



Scripts.com

The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh

By A.A. Milne

This could be the room
of any small boy...
but it just happens to belong
to a boy named Christopher Robin.
Like most small boys, Christopher Robin
has toy animals to play with.
They all live together
in a wonderful world of make-believe.
But his best friend is a bear
called Winnie the Pooh...
or "Pooh" for short.
Now, Pooh had some
very unusual adventures...
and they all happened right here
in the Hundred-Acre Wood.
Deep in the Hundred-Acre Wood
Where Christopher Robin plays
You'll find
the enchanted neighborhood
Of Christopher's
childhood days
A donkey named Eeyore
is his friend
And Kanga and little Roo
There's Rabbit and Piglet
And there's Owl
But most of all
Winnie the Pooh
Winnie the Pooh
Winnie the Pooh
Tubby little cubby
all stuffed with fluff
He's Winnie the Pooh
Winnie the Pooh
Willy-nilly, silly old bear
- Winnie the Pooh
- Pooh!
- Winnie the Pooh
- Pooh!
Tubby little cubby
all stuffed with fluff
He's Winnie the Pooh
Winnie the Pooh
Willy-nilly, silly old bear

Winnie the Pooh lived
in this enchanted forest...
under the name of "Sanders"...
which means he had the name
over the door in gold letters...
and he lived under it.
- Now, when Pooh heard
his "pooh-coo" clock...
- Pooh-coo.
Pooh-coo, pooh-coo, pooh-coo,
pooh-coo, pooh-coo.
He knew it was time
for something.
But he was a bear
of very little brain.
So when he thought, he thought in
the most thoughtful way he could think.
I haven't thought of anything,
have you?
Nor neither have I.
Think, think, think.
Oh, yes. Time for
my stoutness exercise.
Up, down, up.
When I up, down
touch the ground
It puts me in the mood
Up, down, touch the ground
In the mood for food
I am stout, round
and I have found
Speaking poundage-wise
I improve my appetite
when I exercise
Oh, stuff and fluff.
That's better. Thank you.
Now, where was I?
Oh, yes. I'm rumbly in my tumbly.
Time for something sweet.
I am short, fat
and proud of that
So with all my might
I up, down, up, down
To my appetite's delight

While I up, down
touch the ground
I think of things to chew
Like honey and milk
and chocolate.
With a hefty, happy appetite
I'm a hefty, happy pooh
With a hefty, happy appetite
he's a hefty, happy pooh
Oh, bother. Empty again.
Only the sticky part is left.
That buzzing noise
means something.
And the only reason for making
a buzzing noise that I know of...
is because you're a... a bee!
And the only reason for being a bee
is to make honey.
And the only reason for making honey
is so I can eat it.
And so Winnie the Pooh
climbed the honey tree.
He climbed and he climbed
and he climbed.
- And as he climbed,
he hummed a little hum.
- Hum, hum
Hum, hum
And I call it
my "rumbly in my tumbly" song.
Yes, and it went
something like this.
Hum dum de dum
Hum dum de dum
I am so rumbly
in my tumbly
Oh!
Time to munch
an early luncheon
Hum de dum dum dum
Oh, I wouldn't climb this tree
If a pooh flew like a bee
But I wouldn't be a bear then
So I guess

I wouldn't care then
Bears love honey
and I'm a Pooh bear
So I do care
So I climb there
I'm so rumbly in my tumbly
Time for something
For something sweet to eat!
If only I hadn't...
You see, what I meant to do...
And it all comes, I suppose,
from liking honey so much.
Oh, bother.
Winnie the Pooh
crawled out of the gorse bush...
brushed the prickles from his nose
and began to think again.
- Think, think, think.
- And the first person
he thought of was...
- Winnie the Pooh?
- No. Christopher Robin.
Oh.
Christopher Robin lived
in another part of the forest...
where he could be near his friends
and help them with their problems.
On this summer day,
gloomy old Eeyore...
being stuffed with sawdust,
had lost his tail again.
- Eeyore, this won't hurt.
- Never does.
There now. Did I get your tail
back on properly, Eeyore?
No matter. Most likely
lose it again anyway.
It is my considered opinion...
that Eeyore's tail should be
placed a trifle to the, uh, right.
And now, if you were to ask me,
I think it's just a wee bit...
South.
No, no. North, dear.

Cheer up, Eeyore. Don't be so gloomy.
Try swishing it.

- It worked. It worked.

- Oh, goody! Hooray!

Thanks. It's not much of a tail,
but I'm sort of attached to it.

- Good morning, Christopher Robin.

- Oh, good morning, Winnie the Pooh.

- Good morning, Pooh bear.

- Good morning, Pooh bear.

If it is a good morning,
which I doubt.

- What are you looking for, Pooh bear?

- I just said to myself, coming along
thinking and wondering...
if you had such a thing as, uh...
such a thing, Christopher,
uh, as a balloon, about you.
What do you want a balloon for?

- Honey.

- But you don't get honey
with a balloon.

- I do.

- How?

I shall fly like a bee,
up to the honey tree. See?
But just a minute.
You can't fool the bees that way.
You'll see.

Now, would you be so kind as to tow me
to a muddy place of which I know of.
So Christopher Robin towed Winnie
the Pooh to the very muddy place.
And Pooh rolled and rolled
until he was black all over.
There, now.

- Isn't this a clever disguise?

- What are you supposed to be?
I'm a little, black
rain cloud, of course.
Silly old bear.

Now, would you aim me
at the bees, please?

- Careful, Pooh. Hold on tight.

- Yes.
- Four...
- Yes.
- Three...
- Yes.
- Two...
- Yes.
- One!

