

Tigger Comes to the Forest



Winnie the Pooh woke up suddenly in the middle of the night and listened. Then he got out of bed, and lit his candle, and stumped across the room to see if anybody was trying to get into his honey-cupboard, and they weren't, so he stumped back again, blew out his candle, and got into bed. Then he heard the noise again. 'Is that you, **Piglet**?' he said. But it wasn't. 'Come in, **Christopher Robin**!' he said. But Christopher Robin didn't. 'Tell me about it to-morrow, Eeyore,' said Pooh sleepily. But the noise went on. 'Worraworraworraworraworra,' said Whatever-it-was, and Pooh found that he wasn't asleep after all.

'What can it be?' he thought. 'there are lot of noises in the **Forest**, but this is a different one. It isn't a growl, and it isn't a purr, and it isn't a bark, and it isn't the noise- you- make- before- beginning- a- piece- of- poetry, but it's a noise of some kind, made by a strange animal! And he's making it outside my door. So I shall get up and ask him not to do it.'

He got out of bed and opened his front door. 'hello!' said Pooh, in case there was anything outside. 'hello!' said Whatever-it-was. 'Oh', said Pooh, 'hello!' 'hello!' 'Oh, there you are!' said Pooh, 'hello!' 'hello!' said the strange animal, wondering how long this was going on. Pooh was just going to say 'hello!' for the fourth time when he thought that he wouldn't, so he said, 'Who is it?' instead. 'Me,' said a voice. 'Oh!' said Pooh. 'Well, come here.' So Whatever-it-was came here, and in the light of the candle he and Pooh looked at each other. 'I'm Pooh,' said Pooh. 'I'm Tigger,' said **Tigger**...

...Pooh and Piglet walked slowly after him. And as they walked Piglet said nothing, because he couldn't think of anything, and Pooh said nothing, because he was thinking of a poem. And when he had thought of it he began:

*What shall we do about poor little Tigger?
If he never eats nothing, he'll never get bigger.
He doesn't like honey and hay corns and thistles
Because of the taste and because of the bristles.
And all the good things which an animal likes
Have the wrong sort of swallow or too many spikes.*

'He's quite big enough anyhow,' said Piglet. 'He isn't really very big.' 'Well, he seems so,' Pooh was thoughtful when he heard this, and the murmured to himself:

*But whatever his weight in pounds,
shillings, and ounces,
He always seems bigger because
of his bounces.*

'And that's the whole poem,' he said. 'Do you like it, Piglet?' 'All except the shillings,' said Piglet. 'I don't think they ought to be there.' 'They wanted to come in after the pounds,' explained Pooh, 'so I let them. It is the best way to write poetry, letting things come.' 'Oh, I didn't know,' said Piglet.



Tigger had been bouncing in front of them all this time, turning round every now and then and ask, 'Is this the right way?'-and now at last they came in sight of Kanga's house, and there was Christopher Robin. Tigger rushed up to him. 'Oh, there you are, Tigger!' said Christopher Robin. 'I knew you'd be somewhere.' 'I've been finding things in the Forest,' said Tigger importantly. 'I've found a Pooh and a Piglet and an Eeyore, but I can't find any breakfast!'

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