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# Little Big-Bye-and-Bye



BY HOLLING



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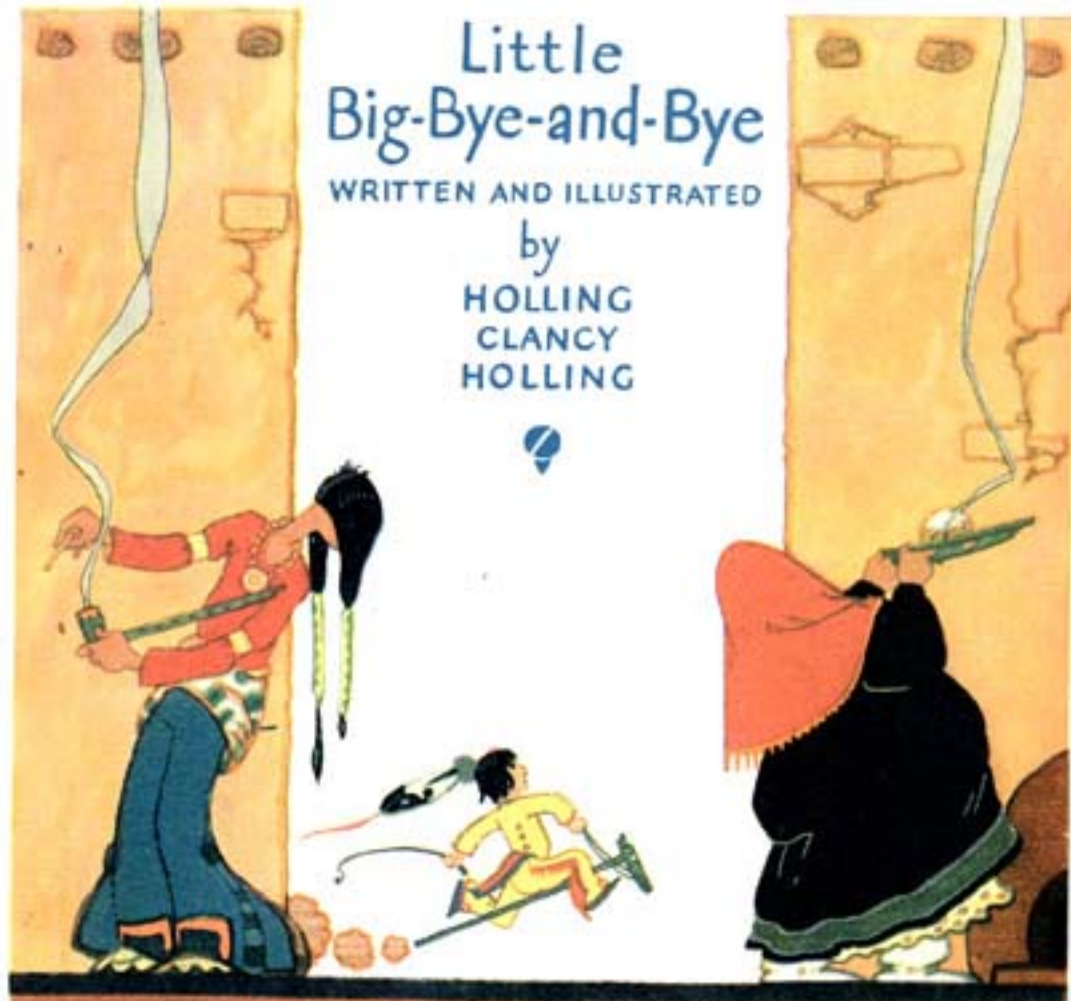