I'm just a little, black rain cloud
Hovering under the honey tree
I'm only a little, black rain cloud
Pay no attention to little me
Oh, everyone knows
that a rain cloud
Never eats honey
no, not a nip
I'm just floating around
over the ground
Wondering where I will drip
Christopher Robin,
I think the bees...
S-U-S-P-E-C-T something.
Perhaps they think
you're after their honey.
Well, it may be that.
You never can tell with bees.
Oh, I'm just
a little, black rain cloud
Hovering under the honey tree
Christopher Robin!
I think it would help
with this deception...
if you would just kind of open
your umbrella and say...
- "Tut, tut, it looks like rain."
- Tut, tut, it looks like rain.
Tut, tut, it looks like rain.
Christopher Robin, I have come
to a very important decision.
These are the wrong sorts of bees.
Excuse me, please, bees.
Christopher Robin!
Oh, bother!
I think I shall come down.

L'll catch you, Pooh.
Hurry, come on. The bees!
Help, Christopher!
Christopher Robin,
you never can tell with bees.
Now, Pooh was not the sort
to give up easily.
When he put his mind to honey,
he stuck to it.
Now, honey rhymes with bunny...
and bunny rhymes with, uh...
Rabbit?
Yeah, I like Rabbit
because he uses short, easy words...
like, "How about lunch"
and "Help yourself, Pooh."
Pooh? Lunch?
Oh, no. Not again.
Oh, my. Oh, my.
Oh, my goodness gracious!
Is anybody at home?
What I said was,
"Is anybody at home?"
- No.
- Bother.
- Isn't there anybody here at all?
- Nobody.
Must be somebody there because
somebody must have said, "Nobody."
- Rabbit, isn't that you?
- No!
Well, isn't that the Rabbit's voice?
I don't think so.
It isn't meant to be.
- Hello, Rabbit.
- Oh.
Oh, hello, Pooh bear.
Pooh bear!
Uh, uh...
What a pleasant surprise.
Uh, how about lunch?
Oh, thank you, Rabbit.
And help yourself, Pooh.
Uh, would you like condensed milk

or honey on your bread?
Both. But never mind the bread, please.
Just a small helping, if you please.
Huh, there you are.
Is, uh, something wrong?
Well, I did mean
a little larger "small helping."
Perhaps it would save time
if you took the whole jar.
Thank you, Rabbit.
So Pooh ate and ate
and ate and ate...
and ate and ate
and ate and ate...
and ate.
Until at last he said to Rabbit...
in a rather sticky voice:
I must be going now.
Good-bye, Rabbit.
Well, good-bye, if you're sure
you won't have any more.
- Is there any more?
- No, there isn't.
I thought not.
Oh, oh, help and bother!
I'm stuck.
Oh, dear. Oh, gracious. Oh.
Well, it all comes
from eating too much.
It all comes from not having
front doors big enough!
Oh, dear, it's no use.
There's only one thing to do.
I'll get Christopher Robin.
Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Oh, dear.
Oh, my. Heavens to Betsy.
- Well, if it isn't Pooh bear.
- Oh, hello, Owl.
Splendid day to be up and about
one's business, quite, eh?
Oh.
I say, are you stuck?
No, no, just resting...
and thinking

and humming to myself.
You, sir, are stuck...
a wedged bear,
in a great tightness.
In a word, irremovable.
Now obviously, this situation
calls for an expert.
Somebody call
for an excavation expert?
I'm not in the book,
but I'm at your service.
Gopher's the name.
Here's my card.
- What's your problem?
- Yes, yes, yes, yes.
It seems the entrance
to Rabbit's domicile is impassable.
Uh, to be exact, plugged.
And you want me to dig it out?
Precisely.
Uh, I say, it's over here,
my good fellow.
Oh, the first thing to be done
is get rid of that bear.
He's gummin' up the whole project.
Dash it all, he is the project!
Um, hard digging.
Might hit bedrock.
Danger of cave-in. Risky.
Need planks for bracing.
Big job. Take two, three days.
Three days?
What about lunches?
No problem, I always go home for lunch.
Oh, oh! This will run into money.
I, uh... I say, how much?
Do the job for hourly rate
plus cover materials, plus overtime...
plus ten percent.
- And your estimate?
- Nope, can't give an estimate.
- Too risky.
- Blast it all.
- Good idea! We'll dynamite. Save time.

- Eh, what's the charge?
The charge? Oh, about
seven sticks of dynamite.
Oh, no, no, no, the cost!
The charge in money?
Nope, no charge account.
I work strictly cash.
Obviously, but, I should think...
Well, I can't stand around lollygagging
all day. I got a tight schedule.
If you think it over,
let me know. You got my card.
I'm not in the book, you know.
Oh. Dash it all, he's gone.
After all,
he's not in the book, you know.
- Oh.
- Here we come. Don't worry.
Cheer up, Pooh bear.
We're coming.
- We'll get you out.
- Well, maybe.
Silly old bear.
Here, give me your paw.
Ow. It's no use. I'm stuck.
Well, if we can't pull you out, Pooh,
perhaps we can push you back.
Oh, no! Not that!
Oh, my gracious!
Oh, dear!
Having got this far,
it seems a pity to waste it.
Pooh bear, there's only
one thing we can do:
- Wait for you to get thin again.
- Oh, bother. How long will that take?
Days. Weeks. Months.
Who knows?
Oh, dear.
If I have to face that...
that thing for months...
well, I might as well
make the best of it.
Oh, no!

