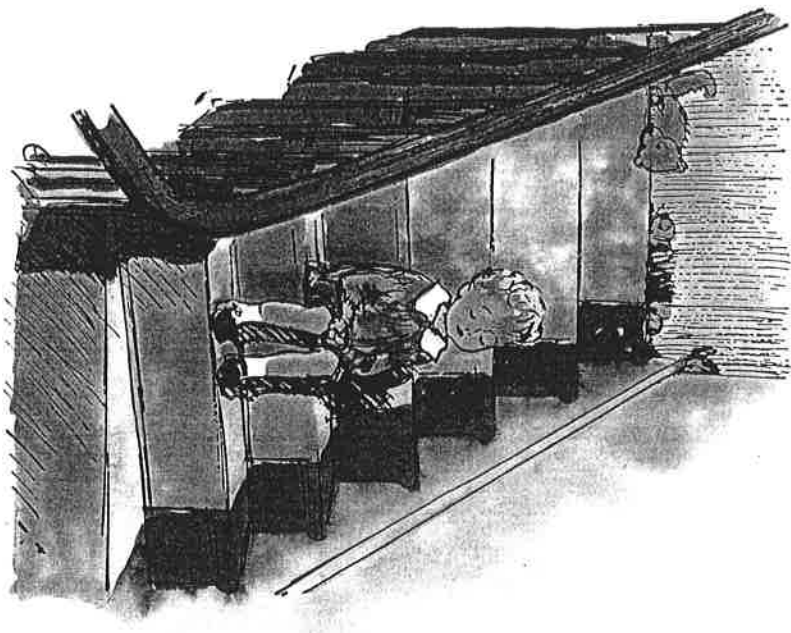


Halfway Down



Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit.
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like
It.
I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.
Halfway up the stairs
Isn't up,
And isn't down.
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in the town.
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run round my head:
"It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!"

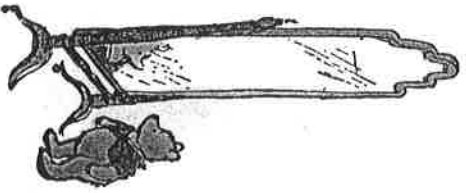
Teddy Bear

A bear, however hard he tries,
Grows tubby without exercise.
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat
Which is not to be wondered at;
He gets what exercise he can
By falling off the ottoman,
But generally seems to lack
The energy to clamber back.



Now tubbiness is just the thing
Which gets a fellow wondering;
And Teddy worried lots about
The fact that he was rather stout.
He thought: "If only I were thin!
But how does anyone begin?"
He thought: "It really isn't fair
To grudge me exercise and air."

For many weeks he pressed in vain
His nose against the window-pane,
And envied those who walked about
Reducing their unwanted stout.
None of the people he could see
"Is quite" (he said) "as fat as me!"
Then, with a still more moving sigh,
"I mean" (he said) "as fat as I!"



Now Teddy, as was only right,
Slept in the ottoman at night,
And with him crowded in as well
More animals than I can tell;
Not only these, but books and things,
Such as a kind relation brings—
Old tales of "Once upon a time,"
And history retold in rhyme.



One night it happened that he took
A peep at an old picture-book,
Wherein he came across by chance
The picture of a King of France
(A stouish man) and, down below,
These words: "King Louis So and So,
Nicknamed 'The Handsome'!" There he sat,
And (think of it!) the man was fat!

Our bear rejoiced like anything
To read about this famous King,
Nicknamed "The Handsome." There he sat,
And certainly the man was fat.



Nicknamed "The Handsome." Not a doubt

The man was definitely stout.

Why then, a bear (for all his tub)

Might yet be named "The Handsome Cub"!

"Might yet be named." Or did he mean

That years ago he "might have been"?

For now he felt a slight misgiving:

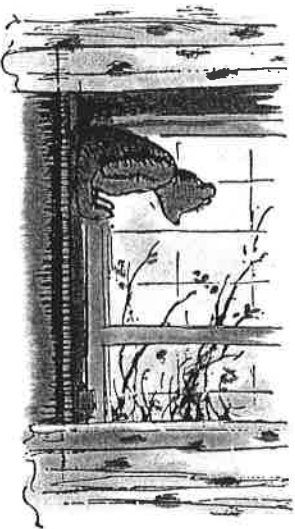
"Is Louis So and So still living?