Little Big-Bye-and-Bye

# Little Big-Bye-and-Bye

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

by  
HOLLING  
CLANCY  
HOLLING



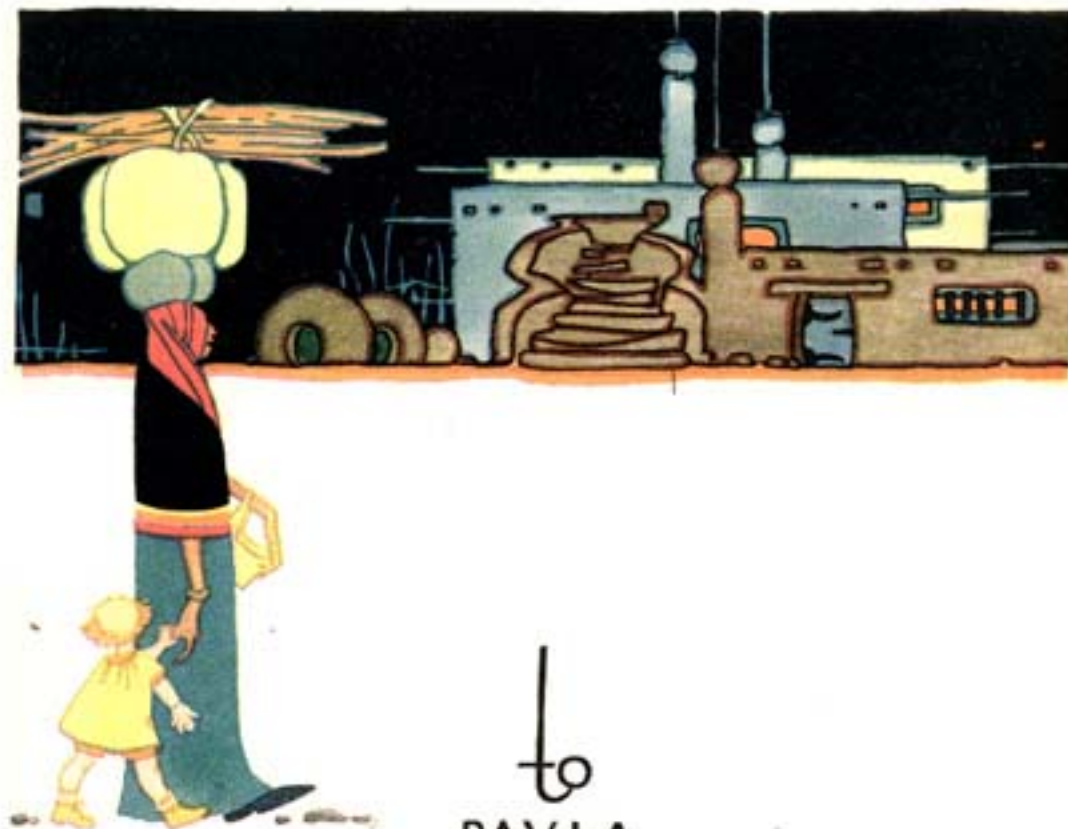
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*Thirtieth Edition*



↓  
to  
PAVLA,  
'MALDA  
(and perhaps PUTCHE)





**S**AID little Big-Bye-And-Bye to his father, Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes, said he:  
"I want a pony."

But his father, Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes, was planting corn and did not hear.

Said little Big-Bye-And-Bye again to his father, who was planting corn in the ground like dropping bright black and yellow marbles into small holes, said he:

"I want a pony! I want a pony!"

But his father, whose name means that he was quite wealthy because he had a great many pecks of potatoes at the pueblo, said never a word, being intent on planting corn.





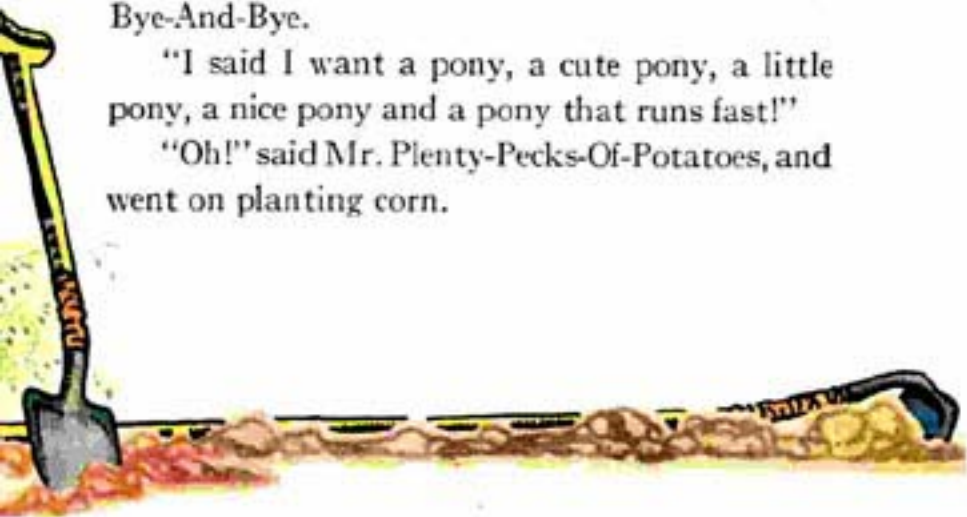
Little Big-Bye-And-Bye once more said to his father:

"I-want-a-pony. I-want-a-pony. I-want-a-pony!" He said it rapidly. And in Indian it sounds something like when you try to say "I stood on a tomato but I didn't," and spank yourself on the tummy when you say it. But in Indian it means just what he said. He said it very loudly, and, being directly under his father's ear, Mr. Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes couldn't help hearing it this time.

"What did you say?" asked he, for he did not quite believe the ear under which was little Big-Bye-And-Bye.

"I said I want a pony, a cute pony, a little pony, a nice pony and a pony that runs fast!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes, and went on planting corn.