There it is again!
Well, I'll just turn it to the wall.
Oh, dear!
Yes, a frame. Uh-huh.
Oh. No, no, no. No.
Very nice.
And a splash of color.
Oh, it just doesn't have
that rustic, informal look.
There, a hunting trophy.
Aha! I know just the thing.
Something tickles.
Oh, Pooh!
You messed up my moose!
Pooh, Roo has a little surprise for you.
- Flowers.
- Honeysuckle.
No, Pooh, you don't eat them.
You smell them.
Oh.
That's not bad. Not bad at all.
It's rather good, I think.
- Ah...
- Oh, no! Hold it!
Oh, no! No, help!
Why did I ever invite
that bear to lunch?
Why, oh, why, oh, why?
While Pooh's bottom was stuck
at the top of page 28...
his top was stuck
at the bottom of page 30.
So both ends waited
to get thin again...
day after day...
night after lonely night.
I wonder what's for breakfast.
Breakfast.
Lunch.
Huh? A lunch box!
It certainly is!
I'm working the swing shift, you know.
Time for my midnight snack.
Say, ain't you that stuck-up bear?

Hmm. I still think I could
blast you out of there.
Uh, what sort of lunch
is in that lunch box?
Well, let's see here.
Ah, um, oh!
Summer squash...
salmon salad, succotash,
spiced custard...
and honey.
- Honey?
- Honey? Oh, no!
Could you spare
a small smackerel?
Say, you ought to do something
about that speech impediment, sonny.
- Oh, thank you, Gopher.
- Oh, no! Not that!
No, no, no, no, no!
Not one drop!
But, Rabbit,
I wasn't going to eat it.
I was just going to taste it.
I'll taste it for you.
That supercilious scoundrel
confiscated my honey.
Don't feed the bear.
I'm going to skedaddle.
I'm not in the book.
And I'm "ding danged" glad of it!
And then one morning
when Rabbit was beginning to think...
that he might never be able to use
his front door again, it happened.
He budged. Hooray!
"Christopher Crobbin."
No, "Chrostofer Rubin."
He "bidged!" He "badged!" He "booged!"
- Today is the day!
- Hooray for you
Hooray for me
Hooray, hooray
The pooh will soon be free
Dum ba dum

ba dum ba dum ba dum
Now the time has
come for proving
What the diet did for Pooh
And since we pledged
he'd be unwedged
That's what we're going to do
He'll be pulled
and he'll be tugged
And eventually unplugged
We'll have a tug-of-war
To open Rabbit's door
Think "heave-age," think "ho-age"
And out the pooh will "go-age"
For mind over matter
Has made the pooh "un-fatter"
Heave-ho
Heave-ho
Heave, heave, heave, heave, heave
- There he goes!
- Suffering sassafras.
He's sailing clean out of the book!
Quick! Turn the page!
Stuck again.
Don't worry, Pooh.
We'll get you out.
No hurry. Take your time.
Yum-yum.
Bears love honey
and I'm a pooh bear
Yum, yum, yum, yum
Slurp, slurp, slurp, slurp
Yum, yum, yum, yum
Time for something sweet
And so we come
to the next chapter in which...
But I haven't finished yet.
But, Pooh, you're in the next chapter.
Oh. What happens to me?
Well, let's turn the page
and find out.
Now, one fine day, the east wind...
traded places with the west wind.
And that stirred things up a bit

all through the Hundred-Acre Wood.
Now, on this blustery day...
Pooh decided to visit
his thoughtful spot.
Yes, and on the way
I made up a little hum.
And it hums something like this.
Hum dum, dum ditty dum
Hum dum, dum
Oh, the wind is lashing lustily
and the trees are thrashing thrustily
And the leaves are rustling gustily
So it's rather safe to say
That it seems that
it may turn out to be
It feels that it will undoubtedly
It looks like a rather
blustery day today
It seems that
it may turn out to be
Feels that it will undoubtedly
Looks like a rather blustery day today
Fortunately, Pooh's thoughtful spot
was in a sheltered place.
Now he sat down and tried
hard to think of something.
Think, think, think, think, think.
Think, think, think.
Say, what's wrong, sonny?
Got yourself a headache?
- No, I was just thinking.
- Is that so? What about?
L... Oh, bother.
You made me forget.
If I was you, I'd think about
skedaddling out of here.
- Why?
- 'Cause it's "Winds-day."
"Winds-day"? Oh!
Then I think I shall wish
everyone a happy "Winds-day"...
and I shall begin with
my very dear friend, Piglet.
Now, Piglet lived in the middle

of the forest in a very grand house...
in the middle of a beech tree.
And Piglet loved it very much.
Whew, yes.
Whoops. You see, it's been
in the family a long time.
It belonged to my grandfather.
Oh, that's his name up there,
"Trespassers Will."
That's short for "Trespassers William."
- Trespassers William?
- Yes.
And Grandma... Oh.
She called him T.W.
That's even shorter.
Yes, yes, yes.
- And on this blustery day...
- Whoo!
The wind was giving you
a bit of a bother.
Now, you've been here before.
I don't mind the leaves
that are leaving.
It's the leaves that are coming.
Whoops!
- Happy "Winds-day," Piglet.
- Well, it isn't very happy for me.
- Where are you going, Piglet?
- That's what I'm asking myself, where?
W-Whoops! P-P-Pooh!
And what do you think
you will answer yourself?
Oh, oh, oh! I'm unravelling.
Whoops!
Oh, t-t-that was a c-c-close one!
Hang on tight, Piglet.
Oh, dear.
Oh, d-d-dear, dear!
Look, Mama, look! A kite!
Oh, my goodness, it's Piglet!
Happy "Winds-day," Kanga.
Happy "Winds-day," Roo.
Can I fly Piglet next, Pooh?
Oh, dear.