Fashions in beauty have a way

Of altering from day to day.

Is 'Handsome Louis' with us yet?

Unfortunately I forget."



Next morning (nose to window-pane)

The doubt occurred to him again.

One question hammered in his head:

"Is he alive or is he dead?"

Thus, nose to pane, he pondered; but

The lattice window, loosely shut,

Swung open. With one startled "Oh!"

Our Teddy disappeared below.



There happened to be passing by
A plump man with a twinkling eye,
Who, seeing Teddy in the street,
Raised him politely to his feet,
And murmured kindly in his ear
Soft words of comfort and of cheer:
"Well, well!" "Allow me!" "Not at all."
"Tut-tut! A very nasty fall."



Our Teddy answered not a word;
It's doubtful if he even heard.

Our bear could only look and look:

The stout man in the picture-book!

That "handsome" King—could this be he,

This man of adiposity?

"Impossible," he thought. "But still,

No harm in asking. Yes I will!"

"Are you," he said, "by any chance

His Majesty the King of France?"

The other answered, "I am that,"

Bowed stiffly, and removed his hat;

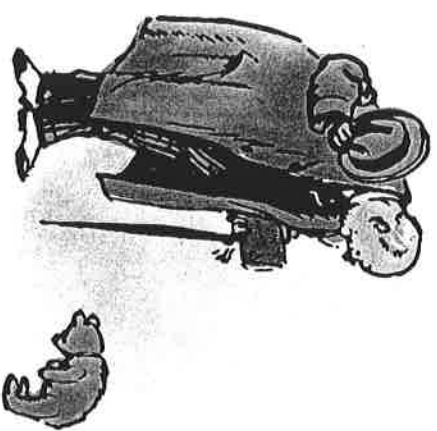
Then said, "Excuse me," with an air,

"But is it Mr. Edward Bear?"

And Teddy, bending very low,

Replied politely, "Even so!"

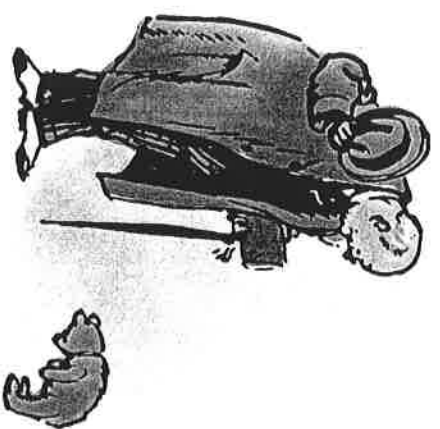




They stood beneath the window there,
The King and Mr. Edward Bear,
And, handsome, if a trifle fat,
Talked carelessly of this and that. . . .
Then said His Majesty, "Well, well,
I must get on," and rang the bell.
"Your bear, I think," he smiled. "Good-day!"
And turned, and went upon his way.

A bear, however hard he tries,
Grows tubby without exercise.
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat,
Which is not to be wondered at.
But do you think it worries him
To know that he is far from slim?
No, just the other way about—
He's *proud* of being short and stout.





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*Waiting
at the Window*

These are my two drops of rain
Waiting on the window-pane.

I am waiting here to see
Which the winning one will be.

Both of them have different names.
One is John and one is James.

All the best and all the worst
Comes from which of them is first.