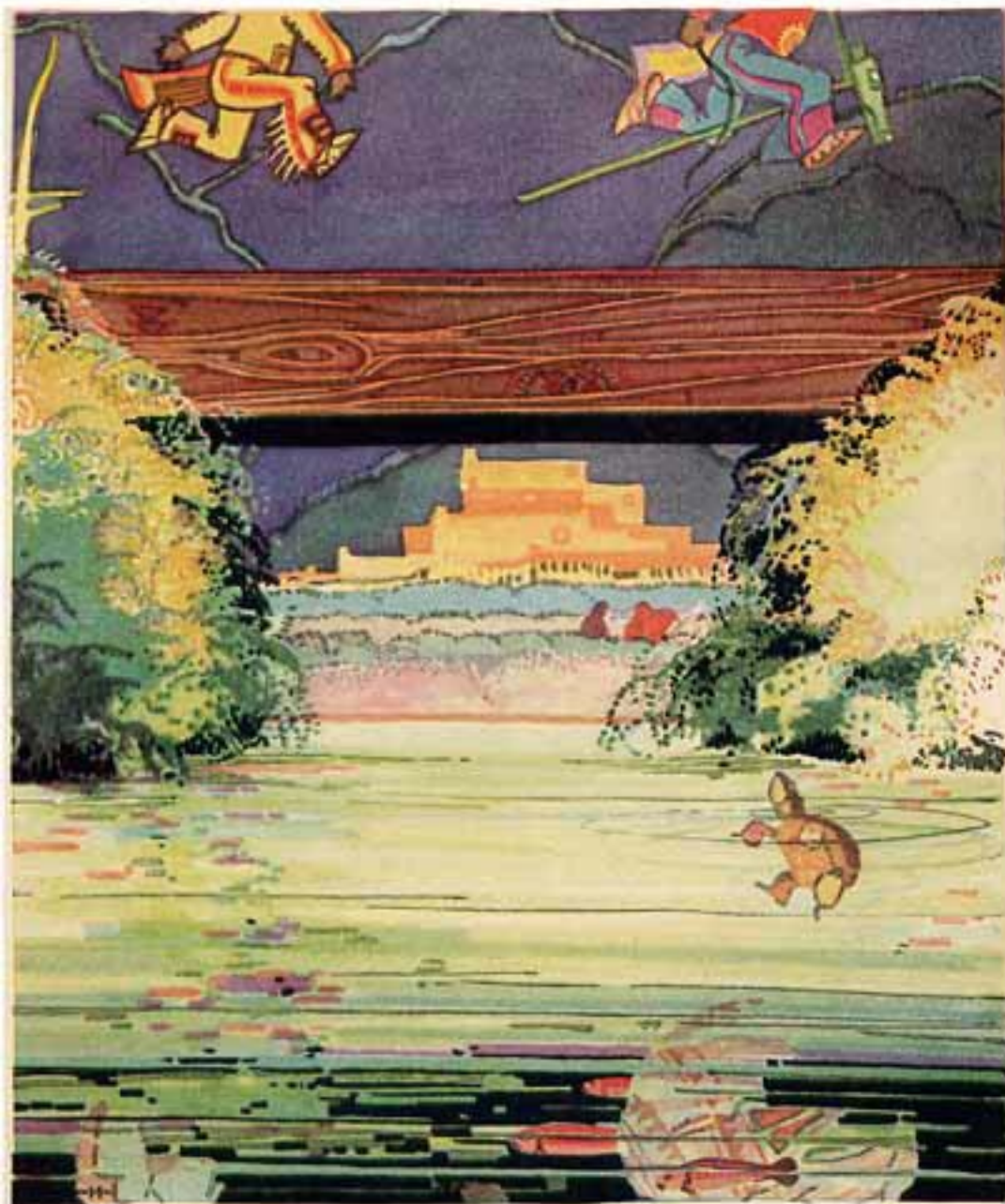


Little Big-Bye-And-Bye took a golden corn-marble out of the ground and tossed it into the air. It went up toward the far, far blue sky and stopped, and then it came down again, which was what he intended. He knew when he threw it up that it would come down.

His father bent upward like when you open a jack-knife, and leaned on his hoe handle.

"When you are bigger, then you may have a pony," said he, and went back to planting corn.





Now little Big-Bye-And-Bye was very glad to hear that when he grew bigger he would have a pony. The main thing was to be bigger. He felt bigger already.

So he galloped out of the garden on his green horse-stick, and over the square log which bridges the brook that makes the corn grow. Here sat little Laugh-A-Lot, wondering which way a fish would swim if he couldn't go up, or down, or in any direction.

"O ho!" cried little Big-Bye-And-Bye, jumping up on the log. "When I get bigger I shall have a pony!"

"Oh, that will be nice!" cried little Laugh-A-Lot, forgetting all about where a fish would swim, if in no direction at all. "Get a white one!" and he ran after little Big-Bye-And-Bye, flapping his arms like a duck.

