

Bo-bo the Pig
is
Good and Bad



**MOTHER TELLS
A
BEDTIME STORY**

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Bo-bo the Pig Is Good and Bad

By Samuel E. Lowe

Illustrations By Ray Gleason

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Bo-bo the Pig is Good *and* Bad

Bo-Bo the Pig was quite pleased with himself. He was fat, cheerful, and waddy, for he had just eaten to his heart's content. A happy pig was Bo-Bo.

"Oho," replied Peter the Fox, who did not like Bo-Bo. "Grampa Fox is! Jumbo the Elephant is! And when Uncle Tusker comes, he's most important."

"Huh!" snorted Bo-Bo. "Huh! Huh!" he snorted again.

Bo-Bo almost choked as he tried to answer Peter the Fox, but try as he would he could not think of a thing to say. Instead, he gave Peter the Fox a look of scorn and waddled away.

"Isn't he fat?" Teddy Bear remarked as he watched him go his way.

"And conceited," added Peter the Fox. "We'll simply have to do something to him some day."

"You know what Jumbo says," Teddy Bear answered. "It's all because Bo-Bo the Pig is a pig."

But Bo-Bo had forgotten about Peter the Fox almost at once and was now homeward bound. Because he was so fat he grew tired and hot very quickly. Under

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the shade of a large tree, near the home of the Twin Bears, Bo-Bo sat down to rest. He was just about to doze off when he saw straight ahead of him, half hidden from where he sat, twelve juicy, crisp carrots. They were very tempting. They had been carefully hidden away, and it was just by chance that Bo-Bo saw them. Bo-Bo the Pig could not resist them—not for a moment. In less than one minute the twelve carrots were gone, and Bo-Bo the Pig was looking for more. But there were no more.

From within the Twin Bears' house Bobby Bear saw Bo-Bo beating around and hunting for something, but it never occurred to him that the pig had found their precious carrots. Later, when Teddy Bear returned, the two bears went in search of their precious treasures and found that they were gone.

Poor Teddy! Poor Bobby! They knew at once who was guilty, but for a long time did not know what to do about it.

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"What?" asked Teddy.

"He thinks we should get Bo-Bo the Pig down to the hornets' nest and then get the hornets to sting him. And I know how we can do it, too," he added.

"How?" asked Teddy and Bobby.

Peter the Fox was such a clever fellow that they could do nothing but admire him.

"We'll get some nice ears of corn and put them under the hornets' nest. Then I'll go and invite Bo-Bo the Pig to come to our corn party. Do you think he will come? When he comes, Teddy can take a stick and break the nest and run. Bo-Bo the Pig is slow and he won't expect the hornets, will he?"

"Goody," said Bobby.

Teddy Bear, after a moment's thought in which he remembered the lost carrots, decided to be brave and also agreed.

Peter went for Bo-Bo the Pig and invited him to the corn party. Bo-Bo said "Yes" at once, and he waddled almost as fast as Peter walked, for he loved corn dearly.

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When they arrived near the hornets' nest, they saw Teddy arranging the corn; so Bo-Bo hurried faster.

"Give me!" he bellowed excitedly and reached out an eager paw.

Teddy Bear gave one swirl of his stick against the hornets' nest. Bo-Bo the Pig, too busy with the corn, never noticed him at all.

Out came the hornets. Poor Bo-Bo the Pig! When the first hornet stung him, he let out one loud grunt of pain; then as others stung him and still others he turned and ran madly, the hornets after him.

He never stopped until he reached his home, and for days afterwards he cared little for corn of any kind.

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BO-BO EATS TOO MUCH

OLD Father Bear, who was the father of the Twin Bears, felt sorry for Bo-Bo the Pig and suggested Johnny Gander as a helper. So Johnny Gander it was.

Now there were some in Zoo Zoo Land who liked Grampa Fox. Such a clever chap would make a clever mayor.

"Vote for Grampa Fox. A fox for mayor."

This was what Peter the Fox told every one. Mr. Crok the Crocodile said it was a good idea, but he would vote for Bo-Bo the Pig.

"Hurrah for Bill Hippo," shouted Jocko the Monk. "A plain hippo, a plain mayor."

"My goodness," said Clarence Giraffe. "I can see much further than that."

He craned his neck and thought how hard it was to decide for whom to vote.

It was Johnny Gander who thought of the wonderful idea of hiring Professor Catt and his band the day before election.

"There should be a parade," said Johnny Gander. "A parade for Bo-Bo the Pig."

What a grand parade it was. Professor Catt was in his glory, and the band played its very best. As it marched through Zoo Zoo Land with big banners saying "Vote for Bo-Bo the Pig—The Pig Who Looks Like a Mayor" there were many shouts of approval.

