractor,” said the farmer.



“Thank you so much,” said Mr Hawkins and Zorro together.

Sometime later they arrived in the village by tractor. Everyone cheered when they heard that the van was not damaged and that the ice cream would be on the road again soon.

Old Poke never knew what had happened, because he had gone fishing. Once again poor old Poke got the fright of his life when he caught a fish and it started to speak to him, saying,

“I was looking for a tasty worm for dinner when you pulled me out of the water. Let me go immediately, or I will hit you with my strong fins, and bite you with my sharp teeth.”

Old pokey nose dropped the fishing rod

and ran away shouting, "I am never going fishing again. I am becoming madder every day!"



**Old Poke had gone fishing.**

---

It was another hot and sunny day, so they sat having breakfast outdoors.

“What are we going to do for the next few days while the van is drying out?” asked Mr Hawkins.

“Well,” replied Zorro, “As it is such good weather why don’t we take a holiday? We have been working very hard lately and it might do us good to have a break in some other part of the country.”

“That’s a very good idea Zorro. You are the best helper anybody could have. You seem to think of everything.” announced Mr Hawkins.

They both hurried upstairs and packed a small suitcase. The case was really only for Mr Hawkins, as Zorro didn’t need any clothes or toiletries.

“It’s great been a cat,” he thought to himself, I don’t need to change clothes or do any of the things humans do. All I need is to know is to run when those nasty dogs chase me.”

Zorro started thinking about one large dog in particular which almost caught him. Thankfully he was able to climb a tree just in time.

“Come on Zorro, stop day-dreaming. We have a bus to catch,” he heard Mr Hawkins shout.

“Bring the secret recipe with you Mr Hawkins,” said Zorro, “Just in case old Pokey tries to steal it while we are away.”

“I will indeed. You do think of everything.”

Mr Hawkins put the secret recipe into the

inside pocket of his best jacket and pulled across the zip.

“There,” he said, “Now it will be safe with me at all times.”

They both walked quickly towards the town hall. There they saw the bus waiting. It was about to drive off when they jumped on.

“Where to?” asked the driver.

“We don’t know,” answered Mr Hawkins.

“I was joking.” laughed the bus driver,  
“How could you know seeing as it’s a mystery tour?”



**Mr Hawkins put the secret recipe into the inside pocket of his best jacket.**

Mr Hawkins paid their fare and they settled down on a comfortable seat near the back of the bus.

Off they went, passing through village after village until they were well into the countryside. Mr Hawkins and Zorro had never seen these places before and were enjoying the whole experience. They passed some beautiful scenery. One town was called Ballycastle, another was Portrush. Next was a port called Portstewart. The bus continued on through a large town called Coleraine, and finally stopped in a small seaside village called Castlerock.

“This is the end of the journey,” said the

driver, "We will be going back to Blossomhill at eight o'clock tonight. Please do not be late." he warned.

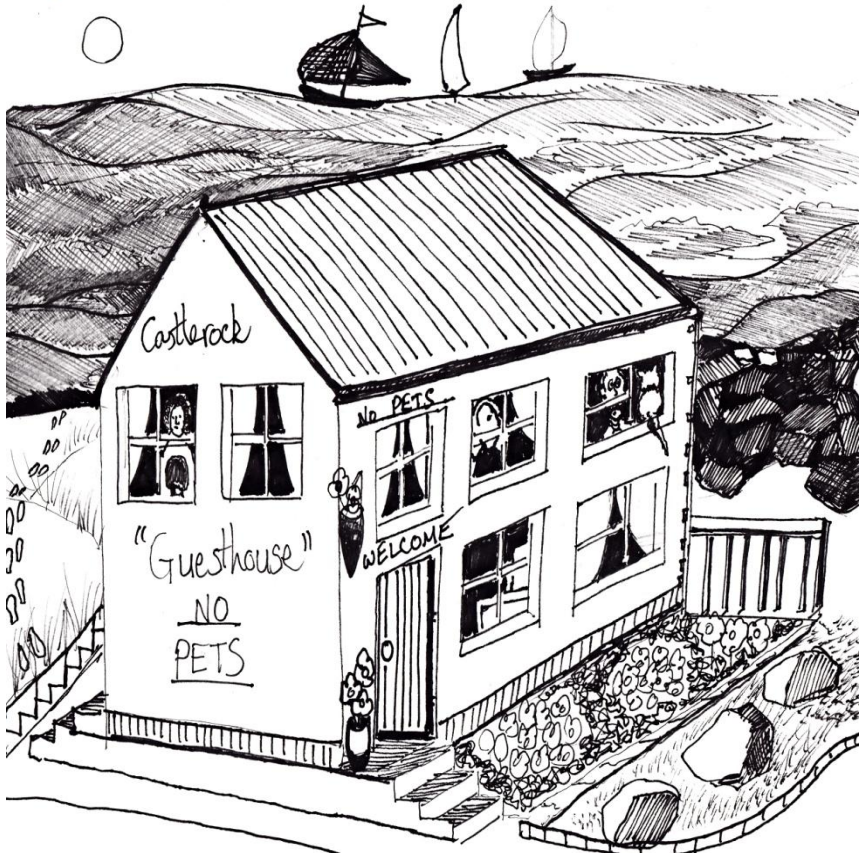
Mr Hawkins informed the driver that they would not be coming back with his bus. They were going to stay for a few days and would catch another bus for the return journey.