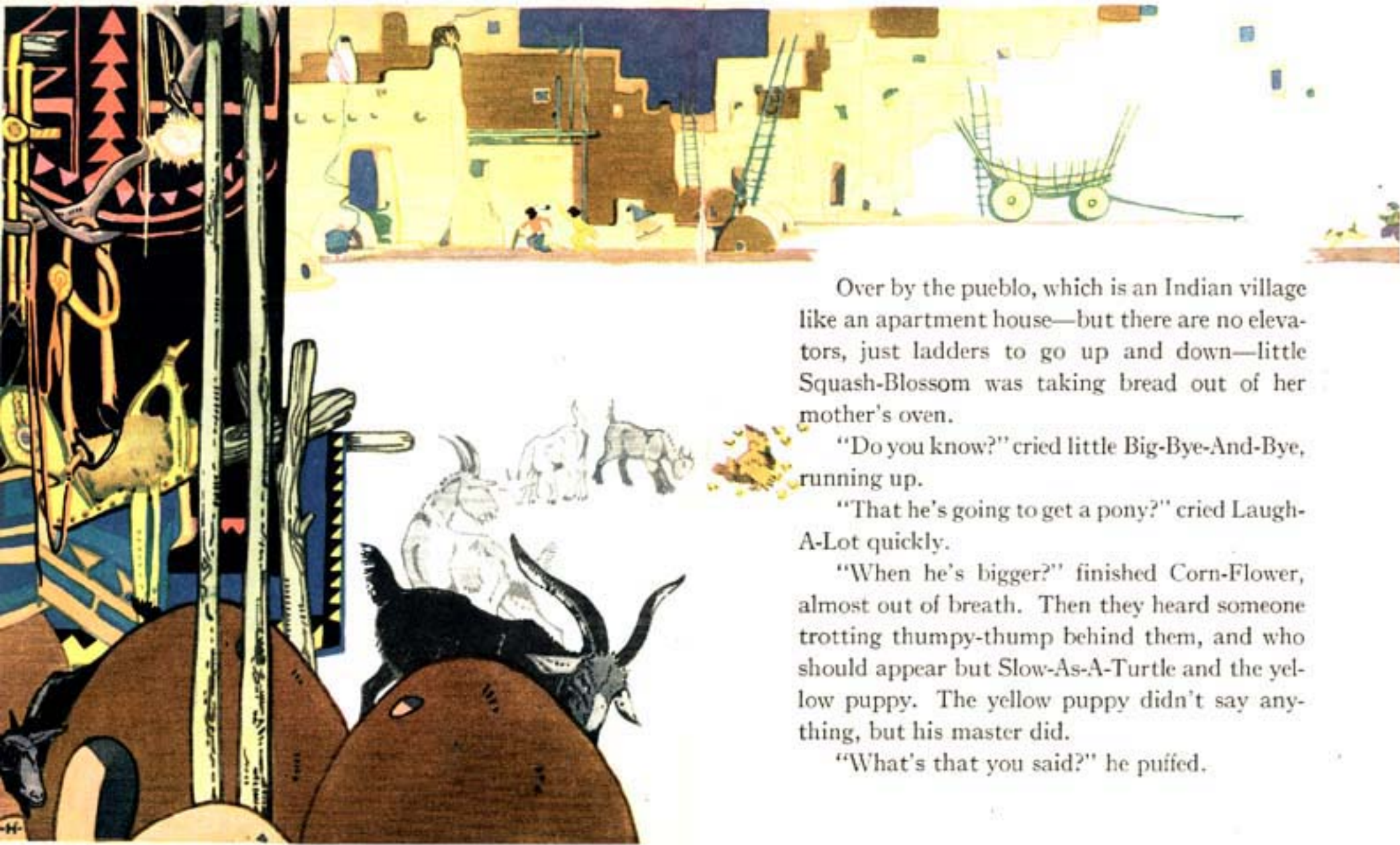
Now little Slow-As-A-Turtle was walking from there over to here, but he was taking his time about it. He was carrying some chips in a basket for his mother to make a fire with—that is, if he got home that day. His yellow puppy did not think he would, and was telling him so in very good puppy talk. Just then the children came around a corner so fast that they hit Slow-As-A-Turtle where his trousers met his green shirt. The chips went flying from here over to there again, and maybe a bit beyond.



"Oh, we are so sorry," cried little Corn-Flower. "We did not mean to spill your chips, but little Big-Bye-And-Bye is going to get a pony when he's bigger!"

"What?" said Slow-As-A-Turtle, picking himself up. "What did you say?"

But the three children were running on.



Over by the pueblo, which is an Indian village like an apartment house—but there are no elevators, just ladders to go up and down—little Squash-Blossom was taking bread out of her mother's oven.

"Do you know?" cried little Big-Bye-And-Bye, running up.

"That he's going to get a pony?" cried Laugh-A-Lot quickly.

"When he's bigger?" finished Corn-Flower, almost out of breath. Then they heard someone trotting thumpy-thump behind them, and who should appear but Slow-As-A-Turtle and the yellow puppy. The yellow puppy didn't say anything, but his master did.

"What's that you said?" he puffed.

At this Laugh-A-Lot began to laugh, and Big Bye-And-Bye chuckled, and even the little girls smiled a little bit. For Slow-As-A-Turtle was *so* slow at catching onto anything. So they told him again about the pony that Big-Bye-And-Bye would get when he grew bigger, and they told him at least three times so he would be sure to know. Even the yellow puppy helped by howling.

"I hope it will be a black one," spoke up Squash-Blossom at last. "I like black ponies."

"And I like white ones," said Laugh-A-Lot.

"I think a blue-grey one would be pretty," said Corn-Flower.

"Let's all go down to the corral and look at the horses," said little Big-Bye-And-Bye. "Maybe I could get one all colors."

So they all went down to the corral where the horses are kept.

There were black horses and there were white horses, and horses that were grey-blue, but because each boy and each girl wanted a different color, it was very hard to decide. There was no horse there that had all colors on him all at once.

