

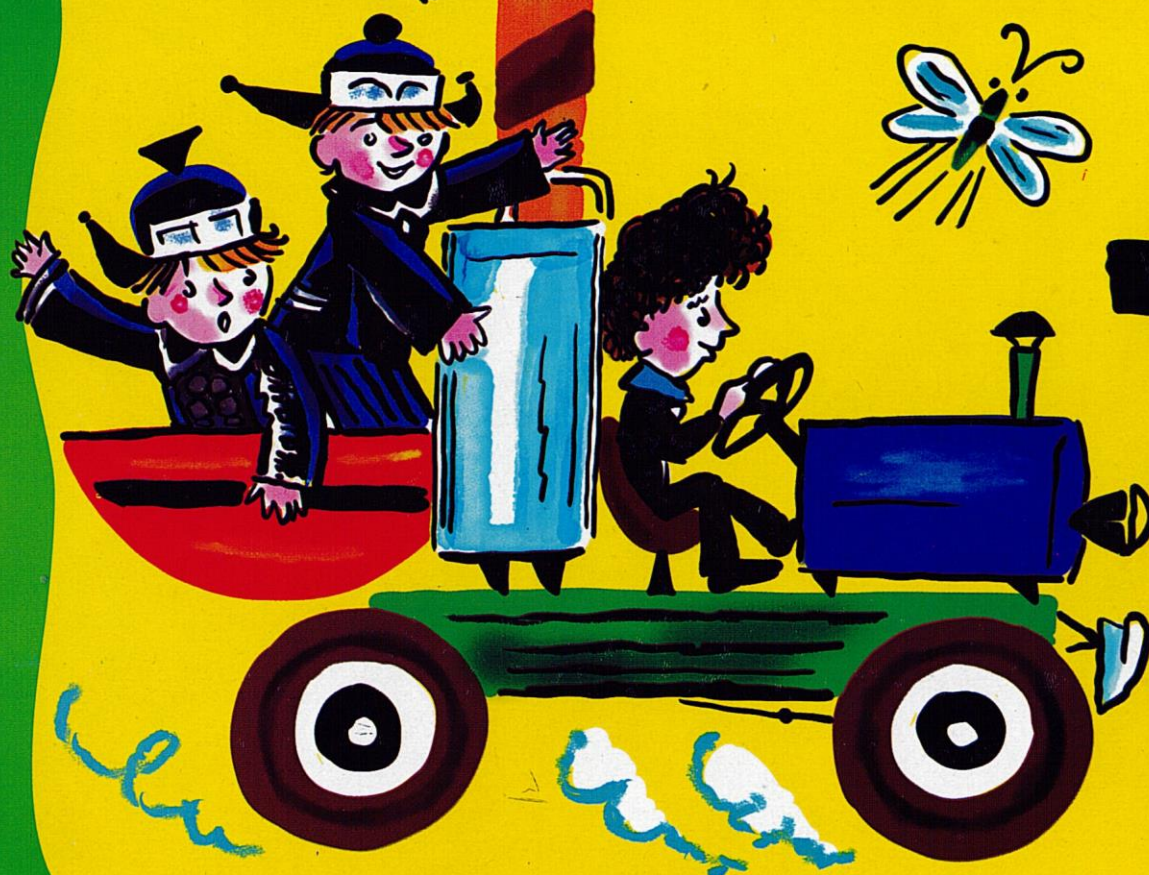
DUNNO'S ADVENTURES

Nikolai Nosov

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**BENDUM
and TWISTUM
GO TO KITE TOWN**



KANOL PUBLISHING HOUSE (PVT) LTD.



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BENDUM AND TWISTUM GO TO KITE TOWN

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Translated from the Russian by **MARGARET WETTLIN**