"That's fine," said the driver, "This is a lovely little place, and the people are very friendly. You can get wonderful coffee also great food in CRUSOE'S, and THE LITTLE BLUE BEACH.

Mr Hawkins booked into a little bed and breakfast, overlooking the sea. He did not mention Zorro to the lady once he caught sight of the big notice in the hall saying,

**"NO PETS!"**





**The guesthouse did not allow pets.**

What Zorro did was to jump in through the window later.

“That’s very naughty,” said Mr Hawkins.

“Well, what else could I do? Sleep under a car or something? After all there is a comfortable bed in here?” Zorro answered.

“Just don’t let the landlady see you, or we will both be thrown out.”

After breakfast they had a long walk. Feeling a little tired they decided to return to the room for a midday nap.

When they re-entered the room Mr Hawkins noticed that his good jacket was missing. He looked everywhere - even under the bed but there was no sign of it.

“Oh dear me, the secret recipe is in that jacket. Where could it have gone?” cried Mr Hawkins in a panic.

“Let’s ask the landlady if she has seen it anywhere,” Zorro chipped in.

“Good idea Zorro. What would I do without you?”

Mr Hawkins went down stairs and inquired about his jacket.

“I know that Mr Watkins wanted his jacket cleaned, as he was going to a very important meeting tonight.” answered the landlady. “I wonder if ....?” she went on, while calling the maid.

“Did you lift a jacket from Mr Hawkins room?”

“Yes,” said the maid, “I took the jacket

from Mr Hawkins room, as you requested, and put it into the washing machine.”

“AH, now I understand what has happened,” said the landlady. “You thought I said Hawkins room when I actually said Watkins room. “

“Where is the jacket now?” Mr Hawkins wanted to know.

“It’s just coming out of the dryer now. I will bring it to you immediately,” said the maid apologetically. She went into the laundry room and returned the jacket to Mr Hawkins. He immediately opened the zip pocket and found the paper on which the secret recipe was printed.

To Mr Hawkins horror it was blank! The water and soap had washed the ink away. He threw the paper onto the floor.



**The magic ice-cream recipe had  
disappeared.**

“OH NO!” cried Mr Hawkins at the top of his voice. “I will never be able to make magic ice cream ever again.”

He sat down on the stair, put his head in his hands and sobbed.

Zorro heard the commotion and came running down the stairs.

“What are you doing in my guest house,” shouted the landlady, “I don’t allow pets.”

She grabbed a brush and started to chase Zorro around the room.

Zorro was getting annoyed at this, because all he wanted to do was talk to Mr Hawkins about what had happened.

Zorro stopped and looked at the landlady. He shouted to her.

“How would you like to be turned into a

cat like me? I was once a handsome young man until an old witch turned me into a cat. She then told me how to turn people into cats. If you don't stop torturing me I will turn you into a cat also."

The landlady dropped the brush and begged Zorro, "Please don't do that! I was only playing. I did not mean you any harm. You can stay here as long as you like Mr Cat Sir."

"Well then, no more nonsense," scowled Zorro, trying not laugh at the ridiculous story he had just told her.

Mr Hawkins was still sitting on the stairs sobbing uncontrollably. Zorro did his best to comfort him, but had no success.



