

CURLY AND FLOPPY TWISTYTAIL

THE FUNNY PIGGY BOYS

Chapter Thirty: Floppy and the Stockings

“Flop Ear,” said Mrs. Twistytail, the pig lady, to her son one afternoon, “I think you will have to go to the store for me now.”

“All right, I’m ready to go,” said Flop Ear, “only I thought Curly Tail just went, and that I could stay home and read my picture book.”

“He did go,” said the pig lady, “but after I sent him for the cocoanut to make the Christmas cake, I happened to remember that I needed some chocolate to make a chocolate cake, so I think you will have to go for that. I could send Baby Pinky, only she is over at Jennie Chipmunk’s, playing with her dolls.”

“Oh, I’ll go!” said Flop Ear, and he laid aside his book, and got ready to go to the store. It was getting nearer and nearer to Christmas every day, and, though the piggie boys hadn’t seen Santa Claus himself since that one time in the woods, they had seen a lot of people dressed up like him.

You know jolly old St. Nicholas lets folks do that so he won’t be bothered so much when he is so busy. He has so much to do, arranging about the presents that are to go in the stockings and down the chimneys, that if he was interfered with, or talked to too much, he’d never get done.

So he allows a lot of make-believe Santa Clauses to go around the streets and in stores, making the children as happy as they can. But they are not the real ones, only make-believes, though some of them are very nice. Then the real Santa Claus has his time to himself.

And Floppy and Curly were not a bit sad that they had given up their two chief toys, as I told you in the story last night, to the poor boy and the lame boy.

Well, in a little while, not so very long, Flop Ear got to the store, and he bought the cake of chocolate for his mother.

“And here is something for yourself,” said the store man to the piggie boy, and he gave him a cookie, with caraway seeds and little candies on the top.

Then Flop Ear was glad he had gone to the store, and he was walking along, nibbling on the cookie, and saving a bit for his brother and Baby Pinky, his sister, when, all at once he

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heard a voice say:

“Here, little piggie boy, I want you!”

He looked all around, thinking it might be the fuzzy wolf or the bad skillery-scalery alligator, but all he saw was good kind Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy.

“Oh, I beg your pardon for thinking you were some one else,” said Flop Ear. “I took you for a wolf. What can I do for you?”

“I have dropped my ball of yarn, from which I was knitting a pair of mittens for Sammie Littletail,” said the kind muskrat. “The ball dropped in the dirt and I can’t find it. I wonder if you could?”

So Flop Ear hurried over to the rabbit house, where Nurse Jane lived; she was the only one at home that day. And, by rooting around in the dirt with his rubbery-ubbery nose, Flop Ear soon found the ball of yarn.

“Oh, how smart you are!” exclaimed Nurse Jane. “And, as a little present to you I am going to give you a pair of stockings that I knitted myself. You can hang them up for Santa Claus on Christmas.”

“Oh, thank you!” cried Flop Ear, as he took the stockings, which were very big. Far too big they were for him, but he was too polite to say so. And he thought, in case he couldn’t wear them, that it was all the better to have them big for Christmas, since Santa Claus could put so much more in them.

Then Flop Ear, with the stockings, and the cake of chocolate, having helped Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy, started for home. And on the way he passed a place where there were a lot of dried leaves, and he thought to himself:

“I’ll fill one of the stockings with dried leaves and take them home. They will make a good bed for Baby Pinky’s doll,” and so he did fill one of the big stockings with leaves.

Then he went on a little further, carrying the one empty stocking and the one filled with leaves, which was almost as large as Flop Ear himself.

All of a sudden, as the piggie boy was going along, he came to a hole in the ground, and while he was wondering who lived there, all at once out popped a big fox, with a tail as large as a dusting brush.

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“This is where I get you!” cried the fox, and he made a spring for the piggie boy. But Flop Ear was too quick for him, and away he sprang, with the big-tailed creature after him.

“Stop! Stop! Wait for me!” cried the fox.

“I can’t—I haven’t time,” answered Flop, and on he went, faster than before. But a fox is a good racer, and soon he was almost up to the piggie. Just then Flop Ear dashed behind a big log, and there he found a little mouse sitting.

“Why are you in such a hurry?” asked the mouse.

“Because the fox is after me,” replied Flop Ear, “and he is right behind me, ready to grab me.”

“Squeak!” cried the mouse. “The only way to get clear from a fox is to fool him. Now what have you there besides the cake of chocolate?” asked the mouse, for he could see that plainly enough.

“A stocking full of leaves,” answered Flop, “and one empty. Also part of a cookie.”

“Very well,” spoke the mouse. “Give me the cookie, and I will tell you how to fool the fox.”

Well, Flop Ear did not want to give away his cookie, but he thought it was better to do that than to be eaten himself, so he gave the sweet little cake to the mouse, who said:

“Now, when the fox comes up here, just toss out over the log the stocking filled with leaves. The fox will think it is you, and he will carry it off to his den before he finds out his mistake. By that time you can run off home.”

“But I will lose the Christmas stocking,” said the piggie boy.

“It is better to lose one stocking than your life,” said the mouse. “Besides, one of those stockings is big enough for any piggie boy for Christmas.”

Then Flop Ear did as he was told. Just as the fox came running along, over the log the piggie boy tossed the stocking filled with leaves. The fuzzy creature grabbed it, crying out:

“Ah, this is the time I have Floppy!” and he imagined the pig was in the stocking. Without stopping to look, off to his den ran the fox with the stocking filled with leaves, and when

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he found out his mistake—oh wow! Wasn't he disappointed though!

But Floppy got safely home with the other stocking and the cake of chocolate and nothing else happened that night, except that Mrs. Twistytail sent the kind mouse a souvenir postal inviting him to come to the Christmas dinner.

And on the next page, provided the pussycat draws a pail of pink lemonade from the white inkwell, and gives the rubber doll a drink, I'll tell you about the 'Twistytails' Christmas.