

The Book of Pooh



by A. A. Milne

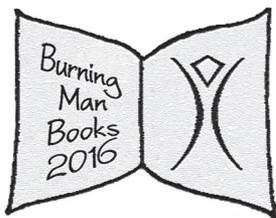


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Your fantastical world helped inspire my own.

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Chapter 1: Winnie-the-Pooh and Some Bees



Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think.

First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that I know of is because you're a bee."

Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey."

And then he got up, and said: "And the only reason for making honey is so as I can eat it." So he began to climb the tree. He climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and as he climbed he sang a little song to himself. It went like this:

*Isn't it funny
How a bear likes honey?
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
I wonder why he does?*

Then he climbed a little further . . . and a little further . . . and then just a little further. By that time he had thought of another song.

*It's a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees,
They'd build their nests at the bottom of trees.
And that being so (if the Bees were Bears),
We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.*

He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch . . .

Crack!

"Oh, help!" said Pooh, as he dropped ten feet on the branch below him.

"If only I hadn't—" he said, as he bounced twenty feet on to the next branch.

"You see, what I *meant* to do," he explained, as he turned head-over-

heels, and crashed on to another branch thirty feet below, “what I *meant* to do—”

“Of course, it *was* rather—” he admitted, as he slithered very quickly through the next six branches.

“It all comes, I suppose,” he decided, as he said good-bye to the last branch, spun round three times, and flew gracefully into a gorse-bush, “it all comes of *liking* honey so much. Oh, help!”

He crawled out of the gorse-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again. And the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin.

So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the Forest.

“Good morning, Christopher Robin,” he said.

“Good morning, Winnie-the-Pooh,” said Christopher Robin.

“I wonder if you’ve got such a thing as a balloon about you?”

“A balloon?”

“Yes, I just said to myself coming along: ‘I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him?’ I just said it to myself, thinking of balloons, and wondering.”

“What do you want a balloon for?” you said.

Winnie-the-Pooh looked round to see that nobody was listening, put his paw to his mouth, and said in a deep whisper: “*Honey!*”

“But you don’t get honey with balloons!”

“*I* do,” said Pooh.

Well, it just happened that Christopher Robin had been to a party the day before at the house of his friend Piglet, and he had balloons at the party. He had had a big green balloon; and one of Rabbit’s relations had had a big blue one, and had left it behind, being really too young to go to a party at all; and so he had brought the green one *and* the blue one home with him.

“Which one would you like?” he asked Pooh. He put his head between his paws and thought very carefully.

“It’s like this,” he said. “When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you’re coming. Now, if you have a green balloon, they might think you were only part of the tree, and not notice you, and if you have a blue balloon, they might think you were only part of the sky, and not notice you, and the question is: Which is most likely?”

“Wouldn’t they notice you underneath the balloon?” Christopher Robin asked.

“They might or they might not,” said Winnie-the-Pooh. “You never can tell with bees.” He thought for a moment and said: “I shall try to look like a small black cloud. That will deceive them.”

“Then you had better have the blue balloon,” Christopher Robin said; and so it was decided.

Well, they both went out with the blue balloon, and Christopher Robin took his gun with him, just in case, as he always did, and Winnie-the-Pooh went to a very muddy place that he knew of, and rolled and rolled until he was black all over; and then, when the balloon was blown up as big as big, and Christopher Robin and Pooh were both holding on to the string, Christopher Robin let go suddenly, and Pooh Bear floated gracefully up into the sky, and stayed there-level with the top of the tree and about twenty feet away from it.

“Hooray!” Christopher Robin shouted.

“Isn’t that fine?” shouted Winnie-the-Pooh down to Christopher Robin. “What do I look like?”

“You look like a Bear holding on to a balloon,” Christopher Robin said.

“Not,” said Pooh anxiously, “Not like a small black cloud in a blue sky?”

“Not very much.”

“Ah, well, perhaps from up here it looks different. And, as I say, you never can tell with bees.”

There was no wind to blow him nearer to the tree, so there he stayed. He could see the honey, he could smell the honey, but he couldn’t quite reach the honey.

After a little while he called down to Christopher Robin.

“Christopher Robin!” he said in a loud whisper.

“Hallo!”

“I think the bees *suspect* something!”

“What sort of thing?”

“I don’t know. But something tells me that they’re *suspicious!*”

“Perhaps they think that you’re after their honey?”

“It may be that. You never can tell with bees.”

There was another little silence, and then he called down to Christopher Robin again.

“Christopher Robin!”

“Yes?”

“Have you an umbrella in your house?”

“I think so.”

“I wish you would bring it out here, and walk up and down with it, and look up at me every now and then, and say ‘Tut-tut, it looks like rain.’ I think, if you did that, it would help the deception which we are practising on these bees.”

Well, Christopher Robin laughed to himself, “Silly old Bear!” but he didn’t say it aloud because he was so fond of him, and he went home for his umbrella.

“Oh, there you are!” called down Winnie-the-Pooh, as soon as he got

back to the tree. "I was beginning to get anxious. I have discovered that the bees are now definitely Suspicious."

"Shall I put my umbrella up?" you said.

"Yes, but wait a moment. We must be practical. The important bee to deceive is the Queen Bee. Can you see which is the Queen Bee from down there?"

"No."

"A pity. Well, now, if you walk up and down with your umbrella, saying, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a little Cloud Song, such as a cloud might sing . . . Go!"

So, while Christopher Robin walked up and down and wondered if it would rain, Winnie-the-Pooh sang this song:

*How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!
Every little cloud
Always sings aloud.
How sweet to be a Cloud
Floating in the Blue!
It makes him very proud
To be a little cloud.*

The bees were still buzzing as suspiciously as ever. Some of them, indeed, left their nests and flew all round the cloud as it began the second verse of this song, and one bee sat down on the nose of the cloud for a moment, and then got up again.

"Christopher—*ow!*—Robin," called out the cloud.

"Yes?"

"I have just been thinking, and I have come to a very important decision. *These are the wrong sort of bees.*"

"Are they?"

"Quite the wrong sort. So I should think they would make the *wrong* sort of honey, shouldn't you?"

"Would they?"

"Yes. So I think I shall come down."

"How?" asked you.

Winnie-the-Pooh hadn't thought about this. If he let go of the string, he would fall—*bump*—and he didn't like the idea of that. So he thought for a long time, and then he said:

"Christopher Robin, you must shoot the balloon with your gun. Have you got your gun?"

"Of course I have," he said. "But if I do that, it will spoil the balloon," he said.

"But if you *don't*," said Pooh, "I shall have to let go, and that would

spoil *me*."

When he put it like this, Christopher Robin saw how it was, and he aimed very carefully at the balloon, and fired.

"Ow!" said Pooh.

"Did I miss?" Christopher Robin asked.

"You didn't exactly miss," said Pooh, "but you missed the balloon."

"I'm so sorry," Christopher Robin said, and he fired again, and this time he hit the balloon and the air came slowly out, and Winnie-the-Pooh floated down to the ground.

But his arms were so stiff from holding on to the string of the balloon all that time that they stayed up straight in the air for more than a week, and whenever a fly came and settled on his nose he had to blow it off. And I think—but I am not sure—that that is why he was always called Pooh.

Chapter 2: Piglet Meets a Heffalump

One day, when Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh and Piglet were all talking together, Christopher Robin finished the mouthful he was eating and said carelessly: "I saw a Heffalump today, Piglet."

"What was it doing?" asked Piglet.

"Just lumping along," said Christopher Robin. "I don't think it saw *me*."

"I saw one once," said Piglet. "At least, I think I did," he said. "Only perhaps it wasn't."

"So did I," said Pooh, wondering what a Heffalump was like.

"You don't often see them," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

"Not now," said Piglet.

"Not at this time of year," said Pooh.

Then they all talked about something else, until it was time for Pooh and Piglet to go home together. At first as they stumped along the path which edged the Hundred Acre Wood, they didn't say much to each other; but when they came to the stream, and had helped each other across the stepping stones, and were able to walk side by side again over the heather, they began to talk in a friendly way about this and that, and Piglet said, "If you see what I mean, Pooh," and Pooh said, "It's just what I think myself, Piglet," and Piglet said, "But, on the other hand, Pooh, we must remember," and Pooh said, "Quite true, Piglet, although I had forgotten it for the moment." And then, just as they came to the Six Pine Trees, Pooh looked round to see that nobody else was listening, and said in a very solemn voice: "Piglet, I have decided something."

"What have you decided, Pooh?"

"I have decided to catch a Heffalump."

Pooh nodded his head several times as he said this, and waited for Piglet to say, "How?" or "Pooh, you couldn't!" or something helpful of that sort, but Piglet said nothing. The fact was Piglet was wishing that *he* had thought about it first.

"I shall do it," said Pooh, after waiting a little longer, "by means of a trap. And it must be a Cunning Trap, so you will have to help me, Piglet."

"Pooh," said Piglet, feeling quite happy again now, "I will." And then he said, "How shall we do it?" and Pooh said, "That's just it. How?" And then they sat down together to think it out.

Pooh's first idea was that they should dig a Very Deep Pit, and then the Heffalump would come along and fall into the Pit, and—

"Why?" said Piglet.

"Why what?" said Pooh.

"Why would he fall in?"

Pooh rubbed his nose with his paw, and said that the Heffalump might be walking along, humming a little song, and looking up at the sky, wondering if it would rain, and so he wouldn't see the Very Deep Pit until he was half-way down, when it would be too late.

Piglet said that this was a very good Trap, but supposing it were raining already?

Pooh rubbed his nose again, and said that he hadn't thought of that. And then he brightened up, and said that, if it were raining already, the Heffalump would be looking at the sky wondering if it would clear up, and so he wouldn't see the Very Deep Pit until he was half-way down When it would be too late.

Piglet said that, now that this point had been explained, he thought it was a Cunning Trap.

Pooh was very proud when he heard this, and he felt that the Heffalump was as good as caught already, but there was just one other thing which had to be thought about, and it was this. *Where should they dig the Very Deep Pit?*

Piglet said that the best place would be somewhere where a Heffalump was, just before he fell into it, only about a foot farther on.

"But then he would see us digging it," said Pooh.

"Not if he was looking at the sky."

"He would Suspect," said Pooh, "if he happened to look down." He thought for a long time and then added sadly, "It isn't as easy as I thought. I suppose that's why Heffalumps hardly *ever* get caught."

"That must be it," said Piglet.

They sighed and got up; and when they had taken a few gorse prickles out of themselves they sat down again; and all the time Pooh was saying to himself, "If only I could *think* of something!" For he felt sure that a Very Clever Brain could catch a Heffalump if only he knew the right way to



go about it.

"Suppose," he said to Piglet, "*you* wanted to catch *me*, how would you do it?"

"Well," said Piglet, "I should do it like this. I should make a Trap, and I should put a Jar of Honey in the Trap, and you would smell it, and you would go in after it, and—"

"And I would go in after it," said Pooh excitedly, "only very carefully so as not to hurt myself, and I would get to the Jar of Honey, and I should lick round the edges first of all, pretending that there wasn't any more, you know, and then I should walk away and think about it a little, and then I should come back and start licking in the middle of the jar, and then—"

"Yes, well never mind about that where you would be, and there I should catch you. Now the first thing to think of is, What do Heffalumps like? I should think acorns, shouldn't you? We'll get a lot of—I say, wake up, Pooh!"

Pooh, who had gone into a happy dream, woke up with a start, and said that Honey was a much more trappy thing than Haycorns. Piglet didn't think so; and they were just going to argue about it, when Piglet remembered that, if they put acorns in the Trap, *he* would have to find the acorns, but if they put honey, then Pooh would have to give up some of his own honey, so he said, "All right, honey then," just as Pooh remembered it too, and was going to say, "All right, haycorns."

"Honey," said Piglet to himself in a thoughtful way, as if it were now settled. "*I'll* dig the pit, while *you* go and get the honey."

"Very well," said Pooh, and he stumped off.

As soon as he got home, he went to the larder; and he stood on a chair, and took down a very large jar of honey from the top shelf. It had HUNNY written on it, but, just to make sure, he took off the paper cover and looked at it, and it *looked* just like honey. "But you never can tell," said Pooh. "I remember my uncle saying once that he had seen cheese just this colour." So he put his tongue in, and took a large lick. "Yes," he said, "it is. no doubt about that. And honey, I should say, right down to the bottom of the jar. Unless, of course," he said, "somebody put cheese in at the bottom just for a joke. Perhaps I had better go a *little* further . . . just in case . . . in case Heffalumps don't like cheese . . . same as me . . . Ah!" And he gave a deep sigh. "I *was* right. It is honey, right the way down."

Having made certain of this, he took the jar back to Piglet, and Piglet looked up from the bottom of his Very Deep Pit, and said, "Got it?" and Pooh said, "Yes, but it isn't quite a full jar," and he threw it down to Piglet, and Piglet said, "No, it isn't! Is that all you've got left?" and Pooh said, "Yes." Because it was. So Piglet put the jar at the bottom of the Pit, and climbed out, and they went off home together.

"Well, good night, Pooh," said Piglet, when they had got to Pooh's house. "And we meet at six o'clock to-morrow morning by the Pine Trees, and

see how many Heffalumps we've got in our Trap."

"Six o'clock, Piglet. And have you got any string?"

"No. Why do you want string?"

"To lead them home with."

"Oh! . . . I think Heffalumps come if you whistle."

"Some do and some don't. You never can tell with Heffalumps. Well, good night!"

"Good night!"

And off Piglet trotted to his house TRESPASSERS W, while Pooh made his preparations for bed.

Some hours later, just as the night was beginning to steal away, Pooh woke up suddenly with a sinking feeling. He had had that sinking feeling before, and he knew what it meant. *He was hungry*. So he went to the larder, and he stood on a chair and reached up to the top shelf, and found—nothing.

"That's funny," he thought. "I know I had a jar of honey there. A full jar, full of honey right up to the top, and it had HUNNY written on it, so that I should know it was honey. That's very funny." And then he began to wander up and down, wondering where it was and murmuring a murmur to himself. Like this:

*It's very, very funny,
'Cos I know I had some honey:
'Cos it had a label on,
Saying HUNNY,*

*A goloptious full-up pot too,
And I don't know where it's got to,
No, I don't know where it's gone—
Well, it's funny.*

He had murmured this to himself three times in a singing sort of way, when suddenly he remembered. He had put it into the Cunning Trap to catch the Heffalump.

"Bother!" said Pooh. "It all comes of trying to be kind to Heffalumps." And he got back into bed.

But he couldn't sleep. The more he tried to sleep, the more he couldn't. He tried Counting Sheep, which is sometimes a good way of getting to sleep, and, as that was no good, he tried counting Heffalumps. And that was worse. Because every Heffalump that he counted was making straight for a pot of Pooh's honey, and *eating it all*. For some minutes he lay there miserably, but when the five hundred and eighty-seventh Heffalump was licking its jaws, and saying to itself, "Very good honey this, I don't know when I've tasted better," Pooh could bear it no longer. He jumped out of bed, he ran out of the house,

and he ran straight to the Six Pine Trees.

The Sun was still in bed, but there was a lightness in the sky over the Hundred Acre Wood which seemed to show that it was waking up and would soon be kicking off the clothes. In the half-light the Pine Trees looked cold and lonely, and the Very Deep Pit seemed deeper than it was, and Pooh's jar of honey at the bottom was something mysterious, a shape and no more. But as he got nearer to it his nose told him that it was indeed honey, and his tongue came out and began to polish up his mouth, ready for it.

"Bother!" said Pooh, as he got his nose inside the jar. "A Heffalump has been eating it!" And then he thought a little and said, "Oh, no, *I* did. I forgot."

Indeed, he had eaten most of it. But there was a little left at the very bottom of the jar, and he pushed his head right in, and began to lick . . .

By and by Piglet woke up. As soon as he woke he said to himself, "Oh!" Then he said bravely, "Yes," and then, still more bravely, "Quite so." But he didn't feel very brave, for the word which was really jiggeting about in his brain was "Heffalumps."

What was a Heffalump like?

Was it Fierce?

Did it come when you whistled? And *how* did it come?

Was it Fond of Pigs at all?

If it was Fond of Pigs, did it make any difference *what sort of Pig?*

Supposing it was Fierce with Pigs, would it make any difference *if the Pig had a grandfather called TRESPASSERS WILLIAM?*

He didn't know the answer to any of these questions . . . and he was going to see his first Heffalump in about an hour from now!

Of course Pooh would be with him, and it was much more Friendly with two. But suppose Heffalumps were Very Fierce with Pigs *and* Bears?

Wouldn't it be better to pretend that he had a headache, and couldn't go up to the Six Pine Trees this morning? But then suppose that it was a very fine day, and there was no Heffalump in the trap, here he would be, in bed all the morning, simply wasting his time for nothing. What should he do?

And then he had a Clever Idea. He would go up very quietly to the Six Pine Trees now, peep very cautiously into the Trap, and see if there *was* a Heffalump there. And if there was, he would go back to bed, and if there wasn't, he wouldn't.

So off he went. At first he thought that there wouldn't be a Heffalump in the Trap, and then he thought that there would, and as he got nearer he was *sure* that there would, because he could hear it heffalumping about it like anything.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Piglet to himself. And he wanted to run away. But somehow, having got so near, he felt that he *must* just see what a Heffalump was like. So he crept to the side of the Trap and looked in . . .

And all the time Winnie-the-Pooh had been trying to get the honey-jar off his head. The more he shook it, the more tightly it stuck. "*Bother!*" he said, inside the jar, and "*Oh, help!*" and, mostly, "*Ow!*" And he tried bumping it against things, but as he couldn't see what he was bumping it against, it didn't help him; and he tried to climb out of the Trap, but as he could see nothing but jar, and not much of that, he couldn't find his way. So at last he lifted up his head, jar and all, and made a loud, roaring noise of Sadness and Despair . . . and it was at that moment that Piglet looked down.

"*Help, help!*" cried Piglet, "*a Heffalump, a Horrible Heffalump!*" and he scampered off as hard as he could, still crying out, "*Help, help, a Horrible Hoffalump! Hoff, Hoff, a Hellible Horralump! Holl, Holl, a Hoffable Hellerump!*" And he didn't stop crying and scampering until he got to Christopher Robin's house.