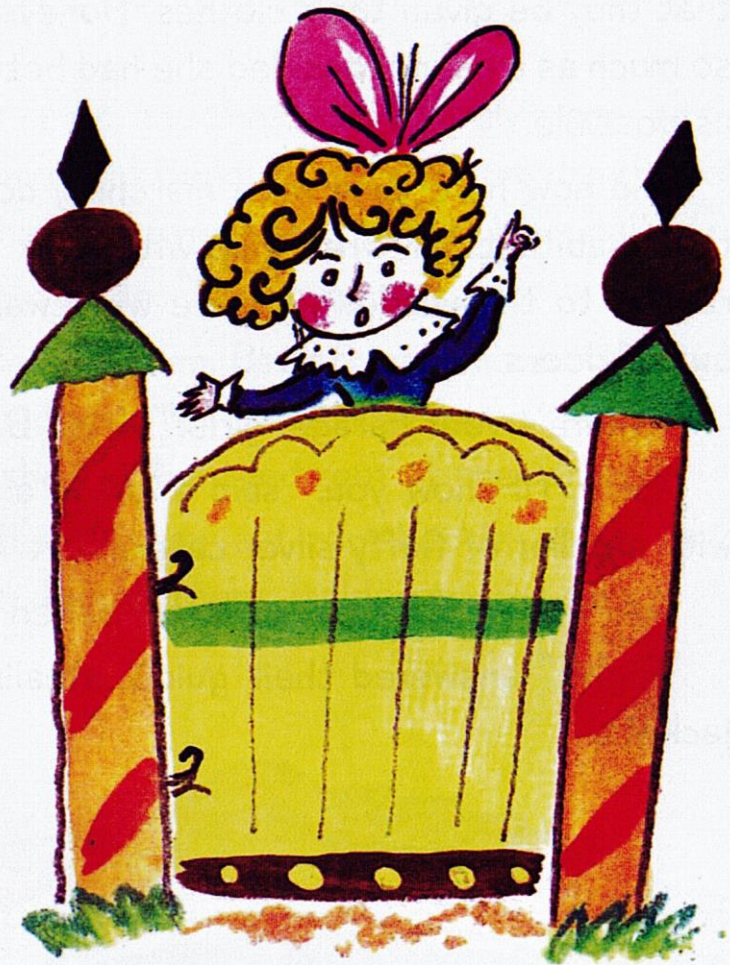
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Hurry, hurry, come outdoors,
Form in line in twos and fours,
Boy- and girl-Mites of all sizes,
Start the day with exercises!

It was with this song, written by the poet Posey, that Bendum and Twistum started their day. The inhabitants of Greenville were still asleep when the two tinkers went marching down the street singing their song and doing setting-up exercises.

On the previous evening they had heard they were to be let out of hospital so that they could mend the girl-Mites' car. And so, long before the sun even thought of coming up they began demanding

that they be given their clothes. Honeysuckle, who feared nothing so much as a scene, decided she had better let them out as quickly as possible.

And now here they were marching down the street, waking up the inhabitants of Greenville with their singing. Some of the girls rushed to the windows to see what was happening, others came out of doors.

"Where's your garage, girls?" cried Bendum.

"Here, I'll show you," said a girl in a red hood and a blue coat with a collar of fluffy silver caterpillar.

"Are we to turn right or left?" asked Bendum.

"Right," answered their guide, stealing a look at their leather jackets.



"Right turn! Quick march!" commanded Bendum. "Left, right! Left, right!"

