

## **Tigger has Breakfast**

Pooh put the cloth back on the table, and he put a large honey pot on the cloth and sat down for breakfast. And as soon as he sat down, Tigger took a large mouthful of honey.... and he looked up at the ceiling with his head on one side, and made exploring noises with his tongue, and considering noises, and what-have-we-got-here noises.... and then said in a very decided voice :

"Tiggers don't like honey".

"Oh" said Pooh, and tried to make it sound sad and regretful "I thought they liked everything".

"Everything except honey", said Tigger.

Pooh felt rather pleased about this, and said that, as soon as he had finished his own breakfast, he would take Tigger round to Piglets house, and Tigger could try some of Piglets haycorns.

"Thank you Pooh", said Tigger, "because haycorns is really what Tiggers like best".

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Piglet pushed a bowl of haycorns towards Tigger, and said "help yourself", and he got close up to Pooh and felt much braver, and said, "So, you're a Tigger? Well, well.!" in a careless sort of voice. But Tigger said nothing because his mouth was full of haycorns.

After a long munching noise he said :

"Eeeuuurrrh"

And when Pooh and Piglet said "What?" he said "Skooos me" and went outside for a moment.

When he came back he said firmly :

"Tiggers don't like haycorns."

"But you said you like everything except honey," said Pooh.

"Everything except honey *and* haycorns" explained Tigger.

When he heard this, Pooh said "Oh, I see.!" And Piglet, who was rather glad that Tiggers didn't like haycorns, said

"what about thistles?"

"Thistles", said Tigger, "is what Tiggers like best".

"Then lets go and see Eeyore," said Piglet.

So the three of them went; and after they had walked and walked and walked, they came to the part of the forest where Eeyore was.

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Eeyore led the way to the most thistly-looking patch of thistles that ever was and waved a hoof at it.

"Are these really thistles", whispered Tigger

"Yes" said Pooh

"What Tiggers like best?"

"That's right" said Pooh

"I see" said Tigger

So he took a large mouthful, and he gave a large crunch. "Ow.!" Said Tigger.

He sat down and put his paw in his mouth.

"What's the matter?" asked Pooh.

"Hot.!" mumbled Tigger.

"Your friend", said Eeyore, "appears to have bitten on a bee".

Tigger stopped shaking his head and explained that Tiggers don't like thistles.

"Then why bend a perfectly good one?" Asked Eeyore.

"But you said," began Pooh " – you *said* that Tiggers liked everything except honey and haycorns".

"*And* thistles," said Tigger, who was now running round in circles with his tongue hanging out.

Pooh looked at him sadly.

"What are we going to do?" he asked Piglet.

Piglet knew the answer to that, and said at once that they must go and see Christopher Robin.

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Tigger finished his last circle and came up to Pooh and Piglet.

They walked slowly after him. And as they walked, Piglet said nothing, because he couldn't think of anything, and Pooh said nothing, because he was thinking of a poem. And when he thought of it he began :

***What shall we do about poor little Tigger?  
If he never eats nothing he'll never get bigger  
He doesn't like honey or haycorns and thistles  
Because of the taste and because of the bristles.  
And all the good things which an animal likes  
Have the wrong sort of swallow or too many spikes.***

"He's quite big enough anyhow", said Piglet.

"He isn't *really* very big." said Pooh

"Well, seems so." said Piglet.

Pooh was thoughtful when he heard this, and then he murmured to himself :

***But whatever his weight in pounds, shillings and ounces.  
He always seems bigger because of his bounces.***

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