"Whatever's the matter, Piglet?" said Christopher Robin, who was just getting up.

"Heff," said Piglet, breathing so hard that he could hardly speak, "a Heff-a Heff-a Heffalump."

"Where?"

"Up there," said Piglet, waving his paw.

"What did it look like?"

"Like-like-It had the biggest head you *ever* saw, Christopher Robin. A great enormous thing, like-like nothing. A huge big-well, like a-I don't know-like an enormous big nothing. Like a jar."

"Well," said Christopher Robin, putting on his shoes, "I shall go and look at it. Come on."

Piglet wasn't afraid if he had Christopher Robin with him, so off they went . . .

"I can hear it, can't you?" said Piglet anxiously, as they got near.

"I can hear *something*," said Christopher Robin.

It was Pooh bumping his head against a tree-root he had found.

"There!" said Piglet. "Isn't it *awful?*" And he held on tight to Christopher Robin's hand.

Suddenly Christopher Robin began to laugh . . . and he laughed . . . and he laughed . . . and he laughed. And while he was still laughing—*Crash* went the Heffalump's head against the tree-root. *Smash* went the jar, and out came Pooh's head again . . .

Then Piglet saw what a Foolish Piglet he had been, and he was so ashamed of himself that he ran straight off home and went to bed with a headache. But Christopher Robin and Pooh went home to breakfast together.

"Oh, Bear!" said Christopher Robin. "How I do love you!"

"So do I," said Pooh.

Chapter 3: Eeyore Has a Birthday

Eeyore, the old grey Donkey, stood by the side of the stream, and looked at himself in the water.

"Pathetic," he said. "That's what it is. Pathetic."

He turned and walked slowly down the stream for twenty yards, splashed across it, and walked slowly back on the other side. Then he looked at himself in the water again.

"As I thought," he said. "No better from this side. But nobody minds. Nobody cares. Pathetic, that's what it is."

There was a crackling noise in the bracken behind him, and out came Pooh.

"Good morning, Eeyore," said Pooh.

"Good morning, Pooh Bear," said Eeyore gloomily. "If it is a good morning," he said. "Which I doubt," said he.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Pooh Bear, nothing. We can't all, and some of us don't. That's all there is to it."

"Can't all *what*?" said Pooh, rubbing his nose.

"Gaiety. Song-and-dance. Here we go round the mulberry bush."

"Oh!" said Pooh. He thought for a long time, and then asked, "What mulberry bush is that?"

"Bon-hommy," went on Eeyore gloomily. "French word meaning bonhommy," he explained. "I'm not complaining, but There It Is."

Pooh sat down on a large stone, and tried to think this out. It sounded to him like a riddle, and he was never much good at riddles, being a Bear of Very Little Brain. So he sang *Cottleston Pie* instead:

*Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,
A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.
Ask me a riddle and I reply:
"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."*

That was the first verse. When he had finished it, Eeyore didn't actually say that he didn't like it, so Pooh very kindly sang the second verse to him:

*Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,
A fish can't whistle and neither can I.
Ask me a riddle and I reply:
"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."*

Eeyore still said nothing at all, so Pooh hummed the third verse



quietly to himself:

*Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,
Why does a chicken, I don't know why.
Ask me a riddle and I reply:
"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."*

"That's right," said Eeyore. "Sing. Umty-tiddly, umty-too. Here we go gathering Nuts and May. Enjoy yourself."

"I am," said Pooh.

"Some can," said Eeyore.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Is anything the matter?"

"You seem so sad, Eeyore."

"Sad? Why should I be sad? It's my birthday. The happiest day of the year."

"Your birthday?" said Pooh in great surprise.

"Of course it is. Can't you see? Look at all the presents I have had."

He waved a foot from side to side. "Look at the birthday cake. Candles and pink sugar."

Pooh looked—first to the right and then to the left.

"Presents?" said Pooh. "Birthday cake?" said Pooh. "*Where?*"

"Can't you see them?"

"No," said Pooh.

"Neither can I," said Eeyore. "Joke," he explained. "Ha ha!"

Pooh scratched his head, being a little puzzled by all this.

"But is it really your birthday?" he asked.

"It is."

"Oh! Well, Many happy returns of the day, Eeyore."

"And many happy returns to you, Pooh Bear."

"But it isn't *my* birthday."

"No, it's mine."

"But you said 'Many happy returns'—"

"Well, why not? You don't always want to be miserable on my birthday, do you?"

"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

"It's bad enough," said Eeyore, almost breaking down, "being miserable myself, what with no presents and no cake and no candles, and no proper notice taken of me at all, but if everybody else is going to be miserable too—"

This was too much for Pooh. "Stay there!" he called to Eeyore, as he turned and hurried back home as quick as he could; for he felt that he must get poor Eeyore a present of *some* sort at once, and he could always think of a

proper one afterwards.

Outside his house he found Piglet, jumping up and down trying to reach the knocker.

"Hallo, Piglet," he said.

"Hallo, Pooh," said Piglet.

"What are *you* trying to do?"

"I was trying to reach the knocker," said Piglet. "I just came round—"

"Let me do it for you," said Pooh kindly. So he reached up and knocked at the door. "I have just seen Eeyore is in a Very Sad Condition, because it's his birthday, and nobody has taken any notice of it, and he's very Gloomy—you know what Eeyore is--and there he was, and—What a *long* time whoever lives here is answering this door." And he knocked again.

"But Pooh," said Piglet, "it's your own house!"

"Oh!" said Pooh. "So it is," he said. "Well, let's go in."

So in they went. The first thing Pooh did was to go to the cupboard to see if he had quite a small jar of honey left; and he had, so he took it down.

"I'm giving this to Eeyore," he explained, "as a present. What are *you* going to give?"

"Couldn't I give it too?" said Piglet. "From both of us?"

"No," said Pooh. "That would *not* be a good plan."

"All right, then, I'll give him a balloon. I've got one left from my party. I'll go and get it now, shall I?"

"That, Piglet, is a *very* good idea. It is just what Eeyore wants to cheer him up. Nobody can be uncheered with a balloon."

So off Piglet trotted; and in the other direction went Pooh, with his jar of honey.

It was a warm day, and he had a long way to go. He hadn't gone more than half-way when a sort of funny feeling began to creep all over him. It began at the tip of his nose and trickled all through him and out at the soles of his feet. It was just as if somebody inside him were saying, "Now then, Pooh, time for a little something."

"Dear, dear," said Pooh, "I didn't know it was as late as that." So he sat down and took the top off his jar of honey. "Lucky I brought this with me," he thought. "Many a bear going out on a warm day like this would never have thought of bringing a little something with him." And he began to eat.

"Now let me see," he thought! as he took his last lick of the inside of the jar, "Where was I going? Ah, yes, Eeyore." He got up slowly.

And then, suddenly, he remembered. He had eaten Eeyore's birthday present!

"*Bother!*" said Pooh. "What *shall* I do? I must give him *something*."

For a little while he couldn't think of anything. Then he thought: "Well, it's a very nice pot, even if there's no honey in it, and if I washed it clean, and got somebody to write '*A Happy Birthday*' on it, Eeyore could keep

things in it, which might be Useful.” So, as he was just passing the Hundred Acre Wood, he went inside to call on Owl, who lived there.

“Good morning, Owl,” he said.

“Good morning, Pooh,” said Owl.

“Many happy returns of Eeyore’s birthday,” said Pooh.

“Oh, is that what it is?”

“What are you giving him, Owl?”

“What are *you* giving him, Pooh?”

“I’m giving him a Useful Pot to Keep Things In, and I wanted to ask you—”

“Is this it?” said Owl, taking it out of Pooh’s paw.

“Yes, and I wanted to ask you—”

“Somebody has been keeping honey in it,” said Owl.

“You can keep *anything* in it,” said Pooh earnestly. “It’s Very Useful like that. And I wanted to ask you—”

“You ought to write ‘*A Happy Birthday*’ on it.”

“*That* was what I wanted to ask you,” said Pooh. “Because my spelling is Wobbly. It’s good spelling but it Wobbles, and the letters get in the wrong places. Would you write ‘A Happy Birthday’ on it for me?”

“It’s a nice pot,” said Owl, looking at it all round. “Couldn’t I give it too? From both of us?”

“No,” said Pooh. “That would *not* be a good plan. Now I’ll just wash it first, and then you can write on it.”

Well, he washed the pot out, and dried it, while Owl licked the end of his pencil, and wondered how to spell “birthday.”

“Can you read, Pooh?” he asked a little anxiously. “There’s a notice about knocking and ringing outside my door, which Christopher Robin wrote. Could you read it?”

“Christopher Robin told me what it said, and *then* I could.”

“Well, I’ll tell you what this says, and then you’ll be able to.”

So Owl wrote . . . and this is what he wrote:

*HIPY PAPY BTHUTHDTH THUTHDA
BTHUTHDY.*

Pooh looked on admiringly.

“I’m just saying ‘A Happy Birthday,’” said Owl carelessly.

“It’s a nice long one,” said Pooh, very much impressed by it.

“Well, *actually*, of course, I’m saying ‘A Very Happy Birthday with love from Pooh. ‘ Naturally it takes a good deal of pencil to say a long thing like that.”

“Oh, I see,” said Pooh.

While all this was happening, Piglet had gone back to his own

house to get Eeyore’s balloon. He held it very tightly against himself, so that it shouldn’t blow away, and he ran as fast as he could so as to get to Eeyore before Pooh did; for he thought that he would like to be the first one to give a present, just as if he had thought of it without being told by anybody. And running along, and thinking how pleased Eeyore would be, he didn’t look where he was going . . . and suddenly he put his foot in a rabbit hole, and fell down flat on his face.

*BANG!!!!?***!!!*

Piglet lay there, wondering what had happened. At first he thought that the whole world had blown up; and then he thought that perhaps only the Forest part of it had; and then he thought that perhaps only *he* had, and he was now alone in the moon or somewhere, and would never see Christopher Robin or Pooh or Eeyore again. And then he thought, “Well, even if I’m in the moon, I needn’t be face downwards all the time,” so he got cautiously up and looked about him.

He was still in the Forest!

“Well, that’s funny,” he thought. “I wonder what that bang was. I couldn’t have made such a noise just falling down. And where’s my balloon? And what’s that small piece of damp rag doing?”

It was the balloon!

“*Oh, dear!*” said Piglet. “*Oh, dear, oh, dearie, dearie, dear!* Well, it’s too late now. I can’t go back, and I haven’t another balloon, and perhaps Eeyore doesn’t *like* balloons so *very* much.”

So he trotted on, rather sadly now, and down he came to the side of the stream where Eeyore was, and called out to him.

“Good morning, Eeyore,” shouted Piglet.

“Good morning, Little Piglet,” said Eeyore. “If it is a good morning,” he said. “Which I doubt,” said he. “Not that it matters,” he said.

“Many happy returns of the day,” said Piglet, having now got closer.

Eeyore stopped looking at himself in the stream, and turned to stare at Piglet.

“Just say that again,” he said.

“Many hap—”

“Wait a moment.”

Balancing on three legs, he began to bring his fourth leg very cautiously up to his ear. “I did this yesterday,” he explained, as he fell down for the third time. “It’s quite easy. It’s so as I can hear better . . . There, that’s done it! Now then, what were you saying?” He pushed his ear forward with his hoof.

“Many happy returns of the day,” said Piglet again.

“Meaning me?”

“Of course, Eeyore.”

“My birthday?”

“Yes.”

“Me having a real birthday?”

“Yes, Eeyore, and I’ve brought you a present.”

Eeyore took down his right hoof from his right ear, turned round, and with great difficulty put up his left hoof.

“I must have that in the other ear,” he said. “Now then.”

“A present,” said Piglet very loudly.

“Meaning me again?”

“Yes.”

“My birthday still?”

“Of course, Eeyore.”

“Me going on having a real birthday?”

“Yes, Eeyore, and I brought you a balloon.”

“*Balloon!*” said Eeyore. “You did say balloon? One of those big coloured things you blow up? Gaiety, song-and-dance, here we are and there we are?”

“Yes, but I’m afraid—I’m very sorry, Eeyore—but when I was running along to bring it you, I fell down.”

“Dear, dear, how unlucky! You ran too fast, I expect. You didn’t hurt yourself, Little Piglet?”

“No, but I—I—*oh, Eeyore, I burst the balloon!*”

There was a very long silence.

“My balloon?” said Eeyore at last.

Piglet nodded.

“My birthday balloon?”

“Yes, Eeyore,” said Piglet sniffing a little. “Here it is. With—with many happy returns of the day.” And he gave Eeyore the small piece of damp rag.

“Is this it?” said Eeyore, a little surprised.

Piglet nodded.

“My present?”

Piglet nodded again.

“The balloon?”

“Yes.”

“Thank you, Piglet,” said Eeyore. “You don’t mind my asking,” he went on, “but what colour was this balloon when it—when it *was* a balloon?”

“Red.”

“I just wondered . . . Red,” he murmured to himself. “My favourite colour . . . How big was it?”

“About as big as me.”

“I just wondered . . . About as big as Piglet,” he said to himself sadly. “My favourite size. Well, well.”

Piglet felt very miserable, and didn’t know what to say. He was still

opening his mouth to begin something, and then deciding that it wasn’t any good saying *that*, when he heard a shout from the other side of the river, and there was Pooh.

“Many happy returns of the day,” called out Pooh, forgetting that he had said it already.

“Thank you, Pooh, I’m having them,” said Eeyore gloomily.

“I’ve brought you a little present,” said Pooh excitedly.

“I’ve had it,” said Eeyore.

Pooh had now splashed across the stream to Eeyore, and Piglet was sitting a little way off, his head in his paws, snuffling to himself.

“It’s a Useful Pot,” said Pooh. “Here it is. And it’s got ‘A Very Happy Birthday with love from Pooh’ written on it. That’s what all that writing is. And it’s for putting things in. There!”

When Eeyore saw the pot, he became quite excited.

“Why!” he said. “I believe my Balloon will just go into that Pot!”

“Oh, no, Eeyore,” said Pooh. “Balloons are much too big to go into Pots. What you do with a balloon is, you hold the balloon.”

“Not mine,” said Eeyore proudly. “Look, Piglet!” And as Piglet looked sorrowfully round, Eeyore picked the balloon up with his teeth, and placed it carefully in the pot; picked it out and put it on the ground; and then picked it up again and put it carefully back.

“So it does!” said Pooh. “It goes in!”

“So it does!” said Piglet. “And it comes out!”

“Doesn’t it?” said Eeyore. “It goes in and out like anything.”

“I’m very glad,” said Pooh happily, “that I thought of giving you a Useful Pot to put things in.”

“I’m very glad,” said Piglet happily, “that thought of giving you something to put in a Useful Pot.”

But Eeyore wasn’t listening. He was taking the balloon out, and putting it back again, as happy as could be . . .

Chapter 4: Christopher Robin Leads an Expedition to the North Pole

One fine day Pooh had stumped up to the top of the Forest to see if his friend Christopher Robin was interested in Bears at all. At breakfast that morning (a simple meal of marmalade spread lightly over a honeycomb or two) he had suddenly thought of a new song. It began like this:

Sing Ho! For the life of a Bear!

When he had got as far as this, he scratched his head, and thought to himself: "That's a very good start for a song, but what about the second line?" He tried singing "Ho," two or three times, but it didn't seem to help. "Perhaps it would be better," he thought, "if I sang Hi for the life of a Bear." So he sang it . . . but it wasn't. "Very well, then," he said, "I shall sing that first line twice, and perhaps if I sing it very quickly, I shall find myself singing the third and fourth lines before I have time to think of them, and that will be a Good Song. Now then:

Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear!
Sing Ho! for the life of a Bear!
I don't much mind if it rains or snows,
'Cos I've got a lot of honey on my nice new nose!
I don't much care if it snows or thaws,
'Cos I've got a lot of honey on my nice clean paws!
Sing Ho! for a Bear!
Sing Ho! for a Pooh!
And I'll have a little something in an hour or two!

He was so pleased with this song that he sang it all the way to the top of the Forest, "and if I go on singing it much longer," he thought, "it will be time for the little something, and then the last line won't be true." So he turned it into a hum instead.

Christopher Robin was sitting outside his door, putting on his Big Boots. As soon as he saw the Big Boots, Pooh knew that an Adventure was going to happen, and he brushed the honey off his nose with the back of his paw, and spruced himself up as well as he could, so as to look Ready for Anything.

"Good morning, Christopher Robin," he called out.

"Hallo, Pooh Bear. I can't get this boot on."

"That's bad," said Pooh.

"Do you think you could very kindly lean against me, 'cos I keep pulling so hard that I fall over backwards."

Pooh sat down, dug his feet into the ground, and pushed hard against Christopher Robin's back, and Christopher Robin pushed hard against his, and pulled and pulled at his boot until he had got it on.

"And that's that," said Pooh. "What do we do next?"

"We are all going on an Expedition," said Christopher Robin, as he got up and brushed himself. "Thank you, Pooh."

"Going on an Expotition?" said Pooh eagerly. "I don't think I've ever been on one of those. Where are we going to on this Expotition?"

"Expedition, silly old Bear. It's got an 'x' in it."

"Oh!" said Pooh. "I know." But he didn't really.



"We're going to discover the North Pole."

"Oh!" said Pooh again. "What *is* the North Pole?" he asked.

"It's just a thing you discover," said Christopher Robin carelessly, not being quite sure himself.

"Oh! I see," said Pooh. "Are bears any good at discovering it?"

"Of course they are. And Rabbit and Kanga and all of you. It's an Expedition. That's what an Expedition means. A long line of everybody. You'd better tell the others to get ready, while I see if my gun's all right. And we must all bring Provisions."

"Bring what?"

"Things to eat."

"Oh!" said Pooh happily. "I thought you said Provisions. I'll go and tell them." And he stumped off.

The first person he met was Rabbit.

"Hallo, Rabbit," he said, "is that you?"

"Let's pretend it isn't," said Rabbit, "and see what happens."

"I've got a message for you."

"I'll give it to him."

"We're all going on an. Expotition with Christopher Robin!"

"What is it when we're on it?"

"A sort of boat, I think," said Pooh.