**"I will turn you into a cat," Zorro told her.**



“We will never be able to bring ice-cream to the little boys and girls again,” cried Mr Hawkins through his tears.

“We will! Between us we can surely remember the recipe. Come on Mr Hawkins. Let’s start now,” encouraged Zorro.

Mr Hawkins looked up at Zorro, his eyes red with crying.

“Ok Zorro, we will try.” he said.

They both went up stairs to Mr Hawkins room. Zorro found a pen and paper.

“Right, Mr Hawkins. You write down all the ingredients you can remember, and I will do the same.”

When they had finished they compared notes. Everything was the same except for

one ingredient.

Zorro had written that it was either four or five spoonfuls while Mr Hawkins had written down three spoonfuls.

“I am sure it’s either four or five,” said Zorro.

“No. It’s only three spoonfuls,” protested Mr Hawkins.

“Well then, we will have to make a little here in a small bowl and test it ourselves. We don’t want anything strange happening to our customers.” Mr Hawkins continued.

“Good idea,” said Zorro, “We will go together to find all the ingredients in the local shops.”

They went to the small supermarket in

the village and found exactly what they needed. They also bought a small mixing bowl.

Back in their room Mr Hawkins very carefully added all the different ingredients together into the bowl.

“Shall I add three, four or five spoonfuls now?” He asked Zorro.

“Try three, as that is what you thought it might be,” Zorro suggested.

Mr Hawkins added three spoonfuls of this special ingredient.

He mixed and mixed until the ice cream was really creamy.

Then he tasted a little, the ice cream tasted really lovely.

“You see, I was right Zorro, I told you it needed three.”

“Fair enough, I will sample some just to make sure.”

Zorro suddenly woke beside the fireplace. He had felt tired and decided to sleep exactly where he was last night instead of going to bed.

He looked at the clock. It was almost ten o'clock and time for breakfast.

Zorro thought he should waken Mr Hawkins, who was still fast asleep, snoring in the next room,.

Zorro went into the room and jumped onto the bed. He got the fright of his life. There on the bed was a man with long red hair stretching right down to his toes.

Zorro looked again and rubbed his eyes. It was indeed Mr Hawkins. His hair had turned red and had grown down to his feet during the night.

Zorro shook him awake. Poor Mr Hawkins didn't know what to think "Oh Zorro! Have you seen yourself?" he inquired in a horrified voice.

Zorro looked into the mirror.

His fur had turned green and his tail was twice as long as it had been.

They both started to laugh.

"It must have been the ice cream we made last night," said Zorro.



**Mr Hawkins hair had grown down to his feet**

**Zorro's fur had turned green and his tail had grown**

So you were wrong Mr Hawkins it couldn't have been three spoonfuls.

It's a good thing that it wears off again quickly, but we can't go out looking like this.

They asked the landlady to bring the breakfast up to the room and leave it outside the door.

The landlady did as she was told because she was so frightened that Zorro might use some magic on her.

She brought them their lunch AND their dinner that day.

Later on that evening the magic ice cream wore off, and they both looked normal again.

“We will try five spoonfuls this time,” admitted Mr Hawkins, as he made up another lot in his small mixing bowl.

They looked in the mirror next morning and laughed even more than before. This time the magic ice cream had made their ears grow to the size of a donkey’s and their noses were like carrots.

“Well, at least we know now that it must be four spoonfuls,” said Zorro laughing aloud.

The landlady again brought all their meals to their room. By night time the magic had worn off once more.

“I’m glad that’s over,” said Mr Hawkins, “Imagine if old Poke saw us like this he





**Their ears had grown and their noses  
were like carrots.**

would be delighted.”

That night they used four spoonfuls of the special ingredient, and everything was fine.

They woke up next morning feeling really good. From now on they enjoyed their holiday and had great fun talking about what had happened.

Leaving the bed and breakfast that morning at about eleven o'clock, both of them caught the bus back home.

The landlady was glad to see them go,

Saying to the maid,

“I hope they don't come back. Imagine having talking cats, laughing with his owner every morning. What a very strange couple indeed.”

The maid looked at the landlady, then handed her a piece of paper. It was a bit crumpled but on it she read.

“This is the secret recipe for magic ice cream,” then followed the whole recipe.

It seemed that after the paper dried on the floor for a day the print returned to the paper.

The landlady looked at it and said

“Huh, I don’t believe that, but we might just try it someday.”

