

“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

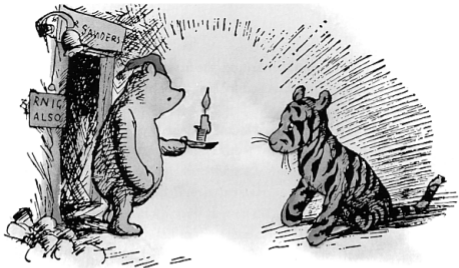
thought that he
wouldn't so he said:
"Who is it?" instead.

"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.