"Oh! that sort."

"Yes. And we're going to discover a Pole or something. Or was it a Mole? Anyhow we're going to discover it."

"We are, are we?" said Rabbit.

"Yes. And we've got to bring Po—things to eat with us. In case we want to eat them. Now I'm going down to Piglet's. Tell Kanga, will you?"

He left Rabbit and hurried down to Piglet's house.

The Piglet was sitting on the ground at the door of his house blowing happily at a dandelion, and wondering whether it would be this year, next year, some time or never. He had just discovered that it would be never, and was trying to remember what "it" was, and hoping it wasn't anything nice, when Pooh came up.

"Oh! Piglet," said Pooh excitedly, "we're going on an Expotition, all of us, with things to eat. To discover something."

"To discover what?" said Piglet anxiously.

"Oh! just something."

"Nothing fierce?"

"Christopher Robin didn't say anything about fierce. He just said it had an 'x'."

"It isn't their necks I mind," said Piglet earnestly. "It's their teeth. But if Christopher Robin is coming I don't mind anything."

In a little while they were all ready at the top of the Forest, and the

Expotition started. First came Christopher Robin and Rabbit; then Piglet and Pooh; then Kanga, with Roo in her pocket, and Owl; then Eeyore; and, at the end, in a long line, all Rabbit's friends-and-relations.

"I didn't ask them," explained Rabbit carelessly. "They just came. They always do. They can march at the end, after Eeyore."

"What I say," said Eeyore, "is that it's unsettling. I didn't want to come on this Expo—what Pooh said. I only came to oblige. But here I am; and if I am the end of the Expo—what we're talking about—then let me be the end. But if, every time I want to sit down for a little rest, I have to brush away half a dozen of Rabbit's smaller friends-and-relations first, then this isn't an Expo—whatever it is—at all, it's simply a Confused Noise. That's what I say."

"I see what Eeyore means," said Owl. "If you ask me—"

"I'm not asking anybody," said Eeyore. "I'm just telling everybody. We can look for the North Pole, or we can play 'Here we go gathering Nuts and May' with the end part of an ants' nest. It's all the same to me."

There was a shout from the top of the line.

"Come on!" called Christopher Robin.

"Come on!" called Pooh and Piglet.

"Come on!" called Owl.

"We're starting," said Rabbit. "I must go." And he hurried off to the front of the Expotition with Christopher Robin.

"All right," said Eeyore. "We're going. Only Don't Blame Me."

So off they all went to discover the Pole. And as they walked, they chattered to each other of this and that, all except Pooh, who was making up a song.

"This is the first verse," he said to Piglet, when he was ready with it.

"First verse of what?"

"My song."

"What song?"

"This one."

"Which one?"

"Well, if you listen, Piglet, you'll hear it."

"How do you know I'm not listening?" Pooh couldn't answer that one, so he began to sing.

*They all went off to discover the Pole,
Owl and Piglet and Rabbit and all;
It's a Thing you Discover, as I've been told
By Owl and Piglet and Rabbit and all.
Eeyore, Christopher Robin, and Pooh
And Rabbit's relations all went too—*

*And where the Pole was none of them knew . . .
Sing Hey! for Owl and Rabbit and all!*

“Hush!” said Christopher Robin turning round to Pooh, “we’re just coming to a Dangerous Place.”

“Hush!” said Pooh turning round quickly to Piglet.

“Hush!” said Piglet to Kanga.

“Hush!” said Kanga to Owl, while Roo said “Hush!” several times to himself, very quietly.

“Hush!” said Owl to Eeyore.

“*Hush!*” said Eeyore in a terrible voice to all Rabbit’s friends-and-relations, and “Hush!” they said hastily to each other all down the line, until it got to the last one of all. And the last and smallest friend-and-relation was so upset to find that the whole Expedition was saying “Hush!” to *him*, that he buried himself head downwards in a crack in the ground, and stayed there for two days until the danger was over, and then went home in a great hurry, and lived quietly with his Aunt ever-afterwards. His name was Alexander Beetle.

They had come to a stream which twisted and tumbled between high rocky banks, and Christopher Robin saw at once how dangerous it was.

“It’s just the place,” he explained, “for an Ambush.”

“What sort of bush?” whispered Pooh to Piglet. “A gorse-bush?”

“My dear Pooh,” said Owl in his superior way, “don’t you know what an Ambush is?”

“Owl,” said Piglet, looking round at him severely, “Pooh’s whisper was a perfectly private whisper, and there was no need—”

“An Ambush,” said Owl, “is a sort of Surprise.”

“So is a gorse-bush sometimes,” said Pooh.

“An Ambush, as I was about to explain to Pooh,” said Piglet, “is a sort of Surprise.”

“If people jump out at you suddenly, that’s an Ambush,” said Owl.

“It’s an Ambush, Pooh, when people jump at you suddenly,” explained Piglet.

Pooh, who now knew what an Ambush was, said that a gorse-bush had sprung at him suddenly one day when he fell off a tree, and he had taken six days to get all the prickles out of himself.

“We are not *talking* about gorse-bushes,” said Owl a little crossly.

“I am,” said Pooh.

They were climbing very cautiously up the stream now, going from rock to rock, and after they had gone a little way they came to a place where the banks widened out at each side, so that on each side of the water there was a level strip of grass on which they could sit down and rest. As soon as he saw this, Christopher Robin called “Halt!” and they all sat down and rested.

“I think,” said Christopher Robin, “that we ought to eat all our

Provisions now, so that we shan’t have so much to carry.”

“Eat all our what?” said Pooh.

“All that we’ve brought,” said Piglet, getting to work.

“That’s a good idea,” said Pooh, and he got to work too.

“Have you all got something?” asked Christopher Robin with his mouth full.

“All except me,” said Eeyore. “As Usual.” He looked round at them in his melancholy way. I suppose none of you are sitting on a thistle by any chance?”

“I believe I am,” said Pooh. “Ow!” He got up, and looked behind him. “Yes, I was. I thought so.”

“Thank you, Pooh. If you’ve quite finished with it.” He moved across to Pooh’s place, and began to eat.

“It doesn’t do them any Good, you know, sitting on them,” he went on, as he looked up munching. “Takes all the Life out of them. Remember that another time, all of you. A little Consideration, a little Thought for Others, makes all the difference.”

As soon as he had finished his lunch Christopher Robin whispered to Rabbit, and Rabbit said, “Yes, yes, of course,” and they walked a little way up the stream together.

“I didn’t want the others to hear,” said Christopher Robin.

“Quite so,” said Rabbit, looking important.

“It’s—I wondered—It’s only—Rabbit, I suppose you don’t know. What does the North Pole look like?”

“Well,” said Rabbit, stroking his whiskers. “Now you’re asking me.”

“I did know once, only I’ve sort of forgotten,” said Christopher Robin carelessly.

“It’s a funny thing,” said Rabbit, “but I’ve sort of forgotten too, although I did know once.”

“I suppose it’s just a pole stuck in the ground?”

“Sure to be a pole,” said Rabbit, “because of calling it a pole, and if it’s a pole, well, I should think it would be sticking in the ground, shouldn’t you, because there’d be nowhere else to stick it.”

“Yes, that’s what I thought.”

“The only thing,” said Rabbit, “is, *where is it sticking?*”

“That’s what we’re looking for,” said Christopher Robin.

They went back to the others. Piglet was lying on his back, sleeping peacefully. Roo was washing his face and paws in the stream, while Kanga explained to everybody proudly that this was the first time he had ever washed his face himself, and Owl was telling Kanga an Interesting Anecdote full of long words like Encyclopedia and Rhododendron to which Kanga wasn’t listening.

“I don’t hold with all this washing,” grumbled Eeyore. “This modern

Behind-the-ears nonsense. What do *you* think, Pooh?”

“Well, said Pooh, “I think—”

But we shall never know what Pooh thought, for there came a sudden squeak from Roo, a splash, and a loud cry of alarm from Kanga.

“So much for *washing*,” said Eeyore.

“Roo’s fallen in!” cried Rabbit, and he and Christopher Robin came rushing down to the rescue.

“Look at me swimming!” squeaked Roo from the middle of his pool, and was hurried down a waterfall into the next pool.

“Are you all right, Roo dear?” called Kanga anxiously.

“Yes!” said Roo. “Look at me sw—” and down he went over the next waterfall into another pool.

Everybody was doing something to help. Piglet, wide awake suddenly, was jumping up and down and making “Oo, I say” noises; Owl was explaining that in a case of Sudden and Temporary Immersion the Important Thing was to keep the Head Above Water; Kanga was jumping along the bank, saying “Are you *sure* you’re all right, Roo dear?” to which Roo, from whatever pool he was in at the moment, was answering, “Look at me swimming!” Eeyore had turned round and hung his tail over the first pool into which Roo fell, and with his back to the accident was grumbling quietly to himself, and saying, “All this washing; but catch on to my tail, little Roo, and you’ll be all right”; and Christopher Robin and Rabbit came hurrying past Eeyore, and were calling out to the others in front of them.

“All right, Roo, I’m coming,” called Christopher Robin.

“Get something across the stream lower down, some of you fellows,” called Rabbit.

But Pooh was getting something. Two pools below Roo he was standing with a long pole in his paws, and Kanga came up and took one end of it, and between them they held it across the lower part of the pool; and Roo, still bubbling proudly, “Look at me swimming,” drifted up against it, and climbed out.

“Did you see me swimming?” squeaked Roo excitedly, while Kanga scolded him and rubbed him down. “Pooh, did you see me swimming? That’s called swimming, what I was doing. Rabbit, did you see what I was doing? Swimming. Hallo, Piglet! I say, Piglet! What do you think I was doing! Swimming! Christopher Robin, did you see me—”

But Christopher Robin wasn’t listening. He was looking at Pooh.

“Pooh,” he said, “where did you find that pole?”

Pooh looked at the pole in his hands.

“I just found it,” he said. “I thought it ought to be useful. I just picked it up.”

“Pooh,” said Christopher Robin solemnly, “the Expedition is over. You have found the North Pole!”

“Oh!” said Pooh.

Eeyore was sitting with his tail in the water when they all got back to him.

“Tell Roo to be quick, somebody,” he said. “My tail’s getting cold. I don’t want to mention it, but I just mention it. I don’t want to complain, but there it is. My tail’s cold.”

“Here I am!” squeaked Roo.

“Oh, there you are.”

“Did you see me swimming?”

Eeyore took his tail out of the water, and swished it from side to side.

“As I expected,” he said. “Lost all feeling. Numbed it. That’s what it’s done. Numbed it. Well, as long as nobody minds, I suppose it’s all right.”

“Poor old Eeyore! I’ll dry it for you,” said Christopher Robin, and he took out his handkerchief and rubbed it up.

“Thank you, Christopher Robin. You’re the only one who seems to understand about tails. They don’t think—that’s what’s the matter with some of these others. They’ve no imagination. A tail isn’t a tail to *them*, it’s just a Little Bit Extra at the back.”

“Never mind, Eeyore,” said Christopher Robin, rubbing his hardest. “Is *that* better?”

“It’s feeling more like a tail perhaps. It Belongs again, if you know what I mean.”

“Hullo, Eeyore,” said Pooh, coming up to them with his pole.

“Hullo, Pooh. Thank you for asking, but I shall be able to use it again in a day or two.”

“Use what?” said Pooh.

“What we are talking about.”

“I wasn’t talking about anything,” said Pooh, looking puzzled.

“My mistake again. I thought you were saying how sorry you were about my tail, being all numb, and could you do anything to help?”

“No,” said Pooh. “That wasn’t me,” he said. He thought for a little and then suggested helpfully: “Perhaps it was somebody else.”

“Well, thank him for me when you see him.”

Pooh looked anxiously at Christopher Robin.

“Pooh’s found the North Pole,” said Christopher Robin. “Isn’t that lovely?”

Pooh looked modestly down.

“Is that it?” said Eeyore.

“Yes,” said Christopher Robin.

“Is that what we were looking for?”

“Yes,” said Pooh.

“Oh!” said Eeyore. “Well, anyhow—it didn’t rain,” he said.

They stuck the pole in the ground, and Christopher Robin tied a

message on to it:

*NORTH POLE
DISCOVERED BY POOH
POOH FOUND IT*

Then they all went home again. And I think, but I am not quite sure, that Roo had a hot bath and went straight to bed. But Pooh went back to his own house, and feeling very proud of what he had done, had a little something to revive himself.

Chapter 5: Piglet is Entirely Surrounded by Water

It rained and it rained and it rained. Piglet told himself that never in all his life, and he was goodness knows *how* old—three, was it, or four?—never had he seen so much rain. Days and days and days.

“If only,” he thought, as he looked out of the window, “I had been in Pooh’s house, or Christopher Robin’s house, or Rabbit’s house when it began to rain, then I should have had Company all this time, instead of being here all alone, with nothing to do except wonder when it will stop.” And he imagined himself with Pooh, saying, “Did you ever see such rain, Pooh?” and Pooh saying, “Isn’t it *awful*, Piglet?” and Piglet saying, “I wonder how it is over Christopher Robin’s way,” and Pooh saying, “I should think poor old Rabbit is about flooded out by this time.” It would have been jolly to talk like this, and really, it wasn’t much good having anything exciting like floods, if you couldn’t share them with somebody.

For it was rather exciting. The little dry ditches in which Piglet had nosed about so often had become streams, the little streams across which he had splashed were rivers, and the river, between whose steep banks they had played so happily, had sprawled out of its own bed and was taking up so much room everywhere, that Piglet was beginning to wonder whether it would be coming into *his* bed soon.

“It’s a little Anxious,” he said to himself, “to be a Very Small Animal Entirely Surrounded by Water. Christopher Robin and Pooh could escape by Climbing Trees, and Kanga could escape by Jumping, and Rabbit could escape by Burrowing, and Owl could escape by Flying, and Eeyore could escape by—by Making a Loud Noise Until Rescued, and here am I, surrounded by water and I can’t do *anything*.”

It went on raining, and every day the water got a little higher, until now it was nearly up to Piglet’s window. . . and still he hadn’t done anything.

“There’s Pooh,” he thought to himself. “Pooh hasn’t much Brain,



but he never comes to any harm. He does silly things and they turn out right. There's Owl. Owl hasn't exactly got Brain, but he Knows Things. He would know the Right Thing to Do when Surrounded by Water. There's Rabbit. He hasn't Learnt in Books, but he can always Think of a Clever Plan. There's Kanga. She isn't Clever, Kanga isn't, but she would be so anxious about Roo that she would do a Good Thing to Do without thinking about it. And then there's Eeyore And Eeyore is so miserable anyhow that he wouldn't mind about this. But I wonder what Christopher Robin would do?"

Then suddenly he remembered a story which Christopher Robin had told him about a man on a desert island who had written something in a bottle and thrown it in the sea; and Piglet thought that if he wrote something in a bottle and threw it in the water, perhaps somebody would come and rescue him!

He left the window and began to search his house, all of it that wasn't under water, and at last he found a pencil and a small piece of dry paper, and a bottle with a cork to it. And he wrote on one side of the paper:

HELP!

PIGLIT (ME)

and on the other side:

IT'S ME PIGLIT, HELP HELP.

Then he put the paper in the bottle, and he corked the bottle up as tightly as he could, and he leant out of his window as far as he could lean without falling in, and he threw the bottle as far as he could throw—*splash!*—and in a little while it bobbed up again on the water; and he watched it floating slowly away in the distance, until his eyes ached with looking, and sometimes he thought it was the bottle, and sometimes he thought it was just a ripple on the water which he was following, and then suddenly he knew that he would never see it again and that he had done all that he could do to save himself.

"So now," he thought, "somebody else will have to do something, and I hope they will do it soon, because if they don't I shall have to swim, which I can't, so I hope they do it soon." And then he gave a very long sigh and said, "I wish Pooh were here. It's so much more Friendly with two."

When the rain began Pooh was asleep. It rained, and it rained, and it rained, and he slept, and he slept, and he slept. He had had a tiring day. You remember how he discovered the North Pole; well, he was so proud of this that he asked Christopher Robin if there were any other Poles such as a Bear of Little Brain might discover.

"There's a South Pole," said Christopher Robin, "and I expect there's

an East Pole and a West Pole, though people don't like talking about them." Pooh was very excited when he heard this, and suggested that they should have an Expedition to discover the East Pole, but Christopher Robin had thought of something else to do with Kanga; so Pooh went out to discover the East Pole by himself. Whether he discovered it or not, I forget; but he was so tired when he got home that, in the very middle of his supper, after he had been eating for little more than half-an-hour, he fell fast asleep in his chair, and slept and slept and slept.

Then suddenly he was dreaming. He was at the East Pole, and it was a very cold pole with the coldest sort of snow and ice all over it. He had found a bee-hive to sleep in, but there wasn't room for his legs, so he had left them outside. And Wild Woozles, such as inhabit the East Pole, came and nibbled all the fur off his legs to make Nests for their Young. And the more they nibbled, the colder his legs got, until suddenly he woke up with an *Ow!*—and there he was, sitting in his chair with his feet in the water, and water all round him!

He splashed to his door and looked out

"This is Serious," said Pooh. "I must have an Escape."

So he took his largest pot of honey and escaped with it to a broad branch of his tree, well above the water, and then he climbed down again and escaped with another pot . . . and when the whole Escape was finished, there was Pooh sitting on his branch dangling his legs, and there, beside him, were ten pots of honey

Two days later, there was Pooh, sitting on his branch, dangling his legs, and there, beside him, were four pots of honey

Three days later, there was Pooh, sitting on his branch, dangling his legs, and there beside him, was one pot of honey.

Four days later, there was Pooh

And it was on the morning of the fourth day that Piglet's bottle came floating past him, and with one loud cry of "Honey!" Pooh plunged into the water, seized the bottle, and struggled back to his tree again.

"Bother!" said Pooh, as he opened it. "All that wet for nothing. What's that bit of paper doing?"

He took it out and looked at it.

"It's a Message," he said to himself, "that's what it is. And that letter is a 'P,' and so is that, and so is that, and 'P' means 'Pooh,' so it's a very important Message to me, and I can't read it. I must find Christopher Robin or Owl or Piglet, one of those Clever Readers who can read things, and they will tell me what this message means. Only I can't swim. Bother!"