"When," asked Squash-Blossom, "When do you think you will be big enough to get a pony, Big-Bye-And-Bye?"

"Oh, I had not thought of that, but it will be sometime very soon. You see, I feel that I am growing bigger and bigger every minute."

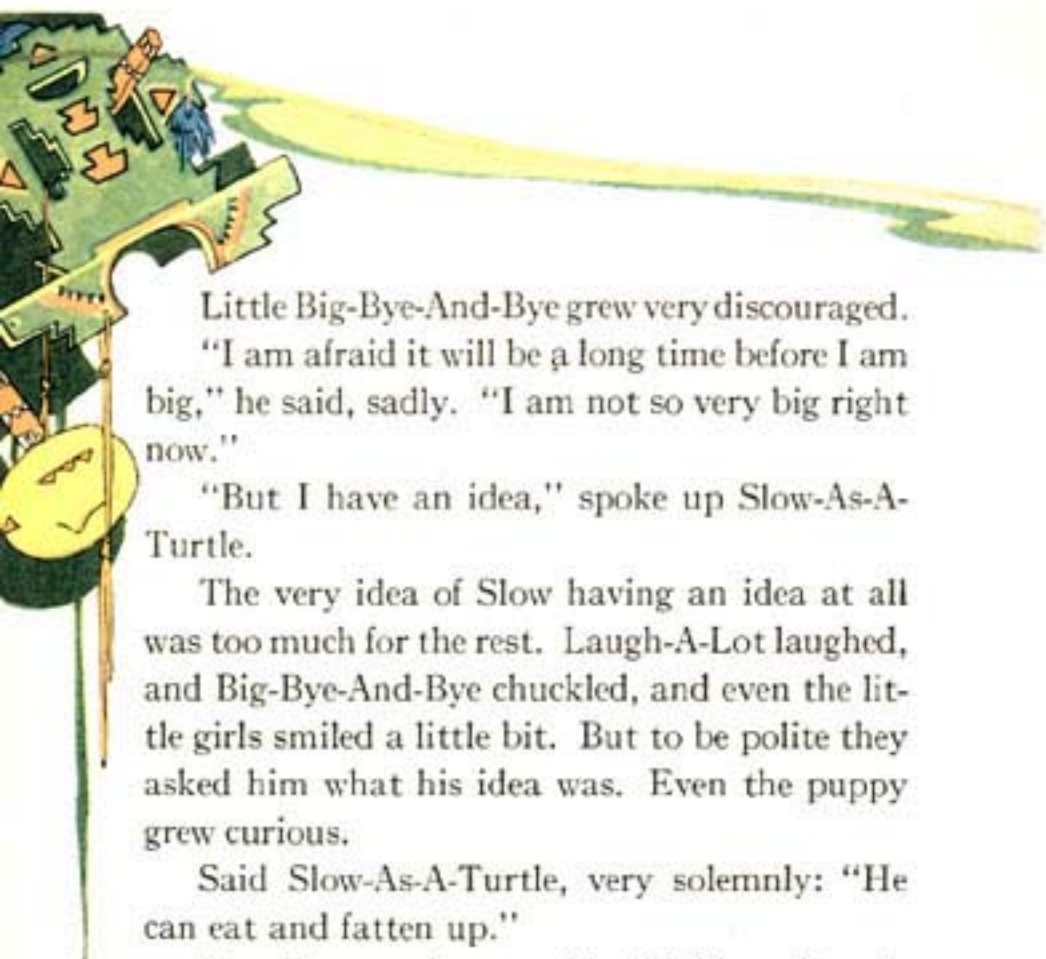
"I don't think that you are," said Laugh-A-Lot, "At least you don't look much bigger than yesterday."

"I know what to do," cried Corn-Flower. "You go and put on your father's blanket, and then we can see how much you have to grow to be big."

So little Big-Bye-And-Bye put on his father's blanket. But, to tell the truth, it did look rather large.







Little Big-Bye-And-Bye grew very discouraged. "I am afraid it will be a long time before I am big," he said, sadly. "I am not so very big right now."

"But I have an idea," spoke up Slow-As-A-Turtle.

The very idea of Slow having an idea at all was too much for the rest. Laugh-A-Lot laughed, and Big-Bye-And-Bye chuckled, and even the little girls smiled a little bit. But to be polite they asked him what his idea was. Even the puppy grew curious.

Said Slow-As-A-Turtle, very solemnly: "He can eat and fatten up."

It really seemed reasonable, this idea, after all. So that night he ate and ate, and kept his Aunt Goose-Berry busy bringing him hot chili-concarne.



He ate squash,

and he ate green peppers,

and he ate roast venison,

and he ate bread.



He ate and he ate and he ate. His Aunt Goose-Berry remarked on his unusual appetite, and his father, Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes, wondered at it, but little Big-Bye-And-Bye said nothing. He just ate some more.

Strange to say little Big-Bye-And-Bye did not sleep well that night. He had odd dreams of being blown up like a balloon and of trying to catch funny dream-horses of many colors.




In the morning he couldn't eat one bite. Not even of anything. Just the bare thought of green peppers and hot chili-con-carne made him feel ill. So Aunt Goose-Berry called in the kindly Medicine Man who gave him something bitter out of a big bottle.



