```
e-the-Pooh. When I first heard his name, I said, just as you are going to say, "But I thought he was a boy?" "So did I," said Christopher Robin. "Then you can't call him Winnie?" "I don't." "But you said–
do," I said quickly; and I hope you do too, because it is all the explanation you are going to get. Sometimes Winnie-the-Pooh likes a game of some sort when he comes downstairs, and sometimes he likes to sit quietly in front of the fire and listen to a story. This evening-
                   said Christopher Robin. "What about a story?" I said. "Could you very sweetly tell Winnie-the-Pooh one?" "I suppose I could," I said. "What sort of stories does he like?" "About himself. Because he's that sort of Bear." "Oh, I see." "So could you very sweetly?" "I'll i
                 tried. Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-thé-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders. ("What does 'under the name' mean?" asked Christopher Robin. "It means he had the name over the door in gold letters.
                        Winnie-the-Pooh wasn't quite sure," said Christopher Robin. "Now I am," said a growly voice. "Then I will go on," said I.) One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree,
nd, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing-noise. Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws and began to think. First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzi
g and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing-noise, and the only reason for being a because you're a bee." Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bethat I know of is making honey." And then he got up, and said: "And the only reason for making honey is so as I can eat it." So he began to climbed and he climbed and 
           likes honey? Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! I wonder why he does? Then he climbed a little further ... and a little further song. It's a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees, They'd build their nests at the bottom
  trees. And that being so (if the Bees were Bears), We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs. He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch ... Crack! "Oh, help!" said Pooh, as he
   He crawled out of the gorse-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again. And the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin in an awed voice, hardly daring to believe it. "That was you." Christopher Robin s
  nothing, but his eyes got larger and larger, and his face got pinker and pinker.) So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the forest. "Good morning, Christopher Robin," he said. "Good morning, Winnie-ther-
       said you. "I wonder if you've got such a thing as a balloon about you?" "A balloon?" "Yes, I just said to myself coming along: 'I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him?' I just said it to myself, thinking of balloons, and wondering.'
ant a balloon for?" you said. Winnie-the-Pooh looked round to see that nobody was listening, put his paw to his mouth, and said in a deep whisper: "Honey!" "But you don't get honey with balloons!" "I do," said Pooh. Well, it just happened that you had been to a party the day befo
 at the house of your friend Piglet, and you had balloons at the party. You had had a big green balloon; and one of Rabbit's relations had had a big blue one, and had left it behind, being really too young to go to a party at all; and so you had brought the green one and the blue one
                    'Which one would you like?" you asked Pooh. He put his head between his paws and thought very carefully. "It's like this," he said. "When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you're coming. Now, if you have a green balloon
they might think you were only part of the tree, and not notice you, and, if you have a blue balloon, they might think you were only part of the sky, and not notice you, and the question is: Which is most likely?" "Wouldn't they notice you underneath the balloon?" you asked. "They is
 ght or they might not," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "You never can tell with bees." He thought for a moment and said: "I shall try to look like a small black cloud. That will deceive 👚 them." "Then you ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   d better have the blue balloon," you said; and so it was decided
 Well, you both went out with the blue balloon, and you took your gun with you, just in case, as you always did, and Winnie-the-Pooh went to a very muddy place that he kn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          lled and rolled until he w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 as black all over; and then
when the balloon was blown up as big as big, and you and Pooh were both holding on to the string, you let go suddenly, and Pooh Bear floated gracefully up into the sky,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               and stayed theere
                                                                                     "Isn't that fine?" shouted Winnie-the-Pooh down to you. "What do I look like?" "You look like a Bear ho
ree and about twenty feet away from it. "Hooray!" you shouted ...
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   lding on t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   a balloon," you said. "No
                                                                                              blue sky?" "Not very much." "Ah, well, perhaps from up here it looks different. And, as I say, you
  said Pooh anxiously, "-not like a small black cloud in a
  wind to blow him nearer to the tree, so there he stayed
                                                                                                 He could see the honey, he could smell the honey, but he couldn't quite reach the honey. After a lit
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ile he called down
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ou. "Christopher Robin!" he said
                                                                                                   t something!" "What sort of thing?" "I don't know. But something tells me that they're suspicious!" "Perhap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ey think that you're after t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ' "It mav be that. You ne
  can tell with bees." There was another little sil
                                                                                                       ence, and then he called down to you again. "Christopher Robin!" "Yes?" "Have you an umbrella in you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            use?" "I think so."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         uld bring it out here, and walk up
nd down with it, and look up at me every now an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    g on these bees." Well,
                                                                                                            'Tut-tut, it looks like rain.' I think, if you did that, it would help the deception which we are practisin
  but you didn't say it aloud because you were
                                                                        so fond of him, an
                                                                                                            d you went home for your umbrella. "Oh, there you are!" called down Winnie-the-Pooh, as soon as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    you got
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    back to the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           "I was beginning to get anxious
                                                                    tely Suspicious." "Shall I
                                                                                                            put my umbrella up?" you said. "Yes, but wait a moment. We must be practical. The important bee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        eive is th
 have discovered that the bees are now defini
                                                                    Well, now, if you walk up a
                                                                                                              nd down with your umbrella, saying, 'Tut-tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a li
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         loud Son
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          such as a cloud might sing.... Go
                                                               dered if it w ould rain
                                                                                                                 ne-Pooh sang this song: How sweet to be a Cloud Floating in the Blue! Every little cloud Always
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ngs alo
                                                                                e cloud.