Then he had an idea, and I think that for a Bear of Very Little Brain, it was a good idea. He said to himself:

"If a bottle can float, then a jar can float, and if a jar floats, I can sit on the top of it, if it's a very big jar."

So he took his biggest jar, and corked it up.

"All boats have to have a name," he said, "so I shall call mine *The Floating Bear*." And with these words he dropped his boat into the water and jumped in after it.

For a little while Pooh and *The Floating Bear* were uncertain as to which of them was meant to be on the top, but after trying one or two different positions, they settled down with *The Floating Bear* underneath and Pooh triumphantly astride it, paddling vigorously with his feet.

Christopher Robin lived at the very top of the Forest. It rained, and it rained, and it rained, but the water couldn't come up to *his* house. It was rather jolly to look down into the valleys and see the water all round him, but it rained so hard that he stayed indoors most of the time, and thought about things. Every morning he went out with his umbrella and put a stick in the place where the water came up to, and every next morning he went out and couldn't see his stick any more, so he put another stick in the place where the water came up to, and then he walked home again, and each morning he had a shorter way to walk than he had had the morning before. On the morning of the fifth day he saw the water all round him, and he knew that for the first time in his life he was on a real island. Which is very exciting. It was on this morning that Owl came flying over the water to say, "How do you do?" to his friend Christopher Robin.

"I say, Owl," said Christopher Robin, "isn't this fun? I'm on an island!"

"The atmospheric conditions have been very unfavourable lately," said Owl.

"The what?"

"It has been raining," explained Owl.

"Yes," said Christopher Robin. "It has."

"The flood-level has reached an unprecedented height."

"The who?"

"There's a lot of water about," explained Owl.

"Yes," said Christopher Robin, "there is."

"However, the prospects are rapidly becoming more favourable. At any moment—"

"Have you seen Pooh?"

"No. At any moment—"

"I hope he's all right," said Christopher Robin. "I've been wondering about him. I expect Piglet's with him. Do you think they're all right, Owl?"

"I expect so. You see, at any moment—"

"Do go and see, Owl. Because Pooh hasn't got very much brain, and he might do something silly, and I do love him so, Owl. Do you see, Owl?"

"That's all right," said Owl. "I'll go. Back directly." And he flew off.

In a little while he was back again. "Pooh isn't there," he said.

"Not there?"

"He's *been* there. He's been sitting on a branch of his tree outside his house with nine pots of honey. But he isn't there now."

"Oh, Pooh!" cried Christopher Robin. "Where *are* you?"

"Here I am," said a growly voice behind him.

"Pooh!"

They rushed into each other's arms.

"How did you get here, Pooh?" asked Christopher Robin, when he was ready to talk again.

"On my boat," said Pooh proudly. "I had a Very Important Message sent me in a bottle, and owing to having got some water in my eyes, I couldn't read it, so I brought it to you. On my boat."

With these proud words he gave Christopher Robin the message.

"But it's from Piglet!" cried Christopher Robin when he had read it.

"Isn't there anything about Pooh in it?" asked Bear, looking over his shoulder.

Christopher Robin read the message aloud.

"Oh, are those 'P's' piglets? I thought they were poohs."

"We must rescue him at once! I thought he was with *you*, Pooh. Owl, could you rescue him on your back?"

"I don't think so," said Owl, after grave thought. "It is doubtful if the necessary dorsal muscles—"

"Then would you fly to him at *once* and say that Rescue is Coming? And Pooh and I will think of a Rescue and come as quick as ever we can. Oh, don't *talk*, Owl, go on quick!" And, still thinking of something to say, Owl flew off.

"Now then, Pooh," said Christopher Robin, "where's your boat?"

"I ought to say," explained Pooh as they walked down to the shore of the island, "that it isn't just an ordinary sort of boat. Sometimes it's a Boat, and sometimes it's more of an Accident. It all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"On whether I'm on top of it or underneath it."

"Oh! Well, where is it?"

"There!" said Pooh, pointing proudly to *The Floating Bear*.

It wasn't what Christopher Robin expected, and the more he looked at it, the more he thought what a Brave and Clever Bear Pooh was, and the more Christopher Robin thought this, the more Pooh looked modestly down his nose and tried to pretend he wasn't.

"But it's too small for two of us," said Christopher Robin sadly.

"Three of us with Piglet."

"That makes it smaller still. Oh, Pooh Bear, what shall we do?"

And then this Bear, Pooh Bear, Winnie-the-Pooh, F.O.P. (Friend of Piglet's), R.C. (Rabbit's Companion), and P.D. (Pole Discoverer)—in fact,



Pooh himself—said something so clever that Christopher Robin could only look at him with mouth open and eyes staring, wondering if this was really the Bear of Very Little Brain whom he had know and loved so long.

“We might go in your umbrella,” said Pooh.

“?”

“We might go in your umbrella,” said Pooh.

“??”

“We might go in your umbrella,” said Pooh.

“!!!!!!”

For suddenly Christopher Robin saw that they might. He opened his umbrella and put it point downwards in the water. It floated but wobbled.

Pooh got in. He was just beginning to say that it was all right now, when he found that it wasn't, so after a short drink, which he didn't really want, he waded back to Christopher Robin. Then they both got in together, and it wobbled no longer.

“I shall call this boat *The Brain of Pooh*,” said Christopher Robin, and *The Brain of Pooh* set sail forthwith in a south-westerly direction, revolving gracefully.

You can imagine Piglet's joy when at last the ship came in sight of him. In after-years he liked to think that he had been in Very Great Danger during the Terrible Flood, but the only danger he had really been in was the last half-hour of his imprisonment, when Owl, who had just flown up, sat on a branch of his tree to comfort him, and told him a very long story about an aunt who had once laid a seagull's egg by mistake, and the story went on and on, rather like this sentence until Piglet, who was listening out of his window without much hope, went to sleep quietly and naturally, slipping slowly out of the window towards the water until he was only hanging on by his toes, at which moment, luckily, a sudden loud squawk from Owl, which was really part of the story, being what his aunt said, woke the Piglet up and just gave him time to jerk himself back into safety and say, “How interesting, and did she?” when—well, you can imagine his joy when at last he saw the good ship, *The Brain of Pooh* (Captain, C. Robin; 1st Mate, P. Bear) coming over the sea to rescue him. Christopher Robin and Pooh again . . .

And as that is really the end of the story, and I am very tired after that last sentence, I think I shall stop there.

Chapter 6: Christopher Robin Gives Pooh a Party

One day when the sun had come back over the Forest, bringing with it the scent of May, and all the streams of the Forest were tinkling happily to find themselves their own pretty shape again, and the little pools lay dreaming

of the life they had seen and the big things they had done, and in the warmth and quiet of the Forest the cuckoo was trying over his voice carefully and listening to see if he liked it, and wood-pigeons were complaining gently to themselves in their lazy comfortable way that it was the other fellow's fault, but it didn't matter very much; on such a day as this Christopher Robin whistled in a special way he had, and Owl came flying out of the Hundred Acre Wood to see what was wanted.

"Owl," said Christopher Robin, "I am going to give a party."

"You are, are you?" said Owl.

"And it's to be a special sort of party, because it's because of what Pooh did when he did what he did to save Piglet from the flood."

"Oh, that's what it's for, is it?" said Owl.

"Yes, so will you tell Pooh as quickly as you can, and all the others, because it will be to-morrow?"

"Oh, it will, will it?" said Owl, still being as helpful as possible.

"So will you go and tell them, Owl?"

Owl tried to think of something very wise to say, but couldn't, so he flew off to tell the others. And the first person he told was Pooh.

"Pooh," he said, "Christopher Robin is giving a party."

"Oh!" said Pooh. And then seeing that Owl expected him to say something else, he said, "Will there be those little cake things with pink sugar icing?"

Owl felt that it was rather beneath him to talk about little cake things with pink sugar icing, so he told Pooh exactly what Christopher Robin had said, and flew off to Eeyore.

"Party for Me?" thought Pooh to himself. "How grand!" And he began to wonder if all the other animals would know that it was a special Pooh Party, and if Christopher Robin had told them about *The Floating Bear* and the *Brain of Pooh*, and all the wonderful ships he had invented and sailed on, and he began to think how awful it would be if everybody had forgotten about it, and nobody quite knew what the party was for; and the more he thought like this, the more the party got muddled in his mind, like a dream when nothing goes right.

And the dream began to sing itself over in his head until it became a sort of song. It was an

ANXIOUS POOH SONG.

*3 Cheers for Pooh
(For Who?)
For Pooh—
(Why what did he do?)
I thought you knew;*

He saved his friend from a wetting!

3 Cheers for Bear!

(For where?)

For Bear—

He couldn't swim,

But he rescued him!

(He rescued who?)

Oh, listen, do!

I am talking of Pooh!

(Of who?)

Of Pooh!

(I'm sorry I keep forgetting).

Well. Pooh was a Bear of Enormous Brain—

(Just say it again!)

Of enormous brain—

(Of enormous what?)

Well, he ate a lot,

And I don't know if he could swim or not,

But he managed to float

On a sort of boat

(On a sort of what?)

Well, a sort of pot—

So now let's give him three hearty cheers

(So now let's give him three hearty whitches?)

And hope he'll be with us for years and years,

And grow in health and wisdom and riches!

3 Cheers for Pooh!

(For who?)

For Pooh—

3 Cheers for Bear

(For where?)

For Bear—

3 Cheers for the wonderful Winnie-the-Pooh!

(Just tell me, somebody—WHAT DID HE DO?)

While this was going on inside him, Owl was talking to Eeyore.

"Eeyore," said Owl, "Christopher Robin is giving a party."

"Very interesting," said Eeyore. "I suppose they will be sending me down the odd bits which got trodden on. Kind and Thoughtful. Not at all, don't mention it."

"There is an Invitation for you."

"What's that like?"

"An Invitation!"

"Yes, I heard you. Who dropped it?"

"This isn't anything to eat, it's asking you to the party. Tomorrow."

Eeyore shook his head slowly.

"You mean Piglet. The little fellow with the excited ears. That's Piglet. I'll tell him."

"No, no!" said Owl, getting quite fussy. "It's you!"

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. Christopher Robin said 'All of them! Tell all of them.'"

"All of them, except Eeyore?"

"All of them," said Owl sulkily.

"Ah!" said Eeyore. "A mistake, no doubt, but still, I shall come. Only don't blame *me* if it rains."

But it didn't rain. Christopher Robin had made a long table out of some long pieces of wood, and they all sat round it. Christopher Robin sat at one end, and Pooh sat at the other, and between them on one side were Owl and Eeyore, and Piglet, and between them on the other side were Rabbit, and Roo, and Kanga. And all Rabbit's friends and relations spread themselves about on the grass, and waited hopefully in case anybody spoke to them, or dropped anything, or asked them the time.

It was the first party to which Roo had ever been, and he was very excited. As soon as ever they had sat down he began to talk.

"Hallo, Pooh!" he squeaked.

"Hallo, Roo!" said Pooh.

Roo jumped up and down in his seat for a little while and then began again.

"Hallo, Piglet!" he squeaked.

Piglet waved a paw at him, being too busy to say anything.

"Hallo, Eeyore!" said Roo.

Eeyore nodded gloomily at him. "It will rain soon, you see if it doesn't," he said.

Roo looked to see if it didn't, and it didn't, so he said, "Hallo, Owl!"—and Owl said, "Hallo, my little fellow," in a kindly way, and went on telling Christopher Robin about an accident which had nearly happened to a friend of his whom Christopher Robin didn't know, and Kanga said to Roo, "Drink up your milk first, dear, and talk afterwards." So Roo, who was drinking his milk, tried to say that he could do both at once . . . and had to be patted on the back and dried for quite a long time afterwards.

When they had all nearly eaten enough, Christopher Robin banged on the table with his spoon, and everybody stopped talking and was very silent, except Roo who was just finishing a loud attack of hiccups and trying to look as if it was one of Rabbit's relations.

"This party," said Christopher Robin, "is a party because of what

someone did, and we all know who it was, and it's his party, because of what he did, and I've got a present for him and here it is." Then he felt about a little and whispered, "Where is it?"

While he was looking, Eeyore coughed in an impressive way and began to speak.

"Friends," he said, "including oddments, it is a great pleasure, or perhaps I had better say it has been a pleasure so far, to see you at my party. What I did was nothing. Any of you—except Rabbit and Owl and Kanga—would have done the same. Oh, and Pooh. My remarks do not, of course, apply to Piglet and Roo, because they are too small. Any of you would have done the same. But it just happened to be Me. It was not, I need hardly say, with an idea of getting what Christopher Robin is looking for now"—and he put his front leg to his mouth and said in a loud whisper, "Try under the table"—"that I did what I did—but because I feel that we should all do what we can to help. I feel that we should all—"

"H—hup!" said Roo accidentally.

"Roo, dear!" said Kanga reproachfully.

"Was it me?" asked Roo, a little surprised.

"What's Eeyore talking about?" Piglet whispered to Pooh.

"I don't know," said Pooh rather dolefully.

"I thought this was *your* party."

"I thought it was *once*. But I suppose it isn't."

"I'd sooner it was yours than Eeyore's," said Piglet.

"So would I," said Pooh.

"H—hup!" said Roo again.

"AS—I—WAS—SAYING," said Eeyore loudly and sternly, "as I was saying when I was interrupted by various Loud Sounds, I feel that—"

"Here it is!" cried Christopher Robin excitedly. "Pass it down to silly old Pooh. It's for Pooh."

"For Pooh?" said Eeyore.

"Of course it is. The best bear in all the world."

"I might have known," said Eeyore. "After all, one can't complain. I have my friends. Somebody spoke to me only yesterday. And was it last week or the week before that Rabbit bumped into me and said 'Bother!' The Social Round. Always something going on."

Nobody was listening, for they were all saying, "Open it, Pooh," "What is it, Pooh?" "I know what it is," "No, you don't," and other helpful remarks of this sort. And of course Pooh was opening it as quickly as ever he could, but without cutting the string, because you never know when a bit of string might be Useful. At last it was undone.

When Pooh saw what it was, he nearly fell down, he was so pleased. It was a Special Pencil Case. There were pencils in it marked "B" for Bear, and pencils marked "HB" for Helping Bear, and pencils marked "BB" for

Brave Bear. There was a knife for sharpening the pencils, and India rubber for rubbing out anything which you had spelt wrong, and a ruler for ruling lines for the words to walk on, and inches marked on the ruler in case you wanted to know how many inches anything was, and Blue Pencils and Red Pencils and Green Pencils for saying special things in blue and red and green. And all these lovely things were in little pockets of their own in a Special Case which shut with a click when you clicked it. And they were all for Pooh.

“Oh!” said Pooh.

“Oh, Pooh!” said everybody else except Eeyore.

“Thank-you,” growled Pooh.

But Eeyore was saying to himself, “This writing business. Pencils and what-not. Over-rated, if you ask me. Silly stuff. Nothing in it.”

Later on, when they had all said, “Good-bye” and “Thank-you” to Christopher Robin, Pooh and Piglet walked home thoughtfully together in the golden evening, and for a long time they were silent.

“When you wake up in the morning, Pooh,” said Piglet at last, “what’s the first thing you say to yourself?”

“What’s for breakfast?” said Pooh. “What do you *say*, Piglet?”

“I say, I wonder what’s going to happen exciting *today*?” said Piglet. Pooh nodded thoughtfully.

“It’s the same thing,” he said.

Chapter 7: A House is Built at Pooh Corner for Eeyore

One day when Pooh Bear had nothing else to do, he thought he would do something, so he went round to Piglet’s house to see what Piglet was doing. It was still snowing as he stumped over the white forest track, and he expected to find Piglet warming his toes in front of his fire, but to his surprise he saw that the door was open, and the more he looked inside the more Piglet wasn’t there.

“He’s out,” said Pooh sadly. “That’s what it is. He’s not in. I shall have to go a fast Thinking Walk by myself. Bother!”

But first he thought that he would knock very loudly just to make *quite* sure . . . and while he waited for Piglet not to answer, he jumped up and down to keep warm, and a hum came suddenly into his head, which seemed to him a Good Hum, such as is Hummed Hopefully to Others.

*The more it snows
(Tiddely pom),
The more it goes
(Tiddely pom),*



*The more it goes
 (Tiddely pom)
 On snowing.
 And nobody knows
 (Tiddely pom),
 How cold my toes
 (Tiddely pom),
 How cold my toes
 (Tiddely pom),
 Are growing.*

“So what I’ll do,” said Pooh, “is I’ll do this. I’ll just go home first and see what the time is, and perhaps I’ll put a muffler round my neck, and then I’ll go and see Eeyore and sing it to him.”

He hurried back to his own house; and his mind was so busy on the way with the hum that he was getting ready for Eeyore that, when he suddenly saw Piglet sitting in his best arm-chair, he could only stand there rubbing his head and wondering whose house he was in.

“Hallo, Piglet,” he said. “I thought you were out.”

“No,” said Piglet, “it’s you who were out, Pooh.”

“So it was,” said Pooh. “I knew one of us was.”

He looked up at his clock, which had stopped at five minutes to eleven some weeks ago.

“Nearly eleven o’clock,” said Pooh happily. “You’re just in time for a little smackerel of something,” and he put his head into the cupboard. “And then we’ll go out, Piglet, and sing my song to Eeyore.”

“Which song, Pooh?”

“The one we’re going to sing to Eeyore,” explained Pooh.

The clock was still saying five minutes to eleven when Pooh and Piglet set out on their way half an hour later. The wind had dropped, and the snow, tired of rushing round in circles trying to catch itself up, now fluttered gently down until it found a place on which to rest, and sometimes the place was Pooh’s nose and sometimes it wasn’t, and in a little while Piglet was wearing a white muffler round his neck and feeling more snowy behind the ears than he had ever felt before.

“Pooh,” he said at last, and a little timidly, because he didn’t want Pooh to think he was Giving In, “I was just wondering. How would it be if we went home now and practised your song, and then sang it to Eeyore tomorrow—or—or the next day, when we happen to see him?”

“That’s a very good idea, Piglet,” said Pooh. “We’ll practise it now as we go along. But it’s no good going home to practise it, because it’s a special Outdoor Song which Has To Be Sung In The Snow.”