=====

They arrived back at Blossomhill about 4pm that same afternoon.

Mr Hawkins opened a letter lying on the floor behind the front door. It said that the van had now been dried out and that the farmer had cleaned out the fridges and washed the inside of van. It was ready to go on the road again as soon as Mr Hawkins collected it.

“Shall we go now?” asked Zorro, impatiently.

“It’s getting a bit late but let’s go anyway,” answered Mr Hawkins.

“Tomorrow morning we can make lots of ice cream again. I am sure the boys and girls will be happy to have some once more.”

They ordered a taxi and collected the van parked in the farmer's shed. They thanked the farmer warmly for all his work cleaning out the van.

"I would like to pay you for all your work," declared Mr Hawkins.

"Not at all," said the farmer, "Maybe you could leave me some ice cream when you are passing by."

"I certainly will," said Mr Hawkins.

They said their goodbyes and drove on up the road towards Blossomhill.

Back home they were so tired after all the events of the day that they went straight to bed and fell into a deep sleep.

Next morning, after breakfast they both

began to make the ice cream. Mr Hawkins added all the correct ingredients very carefully and Zorro cleaned the ice cream containers going for delivery to all the villages.

The boys and girls were delighted to see Mr Hawkins and Zorro again. They had missed them and their ice cream for the whole week they were away.

A few months had now passed and it was getting very hot again in Blossomhill.

It was also getting very hot in Castlerock where Mr Hawkins and Zorro had stayed for their holidays.

The old landlady and the maid were chatting together about the weather.

“I really can’t stand this heat,” said the

old landlady.

“I know,” said the maid, “It is really far too warm. We need something to cool us down. Why don’t we try the ice cream recipe we found on the floor? It’s in the drawer over there, I think.”

“Good idea,” said the landlady. “It will save us having to buy some. It’s so expensive now days.”

“I’ll look at the recipe and see if we have all the ingredients in our cupboard,” the maid said excitedly. She thought it would be great fun to make her own ice cream.

They laid the recipe on the table and started to check if they had what was needed.

“I think we have everything here,” said the landlady.

“Great, then let’s get started,” said the maid.

They started to add all the ingredients together. Unfortunately they did not measure everything as carefully as they should have!

“Ah I’m sure a wee bit more of this or that will make no difference,” they thought.

They added some water and started to stir the ice cream with a big wooden spoon.

Suddenly the ice cream mix started to smoke! The two women jumped back in shock and stood by the kitchen door.

The smoke was getting thicker and thicker until soon they couldn’t even see each other.



“We had better call the fire brigade immediately,” screamed the maid.

“Definitely,” agreed the landlady, “But we will look really silly when we explain that it’s our ice cream which went on fire.”

By the time the fire brigade arrived the whole street was covered in smoke. Quickly the firemen rushed into the house and poured water all over the ice-cream.

That only made things worse. The ice cream suddenly began to swell up and come out of the bowl even more than before. It flowed all the way down the street. All the neighbours watched open mouthed. They had never seen anything like this before. Suddenly it stopped flowing and made a funny sizzling noise before disappearing completely. Not a

trace was left on the street or in the shop.

“That will teach us not to meddle again with magic ice cream,” said the landlady, feeling very relieved.

“I agree,” said the maid, “In future we will pay for any we want. It’s a lot safer.”

Mr Hawkins and Zorro were watching the news on television that night.

The newscaster was speaking about the strange things that had happened in Castlerock that afternoon.



