

A. A. MILNE

# Winnie-the-Pooh



# **Stories from Winnie the Pooh**

**A. A. Milne**

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## Pooh Goes Visiting

Pooh always liked a little something at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he was very glad to see Rabbit getting out the plates and mugs; and when rabbit Rabbit said, 'Honey or condensed milk with your bread?' he was so exited that he said, 'Both' and then, so as not to seem greedy, he added, 'But don't bother about the bread, please.'

And for a long time after that he said nothing... until at last, humming to himself in a rather sticky voice, he got up, shook Rabbit lovingly by the paw, and said that he must be going on. 'Must you?' said Rabbit politely. 'Well,' said Pooh, 'I could stay a little longer if it-if you-' and he tried very hard to look in the direction of the larder. 'As a matter of fact,said Rabbit, 'I was going out myself directly.' 'Oh well, then, I'll be going on. Good bye.' 'Well good bye, if you're sure you won't have any more.' 'Is there any more?' asked Pooh quickly. Rabbit took the covers of the dishes, and said 'No, there wasn't.' 'I thought not,' said Pooh, nodding to himself. 'Well Good-bye, I must be going on.'

So he started to climb out of the hole. He pulled with his front paws, and pushed with his back paws, and in a little while his nose was in the open again ... and then his ears ... and then his front paws ... and then his shoulders ... and then-'Oh, help!' said Pooh, 'I'd better go back,' 'Oh bother!' said Pooh, 'I shall have to go on.' 'I can't do either!' said Pooh, 'Oh help and bother!' ...

... Christopher Robin nodded. 'Then there's only one thing to be done,' he said. 'We shall have to wait for you to get thin again.' 'How long does getting thin take?' asked Pooh anxiously. 'About a week I should think.' 'But I can't stay here for a week!' 'You can stay 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't 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 towel-horse? Because, I mean, there they are - doing nothing - and it would be very convenient just to hang the towels on them. 'A Week!' said Pooh gloomily. 'What about meals?' 'I'm afraid no meals,' said Christopher Robin,

'because of getting thin quicker. But we 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 he said: 'Then would you read a Sustaining Book, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness?' So for a week Christopher Robin read that sort of book at the North end of Pooh, and Rabbit hung his washing on the South end... and in between Bear felt himself getting slenderer and slenderer. And at the end of the week Christopher Robin said,

'Now!

So he took hold of Pooh's front paws and Rabbit took hold of Christopher Robin, and all Rabbit's friends and relations took hold of Rabbit, and they all pulled together ... And for a long time Pooh only said 'Ow!' ... And 'Oh!' ... And then, all of a sudden he said 'Pop!' just if a cork were coming out of a bottle. And Christopher Robin and Rabbit and all relations went head-over-heels backwards ... and on top of them came Winnie-the-Pooh free! So with a nod of thanks to his friends, he went on with his walk through the forest, humming proudly to himself. But Christopher Robin looked after him lovingly, and said to himself 'Silly Old Bear!'

# 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 tomorrow, 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 haycorns 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!'

## Tiggers Don't Climb Trees

Of course they can. Tiggers can do everything.' 'Can they climb trees better than Pooh?' asked Roo, stopping under the tallest Pine Tree, and looking up at it. 'Climbing trees is what they do the best,' said Tigger. 'Much better than Poohs.' 'Could they climb this one?' 'They're always climb trees like that,' said Tigger. 'Up and down all day.' 'Oo Tigger, are they really?' 'I'll show you,' said Tigger bravely, 'and you can sit on my back and watch me.' For all the things which he had said Tiggers could do, the only one he felt really certain about suddenly was climbing trees.

'Oo, Tigger-oo, Tigger-oo. Tigger!' squeaked Roo excitedly. So he sat on Tigger's back and up they went. And for the first ten feet Tigger said happily to himself, 'Up we go!' And for the next ten feet he said: 'I always said Tiggers could climb trees.' And for the next ten feet he said: 'Not that it's easy, mind you.' And for the next ten feet he said: 'Of course, there's the coming down too. Backwards.' And then he said: 'Which will be difficult... ' 'Unless one fell... ' 'When it would be... ' 'EASY.'