Bo-Bo followed the band. It was a warm day, a very warm day. Poor Bo-Bo, though he may have looked like a mayor, was very hot and perspired greatly. He was not used to walking far, and he almost wished that there had been no parade.

Somehow, almost every one decided that though Grampa Fox was truly clever and though old Bill Hippo was very plain and solid, Zoo Zoo Land needed a mayor of whom no one need be ashamed. Bo-Bo the Pig looked so prosperous and so well fed that he would be a credit to Zoo Zoo Land at all times.

Peter the Fox would not give in. He went everywhere asking folks to vote for Grampa Fox. Bo-Bo the Pig was not

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helped himself to as much as his plate would hold and swallowed it all quickly and eagerly.

Every one else ate as he or she should, but not Bo-bo. When he had finished his first helping, he called for a second; then a third. Every one wondered at his greediness.

But Bo-bo did not care. He ate until he could eat no more. He simply ate himself out of being elected mayor, for every one then and there decided that Bo-bo would not do. Bo-Bo never knew, for he grew drowsy—so drowsy that he fell asleep right at the table.

Perhaps you can notice how pleased old Mother Hippo looks. Jimmy Hippo is also pleased, and so is Tom Rhino.

Old Uncle Tusker never said a word. But I just wonder if he did not give that banquet because he knew what would happen.

UNCLE TUSKER HAS HIS PICTURE PAINTED

POOR Bo-Bo, when awakened, found the banquet almost over. There stood Johnny Gander with such a look of disgust that even the drowsy Bo-Bo noticed it.

"Have I been asleep, Johnny Gander?"

"Asleep? Why, you were fast asleep. I suppose you awakened because you were hungry."

"Well, there isn't anything to eat," replied Bo-Bo as he looked around.

"No, and as far as that goes, you've eaten yourself out of being mayor. Folks in Zoo Zoo Land might have wanted a pig for mayor, but they don't want a hog."

"But I was hungry, Johnny Gander. I came to eat, and so I ate."

"Yes, you certainly ate, Bo-Bo. Every one saw you eat, and they saw how much you ate. Tomorrow Zoo Zoo Land will elect Bill Hippo who doesn't want to be mayor and never would be except that

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Jocko started to work at once. Uncle Tusker stood still for a long time so that it would be easy for Jocko. Jumbo the Elephant came to look, so did Professor Catt. Mrs. Mayor Hippo came, too, for she was beginning to think of having the mayor's picture painted. Bo-Bo the Pig would have liked his picture painted, too, but since he was not the mayor, of course, it would never do.

When Jocko had completed the picture, it was brought to the City Hall where the mayor had it hung in a most conspicuous place.

BO-BO THE PIG IS HELPFUL

I HAVE told you of how many things Bo-Bo the Pig had done that were naughty. Perhaps you have grown to dislike him. So when I tell you of something very fine that he did, I hope you will change your mind and think that perhaps poor Bo-Bo is not so bad.

It was a very warm day. The sun was shining so hard and with such heat that all Zoo Zoo Land was hoping for rain.

Poor Bo-Bo was sure that he suffered more than any one else because of the heat. All day he was making his way to the spring, for it seemed as if he never would stop being thirsty. The more he drank, the more he perspired. He was so hot that he wasn't even hungry.

As he sat fanning himself, he envied Jocko the Monk and Jimmy Hippo, neither of whom seemed to be bothered the least bit by the heat. Tom Rhino joined them, and the three played with a large rubber ball. It was a lot of fun and had it not

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sorry for Grampa Fox, sorry that he was ill and that the hot weather was so harmful to him. And then, what do you think? Bo-Bo the Pig had a wonderful idea, a very unselfish idea. He looked around him to see if any one was watching him. No one was.

Quickly he turned around and waddled away. He grew quite warm, but somehow he did not seem to mind it so much. I think it was because he was not thinking of himself. Where do you think he was bound for? Yes, sirree! To the home of Grampa Fox.

He arrived there very soon. Poor Grampa Fox looked up. He looked quite ill, but he was glad to have a visitor. Peter the Fox wondered why Bo-Bo had come, for Bo-Bo did not usually trouble to pay visits unless he expected to get something.

But Bo-Bo sat down and listened quite quietly while Grampa Fox told of what ailed him. When Grampa Fox was through, Bo-Bo asked him if he would not like to be cool.

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Such a wistful look came to Grampa's face. You could tell that that was what he wished.

"Well," said Bo-Bo the Pig, very clumsily. He would have blushed quite red, but pigs do not blush, of course. "You see, I am big and strong. Why can't I carry you down to the river, near Shady Brook. It is cool there and very pleasant. You will like it."