**THE FIREMEN Poured WATER OVER THE ICE-  
CREAM.**

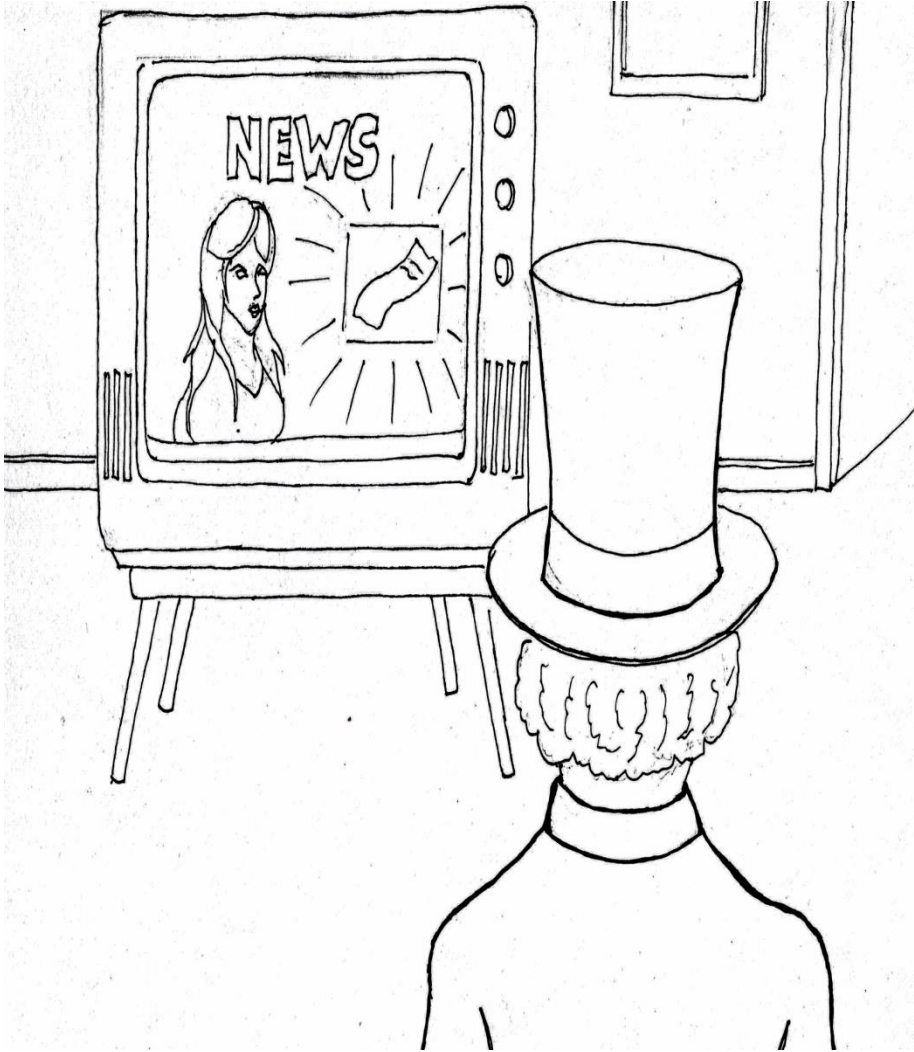
The landlady was interviewed about the two people who had stayed at the guest house a few months ago. She announced that the visitor was a strange man with a cat that could talk. She had heard them laughing a lot in their room. She also added that they had left behind a recipe for ice-cream. The landlady continued to admit that she tried to make the ice cream but some very strange things happened.

Mr Hawkins looked over at Zorro.

“We must get that recipe back as soon as possible before someone really gets hurt, or in case it falls into the wrong hands.”

“We will go back to Castlerock tomorrow morning first thing,” Zorro announced.

“We **MUST** have it back immediately.”



MR HAWKINS WATCHED THE NEWS

Unknown to both of them old Mr Poke was also watching the news. He had his own plan for going to Castlerock, to steal the magic recipe before Mr Hawkins and Zorro got there.

“I will leave very early in the morning while it is still dark,” he decided.

Old Poke set his alarm for five o'clock, and as soon as it rang he jumped out of bed. He looked out the window, the sun was just rising. Poke ran down the stairs, he didn't even wait to have breakfast. Jumping into his old van he wondered to himself, “What can I do to stop Hawkins and Zorro getting there first? I have a plan; I will let their tyres down.”

Poke drove across to Mr Hawkins shop and sneaked around to the back where

the van was parked. He punctured all the tyres and then left laughing to himself. “That will stop them; I will have the secret recipe myself now.”

Mr Hawkins and Zorro woke at five thirty. The sun was a little higher in the sky. It was a beautiful morning, Zorro was first down stairs.

“We will have some breakfast and leave before old Pokey nose hears about the secret recipe,” whispered Zorro.

Mr Hawkins had some eggs and bacon while Zorro gobbled his usual cat food.

Zorro went outside first. He looked at the van.

“OH! NO!” he shouted in his loudest cat voice. “Mr Hawkins, come here quickly.

Old Pokey nose has been here earlier and punctured all the van's tyres."

Mr Hawkins ran around the van and stared at the tyres.