And at the word 'easy', the branch he was standing on broke suddenly and he just managed to clutch at the one above him as he felt himself going... and then slowly he got his chin over it... and then one back paw... and then the other... until at last he was sitting on it, breathing very quickly, and wishing that he gone for swimming instead. Roo climbed off, and sat down next to him. 'Oo, Tigger,' he said excitedly, 'are we at the top?' 'No,' said tigger. 'Are we going to the top?' 'NO,' said Tigger...

... 'There's something in one of the Pine Trees.' 'So there is!' said Pooh, looking up wonderingly. 'There's an animal.' Piglet took Pooh's arm, in case Pooh was frightened. 'Is it one of the Fiercer Animals?' he said, looking the other way. Pooh nodded. 'It's a Jaguar,' he said.

'what do Jagulars do?' asked Piglet, hoping that they wouldn't. 'They hide in the branches of trees, and drop on you as you go underneath,' said Pooh. 'Christopher Robin told me.' 'Perhaps we better hadn't go underneath, Pooh. In case he dropped and hurt himself.' 'They don't hurt themselves, ' said Pooh. 'They're such very good droppers.'

Piglet still felt that to be underneath a Very Good Dropper would be a mistake, and he was just going to hurry back for something which he had forgotten when the Jagular called out to them. 'Help! Help!' it called. 'That's what Jagulars always do,' said Pooh, much interested. 'They call "Help! Help!" and then when you look up, they drop on you,' 'I'm looking down,' cried Piglet loudly, so as the Jagular shouldn't do the wrong thing by accident. Something very excited next to the Jagular heard him, and squeaked: Pooh and Piglet! Pooh and Piglet!' All of sudden Piglet felt that it was a much nicer day then he had thought it was. All warm and sunny-'Pooh!' he cried. 'I believe it's Tigger and Roo!'



# Short Stories from Pooh Fans

## **A Poem, by Peggy Reardon**

When I'm feeling down  
and don't know what to do.  
I take a look around  
and grab my buddy Pooh.  
I hold him in my arms,  
snuggle him nice and tight.  
He keeps me from harm,  
and takes away my fright.  
Pooh is my best friend.  
He's with me in times of doubt.  
He'll be with me until the end,  
and that's one thing I never worry about.

## **A Poem, by Elizabeth Ygartua**

First you take one plush yellow bear  
Slip him in a snug red shirt  
Fill his head with unexpected wisdom  
Give him a heart that is loyal and true  
And an insatiable appetite for honey  
Now hug him tight around the waist  
Or drag him by the arm  
Take him everywhere you go  
And share with him all that you know  
Even if he doesn't understand  
He'll still teach you  
That what really matters  
Cannot be learned in books  
On the train, in the library, or in school  
What really matters can be learned from

Friends, adventures, and imagination  
So take the time to do “Nothing”  
And your reward will be  
Greater than any that this world can give  
Your reward is the love of a friend  
Winnie-the-Pooh

### **Pooh’s Cruise, a short story by Jessica Kerkhof**

“Anchors away!” yelled Tigger as Poohs cruise sailed closer to an island.

“We’ve found land!” shouted Piglet from the crow’s nest.

“Come on, let’s go.” called Pooh.

Once they were all safely on land Rabbit said “I guess we should set up our tent.”

“Yes.” agreed Kanga.

“Mama, I’m going bouncing with Tigger.” Roo said.

“All right,” said Kanga, “Just don’t get lost.”

“All right.” Roo called, “Come on Tigger, let’s go.”

“Wheeee!” yelled Tigger.

“Well, Roo buddy, where do you want to go bouncing to? Huh?”, said Tigger.

“I was thinking of going around this island.” said Roo.

“Oh,” said Tigger, “Then what are you waiting for? Let’s go!”

“Yeah,” said Roo, “Let’s go!”

While Tigger and Roo were bouncing, Rabbit and Kanga were setting up the tent, and Pooh and Piglet were making dinner over the campfire.

“Mmmm, I love hunny cakes. Don’t you?” asked Pig let.