Oh, d-d-dear, dear!
There, that should
stand against anything.
Oh, oh! Help, help!
Somebody, s-s-save me!
- Happy "Winds-day," Eeyore.
- Thanks for noticing me.
Oh, b-b-b-bother!
Ah. Oh, what a refreshing
day for harvesting.
- Happy Winds-day, Rabbit.
- Pooh bear, Stop! Oh, go back! Oh, no!
Oh, no! Oh, no!
Oh, yes!
Well, next time, I hope he blows
right through my rutabaga patch.
- Whoops!
- Huh? Who, who, who? Who is it?
It's me.
P-P-Please, may I come in?
Well, I say now.
Someone has pasted
Piglet on my window.
Well, well! Pooh too.
This is a surprise.
Do come in and make yourselves...
- comfortable.
- Oh!
Am I correct in assuming it is
a rather blustery day outside?
Yes, sir, Owl. It's a very,
very blustery day outside.
Oh, yes. That reminds me.
Happy "Winds-day," Owl.
My good fellow, I wouldn't go
so far as to call it a "Winds-day"...
just a gentle spring zephyr.
Excuse me, Owl, but...
is there honey in that pot?
Oh, yes, yes, of course. Help yourself.
Now, as I was saying...
this is just a mild spring zephyr
compared to the big wind of '67.
Or was it, uh, '76?

Oh, well, no matter.

- Oh, I remember the big blow well.

- I'll remember this one too.

It was the year my Aunt Clara
went to visit her cousin.

Now, her cousin was not only
gifted on the glockenspiel...

but being a screech owl, also sang
soprano in the London opera.

- Thank you, Piglet.

- You see, her constant practicing...

so unnerved my aunt that
she laid a sea gull egg by mistake.

Oh, dear.

Oh, d-d-dear, dear.

Well, I say now, someone has...

Pooh, did you do that?

I don't think so.

As soon as Christopher Robin
heard of the disaster...

he hurried to the scene
of Owl's misfortune.

What a pity.

Owl, I don't think we will
ever be able to fix it.

If you ask me,
when a house looks like that...

- it's time to find another one.

- That's a very good idea, Eeyore.

Might take a day or two,
but I'll find a new one.

Good, that will just give me time
to tell you about my Uncle Clyde...
a very independent barn owl.

He didn't give a hoot for tradition.

He became enamored of a pussycat...
and went to sea

in a beautiful pea-green boat.

Owl talked from page 41 to page 62.

And on page 62, the blustery day
turned into a blustery night.

To Pooh, it was a very anxious
sort of night...

filled with anxious sorts of noises.

And one of the noises was a sound
that had never been heard before.
Ah, is that you, Piglet?
W-Well, tell me about it
tomorrow, Eeyore?
Oh, come in,
Christopher Robin.
Now Pooh, being a bear
of very little brain...
decided to invite
the new sound in.
Hello, out there.
Oh, I hope nobody answers.
- Hello, I'm Tigger!
- Oh. You scared me.
Yeah, sure I did.
Everyone's scared of tiggers.
- Uh, who are you?
- I'm Pooh.
Oh, a pooh. Sure.
- What's a pooh?
- You're sitting on one.
I am? Oh, well, glad to meet ya.
Name's Tigger.
T-I, double "guh," "err."
That spells "Tigger."
But what is a tigger?
Well, he asked for it!
The wonderful thing about tiggers
is tiggers are wonderful things
Their tops are made out of rubber
Their bottoms are made out of springs
They're bouncy, trouncy, flouncy
pouncy fun, fun, fun, fun, fun
But the most wonderful thing
about tiggers is I'm the only one
I'm the only one
- Then what's that over there?
- Huh? Oh, hey, hey. Look, look, look.
Oh, what a strange-looking creature.
Look at those beady little eyes,
and that "purrposturous" chin...
and those "rickydiculus"
striped pajamas.

- Looked like another tigger to me.
- Oh, no, it's not. I'm the only tigger.
Watch me scare the stripes
off of this impostor.
Is-Is-Is... Is he gone?
All except the tail.
He's gone.
Uh, you can come out now, Tigger.
Tigger?
- Hello, I'm Tigger.
- You said that.
- Oh? Well, did I say I was hungry?
- I don't think so.
Well, then I'll say it.
I'm hungry.
Oh, not for honey, I hope.
Honey! Oh, boy, honey!
- That's what tiggers like best.
- I was afraid of that.
Oh, say.
Yuck! Tiggers don't like honey!
- But you said that you liked...
- That icky, sticky stuff is only fit
for "heffalumps" and "woozles."
You mean elephants and weasels.
That's what I said...
"heffalumps" and "woozles."
Well, what do heffa... lalla...
What do they do?
- Oh, nothin' much. Just steal honey.
- Steal honey?
Yeah, they sure do. Well, I'd better be
bouncing along now, chum. Cheerio!
The wonderful thing about tiggers
is tiggers are wonderful things
Their tops are made out of rubber
their bottoms are made out of springs
They're bouncy, trouncy, flouncy
pouncy fun, fun, fun, fun, fun
But the most wonderful thing
about tiggers is I'm the only one
I'm the only one
Well, if what Tigger said was true...
and there really were

"heffalumps" and "woozles" about...
there was only

one thing to do:

Take drastic precautions
to protect his precious honey.

Oh, hello.

Am I glad to see you.

It's more friendly with two.

Now, you go that way...

and I'll go this way.

You didn't see anything, did you?

Neither did I.

Now, the very blustery night...

turned into a very rainy night...

and Pooh kept his lonely vigil...

hour after hour after hour.

Until, at last...

Pooh fell fast asleep

and began to dream.

