

Enid Blyton's

THE THREE
GOLLIES



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Enid Blyton's
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THREE BOLD GOLLIWOGS

There were once three golliwogs who were most unhappy in the nursery cupboard. None of the other toys liked them, and nobody ever played with them.

Their little mistress, Angela, never even looked at them as she was always playing with her very pretty dolls.

So they made up their minds to run away and find a nice home of their own.

“A little red cottage with a white gate and red roses growing round the door would be nice,” said the first golliwog, who was called Wiggie.

“No, a little white cottage with a red gate and pink roses,” said Waggie, the second golliwog.

“Oh no, brothers, a pink cottage with a blue gate and white roses,” said Wollie, the third golliwog.

So they set off one morning to find their cottage home. They went down the garden path, under the hedge, and across the field. They went through the wood, down the lane, and up the hill. And on the other side of the hill they saw a dear little cottage. It had yellow walls, a blue gate, and honeysuckle growing all over it; and although it wasn't exactly like any of the golliwogs had pictured it, they all thought it would do very nicely.

“But there is smoke coming from the chimney!” said Wiggie. “Someone lives there. What a nuisance!”

“Well, we'll go and see if they'll let us live there instead,” said Waggie.

“But suppose they won't let us,” said Wollie. “Suppose there is someone perfectly horrid living there?”

“Dear me, yes,” said Wiggie. “Well, one of us will go first—and if there is someone horrid there, the others can save him if he gets into trouble.”

“You go, Wollie,” said Waggie. “You are the bravest.”

Well, Wollie went marching up the path to the little front door of the yellow cottage, and he banged with the knocker—blim-blam, blim-blam!

“Come in!” said a voice. So Wollie walked in, and who should he see inside but Clikity-Clok, the bad gnome! He didn't like the look of him at all,

but he was bold and said, “Good day to you! Can I come and live in this cottage?”

“You can!” said Klikity-Clok; and he caught hold of Wollie and pushed him into a cupboard. He locked the door, and laughed. “Aha!” he said. “You won’t get out of there, golliwog. You can live in this cottage until the old wizard Nim-Nam comes, and then I’ll sell you to him!”

Well, the two gollies who were left outside waited and waited for Wollie to come back, and he didn’t. So then Waggie marched boldly up to the front door and banged with the knocker—blim-blam, blim-blam!

“Come in!” shouted the gnome—and in went Waggie. But when Klikity-Clok saw Waggie he looked quite scared. “Stars and moon!” he said, “didn’t I lock you up in the cupboard just now!”

Well, as soon as he heard that, Waggie knew what had happened to Wollie! So he said, as bold as brass, “Yes, you did put me in the cupboard, Klikity-Clok, but I got out as easy as winking!”

“Oh, you did, did you?” said the gnome, and he caught hold of Waggie and threw him into a big chest. “Well, you won’t get out this time! I’ll lock you here safely till the wizard Nim-Nam comes along to buy you!”

Well, Wiggie was the only one left outside the house now, and he waited and waited for Waggie and Wollie to come back, and they didn’t. So he too walked up the front path and banged with the knocker—blim-blam!

“Come in!” roared the gnome, and in walked Wiggie. Klikity-Clok leapt to his feet in fright. “Didn’t I lock you in the cupboard—and then in the chest—and here you come banging at my front door again!” he squealed.

Then Wiggie knew what had happened to the others, and he grinned at Klikity-Clok and said, “Oho, gnome, you may think you are clever but you can’t beat ME!”

The gnome gave a yell and rushed out of the front door to fetch his friend Nim-Nam.

Wiggie ran quickly to the chest and let out Waggie. He opened the cupboard and let out Wollie. “Stand at the front window, Wollie,” said Wiggie. “And you, Waggie, stand at the back window. I’ll go to the bedroom window. See what Klikity-Clok says when he comes along!”

So each golliwog went to a window, and kept behind the curtains to watch for Klikity-Clok. Soon the gnome came along with his friend Nim-Nam. The first thing they saw was Wollie’s black face peeping out of the

front window. So they ran round to the back—and, bless us all, there was Waggie’s black face grinning at them there. And when they climbed up to the bedroom window, there was Wiggie playing peep-bo with them behind the curtain!

“That golliwog is magic!” cried the gnome in fright. “I locked him up twice, and he came banging at my door a third time—and now he is everywhere at once! I’m going!”

He tore off down the road with Nim-Nam at his heels, and he never came back.

As for the three golliwogs, they settled down in the little yellow cottage very happily. And there they live to this day—Wiggie, Waggie, and Wollie—and you can see them doing their shopping any morning in the village.

But nobody knows which is which, for they are as alike as peas!

THE GOLLIWOGS' HANDKERCHIEF

The three golliwogs lived for a long time in their pretty little cottage with yellow walls and a blue gate and honeysuckle growing all over it. It was called Golliwog Cottage, and whenever anyone went by he was sure to see a black head looking out of the window.

But the golliwogs were all so alike that no one ever knew if it was Wiggie they were looking at, or Waggie, or Wollie!

Now one day Wiggie got a cold. It was a very bad cold, and he wanted a big handkerchief to sneeze into.