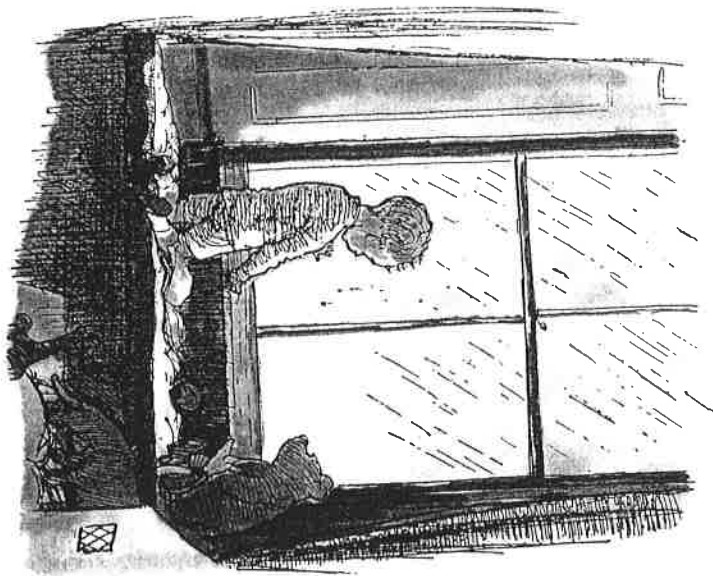
James has just begun to ooze.
He's the one I want to lose.

John is waiting to begin.
He's the one I want to win.

James is going slowly on.
Something sort of sticks to John.

John is moving off at last.
James is going pretty fast.

John is rushing down the pane.
James is going slow again.

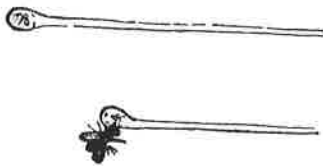


James has met a sort of smear.
John is getting very near.

Is he going fast enough?
(James has found a piece of fluff.)

John has hurried quickly by.
(James was talking to a fly.)

John is there, and John has won!
Look! I told you! Here's the sun!



Pinkle Purr

Tattoo was the mother of Pinkle Purr,
A little black nothing of feet and fur;
And by-and-by, when his eyes came through,
He saw his mother, the big Tattoo.
And all that he learned he learned from her.
“I’ll ask my mother,” says Pinkle Purr.



Tattoo was the mother of Pinkle Purr,
A ridiculous kitten with silky fur.
And little black Pinkle grew and grew
Till he got as big as the big Tattoo.
And all that he did he did with her.
“Two friends together,” says Pinkle Purr.



When I wake up
On Easter Day,
I shall see my egg
She's promised to lay.
If I were Emperors,
If I were Kings,
It couldn't be fuller
Of wonderful things.

Berryman and Baxter,
Pretiboy and Penn,
And Old Farmer Middleton
Are five big men.
All of them are wanting

An egg for their tea,
But the Little Black Hen is much too busy,
The Little Black Hen is *much* too busy,
The Little Black Hen is *MUCH* too busy . . .
She's laying my egg for me!



The Friend

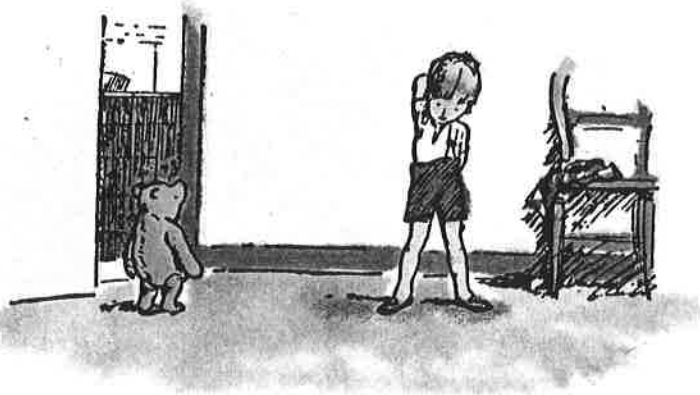


There are lots and lots of people who are always
asking things,
Like Dates and Pounds-and-ounces and the names
of funny Kings,
And the answer's either Sixpence or A Hundred
Inches Long,
And I know they'll think me silly if I get the
answer wrong.

So Pooh and I go whispering, and Pooh looks
very bright,
And says, "Well, I say sixpence, but I don't suppose
I'm right."
And then it doesn't matter what the answer ought
to be,
'Cos if he's right, I'm Right, and if he's wrong,
it isn't Me.