“Yes. I do believe so.” said Pooh.

“Well, where do you think we are?” asked Roo, who was really behind a rock that hid the campsite.

“I don’t know.” said Tigger, “Let’s retrace our footsteps.”

“Ok!” said Roo.

In the morning they woke to the smell of nuts, hunny, and bananas

roasting over the fire.

"Morning all!" said Tigger, "How's it going?"

"Pretty good, if I do say so myself." said Pooh.

"Oh good!" said Tigger, "I have presents for everyone!"

"Yeah!" said Roo, "We found shells on the beach!"

"Thanks! Yeah, thanks!" said everyone.

"Look! Rabbit's roasting marshmallows!" said Kanga.

In a couple of days Pooh and Piglet decided it was time to go. They left the island and pretty soon they were back at the Hundred Acre Woods. Christopher Robin held a big party for them. The party was very fun, but when it was over everyone was glad to go to bed, nice comfy cozy bed.

### **Rabbit's Bad Habit, a short story by Jessica Kerkhof**

"What a wonderful day." said Rabbit while he was walking to his garden, "I can't wait to pick all my beautiful vegetables."

Later that night while Rabbit was eating some carrot stew he thought "Maybe tomorrow I'll invite Pooh and Piglet over for a sleepover."

Once he was done his stew he got his pyjamas on and went to bed, without brushing his teeth.

The next day Rabbit invited Pooh and Piglet over for a sleepover.

"Okay," said Pooh, "sounds good to me."

Then Rabbit called Piglet.

"Why of course I'll come Rabbit." said Piglet, "Who else is coming?"

"Pooh Bear's coming too." said Rabbit.

Once Pooh and Piglet arrived Rabbit said "Who wants to play tag?"

"Okay." said Piglet.

"Yeah!" said Pooh.

After they were done playing it was time for supper. Rabbit prepared dinner, Pooh made a salad, and Piglet baked a cake. After they were done supper they put on their pyjamas, got out their teddy bears and Pooh and Piglet headed for the bathroom.

"Where are you going?" Rabbit asked.

"To the bathroom." said Piglet.

"Why?" Rabbit said. "You went to the bathroom five minutes ago."  
"We're going to brush our teeth." said Pooh.  
"Why?" asked Rabbit.  
"So we don't get cavities." said Piglet.  
"What are cavities?" asked Rabbit.  
"It's and infection you get in your teeth when you don't brush them."  
said Pooh.  
"So, does that mean I should brush my teeth?" asked Rabbit.  
"YES!" shouted Pooh and Piglet at the same time.  
"Well what do I use to brush my teeth?" asked Rabbit, "A hairbrush?"  
"No silly. A hairbrush is for your hair. You use a toothbrush for your teeth." said Piglet.  
"Where do you get a toothbrush?" asked Rabbit.  
"At the store." said Pooh, "But they are closed right now."  
"I have an extra." said Piglet, "Rabbit can have it."  
"Thanks Piglet." said Rabbit.  
"You're welcome." said Piglet.

The next day Piglet and Pooh took Rabbit shopping for a toothbrush of his own, some tubes of toothpaste, some mouthwash and some dental floss. Then they took him to Owl so he could check his teeth. When Owl saw Rabbits teeth he ran away screaming because they looked so bad. So Piglet and Pooh took Rabbit home and they helped him take care of his teeth.

Now, if you want to know who has the cleanest and whitest teeth in the Hundred Acre Woods, believe it or not, it's Rabbit!

### **Owl's Foul, a short story by Jessica Kerkhof**

"And the game is close." yelled Kessie from the announcer's booth, "The Honeybees have 18 points and the Acorns have 16 points. Oh, but wait, Owl is up to bat. And he hits it. Now the Acorns have 20 points"

"Whoo! We won!" the Acorns shouted. "Good game." said the Honeybees.

"Like always, I saved the day." said Owl.

Well, you don't have to brag." said Piglet, "Maybe sometime I'll save the day."

"I don't think that will happen because you're so small." said Owl.

"Owl, don't be so mean." said Tigger.