                                                                                                                    were still buzzing as suspiciously as ever. Some of them, indeed, left their nests and flew all ro
ng in the Blue!" It makes him very proud To
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          cloud as it began the second ver
                                                                                                                    a moment, and then got up again. "Christopher—ow!—Robin," called out the cloud. "Yes?"
se of this song, and one bee sat down on th
                                                                           no
                                                                                se of the
                                                                                                 cloud fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        have jus
                                                                                                  t of bee
                                                                                                                                        "Quite the wrong sort. So I should think they would make the wrong sort of honey
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       shouldn't y ou?" "W
ome to a very important decision. These ar
                                                                                  wrong soi
                                                             nnie-the-Pooh
                                                                                                   ught abo
                                                                                                                     ut this. If he let go of the string, he would fall—bump—and he didn't like the idea of that. So he thou
  you must shoot the balloon with your gu
                                                                                                   ur gun?'
                                                                                                                       'Of course I have," you said. "But if I do that, it will spoil the balloon," you said. "But if you don't," said Pooh,
                                                                         ave v
                                                                                  ou got yo
                                                                                                                      loon, and fired. "Ów!" said Pooh. "Did I miss?" you asked. "You didn't exactly miss," said Pooh, "but you missed the balloon." "I'm so sorry,"
                                                                                                    at the ba
                                                                          very
                                                                                   carefull
nd this time you hit the balloon, and the a
                                                                         slow
                                                                                  ly out, an
                                                                                                   d Winnie-
                                                                                                                       he-Pooh floated down to the ground. But his arms were so stiff from holding on to the string of the balloon all that time th
                                                              nd settled on
                                                                                                   he had to b
                                                            ooh and Me?'
                                                                                                   alet and Rab
                                                                                                                       bit and all of you. Don't you remember?" "I do remember, and then when I try to remember, I forget."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                glet tried to catch the Heffa
                                                            v?" "No." "Po
                                                                                 oh coul
                                                                                                dn't, because he
                                                                                                                        hasn't any brain. Did I catch it?" "Well, that comes into the story." Christopher Robin nodded. "I do remember," he sai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Iv Pooh doesn't verv well, so t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           walked off to the door, trailing
at's why he likes having it told to him
                                                            gain. Bec au
                                                                                                it's a real story an
ooh behind him. At the door he turne
                                                                                   omin
                                                                                              g to see me have my
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          the-Pooh-bump, bump, bump
going up the stairs behind him, CHAPTER II I
                                                                                                                               GETS INTO A TIGHT PLACE Edward Bear, known to his friends as Winnie-the-Pooh, or Pooh for short, was walking through the for
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  one day, humming proudl
                                                                                                                               earnt it off by heart, and now he was humming it right through, properly. It went like this: Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
h his toes. After breakfast he had said it over a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum. 1
                                                                                                                               mming this hum to himself, and walking along gaily, wondering what everybody else was doing, and what it felt like, being s
                                                                                                                                e-um-tum.) "If I know anything about anything, that hole means Rabbit," he said, "and Rabbit means Company," he said,
nly he came to a sandy bank, and in the bank was a large h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nd Company means Food and
                                                                                                                                 ead into the hole, and called out: "Is anybody at home?" There was a sudden scuffling noise from inside the hole, and then
Listening-to-Me-Humming and such like. Rum-tum-ti
ody at home?" called out Pooh very loudly, "No!" said a
                                                                                                                                  hout so loud. I heard you quite well the first time.
and thought for a little, and he thought to himself, "The
                                                                         re must be somebody there, becaus e s
 But isn't that Rabbit's voice?" "I don't think so," said
                                                                         Rabbit. "It isn't meant to be." '
                                                                                                                                       Pooh. He took his head out of the hole, and had anot he r thi nk, and then he put it back, and said: "Well, could you very kindl
ne to see his friend Pooh Bear, who is a great friend o
                                                                                                                                        much surprised. "What sort of Me?" "Pooh Bear."
                                                                                                         aid Bear, ver
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          you sure?" said Rabbit, still more surprised. "Quite, quite sure,
                                                                       y through the hole, and at
                                                                                                            last he got i
                                                                                                                                         ou were quite right," said Rabbit, looking at hi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ll over. "It is you. Glad to see you." "Who did you think it was?
