

“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.