Us Two



Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
Whatever I do, he wants to do,
"Where are you going today?" says Pooh:
"Well, that's very odd 'cos I was too.
Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh.
(*"Twice what?"* said Pooh to Me.)
"I think it ought to be twenty-two."
"Just what I think myself," said Pooh.
"It wasn't an easy sum to do,
But that's what it is," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what it is," said Pooh.



THE COMPLETE POEMS OF POOH

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh.

"Yes, let's," said Pooh to Me.

We crossed the river and found a few—

"Yes, those are dragons all right," said Pooh.

"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.

That's what they are," said Pooh, said he.

"That's what they are," said Pooh.



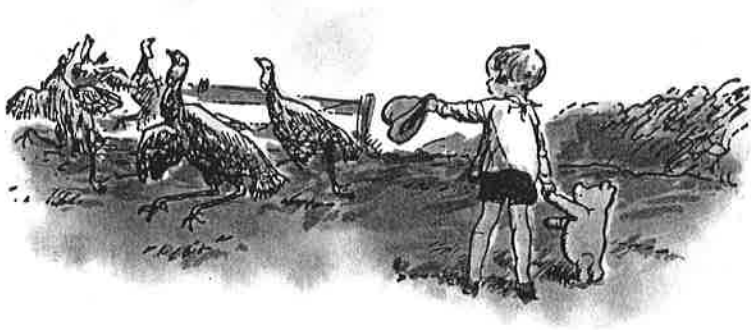
"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to Pooh.

"That's right," said Pooh to Me.

"I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh,

And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!

Silly old dragons!"—and off they flew.

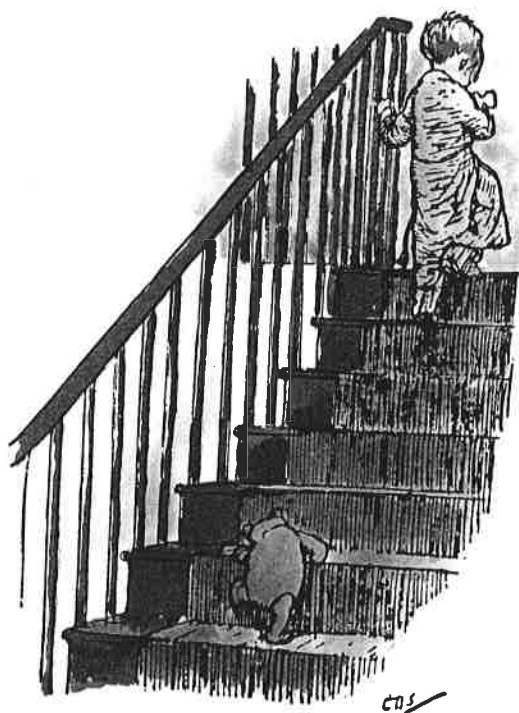


NOW WE ARE SIX

"I wasn't afraid," said Pooh, said he,
"I'm *never* afraid with you."

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.

"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True,
It isn't much fun for One, but Two
Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.
"That's how it is," says Pooh.



THE COMPLETE POEMS OF POOH

In the Dark



I've had my supper,
And *had* my supper,
And *HAD* my supper and all;
I've heard the story
Of Cinderella,
And how she went to the ball;
I've cleaned my teeth,
And I've said my prayers,
And I've cleaned and said them right;
And they've all of them been
And kissed me lots,
They've all of them said "Good-night."



NOW WE ARE SIX

So—here I am in the dark alone,
There's nobody here to see;
I think to myself,
I play to myself,
And nobody knows what I say to myself;
Here I am in the dark alone,
What is it going to be?
I can think whatever I like to think,
I can play whatever I like to play,
I can laugh whatever I like to laugh,
There's nobody here but me.

I'm talking to a rabbit . . .
I'm talking to the sun . . .



The End

When I was One,
I had just begun.

When I was Two,
I was nearly new.

When I was Three,
I was hardly Me.

When I was Four,
I was not much more.

When I was Five,
I was just alive.

But now I am Six, I'm as clever as clever.
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever.

