

# CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

## THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

### Chapter Twenty-One: The Piggies and the Jelly

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One day, when Curly and Flop, the two piggie boys, had been at Uncle Wiggly's bungalow on Raccoon Island for some days, the old gentleman rabbit said to them:

"Now, boys, I have to go down to the store, kept by Pop Goes the Weasel, to see about some butter and things for supper. Will you be afraid to stay here alone?"

"Indeed we will not!" exclaimed Curly.

"Not even if the bad fuzzy wolf comes out of his den after more apple pies?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Not even then!" exclaimed Flop. "If he does, I'll throw more apple peelings at him, and trip him up so that he bumps his nose again."

"Good!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he limped off on his red, white and blue rheumatism crutch. "And if the apple pie lady comes whistling along again, get her to make us a prune pudding," he said.

"We will," promised the piggie boys, and then they began to play games in front of the Lake Hopatcong bungalow, while Uncle Wiggily went to see Pop Goes the Weasel, who kept the grocery store.

"Well, I guess she isn't coming," said Flop, after a while.

"Who?" asked Curly.

"The pie lady. I do wish she would, for I am hungry," and he looked at the bushes, and, all of a sudden, they began to rustle, and the piggie boys didn't know whether to run away or stay there.

"Maybe it's the pie lady," said Curly.

"Yes, and maybe it's the bad black bear," suggested Flop. "I'm going to run into the bungalow!"

Well, he was just going to run, and Curly was going to follow, when, all at once, a sweet gentle voice said:

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“Oh, dear, I’m sure I’ll never find any! Oh, and I want it so much! I wonder where I could get any?”

The two piggie boys looked, and there they saw an Indian maiden coming out of the bushes. They knew she was an Indian maiden because her hair was in two long braids, hanging down in front of her, and she had a brown dress on, and she was very beautiful, just like a picture.

“We needn’t be afraid of her,” whispered Curly to his brother.

“No indeed,” agreed Flop. “I wonder what it is she is looking for?”

“Jelly,” answered the Indian maiden, who heard what the piggie boy asked. “I am looking for a jar of jelly. Oh, I just love jelly, and I haven’t had any in so long that I forget how it tastes! Since early morning I have been traveling looking for jelly, but I can’t find any. Some wild bees offered me honey, but I would like jelly. Have you any?” and she looked at the bungalow,

“Why, I think we have some,” said Curly politely.

“I’ll go look!” exclaimed Flop, for they were both anxious to do some kindness for the Indian maiden, whom they liked as soon as they saw her. She was not a wild Indian, you know, but the kind that lives in Montclair, maybe; a tame one.

So Flop ran in the bungalow to look for the jelly and Curly picked a nice bunch of flowers for the Indian maiden, and she put them in her hair and looked prettier than ever.

“Here is the jelly!” cried Flop, coming out with as much as he could carry. “I’m sure Uncle Wiggily would want you to have it,” he said, and then he gave the Indian maiden a spoon and she began to eat jelly and was as happy as anything.

“Oh, that is very good!” she exclaimed. “I hope some time I can do you piggie boys a favor for being so kind to me.” So she ate all the jelly up—that is, all that was good for her—and she was just going away, having thanked Curly and Flop, when all at once, on a sudden, out from behind a tree came the big black bear. He waved his paws in the air, and, wrinkling up his black nose, he growled out:

“Ha! I smell jelly! I’m going to have some, too, to eat on my roast pork!” and he looked hungrily at the two piggie boys. They were both too frightened to move, but the Indian maiden was brave.

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“Come! Come! Give me that jelly!” growled and grumbled the bear! “Then I’ll take you piggie boys off to my den and make the Indian maiden cook you.”

“Oh, but I’ll not do it!” said the Indian maiden whose name was Pocohontas. “I like Curly and Flop, for they were kind to me and gave me jelly.”

“Well, then, I want jelly, too!” growled the bear. He made a jump, intending to take the jelly away from the Indian maiden, but Curly and Flop cried out:

“No, you don’t! Get away from here at once, you bad bear.”

“Well, if I go, I’ll take you with me!” said the bear. “If I can’t have jelly I’ll have you piggie boys!” and he caught one of them under each paw.

“Oh, help!” cried Curly, trying to get loose, but he could not.

“Save us! Save us!” begged Flop, making his tail spin like a pinwheel.

“I will save you!” called the Indian maiden.

“Oh, if I only had a bow and arrow I would shoot the bear and rescue the two piggie boys! I know what I’ll do. I’ll make a bow and find an arrow.”

So she took a bent branch of a tree for the bow and for the string she used some strands of her long braids. But she needed an arrow, and all the while the bear was carrying Curly and Flop off to his den.

“I know!” cried the Indian maiden. “A hat pin! My very longest and sharpest hat pin! That will do for an arrow!”

She ran to where she had left her hat in the bushes when she was looking for the jelly, and quickly got a hat pin. This she shot at the bear from her bow.

“Whizz!” it went through the air, hitting the bear on the end of his soft and tender nose.

“Oh, wow!” he cried. “Oh, woe is me!” and his nose pained him so that he dropped Curly and Flop and back to the bungalow ran the piggie boys as fast as they could. And the bear went off to put some cooling mud on his nose, where the hat pin had hit him.

So that’s how the Indian maiden saved the piggie boys from the bear, and they gave her more jelly and thanked her, and then, using a long thorn instead of a hat pin, which the

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bear carried off in his nose, Pocohontas went off looking for more jelly, and Curly and Flop went to sleep.

And next, in case the horse radish doesn't jump over the oysters and scare them so they fall into the clam chowder, I'll tell you about Flop and the marshmallows.