    So Pooh pushed and pushed and pushed his wa
                                                                      ming into one's house. One
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           always liked a little something at eleven o'clock in the morning,
                                                                                                              has to be ca
                                                                                                                                             What about a mouthful of something?" Po o
                                                                    bbit said. "Honey or condense
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           id, "Both," and then, so as not to seem greedy, he added, "But do
                                                                                                                                  h you
                                                                                                                                                r bread?" he was so excited that he s
             And for a long time after that he said no
                                                                                                                 g to hims
                                                                     thing ... until at last,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ok Rabbit lovingly by the paw, and said that he must be going on.
                                                                                                                                                   a rather sticky voice, he got up, sho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    As a matter of fact," said Rabbit, "I was going out myself directly.
                                                                                                        e tried
itely. "Well," said Pooh, "I could stay a  little longe
                                                                    r if it—if vou—
                                                                                                                      very ha
ood-bye." "Well, good-bye, if y ou 'r e sure you
                                                                    won't have any more." "Is th
                                                                                                                                                      ked Pooh quickly. Rabbit took
                                                                                                           ere a
                                                                                                                       ny more
                                                                                                             ole. H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d with his back paws, and in a little while his nose was out in the open again.
                                                                    e started to climb out of the h
                                                                                                                         e pulle
Well, good-bye. I must be goin
                                                                                                                                           d wit
                                                                                                                                                       h his front paws, and pushe
                                                     nis shoul
                                                                                             – "Oh. help
                                                                                                                                                          "I'd better go back."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 bother!" said Pooh. "I shall have to go on." "I can't do either!" said Pooh. '
                                                                    ders ... and then-
                                                        walk to
me Rabbit wanted to go for a
                                                                    o, and finding the front door fu
                                                                                                                                                          t out by the back door
                                                                                                                                                                                                and came round to Pooh, and looked at him. "Hallo, are you stuck?" he asked. "N-no," said Pooh c
                                                      myself.
                                                                      Here, give us a paw." Pooh Bea
                                                                                                                                 r stre
                                                                                                                                                          tched out a paw, and
  said Pooh crossly. "of not
                                                                        g front doors big enough." "It all
                                                                                                                                                     said Rabbit sternly,
                                                                                                                                                                                           eating too much. I thought at the time," said Rabbit, "only I didn't like to say anything," said Rabbit, "that one of us was eating too mi
                                                                                                                                   comes
                                                                           t wasn't me," he said. "Well, well, I shall
                                                                                                                                    go and f
ch," said Rabbit, "and I knew
                                                                                                                                                    etch Christopher Robin
                                                                                                                                                                                             Christopher Robin lived at the other end of the Forest, and when he came back with Rabbit, and saw the front half of Pooh, he said
"Silly old Bear." in such a loving
                                                                                voice tha
                                                                                                   t everybody felt
                                                                                                                                                    ite hopeful again. "I wa
at." he said. "So should I." said F
scratched his whiskers thoughtfully, and poin ted out that, wh
                                                                                                                                                                                        e was back, and of course nobody was more glad to see Pooh than he was, still there it was, some lived in trees and some lived underg
                   'You mean I'd never get out?" said Pooh. "I mean," s a
                                                                                                                                                                                        to waste it." Christopher Robin nodded. "Then there's only one thing to be done," he said. "We shall have to wait for you to get thin ag
    "How long does getting thin take?" asked Pooh anxiously. "About a week, I should think." "But I can't stay here for a week!"
                                                                                                                                                                                        ay here all right, silly old Bear. It's getting you out which is so difficult." "We'll read to you," said Rabbit cheerfully. "And I hope it won'
snow," he added. "And I say, old fellow, you're taking up a good deal of room in my house—do you mind if I use your back legs as a to
                                                                                                                                                                                         wel-horse? Because, I mean, there they are—doing nothing—and it would be very convenient just to hang the towels on them." "A we
  ' said Pooh gloomily. "What about meals?" "I'm afraid no meals," said Christopher Robin, "because of getting thin quicker. But w
                                                                                                                                                                                          e will read to you." Bear began to sigh, and then found he couldn't because he was so tightly stuck; and a tear rolled down his eye, as
                                                                                                                                                                                            eek Christopher Robin read that sort of book at the North end of Pooh, and Rabbit hung his washing on the South end ... and in bet
            Then would you read a Sustaining Book, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness?