"What are we going to do now Zorro?" He asked in a tearful voice.

"Old Poke has got the better of us this time. Now it looks as if he will have the recipe after all."

"Think, think," urged Zorro, "We can't let him have it. He will ruin the ice cream for all of us. He must have been here at sunrise, about an hour ago. We still have time to catch up with him, because that old rattle trap of a van he drives will take two hours to reach Castlerock", Zorro announced. "I think it's worth a try. Let's make the van fly again. We don't need



tyres when we are in the air. That means we could still get there before old Poke.”

“What a great idea Zorro,” said Mr Hawkins, “What are we waiting for?”

They quickly made up a bowl of ice cream leaving out that special herb.

Zorro poured it into the van’s fuel tank.

“Right you get behind the wheel Zorro, and I will push the van to the hill and get it moving,” ordered Mr Hawkins.

As the van started to roll down the hill Mr Hawkins jumped in. They quickly gathered up speed before Mr Hawkins turned the key and the engine roared into life.

Suddenly the van was airborne, almost reaching the clouds.



**MR POKE IN HIS OLD RATTLE TRAP**

“Turn right,” called Zorro, “I remember passing Castlerock on our trip to Iceland. “I am certain it’s on the far side of those mountains.”

About thirty minutes passed until Mr Hawkins shouted,  
“Look Zorro! There is old Pokey nose.” He spotted the old wreck of a van going as fast as it could, trying to reach Castlerock before them.

Mr Hawkins started to lower his van until he was right over Mr Poke’s roof. He swooped past, waving from the windows at Mr Poke.

Old Poke could not believe his eyes and almost swerved off the road. He tried to go faster but his old rattle trap could only sputter and made strange noises.

“I know I should have had this van serviced,” he muttered angrily to himself, “But I HATE to spend money. Now I am really sorry, because it is too late”

Mr Hawkins and Zorro reached Castlerock with little time to spare. Old Poke was only a few minutes behind them.

“Could I still make it first?” wondered Mr Poke. They have to land that flying machine, but I can drive straight to the landlady’s house.”

Old Poke was right; Mr Hawkins and Zorro were searching for a place to land when they spied Poke driving along the main street towards the guesthouse they had stayed in.

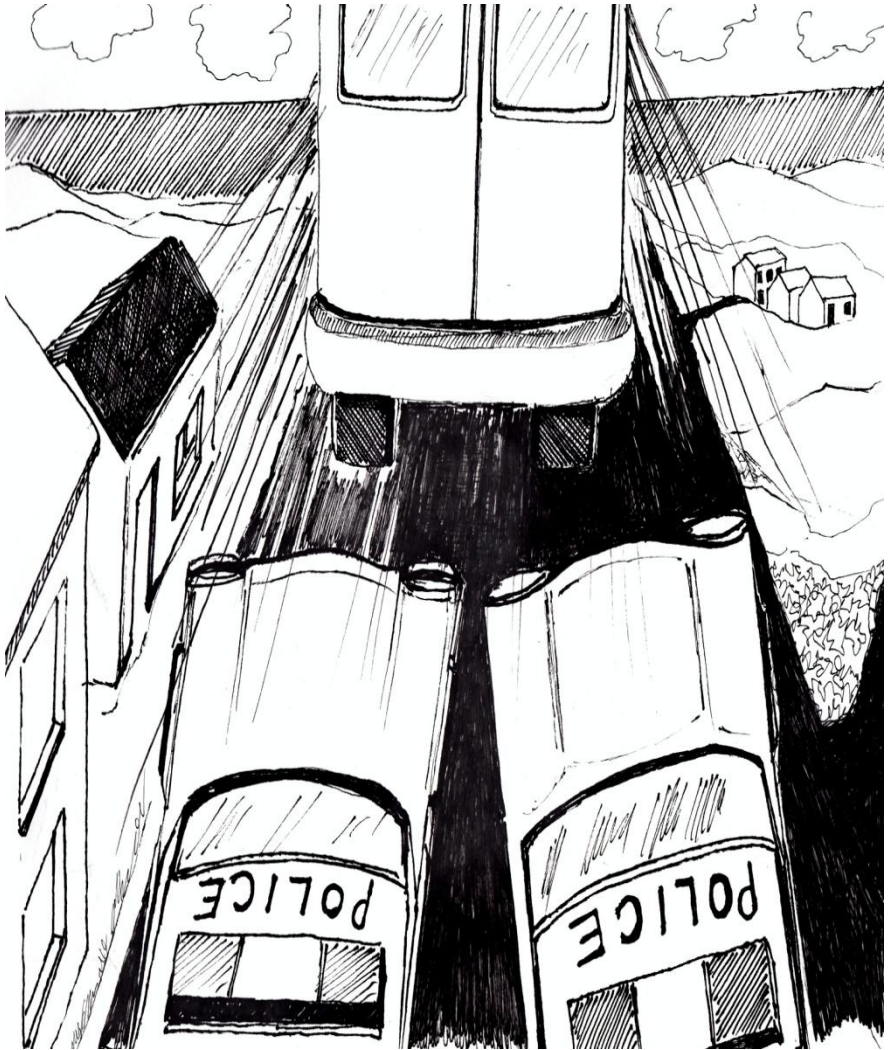
“Get it down,” shouted Zorro, “Land it anywhere you can or Poke will get there