“Are you sure?” asked Piglet anxiously.

“Well, you’ll see, Piglet, when you listen. Because this is how it begins. The more it snows, tiddely pom—”

“Tiddely what?” said Piglet.

“Pom,” said Pooh. “I put that in to make it more hummy. The more it goes, tiddely pom, the more—”

“Didn’t you say snows?”

“Yes, but that was before.”

“Before the tiddely pom?”

“It was a different tiddely pom,” said Pooh, feeling rather muddled now. “I’ll sing it to you properly and then you’ll see.”

So he sang it again.

*The more it
 SNOWS-tiddely-pom,
 The more it
 GOES-tiddely-pom
 The more it
 GOES-tiddely-pom
 On
 Snowing*

*And nobody
 KNOWS-tiddely-pom,
 How cold my
 TOES-tiddely-pom
 How cold my
 TOES-tiddely-pom
 Are
 Growing.*

He sang it like that, which is much the best way of singing it, and when he had finished, he waited for Piglet to say that, of all the Outdoor Hums for Snowy Weather he had ever heard, this was the best. And, after thinking the matter out carefully, Piglet said:

“Pooh,” he said solemnly, “it isn’t the toes so much as the ears.”

By this time they were getting near Eeyore’s Gloomy Place, which was where he lived, and as it was still very snowy behind Piglet’s ears, and he was getting tired of it, they turned into a little pine wood, and sat down on the gate which led into it. They were out of the snow now, but it was very cold, and to keep themselves warm they sang Pooh’s song right through six times, Piglet doing the tiddely-poms and Pooh doing the rest of it, and both of them thumping on the top of the gate with pieces of stick at the proper places. And

in a little while they felt much warmer, and were able to talk again.

"I've been thinking," said Pooh, "and what I've been thinking is this. I've been thinking about Eeyore."

"What about Eeyore?"

"Well, poor Eeyore has nowhere to live."

"Nor he has," said Piglet.

"You have a house, Piglet, and I have a house, and they are very good houses. And Christopher Robin has a house, and Owl and Kanga and Rabbit have houses, and even Rabbit's friends and relations have houses or somethings, but poor Eeyore has nothing. So what I've been thinking is: Let's build him a house."

"That," said Piglet, "is a Grand Idea. Where shall we build it?"

"We will build it here," said Pooh, "just by this wood, out of the wind, because this is where I thought of it. And we will call this Pooh Corner. And we will build an Eeyore House with sticks at Pooh Corner for Eeyore."

"There was a heap of sticks on the other side of the wood," said Piglet. "I saw them. Lots and lots. All piled up."

"Thank you, Piglet," said Pooh. "What you have just said will be a Great Help to us, and because of it I could call this place Poohanpiglet Corner if Pooh Corner didn't sound better, which it does, being smaller and more like a corner. Come along."

So they got down off the gate and went round to the other side of the wood to fetch the sticks.

Christopher Robin had spent the morning indoors going to Africa and back, and he had just got off the boat and was wondering what it was like outside, when who should come knocking at the door but Eeyore.

"Hallo, Eeyore," said Christopher Robin, as he opened the door and came out. "How are *you*?"

"It's snowing still," said Eeyore gloomily.

"So it is."

"*And* freezing."

"Is it?"

"Yes," said Eeyore. "However," he said, brightening up a little, "we haven't had an earthquake lately."

"What's the matter, Eeyore?"

"Nothing, Christopher Robin. Nothing important. I suppose you haven't seen a house or what-not anywhere about?"

"What sort of a house?"

"Just a house."

"Who lives there?"

"I do. At least I thought I did. But I suppose I don't. After all, we can't all have houses."

"But, Eeyore, I didn't know—I always thought—"

"I don't know how it is, Christopher Robin, but what with all this snow and one thing and another, not to mention icicles and such-like, it isn't so Hot in my field about three o'clock in the morning as some people think it is. It isn't Close, if you know what I mean—not so as to be uncomfortable. It isn't Stuffy. In fact, Christopher Robin," he went on in a loud whisper, "quite-between-ourselves-and- don't-tell-anybody, it's Cold."

"Oh, Eeyore!"

"And I said to myself: The others will be sorry if I'm getting myself all cold. They haven't got Brains, any of them, only grey fluff that's blown into their heads by mistake, and they don't Think, but if it goes on snowing for another six weeks or so, one of them will begin to say to himself: 'Eeyore can't be so very much too Hot about three o'clock in the morning.' And then it will Get About. And they'll be Sorry."

"Oh, Eeyore!" said Christopher Robin, feeling very sorry already.

"I don't mean you, Christopher Robin. You're different. So what it all comes to is that I built myself a house down by my little wood."

"Did you really? How exciting!"

"The really exciting part," said Eeyore in his most melancholy voice, "is that when I left it this morning it was there, and when I came back it wasn't. Not at all, very natural, and it was only Eeyore's house. But still I just wondered."

Christopher Robin didn't stop to wonder. He was already back in *his* house, putting on his waterproof hat, his waterproof boots and his waterproof macintosh as fast as he could.

"We'll go and look for it at once," he called out to Eeyore.

"Sometimes," said Eeyore, "when people have quite finished taking a person's house, there are one or two bits which they don't want and are rather glad for the person to take back, if you know what I mean. So I thought if we just went —"

"Come on," said Christopher Robin, and off they hurried, and in a very little time they got to the corner of the field by the side of the pine-wood, where Eeyore's house wasn't any longer.

"There!" said Eeyore. "Not a stick of it left! Of course, I've still got all this snow to do what I like with. One mustn't complain."

But Christopher Robin wasn't listening to Eeyore, he was listening to something else.

"Can't you hear it?" he asked.

"What is it? Somebody laughing?"

"Listen."

They both listened . . . and they heard a deep gruff voice saying in a singing voice that the more it snowed the more it went on snowing, and a small high voice tiddely-pomming in between.

"It's Pooh," said Christopher Robin excitedly . . .

"Possibly," said Eeyore.

"And Piglet!" said Christopher Robin excitedly.

"Probably," said Eeyore. "What we *want* is a Trained Bloodhound."

The words of the song changed suddenly.

"*We've finished our HOUSE!*" sang the gruff voice.

"*Tiddely pom!*" sang the squeaky one.

"*It's a beautiful HOUSE . . .*"

"*Tiddely pom . . .*"

"*I wish it were MINE . . .*"

"*Tiddely pom . . .*"

"Pooh!" shouted Christopher Robin . . .

The singers on the gate stopped suddenly.

"It's Christopher Robin!" said Pooh eagerly.

"He's round by the place where we got all those sticks from," said

Piglet.

"Come on," said Pooh.

They climbed down their gate and hurried round the corner of the wood, Pooh making welcoming noises all the way.

"Why, here *is* Eeyore," said Pooh, when he had finished hugging Christopher Robin, and he nudged Piglet, and Piglet nudged him, and they thought to themselves what a lovely surprise they had got ready.

"Hallo, Eeyore."

"Same to you, Pooh Bear, and twice on Thursdays," said Eeyore gloomily.

Before Pooh could say: "Why Thursdays?" Christopher Robin began to explain the sad story of Eeyore's Lost House. And Pooh and Piglet listened, and their eyes seemed to get bigger and bigger.

"*Where* did you say it was?" asked Pooh.

"Just here," said Eeyore.

"Made of sticks?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Piglet.

"What?" said Eeyore.

"I just said 'Oh!'" said Piglet nervously. And so as to seem quite at ease he hummed Tiddely-pom once or twice in a what-shall-we-do-now kind of way.

"You're sure it *was* a house?" said Pooh. "I mean, you're sure the house was just here?"

"Of course I am," said Eeyore. And he murmured to himself, "No brain at all, some of them."

"Why, what's the matter, Pooh?" asked Christopher Robin.

"Well," said Pooh . . . "The fact *is*," said Pooh . . . "Well, the fact *is*," said Pooh . . . "You see," said Pooh . . . "It's like this," said Pooh, and

something seemed to tell him that he wasn't explaining very well, and he nudged Piglet again.

"It's like this," said Piglet quickly . . . "Only warmer," he added after deep thought.

"What's warmer?"

"The other side of the wood, where Eeyore's house is."

"My house?" said Eeyore. "My house was here."

"No," said Piglet firmly. "The other side of the wood."

"Because of being warmer," said Pooh.

"But I ought to *know*—"

"Come and look," said Piglet simply, and he led the way.

"There wouldn't be two houses," said Pooh. "Not so close together."

They came round the corner, and there was Eeyore's house, looking as comfy as anything.

"There you are," said Piglet.

"Inside as well as outside," said Pooh proudly.

Eeyore went inside . . . and came out again.

"It's a remarkable thing," he said. "It *is* my house, and I built it where I said I did, so the wind must have blown it here. And the wind blew it right over the wood, and blew it down here, and here it is as good as ever. In fact, better in places."

"Much better," said Pooh and Piglet together.

"It just shows what can be done by taking a little trouble," said Eeyore. "Do you see, Pooh ? Do you see, Piglet? Brains first and then Hard Work. Look at it! *That's* the way to build a house," said Eeyore proudly.

So they left him in it; and Christopher Robin went back to lunch with his friends Pooh and Piglet, and on the way they told him of the Awful Mistake they had made. And when he had finished laughing, they all sang the Outdoor Song for Snowy Weather the rest of the way home, Piglet, who was still not quite sure of his voice, putting in the tiddely-poms again.

"And I know it *seems* easy," said Piglet to himself, "but it isn't *every one* who could do it."

Chapter 8: Tigger Comes to the Forest and Has Breakfast

Winnie-the-Pooh woke up suddenly in the middle of the night and listened. Then he got out of bed, and lit his candle, and stumped across the room to see if anybody was trying to get into his honey-cupboard, and they weren't, so he stumped back again, blew out his candle, and got into bed. Then he heard the noise again.

"Is that you, Piglet?" he said. But it wasn't.



“Come in, Christopher Robin,” he said.

But Christopher Robin didn’t.

“Tell me about it to-morrow, Eeyore,” said Pooh sleepily.

But the noise went on.

“*Worraworraworraworraworra*,” said Whatever-it-was, and Pooh found that he wasn’t asleep after all.

“What can it be?” he thought. “There are lots of noises in the Forest, but this is a different one. It isn’t a growl, and it isn’t a purr, and it isn’t a bark, and it isn’t the noise-you-make-before-beginning-a-piece-of-poetry, but it’s a noise of some kind, made by a strange animal. And he’s making it outside my door. So I shall get up and ask him not to do it.”

He got out of bed and opened his front door.

“Hallo!” said Pooh, in case there was anything outside.

“Hallo!” said Whatever-it-was.

“Oh!” said Pooh. “Hallo!”

“Hallo!”

“Oh, *there* you are!” said Pooh. “Hallo!”

“Hallo!” said the Strange Animal, wondering how long this was going on.

Pooh was just going to say “Hallo!” for the fourth time when he thought that he wouldn’t, so he said, “Who is it?” instead.

“Me,” said a voice.

“Oh!” said Pooh. “Well, come here.”

So Whatever-it-was came here, and in the light of the candle he and Pooh looked at each other.

“I’m Pooh,” said Pooh.

“I’m Tigger,” said Tigger.

“Oh!” said Pooh, for he had never seen an animal like this before. “Does Christopher Robin know about you?”

“Of course he does,” said Tigger.

“Well,” said Pooh, “it’s the middle of the night, which is a good time for going to sleep. And to-morrow morning we’ll have some honey for breakfast. Do Tiggers like honey?”

“They like everything,” said Tigger cheerfully.

“Then if they like going to sleep on the floor, I’ll go back to bed,” said Pooh, “and we’ll do things in the morning. Good night.” And he got back into bed and went fast asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, the first thing he saw was Tigger, sitting in front of the glass and looking at himself.

“Hallo!” said Pooh.

“Hallo!” said Tigger. “I’ve found somebody just like me. I thought I was the only one of them.”

Pooh got out of bed, and began to explain what a looking-glass was,

but just as he was getting to the interesting part, Tigger said:

“Excuse me a moment, but there’s something climbing up your table,” and with one loud *Worraworraworraworraworra* he jumped at the end of the tablecloth, pulled it to the ground, wrapped himself up in it three times, rolled to the other end of the room, and, after a terrible struggle, got his head into the daylight again, and said cheerfully, “Have I won?”

“That’s my tablecloth,” said Pooh, as he began to unwind Tigger.

“I wondered what it was,” said Tigger.

“It goes on the table and you put things on it.”

“Then why did it try to bite me when I wasn’t looking?”

“I don’t *think* it did,” said Pooh.

“It tried,” said Tigger, “but I was too quick for it.”

Pooh put the cloth back on the table, and he put a large honey-pot on the cloth, and they sat down to breakfast. And as soon as they sat down, Tigger took a large mouthful of honey . . . and he looked up at the ceiling with his head on one side, and made exploring noises with his tongue, and considering noises, and what-have-we-got-*here* noises . . . and then he said in a very decided voice:

“Tiggers don’t like honey.”

“Oh!” said Pooh, and tried to make it sound Sad and Regretful. “I thought they liked everything.”

“Everything except honey,” said Tigger.

Pooh felt rather pleased about this, and said that, as soon as he had finished his own breakfast, he would take Tigger round to Piglet’s house, and Tigger could try some of Piglet’s haycorns.

“Thank you, Pooh,” said Tigger, “because haycorns is really what Tiggers like best.”

So after breakfast they went round to see Piglet, and Pooh explained as they went that Piglet was a Very Small Animal who didn’t like bouncing, and asked Tigger not to be too Bouncy just at first. And Tigger, who had been hiding behind trees and jumping out on Pooh’s shadow when it wasn’t looking, said that Tiggers were only bouncy before breakfast, and that as soon as they had had a few haycorns they became Quiet and Refined. So by-and-by they knocked at the door of Piglet’s house.

“Hallo, Pooh,” said Piglet.

“Hallo, Piglet. This is Tigger.”

“Oh, is it?” said Piglet, and he edged round to the other side of the table. “I thought Tiggers were smaller than that.”

“Not the big ones,” said Tigger.

“They like haycorns,” said Pooh, “so that’s what we’ve come for, because poor Tigger hasn’t had any breakfast yet.”

Piglet pushed the bowl of haycorns towards Tigger, and said, “Help yourself,” and then he got close up to Pooh and felt much braver, and said, “So

you’re Tigger? Well, well!” in a careless sort of voice. But Tigger said nothing because his mouth was full of haycorns . . .

After a long munching noise he said:

“Ee-ers o i a-ors.”

And when Pooh and Piglet said “What?” he said “Skoos ee,” and went outside for a moment.

When he came back he said firmly:

“Tiggers don’t like haycorns.”

“But you said they liked everything except honey,” said Pooh.

“Everything except honey and haycorns,” explained Tigger.

When he heard this, Pooh said, “Oh, I see!” and Piglet, who was rather glad that Tiggers didn’t like haycorns, said, “What about thistles?”

“Thistles,” said Tigger, “is what Tiggers like best.”

“Then lets go along and see Eeyore,” said Piglet

So the three of them went; and after they had walked and walked and walked, they came to the part of the Forest where Eeyore was.

“Hallo, Eeyore!” said Pooh. “This is Tigger.”

“What is?” said Eeyore.

“This,” explained Pooh and Piglet together, and Tigger smiled his happiest smile and said nothing.

Eeyore walked all round Tigger one way, and then turned and walked all round him the other way.

“What did you say it was?” he asked.

“Tigger.”

“Ah!” said Eeyore.

“He’s just come,” explained Piglet.

“Ah!” said Eeyore again.

He thought for a long time and then said:

“When is he going?”

Pooh explained to Eeyore that Tigger was a great friend of Christopher Robin’s, who had come to stay in the Forest, and Piglet explained to Tigger that he mustn’t mind what Eeyore said because he was always gloomy; and Eeyore explained to Piglet that, on the contrary, he was feeling particularly cheerful this morning; and Tigger explained to anybody who was listening that he hadn’t had any breakfast yet.

“I knew there was something,” said Pooh. “Tiggers always eat thistles, so that was why we came to see you, Eeyore.”

“Don’t mention it, Pooh.”

“Oh, Eeyore, I didn’t mean that I didn’t want to see you—”

“Quite—quite. But your new stripy friend—naturally, he wants his breakfast. What did you say his name was?”

“Tigger.”

“Then come this way, Tigger.”

Eeyore led the way to the most thistly-looking patch of thistles that ever was, and waved a hoof at it.

"A little patch I was keeping for my birthday," he said; "but, after all, what are birthdays? Here today and gone tomorrow. Help yourself, Tigger."

Tigger thanked him and looked a little anxiously at Pooh.

"Are these really thistles?" he whispered.

"Yes," said Pooh.

"What Tiggers like best?"

"That's right," said Pooh.

"I see," said Tigger.

So he took a large mouthful, and he gave a large crunch.

"*Ow!*" said Tigger.

He sat down and put his paw in his mouth.

"What's the matter?" asked Pooh.

"*Hot!*" mumbled Tigger.

"Your friend," said Eeyore, "appears to have bitten on a bee."

Pooh's friend stopped shaking his head to get the prickles out, and explained that Tiggers didn't like thistles.

"Then why bend a perfectly good one?" asked Eeyore.

"But you said," began Pooh—"you *said* that Tiggers liked everything except honey and haycorns."

"*And* thistles," said Tigger, who was now running round in circles with his tongue hanging out.

Pooh looked at him sadly.

"What are we going to do?" he asked Piglet.

Piglet knew the answer to that, and he said at once that they must go and see Christopher Robin.

"You'll find him with Kanga," said Eeyore. He came close to Pooh, and said in a loud whisper:

"*Could* you ask your friend to do his exercises somewhere else? I shall be having lunch directly, and don't want it bounced on just before I begin. A trifling matter, and fussy of me, but we all have our little ways."

Pooh nodded solemnly and called to Tigger.

"Come along and we'll go and see Kanga. She's sure to have lots of breakfast for you."

Tigger finished his last circle and came up to Pooh and Piglet.

"*Hot!*" he explained with a large and friendly smile. "Come on!" and he rushed off.

