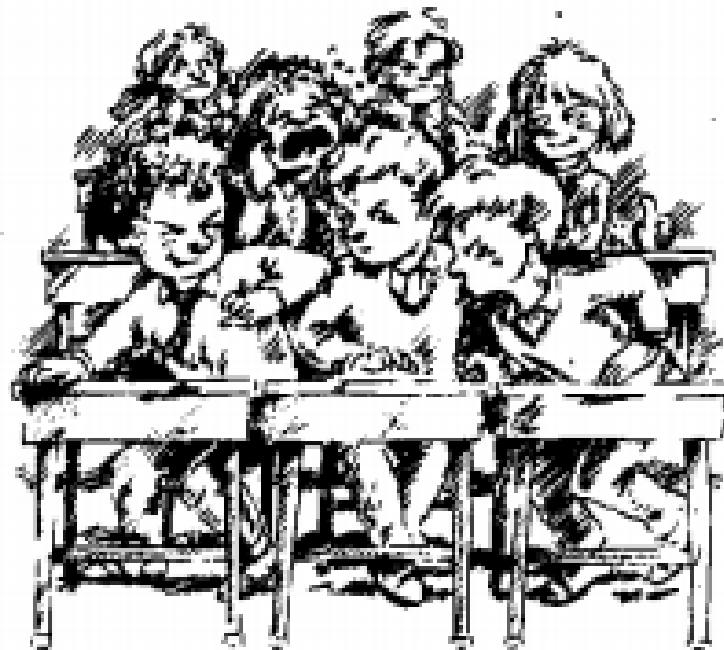


1. The Carpet-Bicycle



It was Monday morning, it was pouring with rain, and it was everyone's first day back at St Barty's Primary School after the Christmas holidays. That's why Class Three were in a bad temper.

Pandora Green had been rude to Melanie, so Melanie was crying (though Melanie always found *something* to cry about). Hamish Bigmore was trying to pick a quarrel with Thomas and Pete, the twins. And Mr Potter the head teacher was very cross

because the new teacher for Class Three hadn't turned up.

'I can't think where he is,' he grumbled at Class Three. 'He should have been here at nine o'clock for the beginning of school. And now it's nearly ten, and I should be teaching Class Two. We'll have to open the folding doors and let you share the lesson with them.'

Class Three groaned. They thought themselves very important people, and didn't in the least want to share a lesson with Class Two, who were just babies.

'Bother this thing,' muttered Mr Potter, struggling with the folding doors that separated the classrooms.

'I'll help you, Mr Potter,' said Hamish Bigmore, who didn't really want to help at all, but just to be a nuisance as usual. And then everyone else began to shout: 'Don't let

Hamish Bigmore do it, he's no good, let *me* help,' so that in a moment there was uproar.

But suddenly silence fell. And there was a gasp.

Mr Potter was still fiddling with the folding doors, so he didn't see what was happening. But Class Three did.

One of the big windows in the classroom slid open all by itself, and *something* flew in.

It was a man on a magic carpet.



There could be no doubt about that. Class Three knew a magic carpet when they saw

one. After all, they'd read *Aladdin* and all that sort of stuff. There are magic carpets all over the place in *Aladdin*. But this wasn't *Aladdin*. This was St Barty's Primary School on a wet Monday morning. And magic carpets don't turn up in schools. Class Three knew that. So they stared.

The carpet hung in the air for a moment, as if it wasn't sure what to do. Then it came down on the floor with a bump. 'Ow!' said the man sitting on it.

He was quite old, and he had a pointed beard and very bright eyes, behind a pair of glasses. His hair and clothes were wet from the rain. On the whole he looked quite ordinary – except for the fact that he was sitting on a magic carpet.

'I just can't manage it,' said Mr Potter, still pushing at the folding doors. 'I'll have to go and get the caretaker.'

Then he saw the man on the carpet.

'What – how – eh?' said Mr Potter. Words usually deserted Mr Potter at difficult moments.

The man on the carpet scrambled to his feet. 'Majeika,' he said politely, offering his hand.

Mr Potter took the hand. 'Majeika?' he repeated, puzzled. Then a look of understanding dawned on his face. 'Ah,' he said, 'Mr Majeika!' He turned to Class Three. 'Boys and girls,' he said, 'I want you to meet Mr Majeika. He's your new teacher.'

