

# CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

## THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

### Chapter Six: Flop and the Bag of Meal

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Now, let me see, I promised to put in this story, something about the elephant; didn't I? That's because I left it out of the story on the page before this, where Curly had such a dreadful time with the bad egg dog.

Well, now, if I leave the elephant out of this story I promise that I'll give each one of you an ice cream cone with a raisin in it. All you'll have to do—in case I forget to tell about the elephant and how he helped Flop—all you have to do, I say, is to come up to my house and say “Magoozilum!” at me, just like that, and turn two somersaults on the parlor rug, and the ice cream cone is yours for the asking.

But now let's get right at the story. You see it happened this way. Once upon a time, when Curly and his brother Flop were out in the yard of the piggy-house, playing “ring around the apple tree,” their mother called to them:

“Oh, boys! come in here!” she said, and when they got to the kitchen where she was working, she asked them: “Do you know what I'm making?”

“Pies,” said Curly.

“Pudding,” suggested Flop, as he tried to make his slimsy ear stand up straight, but he couldn't.

“Neither one,” said their mother. “But if one of you will go to the store for me I'll make a Johnny cake for supper.”

“A Johnny cake?” asked Curly. “Is it called that because a boy has to be named Johnny to eat it?”

“No,” answered his mother with a laugh, “but lots of boys named Johnny do eat it. However, just at the last minute I find that I have no corn meal. Now who wants to go to the store for a bag full, so I can make the Johnny cake?”

“I went for the eggs, last time,” said Curly, sort of slow and thoughtful like.

“Then I suppose it's Flop's turn to go for the bag of meal,” said his mother. “But I do hope the bad dog doesn't chase him.”

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“Oh, I’m not afraid, mamma,” said the little piggie boy. “If he comes after me I’ll throw corn meal dust in his nose and make him sneeze, and then he can’t see to catch me.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. Twistytail, so she gave Flop the money for the bag of meal. Off he started to the store, while his brother, Curly, went back in the yard to play hop-skip-and-jump, all by himself.

Flop went along the street, whirling his tail in a little circle like a pin-wheel, or a merry-go-round, and he was thinking how good the Johnny cake would taste, when, all of a sudden, he heard a noise.

It was a noise something like thunder, yet not quite so loud, and Flop was wondering what it was, when, all at once, as he turned around the corner, he saw a big elephant sitting on a stump, and crying as hard as he could cry. And this elephant had made the noise.

Ah ha! That’s the time I caught you; I’ve got the elephant in this story after all, so you can’t have the ice cream cones this time. But never mind, maybe some other day you may.

Anyhow, there was the elephant crying, and he shed as many tears as you could cry in a year, even if you’ve been vaccinated. And Flop instead of being afraid, went right up to the big creature and said, most politely:

“What is the matter? Can I help you?”

“Eh? What’s that?” exclaimed the elephant. “Bless my trunk strap! It’s a little pig. Oh dear!”

“What is the matter?” asked Flop.

“Oh, I ran a big sliver in my left hind foot,” said the elephant, “and I can’t get it out. I’ve tried to pull it with my tail, but my tail isn’t long enough, and I can’t even reach it with my trunk. And I was to go to the codfish ball tonight, and now I can’t, for I never could dance with a sliver in my foot.”

“Perhaps I can pull it out,” said Flop, and when the elephant held up his foot, which was nearly as large as a washtub, the little piggie boy could see the splinter as plainly as anything.

“I’ll get it out,” he exclaimed and then he wound his kinky, curly tail around the splinter and pulled it right out of the elephant’s foot as quick as a wink.

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“Oh, how kind of you!” cried the big creature. “If ever I can do you a favor I will. Now I can go to the party tonight and dance. But I’ll just sit here awhile and rest, before I go.”

So Flop went on to the store to get the corn meal, and he told the man about how Mrs. Twistytail was going to make a Johnny cake and how he had pulled the splinter out of the elephant’s foot, and the store man said:

“You are a brave little piggie boy, and here is a lollypop for you.”

Well, Flop was on his way home, carrying the bag of meal, and he was taking little nips and nibbles off the lolly-pop, when all at once what should happen but that, out from behind a tree sprang the bad skillery-scalery alligator.

“Ah, ha!” he cried. “Now I have you. Now for some roast pork and apple sauce!” and he made a grab for Flop, but he didn’t quite catch him, I’m glad to say. And how that little piggie boy did run! Faster and faster he ran, carrying the bag of meal for the Johnny cake, but still the ‘gator came after him and almost had him.

“Oh, will no one save me?” cried Flop, for he could hardly run any more, and then all of a sudden, he came to the place where the elephant was still sitting on a stump, resting himself.

“Oh, help me! Help me!” cried Flop.

“Indeed, I will!” shouted the elephant. And with that, in his strong trunk, he lifted Flop up on his broad back. Still the skillery-scalery alligator came on, and he cried in his rasping voice:

“I want that pig!”

“Oh you do, eh?” asked the elephant, sarcastic like. “Well, you can’t have him. Take that!” and then the elephant just reached around back with his trunk and took some corn meal out of the bag that Flop held and the elephant blew the meal in the alligator’s eyes and nose and mouth and then—

“A-choo! Aker-choo! Boo-hoo! Hoo hoo! Splitzie-doo! Foo-foo!” sneezed the alligator, turning forty-seven somersaults. “Oh, dear me, what a cold I have!” and he sneezed so hard that all of his back teeth dropped out, and he couldn’t bite any one for nearly a week. And then he crawled off, leaving Flop to go home in peace and quietness and watch his mamma make a Johnny cake.

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And when the cake was baked they gave the kind elephant some to take to the codfish ball with him, and that's the end of this story, if you please.

But on the next page, if I have left any of those ice cream cones with raisins inside, to give to the trolley car conductor when he punches my transfer, I'll tell you about the piggie boys at school.