een Bear felt himself getting slenderer and slenderer. And at the end of the week Christopher Robin said, "Now
                                                                                                                                                                                               ld of Pooh's front paws and Rabbit took hold of Christopher Robin, and all Rabbit's friends and relations took hold of Rabbit, and
hey all pulled together.... And for a long time Pooh only said "Ow!" ... And "Oh!" ... And then, all of a sudden,
                                                                                                                                                                      Pop!" just as if a
                                                                                                                                                                n with his walk through
                                                                                                                                                               ery grand house in the m
                                                                                                                                                                                                    iddle of a beech-tree, and the beech-tree was in the middle of the forest, and the Piglet lived in the middle of the house. Next to
                                                                                                                                                   as short for Trespassers William. An
                                                                                                                                                                                                    d his grandfather had had two names in case he lost one—Trespassers after an uncle, and William after Trespassers. "I've go
                 said Christopher Robin carelessly. "Well, there you are, that proves it," said Piglet. One fine winte
                                                                                                                                                 r's day when Piglet was brushing awa
                                                                                                                                                                                                    y the snow in front of his house, he happened to look up, and there was Winnie-the-Pooh. Pooh was walking round and round
 n a circle, thinking of something else, and when Piglet called to him, he just went on walking. "Hallo!" said Pi
                                                                                                                                                         what are you doing?" "Hunting,
                                                                                                                                                                                                       said Pooh. "Hunting what?" "Tracking something," said Winnie-the-Pooh very mysteriously. "Tracking what?" said Piglet,
                   That's just what l ask myself. I ask myself, What?" "What do you think you'll answer?"
                                                                                                                                                        e to wait un til I catch up with it
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Winnie-the-Pooh. "Now, look there." He pointed to the ground in front of him. "What do you see there?"
                           He gave a little squeak of excitement. "Oh, Pooh! Do you think it's a-a-a Woozle?
                                                                                                                                             "It m
                                                                                                                                                                       ng over the tracks in a
                                                                                                                                                                        ing in company. Woul
                                                                                                                                                                    ean, in case it really is tw
                                                                                                                                                                                                       o Woozles," said Winnie-the-Pooh, and Piglet said that anyhow he had nothing to do until Friday. So off they went togethe
                                                                                                                                                                   from Shortness of Breath
 hey were after now, and, if so, whether he would be allowed to take one home and keep it, and what Christopher Robin woul
                                                                                                                                                                                                        ent on in front of them.... Suddenly Winnie-the-Pooh stopped, and pointed excitedly in front of him. "Look!" "What?" said
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               "Pooh!" cried Piglet. "Do you think it is another Woozle
                                                                                                                                                                  ng sort of way.
                                                                                                                                                                   zles and one, if so it is, Wo
 nem were of Hostile Intent. And Piglet wished very much that his Grandfather T. W. were there, instead of elsewhere, and Poo
                                                                                                                                                                   h thought how nice it wou
                                                                                                                                                                                                        ld be if they met Christopher Robin suddenly but quite accidentally, and only because he liked Christopher Robin so much
     then, all of a sudden, Winnie-the-Pooh stopped again, and licked the tip of his nose in a cooling manner, for he was feeling
                                                                                                                                                                     more hot and anxious th
   Noozles, and one, as it was, Wizzle. Another Woozle has joined them!" And so it seemed to be. There were the tracks; crossi
                                                                                                                                                                     ng over each other here
                                                                                                                                                                                                        getting muddled up with each other there; but, quite plainly every now and then, the tracks of four sets of paws. "I think
aid Piglet, when he had licked the tip of his nose too, and found that it brought very little comfort, "I think that I have just remem
                                                                                                                                                                     bered something. I hav
                                                                                                                                                                                                       e just remembered something that I forgot to do yesterday and shan't be able to do to-morrow. So I suppose I really ought to
                                                                                                                                                                                                      aid Piglet quickly. "It's a very particular morning thing, that has to be done in the morning, and, if possible, between the hour of twelve and twelve five. So, really, dear old Pooh, if you'll excuse me——What's that?" Pooh looked up at the sky, and the
go back and do it now." "We'll do it this afternoon, and I'll come with you," said Pooh. "It isn't the sort of thing you can d
                                                                                                                                                                      o i n the afternoon," s
       —What would you say the time was?" "About twelve," said Winnie-the-Pooh, looking at the sun. "Betweer
                                                                                                                                                                           saving, the hours
n, as he heard the whistle again, he looked up into the branches of a big oak-tree, and then he saw a friend of his. "It's Ch
                                                                                                                                                                          opher Robin," he s
                                                                                                                                                                                                        aid. "Ah, then you'll be all right," said Piglet. "You'll be quite safe with him. Good-bye," and he trotted off home as quickly a
is he could, very glad to be Out of All Danger again. Christopher Robin came slowly down his tree. "Silly old Bear," he sai
then you were just going round a fourth time——" "Wait a moment," said Winnie-the-Pooh, holding up his paw. He sat d
ce, and stood up. "Yes," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "I see now," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "I have been Foolish and Deluded," s
y. And then he brightened up suddenly. "Anyhow," he said, "it is nearly Luncheon Time." So he went home for it. CHAP
                                                                                                                                                                                                         ? First you went round the spinney twice by yourself, and then Piglet ran after you and you went round again together, and
                                                                                                                                                                         hat were you doing
                                                                                                                                                                                                        the most thoughtful way he could think. Then he fitted his paw into one of the Tracks ... and then he scratched his nose twi