Pooh and Piglet walked slowly after him. And as they walked Piglet said nothing, because he couldn't think of anything, and Pooh said nothing, because he was thinking of a poem. And when he had thought of it he began:

*What shall we do about poor little Tigger?
If he never eats nothing he'll never get bigger.
He doesn't like honey and haycorns and thistles
Because of the taste and because of the bristles.
And all the good things which an animal likes
Have the wrong sort of swallow or too many spikes.*

"He's quite big enough anyhow," said Piglet.

"He isn't really very big."

"Well he seems so."

Pooh was thoughtful when he heard this, and then he murmured to himself:

*But whatever his weight in pounds, shillings, and ounces,
He always seems bigger because of his bounces.*

"And that's the whole poem," he said. "Do you like it, Piglet?"

"All except the shillings," said Piglet. "I don't think they ought to be there."

"They wanted to come in after the pounds," explained Pooh, "so I let them. It is the best way to write poetry, letting things come."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Piglet.

Tigger had been bouncing in front of them all this time, turning round every now and then to ask, "Is this the way?"—and now at last they came in sight of Kanga's house, and there was Christopher Robin. Tigger rushed up to him.

"Oh, there you are, Tigger!" said Christopher Robin. "I knew you'd be somewhere."

"I've been finding things in the Forest," said Tigger importantly. "I've found a pooh and a piglet and an eeyore, but I can't find any breakfast."

Pooh and Piglet came up and hugged Christopher Robin, and explained what had been happening.

"Don't *you* know what Tiggers like?" asked Pooh.

"I expect if I thought very hard I should," said Christopher Robin, "but I *thought* Tigger knew."

"I do," said Tigger. "Everything there is in the world except honey and haycorns and—what were those hot things called?"

"Thistles."

"Yes, and those."

"Oh, well then, Kanga can give you some breakfast."

So they went into Kanga's house, and when Roo had said, "Hallo, Pooh," and "Hallo, Piglet" once, and "Hallo, Tigger" twice, because he had never said it before and it sounded funny, they told Kanga what they wanted,



and Kanga said very kindly, "Well, look in my cupboard, Tigger dear, and see what you'd like." Because she knew at once that, however big Tigger seemed to be, he wanted as much kindness as Roo.

"Shall I look, too?" said Pooh, who was beginning to feel a little eleven o'clockish. And he found a small tin of condensed milk, and something seemed to tell him that Tiggers didn't like this, so he took it into a corner by itself, and went with it to see that nobody interrupted it.

But the more Tigger put his nose into this and his paw into that, the more things he found which Tiggers didn't like. And when he had found everything in the cupboard, and couldn't eat any of it, he said to Kanga, "What happens now?"

But Kanga and Christopher Robin and Piglet were all standing round Roo, watching him have his Extract of Malt. And Roo was saying, "Must I?" and Kanga was saying, "Now, Roo dear, you remember what you promised."

"What is it?" whispered Tigger to Piglet.

"His Strengthening Medicine," said Piglet. "He hates it."

So Tigger came closer, and he leant over the back of Roo's chair, and suddenly he put out his tongue, and took one large gollop, and, with a sudden jump of surprise, Kanga said, "Oh!" and then clutched at the spoon again just as it was disappearing, and pulled it safely back out of Tigger's mouth. But the Extract of Malt had gone.

"Tigger dear!" said Kanga.

"He's taken my medicine, he's taken my medicine, he's taken my medicine!" sang Roo happily, thinking it was a tremendous joke.

Then Tigger looked up at the ceiling, and closed his eyes, and his tongue went round and round his chops, in case he had left any outside, and a peaceful smile came over his face as he said, "So *that's* what Tiggers like!"

Which explains why he always lived at Kanga's house afterwards, and had Extract of Malt for breakfast, dinner, and tea. And sometimes, when Kanga thought he wanted strengthening, he had a spoonful or two of Roo's breakfast after meals as medicine.

"But *I* think," said Piglet to Pooh, "that he's been strengthened quite enough."

Chapter 9: Pooh Invents a New Game and Eeyore Joins In

By the time it came to the edge of the Forest, the stream had grown up, so that it was almost a river, and, being grown-up, it did not run and jump and sparkle along as it used to do when it was younger, but moved more

slowly. For it knew now where it was going, and it said to itself, "There is no hurry. We shall get there some day." But all the little streams higher up in the Forest went this way and that, quickly, eagerly, having so much to find out before it was too late.

There was a broad track, almost as broad as a road, leading from the Outland to the Forest, but before it could come to the Forest, it had to cross this river. So, where it crossed, there was a wooden bridge, almost as broad as a road, with wooden rails on each side of it. Christopher Robin could just get his chin on to the top rail, if he wanted to, but it was more fun to stand on the bottom rail, so that he could lean right over, and watch the river slipping slowly away beneath him. Pooh could get his chin on to the bottom rail if he wanted to, but it was more fun to lie down and get his head under it, and watch the river slipping slowly away beneath him. And this was the only way in which Piglet and Roo could watch the river at all, because they were too small to reach the bottom rail. So they would lie down and watch it . . . and it slipped away very slowly, being in no hurry to get there.

One day, when Pooh was walking towards this bridge, he was trying to make up a piece of poetry about fir-cones, because there they were, lying about on each side of him, and he felt singy. So he picked a fir-cone up, and looked at it, and said to himself, "This is a very good fir-cone, and something ought to rhyme to it." But he couldn't think of anything. And then this came into his head suddenly:

*Here is a myst'ry
About a little fir-tree.
Owl says it's his tree,
And Kanga says it's her tree.*

"Which doesn't make sense," said Pooh, "because Kanga doesn't live in a tree."

He had just come to the bridge; and not looking where he was going, he tripped over something, and the fir-cone jerked out of his paw into the river.

"Bother," said Pooh, as it floated slowly under the bridge, and he went back to get another fir-cone which had a rhyme to it. But then he thought that he would just look at the river instead, because it was a peaceful sort of day, so he lay down and looked at it, and it slipped slowly away beneath him . . . and suddenly, there was his fir-cone slipping away too.

"That's funny," said Pooh. "I dropped it on the other side," said Pooh, "and it came out on this side! I wonder if it would do it again?" And he went back for some more fir-cones.

It did. It kept on doing it. Then he dropped two in at once, and leant over the bridge to see which of them would come out first; and one of

them did; but as they were both the same size, he didn't know if it was the one which he wanted to win, or the other one. So the next time he dropped one big one and one little one, and the big one came out first, which was what he had said it would do, and the little one came out last, which was what he had said it would do, so he had won twice . . . and when he went home for tea, he had won thirty-six and lost twenty-eight, which meant that he was—that he had—well, you take twenty-eight from thirty-six, and that's what he was. Instead of the other way round.

And that was the beginning of the game called Poohsticks, which Pooh invented, and which he and his friends used to play on the edge of the Forest. But they played with sticks instead of fir-cones, because they were easier to mark.

Now one day Pooh and Piglet and Rabbit and Roo were all playing Poohsticks together. They had dropped their sticks in when Rabbit said, "Go!" and then they had hurried across to the other side of the bridge, and now they were all leaning over the edge, waiting to see whose stick would come out first. But it was a long time coming, because the river was very lazy that day, and hardly seemed to mind if it didn't ever get there at all.

"I can see mine!" cried Roo. "No, I can't, it's something else. Can you see yours, Piglet? I thought I could see mine, but I couldn't. There it is! No, it isn't. Can you see yours, Pooh?"

"No," said Pooh.

"I expect my stick's stuck," said Roo. "Rabbit, my stick's stuck. Is your stick stuck, Piglet?"

"They always take longer than you think," said Rabbit.

"How long do you *think* they'll take?" asked Roo.

"I can see yours, Piglet," said Pooh suddenly.

"Mine's a sort of greyish one," said Piglet, not daring to lean too far over in case he fell in.

"Yes, that's what I can see. It's coming over on to my side."

Rabbit leant over further than ever, looking for his, and Roo wriggled up and down, calling out, "Come on, stick! Stick, stick, stick!" and Piglet got very excited because his was the only one which had been seen, and that meant that he was winning. "It's coming!" said Pooh.

"Are you *sure* it's mine?" squeaked Piglet excitedly.

"Yes, because it's grey. A big grey one. Here it comes! A very—big-grey—Oh, no, it isn't, it's Eeyore."

And out floated Eeyore.

"Eeyore!" cried everybody.

Looking very calm, very dignified, with his legs in the air, came Eeyore from beneath the bridge.

"It's Eeyore!" cried Roo, terribly excited.

"Is that so?" said Eeyore, getting caught up by a little eddy, and

turning slowly round three times. "I wondered."

"I didn't know you were playing," said Roo.

"I'm not," said Eeyore.

"Eeyore, what *are* you doing there?" said Rabbit.

"I'll give you three guesses, Rabbit. Digging holes in the ground? Wrong. Leaping from branch to branch of a young oak-tree? Wrong. Waiting for somebody to help me out of the river? Right. Give Rabbit time, and he'll always get the answer."

"But, Eeyore," said Pooh in distress, "what can we—I mean, how shall we—do you think if we—"

"Yes," said Eeyore. "One of those would be just the thing. Thank you, Pooh."

"He's going *round* and *round*," said Roo, much impressed.

"And why not?" said Eeyore coldly.

"I can swim too," said Roo proudly.

"Not round and round," said Eeyore. "It's much more difficult. I didn't want to come swimming at all today," he went on, revolving slowly. "But if, when in, I decide to practise a slight circular movement from right to left—or perhaps I should say," he added, as he got into another eddy, "from left to right, just as it happens to occur to me, it is nobody's business but my own."

There was a moment's silence while everybody thought.

"I've got a sort of idea," said Pooh at last, "but I don't suppose it's a very good one."

"I don't suppose it is either," said Eeyore.

"Go on, Pooh," said Rabbit. "Let's have it."

"Well, if we threw stones and things into the river on *one* side of Eeyore, the stones would make waves, and the waves would wash him to the other side."

"That's a very good idea," said Rabbit, and Pooh looked happy again.

"Very," said Eeyore. "When I want to be washed, Pooh, I'll let you know."

"Supposing we hit him by mistake?" said Piglet anxiously.

"Or supposing you missed him by mistake," said Eeyore. "Think of all the possibilities, Piglet, before you settle down to enjoy yourselves."

But Pooh had got the biggest stone he could carry, and was leaning over the bridge, holding it in his paws.

"I'm not throwing it, I'm dropping it, Eeyore," he explained. "And then I can't miss—I mean I can't hit you. *Could* you stop turning round for a moment, because it muddles me rather?"

"No," said Eeyore. "I *like* turning round."

Rabbit began to feel that it was time he took command.

"Now, Pooh," he said, "when I say 'Now!' you can drop it. Eeyore,

when I say 'Now!' Pooh will drop his stone."

"Thank you very much, Rabbit, but I expect I shall know."

"Are you ready, Pooh? Piglet, give Pooh a little more room. Get back a bit there, Roo. Are you ready?"

"No," said Eeyore.

"*Now!*" said Rabbit.

Pooh dropped his stone. There was a loud splash, and Eeyore disappeared . . .

It was an anxious moment for the watchers on the bridge. They looked and looked . . . and even the sight of Piglet's stick coming out a little in front of Rabbit's didn't cheer them up as much as you would have expected. And then, just as Pooh was beginning to think that he must have chosen the wrong stone or the wrong river or the wrong day for his Idea, something grey showed for a moment by the river bank . . . and it got slowly bigger and bigger . . . and at last it was Eeyore coming, out.

With a shout they rushed off the bridge, and pushed and pulled at him; and soon he was standing among them again on dry land.

"Oh, Eeyore, you *are* wet!" said Piglet, feeling him.

Eeyore shook himself, and asked somebody to explain to Piglet what happened when you had been inside a river for quite a long time.

"Well done, Pooh," said Rabbit kindly. "That was a good idea of ours."

"What was?" asked Eeyore.

"Hooshing you to the bank like that."

"*Hooshing* me?" said Eeyore in surprise. "Hooshing *me*? You didn't think I was *hooshed*, did you? I dived. Pooh dropped a large stone on me, and so as not to be struck heavily on the chest, I dived and swam to the bank."

"You didn't really," whispered Piglet to Pooh, so as to comfort him.

"I didn't *think* I did," said Pooh anxiously.

"It's just Eeyore," said Piglet. "I thought your Idea was a very good Idea."

Pooh began to feel a little more comfortable, because when you are a Bear of Very Little Brain, and you Think of Things, you find sometimes that a Thing which seemed very Thingish inside you is quite different when it gets out into the open and has other people looking at it. And, anyhow, Eeyore *was* in the river, and now he *wasn't*, so he hadn't done any harm.

"How did you fall in, Eeyore?" asked Rabbit, as he dried him with Piglet's handkerchief.

"I didn't," said Eeyore.

"But how—"

"I was BOUNCED," said Eeyore.

"Oo," said Roo excitedly, "did somebody push you?"

"Somebody BOUNCED me. I was just thinking by the side of the

river—thinking, if any of you know what that means—when I received a loud BOUNCE.”

“Oh, Eeyore!” said everybody.

“Are you sure you didn’t slip?” asked Rabbit wisely.

“Of course I slipped. If you’re standing on the slippery bank of a river, and somebody BOUNCES you loudly from behind, you slip. What did you think I did?”

“But who did it?” asked Roo.

Eeyore didn’t answer.

“I expect it was Tigger,” said Piglet nervously.

“But, Eeyore,” said Pooh, “was it a Joke, or an Accident? I mean—”

“I didn’t stop to ask, Pooh. Even at the very bottom of the river I didn’t stop to say to myself, ‘Is this a Hearty Joke, or is it the Merest Accident?’ I just floated to the surface, and said to myself, ‘It’s wet.’ If you know what I mean.”

“And where was Tigger?” asked Rabbit.

Before Eeyore could answer, there was a loud noise behind them, and through the hedge came Tigger himself.

“Hallo, everybody,” said Tigger cheerfully.

“Hallo, Tigger,” said Roo.

Rabbit became very important suddenly.

“Tigger,” he said solemnly, “what happened just now?”

“Just when?” said Tigger a little uncomfortably.

“When you bounced Eeyore into the river.”

“I didn’t bounce him.”

“You bounced me,” said Eeyore gruffly.

“I didn’t really. I had a cough, and I happened to be behind Eeyore, and I said ‘Grrrr-opp-ptschschschz.’”

“Why?” said Rabbit, helping Piglet up, and dusting him. “It’s all right, Piglet.”

“It took me by surprise,” said Piglet nervously.

“That’s what I call bouncing,” said Eeyore. “Taking people by surprise. Very unpleasant habit. I don’t mind Tigger being in the Forest,” he went on, “because it’s a large Forest, and there’s plenty of room to bounce in it. But I don’t see why he should come into *my* little corner of it, and bounce there. It isn’t as if there was anything very wonderful about my little corner. Of course for people who like cold, wet, ugly bits it *is* something rather special, but otherwise it’s just a corner, and if anybody feels bouncy —”

“I didn’t bounce, I coughed,” said Tigger crossly.

“Bouncy or coffy, it’s all the same at the bottom of the river.”

“Well,” said Rabbit, “all I can say is—well, here’s Christopher Robin, so he can say it.”

Christopher Robin came down from the Forest to the bridge, feeling

all sunny and careless, and just as if twice nineteen didn’t matter a bit, as it didn’t on such a happy afternoon, and he thought that if he stood on the bottom rail of the bridge, and leant over, and watched the river slipping slowly away beneath him, then he would suddenly know everything that there was to be known, and he would be able to tell Pooh, who wasn’t quite sure about some of it. But when he got to the bridge and saw all the animals there, then he knew that it wasn’t that kind of afternoon, but the other kind, when you wanted to *do* something.

“It’s like this, Christopher Robin,” began Rabbit. “Tigger—”

“No, I didn’t,” said Tigger.

“Well, anyhow, there I was,” said Eeyore.

“But I don’t think he meant to,” said Pooh.

“He just *is* bouncy,” said Piglet, “and he can’t help it.”

“Try bouncing *me*, Tigger,” said Roo eagerly. “Eeyore, Tigger’s going to try *me*. Piglet, do you think—”

“Yes, yes,” said Rabbit, “we don’t all want to speak at once. The point is, what does Christopher Robin think about it?”

“All I did was I coughed,” said Tigger.

“He bounced,” said Eeyore.

“Well, I sort of boffed,” said Tigger.

“Hush!” said Rabbit, holding up his paw. “What does Christopher Robin think about it all? That’s the point.”

“Well,” said Christopher Robin, not quite sure what it was all about, “I think—”

“Yes?” said everybody.

“I think we all ought to play Poohsticks!”

So they did. And Eeyore, who had never played it before, won more times than anybody else; and Roo fell in twice, the first time by accident and the second time on purpose, because he suddenly saw Kanga coming from the Forest, and he knew he’d have to go to bed anyhow. So then Rabbit said he’d go with them; and Tigger and Eeyore went off together, because Eeyore wanted to tell Tigger How to Win at Poohsticks, which you do by letting your stick drop in a twitchy sort of way, if you understand what I mean, Tigger; and Christopher Robin and Pooh and Piglet were left on the bridge by themselves.

For a long time they looked at the river beneath them, saying nothing, and the river said nothing too, for it felt very quiet and peaceful on this summer afternoon.

“Tigger is all right *really*,” said Piglet lazily.

“Of course he is,” said Christopher Robin.

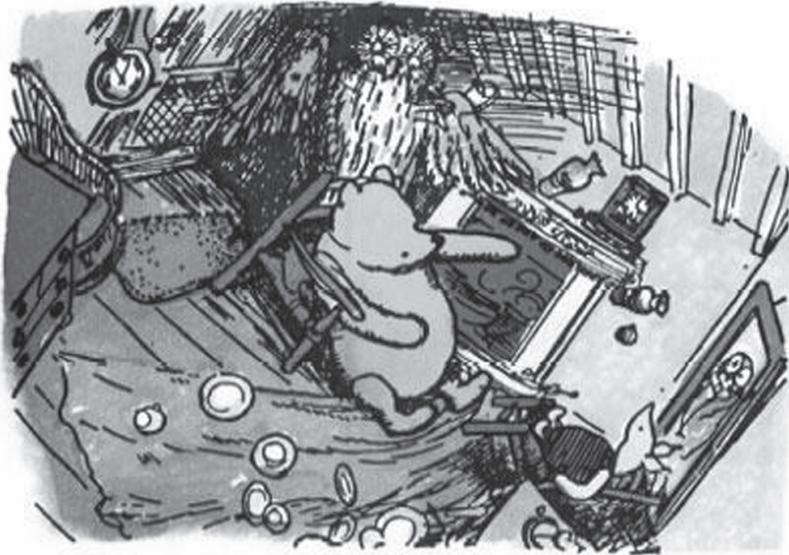
“Everybody is *really*,” said Pooh. “That’s what *I* think,” said Pooh. “But I don’t suppose I’m right,” he said.

