

CLASSICS
Illustrated
JUNIOR

No. 502

15¢

the
Ugly Duckling

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON



COMING NEXT MONTH



FROM THE LAND of "once upon a time" comes the beloved story of Cinderella. A touch of a fairy godmother's wand and you are speeded away into the golden days of yesterday in a heart warming tale to delight both young and old.

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WHAT IS THIS???

Solve this puzzle by placing the point of your pencil or crayon on dot number 1 and drawing a line to dot number 2. Then you draw another line to dot number 3 and so on, until you have connected all the dots. After you have done this, you may use your crayons to color this surprise picture.



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the Ugly Duckling

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON





ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A FARMY LAND, THERE WAS A POND WHERE THE DUCKS AND THEIR DUCKLINGS SWAM ALL DAY...

ALL THE DUCKS WERE HAPPY--- ALL EXCEPT FOR A LONELY MOTHER DUCK WHO HAD WAITED SO VERY LONG FOR HER EGGS TO HATCH...



NO ONE EVER STOPS TO GOSSIP ANY MORE!



FINALLY, ONE BRIGHT, SUMMER DAY...

AT LAST!

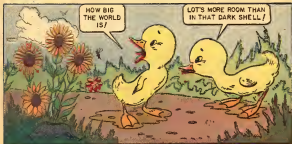
ALL THE YOLKS OF THE EGGS CAME ALIVE AND STUCK OUT THEIR HEADS...



PEEP!

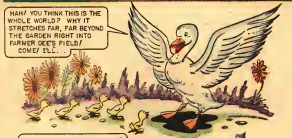
PEEP!

PEEP!



HOW BIG THE WORLD IS!

LOTS MORE ROOM THAN IN THAT DARK SHELL!



HAH! YOU THINK THIS IS THE WHOLE WORLD? WHY IT STRETCHES FAR, FAR BEYOND THE GARDEN RIGHT INTO FARMER OED'S FIELD! COME! I'LL...



WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER EGG? NOT YET HATCHED? WHAT A BIG ONE!

AND DOWN SHE SAT AGAIN!



HOW MUCH LONGER WILL I HAVE TO WAIT?

JUST THEN, AN ELDERLY DUCK CAME UP FROM THE POND

STILL SETTING? BUT YOUR DUCKLINGS ARE HATCHED, HOW PRETTY THEY ARE, TOO.

WHY, THANK YOU, MADAM DOWNEY, BUT THERE'S STILL ONE HERE THAT WON'T COME OUT



MY! SUCH A HUGE ONE PROBABLY A TURKEY EGG. DON'T BOTHER TO HATCH IT. IT WILL GIVE YOU NOTHING BUT TROUBLE



MOTHER DUCK HESITATED ONLY A MOMENT...

NO! IT'S MY JOB TO SET AND SET I MUST!



...AND DOWN SHE SAT ONCE MORE. SUDDENLY





ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE DUCKLINGS WADDLED INTO THE POND. THE WATER CLOSED OVER THEM AT FIRST. BUT SOON . . .

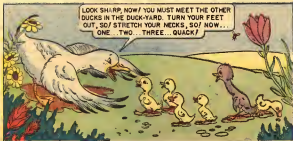


. . . UP THEY CAME AGAIN, FLOATING MERRILY, PADDLING ALONG WITH THEIR FUNNY WEBBED FEET. . .



HE'S NO TURKEY
HE SWIMS VERY WELL
INDEED. HE MUST BE
MINE.





LOOK SHARP, NOW! YOU MUST MEET THE OTHER
DUCKS IN THE DUCK-YARD. TURN YOUR FEET
OUT, SO! STRETCH YOUR NECKS, SO! NOW...
ONE... TWO... THREE... QUACK!



WELL! THAT'S ALL WE
NEED! ANOTHER BIG
FAMILY. THERE'S
HARDLY ENOUGH
FOR US TO EAT.

AND LOOK
AT THAT UGLY
ONE! WHAT'S
HE DOING HERE?
I'M GOING TO
CALL MY
HUSBAND!



DO SOMETHING!
WE CAN'T ALLOW
SUCH A QUEER
CREATURE TO
LIVE AMONG US.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
MY GEAR! HE
DOESN'T BELONG
HERE.