"Heffalumps" and "woozles."

"Heffalumps" and "woozles" steal honey.

Beware. Beware.

They're black, they're brown

They're up, they're down

They're in, they're out

They're all about

They're far, they're near

They're gone, they're here

They're quick and slick

They're insincere

Beware, beware

be a very wary bear

A "heffalump" or "woozle"

is very "confusle"

A "heffalump" or "woozle's"

very sly, sly, sly, sly

They come in ones and "twosles"

but if they so "choosles"

Before your eyes you'll see them

multiply, ply, ply, ply

They're extraordinary

so better be wary

Because they come in every

shape and size, size, size, size
If honey's what you covet
you'll find that they love it
Because they guzzle up
the thing you prize
They're green, they're blue
They're pink, they're white
They're round, they're square
They're a terrible sight
They tie themselves in horrible knots
They come in stripes or polka dots
Beware, beware
be a very wary bear
They're extraordinary
so better be wary
Because they come in every
shape and size, size, size, size
If honey's what you covet
you'll find that they love it
Because they'll guzzle up
the things you prize
They're black, they're brown
They're up, they're down
They're in, they're out
They're all about
They're far, they're near
They're gone, they're here
They're quick and slick
They're insincere
Beware, beware, beware, beware
Beware
Is it raining in there?
It's raining out here too.
As a matter of fact, it was raining
all over the Hundred-Acre Wood.
There was a thunder storm
on page 71.
And on page 73,
there was a bit of a cloudburst.
It rained and it rained
and it rained.
The rain, rain, rain
came down, down, down
In rushing rising rivulets

Till the river crept out of its bed
And crept right into Piglet's
Poor Piglet he was frightened
With quite a rightful fright
And so in desperation
a message he did write
Help! P-P-Piglet... Me!
He placed it in a bottle
And it floated out of sight
And the rain, rain, rain
came down, down, down
So Piglet started bailing
He was unaware atop his chair
while bailing he was sailing
And the rain, rain, rain
came down, down, down
And the flood rose
up, up, upper
Pooh too was caught
and so he thought
I must rescue my supper
Ten honey pots he rescued
enough to see him through
But as he sopped up his supper
The river sopped up Pooh
And the water twirled
and tossed him
In a honey pot canoe
Rain, rain, rain
came down, down, down
When the rain, rain, rain
came down, down, down
So the Hundred-Acre Wood
got floodier and floodier.
But the water couldn't come up
to Christopher Robin's house...
so that's where
everyone was gathering.
It was a time of great excitement.
But in the midst
of all the excitement...
Eeyore stubbornly stuck to his task
of house-hunting for Owl.
There's one.

Cozy cottage, nice location.
A bit damp for Owl, though.
Meanwhile, little Roo made
an important discovery.
Look! I've rescued a bottle.
And it's got something in it too.
It's a message, and it says:
"Help! P-P-Piglet... Me!"
Owl, you fly over to Piglet's house...
and tell him we'll make a rescue.
A rescue? Yes, yes.
Of course, of course.
So Owl flew out over the flood...
and he soon spotted
two tiny objects below him.
One was little Piglet
caught in the whirlpool...
and the other was Pooh trying to get
the last bit of honey from the pot.
Yum-yum.
Oh, Owl, I don't mean to c-c-complain,
but I'm afraid I'm scared.
Now, now, Piglet, chin up
and all that sort of thing.
A rescue is being thought of.
Be brave, little Piglet.
It's awfully hard to be b-b-brave
when you're such a small animal.
Then to divert your small mind
from your unfortunate predicament...
I shall tell you
an amusing anecdote.
It concerns a distant cousin of mine...
who became so frightened
during a flood that he...
I beg your pardon, Owl,
but I th-think...
we're coming to a "flutterfall"...
a "flatterfall"...a very big waterfall.
Please, no interruptions.
Ah, there you are, Pooh bear.
Now, to continue my story...
Look, there's Pooh.
Over here, Pooh!

Oh, hello, Christopher Robin.
Pooh, thank goodness you're safe.
Have you seen Piglet?
Excuse me, I have...
What I mean is, here I am.
- Pooh, you rescued Piglet.
- I did?
Yes, and it was
a very brave thing to do.
It was?
- You are our hero.
- I am?
And as soon as the flood is over,
I shall give you a hero party.
Attention, everybody.
Now, this party is a hero party
because of what someone did.
- And that someone is...
- I found it.
- Found what, Eeyore?
- House for Owl.
I say, Eeyore, good show!
Oh, isn't that wonderful.
Where is it, Eeyore?
If you want to follow me,
I'll show it to you.
So everyone followed Eeyore.
Then, to the surprise of all,
Eeyore stopped right in front of...
Piglet's house?
Why are you
stopping here, Eeyore?
This is it, Owl's new house.
Oh, dear, mercy me!
Oh, dear, mercy me too!
Name's on it and everything.
W-O-L, that spells Owl.
Bless my soul, so it does.
Well, what do you think of it?
It is a nice house, Eeyore, but...
It is a lovely house, Eeyore, but...
It's... It's the best house
in the whole world.
Tell them it's your house, Piglet.