“Of course you are,” said Christopher Robin.

Chapter 10: Piglet Does a Very Grand Thing

Half way between Pooh's house and Piglet's house was a Thoughtful Spot where they met sometimes when they had decided to go and see each other, and as it was warm and out of the wind they would sit down there for a little and wonder what they would do now that they *had* seen each other. One day when they had decided not to do anything, Pooh made up a verse about it, so that everybody should know what the place was for.

*This warm and sunny Spot
Belongs to Pooh.
And here he wonders what
He's going to do.
Oh, bother, I forgot—
It's Piglet's too.*



Now one autumn morning when the wind had blown all the leaves off the trees in the night, and was trying to blow the branches off, Pooh and Piglet were sitting in the Thoughtful Spot and wondering.

"What *I* think," said Pooh, "is I think we'll go to Pooh Corner and see Eeyore, because perhaps his house has been blown down, and perhaps he'd like us to build it again."

"What *I* think," said Piglet, "is I think we'll go and see Christopher Robin, only he won't be there, so we can't."

"Let's go and see *everybody*," said Pooh. "Because when you've been walking in the wind for miles, and you suddenly go into somebody's house, and he says, 'Hallo, Pooh, you're just in time for a little smackerel of something,' and you are, then it's what I call a Friendly Day."

Piglet thought that they ought to have a Reason for going to see everybody, like Looking for Small or Organizing an Expotition, if Pooh could think of something.

Pooh could.

"We'll go because it's Thursday," he said, "and we'll go to wish everybody a Very Happy Thursday. Come on, Piglet."

They got up; and when Piglet had sat down again, because he didn't know the wind was so strong, and had been helped up by Pooh, they started off. They went to Pooh's house first, and luckily Pooh was at home just as they got there, so he asked them in, and they had some, and then they went on to Kanga's house, holding on to each other, and shouting, "Isn't it?" and "What?" and "I can't hear." By the time they got to Kanga's house they were so buffeted that they stayed to lunch. Just at first it seemed rather cold outside afterwards, so they pushed on to Rabbit's as quickly as they could.

"We've come to wish you a Very Happy Thursday," said Pooh, when

he had gone in and out once or twice just to make sure that he *could* get out again.

"Why, what's going to happen on Thursday?" asked Rabbit, and when Pooh had explained, and Rabbit, whose life was made up of Important Things, said, "Oh, I thought you'd really come about something," they sat down for a little . . . and by-and-by Pooh and Piglet went on again. The wind was behind them now, so they didn't have to shout.

"Rabbit's clever," said Pooh thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Piglet, "Rabbit's clever."

"And he has Brain."

"Yes," said Piglet, "Rabbit has Brain."

There was a long silence.

"I suppose," said Pooh, "that that's why he never understands anything."

Christopher Robin was at home by this time, because it was the afternoon, and he was so glad to see them that they stayed there until very nearly tea-time, and then they had a Very Nearly tea, which is one you forget about afterwards, and hurried on to Pooh Corner, so as to see Eeyore before it was too late to have a Proper Tea with Owl.

"Hallo, Eeyore," they called out cheerfully.

"Ah!" said Eeyore. "Lost your way?"

"We just came to see you," said Piglet. "And to see how your house was. Look, Pooh, it's still standing!"

"I know," said Eeyore. "Very odd. Somebody ought to have come down and pushed it over."

"We wondered whether the wind would blow it down," said Pooh.

"Ah, that's why nobody's bothered, I suppose. I thought perhaps they'd forgotten."

"Well, we're very glad to see you, Eeyore, and now we're going on to see Owl."

"That's right. You'll like Owl. He flew past a day or two ago and noticed me. He didn't actually say anything, mind you, but he knew it was me. Very friendly of him, I thought. Encouraging."

Pooh and Piglet shuffled about a little and said, "Well, good-bye, Eeyore" as lingeringly as they could, but they had a long way to go, and wanted to be getting on.

"Good-bye," said Eeyore. "Mind you don't get blown away, Little Piglet. You'd be missed. People would say, 'Where's Little Piglet been blown to?'—really wanting to know. Well, good-bye. And thank you for happening to pass me."

"Good-bye," said Pooh and Piglet for the last time, and they pushed on to Owl's house.

The wind was against them now, and Piglet's ears streamed behind

him like banners as he fought his way along, and it seemed hours before he got them into the shelter of the Hundred Acre Wood and they stood up straight again, to listen, a little nervously, to the roaring of the gale among the tree-tops.

"Supposing a tree fell down, Pooh, when we were underneath it?"

"Supposing it didn't," said Pooh after careful thought.

Piglet was comforted by this, and in a little while they were knocking and ringing very cheerfully at Owl's door.

"Hallo, Owl," said Pooh. "I hope we're not too late for—I mean, how are you, Owl? Piglet and I just came to see how you were, because it's Thursday."

"Sit down, Pooh, sit down, Piglet," said Owl kindly. "Make yourselves comfortable."

They thanked him, and made themselves as comfortable as they could.

"Because, you see, Owl," said Pooh, "we've been hurrying, so as to be in time for—so as to see you before we went away again."

Owl nodded solemnly.

"Correct me if I am wrong," he said, "but am I right in supposing that it is a very Blusterous day outside?"

"Very," said Piglet, who was quietly thawing his ears, and wishing that he was safely back in his own house.

"I thought so," said Owl. "It was on just such a blusterous day as this that my Uncle Robert, a portrait of whom you see upon the wall on your right, Piglet, while returning in the late forenoon from a—What's that?"

There was a loud cracking noise.

"Look out!" cried Pooh. "Mind the clock! Out of the way, Piglet! Piglet, I'm falling on you!"

"Help!" cried Piglet.

Pooh's side of the room was slowly tilting upwards and his chair began sliding down on Piglet's. The clock slithered gently along the mantelpiece, collecting vases on the way, until they all crashed together on to what had once been the floor, but was now trying to see what it looked like as a wall. Uncle Robert, who was going to be the new hearthrug, and was bringing the rest of his wall with him as carpet, met Piglet's chair just as Piglet was expecting to leave it, and for a little while it became very difficult to remember which was really the north. When there was another loud crack . . . Owl's room collected itself feverishly . . . and there was silence.

In a corner of the room, the table-cloth began to wriggle . . . Then it wrapped itself into a ball and rolled across the room . . . Then it jumped up and down once or twice, and put out two ears . . . It rolled across the room again, and unwound itself.

"Pooh," said Piglet nervously.

“Yes?” said one of the chairs.
 “Where are we?”
 “I’m not quite sure,” said the chair.
 “Are we—are we in Owl’s House?”
 “I think so, because we were just going to have tea, and we hadn’t had it.”
 “Oh!” said Piglet. “Well, did Owl *always* have a letter-box in his ceiling?”
 “Has he?”
 “Yes, look.”
 “I can’t,” said Pooh. “I’m face downwards under something, and that, Piglet, is a very bad position for looking at ceilings.”
 “Well, he has, Pooh.”
 “Perhaps he’s changed it,” said Pooh. “Just for a change.”
 There was a disturbance behind the table in the other corner of the room, and Owl was with them again.
 “Ah, Piglet,” said Owl, looking very much annoyed; “where’s Pooh?”
 “I’m not quite sure,” said Pooh.
 Owl turned his voice, and frowned at as much of Pooh as he could see.
 “Pooh,” said Owl severely, “did you do that?”
 “No,” said Pooh humbly. “I don’t *think* so.”
 “Then who did?”
 “I think it was the wind,” said Piglet. “I think your house has blown down.”
 “Oh, is that it? I thought it was Pooh.”
 “No,” said Pooh.
 “If it was the wind,” said Owl, considering the matter, “then it wasn’t Pooh’s fault. no blame can be attached to him.” With these kind words he flew up to look at his new ceiling.
 “Piglet!” called Pooh in a loud whisper.
 Piglet leant down to him.
 “Yes, Pooh?”
 “*What* did he say was attached to me?”
 “He said he didn’t blame you.”
 “Oh! I thought he meant—Oh, I see.”
 “Owl,” said Piglet, “come down and help Pooh.” Owl, who was admiring his letter-box, flew down again. Together they pushed and pulled at the arm-chair, and in a little while Pooh came out from underneath, and was able to look round him again.
 “Well!” said Owl. “This is a nice state of things!”
 “What are we going to do, Pooh? Can you think of anything?” asked Piglet.

“Well, I had just thought of something,” said Pooh. “It was just a little thing I thought of.” And he began to sing:

*I lay on my chest
 And I thought it best
 To pretend I was having an evening rest;
 I lay on my tum
 And I tried to hum
 But nothing particular seemed to come.
 My face was flat
 On the floor, and that
 Is all very well for an acrobat;
 But it doesn't seem fair
 To a Friendly Bear
 To stiffen him out with a basket-chair
 And a sort of sgoze
 Which grows and grows
 Is not too nice for his poor old nose,
 And a sort of squch
 Is much too much
 For his neck and his mouth and his ears and such*

“That was all,” said Pooh.
 Owl coughed in an unadmiring sort of way, and said that, if Pooh was sure that *was* all, they could now give their minds to the Problem of Escape.
 “Because,” said Owl, “we can’t go out by what used to be the front door. Something’s fallen on it.”
 “But how else *can* you go out?” asked Piglet anxiously.
 “That is the Problem, Piglet, to which I am asking Pooh to give his mind.”
 Pooh sat on the floor which had once been a wall, and gazed up at the ceiling which had once been another wall, with a front door in it which had once been a front door, and tried to give his mind to it.
 “Could you fly up to the letter-box with Piglet on your back?” he asked.
 “No,” said Piglet quickly. “He couldn’t.”
 Owl explained about the Necessary Dorsal Muscles. He had explained this to Pooh and Christopher Robin once before, and had been waiting ever since for a chance to do it again, because it is a thing which you can easily explain twice before anybody knows what you are talking about.
 “Because you see, Owl, if we could get Piglet into the letter-box, he might squeeze through the place where the letters come, and climb down the

tree and run for help.”

Piglet said hurriedly that he had been getting bigger lately, and couldn't *possibly*, much as he would like to, and Owl said that he had had his letter-box made bigger lately in case he got bigger letters, so perhaps Piglet *might*, and Piglet said, “But you said the necessary you-know-whats *wouldn't*,” and Owl said, “No, they won't, so it's no good thinking about it,” and Piglet said, “Then we'd better think of something else,” and began to at once. But Pooh's mind had gone back to the day when he had saved Piglet from the flood, and everybody had admired him so much; and as that didn't often happen, he thought he would like it to happen again. And suddenly, just as it had come before, an idea came to him.

“Owl,” said Pooh, “I have thought of something.”

“Astute and Helpful Bear,” said Owl.

Pooh looked proud at being called a stout and helpful bear, and said modestly that he just happened to think of it. You tied a piece of string to Piglet, and you flew up to the letter-box with the other end in your beak, and you pushed it through the wire and brought it down to the floor, and you and Pooh pulled hard at this end, and Piglet went slowly up at the other end. And there you were.

“And there Piglet is,” said Owl. “If the string doesn't break.”

“Supposing it does?” asked Piglet, really wanting to know.

“Then we try another piece of string.”

This was not very comforting to Piglet, because however many pieces of string they tried pulling up with, it would always be the same him coming down; but still, it did seem the only thing to do. So with one last look back in his mind at all the happy hours he had spent in the Forest *not* being pulled up to the ceiling by a piece of string, Piglet nodded bravely at Pooh and said that it was a Very Clever pup-pup-pup Clever pup-pup Plan.

“It won't break,” whispered Pooh comfortingly, “because you're a Small Animal, and I'll stand underneath, and if you save us all, it will be a Very Grand Thing to talk about afterwards, and perhaps I'll make up a Song, and people will say ‘It was so grand what Piglet did that a Respectful Pooh Song was made about it!’”

Piglet felt much better after this, and when everything was ready, and he found himself slowly going up to the ceiling, he was so proud that he would have called out, “Look at *me!*” if he hadn't been afraid that Pooh and Owl would let go of their end of the string and look at him.

“Up we go!” said Pooh cheerfully.

“The ascent is proceeding as expected,” said Owl helpfully. Soon it was over. Piglet opened the letter-box and climbed in. Then, having untied himself, he began to squeeze into the slit, through which in the old days when front doors *were* front doors, many an unexpected letter that WOL had written to himself had come slipping.

He squeezed and he sqoze, and then with one squze he was out. Happy and excited he turned round to squeak a last message to the prisoners.

“It's all right,” he called through the letter-box. “Your tree is blown right over, Owl, and there's a branch across the door, but Christopher Robin and I can move it, and we'll bring a rope for Pooh, and I'll go and tell him now, and I can climb down quite easily, I mean it's dangerous but I can do it all right, and Christopher Robin and I will be back in about half-an-hour. Good-bye, Pooh!” And without waiting to hear Pooh's answering “Good-bye, and thank you, Piglet,” he was off.

“Half-an-hour,” said Owl, settling himself comfortably. “That will just give me time to finish that story I was telling you about my Uncle Robert—a portrait of whom you see underneath you. Now let me see, where was I? Oh, yes. It was on just such a blusterous day as this that my Uncle Robert—”

Pooh closed his eyes.

Chapter 11: Eeyore Finds the Wolery and Owl Moves Into It

Pooh had wandered into the Hundred Acre Wood, and was standing in front of what had once been Owl's House. It didn't look at all like a house now; it looked like a tree which had been blown down; and as soon as a house looks like that, it is time you tried to find another one. Pooh had had a Mysterious Missage underneath his front door that morning, saying, “I AM SCERCHING FOR A NEW HOUSE FOR OWL SO HAD YOU RABBIT,” and while he was wondering what it meant, Rabbit had come in and read it for him.

“I'm leaving one for all the others,” said Rabbit, “and telling them what it means, and they'll all search too. I'm in a hurry, good-bye.” And he had run off.

Pooh followed slowly. He had something better to do than to find a new house for Owl; he had to make up a Pooh song about the old one. Because he had promised Piglet days and days ago that he would, and whenever he and Piglet had met since, Piglet didn't actually say anything, but you knew at once why he didn't; and if anybody mentioned Hums or Trees or String or Storms-in-the-Night, Piglet's nose went all pink at the tip, and he talked about something quite different in a hurried sort of way.

“But it isn't Easy,” said Pooh to himself, as he looked at what had once been Owl's House. “Because Poetry and Hums aren't things which you get, they're things which get you. And all you can do is to go where they can find you.”

He waited hopefully . . .

“Well,” said Pooh after a long wait, “I shall begin ‘*Here lies a tree*’ because it does, and then I’ll see what happens.”

This is what happened:

*Here lies a tree which Owl (a bird)
Was fond of when it stood on end,
And Owl was talking to a friend
Called Me (in case you hadn’t heard)
When something Oo occurred.*

*For lo! the wind was blusterous
And flattened out his favourite tree;
And things looked bad for him and we—
Looked bad, I mean, for he and us—
I’ve never known them wuss.*

*Then Piglet (PIGLET) thought a thing
“Courage!” he said. “There’s always hope
I want a thinnish piece of rope
Or, if there isn’t any bring
A thickish piece of string.”*

*So to the letter-box he rose,
While Pooh and Owl said “Oh!”
and “Hum!”
And where the letters always come
(Called “LETTERS ONLY”) Piglet sqoze
His head and then his toes.*

*O gallant Piglet (PIGLET)! Ho!
Did Piglet tremble? Did he blinch?
No, no, he struggled inch by inch
Through LETTERS ONLY, as I know
Because I saw him go.*

*He ran and ran, and then he stood
And shouted, “Help for Owl, a bird,
And Pooh, a bear!” until he heard
The others coming through the wood
As quickly as they could.*

*“Help-help and Rescue!” Piglet cried,
And showed the others where to go*



*Sing ho! for Piglet (PIGLET) ho!
And soon the door was opened wide,
And we were both outside !*

*Sing ho! for Piglet, ho!
Ho!*

“So there it is,” said Pooh, when he had sung this to himself three times. “It’s come different from what I thought it would, but it’s come. Now I must go and sing it to Piglet.”

*I AM SCERCHING FOR A NEW HOUSE FOR OWL SO HAD
YOU RABBIT.*

“What’s all this?” said Eeyore.

Rabbit explained.

“What’s the matter with his old house?”

Rabbit explained.

“Nobody tells me,” said Eeyore. “Nobody keeps me Informed. I make it seventeen days come Friday since anybody spoke to me.”

“It certainly isn’t seventeen days—”

“Come Friday,” explained Eeyore.

“And today’s Saturday,” said Rabbit. “So that would make it eleven days. And I was here myself a week ago.”

“Not conversing,” said Eeyore. “Not first one and then the other. You said ‘Hallo’ and Flashed Past. I saw your tail a hundred yards up the hill as I was meditating my reply. I *had* thought of saying ‘What?’—but, of course, it was then too late.”

“Well, I was in a hurry.”

“No Give and Take,” Eeyore went on. “No Exchange of Thought. *Hallo’—‘What’*—I mean, it gets you nowhere, particularly if the other person’s tail is only just in sight for the second half of the conversation.”

“It’s your fault, Eeyore. You’ve never been to see any of us. You just stay here in this one corner of the Forest waiting for the others to come to you. Why don’t you go to *them* sometimes?”

Eeyore was silent for a little while, thinking.

“There may be something in what you say, Rabbit,” he said at last. “I have been neglecting you. I must move about more. I must come and go.”

“That’s right, Eeyore. Drop in on any of us at any time, when you feel like it.”