Peter the Fox stood up and looked at Bo-Bo with wide open mouth. Could this be Bo-Bo, the Bo-Bo he knew?

"Why, Bo-Bo!"

Bo-Bo the Pig glared at Peter the Fox. He was quite uncomfortable. He was feeling quite queer, and yet he was not unhappy.

Peter the Fox began to urge Grampa to consent. As a matter of fact, Grampa Fox needed very little urging. He was quite anxious to get where it was cool.

A little later, the folks at the river, who were there in much larger numbers since Bo-Bo had left, saw a queer sight. There was Bo-Bo carrying Grampa Fox very

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carefully. Soon they arrived at the river. Every one looked at them with wonder. What had happened?

When they found out, they said nice things of Bo-Bo. Jumbo the Elephant was the first to join him. He was followed by Teddy Bear, then by the others. Bo-Bo was quite happy, quite cool, and quite contented.

Grampa Fox had a splendid time at the river. Later, Bo-Bo the Pig took him home, although others offered to do it for him. And that night it rained, and it rained the next morning. In fact it rained for seventeen other mornings. Grampa Fox grew well and strong, and ever after he and Peter the Fox were two of Bo-Bo's best friends.

BILLIE THE TURK VISITS JOCKO

ONE morning about a week later, Jimmy the Crow flew into Zoo Zoo Land in great excitement. He was Zoo Zoo Land's messenger, and he brought news from everywhere. For where he did not go, his cousins did, and all of them were great gossips.

"What's new?" asked Jumbo the Elephant, who saw him first. He was down at the river, where Jimmy Crow had stopped for a moment. Mr. Crok the Crocodile, who had been sunning himself there, picked up his ears to listen.

"I have great news," said Jimmy Crow. "Who do you think is coming to Zoo Zoo Land for a visit?"

He stopped and waited for an answer.

"I never can guess," replied Jumbo.

"Can you?" Jimmy asked Mr. Crok.

Mr. Crok shrugged his shoulders but made no answer.

"Well, it's Billie the Turk. He's a cousin of Jocko the Monk."

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had come. So he told them of Mowie the Donkey, Buster the Dog, and the others, including his master. Zoo Zoo Land liked to listen to it all, for it was all strange. Peter the Fox was sure that he would not like Buster, but the others thought he might become a good friend.

When Billie spoke of the farm, of the pigs, cows, and chickens, Bo-Bo became quite interested. He wanted to know what the pigs had to do and whether they got enough to eat.

"I have a cousin on a farm," he said. "Perhaps I shall visit him some day."

"But if you go, you'll not stay?" Peter the Fox asked.

"Oh, no," replied Bo-Bo. "Of course, I'll come back. I couldn't live away from Zoo Zoo Land."

Every one was glad to hear him say so. And this was entirely different from the way they had felt before Bo-Bo had been kind to Grampa Fox. You see how much more kindly every one felt because they understood him better.

Billie the Turk had a nice visit. But he could not stay for more than two weeks.

BO-BO'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

THIS is the story of the birthday party that was given by Peter the Fox for Bo-Bo the Pig on Bo-Bo's birthday.

It was a surprise party. Bo-Bo was invited, but because he remembered the hornets' nest, he at first did not want to go. But when some one told him of all the good things that were to be at the party, he decided to go, never knowing that the party was for him.

"What's the party for?" he asked Jimmy Hippo.

"For some one we like," was the reply. "It's a secret."

There were games. One of them was for every one to write down for whom the party could be. Every one but Bo-Bo wrote down Bo-Bo's name. Bo-Bo looked around at every one and wondered; then he finally wrote down Bobby and Teddy Bear, who were to go fishing with Father Bear the next day.

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When the papers were read, Bo-Bo the Pig was surprised. Every one shouted "surprise," of course, which it really, truly was.

Bo-Bo had made up his mind that he was going to behave as well as any one else. So though there was corn and other fine things to eat, he ate no more than any one else. For that reason he did not get sleepy and enjoyed all of the party; whereas at other times, he would fall asleep immediately after he had gorged himself.

When the party was almost over, the folks in Zoo Zoo Land gave Bo-Bo a very fine market basket, which pleased him a lot. He knew how it happened that he had gotten the very thing he wanted, for he remembered that he had told Peter the Fox that the next time he went to market he would buy one.

"Now," said Jocko the Monk, "you can say: 'This little pig went to market.'"

"Only you are not a little pig," he added.

"But a very happy one," said Bo-Bo the Pig.

And I know that all of us are glad that he is.



The End.

