

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Fourteen: The Piggies and the Pumpkin

“Well, well!” exclaimed Mrs. Twistytail, the pig lady, as she went to the cupboard and looked in. “Whoever would have believed it?”

“Believed what, mamma?” asked Pinky, the little baby pig, who had been in the hospital, but who was now much better.

“Why, there isn’t a bit of bread for supper!” went on Mrs. Twistytail. “And your papa will come home from the office so hungry as never was! Oh, my! I must run right out to the store and get a loaf.”

“Can’t Curly or Flop go?” asked the baby pig, as she looked to see if her hair ribbon was on crooked, but it wasn’t. I’m glad to say.

“They aren’t here,” said the mamma pig. “I guess they must be off playing football, or seeing if there is any ice on the skating pond.”

“Then let me go, mamma,” suggested little Pinky. “I’m sure I could ask for a loaf of bread and carry it home, too.”

“No, you are quite too small,” said the pig lady. “I’ll go myself to the store and I’ll ask Mrs. Goosey Gander, next door to come in and stay with you.”

But she didn’t have to do that, for a few minutes later in came Curly and Flop, the two nice boy piggies, and they were just as glad as could be to go to the store for their mamma.

Well, they started off all right, and soon they were at the bread store, where the baker cat wrapped up a nice loaf in pink paper and they started for home, going as fast as they could, so as to be there before their papa came to supper.

And, what do you think? Just as they reached the spot where stood the old stump, with the knobs growing on the side of it, like warts on a toad’s back, they heard a voice saying:

“I wonder what I shall do with it? It is quite too large to cook, and I have no little boys to give it to. I think I must let it roll down hill into the pond.”

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“Who is that speaking?” asked Curly of his brother.

“I don’t know,” said Flop Ear, “but it sounds like the kind rat-gentleman who gave us the apples.”

“That’s just who it is,” said the voice. “And who are you, if I may ask?”

“Two piggie boys,” was the answer. “Can we help you?”

“Well, I have here a very large pumpkin,” was what the rat gentleman said. “It is too large to cut up into pies, and I thought maybe some one might like it to make a Jack o’ lantern of. Would you like it?”

“Indeed we would!” cried Flop. And Curly said the same thing.

So the nice old rat gentleman called the two piggie boys into his farmhouse and he gave them the pumpkin.

Oh! so big as it was! I’m sure I never could tell you what a fine, large pumpkin he gave to Curly and Flop. The one that was turned into a coach for Cinderella was very small along side of this.

“What shall we do with it?” asked Flop Ear.

“Make a lantern of it, of course,” said his brother. “We can scoop out the insides, and cut the eyes and nose and mouth, put a candle in it, and have a lot of fun.”

“All right,” said Flop, “we’ll do it.”

So they tied a string around the pumpkin and lifted it between them, each one carrying his share. And the loaf of bread was put on top, where it would not fall off.

Well, the piggie boys had not gone very far, carrying the pumpkin home to make a Jack O’lantern, when, all of a sudden, out from behind a lot of bushes, jumped a big wolf. Isn’t it funny how those bad creatures seem to always bother the piggie boys? Every once in a while something is happening to them.

I can’t help it. I wish I could, but you know I have to write things exactly as they happen. Anyhow, out from behind the bushes jumped the wolf, and as soon as he saw those

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sweet, tender little piggies he exclaimed:

“Oh joy! Oh, happiness! Oh, appetite! Now is my chance! I shall certainly grab those two piggies and carry them off to my den.”

And he chased after Flop and Curly.

But, as luck would have it, they heard him coming, and they started to run with the big pumpkin and the loaf of bread. Still the wolf came closer and closer.

“I’ll have you in a few minutes!” he cried.

“I believe he will!” exclaimed Flop. “What shall we do?”

“What can we do?” asked Curly, as he helped his brother to jump over a stone, and lifted the pumpkin at the same time. “What can we do?”

“Why not make a Jack O’lantern of the pumpkin and scare the wolf?” suggested Flop. “Some of our friends did that once.”

“We haven’t time,” said Curly. “If we stopped to make a Jack O’lantern the wolf would catch up to us and grab us. I’ll tell you what to do. Let’s scoop out a hollow place in the pumpkin and get inside it. Then the wolf won’t see us.”

“Good!” cried Flop. So he and his brother ran on as fast as they could to get far ahead of the wolf. Then they stopped for a minute, and, with their sharp hoofs, they cut the top off the pumpkin. Then, with their digging noses, they dug out the soft seeds, and soon the pumpkin was all hollowed out, so they could jump inside.

“Get in!” cried Curly to Flop.

“What about the loaf of bread?” asked his brother.

“Never mind that. We can get another. We must get away from the wolf,” cried Curly.

So they jumped inside the pumpkin, and only just in time, for the wolf came rushing down the hill. But Curly and his brother wiggled themselves inside the pumpkin, and away it rolled down toward the piggies’ house. The wolf saw the loaf of bread on the hill, and he thought sure the piggie boys were near it. So he made a grab, but he did not get them.

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For of course they were inside the pumpkin, rolling over and over, like a rubber ball down hill. The wolf chewed up the bread, and then he saw the rolling pumpkin. Then he happened to think:

“Perhaps the pigs are inside that!” After it he ran, but it was too late, for by that time the piggie boys were safely at home. Into their front yard rolled the pumpkin, off flew the top, and out they jumped to tell their papa and mamma and baby Pinky all about it.

And Grandpa Goosey Gander loaned Mr. Twistytail a loaf of bread for supper. As for the wolf, he ran back up the hill as mad as anything about the way he had been fooled, and ever after that he never ate any pumpkin pie.

So that’s all there is to this story, but in case the new brick chimney doesn’t fall down in the rice pudding and make the trained nurse wild because her doll carriage has no wheels, I’ll tell you on the next page about the piggie boys in the corn field.