

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Twenty: Flop and the Pie Lady

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, and the two piggie boys, Flop Ear and Curly Tail, were sitting on the porch at the bungalow at Raccoon Island, Lake Hopatcong, wondering what they could do next for their autumn vacation fun. Curly was trying to take some snapshot photographs of a little red squirrel, who was jumping down across the cot beds, all in a row like soldiers, and Flop was wondering whether he could catch any fish.

“Well, we must do something,” said Uncle Wiggily. “It isn’t every day you boys get a vacation after the regular summer one, so you must enjoy it.”

“We wouldn’t have gotten it if the roof hadn’t blown off our school,” said Flop, “and, as long as we’re here, I say let’s go off in the woods and look for chestnuts.”

“All right,” said Curly, and they were just going to leave the bungalow, when, all at once, there was a rustling in the bushes and out came—no, not a bear or a wolf, or even a bad skillery-scalery alligator, this time. No, it was a nice lady, with real soft, brown hair, and the jolliest whistle you ever heard!

What’s that? You didn’t know ladies could whistle? Well, this one could, and play the piano at the same time. Out she came from the bushes, and she said:

“Oh, Uncle Wiggily, I’m so glad to see you and the two little piggie boys.”

“Well, we are glad to see you, too,” said Uncle Wiggily, politely making his best bow, “but I’m afraid I don’t know you.”

“Oh, yes, you do,” said the lady. “I make pies, and if you like I’ll make one now.”

“Will you, really?” cried Flop. “Oh, I would dearly love an apple pie, with a bit of sour milk cheese.”

“Then you shall have it,” said the lady, as she trilled out a little tune by whistling until it sounded like a bird in the lilac bush. “Have you any apples?” she asked, puckering up her lips.

“Yes!” exclaimed Flop. “Here they are!” and he brought out a basketful. The lady said they would make a lovely pie, so she rolled up her sleeves, and spoke, saying:

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“Now, I am sorry, but I would like you all to leave the bungalow. You, Uncle Wiggily, and you, also, Flop and Curly. For when I make apple pies I get all kerslostrated—which means fussed—if any one is around. So kindly run away, and when you come back the pie will be ready for you.”

“All right; we’ll go,” said Uncle Wiggily. “I’ll go pull my motorboat up on dry land, so it won’t get caught in the ice when the lake freezes this winter, and you boys can help me.”

So Curly and Flop went off to help Uncle Wiggily, and the pie lady—for such they called her—started her baking. She peeled the apples and cut them up, and then she got the piecrust mixed. Uncle Wiggily had already built a fire so she did not have to do that. And all the while she whistled and whistled, until it made you feel glad and happy just to hear her. And when you smelled that apple pie baking—well, say! I mustn’t write any more about that, or I’ll want to put my typewriter down cellar, and go out hunting for the lady myself.

Pretty soon Flop, who was helping Uncle Wiggily with the motorboat, sniffed the air, grunted once or twice, and said:

“I smell something good! I guess I’ll go see what it is.”

“All right,” said Curly, who was quite tired from having assisted his rabbit uncle to haul up the boat. “I’ll stay here, Flop, and when you find the good thing that you smell, bring me some.”

So Flop promised, and he kept sniffing away, and the lovely smell grew plainer and plainer as he moved toward the bungalow, until he exclaimed:

“Ah, I know what it is! The pie lady! Oh, I wonder if the pie is done?”

Nearer and nearer he went to the bungalow, and he heard a whistle, and then he saw the pie lady bustling around with a long apron on, and Flop asked:

“Is the pie done?”

“Almost, little piggie boy,” she answered.

“You may wait for it to come out of the oven. How old are you?”

“Seven,” said Flop, and then he asked the lady.

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“What is your name?”

“Margaret,” she answered. “Margaret More.”

“More what?” asked Flop.

“More pies, I guess,” laughed the pie lady as she whistled again, this time just like a canary trilling when it swings at the top of its cage in the sunshine. Curly laughed, too, and then the lady went to the oven to take out the pie.

And, would you ever believe it if I didn’t tell you? No, I’m sure you wouldn’t. But, anyhow, all of a sudden, out from the bushes came a bad, fuzzy old wolf, and he stood in front of the bungalow, crying:

“I smell apple pies! I smell apple pies! Also a little piggie boy! Oh, what a fine lunch I am going to have!”

Well, Flop was so frightened that he couldn’t even walk, much less run, and all he could do was to squeal, “Oh dear!”

The pie lady heard him, and came running to the door of the bungalow.

“What is the matter?” she asked, and then she saw the wolf.

“Oh, my!” she exclaimed. “What shall I do?”

“Nothing!” exclaimed the wolf, sticking out his red tongue. “I’ll do all that’s necessary. But first I’ll eat the apple pie, and then I’ll carry you and Flop off to my den!”

Well, when Flop heard that—heard that the wolf was going to eat the lovely pie—he became real brave, that little piggie boy did.

“You shan’t have that pie!” he cried.

Then the wolf, with a big jump, started for the bungalow to get the pie and the pie lady, but what do you think Flop did? He just grabbed up the pan of apple peelings—long, curling peelings they were—and he threw them at the wolf! Right at the bad creature’s legs he threw them, and the apple peelings tangled up in the wolf’s fur and in his tail, and his legs and paws, and head-over-heels he went, falling down on the ground and bumping his nose on a hard stone.

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“Oh, wow! Oh, woe is me! Oh too-badness!” growled the wolf, and he ran away to his den to get some salve to put on his bumped nose, and so he didn’t get the pie lady, nor the pie, nor Flop, either, at least not that day.

Then the apple pie was done, and the pie lady whistled a nicer song than ever, and Curly and Uncle Wiggily came to the bungalow and they all ate pie and were as happy as happy could be. But, as for the wolf, the less said about him the better.

So on the next page, in case the door-knob doesn’t tickle the dining room bread-board and make the sawdust come out of the breakfast oatmeal, I’ll tell you about the piggie boys and the jelly.