“Thank-you, Rabbit. And if anybody says in a Loud Voice ‘Bother, it’s Eeyore,’ I can drop out again.”

Rabbit stood on one leg for a moment.

“Well,” he said, “I must be going. I am rather busy this morning.”

“Good-bye,” said Eeyore.

“What? Oh, good-bye. And if you happen to come across a good house for Owl, you must let us know.”

“I will give my mind to it,” said Eeyore.

Rabbit went.

Pooh had found Piglet, and they were walking back to the Hundred Acre Wood together.

“Piglet,” said Pooh a little shyly, after they had walked for some time without saying anything.

“Yes, Pooh?”

“Do you remember when I said that a Respectful Pooh Song might be written about You Know What?”

“Did you, Pooh?” said Piglet, getting a little pink round the nose. “Oh, yes, I believe you did.”

“It’s been written, Piglet.”

The pink went slowly up Piglet’s nose to his ears, and settled there.

“Has it, Pooh?” he asked huskily. “About—about—That Time When?—Do you mean really written?”

“Yes, Piglet.”

The tips of Piglet’s ears glowed suddenly, and he tried to say something; but even after he had husked once or twice, nothing came out. So Pooh went on:

“There are seven verses in it.”

“Seven?” said Piglet as carelessly as he could. “You don’t often get *seven* verses in a Hum, do you, Pooh?”

“Never,” said Pooh. “I don’t suppose it’s ever been heard of before.”

“Do the Others know yet?” asked Piglet, stopping for a moment to pick up a stick and throw it away.

“No,” said Pooh. “And I wondered which you would like best: for me to hum it now, or to wait till we find the others, and then hum it to all of you?” Piglet thought for a little.

“I think what I’d like best, Pooh, is I’d like you to hum it to me *now*—and—and *then* to hum it to all of us. Because then Everybody would hear it, but I could say ‘Oh, yes, Pooh’s told me,’ and pretend not to be listening.”

So Pooh hummed it to him, all the seven verses, and Piglet said nothing, but just stood and glowed. For never before had anyone sung ho for Piglet (PIGLET) ho all by himself. When it was over, he wanted to ask for one of the verses over again, but didn’t quite like to. It was the verse beginning “O gallant Piglet,” and it seemed to him a very thoughtful way of beginning a piece of poetry.

“Did I really do all that?” he said at last.

“Well,” said Pooh, “in poetry—in a piece of poetry—well, you *did* it, Piglet, because the poetry says you did. And that’s how people know.”

“Oh!” said Piglet. “Because I—I thought I did blinch a little. Just at first. And it says, ‘Did he blinch no no.’ That’s why.”

“You only blinched inside,” said Pooh, “and that’s the bravest way for a Very Small Animal not to blinch that there is.”

Piglet sighed with happiness, and began to think about himself. He was BRAVE . . .

When they got to Owl’s old house, they found everybody else there except Eeyore. Christopher Robin was telling them what to do, and Rabbit was telling them again directly afterwards, in case they hadn’t heard, and then they were all doing it. They had got a rope and were pulling Owl’s chairs and pictures and things out of his old house so as to be ready to put them into his new one. Kanga was down below tying the things on, and calling out to Owl, “You won’t want this dirty old dishcloth any more, will you, and what about this carpet, it’s all in holes,” and Owl was calling back indignantly, “Of course I do! It’s just a question of arranging the furniture properly, and it isn’t a dish-cloth, it’s my shawl.” Every now and then Roo fell in and came back on the rope with the next article, which flustered Kanga a little because she never knew where to look for him. So she got cross with Owl and said that his house was a Disgrace, all damp and dirty, and it was quite time it did tumble down. “Look at that horrid bunch of toadstools growing out of the corner there!” So Owl looked down, a little surprised because he didn’t know about this, and then gave a short sarcastic laugh, and explained that that was his sponge, and that if people didn’t know a perfectly ordinary bath-sponge when they saw it, things were coming to a pretty pass. “*Well!*” said Kanga, and Roo fell in quickly, crying, “I must see Owl’s sponge! Oh, there it is! Oh, Owl! Owl, it isn’t a sponge, it’s a spudge! Do you know what a spudge is, Owl? It’s when your sponge gets all—” and Kanga said, “Roo, dear!” very quickly, because that’s *not* the way to talk to anybody who can spell TUESDAY.

But they were all quite happy when Pooh and Piglet came along, and they stopped working in order to have a little rest and listen to Pooh’s new song. So then they all told Pooh how good it was, and Piglet said carelessly, “It is good, isn’t it? I mean as a song.”

“And what about the new house?” asked Pooh. “Have you found it, Owl?”

“He’s found a name for it,” said Christopher Robin, lazily nibbling at a piece of grass, “so now all he wants is the house.”

“I am calling it this,” said Owl importantly, and he showed them what he had been making. It was a square piece of board with the name of the house painted on it:

THE WOLERY

It was at this exciting moment that something came through the trees, and bumped into Owl. The board fell to the ground, and Piglet and Roo bent over it eagerly.

“Oh. It’s you,” said Owl crossly.

“Hallo, Eeyore!” said Rabbit. “*There* you are! Where have *you* been?” Eeyore took no notice of them.

“Good morning, Christopher Robin,” he said brushing away Roo and Piglet, and sitting down on THE WOLERY. “Are we alone?”

“Yes,” said Christopher Robin, smiling to himself.

“I have been told—the news has worked through to my corner of the Forest—the damp bit down on the right which nobody wants—that a certain Person is looking for a house. I have found one for him.”

“Ah, well done,” said Rabbit kindly.

Eeyore looked round slowly at him, and then turned back to Christopher Robin.

“We have been joined by something,” he said in a loud whisper. “But no matter. We can leave it behind. If you will come with me, Christopher Robin, I will show you the house.”

Christopher Robin jumped up.

“Come on, Pooh,” he said.

“Come on, Tigger!” cried Roo.

“Shall we go, Owl?” said Rabbit.

“Wait a moment,” said Owl, picking up his notice-board, which had just come into sight again.

Eeyore waved them back.

“Christopher Robin and I are going for a Short Walk,” he said, “not a Jostle. If he likes to bring Pooh and Piglet with him, I shall be glad of their company, but one must be able to Breathe.”

“That’s all right,” said Rabbit, rather glad to be left in charge of something. “We’ll go on getting the things out. Now then, Tigger, where’s that rope? What’s the matter, Owl?”

Owl who had just discovered that his new address was THE SMUDGE, coughed at Eeyore sternly, but said nothing, and Eeyore, with most of THE WOLERY behind him, marched off with his friends.

So, in a little while, they came to the house which Eeyore had found, and for some minutes before they came to it, Piglet was nudging Pooh, and Pooh was nudging Piglet, and they were saying, “It is!” and “It can’t be!” and “It is, *really!*” to each other.

“There!” said Eeyore proudly, stopping them outside Piglet’s house. “And the name on it, and everything!”

“Oh!” cried Christopher Robin, wondering whether to laugh or what.

“Just the house for Owl. Don’t you think so, Little Piglet?”



And then Piglet did a Noble Thing, and he did it in a sort of dream, while he was thinking of all the wonderful words Pooh had hummed about him.

“Yes, it’s just the house for Owl,” he said grandly. “And I hope he’ll be very happy in it.” And then he gulped twice, because he had been very happy in it himself.

“What do you think, Christopher Robin?” asked Eeyore a little anxiously, feeling that something wasn’t quite right.

Christopher Robin had a question to ask first, and he was wondering how to ask it.

“Well,” he said at last, “it’s a very nice house, and if your own house is blown down, you *must* go somewhere else, mustn’t you, Piglet? What would you do, if *your* house was blown down?”

Before Piglet could think, Pooh answered for him.

“He’d come and live with me,” said Pooh, “wouldn’t you, Piglet?”

Piglet squeezed his paw.

“Thank you, Pooh,” he said, “I should love to.”

Chapter 12: Christopher Robin and Pooh Come to an Enchanted Place

Christopher Robin was going away. Nobody knew why he was going; nobody knew where he was going; indeed, nobody even knew why he knew that Christopher Robin was going away. But somehow or other everybody in the Forest felt that it was happening at last. Even Smallest-of-all, a friend-and-relation of Rabbit’s who thought he had once seen Christopher Robin’s foot, but couldn’t be quite sure because perhaps it was something else, even S. of A. told himself that Things were going to be Different; and Late and Early, two other friends-and-relations, said, “Well, Early?” and “Well, Late?” to each other in such a hopeless sort of way that it really didn’t seem any good waiting for the answer.

One day when he felt that he couldn’t wait any longer, Rabbit brained out a Notice, and this is what it said:

Notice a meeting of everybody will meet at the House at Pooh Corner to pass a Rissolution By Order Keep to the Left Signed Rabbit.

He had to write this out two or three times before he could get the rissolution to look like what he thought it was going to when he began to spell it; but, when at last it was finished, he took it round to everybody and read it out to them. And they all said they would come.

“Well,” said Eeyore that afternoon, when he saw them all walking up

to his house, "this is a surprise. Am *I* asked too?"

"Don't mind Eeyore," whispered Rabbit to Pooh. "I told him all about it this morning."

Everybody said, "How-do-you-do" to Eeyore, and Eeyore said that he didn't, not to notice, and then they sat down; and as soon as they were all sitting down, Rabbit stood up again.

"We all know why we're here," he said, "but I have asked my friend Eeyore—"

"That's Me," said Eeyore. "Grand."

"I have asked him to Propose a Rissolution." And he sat down again. "Now then, Eeyore," he said.

"Don't Bustle me," said Eeyore, getting up slowly. "Don't now-then me." He took a piece of paper from behind his ear, and unfolded it. "Nobody knows anything about this," he went on. "This is a Surprise." He coughed in an important way, and began again: "What-nots and Etceteras, before I begin, or perhaps I should say, before I end, I have a piece of Poetry to read to you. Hitherto—hitherto—a long word meaning—well, you'll see what it means directly—hitherto, as I was saying, all the Poetry in the Forest has been written by Pooh, a Bear with a Pleasing Manner but a Positively Startling Lack of Brain. The Poem which I am now about to read to you was written by Eeyore, or Myself, in a Quiet Moment. If somebody will take Roo's bull's-eye away from him, and wake up Owl, we shall all be able to enjoy it. I call it—POEM." This was it:

*Christopher Robin is going
At least I think he is
Where?
Nobody knows
But he is going—
I mean he goes
(To rhyme with knows)
Do we care?
(To rhyme with where)
We do
Very much
(I haven't got a rhyme for that
"is" in the second line yet.
Bother.)
(Now I haven't got a rhyme for
bother. Bother.)
Those two bothers will have
to rhyme with each other
Buther*

*The fact is this is more difficult
than I thought,
I ought—
(Very good indeed)
I ought
To begin again,
But it is easier
To stop
Christopher Robin, good-bye
I
(Good)
I
And all your friends
Sends—
I mean all your friend
Send—
(Very awkward this, it keeps
going wrong)
Well, anyhow, we send
Our love
END.*

"If anybody wants to clap," said Eeyore when he had read this, "now is the time to do it."

They all clapped.

"Thank you," said Eeyore. "Unexpected and gratifying, if a little lacking in Smack."

"It's much better than mine," said Pooh admiringly, and he really thought it was.

"Well," explained Eeyore modestly, "it was meant to be."

"The rissolution," said Rabbit, "is that we all sign it, and take it to Christopher Robin."

So it was signed PooH, PIGLET, WOL, EOR, RABBIT, KANGA, BLOT, SMUDGE, and they all went off to Christopher Robin's house with it.

"Hallo, everybody," said Christopher Robin—"Hallo, Pooh."

They all said "Hello," and felt awkward and unhappy suddenly, because it was a sort of goodbye they were saying, and they didn't want to think about it. So they stood around, and waited for somebody else to speak, and they nudged each other, and said, "Go on," and gradually Eeyore was nudged to the front, and the others crowded behind him.

"What is it, Eeyore?" asked Christopher Robin.

Eeyore swished his tail from side to side, so as to encourage himself, and began.

“Christopher Robin,” he said, “we’ve come to say—to give you—it’s called—written by—but we’ve all—because we’ve heard, I mean we all know—well, you see, it’s—we—you—well, that, to put it as shortly as possible, is what it is.” He turned round angrily on the others and said, “Everybody crowds round so in this Forest. There’s no Space. I never saw a more Spreading lot of animals in my life, and all in the wrong places. Can’t you see that Christopher Robin wants to be alone? I’m going.” And he humped off.

Not quite knowing why, the others began edging away, and when Christopher Robin had finished reading POEM, and was looking up to say, “Thank you,” only Pooh was left.

“It’s a comforting sort of thing to have,” said Christopher Robin, folding up the paper, and putting it in his pocket. “Come on, Pooh,” and he walked off quickly.

“Where are we going?” said Pooh, hurrying after him, and wondering whether it was to be an Explore or a What-shall-I-do-about-you-know-what.

“Nowhere,” said Christopher Robin.

So they began going there, and after they had walked a little way Christopher Robin said:

“What do you like doing best in the world, Pooh?”

“Well,” said Pooh, “what I like best—” and then he had to stop and think. Because although Eating Honey *was* a very good thing to do, there was a moment just before you began to eat it which was better than when you were, but he didn’t know what it was called. And then he thought that being with Christopher Robin was a very good thing to do, and having Piglet near was a very friendly thing to have: and so, when he had thought it all out, he said, “What I like best in the whole world is Me and Piglet going to see You, and You saying ‘What about a little something?’ and Me saying, ‘Well, I shouldn’t mind a little something, should you, Piglet,’ and it being a hummy sort of day outside, and birds singing.”

“I like that too,” said Christopher Robin, “but what I like *doing* best is Nothing.”

“How do you do Nothing?” asked Pooh, after he had wondered for a long time.

“Well, it’s when people call out at you just as you’re going off to do it ‘What are you going to do, Christopher Robin?’ and you say ‘Oh, nothing,’ and then you go and do it.”

“Oh, I see,” said Pooh.

“This is a nothing sort of thing that we’re doing now.”

“Oh, I see,” said Pooh again.

“It means just going along, listening to all the things you can’t hear, and not bothering.”

“Oh!” said Pooh.

They walked on, thinking of This and That, and by-and-by they

came to an enchanted place on the very top of the Forest called Galleons Lap, which is sixty-something trees in a circle; and Christopher Robin knew that it was enchanted because nobody had ever been able to count whether it was sixty-three or sixty-four, not even when he tied a piece of string round each tree after he had counted it. Being enchanted, its floor was not like the floor the Forest, gorse and bracken and heather, but close-set grass, quiet and smooth and green. It was the only place in the Forest where you could sit down carelessly, without getting up again almost at once and looking for some where else. Sitting there they could see the whole world spread out until it reached the sky, and whatever there was all the world over was with them in Galleons Lap.

Suddenly Christopher Robin began to tell Pooh about some of the things: People called Kings and Queens and something called Factors, and a place called Europe, and an island in the middle of the sea where no ships came, and how you make a Suction Pump (if you want to), and when Knights were Knighted, and what comes from Brazil. And Pooh, his back against one of the sixty-something trees and his paws folded in front of him, said, “Oh!” and “I didn’t know,” and thought how wonderful it would be to have a Real Brain which could tell you things. And by-and-by Christopher Robin came to an end of the things, and was silent, and he sat there looking out over the world, and wishing it wouldn’t stop.

But Pooh was thinking too, and he said suddenly to Christopher Robin:

“Is it a very Grand thing to be an Afternoon, what you said?”

“A what?” said Christopher Robin lazily, as he listened to something else.

“On a horse,” explained Pooh.

“A Knight?”

“Oh, was that it?” said Pooh. “I thought it was a—Is it as Grand as a King and Factors and all the other things you said?”

“Well, it’s not as grand as a King,” said Christopher Robin, and then, as Pooh seemed disappointed, he added quickly, “but it’s grander than Factors.”

“Could a Bear be one?”

“Of course he could!” said Christopher Robin. “I’ll make you one.” And he took a stick and touched Pooh on the shoulder, and said, “Rise, Sir Pooh de Bear, most faithful of all my Knights.”

So Pooh rose and sat down and said, “Thank you,” which is a proper thing to say when you have been made a Knight, and he went into a dream again, in which he and Sir Pump and Sir Brazil and Factors lived together with a horse, and were faithful Knights (all except Factors, who looked after the horse) to Good King Christopher Robin . . . and every now and then he shook his head, and said to himself, “I’m not getting it right.” Then he began to think

of all the things Christopher Robin would want to tell him when he came back from wherever he was going to, and how muddling it would be for a Bear of Very Little Brain to try and get them right in his mind. "So, perhaps," he said sadly to himself, "Christopher Robin won't tell me any more," and he wondered if being a Faithful Knight meant that you just went on being faithful without being told things.

Then, suddenly again, Christopher Robin, who was still looking at the world with his chin in his hands, called out, "Pooh!"

"Yes?" said Pooh.

"When I'm—when—Pooh!"

"Yes, Christopher Robin?"

"I'm not going to do Nothing any more."

"Never again?"

"Well, not so much. They don't let you."

Pooh waited for him to go on, but he was silent again.

"Yes, Christopher Robin?" said Pooh helpfully.

"Pooh, when I'm—you know—when I'm *not* doing Nothing, will you come up here sometimes?"

"Just Me?"

"Yes, Pooh."

"Will you be here too?"

"Yes, Pooh, I will be *really*. I *promise* I will be, Pooh."

"That's good," said Pooh.

"Pooh, *promise* you won't forget about me, ever. Not even when I'm a hundred."

Pooh thought for a little.

"How old shall *I* be then?"

"Ninety-nine."

Pooh nodded.

"I promise," he said.

Still with his eyes on the world Christopher Robin put out a hand and felt for Pooh's paw.

"Pooh," said Christopher Robin earnestly, "if I—if I'm not quite—" he stopped and tried again—"Pooh, *whatever* happens, you *will* understand, won't you?"

"Understand what?"

"Oh, nothing." He laughed and jumped to his feet. "Come on!"

"Where?" said Pooh.

"Anywhere," said Christopher Robin.

So they went off together. But wherever they go, and whatever happens to them on the way, in that enchanted place on the top of the Forest, a little boy and his Bear will always be playing.
