

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Twenty-Three: The Piggies and the Fish

On the morning of the day when it was to be Hallowe'en, Curly Tail, and Flop Ear, the two piggy boys, awakened in Uncle Wiggily's bungalow, on Raccoon Island in Lake Hopalong, and Curly Tail whispered:

"What are you going to dress up like, Flop Ear?"

"Oh, I guess I'll make believe I'm a loaf of bread. What are you going to be?"

"An apple pie," said the other little piggy boy, "I'll stick apples all over myself, and some bits of pie crust, and when we get through playing Hallowe'en we can eat them."

"Fine!" cried Curly Tail. "I wish I was going dressed up like an ice cream cone, but then I'd melt so fast I wouldn't have any fun. So I guess I'll be a loaf of bread."

"And we'll fool Uncle Wiggily, won't we?" said Flop Ear.

"We surely will," declared his brother. But if they could have looked into the next room, and have seen Uncle Wiggily laughing to himself, and winking his eyes, and rubbing his leg that had rheumatism in it—well, maybe those piggy boys wouldn't have felt so funny.

"Fool me, eh? Will they?" whispered Uncle Wiggily. "We'll see about it," and then he hopped about on his crutch to help the boys get breakfast.

"We must have all the good times we can," said the old gentleman rabbit, "for soon the new roof will be on your school and you will have to begin studying your lessons again. Be happy while you're here, for soon the snow will fly and the ice will come, and we will have to go away from the lake."

"Oh, we're going to have a good time, Uncle Wiggily," said Curly Tail, or Curly, as I often call him for short, and then he looked at his brother, and they both laughed and pretended it wasn't anything at all. But Uncle Wiggily knew better.

"Well," said the old gentleman rabbit, after breakfast, "I guess I'll go down and play Scotch checkers with Pop Goes the Weasel. You boys can stay here, but if the bad alligator or the fuzzy fox tries to get you, just call for me."

"All right," said Curly Tail, and when his uncle was out of sight he and his brother began

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to dress up for Hollowe'en, which is the night everyone puts on false faces you know.

One of the piggie boys made a lot of flour paste, colored with brown sugar, and that was to fix him so he would look like a loaf of bread. And Flop Ear made himself look like an apple pie.

“Now, we’ll just practice, ready for tonight, when we’re going to fool Uncle Wiggily,” said Curly Tail, and they did, having lots of fun.

Just before supper Uncle Wiggily came home from having played Scotch checkers with Pop Goes the Weasel. The old gentleman had something under his coat, but when Curly Tail and Flop Ear asked him what it was he only laughed and said:

“Oh, you’ll soon see!”

Well, it got pretty dark, and Curly Tail and his brother thought it was time for them to dress up and play a trick on their uncle. So they took their false faces, one like a lump of buttered bread and the other like a piece of cheese, and went out in the woods to dress. They intended to come and knock on the bungalow door and see what Uncle Wiggily would do and say when he saw them.

Pretty soon they were both ready, and, really, if I do say it myself, Curly Tail looked just like a ten-cent loaf, with flour in his buttonhole and all that, only he didn’t have any real butter on, as that was so greasy. And Flop Ear, or Flop, or Floppy, for short, looked too cute for anything—just exactly like an apple pie, and he even carried a bit of cheese to go with it, and a toasting fork.

“Now, we’ll fool Uncle Wiggily,” they said, as they started for the bungalow. But they didn’t know what had happened to the rabbit gentleman. They hadn’t gone very far before, out in a boat on the lake, not far from shore, they heard a voice calling:

“Oh, help! Help! He’s such a big one that I can’t get him in, and Percival has fallen overboard! Help! Help!”

“My goodness! What’s that?” asked Curly Tail, in surprise.

“Some one must be in trouble,” said Flop Ear. “Let’s see who it is.”

“But it might be the bad skillery-scalery alligator, with the lumps on his tail,” said the other piggie boy. Then Flop Ear looked out on the lake, where it was all lighted by the moon and he said:

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“I see a lady in a boat. Surely she would not harm us. And she spoke of Percival—she must mean the old circus dog! I am going to see what is the matter!”

“Better not! Maybe it’s a trick to catch us!” said Curly Tail.

But just then a lady on the lake called again: “Oh help! He is such a big one that I can’t get him into the boat, and Percival has fallen overboard!”

Then there was a great splashing, and a rustling in the bushes and Flop Ear called:

“We’re coming to help you, lady! What have you got that is so big?”

“A fish,” she answered. “My husband, Percival, is a great fisherman and he caught the biggest fish in all the lake, but it pulled him out of the boat. However, I have hold of the pole and line, and the fish is still fast to the hook. Oh, help me to catch him!”

So the piggie boys said they would, and they ran down to the shore, and the lady in the boat passed them the pole. Then Curly and Flop pulled as hard as they could, and old circus dog Percival scrambled out of the water, and he helped pull, too, and, all of a sudden, from the bushes along the edge of the lake—on dry land, but not in the water—there suddenly flopped the biggest fish any one had ever seen.

“Oh, what long ears the fish has!” cried Curly Tail, when the moon shone on the fish. “I never saw a fish with ears!”

“I’m not a fish,” said a voice. “Oh, please let me go. The hook is caught in my collar. Please let me go!”

“Who are you?” asked Percival, in wonder.

“I’m Uncle Wiggily Longears,” was the answer. “I dressed up like a Hallowe’en fish to fool Curly Tail and Flop Ear. I was walking along the shore in the dark, thinking I could catch the piggie boys, when, all of a sudden, something caught in my coat collar, and I was dragged through the bushes. I was choked so I could hardly speak, and I didn’t know what had happened to me.”

“Oh, that’s too bad,” said Percival. “I guess I happened to catch you on my fishhook by mistake, when I was tossing it around. But why are you all dressed up?” he asked Curly Tail and Flop Ear and Uncle Wiggily.

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“Because it is Hallowe’en,” said Flop Ear; “but I guess we have had enough of it.”

“Yes,” said Uncle Wiggily, “come up into the bungalow and we will duck for apples, eat marshmallows and have fun.”

So Curly Tail took off his bread crumbs clothes, and Flop Ear his apple pie suit, and Uncle Wiggily his fish scales, and they all took off their false faces, and Percival and the lady whose name was Gertrude, had a good time.

And in the next story in case the ash can doesn’t roll off the roof and fall on the dog house to scare the puppy cake I’ll tell you about Curly Tail and the little afraid girl.