AND WITHOUT WARNING, THE BIG DRAKE
POUNCED ON THE POOR UGLY DUCKLING!



MOTHER DUCK QUICKLY FLEW
TO HER BABY'S RESCUE!

LEAVE HIM ALONE,
YOU BULLY!



HE'S TOO UGLY
TO STAY HERE!

HE'S NOT!
HE'S NOT!

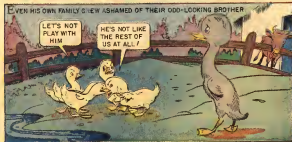
BUT THE DRAKE WASN'T THE ONLY ONE
WHO SCORNEED THE UGLY LITTLE FELLOW

SOMETHING'S WRONG
WITH THAT ONE
HE'S TOO BIG
FOR A DUCK.

MUST HAVE LAIN
IN THE EGG TOO
LONG WHAT A SIGHT!




GET OUT OF
HERE, YOU
UGLY THING!




SO SAD WAS THE POOR DUCKLING THAT EVEN HIS MOTHER COULDN'T COMFORT HIM.




OH, WHY AREN'T I CUTE AND LITTLE LIKE THE OTHERS?



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE. YOU SWIM AS WELL AS THE OTHERS, BETTER EVEN. I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE NOT SO PRETTY. IT DOESN'T MATTER.



YES, IT DOES MATTER, TOO! IF NO ONE LIKES ME AND NO ONE WILL PLAY WITH ME BECAUSE I'M SO UGLY, I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND HERE AT ALL!



AND SO, HE LEFT HIS MOTHER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS AND SET OUT INTO THE WORLD ALL ALONE . . .

HE SWAM AND SWAM FOR LONG WEARY HOURS.

EVEN THE BIRDS ARE FRIGHTENED BY UGLY ME.



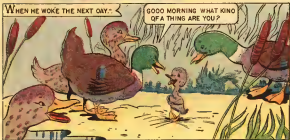
...UNTIL HE CAME TO A SWAMP WHERE WILD DUCKS LIVED.

I HOPE NOBODY SEES ME WHILE I SLEEP.



WHEN HE WOKE THE NEXT DAY...

GOOD MORNING WHAT KIND OF A THING ARE YOU?



I... I... I'M A DUCK, I THINK! WHO ARE YOU?



WE'RE THE WILD DUCKS. YOU'RE PRETTY UGLY FOR A DUCK. BUT IF YOU'RE A DISTANT RELATIVE, YOU MAY JOIN US.



SUDDENLY

I CAN SWIM VERY WELL AND
WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE

WHAT WAS
THAT NOISE?!



THE NOISE WAS MADE BY HUNTERS, AIMING
THEIR DEADLY RIFLES



IN AN INSTANT, THE UGLY DUCKLING'S
NEW FRIENDS LAY DEAD BEFORE HIS
STARTLED EYES!



TERRIFIED, THE LOST DUCKLING LOOKED FOR SOMEPLACE TO HIDE...



AT LAST, THE SHOOTING STOPPED...

WHAT WERE THOSE WHIZZING THINGS?
COULDN'T BE RAIN. RAIN ROLLS OFF
A DUCK'S BACK.



JUST WHEN UGLY WAS FEELING SAFE, A NEW DANGER APPEARED...



THE UGLY DUCKLING WAS SURE HIS END
WAS NEAR!



BUT THE NEXT MOMENT, THE DOG DROPPED
THE UGLY DUCKLING WITH A THUMP.



THANK GOODNESS/I'M SO UGLY
EVEN THE DOG DIDN'T WANT ME!



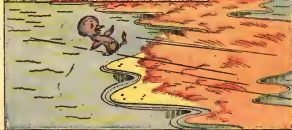
BUT NOW I'M LOST.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHICH
WAY TO GO.



A SUDDEN WIND BLOWING ACROSS THE MARSHES HELPED THE DUCKLING
MAKE UP HIS MIND.



IT PICKED HIM UP AND BLEW HIM ACROSS WATER AND FIELDS.

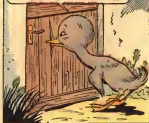


UNTIL HE FOUND HIMSELF, BRUISED AND WEARY, AT THE DOOR OF A POOR COTTAGE.