                                                                                                                                                            ow na
                                                                                                                                                                         nd thought, in
                                                                                                                                                                          nd I am a
                                                                                                                                                                                                        r of No Brain at All." "You're the Best Bear in All the World," said Christopher Robin soothingly. "Am I?" said Pooh hopefull
                                                                                                                                                                                                         EEYORE LOSES A TAIL AND POOH FINDS ONE The Old Grey Donkey, Eeyore, stood by himself in a thistly corner of the fo
                                                                                                                                                                RIVI
                                                                                                                                                                           N WHIC
rest, his front feet well apart, his head on one side, and thought about things. Sometimes he thought sadly to himself,
                                                                                                                                                                                                         ometimes he thought, "Wherefore?" and sometimes he thought, "Inasmuch as which?"—and sometimes he didn't quite kn
                                                                                                                                                                            ?" and
                                                                                                                                                                                           S
ow what he was thinking about. So when Winnie-the-Pooh came stumping along, Eeyore was very glad to be able to sto
                                                                                                                                                                             ing for
                                                                                                                                                                                                        little, in order to say "How do you do?" in a gloomy manner to him. "And how are you?" said Winnie-the-Pooh. Eeyore shoo
k his head from side to side. "Not very how," he said. "I don't seem to have felt at all how for a long time." "Dear, de
                                                                                                                                                                                                      sorry about that. Let's have a look at you." So Eeyore stood there, gazing sadly at the ground, and Winnie-the-Pooh walked al
                                                                                                                                                           ar," said Poo
                                                                                                                                                                              h, "I'm
l round him once. "Why, what's happened to your tail?" he said in surprise. "What has happened to it?" said Eey
                                                                                                                                                          re. "It isn't th
                                                                                                                                                                               ere!"
                                                                                                                                                                                                       'Aré you sure?" "Well, either a tail is there or it isn't there. You can't make a mistake about it. And yours isn't there!" "Then w
                                                                                                                                                                                                     go, and then, finding that he couldn't catch it up, he turned round the other way, until he came back to where he was at first, a
hat is?" "Nothing." "Let's have a look," said Éeyore, and he turned slowly round to the place where his tail had b
                                                                                                                                                            een a little w
                                                                                                                                                                                 hile a
nd then he put his head down and looked between his front legs, and at last he said, with a long, sad sigh, "I bel
der." "You must have left it somewhere," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "Somebody must have taken it," said Eeyore.
o he decided to do something helpful instead. "Eeyore," he said solemnly, "I, Winnie-the-Pooh, will find you
he-Pooh went off to find Eeyo re's tail. It was a fine spring morning in the forest as he started out. Little so
                                                                                                                                                                                                          "Of course I'm right," said Pooh. "That Accounts for a Good Deal," said Eeyore gloomily. "It Explains Everything. No Won
                                                                                                                                                                                   're ri
                                                                                                                                                              ieve you
                                                                                                                                                                                                      hem," he added, after a long silence. Pooh felt that he ought to say something helpful about it, but didn't quite know what. S r you." "Thank you, Pooh," answered Eeyore. "Y ou're a real friend," said he. "Not like Some," he said. So Winnie-t
                                                                                                                                                                                    ike T
                                                                                                                                                          t clouds played hap
                                                                                                                                                                                                      n a blue sky, skipping from time to ti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            me in front of the sun as if they had come to put it out, a
                                                                                                                                                                                        pily i
                                                                                                                                                                                                       which had worn its firs all th
                                           ly so that the next might have his turn. Through them and between them the sun
nd then sliding away sudden
                                                                                                                                                       shone bravely; and a co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e year roun
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  d seemed old and dowdy now beside the new green
lace which the beeches had p
                                             ut on so prettily. Through copse and spinney marched Bear; down open slopes of gorse and heather, over ro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     up steep banks of sandstone in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      to the heather again; and so at last, tired and hu
                                                                                                                                                                                                       cky beds of streams,
ngry, to the Hundred Acre Woo
h," he said. "Which it is," he a
                                                  d. For it was in the Hundred Acre Wood that Owl lived. "And if anyone knows anything about anything," said B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Owl who knows something about somethin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         g," he said, "or my name's not Winnie-the-Poo
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ear to himself, "it's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ocker and a bell-pull. Underneath the knocker
                                                      dded. "So there you are." Owl lived at The Chestnuts, an old-world residence of great charm, which was grander than anybody els
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     s, or seemed so to Bear, because it had both a kn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              S NOT REQID. These notices had been written by Christop
r there was a notice which s
                                                        aid: PLES RING IF AN RNSER IS REQIRD. Underneath the bell-pull there was a notice which said: PLEZ CNOKE IF AN RNSE I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              her Robin, who was the only one in the fore
                                                           wise though he was in many ways, able to read and write and spell his own name WOL, yet somehow went all to pieces o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ver delicate words like MEASLES and BUTTEREDTOAST. Win
st who could spell; for Owl,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 nie-the-Pooh read the two notices very
                                                           nd afterwards, in case he had missed some of it, from right to left. Then, to make quite sure, he knocked and pulled the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ut in a very loud voice, "Owl! I require an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        knocker, and he pulled and knocked the bell-rope, and he called o
carefully, first from left to ri
answer! It's Bear speaking.
