

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Twenty-Five: The Piggies at the Party

One day a nice lady stopped in front of the house where lived Curly and Floppy Twisty-tail, the two piggy boys, and called to them as they were playing football in the yard.

“Is your mamma in?” asked the lady, as she looked to see if her earrings were dingle-dangling.

“Yes,” replied Curly Tail, “she is. Would you like to see her?”

“Indeed, I would!” exclaimed the lady, as she blinked her two eyes and laughed in a jolly fashion.

“But she is lying down,” explained Flop Ear, “so if you want to sell her some new kind of soap to make our faces clean or some baking powder that will puff a cake up like a balloon, I don’t believe she wants any.”

“Bless your dear little pink noses!” exclaimed the lady. “I’m not selling anything. I just came to ask your mamma if you could come to my party.”

“A party?” cried Curly Tail. “Are you getting up a party for us?”

“For all the animal children,” explained the lady, whose name was Sadie. “I want you all to come to my dinner party and have a good time. It’s going to be away up in Montclair.”

“Oh, I guess we can come,” spoke Flop Ear. “Are you going to have ice cream?”

“Yes, ice cream,” replied the Sadie lady, “and all sorts of good things. Uncle Wiggily will be there, and all your friends, so I wanted to ask your mamma if you could come.”

“Of course we can!” cried Curly Tail. “We’ll be there!”

“Very good,” replied the lady whose name was Sadie. “Then I shall expect you,” and off she hurried to invite some other animal children, her long earrings going dingle-dangle as she walked along, and the rose in her hair falling over sideways.

You see, Curly Tail and Flop Ear had come back from Raccoon Island at Lake Hopatcong, where they went to visit Uncle Wiggily Longears, the old gentleman rabbit, while a new roof was being put on their school in place of the one that had blown off. The piggie

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boys had now been back for some little time, and in a few days school would open again.

“But, before it does, we’ll go to the lady’s dinner party,” said Curly Tail, as he combed out the bristles on his back to make them look like a paint brush.

“Indeed we will!” exclaimed his brother, and then they heard their mamma stirring about in the house, so they knew she was awake.

“Let’s go ask her!” suggested Curly Tail, and in they ran to tell about the Sadie lady asking them to the party.

Their mamma said they might go, and they felt so happy that they even let their little sister, Baby Pinky, play football with them. And it would have been all right, except that when Flop Ear kicked the ball to Pinky, she couldn’t get hold of it in time, and it flew up and broke Grandpa Squealer’s window. But he said he didn’t mind.

Well, in a few nights, it was time for the dinner party, and Curly Tail and Flop Ear dressed in their best, with their velvet hats on their heads, started for the high part of Montclair where the Sadie lady lived.

And Oh! How nice the house looked when they got there. It was all lighted up, and there were paper roses on the piano, for it was too late for real ones, and the table was all set with nice dishes and things to eat, and all of the piggie boys’ friends were there, from Sammie and Susie Littletail, to Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman.

Then they began to eat, for this Sadie lady was one who loved animal children, and was always giving dinner parties, and affairs like that for them. Oh! Such good things as there were to eat, and when it was all over, and the candy and nuts were served, the Sadie lady read some poetry about a funny little lake, all made of sweet ice cream, and every time you fell in it you had a funny dream.

Then, after supper, they all sat about the fire on the hearth—Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander and all the animal children, and the Sadie lady and Uncle Wiggily told ghost stories, and all sorts of other tales.

And, all of a sudden, just at the most scary part, where the big giant falls down stairs, jumps over the cot bed and scares Cora Janet’s doll and Pocahontas and Ethel Rose—all of a sudden, I say, just as Uncle Wiggily got to that part, there was a noise out on the porch, and a voice cried:

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“I want to come in! I must come in!”

“Oh, dear!” gasped Flop Ear.

“Who can that be?” asked Curly Tail, and he shivered so that you would have thought he was eating cold ice cream again, only he wasn’t, for he was chewing on hot marshmallows.

“Let me in! Let me in!” cried the voice again.

“Oh, it’s the bad skillery sealery alligator!” cried Flop Ear. “I know it is.”

“Or else the fuzzy fox!” spoke Curly Tail, and just then there was a noise at the window, and they all looked up, and there stood a big black bear, tapping his paws on the glass.

“Oh, wow!” cried Uncle Wiggily.

“Sour milk and maple sugar pancakes!” yelled Grandpa Squealer, and everyone was so frightened that no one knew what to do. But the Sadie lady cried out:

“Ha! I’m not going to have a bad bear break up my dinner party in this way!” so she caught up a box of marshmallows, opened the window, and tossed the white sugar coated candies right in the bear’s face.

All over him they flew, and he was so surprised that he thought it was snowing big white flakes.

“Oh, wow!” the bear cried. “Winter is here, and I must hurry back to my den before I get snowed in. I thought I was going to have a good supper, but I guess I was mistaken. Oh, woe is me! It’s snowing! It’s snowing!”

Then he ran down off the porch as fast as he could, and the Sadie lady called up the policeman dog on the telephone, and she hollered like anything because she was so excited.

But there was no need for the police, for the bear was so kerslostrated by the marshmallows and the powdered sugar snow flying all over him that he went and hid in his den for a week and a day, and didn’t bother anyone for sometime.

Then Ethel Rose, one of the real pretty girls at the party, and Pocahontas, the Indian maid, and Cora Janet’s doll and everybody else had more ice cream, and then they went home; and so did Curly Tail and Flop Ear, and the Sadie lady’s dinner party was over,

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but every one said it was just fine, and they wanted to know when she was going to have another.

So that is all now, if you please, but on the next page, in case the sewing machine doesn't pull all the threads out of my little dog's hair ribbon, I'll tell you about Floppy and the bon fire.