

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day

Winnie the Pooh, or “Pooh” for short, lived with his friends in the Hundred Acre Wood. One very windy day, Pooh went to visit his thinking spot.

As Pooh sat there, trying hard to think of something, his friend, Gopher, suddenly appeared. “Say, Pooh, if I were you, I’d think about skedaddlin’s out of here. It’s Windsday, see?”

Pooh thought that sounded like a lot of fun. “Then I think I shall wish everyone a happy Windsday. And I will begin with my dear friend, Piglet.”

The wind was blowing very hard as Pooh neared Piglet’s house. “Happy Windsday, Piglet. I see you’re sweeping leaves.”

“Yes, Pooh. But it’s hard. This is a very unfriendly wind.”

Just then, a big gust blew Piglet up into the air. Pooh watched in surprise. “Where are you going, Piglet?”

“I don’t know, Pooh. Oh, dear!” Pooh tried to help, but when he grabbed Piglet’s sweater, it began to unravel!

Piglet flew like a kite over the countryside, with Pooh dragging behind. The two went right through Eeyore’s house and Rabbit’s carrot patch.

Then with the strongest wind of all, Piglet and Pooh were blown right up to Owl’s house in a tall tree.

“Pooh! Piglet! This is a special treat! I so rarely get visitors up here. Do come in.” Owl opened his window and in blew Pooh and Piglet.

The wind blew harder and harder until finally Owl’s tree, along with his house, crashed to the ground. Everyone from the Hundred Acre Wood came to help Owl, but only gloomy old Eeyore seemed to know what to do. “If you ask me, and nobody has, I say when a house looks like that, it’s time to find another one. A thankless job, but I’ll find a new one for him.” And off he plodded.

Finally the blustery day turned into a blustery night. To Pooh, it was an uncomfortable night full of uncomfortable noises. And one of the noises was a sound he had never heard before. “*Gr-r-r-rawl!*”

Pooh got up and went to his door to check it out. “Hello, out there! Oh, I hope nobody answers.”

Just then a funny-looking animal bounced into the room. “Hi, I’m Tigger. T-I-double Guh-ER.”

Pooh put down his pop-gun. “You scared me.”

“Sure I did! Everyone’s scared of Tiggers!”

“Well, what’s a Tigger?”

“Glad you brought that up, chum!” Then Tigger bounced around the room to show Pooh what a Tigger was.

Tigger stopped bouncing. “Did I say I was hungry?”

“Not for honey, I hope.”

“Yuck! Tiggers don’t like that icky, sticky stuff. Well, I better be bouncing along. T.T.F.N.! Ta-ta for now!”

The wind continued to blow. There was a clap of thunder and it began to rain. And it rained, and it rained, and it rained. By morning, the Hundred Acre Wood was flooded.

Pooh tried to rescue his honey by eating it all for breakfast. He was upside-down, licking the bottom of the last pot, when the water floated him right out his front door.

At Piglet’s house, the water was coming in through the window. He wrote a message and put it into a bottle. The message read, *Help Piglet (Me)*. The bottle floated out of his house and out of sight.

Christopher Robin lived high on a hill where the water couldn’t reach. So that was where everyone from the Hundred Acre Wood gathered. Before long Christopher Robin discovered Piglet’s bottle and read the message. “Owl, fly over to Piglet’s house and tell him we’ll plan a rescue.”

As Owl flew over the flood, he saw two tiny objects below. One was Piglet, standing on a chair, and the other was Pooh, still upside-down in his honey pot. Owl called down to them and told them of the rescue. “Be brave, little Piglet!”

“Thank you, Owl, but it’s awfully hard to be brave when you’re such a small animal.”

Pooh and Piglet eventually floated to the very spot where Christopher Robin was waiting. “Pooh, you rescued Piglet! That was a very brave thing to do. You’re a hero!”

“I am?”

“Yes. And so I shall give you a hero party!”

Just as the hero party began, Eeyore arrived with news. “I found a house for Owl. If you want to follow me, I’ll show it to you.” Eeyore led them through the woods and, to everyone’s surprise, stopped in front of Piglet’s house. “This is it.”

Pooh tried to convince Piglet to speak up. “No, Pooh. This house belongs to our good friend, Owl. I shall live... shall live...”

“You shall live with me.” Pooh put his arm around his little friend.

Christopher Robin was especially proud. “That was a very grand thing to do, Piglet – giving your house to Owl.”

And so, the one-hero party became a two-hero party. Pooh was a hero for saving Piglet’s life and Piglet was a hero for giving Owl his grand home in the beech tree.