                                          ght, a
                                            " Ánd
                                                            the door opened, and Owl looked out. "Hallo, Pooh," he said. "How's things?" "Terrible and Sad," said Pooh, "b ecau
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 about it. So could you very kindly tell m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      se Eeyore, who is a friend of mine, has lost his tail. And he's Moping
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       "It means the Thing to Do." "As Ion
                                                            id Owl, "the customary procedure in such cases is as follows." "What does Crustimoney Proseedcake mean?" s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    aid Pooh. "For I am a Bear of Very Little Brain, and long words Bother m
e how to find it for him?"
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ng up his paw. "What do we do to this—what you were saying? You sneez ing been sneezed." "What I said was, 'First Issue a Reward'." "You're doing
                                                           h humbly. "The thing to do is as follows. First, Issue a Reward. Then—" "Just a moment," said Pooh, holdi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ed just as you were going to tell me.'
g as it means that, I don't mind," said Poo
'I didn't sneeze." "Yes, you did, Owl." "E
                                                          xcuse me, Pooh, I didn't. You can't sneeze without knowing it." "Well, you can't know it without something ha tic e to say that we will give a large something to anybody who finds Eeyore's tail." "I see, I see," said
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     it again," said Pooh sadly. "A Rewar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                ving been sneezed." "What I said was, 'First Issue a Reward'."
d!" said Owl very loudly. "We write a no
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Pooh, nodding his head. "Talking about large somethings," he went on dream
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ily, "I generally have a small someth
ng about now—ábout this time in the
                                                                          morning," and he looked wistfully at the cupboard in the corner of Owl's parlour; "just a mout
                                                                                                                                                                                                              hful of condensed milk or whatnot, with perhaps a lick of honey-
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ' said Owl, "we write out this notic
                                                                          st." "A lick of honey," murmured Bear to himself, "or-or not, as the case may be." And he ga
e, and we put it up all over the fore
                                                                                                                                                                                                             ve a deep sigh, and tried very hard to listen to what Owl was saying. But Owl we
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      nt on and on, using longer and long
er words, until at last he came
                                                                           back to where he started, and he explained that the person to write out this notice was Chris
                                                                                                                                                                                                            topher Robin. "It was he who wrote the ones on my front door for me. Did you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ee them, Pooh?" For some time no
                                                                          and "No" in turn, with his eyes shut, to all that Owl was saying, and having said, "Yes, yes,"
                                                                                                                                                                                                           ast time, he said "No, not at all," now, without really knowi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ng what Owl was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       talking about. "Didn't you see them
w Pooh had been saying "Yes'
                                                                  ome and look at them now." So they went outside. And Pooh looked at the knocker and the notice
?" said Owl, a little surprised.
                                                                                                                                                                                                          below it, and he looked at the be II-rope and the notice
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      below it, and the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       more he looked at the bell-rope, the
more he felt that he had seen
                                                                  mething like it, somewhere else, sometime before. "Handsome bell-rope, isn't it?" said Owl. Pooh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        here did you get it?" "I just came a
                                                                                                                                                                                                          nodded. "It remi inds me of somet hing," he said, "but I c an't think what. W
                                                          SO
                                                                   er a bush, and I thought at first somebody lived there, so I rang it, and nothing happened, and th
, "you m ade a mistake. Somebody did want it." "Who?" "Eeyore. My dear friend Eeyore.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        , and it came off in m
"Fond of it?" "Attac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                in very loudly as fond of it."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ody seemed to want it, I took it ho
cross it in the Forest. It was hanging
                                                                                                                                                                                                          en I rang it a ga
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       hand, and as nob
                                                         ΟV
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        nie-the-Pooh sadly. So with these
me, and——" "Owl," said Pooh sole
                                                        mnly
                                                                                                                                                                                                          He was—he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     hed to it," said Win
                                                                                        k to Eeyore; and when Christopher Robin had nailed it on in its right place agai
                                                                                                                                                                                                          n, Eeyore f ri
words he unhooked it, and carried
                                                        it bac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                sked about th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e forest, waving his ta
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      il so happily that W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          innie-the-Pooh came over all funn
                                                                                         k of something to sustain him. And, wiping his mouth half an hour afterwards, h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         I," said Pooh,
y, and had to hurry home for a littl
                                                        e snac
                                                                                                                                                                                                          e sang to h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 imself proud
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ly: Who found the Tail
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          At a quarter to two (Only it was q
                                                                                      CHAPTER V IN WHICH PIGLET MEETS A HEFFALUMP One day, when Christoph y: "I saw a Heffalump to-day, Piglet." "What was it doing?" asked Piglet. "Just lu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    -Pooh and Piglet were a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Il talking togethe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Christopher Robin finished the
uarter to eleven really), I found th
                                                         e Tail!"