For a moment there was silence. Then Melanie began to cry: 'Boo-hoo! I'm *frightened* of him! He came on a magic carpet!'

'What's the matter, Melanie?' snapped Mr Potter. 'I can't hear a word you're saying. It sounded like "magic carpet" or some such

nonsense.' He turned briskly to Mr Majeika. 'Now, you're rather late, Mr Majeika. You might have telephoned me.'

'I'm so sorry,' said Mr Majeika. 'You see, my magic carpet took a wrong turning. It's normally quite good at finding the way, but I think the rain must have got into it. I do beg your pardon.'

'Never mind,' said Mr Potter. 'And now ... Wait a minute, did I hear you say *magic carpet*?'

It was Mr Majeika's turn to look bothered. 'Oh, did I really say that? How very silly of me. A complete slip of the tongue. I meant – *bicycle*, of course. I came on a bicycle.'

'Quite so,' said Mr Potter. 'Bicycle, of course ...' His voice tailed off. He was staring at the magic carpet. 'What's that?' he said rather faintly.

'That?' said Mr Majeika cheerily. 'That's

my magic – ‘ He cleared his throat. ‘Oh dear, my mistake again. *That’s my bicycle.*’ And as he said these last words, he pointed a finger at the magic carpet.

There was a funny sort of humming noise, and the carpet rolled itself up and turned into a bicycle.

Mr Majeika leant cheerily against the handlebars and rang the bicycle bell. ‘Nice bike, isn’t it?’ he said, smiling at Mr Potter.

You could have heard a pin drop.



Mr Potter turned rather white. 'I – I don't think I feel very well,' he said at last. 'I – I don't seem to be able to tell the difference between a carpet and a bicycle.'

Mr Majeika smiled even more cheerily. 'Never mind, a very easy mistake to make. And now I think it's time I began to teach our young friends here.'

Mr Potter wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. 'What? Oh – yes – of course,' he muttered faintly, backing to the door. 'Yes, yes, please do begin. Can't tell a bicycle from a carpet ...' he mumbled to himself as he left the room.

'Now then,' said Mr Majeika to Class Three, 'to work!'

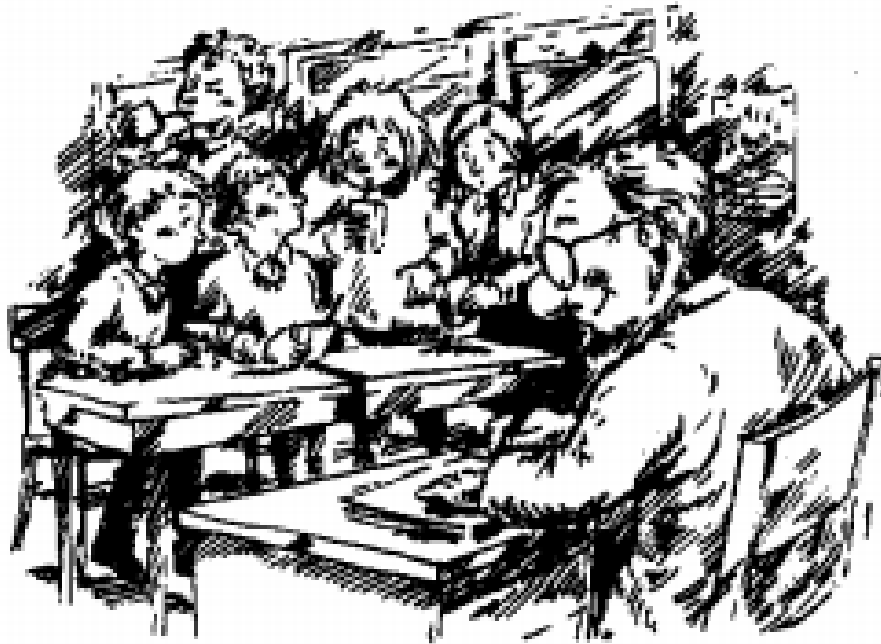
2. *Chips for Everyone*



Never had Class Three been so quiet as they were for the rest of that lesson. They sat in absolute silence as Mr Majeika told them what work he planned to give them for the rest of that term.

Not that any of them was really listening to what he was saying. It actually sounded very ordinary, with stuff about nature-study, and the kings and queens of England, and special projects, and that sort of thing, just like all the other teachers. But they couldn't take it in. Each of them was thinking about just one thing: the magic carpet.

