

“Worraworraworraworraworra,”
said Whatever-it-was, and Pooh
found that he wasn’t asleep after all.

“What can it be?” he thought.
“There are lots of noises in the For-
est, 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.

“Hallo!” said Pooh, in case
there was anything outside.

“Hallo!” said Whatever-it-was.

“Oh!” said Pooh. “Hallo!”

“Hallo!”

“Oh, *there* you are!” said Pooh. “Hallo!”

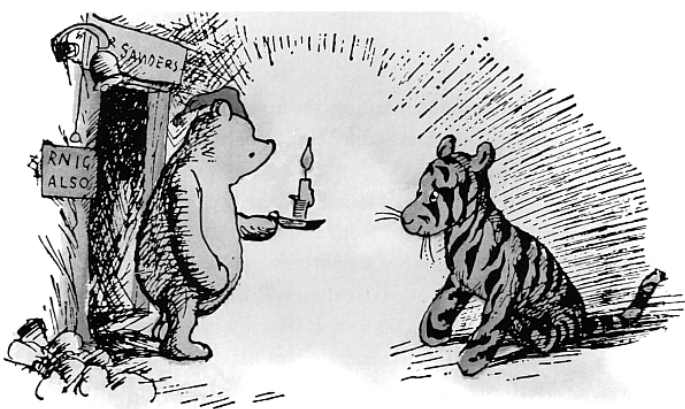
“Hallo!” said the Strange Animal,
wondering how long this was
going on.

Pooh was just going to say “Hallo!”
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.

“Oh!” said Pooh, for he had never seen an animal like this before.

“Does Christopher Robin know about you?”

“Of course he does,” said Tigger.

“Well,” said Pooh, “it’s the middle of the night, which is a good time for going to sleep. And

tomorrow morning we'll have some
honey for breakfast. Do
Tiggers like honey?"

"They like everything,"
said Tigger cheerfully.

"Then if they like going to sleep
on the floor, I'll go back to bed,"
said Pooh, "and we'll do things in
the morning. Good night." And
he got back into bed
and went fast asleep.