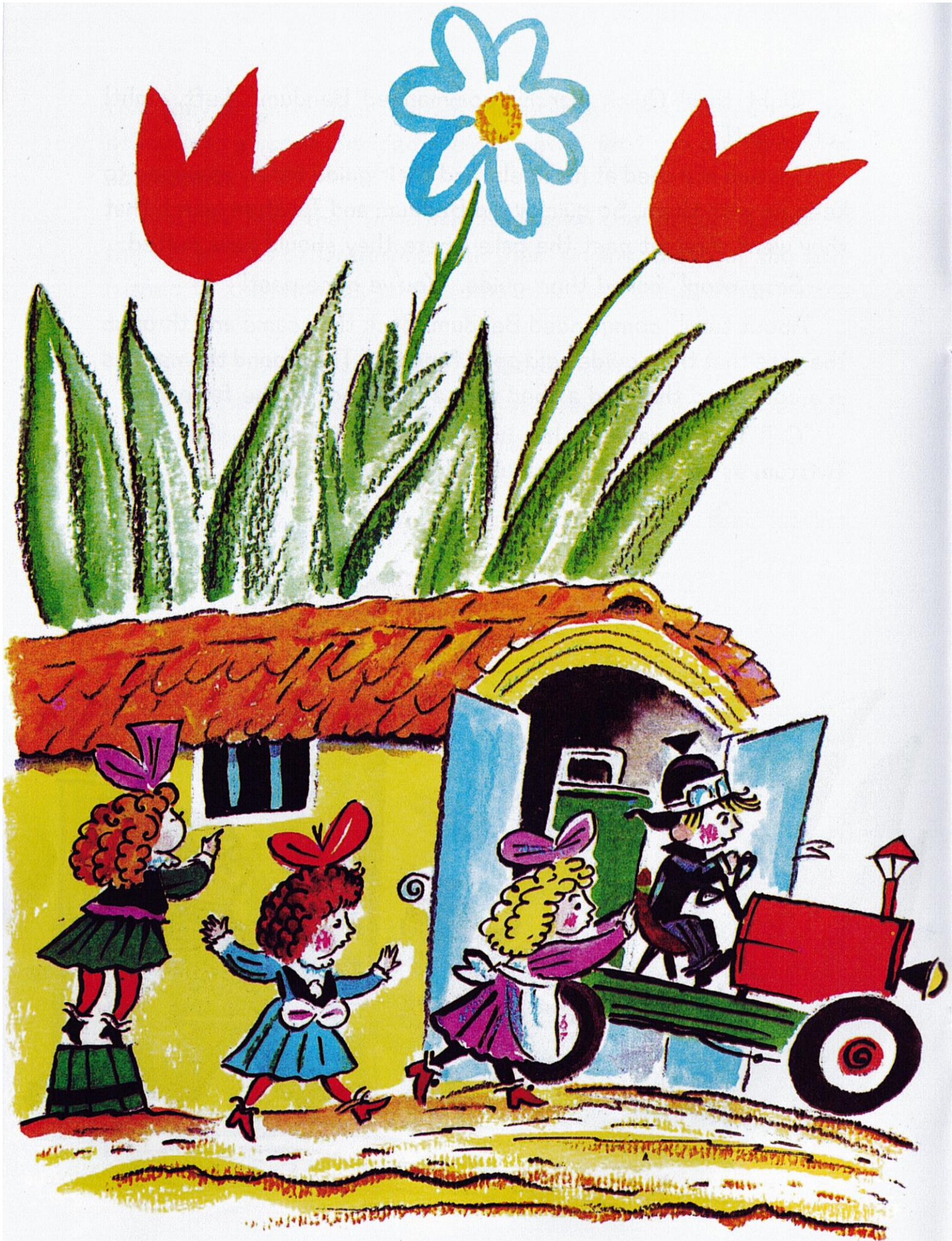
Twistum marched at his heels, and their guide barely managed to keep up with them. So quickly did Bendum and Twistum march that they went straight past the gate where they should have halted.

"Stop, stop!" called their guide. "You've gone past!"

"About turn!" commanded Bendum. Back they came and through the gate that their guide held open for them. They found themselves in a courtyard that had a shed with a tiled roof at the far end.

"Call this a garage? It's just an old ramshackle shed," said Twistum as he opened the double doors. Inside stood a car.





By this time some other girls had entered the yard.

"It's dark in this shed," said Bendum. "Let's take the car out."

"But it doesn't run, it's out of order," said the girls.

"That's all right, we'll push it out. Here, lend a hand. One, two — push! One, two — push!"

With a squeak and a squawk the car rolled out.

In a minute Bendum and Twistum were underneath it, while the amazed girls watched them admiringly.

"Umph! The tank leaks," came from under the car. "Tck, tck, tck! A bolt's loose. Hm! The syrup pipe's burst!"

In a little while they crawled out.



"Give us a monkey-wrench, some pliers, a hammer, and a soldering iron," said Bendum.

"We don't have any of those things."



"You don't? What do you have?"

"A saw and an axe."

"You can't mend cars with an axe. Aren't there any boys about?"



"All the boys live in Kite Town."

"Is that far away?"

"About an hour's walk."

"If it takes you an hour, it'll take us less. Tell us how to get there."

"Turn to the right at the end of this street, keep going straight ahead till you come to the road that cuts through the fields, follow the road, and it will bring you to Kite Town."

"Clear enough," said Bendum. "Quick march! But wait — while we're away, find some old rags and clean the car. Motor cars like to be taken good care of."

"We will," said the girls.



"Good-bye. Quick march!"

And off they went. As soon as they got to the end of the street Bendum gave the command to sing, and the two of them began at the top of their voices:

Off we went, my friend and I,
Glad to see a shining sky,
Over dale and over hill,
Bright with yellow daffodil.
Suddenly we met a toad
Hopping toward us down the road,
Home we ran as fast as fast,
I ran first and he ran last.