When break came, and they were all having milk and biscuits, they whispered about it.



'I *saw* it,' whispered Pandora Green's best friend Jody.

'So did I,' said Thomas and Pete together. 'It *was* a magic carpet.'

'If you ask *me*,' said Hamish Bigmore, 'it was a mass hallucination.' Hamish Bigmore was always learning long words just so that he could show them off.

‘What’s that mean?’ said Thomas and Pete suspiciously.

‘It’s when you think you’ve seen something and you haven’t,’ said Hamish Bigmore. ‘People get them when they’re walking across the desert. They think they see a pool of water, and when they get there, there’s only sand.’

‘But we’re not in the desert, you idiot,’ said Thomas. ‘And we didn’t see water, we saw a magic carpet, and it turned

into a bicycle. And we *all* saw it, so how could we have imagined it?’

‘That’s why it’s called *mass* hallucination,’ said Hamish Bigmore grandly. ‘*Mass* means lots of people. So idiot yourself!’

And they might have believed him, if it wasn’t for what happened at dinner.

Most of Class Three ate school dinner, but some of them were sent to school with packed lunches which their mothers had made at home, and which they ate at a separate table. Thomas and Pete did this, and so did Jody.

So did Wim. He was Thomas and Pete’s younger brother. He was in the nursery class, so Thomas and Pete only saw him at dinner time. He was really called William, but ‘Wim’ was how he said his own name, so that was what everyone called him.

Wim was tucking happily into a piece of egg and bacon flan, which was his favourite lunch. Thomas and Pete were talking to Jody while they ate theirs.

‘What do you think about the magic carpet?’ they asked her for the hundredth time.

‘Ssh, here he comes!’ whispered Jody.

Mr Majeika was approaching their table. He sat down next to them. ‘Hello,’ he said in a friendly manner. ‘Was there anything you wanted to ask me about the lessons for this term?’

Thomas, Pete and Jody looked at each other. Of course there was something they wanted to ask him!

Suddenly there was a wail from Wim. He had dropped his egg and bacon flan on the floor.

Thomas and Pete looked gloomily at each other. They would have to give Wim some of their own dinner.

‘My poor chap, most unfortunate,’ said Mr Majeika. He bent down and picked up the mess of egg and bacon flan. ‘We must see what we can do with this,’ he said to Wim. ‘Tell me, my young friend, what is your favourite food?’

Wim thought for a moment. Then he said: 'Chips.'

'Ah,' said Mr Majeika, shutting his eyes for a moment, and pointing at Wim's plate. 'Chips.'

'Oo!' said Wim suddenly. And no wonder, for on his plate, where the broken bits of flan had been, stood a huge pile of steaming hot chips.

'Oh!' said Thomas, Pete and Jody.

'Would you like some too, my young friends?' said Mr Majeika. Thomas, Pete and Jody nodded, and suddenly, out of nowhere, there were piles of chips on their plates too.

'Gosh!' said Thomas, Pete and Jody.

Suddenly another voice broke in. 'What's this? You know we don't allow chips here at dinner time.' It was Mr Potter.



He had come up behind Mr Majeika without anyone noticing. 'It's a very strict rule,' he said. 'Parents may send their children to school with sandwiches or other cold food, but I will not allow boys and girls to go out and buy chips during the dinner hour.'

'But we didn't buy them,' began Thomas.

'No, no,' interrupted Mr Majeika quickly. 'They certainly didn't buy them. It was *I* who provided them, not knowing the school rules. It won't happen again.'

'Well,' said Mr Potter crossly, 'please don't let it.' He walked off.

Mr Majeika sighed. 'Oh dear,' he said, 'I think I've got a lot to learn in my new job. You see, I'm not at all experienced at being a teacher. I've always worked as, well ... something else.'

Thomas hesitated for a moment, then plucked up courage to say: 'Do you mean you were a *wizard*?'
.....

Mr Majeika nodded. 'I might as well admit it,' he said. 'I worked as one for years, but then I began to get a bit rusty

on my spells, and recently there hasn't been much business. People don't believe much in wizards nowadays, so naturally they don't often pay them to do some work. So in the end I just had to get another kind of job. That's why I'm here. And now I really *must* remember that I'm a teacher, and not a wizard at all. And you must all help me. You mustn't try to persuade me to do any –'

He hesitated.