No, Pooh.
This house belongs
to our very good friend...
Owl.
But, Piglet, where will you live?
Well, I...
I guess I shall live...
I suppose I-I shall live...
With me! You shall live with me.
Won't you, Piglet?
With you?
Oh, thank you, Pooh bear.
Of course I will.
Piglet, that was a very
grand thing to do.
A heroic thing to do.
Christopher Robin...
can you make a one-hero party
into a two-hero party?
Of course we can...
silly old bear.
And so, Pooh was a hero
for saving Piglet...
and Piglet was a hero for giving Owl
his grand home in the beech tree.
We never will forget
our hero of the wet
Our quick thinking
unsinking Pooh bear
And Piglet who indeed
helped out a friend in need
Truly they're the heroes of the day
So we say, Hip hip hooray
for the piglet and the pooh
- Piglet and Pooh, we salute you
- What's all that stompin' and singin'
and silly shenanigans?
And generosity
Hip hip hooray
Hip hip hooray
Hip hip hooray for Winnie the Pooh
And Piglet too!
I sure like bouncing.
Wasn't that fun, Piglet?

Yes, Pooh, b-but the best part
is when it st-stops.
Well, in the next chapter,
there's a great deal of bouncing.
There is? Oh.
I think that I just remembered...
something that
I forgot to do yesterday...
and-and shan't be able
to do tomorrow.
So I suppose I really ought to go back
and-and do it n-now.
- Uh, good-bye, Pooh.
- Good-bye, Piglet.
Now, is the next chapter all about me?
- No, no. It's mostly about Tigger.
- Oh, bother.
- But you're in it.
- Oh, good.
What will I be doing?
Well, Pooh, you'll be sitting
in your thoughtful spot...
thinking, as usual.
Think, think. Think, think, think.
Think. Think.
And while he was thinking,
all of a sudden...
Hello, Pooh!
I'm Tigger!
T-I, double "guh," "err."
That spells "Tigger."
Yeah, I know.
- You've bounced me before.
- I did?
Oh, yeah! I "recoggonize" you. You're
the one that's stuffed with fluff.
- Yeah. And you're sitting on it.
- Yeah. And it's comfy too.
Well, I gotta go now.
I got a lot of bouncing to do.
T-T-F-N.
Ta-ta for now.
Well, there goes Tigger...
always bouncing in on his friends

when they least expect him.
Oh, hello, Piglet!
I'm Tigger.
Oh, Tigger.
You sc-scared me.
Oh, shucks.
That was just
one of my little bounces.
It was?
Oh, thank you, Tigger.
Yeah. I'm saving my best bounce
for old long-ears!
Ta-ta!
Hum de dum, dum
Hum de dum, dum
Hum de dum, dum
Dum de dum, dum
There. There. That should do it.
Oh, no. Stop, stop!
Hello, Rabbit. I'm Tigger.
- T-I, double "guh"...
- Please! Please! Don't spell it.
Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Just...
Just look at my beautiful garden.
Yuck! And messy, isn't it?
Messy? Messy!
It's ruined! It's ruined, Tigger.
Oh, why don't you ever
stop bouncing?
Why? That's what tiggers do best.
The wonderful thing about tiggers
is tiggers are wonderful things
Their tops are made out of rubber
Their bottoms are made out of springs
They're bouncy, trouncy, flouncy
pouncy, fun, fun, fun, fun, fun
But the most wonderful thing
about tiggers is I'm the only one
I'm the only one
Order. Order, please.
Now, I say Tigger's getting
so bouncy nowadays that
it's time we taught him a lesson.
No matter

how much we like him...
you can't deny
he just bounces too much.
Ah, e-excuse me, Rabbit.
But, uh, perhaps if we could think
of a way of "un-bouncing" Tigger...
well, it would be
a very good idea, huh?
Exactly! Just what I feel.
What do you feel, Pooh?
- Pooh!
- Ah...
Haven't you been listening
to what Rabbit's been saying?
I listened, but then I had
a small piece of fluff in my ear.
- Could you say it again, please, Rabbit?
- Well, where should I start from?
From the moment
the fluff got in my ear.
Well, when was that?
I don't know.
I couldn't hear properly.
Pooh, we were just trying to think of
a way to get the bounce out of Tigger.
Oh, I've got a splendid idea.
Now, listen.
We'll take Tigger
for a long explore, see?
Someplace where he's never been...
- and we lose him there.
- Lose him?
Oh, we'll find him again,
next morning.
And mark my words,
he'll be a humble tigger...
a small-and-sad tigger...
an "Oh, Rabbit,
am-I-glad-to-see-you" tigger.
And it'll take the bounces
out of him, that's why.
Now, all in favor, say, "aye."
Aye. Pooh?
- Pooh!

- Uh, here.
Good. Just good.
Motion carried.
So it was agreed that they
would start the next morning...
which, incidentally,
turned out cold and misty.
Pooh, as usual, had a little
something along to sustain himself.
And now, as Tigger kept bouncing
farther and farther into the mist...
Rabbit thought it was
a good time to lose Tigger.
Now's our chance.
Quick! In here. Hide.
Tigger's lost now, isn't he, Rabbit?
Oh, he's lost, all right, Piglet.
Oh, goody. This is lots of fun, Pooh.
My splendid idea worked.
Now, home we go.
Good! Yum-yum.
It's time for lunch.
- Halloo!
- Oh, my goodness. Hide!
Halloo!
That's funny.
They must be lost.
Hello!
- Hey, you blokes. Where are ya?
- He...
- Shush.
- I am shushed.
Hey, where in the heck
are you guys?
Halloo!
Rabbit? Piglet?
Where are you?
Halloo!
Hooray!
Hooray, we've done it.
Now, come on, hurry.
Let's head for home.
Well, Rabbit was certain that everything
was going according to plan...

and so it seemed to be.
But sometime later...
on the bottom of page 123...
It's a funny thing how everything
looks the same in the mist.
He's right, Piglet.
It's the very same sand pit.
I think so too, Pooh.
Well, it's lucky I know
the forest so well, or...
or, or we might get lost.
Well, come on. Follow me.
Now, Pooh was getting tired
of seeing the same sand pit...
and he suspected it
of following them about.
Because whichever
direction they started in...
they always seemed
to end up at it.
- Uh, er, Rabbit?
- Yes?
Say, Rabbit, how would it be...
if as soon as we're
out of sight of this old pit...
- we just try to find it again?
- What's the good of that?
Well, you see,
we keep looking for home...
but we keep finding this pit.
So I just thought that if we looked
for this pit we might find home.
I don't see much sense in that.
If I walked away from this pit...
and then walked back to it,
of course I should find it.
L'll prove it to you. Wait here.
So Pooh and Piglet
waited in the mist for Rabbit.
And they waited...
and waited, and waited.
And all the while, Pooh's
thoughts kept returning...
to his honey pots at home.