                                                                                                                                                                                                          er Rob in an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               d Winnie-the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               g," said Chri
id Christop
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       think it saw me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  stopher Robin. "I don
mouthful he was eating and said
                                                           careless
                                                                                                                                                                                                          mping alon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               I saw one once," said Piglet.
"At least, I think I did," he said.
                                                           Only perhaps it wasn't."
                                                                                           "So did I," said Pooh, wondering what a Heffalump was like. "You don't often s
                                                                                                                                                                                                         ee the m," sa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   her Robin care less!
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       y. "Not now,"
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             said
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Piglet. "Not at this time of
year," said Pooh. Then they all t
                                                              alked about something else, until it was time for Pooh and Piglet to go home together. At first as they
                                                                                                                                                                                                       stumpe dalon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              g the path
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             which e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         dged the Hu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d Acre Wood, they didn't
                                                                                                                  nd had helped each other across the stepping stones, and w
                                                                                                                                                                                                    ere ab le
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            by side
say much to each other; but w
                                                                 hen they came to the stream a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  to wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              lk side
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           again ove
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     heather, they began to ta
lk in a friendly way about this
                                                                     and that, and Piglet sa
                                                                                                                        id, "If you see what I mean, Pooh," and Pooh said, "It's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         yself, P i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            glet," and Pigl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          et said, "B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     the other hand, Pooh, w
                                                                                                                                                                                                  just w h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 at I thi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nk m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ut, on
                                                                                                                          ite true, Piglet, although I had forgotten it for the m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            hey came to th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e Tr
"I h
e must remember," and Poo
                                                                                    said, "Qu
                                                                                                                                                                                                oment
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ." And
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      en, just as t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e Six Pin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ees, Pooh looked round
to see that nobody else was listeni
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          "What hav
                                                                                    g, and
                                                                                                                           said in a very solemn voice: "Piglet, I have dec
                                                                                                                                                                                             ided s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                omethi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e you decided,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Pooh?"
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ve decided to catch a F
                                                                                                                             s as he said this, and waited for Piglet to sa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Pooh, y ou
effalump." Pooh nodded his head s
                                                                                                                                                                                           "How
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           couldn't!" or
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            somethi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ng h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  elpful of that sort, but Pigl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ' or
et said nothing. The fact was Piglet
                                                                                                                             he had thought about it first. "I shall do it,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         . after w
                                                                                 s wishing
                                                                                                                                                                                                                d Pooh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          aiting a little l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ger, "by
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          mea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ns of a trap. And it must be
                                                                                                                              ooh," said Piglet, feeling quite happy aga
Cunning Trap, so you will have to h
                                                                                    me, Pigl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        I will." An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          d then he s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        "How s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      hall we
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  do it?" and Pooh said, "Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                               n now,
                                                                                                                               it out. Pooh's first idea was that they sho
at's just it. How?" And then they sat
                                                                                                        r to think
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           y Deep Pit, and the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           effal
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ong and fall into the Pit, and-
                                                                                     n togethe
                                                                                                                                                                                                        dig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            n the H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ould come al
                                                                                                                                                                                                               a Ver
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ump w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               g, humming a litt I e song, and looking up at the s d Trap, but supposing it were raining already? Pooh
   "Why?" said Piglet. "Why what?"
                                                               aid P
                                                                                     ooh. "Why would he fall
                                                                                                                               in?" Pooh rubbed his nose with his paw, and sa
                                                                                                                                                                                                    id that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Heffalump might
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             be wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         lkin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    g alon
ky, wondering if it would rain, and so
                                                                                 't see the Very Deep Pit
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            s a ve
                                                                  e wouldn
                                                                                                                             until he was half-way down, when it would be to
                                                                                                                                                                                             o late. Piglet
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      id that this wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  sa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  r y goo
                                                                     hadn't thought of that. And
                                                                                                                            n he brightened up, and said that, if it were rain
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     falu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        mp would be looking at the sky wondering if it
ubbed his nose again, and said that
                                                       he
                                                                                                                                                                                                   ng alr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          dy, the Hef
                                                                          the Very Deep Pit u
                                                                                                                                       was half-way down.... When it would be t
would clear up, and so he wouldn't
                                                                                                                                                                                                oo I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Pigl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         et said that, now that this point had been expl
                                                        see
                                                                                   Pooh w
                                                                                                                                            s very proud when he heard this, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             od as caught already, but there was just one other thing
ained, he thought it was a Cunning
                                                          Trap.