Little Big-Bye-And-Bye felt better after that, but he didn't go out to play for two whole days. And little Corn-Flower had to find her four hens and the goose, and Slow-As-A-Turtle had to pick up all his chips, and Squash-Blossom took the bread in to her mother, all without his help.





One day soon after, a stranger rode down the plum-tree trail in front of the pueblo. He was fat, and old, and wore a bright red blanket. Little Big-Bye-And-Bye was shooing hens out of his father's corn patch when the stranger came by.

Now it wasn't his fatness, and it wasn't his oldness, nor was it his bright red blanket that made Big-Bye-And-Bye forget to shoo hens. There are fat men, and old men who sit on the roofs of the pueblo in red blankets. But very few ride what this one rode. There wasn't much to see, as it was mostly covered up by the bright red blanket, but by its tiny legs and broom tail and woolly-wobbly ears, the little boy saw that it was just about the cutest little burro he had ever laid eyes on.



Big-Bye-And-Bye watched the old man and his burro go down the feathery plum-tree trail. He thought how nice it would be to have a burro like that for his very own. It was cuter than any pony, and he wouldn't have to be bigger to ride it.

This thought buzzed around in his head like when a fly tries to sit on your nose, and he just couldn't think of hens any more at all. So that is why, when Mr. Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes came to look at his garden, he found about fifty hens, more or less, doing things with their feet which



hens like to do, but which are not any too good for a corn patch.

For little Big-Bye-And-Bye had climbed the fence, crawled under the bramble bushes, and was following down the plum-tree trail after the fat old man.



Now, behind the pueblo town sit blue mountains, but in front there is nothing much except flatness. The plum trees grow tired of following the trail, and stop. But the trail goes right on to the next pueblo town. Little Big-Bye-And-Bye felt tired enough, too, to stop with the plum trees, but there went that red blanket ahead of him, and under the blanket waddled the fuzzy burro which was so cute.

At last the old man slid off the burro's back and looked around under the sage brush as though he were hunting for something which he could not find. Big-Bye-And-Bye stood watching the burro as it went nosing for grass. And when he turned around again there was no bright red blanket, and no fat old man!

"Not anywhere at all?" thought the little boy to himself, "I must be dreaming!"

But he wasn't.

After thinking for some time, about half a minute, little Big-Bye-And-Bye ran to where he had last seen the old man. All of a sudden he stopped so quickly that his tummy felt funny. For there before him was a deep, dark and dismal hole. What's more, he heard a voice at the bottom! And then he knew that the old man had fallen in, fatness, red blanket and all!

"Goodness me!" cried Big-Bye-And-Bye, leaning over and looking down. "Where did you go to?"



"Down this old dry well. Where did *you* come from?" called back the old man.

"I followed you, looking at your burro," replied Big-Bye-And-Bye. "And I think that I shall run and tell my father, because if it looks as far up from down there as it looks far down from up here, you never would get out!"

"That is a very good idea, my little man. And you might take Flop-Ears, my burro, to ride back on. He is a very gentle burro and can go fast."

This was too wonderful for words. To ride back on Flop-Ears! It was not so easy getting on at first, but a large stone helped, and then such a fine gallop back along the dusty trail! Little Big-Bye-And-Bye felt quite like a bird, going so fast.

When he came to the place where the plum trees get tired and stop, whom should he meet but his father, Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes, coming to find why a little boy had let fifty hens, more or less, scratch up his corn patch.



To tell the truth, he did not appear to be any too happy over it. But, on hearing how the old man fell in the well, he forgot all about hens. He hurried to the pueblo and found a strong rope. And it was not long before the old man was safely out of that hole, fatness, red blanket and all, and not a bit hurt.

You may better believe that the old man was very glad.

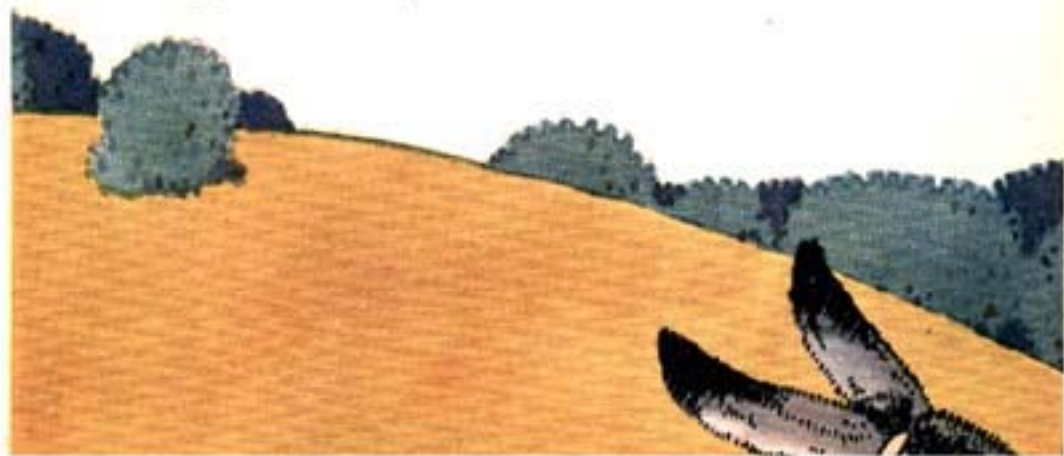


"What is your name, little boy?" he asked.