'Any magic?' said Pete.

Mr Majeika nodded. 'You must let me be an *ordinary teacher*,' he said. 'Do you promise?'

They all nodded. But each of them thought it would be a very difficult promise to keep.

By three-fifteen that day, when afternoon school was nearly at an end, nothing else out of the ordinary

had happened in Class Three. In fact the afternoon would have ended very boringly if it hadn't been for Hamish Bigmore.

Hamish had been put to sit next to Melanie, which was a bad thing for Melanie, as Hamish liked nothing better than to make her cry.

Sure enough, when there were only a few more minutes to go, Melanie started to sob. 'Boo-hoo! Hamish Bigmore is jabbing me with his ruler!'

Hamish Bigmore said he wasn't, but Mr Majeika moved fast enough to get to the scene of the crime before Hamish had time to hide the ruler. 'Put it down!' said Mr Majeika.

'Shan't,' said Hamish Bigmore.

There was silence, and everyone in Class Three remembered how Hamish Bigmore had refused to do as he was told by last term's teacher. It was mostly

because of him that she had left the school.

‘Put it down,’ said Mr Majeika again.

‘Shan’t,’ said Hamish Bigmore for a second time.

‘Then,’ said Mr Majeika slowly, *‘I shall make you wish very much that you had put it down.’*

And Hamish Bigmore screamed.

‘A snake! Help! Help!’ he shouted. And there fell from his hand something that certainly wasn’t a ruler.

It was a long grey-green snake with patterned markings and a forked tongue. Its mouth was open and it was hissing.



In a moment everyone else was shouting too, and clambering on to the

desks, and doing anything they could to get out of its reach. But not Mr Majeika.

He stepped calmly up to the snake, knelt down, and picked it up. And as his hand touched it, it turned back into a ruler.

‘What are you frightened of?’ he asked Hamish Bigmore. ‘This is only your ruler. But perhaps next time you will do as you are told.’

He gave the ruler back to Hamish Bigmore, who dropped it fearfully on his desk and shrank away from it.

A moment later the bell rang, and school was over for the day. Class Three usually rushed outside as soon as they heard the bell. But today they were quiet as mice.

‘He *said* he didn’t want to do any magic,’ said Thomas to Pete on the way home.

‘I think he just forgets about that now and then,’ said Pete. ‘After all, if you’ve been a wizard for years, it can’t be easy stopping overnight.’

‘Mr Majeika ...’ said Thomas thoughtfully to himself. ‘Do you know, I don’t think that’s his real name.’

‘No,’ said Pete. ‘I think he ought to be called Mr Magic.’

3. Hamish Goes Swimming



In fact for a long time after that Mr Magic, as all Class Three were soon calling him, *didn't* forget that he was meant to be a teacher, and not a wizard. Nothing peculiar happened for weeks and weeks, and the lessons went on just as they would have with any other teacher. The magic carpet, the chips, and the snake seemed like a dream.

Then Hamish Bigmore came to stay at Thomas and Pete's house.

This wasn't at all a good thing, at least not for Thomas and Pete. But they had

no choice. Hamish Bigmore's mother and father had to go away for a few days, and Thomas and Pete's mum had offered to look after Hamish until they came back. She never asked Thomas and Pete what they thought about the idea until it was too late.



Hamish Bigmore behaved even worse than they had expected. He found all their favourite books and games, which they had tried to hide from him, and spoilt them or left them lying about the house where they got trodden on and broken. He pulled the stuffing out of Wim's favourite teddy bear, bounced up and down so hard on the garden climbing-frame that it bent, and talked for hours and hours after the light had been put out at night, so that Thomas and Pete couldn't get to sleep. 'It's awful,'

said Thomas. 'I wish that something really nasty would happen to him.'

And it did.



Hamish Bigmore was behaving just as badly at school as at Thomas and Pete's house. The business of the ruler turning into a snake had frightened him for a few days, but no longer than that, and now he was up to his old tricks again, doing anything rather than listen to Mr Majeika and behave properly.

On the Wednesday morning before Hamish Bigmore's mother and father were due to come home, Mr Majeika was giving Class Three a nature-study lesson, with the tadpoles in the glass tank that sat by his desk. Hamish Bigmore was being ruder than ever.