

“

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 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.

“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?”

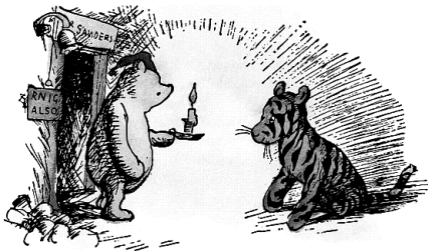
instead.

“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.