first.”

“Here we go!” shouted Mr Hawkins, “We are going to land no matter what.”

Mr Hawkins pointed the van down towards the road. It landed with a bump, bouncing up again over the top of two police cars. This time they came down and stopped just outside the guesthouse.

Old Poke’s van could not stop on time. He was going as fast as he could, but his brakes were faulty and his van ran into the back of the police cars.



**THE VAN BOUNCED OVER THE TOP OF THE  
CARS**

Poke jumped out and started to run towards the guesthouse. Mr Hawkins and Zorro were also running to the guesthouse and behind them were two very angry policemen.

They all reached the door together pushing and shoving each other so much that no one could get through. "You lot are under arrest," ordered the policemen.

"Get out of my way," shouted Mr Poke.

"The recipe belongs to me," shouted Mr Hawkins.

While they were all shouting and pushing each other Zorro was able to slip inside.

The landlady and her maid were standing in the hallway, wondering what was

happening. Then the landlady saw Zorro dashing up the hall.

“OH No, Not you again!” she cried, “What do you want this time?”

“You know what I need” said Zorro.

“Where is it?”

“Where is what?” The landlady was pretending not to know what Zorro was talking about.

“Do you really want to be a cat?” Zorro hissed at her.

“Oh no! Please not that!” she begged.

“It’s in the far drawer.”

Zorro went to the drawer and there it was - the secret recipe. He hid it carefully in a pocket of his fur coat and ran outside.



The others were still fighting out there.

“Come on Mr Hawkins. I found it!” called Zorro.

Mr Hawkins ran towards the van, letting the hand brake off. It started to roll right away. The policemen stopped and gazed in amazement while the van gathered speed and took off into the air.

“I am going to arrest those pair,” yelled one of the police men.

“Yes,” said the other, “I wonder what you will tell the judge? We came across a flying ice cream van and a talking cat! As if that isn’t bad enough, the driver told us he had lost a secret magic ice cream recipe! I think the judge might lock us up instead. He’ll swear we are mad.”

“Well maybe you are right. We will say nothing about this incident.”

They turned to old Poke and told him to go home and never come back again. What’s more, he was never to mention again what had happened.

Mr Hawkins and Zorro arrived home, landing the van near Mr what’s His Name in the garage. They left it there with the mechanic, who promised to repair the tyres for the next day’s deliveries.

It was now getting very late. Mr Hawkins told Zorro he was would put the magic ice cream recipe into the big safe he kept in his office.

“Nobody will ever be able to steal it from there,” he promised.

“Now I’m going to have a nice cup of

cocoa and then it's off to bed for me."

"I will have a long drink of milk," Zorro told him. They sat together remembering all the things that had happened that day.

"Haven't we really had great fun over the past few months?" said Zorro.

"Remember how we helped Santa? And the strange things that old Poke got up to when he tried to steal our ice cream mix?"

"Yes," said Mr Hawkins, "I thought it was really funny when the cows and sheep started talking to him. Remember how he ran away thinking he was mad. Well now, we had better get to bed because I am sure tomorrow will bring lots more fun for all of us.

Happy ice creams Zorro."

Goodnight, and happy ice creams to you too Mr Hawkins."



**MR HAWKINS AND ZORRO SLEPT WELL THAT NIGHT.**

**THE END (FOR NOW)**