                                                                                                                                                                                                         he felt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          that the Heff
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        alump was a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               s go
which had to be thought abo ut,
                                                        and it wa
                                                                                                                                              s this. Where should they dig the Very Deep Pit? Piglet
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          said that the best place would be som
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ewhere where a Heffalump was, just before he fell into it, on
y about a foot farther on. "B ut then he would see us digging it," said Pooh. "Not if he was looking at the sky." "He would Suspect," said Pooh, "if he happened to look down." He thought for a long time and then a deed sadly, "It isn't as easy a s I thought. I suppose th at's why He ffalumps hardly ever get caught." "That must be it," said Piglet. They sighed and got up; and when they had taken a few gorse prickles out of themselves they sat down again; and all the time Pooh was saying to himself, "If only I could think of something !" For he felt sure that a Very Clever Brain could catch a Heffalump if only he knew the right way to go about it. "Suppose," he said to Piglet, "you wanted to catch me, ho would you do it?" "Well," said Piglet, "I should do it like this. I should make a Trap, and I should put a Jar of Honey in the Trap, and you would smell it, and you would go in after it, "said Pooh excitedly, "only very carefully so as not to hurt mys
elf, and I would get to the Jar of Honey, and I should lick round the edges first of all, pretending that there wasn't any more, you know, and then I should walk away and think about it a little, and then I should come back and start licking in the middle of the jar, and then
Il never mind about that. There you would be, and there I should catch you. Now the first thing to think of is, What do Heffalumps like? I should think acorns, shouldn't you? We'll get a lot of——I say, wake up, Pooh!" Pooh, who had gone into a happy dream, woke up with a start, an distribution of the jar, and there is should think acorns, shouldn't you? We'll get a lot of——I say, wake up, Pooh!" Pooh, who had gone into a happy dream, woke up with a start, an distribution of is, What do Heffalumps like? I should think acorns, shouldn't you? We'll get a lot of——I say, wake up, Pooh!" Pooh, who had gone into a happy dream, woke up with a start, an distribution of its jar, and the remembered that, if they put acorns in the Trap, he would have to find the acorns, but if they put honey, then Pooh would have to give up so me of his own honey, so he said, "All right, honey then," just as Pooh remembered it too, and was going to say, "All right, haycorns." "Honey," said Piglet to himself in a thoughtful way, as if it were now settled. "I'll dig the pit, while you go and get the honey." "Very well," said Pooh, and he stumped off. As soon as he got home, he went to the larder; and he stood on a chair, and took down a very large jar of honey from the top shelf. It had HUNNY written on it, but, just to make sure, he took off the paper cover and looked at it, and it looked just like honey. "But
you never can tell," said Pooh. "I remember my uncle saying once that he had seen cheese just this colour." So he put his tongue in, and took a large lick. "Yes," he said, "it is. No doubt about that. And honey, I should say, right down to the bottom of the jar. Unless, of course," he said, "somebody put cheese in at the bottom just for a joke. Perhaps I had better go a little further ... just in case ... in case Heffalumps don't like cheese ... same as me.... Ah!" And he gave a deep sigh. "I was right. It is honey, right the way down." Having made certain of this, he took the jar back to Piglet, and Piglet looked up from the bottom of his Very Deep Pit, and said, "Yes, but it isn't quite a full jar," and he threw it down to Piglet, and Piglet said, "No, it isn't! Is that all you've got left?" and Pooh said, "Yes." Because it was. So Piglet
put the jar at the bottom of the Pit, and climbed out, and they went off home together. "Well, good night, Pooh," said Piglet, when they had got to Pooh's house. "And we meet at six o'clock to-morrow morning by the Pine Trees, and see how many Heffalumps we've got in our Trap." "Six o'clock, Piglet. And have you got any string?" "No. Why do you want string?" "To lead them home with." "Oh! ... I think Heffalumps come if you whistle." "Some do and some don't. You never can tell with Heffalumps. Well, good night!" "Good night!" And off Piglet trotted to his
Solic Colock, Piglet. And have you got any string? No. Why do you want string? To lead them home with. Onthis is the hight was beginning to steal away, Pooh woke up suddenly with a solic do and solice do and soli
no longer. He jumped out of bed, he ran out of the house, and he ran straight to the Six Pine Trees. The Sun was still in bed, but there was a lightness in the sky over the Hundred Acre Wood which seemed to show that it was waking up and would soon be kicking off the clothes. In
the half-light the Pine Trees looked cold and lonely, and the Very Deep Pit seemed deeper than it was, and Pooh's jar of honey at the bottom was something mysterious, a shape and no more. But as he got nearer to it his nose told him that it was indeed honey, and his tongue came out and began to polish up his mouth, ready for it. "Bother!" said Pooh, as he got his nose inside the jar. "A Heffalump has been eating it!" And then he thought a little and said, "Oh, no, I did. I forgot." Indeed, he had eaten most of it. But there was a little left at the very bottom of the
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