MAYBE THEY WILL LET ME IN.



OH, DEAR! THERE'S A HEN AND A CAT IN THERE. THEY WON'T WANT ME!



BUT JUST THEN

WHAT'S THIS? A POOR DUCKLING? WELL, NOW! I HAVE FRESH HENS' EGGS, MAYBE YOU WILL GIVE ME DUCK EGGS!

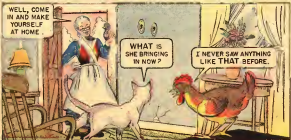
YES, M'AM. I... I HOPE SO, M'AM



WELL, COME IN AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

WHAT IS SHE BRINGING IN NOW?

I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE.



SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED AND THE UGLY DUCKLING DIDN'T LAY A SINGLE EGG!

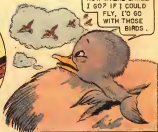




BUT DON'T WORRY! THIS IS THE
LAST YOU'LL SEE OF ME!



NOW WHERE SHALL
I GO? IF I COULD
FLY, I'D GO
WITH THOSE
BIRDS.



I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FLY. I FEEL
AS THOUGH I SHOULD BE GOING
WHERE THEY'RE GOING!
OOOPS!



THE YOUNG DUCKLING'S WISH TO FLY
SOUTH WITH THE BIRDS WAS
NATURAL AND RIGHT, BUT
HE JUST WASN'T
READY TO FLY
YET.



AT LAST, THE UGLY DUCKLING FOUND A PEACEFUL PLACE WHERE NO ONE BOTHERED HIM. IT WAS AUTUMN NOW. ONE EVENING, THE SUN WENT DOWN IN A BLAZE OF GLORY...



AS UGLY WATCHED, A FLOCK OF LOVELY SWANS CAME OUT OF A GROVE.

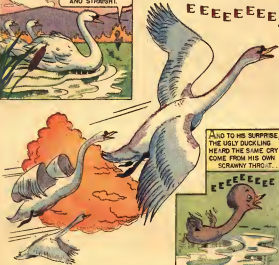


THEY SWIM SO PROUD AND STRAIGHT.



WITH A STRANGE CRY, THEY TOOK TO THE AIR!

EEEEEEEE!



AND TO HIS SURPRISE, THE UGLY DUCKLING HEARD THE SAME CRY COME FROM HIS OWN SCRAWNY THROAT...

EEEEEEEE



AS THE LITTLE, LONELY FELLOW WATCHED THE WONDERFUL SWANS FLY AWAY TO WARMER LANDS, HIS HEART BEAT WILDLY...

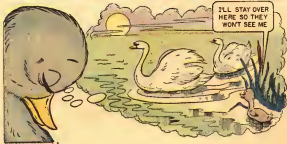
BUT THAT COULD NEVER BE. I'D BE HAPPY JUST TO BE NEAR SUCH PRETTY BIRDS.



OH, IF I COULD ONLY BE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEY!

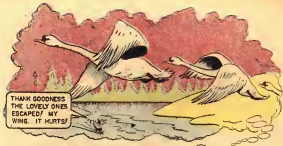


AND THINKING OF THE SWANS, THE DUCKLING FELL ASLEEP.



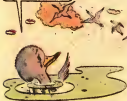
I'LL STAY OVER HERE SO THEY WON'T SEE ME



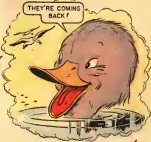


THANK GOODNESS
THE LOVELY ONES
ESCAPED! MY
WING. IT HURTS!

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT
HAPPENS TO ME AS LONG
AS THEY ARE SAFE.

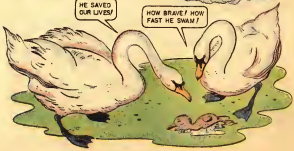


THEY'RE COMING
BACK!



HE SAVED
OUR LIVES!

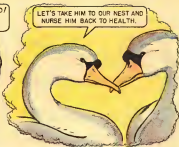
HOW BRAVE! HOW
FAST HE SWAM!