"My papa calls me little Big-Bye-And-Bye," said the lad. "You see, it means that after awhile I shall be a big man. At least, I shall be big enough to have a pony. But I would rather not have a pony now. When I am bigger I want a burro just like Flop-Ears!"

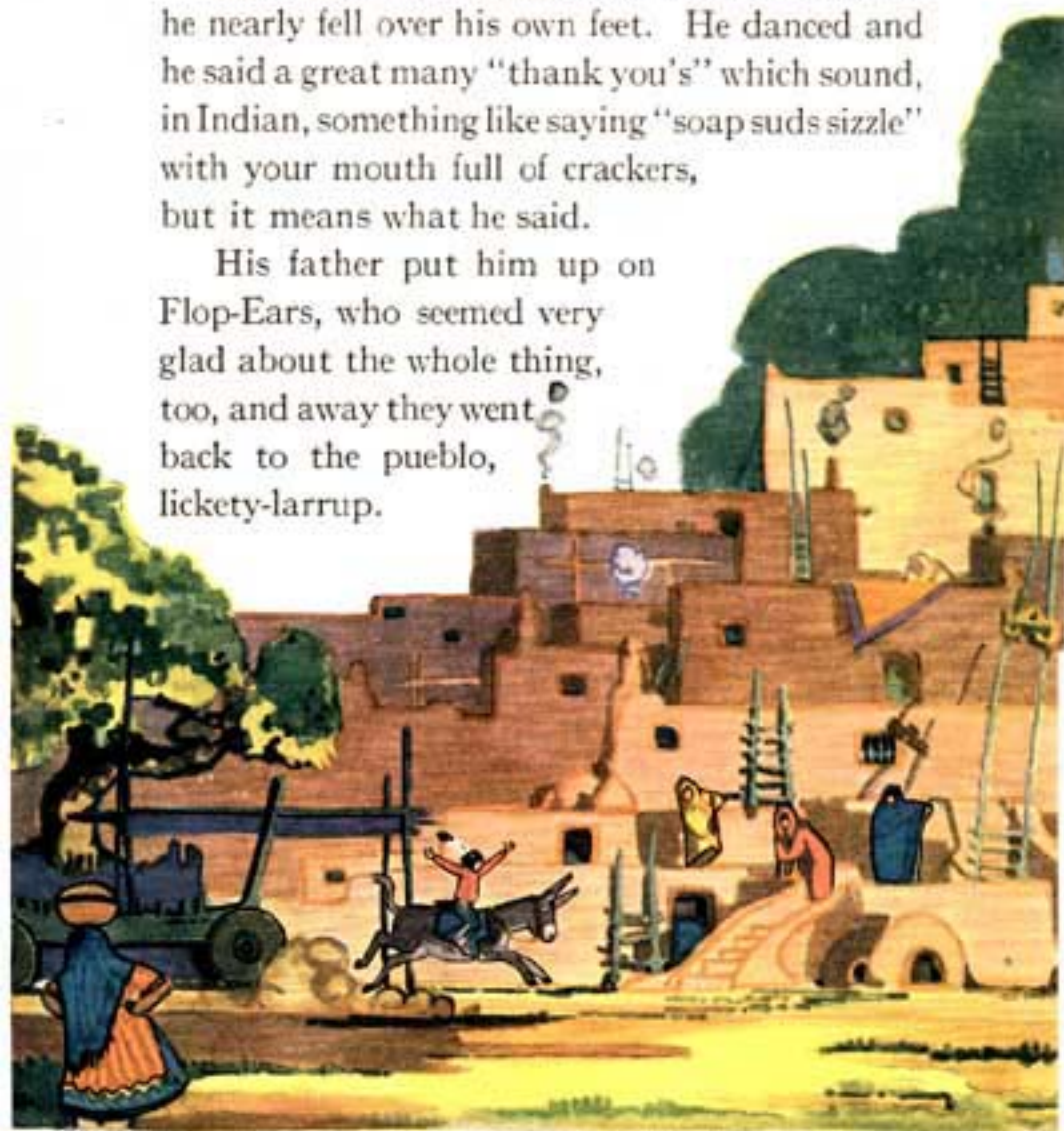
The old man looked across at Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes and smiled.

"I think you ought to be very proud of your son," said he, "for had he not come along, I might have stayed in that well a long, long time. And now," he continued, to the little boy, "I am going to give you for your very own"—What do you suppose?—"Flop-Ears!"

