

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Twenty-Six: Floppy and the Bonfire

One night, after an election in Woodland, where the Twistytail family of pigs lived, Curly, one of the piggie boys, asked his brother Floppy if they couldn't have some fun.

"I guess so," spoke the other little piggie. "I have a big pile of leaves, so why can't we make a bonfire?"

"The very thing!" cried Curly Tail. "There are always bonfires after election, and we'll have ours now."

"And we'll invite all the other animal boys to help us," suggested Curly Tail. "Sammie Littletail will want to come, I know, and so will the squirrel boys, and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck, and the Bow Wow puppy boys."

So, as it was after school, and they had done their homework lessons, the piggie boys could run out and play. In a vacant lot, not far from their house, Flop Ear had collected a big pile of leaves, ready for the fire, and he said to Curly Tail:

"Now, if you go get the other fellows, I'll find some more leaves, and some old boxes and barrels and we'll have a fine big fire."

"All right, I will," agreed Curly Tail. So off he ran over the fields and through the woods to call all his friends to the bonfire which Flop Ear was going to make.

"Now for a surprise!" exclaimed the little piggie boy who was left near the pile of leaves. "I'll look for some potatoes and I'll put them to roast in the bonfire and when it is all over we'll eat them, and sit about the blaze, telling stories about the election."

So he crawled through a fence into a field near by, where there were some late potatoes, and soon, with his strong, rubbery nose, he was rooting them up. The field belonged to Grandfather Goosey Gander, and Flop knew the old gentleman goose would not mind if the boy animals took a few potatoes.

"Now to make the fire and roast them," spoke the little piggie boy, and when he had shoved the leaves all up in a heap with his nose he lit them with a match.

"Won't Curly Tail and the others be surprised when they come up, and see the fire already going?" thought Flop Ear. "And they'll be more surprised when I pull out the roast pota-

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toes for them. Oh! I almost forgot! I must get some salt to eat on them.”

Into the house he ran, with his queer little kinky tail twisting around like a piece of strawberry shortcake, and Floppy got the salt. His mamma was busy getting supper, and she did not see him, and as his sister, Baby Pinky, was practicing her piano lesson on the tin dishpan, she made so much noise Mrs. Twistytail did not hear the piggie boy, so no one stopped Flop Ear.

Maybe if mamma had known that he had a bonfire she would not have liked it, and I want you children—especially you little ones—to promise Uncle Wiggily that you will never, never make a fire unless some older person is there to watch you. Fires are very bad, you know—and burns—Bur-r-r-r! How burns do hurt!

Well, anyhow, Flop Ear had his fire going, and the potatoes were roasting in the hot leaves, and he had the salt all ready to eat on them. As he came running back to the blaze, out of the shadows stepped someone, and a voice said:

“Ah ha! Good evening! I was wondering who had made this good fire for me.”

“I—I did,” said Flop Ear, “but I didn’t make it for you. I made it for us.”

“Never mind, it will do very well for me,” went on the voice. “It will save me the trouble of kindling one to roast my pork sausage and chops—I mean you!” exclaimed the voice.

Flop Ear gave a jump, and looked more closely at the figure in the shadow by the fire. And then he saw that it was a big, bad old fox, with a fuzzy tail.

“Oh! Oh!” gasped the little piggie boy. “You don’t mean that, do you; that you’re going to roast me!”

“Exactly what I’m going to do,” replied the fox, and he caught hold of Flop Ear. “We will wait until the fire is a little hotter,” he said.

Oh, how poor Flop Ear did try to get loose, but he couldn’t because the fox held him too tightly. And the fire got hotter and hotter, and the little piggie boy was hoping that Curly Tail and the other animal boys would come back in time to save him, but he could neither see nor hear anything of them.

“I guess I’m going to be roasted!” he cried. “Oh, if Uncle Wiggily were only here. Or even Grandpa Squealer!”

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“Ha! No one will come to save you!” snarled the bad fox, and just then, what do you think? Out from the fire rolled some of the potatoes Flop Ear was roasting for his friends. Out rolled two big potatoes, and the fox, seeing them, exclaimed:

“Ha! What have we here? Something good to eat, I should say,” and he smelled the baked potato. “Oh Yum yum!” he cried, and he smacked his lips. “That will go most excellently with roast pork. I think I will eat one, and then I’ll put you on the fire to cook,” he said to Flop Ear.

The little piggie boy didn’t say anything, but he felt very bad. And the fox, holding him with one paw, took up a roasted potato in the other, and cracked it open with his teeth.

And then—!

Well, you know how hot roast potatoes are, just out of the oven, I dare say. This one, from Flop Ear’s bonfire, was even hotter. It was just roasting hot, and the fox had bitten into it.

“Oh, wow!” cried the fuzzy creature. “Oh, double wow, and some ice cream cones! Oh, pepper casters! Oh, mustard! Oh, my mouth, how it burns! And my paws!”

And then he had to let go of Flop Ear, and run to the brook to get a drink of cold water—that fox did—because the hot potato burned his mouth so, but I guess it served him right.

Anyhow, Flop Ear was free, and the next minute along came Curly Tail and all the other animal boys, and then of course the bad fox had to run away and put cold cream on his tongue. Flop Ear told all that had happened, and then the bonfire was made bigger than ever, and when the roast potatoes were cool they all ate some, and had a fine time.

So, that’s all now, but in the next story, in case the pear doesn’t fall off the apple tree and hit the ragman on the nose, I’ll tell you about Flop Ear and the skate wagon.