"Well it's not like I'll ever get a foul" said Owl.

"Same time next Sunday" said Eeyore.

"Yep." said Piglet.

Nest Sunday when Owl got up to bat Rabbit pitched and Owl MISSED!

"He missed." "He got a foul." "What will he do?" the crowd said.

Then Piglet walked up to the plate. Rabbit pitched. Piglet hit the ball and got a HOMERUN!

After the game Pooh went up to Owl, "Your team won, why aren't you happy?" asked Pooh.

"Because, I didn't win it for them." replied Owl.

"But Piglet did." said Pooh.

"And Piglet's not me." Owl said sadly.

"Anyway," said Pooh, "We're having a party, everyone's invited. Are you coming?"

"I guess." said Owl.

Just before the party started Piglet and Pooh Bear made a cake. It was shaped like a baseball.

"I sure hope Owl can come." said Pooh.

"Me too." replied Piglet.

"Hi Guys." said Owl as he walked into the room.

"Hi Owl." said Pooh.

"Hey Owl." said Piglet.

That night everybody had lots of fun including Owl. Now the person who knows the most about baseball and who cheers at every game for any team is Owl because he learned that everybody's good at something, nobody's good at everything. Everyone's important, no matter what we look like or what we're good at. Just be yourself and people appreciate that.

### **Pooh and the Kitten, a short story by Colette**

One day, Pooh woke up in bed, looking for honey as usual. When he opened the pantry, there was the honey. "Now the rumbling in my tummy will stop." said. Prrrrrip! Meow! "What could that be?" said Pooh. Prrrrrip! Prrrip! Meow! Then, Pooh heard an awkward scratching noise at the door. Srrrrch... .. Srrrrrch... .. Srrrrrch... .. Srrrrrch... .. Pooh opened the door and saw a grey and white kitten standing at the door. Prrrrip! "Oh," said Pooh. "It's just a cat. I'll keep you and name you Honey!"

### **Tigger Comes to the Forest, a short story by Sarah Lawyer**

Winnie the pooh woke up suddenly in the middle of the night and listened to a strange noise coming from outside. Then he got out of bed and lit his candle and stumped across the room to see if any one was searching through his honey cupboard, when he got there he couldn't see any thing there so he stumped back again, blew his candle out and got back into bed. Then he heard the noise again "is that you piglet" he said. But it wasn't "come in Christopher Robin he shouted but Christopher Robin didn't. "Tell me to-morrow Eeyore," said Pooh sleepily. But the noise went on. 'Worraworraworraworraworra,' said whatever it was, Pooh found out 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!'

'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 haycorns 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!'

### **A Poem, by Victoria Roberts**

I looked into my hunny pot, only the other day,  
and I looked upon just then, to my utter dismay,  
That it was empty, as I'd feared, eating is such a habit!  
so now that I've run out of honey, I think I'll visit rabbit!  
but rabbit wasn't in I say, I tried to think, who next?  
I might as well keep thinking now, or I'll get in a mess!  
but when thinking I've found, It's such a pain,  
To be born a bear of little brain!

### **Winnie the Pooh Thinks What to Do, a short story by Sriparno Majumdar**

One bright summer morning when everybody in the Hundred Acre Wood was busy helping each other, suddenly it started to rain very heavily. It rained that entire afternoon, evening and night. That night Pooh bear had a dream. He saw his favourite Hundred acre had no plants, no flowers, no bee and so no honey.

He was rumbling in his tummy but not a drop of honey anywhere. That same night, Rabbit dreamt that the sudden climate change had spoiled all his carrots. Worried by their dreams they went to Owl's house and was surprised to see Eeyore lying there with a stomach ache. Owl said that Eeyore ate something from a place where there were a lot of plastic bags around. Worried with all these changes in the Hundred Acre Wood, all of them went to Christopher Robin, and he told them that the changes are the effects of global warming caused by severe pollution. Pooh was very scared of its effects on his favourite Hundred Acre Wood and his friends. So he decided to bring all his friends together and spread an awareness to save the beautiful Hundred Acre Wood and his friends.

