

Santa and the Zabbazara Bus

BY LUCRECE BEALE

"Marshmallows! Marshmallows!" screamed the Voodoo man.



Synopsis: Mr. D and the boy disguise themselves as Santa and the Princess. The Voodoo man attempts to cast a spell over them.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"Marshmallows!" whispered the Voodoo man. He pointed at Santa and the Princess. "I order you to turn into marsh-mallows!"

Santa and the Princess sat there and didn't turn into anything. Of course, they were really Mr. D and the little lost boy, and the Voodoo man's charms couldn't work on them.

The Voodoo man muttered some more words to himself. He pulled his cloak over his head and walked three times around the throne. Then he shouted in a very loud voice, "MARSHMALLOWS!"

Mr. D and the boy sat there.

The Voodoo man lost his temper. He jumped up and down and screamed "Marshmallows! Marshmallows! Marshmallows!"

Nothing happened at all.

Mr. D began to feel very brave. "You see, you cannot harm the Princess and me. Your magic has gone."

"It can't be! I have a secret power! No one can cast such a spell as I!"

Mr. D shrugged. "Very well. Cast your spell over us."

The Voodoo man drew a line on the floor with chalk. "Let the Princess cross that line and she will turn into a fish."

The boy got up from the throne and, holding his train very carefully, stepped across the line.

"I can swim," he said. "But I'm still no fish."

The Voodoo man stared at him in dismay. He searched through his pockets and drew out a little sack of red powder. "When this powder touches you you will fall into a sleep and never awake!"

He came close to Mr. D and blew the powder directly into his face. Mr. D coughed and blinked his eyes. He never went to sleep at all.

The Voodoo man had used up all his tricks. Nothing had worked. He hung his head and groaned. "I don't understand it. I don't understand."

"It's very simple. My power is greater than yours," said the little boy. He felt very strong and brave. He climbed back on the Princess's throne.

"Where is my wand?" he said to Mr. D.

"What wand?" stammered Mr. D in astonishment.

"My wand I give orders with."

"Oh that!" Mr. D looked about hurriedly. The only thing he could find was a coat hanger. He handed it to the boy.

"Now," said the boy to Mr. D. "Is there anything you want or any little spell you want to cast over him?"

"Why, no," said Mr. D thoughtfully. "Only I think we might command him to admit that our power is greater than his."

The Voodoo man glared at him. "It's true, I suppose. "But I still don't understand it."

"It isn't necessary for you understand," said Mr. D grandly. "Now we command you to tell us the secret of the power you thought you had."

"Never!" declared the Voodoo man. "Very well," said the boy. "I guess we'll have to cast a spell of our own."

He began to wave the coat hanger over his head.

NEXT: The Voodoo Man's Secret.