When that song was finished they sang another, then another. Soon they were out of town and walking through the fields. When they had been on their way almost an hour and were in sight of Kite Town they came upon a car standing in the middle of the road. There was nobody inside it, but they saw a pair of legs in a pair of greasy black trousers sticking out from under it.

"Taking a sun-bath, shorty?" called out Twistum.

A curly dark head was thrust out from between the wheels.

"Oh, yes. A sun-bath under the car," was the reply.

"What's the trouble?"

"Not enough syrup or too much soda-water — I can't make out which, hang it all!"

He crawled out from under and gave one of the wheels a kick.

His jacket, like his trousers, was so black and greasy that it shone like patent leather. Evidently the poor chap spent more time under his car than in it, as is often the case with owners of soda-water cars.

Bendum walked round and round, studying the machine, and when he could find nothing wrong up above, he dived underneath. He fussed there for a few minutes, then crawled out and stood scratching his head. As soon as he crawled out, Twistum dived under, and when he crawled out the owner of the car dived under. For some time they took turns doing this — diving under, crawling out. and scratching their heads.

In the end Bendum discovered what the trouble was, and very soon the engine was humming away merrily. The delighted owner shook the hands of Bendum and Twistum.

"Thanks," he said. "I'd have spent the whole day taking a sun-bath if you hadn't happened along. Where are you going? Climb in, I'll give you a lift."

Bendum and Twistum told him what they had come for.



"I can lend you a monkey-wrench, a hammer, and pliers, but I haven't got a soldering-iron," said the owner of the car.

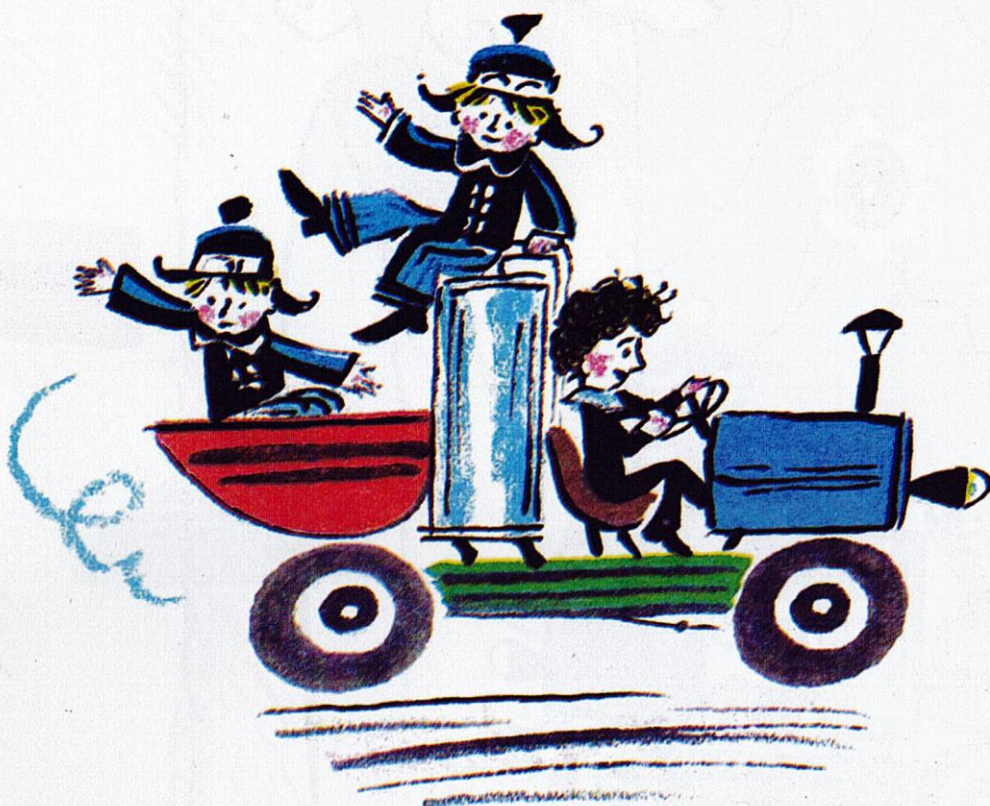
"Don't you suppose we could find one in Kite Town?"

"Of course you could. Taps, our plumber, is sure to have one. We'll go and ask him."

The three climbed into the car, and a few minutes later they were driving down the main street of Kite Town.









You can read about more adventures of
Dunno and his friends from Flower Town in
IN KITE TOWN
and VISIT TO A LIVE AUTHOR



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