W-W-What was that, Pooh?
My tummy rumbled.
Now then, come on.
Let's go home.
But, Pooh, do you know the way?
No, Piglet, but there are 12 pots
of honey in my cupboard...
and they have been
calling to my tummy.
- They have?
- Yes, Piglet.
I couldn't hear them before
because Rabbit would talk.
I think I know where
they're calling from.
So come on.
We'll just follow my tummy.
Well, they walked off together...
and for a long time
Piglet said nothing...
so as not to interrupt
Pooh's honey pots.
And sure enough,
as the mist got thinner...
and just when Piglet
began to know where he was...
Hey, hello there, you two blokes.
Where have you been?
We've been trying
to find our way back home.
Pooh, I don't think
Rabbit's splendid idea worked.
Say, where is old long-ears, anyway?
He must still be missing
in the mist.
Well, leave it to me.
L'll bounce him out of there!
T-T-F-N. Ta-ta for now.
Meanwhile, Rabbit was still
wandering around in the mist.
By now, he was lost and bewildered.
And to make matters worse...
his mind was beginning
to play tricks on him.

What's that?
Pooh? Piglet?
Help!
- Hello, Rabbit!
- Tigger!
B-B-But you're
supposed to be lost.
Aw, Tiggers never get lost,
bunny boy.
Never get lost?
- Of course not.
- Oh, no.
Come on, Rabbit.
Let's go home. Hang on!
So they started back. And Rabbit
was now a humiliated rabbit...
a lost-and-found rabbit...
an "Oh-why, oh-why-do-these-things
happen-to-me" rabbit.
And now we come to the next chapter...
in which the first snowfall had
covered the Hundred-Acre Wood.
And in which Tigger learns that
even bouncing can be overdone.
On this day, Roo was waiting
for Tigger to take him out to play.
Mama, when is Tigger
gonna get here?
- Be patient, dear. He'll be...
- Whee!
Well, here I am!
Did I surprise you, Roo?
You sure did!
I like surprises.
- Hello, Mrs. Kanga, ma'am.
- Why, hello, Tigger, dear.
She called me "dear."
Roo, are you ready
for some bouncing?
Yeah! You and me
are good bouncers.
Just a moment, dear.
Hold still. Goodness,
you're bouncy today.

That's what roos do the "best-est."

- Now keep your scarf on.

- Not so tight, Mama.

- Is your sweater warm enough?

- Yes, Mother.

Well, come on, Roo. Let's go!

Tigger, have Roo home

in time for his nap.

And be careful!

Don't worry, Mrs. Kanga.

L'll take care of the little nipper.

Da, da, da, da

Da, da, da, da

Ah! What a perfect day!

Peace and quiet...

and thank goodness, no Tigger.

Say, look, look, look.

If it isn't old long-ears.

Can tiggers ice-skate

as fancy as Mr. Rabbit?

Can tiggers ice-skate?

Why, that's what tiggers do the best.

Whee!

Say, this is a cinch.

Whee!

- Oh, no. Not him!

- Uh-oh, look out. I can't... Watch out!

- It can't be!

- Out of the way! Out of the way!

Look out! I can't... Whoa!

Oh, why does it

always have to be me?

Why, oh, why, oh, why?

Tigger, Tigger, are you all right?

Yuck!

Tiggers don't like ice skating.

So Tigger and Roo went farther

into the Hundred-Acre Wood...

Looking for something

that tiggers do best.

I bet you can climb trees,

huh, Tigger?

Climb trees?

That's what tiggers do best!

Only tiggers don't climb trees.
They bounce them!
Come on, let's go.
I almost bounced
clear out of the book.
Some bouncing, huh?
Say, how did this tree get so high?
Hey. H-H-Hey!
Hey, what's happening now?
Don't swing on a string.
It's much too frail.
The best kind of swing
is a tigger's tail. Whee!
S-S-Stop that, kid. Please.
S-T-O-P, stop.
You're rocking the forest.
- What's the matter, Tigger?
- Whew! Oh, thank goodness.
I was just getting seasick
from seeing too much.
Well, we'll just have to leave Tigger
up in the tree top for a little while.
Because, at the bottom
of the next page...
Pooh is having a problem of his own.
- What are you doing, Pooh?
- Shh!
- Tracking something.
- Tracking what?
Well, that's what I asked myself,
Piglet. What?
And what do you think
you'll answer yourself?
I shall have to wait
until I catch up with it.
Pooh, for a bear
of very little brain...
- you sure are a smart one!
- Thank you, Piglet.
- Aha, ha!
- Oh!
N-N-Now w-w-what?
A very mysterious thing, Piglet.
A whole new set of tracks. See?

