

# CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

## THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

### Chapter Thirteen: Curly and the Big Apple

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One day, oh, I guess it was about a week after Baby Pinky went to the hospital, something else happened to the two piggie brothers. And, as most of it happened to Curly, I have named this story for him, though Flop had a part in it.

When her piggie boys came home from school one afternoon Mrs. Twistytail said to them:

“I wonder if you don’t want to go to the store for me?”

“Of course we do mamma,” spoke Curly as quickly as ice cream melts on a hot day.

“Certainly,” added Flop, and the funny part of it was that the two brothers had just planned to go off in the woods and play soldier and Indian after school.

But as soon as they heard that their mamma wanted them to go on an errand for her, they at once made up their minds that they would go to the store first and play afterward.

“What do you want, mamma?” asked Curly. “Is it a cake of milk chocolate, because if it is—”

“We’ll help eat it,” finished Flop quickly with a laugh.

“No, all I need is some cornmeal to make pancakes with in the morning,” spoke the pig lady. “Run along now, but you need not hurry back, and you may play on the way.”

Curly and Flop whistled through their noses at hearing this, for they knew they could have some fun after all, and away they started for the store. The old gentleman duck who kept it, and who was a forty ‘leventh cousin to Grandfather Goosey Gander, wrapped the cornmeal in two separate bags, so that Curly could carry one, and Flop the other.

“That will make it even,” said the store duck, as he gave the piggie boys each a sweet cracker.

Back home they started, playing tag, and hide the acorn, and all such games like that, including one called “Please Don’t Pull My Tail and I Won’t Pull Yours.” That’s a very funny game.

Well, all of a sudden, as Curly and Flop were going along, they came past a field where

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a kind old rat gentleman was picking his apples off the trees. There were many of the apples, and they had to be put in barrels and brought into the cellar.

“Oh, don’t those apples smell good,” said Flop as he leaned over the fence and looked at them.

“Indeed they do,” agreed Curly. “They remind me of apple pie and cheese.”

Then the rat gentleman looked up, saw the piggie, and said:

“Come in, boys, and you may each have one apple. Help yourselves.”

“Thank you, very much,” spoke Curly. “Come on!” he cried to his brother Flop, “we’ll each take a big apple, and there will be enough for a pie when we get home.”

“Oh, but we can’t carry big apples, with the bags of meal,” said Flop. “I’m going to take a middle-sized apple.”

“Well, I’m not. I’m going to take the largest I can find in the field,” declared Curly, and he went hunting for a specially large one.

Of course, in a way, it was all right to do this, for the rat gentleman had told them to help themselves, but you just wait and see what happens.

Curly picked out a very large apple—the very biggest one that grew on the trees, but Flop was content with a smaller one. Then the piggie brothers started for home again.

Curly had hard work to carry the big apple and also his bag of corn meal, and first he would have to put one down to rest his legs, and then put down the other to rest his paws. But Flop could easily carry his middle-sized apple and the meal. Finally Curly said:

“Flop, can’t you help me?”

“I’m afraid not,” answered his brother, “though I would if I could. But I have all I can do to take care of my apple and the meal. Why don’t you get a smaller apple?”

“Because I want the big one,” said Curly quickly.

Well, he was staggering along with the big apple and also his bag of cornmeal, but his brother was going along much more easily, when, all of a sudden, out from the bushes sprang the fuzzy fox.

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“Ah ha!” he cried. “This time I have good luck! Here are little pigs to make roast pork, and they have with them the apples for apple sauce. Oh, joy is me! Now for a fine dinner!”

With that he made a grab for both the piggie brothers, but they managed to jump away. Off ran Flop with his middle-sized apple and the cornmeal, and after him came Curly, only he could not go so fast because his apple was so big.

“Wait! Wait!” begged Curly of his brother.

“I can’t!” was the answer. “I’ll send a policeman back to help you. But if you will let go of the big apple you can easily run away from the fox, for he is old, and not a good runner. Drop the apple.”

“No, indeed!” cried Curly. “I want the biggest one I can find!” So he held tightly to the apple, and also to the cornmeal, and on he ran, but the fuzzy fox was getting nearer and nearer, and almost had him.

“I’ve got you!” suddenly snapped the fox. “I’ll have roast pork and apple sauce tonight all right!” and he was just going to grab Curly and the apple and bag of meal, when out from the bushes jumped Uncle Wiggily Longears, the old gentleman rabbit.

“Here!” he cried to the fox. “You stop chasing Curly, and go home to your den!” and with that Uncle Wiggily stuck out his rheumatism crutch, and tripped up the fox so that he went tumbling head over heels, and when he got up he was so lame that he could not chase even a snail for more than a week.

“Run! Run!” called Uncle Wiggily to Curly and the little piggie boy did run, and, after some trouble, he got safely home with his big apple and the meal, but Flop was there ahead of him.

“After this,” said Uncle Wiggily, when he came up to the piggie house, “after this, Curly, don’t take such a large apple, and you can run better when a fox chases you.”

“I’ll be careful after this,” promised the piggie boy, and I guess he was. Anyhow it was a good lesson to him. And that night he and his brother had cornmeal pancakes with apple sauce on, and Uncle Wiggily stayed to supper.

Now in case the automobile tire doesn’t jump into the frying pan, and pretend it’s a sausage for the lady in the purple dress to eat, I’ll tell you next about the piggie boys and the pumpkin.