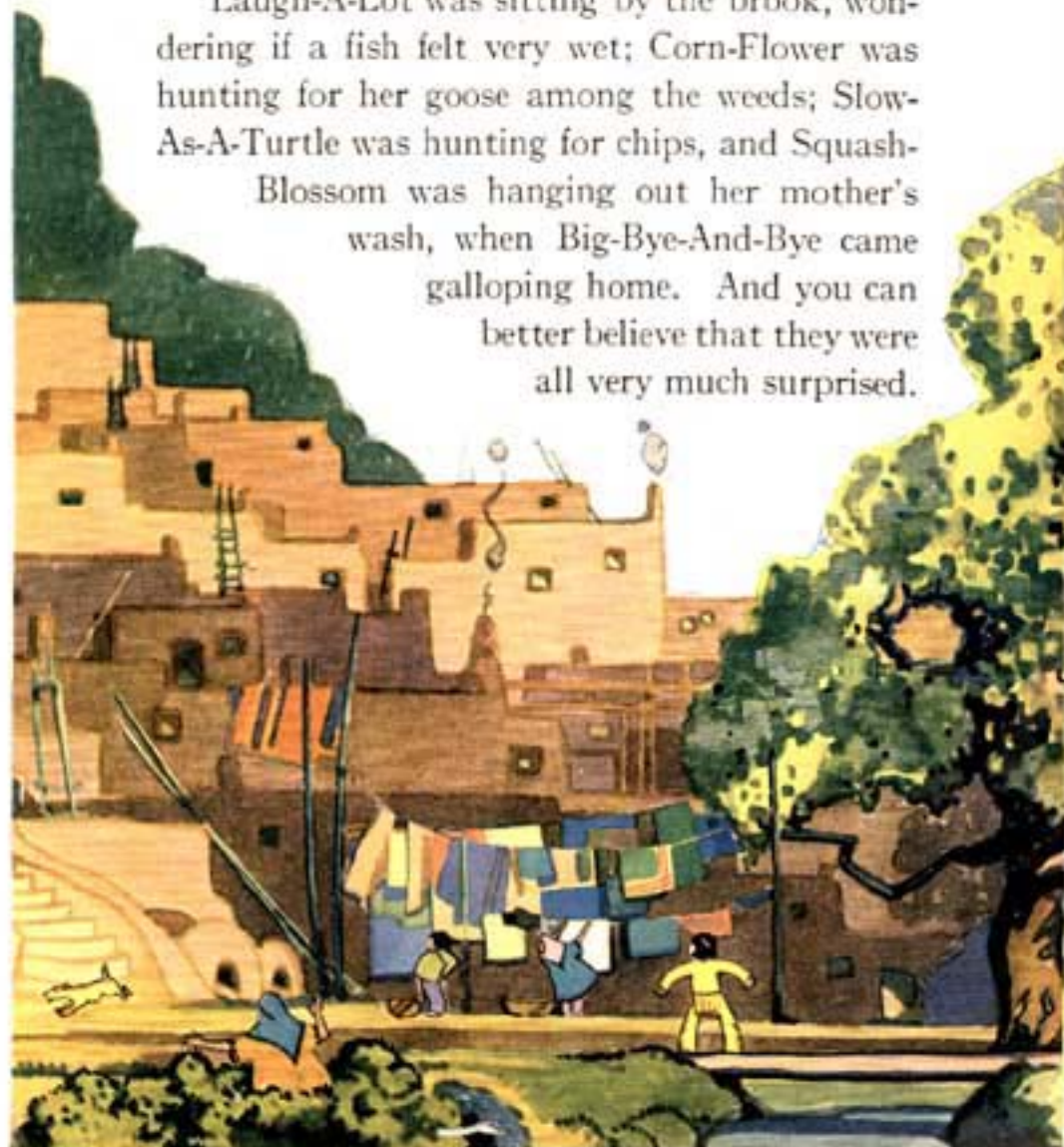


Little Big-Bye-And-Bye was so surprised that he nearly fell over his own feet. He danced and he said a great many "thank you's" which sound, in Indian, something like saying "soap suds sizzle" with your mouth full of crackers, but it means what he said.

His father put him up on Flop-Ears, who seemed very glad about the whole thing, too, and away they went back to the pueblo, lickety-larrup.



Laugh-A-Lot was sitting by the brook, wondering if a fish felt very wet; Corn-Flower was hunting for her goose among the weeds; Slow-As-A-Turtle was hunting for chips, and Squash-Blossom was hanging out her mother's wash, when Big-Bye-And-Bye came galloping home. And you can better believe that they were all very much surprised.





They crowded around and petted Flop-Ears, and then they all climbed up on his back behind Big-Bye-And-Bye, in a row. Flop-Ears seemed to like it, too, for he would rather carry many little children than a heavy man, for which you cannot blame him. When they were starting for a ride, however, what did Slow-As-A-Turtle do but slip off the back end, flop! But, then, he always *was* slow at catching onto things!

As for the old man, he turned out to be a turquoise trader who was looking for the bright blue stones when he fell into the abandoned well.

He bought a big black horse and rode away, red blanket and all.



And so this is how Big-Bye-And-Bye got his pony which turned out to be a burro, much better than a green horse-stick to ride. And his father, Plenty-Pecks-Of-Potatoes, did not scold him for not shoeing the hens out of the corn patch.

To this day all the other children would rather have Flop-Ears a different color, but Big-Bye-And-Bye is content to have him the nice woolly mouse-color that he is. And everyone is happy, even the yellow puppy.



The End.