### **A short story, by Nupur**

Pooh and his friends planned to do something creative. they were making toys out of clay. Suddenly Piglet came running there, bringing a little caterpillar on his hand. Rabbit took it in his hand, as caterpillar was helpless. But Pooh was planning something else!



He made a little bed out of Clay, and presented to the little Caterpillar.

Tigger brought some fresh leaves, so that little 'Katie' (Caterpillar) may eat, and all friends enjoyed helping a little creature. Pooh offered it Honey as well. Within some days, Caterpillar transformed into a butterfly, kissed all its friends very sweetly, and flew away, presenting each friend a cup of sweet Nectar.

### **A short story, by Makenzie Bennett**

"Pooh" Where are you?" inquired Tigger. "You want to go bouncing today?"

"I'd love to Tigger , but I have some straightening up to do before Christopher Robin comes. Sorry, but maybe another time."

"Rabbit! Will you go bouncin' with me?"

"No Tigger, I have to get my carrots ready for the contest."

"Piglet! Please go bouncin' with me!"

"I'm sorry Tigger, but I'm afraid I'll fall and hurt myself"

"Please?" Tigger asked again.

"No Tigger." was all Piglet would say.

"Well, I guess I'll have to go ask Roo then." Tigger said to himself.

When Tigger arrived at Kanga and Roo's house, Kanga was looking rather nervous and pacing around. Tigger asked for Roo, and he was told that he was missing.

"Missing?" How could he be missing?" Tigger inquired

"I let him out of the house to get the mail, and he never came back."

Kanga answered.

Tigger replied very seriously, "Well, we've got to go out and look for him."

So off Kanga and Tigger go to find Roo. "Is Roo at your house?", they asked in turn to Pooh, Piglet and Owl. Each time the answer was no, but I'll help you look for him. Tigger suggested they look for Roo by the river because it was one of his favorite places. "Roo! Roo! Where are you?" They all called out.

Then coming from under a little bridge came Roos voice, "Right

overhere!"

It turned out that Roo had been swimming the whole time. Everyone in the Hundred Acre Woods was very glad that they had found little Roo. Tigger found a bouncing partner, and Pooh got all his cleaning up done before Christopher Robin arrived. Of Course, Christopher Robin had to be told of the afternoon's events. All anyone said for awhile was, "I'm so glad that we found little Roo!"

## **Winnie The Pooh and his Difficult Day, a short story by Chantel Marie Weise**

One day Pooh Bear was just waking up. Oh bother I forgot I was supposed to go see Piglet but a promise is a promise now I must go get dressed and go to Piglets house right away. On the way he met Christopher Robin how are you Pooh Bear said Christopher Robin I'm fine just going over to Piglets house. Were are you going and what's behind your back? Oh nothing and sorry Pooh Bear I cant tell you were I'm going its a secret well bye said Christopher Robin and he ran off. Am I forgetting something thought Pooh Bear oh yeah it's my birthday today I hope nobody forgets about my birthday oh well I guess I will find out later if anybody remembers about my birthday well I guess I should be on my way to Piglets house so off he went. Then he saw Kanga and Roo . Why how are you Pooh bear? Why I am doing quite well. Have you and Roo been doing good? Why yes Pooh well we must be on are way now were are you going? Sorry Pooh Bear its a secret. Then off they went.

This is being such a difficult day for Pooh Bear oh well I must go to Piglets house but guess who he saw. He saw Tigger, Rabbit and Owl. Well hello buddy old bear, hello Tigger were are you going? Can't tell it's a secret were are you going buddy old bear? I'm on my way to Piglet's house and I must be on my way. Bye Tigger, Owl and Rabbit bye they all said. Pooh Bear finally gets to Piglet's house. Hi Pooh Bear why hello Piglet said Pooh Bear now were are we going today well I'm taking you to a surprise. By the way HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!! Thank you piglet can you please OK take me to my

surprise now Piglet. Ok so they walked and walked then Piglet took Pooh Bear right back to his house. Um Piglet why did you take me back to my house? Look HAPPY BIRTHDAY Pooh bear. Thank you every one.



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