

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Two: Floppy Gets His Name

One day, oh, I guess it must have been about a week after Curly Twistytail, the little pig boy, had the adventure with the bear, and his brother rescued him, as I told you in the story before this one,—one day Curly's brother, who hadn't any name as yet, said:

“Oh, Curly, let's go out for another walk, and maybe something will happen to us.”

“All right,” agreed Curly, “only I hope a bear doesn't happen. It's no fun to think you're going to be turned into roast pork and eaten with apple sauce,” for that is what the bear was going to do, you know.

So off the two little pig brothers started, and their mamma called after them:

“Now, stay together. Don't go one on one path, and one on another, as you did before, and have trouble. Stay together, and help one another.”

“We will!” they answered, and really they meant to, but, you see, little pigs sometimes forget, just as real children do.

On they went together. Curly and his brother who hadn't any name, except that sometimes people called him “Bub,” or maybe “Son,” or even “Hey, Johnnie!” though that wasn't his real name at all.

Pretty soon, in about as long as it takes to eat a lollypop if you don't hurry to get down to the stick part of it—pretty soon the two piggie boys met Grandfather Squealer, who was the grandpapa of all the pigs in that part of the country.

“Oh, ho!” exclaimed the old gentleman pig, “Oh, ho! How are you today, Curly?”

“Very well, sir, thank you,” replied the pig boy politely, and he looked around to see if the curly kink had come out of his tail where the bear had tied him to the round fence rail, but the curl was still there.

“And how is this other little chap?” went on Grandpa Squealer, as he took a pinch of snuff, and then looked in his vest pocket to see if he had any spare pennies. “How are you, Bub?” he asked. “You haven't any name yet, have you?”

“No sir,” answered the brother of Curly. “I wish I had, though,” and he also wished that Grandpa Squealer would find a penny so that he and his brother could buy a lollypop, and

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that wish came true, if you will kindly believe me. For the old gentleman pig did find two pennies.

“There now, boys,” he said, “run along to the candy store. And maybe you can buy a name for yourself,” and he playfully pulled the ears of Curly’s brother. Then Grandpa Squealer sneezed again and walked on, and so did the two boy pigs.

“I’m going to buy a corn lollypop,” said Curly.

“I think I’ll buy a sour-milk one,” said his brother, for you know little pigs, and big ones, too, like sour milk as much as you like yours sweet. Isn’t that funny?

So they walked on together, talking of different things, and pretty soon they came to a place where there were two stores. One was painted red and the other was painted blue.

“I’m going in the red store for my lollypop,” said Curly.

“Oh, let’s go in the blue one,” suggested his brother. “Maybe I can buy a name for myself in there. I am tired of being called ‘Bub’ and ‘Johnny,’ and names like that.”

But the two brothers couldn’t agree, so Curly went in the red store and his brother in the blue one. The blue store was kept by an old lady dog, and when the little pig, who, as yet, had no name, entered, the old lady dog storekeeper looked over the counter and asked:

“Well, little pig boy, what do you want?”

“If you please,” he answered, “do you keep names to sell?”

“Why, what a funny question!” barked the dog lady. “The only names I have are names of candy, and I’m sure you don’t want any of those, do you? There is peppermint and spearmint and cinnamon and lemon drops and cocoanut kisses and lollypops and jaw-breakers and tootsie rolls and chocolate—do you want any of those names?”

“No,” replied the little pig boy, “I don’t think I like any of those names for myself. I wouldn’t want to be called Cocoanut Kisses, nor yet Lollypops, nor even Tootsie Rolls. Oh dear! I wish I could get a name such as my brother Curly has. But maybe I will some day. And now, if you please, I’ll have a sour-milk lollypop.”

So the old lady dog storekeeper gave it to the little pig boy, and he handed her his penny. He was just taking the paper off the lollypop, and was going to eat it—the lollypop, not the paper, you understand—and go out and see if his brother had come out of the red

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store, when, all of a sudden, a little puppy dog boy who had just come in from school saw the pig boy in the store, and right at him he sprang with a bow wow bark.

“Here! Come back!” cried the lady storekeeper who was the mother of the puppy dog boy. “Let that little pig alone.”

“I’m only going to play tag with him,” answered the puppy dog, and with that he sprang at the piggie and caught him by the ear. He really didn’t mean to, but his teeth closed fast on poor piggie’s ear, and there they stuck.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” howled piggie. “I’m caught! Oh let me go. Please let me go!”

“Yes, let go of him at once, you naughty boy!” cried the doggie’s mamma, as she made a grab for his tail. But just then piggie began to run, squealing as hard as he could, and as the doggie did not let go of his ear, the little barking chap was dragged along too. And then out from the red store ran Curly and he squealed and his brother squealed, also, and the boy dog barked, and so did the storekeeper lady dog, and such a time you never heard in all your life! Oh! such a racket!

“Let go my ear! Let go my ear!” squealed the pig, and the doggie boy tried to let go but he couldn’t, until Curly got hold of him by the left leg and pulled him loose.

“Oh dear! Oh dear!” cried the piggie who had bought the sour milk lollypop. “Is my ear pulled off, Curly?”

“No, but it is hanging down like anything,” said his brother. “I guess it’s broken!”

“Oh, I am so sorry!” exclaimed the little boy dog. “I didn’t mean to do it. I was only going to tag you, but I slipped. Come in the house and my mamma will put some salve on your ear, and I’ll give you an ice cream cone.”

And just then Grandfather Squealer came past, and he saw Curly’s little brother, with his ear hanging down, going flippity-flop, and the old gentleman said:

“Oh ho! I think I will call you Flopear, or Floppy for short. That is a good name, and it just fits you.” And so after that the second little pig was always called Floppy for his ear never stood up again but always hung down like a bell clapper. But the salve soon made it well, and the storekeeper lady gave Floppy and Curly each an ice cream cone. So that’s all now, if you please, but in case the butcherman doesn’t throw the loaf of bread at the candlestick and scare the lamp chimney I’ll tell you in the story after this about Pinky Twistytail’s rubber ball.