And so it seemed to be.
There were the tracks
joining each other here...
getting mixed up
with each other there.
But to Pooh, quite plainly,
four sets of paw marks.
Piglet, whatever it was
that made these tracks...
has now been joined
by a "whatever-it-is."
Y-Y-Yes. A-And all of them
are proceeding in company.
Piglet, I wasn't exactly
expecting company.
N-N-Neither was I, Pooh.
So they went on,
feeling a little anxious now...
in case the animals in front of them
were of hostile intent.
Halloo!
Look, look, Piglet...
there's something
in that tree over there.
- Is it one of the f-f-fiercer animals?
- Halloo!
Yes. It's a "jagular."
W-What do
jagulars d-do, Pooh?
Well, jagulars always call,
"Halloo!"
And when you look up,
they drop on you.
I'm looking down, P-P-Pooh.
Halloo!
Hey, Tigger,
it's Pooh and Piglet.
Pooh! Piglet!
Why, it's only Tigger and Roo.
Come on.
Hello, Roo. Hey, what are you
and Tigger doing up there?
I'm all right,
but Tigger's stuck.

Help, somebody! Please!
Get Christopher Robin.
Well, it wasn't too long before word
got back to Christopher Robin and
the others that Tigger was in trouble.
Hello, Pooh.
Hello, Piglet. What's up?
Tigger and Roo are up...
Oh, my goodness.
Roo, how did you get way up there?
Easy, Mama. We bounced up.
Oh, gracious.
Do be careful, dear.
I'm all right, Mama,
but Tigger's stuck.
Oh, what a shame.
That's too bad.
No, that's good. You see,
he can't bounce anybody up there.
Oh, dear. We'll just have
to get him down somehow.
Down? Down?
Do we have to?
Come on, everyone.
Let's hold the corner of my coat.
You're first, Roo. Jump!
Try not to fall too fast, dear.
Whee!
- Oh, thank goodness.
- Gee, that was fun!
Come on, Tigger.
It doesn't hurt. Jump!
- You're next, Tigger. Jump!
- Jump?
Tiggers don't jump.
They bounce.
Then bounce down.
Don't be "ridiccorous."
Tiggers only bounce up!
You can climb down, Tigger.
Ah, but tiggers can't climb down, uh,
because, uh, their tails get in the way.
Hooray! That settles it.
If he won't jump

and he can't climb down...
then we'll just have to
leave him up there forever!
Forever?
Oh, if I ever get out of this...
I promise never
to bounce again, never!
I heard that, Tigger. He promised!
Did you hear him promise?
I heard him. I heard him!
You heard him, didn't you? Didn't you?
Well, Tigger, your bouncing
really got you into trouble this time.
Say, who are you?
I'm the narrator.
Oh, well, please, for goodness' sakes,
narrate me down from here.
Very well. Hold on tight.
You can let go now, Tigger.
N-N-Never.
But, Tigger, look for yourself.
You're perfectly safe.
What did I tell you, Tigger?
Come on. Back we go.
Oh! Good old terra firma.
Say, I'm so happy,
I feel like bouncing.
Uh-uh-uh!
You promised. You promised.
Oh. Oh, I did, didn't I?
You mean, I can't ever bounce again?
- Never!
- Never?
Not even just one
teensy, weensy bounce?
Not even a smidgen of a bounce.
Oh, the poor dear.
Oh, that's too bad.
Christopher Robin,
I like the old bouncy Tigger best.
- So do I, Roo.
- I do too.
- Me too!
Of course, we all do.

Don't you agree, Rabbit?

- L-l...

- Well, Rabbit?

Well, I, uh...

That is, uh...

Uh, what I mean...

- Well?

- Well, I, ah...

Oh, all right.

I guess I like

the old Tigger better too.

Oh, boy! You mean,

I can have my bounce back?

Come on, Rabbit.

Let's you and me bounce.

Good heavens! Me bounce?

Why, certainly!

Look, you've got the feet for it.

- I have?

- Sure. Come on, try it.

It makes you feel just g-g-great!

- Well, say, it does, doesn't it?

- Yes, it does.

- Well, come on, everybody, bounce!

- Come on, bounce.

The wonderful thing about tiggers
is tiggers are wonderful things
Their tops are made out of rubber
Their bottoms are made out of springs

They're bouncy, trouncy, flouncy
pouncy fun, fun, fun, fun, fun

But the most wonderful thing
about tiggers is I'm the only one
I'm the only one

And so, we come to the last chapter...
in which Christopher Robin and Pooh
come to the enchanted place...

- and we say good-bye.

- Good-bye?

Oh, no, please, can't we go back
to page one and do it all over again?

Sorry, Pooh, but all stories
have an ending, you know.

Oh, bother.

Yes, the time had come at last.
Christopher Robin
was going away to school.
Nobody else in the forest knew
exactly why or where he was going.
All they knew was it had something
to do with "twice times"...
and how to make things
called "A-B-C's"...
and where a place called Brazil is.

- Pooh?

- Huh?

What do you like doing
best in the world?
What I like best
is me going to visit you...
and you saying,
"How about a smackerel of honey?"
I like that too.

But what I like best
is just doing nothing.

- How do you do "just nothing"?

- Well...

it's when grown-ups ask,
"What are you going to do?"
And you say, "nothing."
Then you go out and do it.
I like that.

Let's do it all the time.
You know something, Pooh...

I'm not going to do
just nothing anymore.

You mean, never again?

Well, not so much.

Pooh...

when I'm away

just doing nothing...

will you come up here sometimes?

You mean, alone?

- Just me?

- Yes.

And, Pooh, promise
you won't forget me...

- ever?

- Oh, I won't, Christopher, I promise.
Not even when I'm a hundred?
How old shall I be then?
Ninety-nine.
Silly old bear.
Wherever they go...
and whatever happens
to them on the way...
in that enchanted place
on top of the forest...
a little bear
will always be waiting.