

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Nineteen: Curly and the Sour Milk

“Oh, mamma!” exclaimed Curly the little piggy boy, as he rushed into the house one noon and nearly upset his little sister Pinky, in her new go-cart. “What do you think? There isn’t going to be any school for two weeks!”

“Why not?” asked Mrs. Twistytail, who was just getting dinner.

“Because the schoolhouse roof blew off in the storm last night,” said Flop, who was Curly’s brother, “and it will take two weeks to put a new one on. So the nice owl lady teacher said we could have a vacation. Oh, I’m so glad!”

“My goodness me, sakes alive and some Montclair caramels!” cried Mrs. Twistytail. “A school vacation this time of year—so near winter. I never heard of such a thing.”

“But it will be all the nicer,” said Curly, “and we can go after chestnuts every day. Hi-yi! Hurrah!” and he squealed and jumped around the room, and so did Flop, and they were the two most delighted little pigs you ever saw. Just then along came Uncle Wiggily Longears, the old gentleman rabbit.

“What’s this!” he cried. “What is going on here?”

“No school!” squealed Curly. “No school! We have a vacation!”

“The very thing!” suddenly said the old gentleman rabbit. “I was just wishing it was summer time, so some of my animal friends could come away with me. I am going on a little vacation trip myself, and I thought I would have to go alone. But if there is no school, then Curly and Flop can come with me.”

“Where to?” asked Flop.

“To Raccoon Island in Lake Hopatcong,” answered Uncle Wiggily. “We’ll go up to my bungalow, stay two weeks and have a good time.”

“Oh, fine!” cried Curly.

“Oh, joyousness!” squealed Flop, as he spun about on one leg and tickled Baby Pinky with the other.

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Well, that afternoon, Mamma Twistytail got the two boys ready, and off they went with Uncle Wiggily to Raccoon Island in Lake Hopatcong, which is a very nice place. It was beginning to get dark when they arrived, and, after they had eaten some candy, and Uncle Wiggily had opened the bungalow, he looked around and said:

“Now, boys, you will have to go to the store for something for supper.”

“What shall we get?” asked Flop.

“Well, see if you can get a cabbage or a turnip for me,” spoke the old gentleman rabbit, “and for yourselves whatever you like. Here is the money.”

“I want some sour milk,” spoke Curly, for you know piggie boys like sour milk as well as you do sweet.

“And I want a corncob cake,” went on Flop.

“Very well, go down to Pop Goes the Weasel’s store and get it,” said Uncle Wiggily, and the two boys started off to the other end of the island, where Pop Goes the Weasel kept a grocery store. Flop got his corncob cakes first, and as Curly had to wait for the milk to get sour he said to his brother:

“Now, Flop, you hurry back with Uncle Wiggily’s cabbage and carrots, and I’ll soon come with my sour milk.”

“Won’t you be afraid?” asked Flop, for the woods were now quite dark.

“Afraid! Nonsensicalness no!” exclaimed Curly, “and a bouquet of wild flowers besides. Run along.”

So Flop ran back toward the bungalow, and pretty soon Pop Goes the Weasel said the milk was sour enough, and he gave it to Curly in a pail.

Through the dark woods went the little piggie boy, and he had not gone very far before he heard some one crying, and a voice saying:

“Oh, dear! I’m lost! I can’t find my bungalow, and I can’t find my motorboat, and I’m afraid—dreadfully afraid!”

“Ha! I wonder who that can be?” thought Curly Tail. “Perhaps it may be the bad alligator trying to scare Cora Janet. No, that can’t be,” he went on, “for Cora Janet is down in

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Montclair, making funny music tunes on the piano.”

Then he heard the gentle little crying voice again, and he knew it was somebody in trouble, Curly did, and he called out:

“Who is there?”

“I am,” sobbed a voice.

“And who are you?”

“My name is Ethel Rose,” went on the voice, “and I am lost. Oh, please help me. I’m so afraid!”

“Of course, I’ll help you,” spoke Curly bravely. “But why is your name Ethel Rose?—that is two names.”

“I don’t know,” answered the little girl, and then she stepped out from the bushes where she had been crying, and the moon shone down on her face and her ear-rings and dark hair, and Curly said:

“Now I know why they call you Ethel Rose.”

“Why?” she asked.

“Because you are as pretty as a rose,” and at that Ethel laughed. “But come,” went on Curly, “I’ll show you the way to our bungalow, and then Uncle Wiggily will take care of you.”

“Oh, will he?” cried Ethel Rose, and so she walked along beside Curly, who was carrying his pail of sour milk. And, all of a sudden, when they were near the bungalow, there was a rustling in the bushes, and out jumped a big black bear.

“Ah, ha!” the bear cried. “Now I have you Curly, and you, too, Ethel Rose! Oh, how nice! You come with me and I will tell your fortune!”

“But I know my fortune already,” said Ethel Rose, and she was just ready to cry again, for she did not like bears.

“Never mind, come along to my den, anyhow!” growled the bear. “I am going to have

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roast pork for supper!” and he made a grab for Curly and Ethel Rose, and caught them in his big claws.

And then, all at once, he saw the pail Curly was carrying—that bear did—and he growled out:

“Ha! Ha! What have we here? Something good, I’ll venture. Well, I’ll take that first!” And before Curly could stop him the bear tipped up the pail and drank every drop of sour milk at one mouthful! And then! Oh, dear!

“Wow! Woof! Snickery-snee! Bur-r-r! Lemons! Vinegar! Sourgrass!” cried the bear. And his mouth was puckered up so from the sour milk— just as when you eat lemons if you have the mumps—that the bear couldn’t open his jaws to take even one bite. And Curly knew this, so he cried:

“Come on, Ethel Rose, we can get away now! Uncle Wiggily will save us!” So Curly Tail helped Ethel Rose to run away and the bear’s mouth was so puckered up from the sour milk that he had to run down to the lake to get a drink of water, and so Curly Tail and pretty Ethel Rose got safely to the bungalow and away from the bear. And that’s all there is tonight, if you please.

But the next story, in case the marshmallow doesn’t stick on Ethel Rose’s hair ribbon, and make a pin cushion of it, will be about Flop and the pie lady.