

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Eighteen: Mother Twistytail's New Bonnet

"Archibald," said Mrs. Twistytail, the lady pig, to her husband at the breakfast table one morning, "I think I shall have to have some money today."

"Money? What for?" he asked. "Do the children need new shoes, or have we no more coal left?"

"No, I want the money for myself," said the pig lady. "I need a new bonnet, and I am going down town this morning and get it at the five and ten dollar store."

"Very well," said Mr. Twistytail, good-naturedly, so he put his foot in his pocket and took out a lot of money, which he gave to his wife. Then he kissed Baby Pinky, and Curly and Flop good-bye and went to work in the phonograph factory where he put the squeaks in the wheels.

"Oh, if you are going shopping for a new bonnet, mamma!" exclaimed Flop, "may I come with you?"

"Yes, and may I?" asked Curly, as he spun around on his front paws like a top under a Christmas tree. "And if you have any money left, mamma, after getting your bonnet, maybe you will buy us each a hot ice cream soda."

"Oh you boys!" cried Mrs. Twistytail with a laugh. "No, I am afraid I can't take you two with me, for it is Baby Pinky's turn. You boys had a nice time the other day, playing in the woods, when you saved your papa and his hat from the wolf's den, and so now it is Pinky's turn to have some fun. I'll take her shopping with me."

"Oh goodie!" cried Baby Pinky, and she jumped into her go-cart and out again, making the springs jounce up and down like anything.

"But I'll give you and Flop each a penny," said Mrs. Twistytail to Curly, "and you can buy some corn candy with sour milk on top."

That pleased the boy piggies very much, and they ran off to school with their pennies, while Mrs. Twistytail got ready to go shopping after her bonnet with Baby Pinky. Pretty soon they went down town and in the five and ten dollar bonnet store.

"Have you any bonnets?" asked Mrs. Twistytail.

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“Indeed I have,” said the nice lady frog who kept the store. “I have all kinds of bonnets,” and then she sang a little song that went something like this, to the tune “High diddle-diddle”:

“I’ve bonnets of ribbon, and bonnets of paper,
I’ve bonnets both red, white and blue.
Some bonnets of leather, for cold stormy weather,
And bonnets of feathers and glue.

“I’ve bonnets becoming, and some that are stunning;
I’ve bonnets to wear upside down.
And if you will try one, I’m sure you will buy one,
To go with your new party gown.”

“I’m sure I will, too,” said Mrs. Twistytail, as the frog lady finished and made a little bow to the looking-glass. “You may show me the blue one,” she went on, and frog lady did.

“Oh, mamma! That is lovely!” cried Baby Pinky. “But I think one with more flowers on would be nicer.”

“I think so, too,” spoke the pig lady, and so she bought a bonnet with a lot of flowers on it that looked as real as those which grow in the woods and fields. Then Pinky and her mamma started for home, Mrs. Twistytail wearing her new bonnet.

“We’ll take the short cut through the woods,” said the pig lady when they had alighted from the trolley car on which a nice toad gentleman was the conductor, because he could hop on and off so quickly, and not step on any one’s toes.

So through the woods went Mrs. Twistytail and Pinky, and they had not gone very far when, just as they got to the wolf’s hollow log den out of which Mr. Twistytail’s hat rolled that day, up sprang the bad, impolite old animal himself and grabbed the pig lady and her little daughter.

“Ah, ha! Now I have you!” cried the wolf. “Your husband got away from me, Mrs. Twistytail, but I have you, and you can’t get away, and I have Pinky, too!” and he held them both tightly, in his paws.

“Oh, please let us go!” begged Pinky.

“No,” growled the wolf, sticking out his red tongue because he was so hungry.

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"Oh, do!" pleaded Mrs. Twistytail. "I'll give you all the money I have left from shopping if you'll let us go."

"No! No!" answered the wolf, more growlier than before. "You have none left. Besides money is no good to me—I can't eat money!"

"Oh, mercy!" cried Pinky. "Are you going to eat us?"

"Indeed I am," said the wolf, smacking his jaws, and then Pinky and her mamma tried as hard as they could to get away from the wolf, but they could not. Holding them tightly in his paws, the wolf started for his den, and, seeing Mrs. Twistytail's new bonnet, he took it off her head, roughly like, and said:

"And I can't eat this! I guess I'll throw that away, as I did your husband's hat. But no one will see it and come to rescue you as they did him."

"Oh, my lovely new bonnet!" cried Mrs. Twistytail, and Pinky felt so badly that she cried. But you just wait a minute and see what happens to that bad old wolf.

The wolf was just going to toss the bonnet, all covered with almost real flowers as it was, away up in a tree and just about to carry the pig lady and Pinky down into his den, when, all at once, there was a buzzing sound in the air and a voice cried:

"Ah, ha! Here are some flowers. Now we can get some honey!"

"Indeed we can," said another voice up in the air. "It is rather late for such blossoms, but I am glad we saw them in time. Come on, now, everybody, get the honey!"

And with that a whole swarm of stingery honey bees flew down from the sky toward Mrs. Twistytail's flowered bonnet that the wolf held in his paw. You see, the bees thought the flowers were real and that they could gather honey from them.

And then, just as Pinky saw the bees, she had an idea and she cried out:

"Oh, dear little bees! That is my mamma's new bonnet, and the wolf has caught us. Please sting him and make him let us go!"

"Don't you dare sting me!" growled the wolf. "Take the bonnet if you wish, but don't touch me," and he threw the bonnet to one side.

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Some of the bees alighted on the bonnet, and as soon as they found that the flowers were not real they got quite angry. And they thought the wolf had played a trick on them, so they flew at him, and stung him on his nose and tail and eyes and lips and even on his tongue, until he cried out with pain and fright. Then he let go of Pinky and her mamma and ran down into his den, and the pig lady was safe. The bees never stung them once, but were very kind to them, and with their wings brushed the dirt off Mrs. Twistytail's bonnet so that it was as good as new.

Then the bees flew away, Mrs. Twistytail and Pinkey went safely home, and the wolf had to stay in his den for a week and put witch hazel on his stings.

So that's all tonight, if you please, but next, in case the kitchen stove doesn't go out on the porch and play hide-and-seek with the hammock, I'll tell you about Curly and the sour milk.