I-- I'VE ALWAYS
BEEN A GOOD
SWIMMER

HE'S FAINTED!
HE'S BADLY
WOUNDED!

LET'S TAKE HIM TO OUR NEST AND
NURSE HIM BACK TO HEALTH.



REST, LITTLE ONE
YOU WILL SOON
BE BETTER

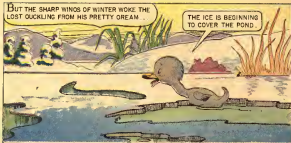


YOU ARE UGLY BUT YOU
HAVE A BRAVE HEART
YOU MAY STAY WITH US
AS LONG AS YOU WISH

AS LONG AS
I LIVE?



BUT THE SHARP WINDS OF WINTER WOKE THE LOST DUCKLING FROM HIS PRETTY DREAM...



THE ICE IS BEGINNING TO COVER THE POND.

HE HAD TO SWIM ROUND AND ROUND JUST TO KEEP HIMSELF WARM.



AND SLOWLY THE ICE CLOSED IN. ONE NIGHT, WHILE SLEEPING, THE UGLY DUCKLING FROZE FAST ON THE SURFACE OF THE POND.



NEXT MORNING.

WHAT'S THAT?



A POOR DUCKLING. HE'S FROZEN AS STIFF AS A BOARD.



AT LONG LAST, THE CRUEL WINTER LEFT THE PONDS AND WOODS. IT WAS SPRING AGAIN.

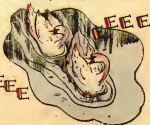


AND THROUGH THE BULL RUSHES A LONE BIRD WANDERED. IT WAS THE UGLY ONE BUT HE WAS NO LONGER A LITTLE DUCKLING. HE HAD GROWN UP . . .



SUDDENLY, HE SPIED THE BEAUTIFUL SWANS AND, WITHOUT THINKING, UTTERED HIS STRANGE, HIGH CRY OF GREETING . . .

AT ONCE, THE ANSWER CAME . . .



OUT SWAM WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE UGLY DUCKLING BUT HE WAS NO LONGER UGLY AS WHITE AS A BRIGHT CLOUD HE SAILED OUT ACROSS THE POND



BUT HE STILL DID NOT KNOW THAT HE HAD GROWN INTO A SWAN.

THEY WILL HATE ME LIKE THE HENS, THE DUCKS, THE CAT, AND THE FARMER'S WIFE BECAUSE I AM SO UGLY.



BUT I DON'T CARE THEY CAN HURT ME AND LAUGH AT ME AS MUCH AS THEY WANT. I MUST BE NEAR THEM.



IMAGINE HIS SURPRISE WHEN THE SWANS MET HIM WITH A WARM WELCOME.

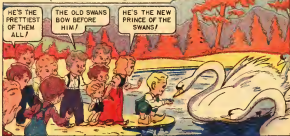


BENDING HIS HEAD SHYLY, HE SAW HIMSELF IN THE SMOOTH MIRROR OF THE POND.

I' M A SWAN!
I' M NOT UGLY
ANY MORE!



ALL THE CHILDREN CAME TO SEE THE NEW SWAN.



AND HIS OLD ENEMIES STARED IN WONDER...





THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

Hey, diddle, diddle!

The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see
such sport,
And the dish ran away with
the spoon.





IN THE WINTER, THE FEMALE BEAR BURIES HERSELF IN THE SNOW THEN SHE GOES TO SLEEP UNTIL SPRING.



MEANWHILE, HER HUSBAND IS OUT GETTING FOOD. HE LIVES MOSTLY ON SEALS, WALRUSES AND WHALE MEAT.

IN THE COLD NORTHLANDS CALLED THE ARCTIC REGIONS, LIVES THE HUGE POLAR BEAR.



WHEN SPRING COMES, MRS. BEAR COMES OUT OF THE SNOWDRIFT WHERE SHE HAS BEEN SLEEPING. WITH HER IS USUALLY A NEW CUB.

POLAR BEARS CAN SWIM AND TRAVEL OVER SMOOTH ICE WHERE NOTHING ELSE CAN GO. THIS IS BECAUSE THEIR GREAT FEET ARE COVERED WITH HAIRS TO KEEP THEM FROM SLIPPING.