"Where is the handkerchief?" asked Wiggie. You see, at that time the golliwogs had only one large white handkerchief between them. Nobody knew where the handkerchief was. They looked at one another. They felt in their pockets. They shook their heads.

"I haven't got it," said Waggie.

"Nor have I," said Wollie.

"Well, I keep wanting to sneeze," said Wiggie, "and it is dreadful not to when I want to so badly. Please do find me the handkerchief."

"We washed it last week," said Waggie. "Do you suppose it is still hanging out on the line, Wollie?"

"I'll go and see," said Wollie. He ran out to the washing-line. There was a pair of socks there and a tray-cloth. He stared at them both and then ran indoors again.

"No, it isn't there," he said. "But there is a tray-cloth there, Waggie. Do you think we took down the white handkerchief and used it for a tray-cloth? We have been using a tray-cloth, and yet ours is on the line. So we must have been using something else for a tray-cloth."

"Ooh yes, I remember now," said Waggie. "I did use it for a tray-cloth, because the tray-cloth was dirty. I took it down from the line, ironed it and put it on the tray when Mother Hoppit came to tea the other day."

"Then it must be in the drawer with the table-cloth," said Wiggie, and he went to look. But it wasn't there.

"It isn't there," said Wiggie. "Whatever did we do with it?"

“Oh, don’t you remember?” said Wollie suddenly. “We couldn’t find the duster to dust the mantelpiece one morning. So you got the handkerchief out of the tray-cloth drawer and used that.”

“Then the handkerchief must be in the duster cupboard,” said Waggie, and he went to look. But it wasn’t there!

“Oh, I know!” said Wiggie. “I wanted to beat the kitchen carpet, and it was so dusty that I tied the handkerchief round my head to keep the dirt out of my black hair. Yes—I did. Don’t you remember seeing me with it tied round my head? I took it out of the duster cupboard, I remember.”

“Dear me, so you did,” said Wollie. “I wonder what you did with it when you took it off your head.”

“I hung it up with our hats in the hall, I expect,” said Wiggie.

“That’s the sort of silly thing you *would* do,” said Wollie crossly. “I suppose if you wore a coal-scuttle on your head for once, you’d hang it up in the hall afterwards!”

“I’ll go and see if it’s there,” said Waggie. So he went to look in the hall.

But the handkerchief wasn’t hanging up with the hats.

“It isn’t there,” he said. “Now who took it out of the hall, and what for?”

“Oooh, I did!” said Wollie, remembering. “We played blind man’s buff yesterday afternoon, didn’t we—and I was the blind man first—and I took the handkerchief out of the hall and tied it round my eyes.”

“So you did!” said Wiggie and Waggie. “But what became of it afterwards?”

“Waggie was the last blind man,” said Wollie. “What did you do with the handkerchief when you took it off, Waggie?”

“I gave it to Wiggie to wave to the bus when it passed by at tea-time,” said Waggie.

“So you did,” said Wiggie. “I remember waving with it, and the bus-driver waved back. But it blew out of the window, didn’t it?”

“Oh yes!” said Wollie. “And the dog next door got it and nibbled it. And you ran out, Waggie, to get it, and brought it in full of holes—don’t you remember?”

“Quite right,” said Waggie. “The dog almost bit it in half, and there were three big holes in it.”

“We put it in the laundry basket to be washed,” said Wiggie excitedly. “I remember quite well!”

“It must be there, then,” said Wollie, and he went to look. But it wasn’t there.

The three golliwogs stared at one another.

“I can feel another sneeze coming,” said Wiggie dolefully. “I wish I had a handkerchief to sneeze into.”

“Would you like to borrow the table-cloth?” said Waggie.

“No,” said Wiggie. “My sneeze would be lost then. A table-cloth is too big for a sneeze.”

“Let us try and think what we did with the handkerchief after we put it into the laundry basket,” said Waggie. “Someone must have taken it out!”

“I did!” said Wiggie suddenly. “Don’t you remember? I ran up the path this morning, and caught my foot on a stone. I fell down——”

“And hurt your knees——”

“And they began to bleed——”

“So I had to bind them up, and we went to get the handkerchief out of the basket!”

“And we tore it in half——”

“And Waggie bound up your left knee——”

“And Wollie bound up your right knee——”

“And as my knees are not yet better, the handkerchief ought to be there this very minute,” said Wiggie.

“Turn up your blue trousers and we will see,” said Waggie. So Wiggie turned up his blue trousers—and there, binding up his hurt knees, was the handkerchief, in two pieces!

“We’ve found it!” said Waggie.

“Hurrah!” said Wollie.

But Wiggie looked gloomy.

“What’s the matter?” said Wollie. “Aren’t you pleased that we’ve found the handkerchief?”

“Not very,” said Wiggie. “How can I sneeze into a handkerchief that is tied round my knees?”

“You can bend over,” said Waggie.

“When I bend over, my sneeze goes,” said Wiggie, with a long face. “I do want to sneeze. It is simply dreadful to have to keep on not sneezing.”

They all stared at one another. And then Wollie had a marvellous idea.

“Let’s buy another handkerchief!” he cried. “Why didn’t we think of it before?”

“Of course!” said Waggie and Wiggie, cheering up. So off they went to the shop and bought a beautiful white handkerchief for Wiggie.

So now he is happy. You can hear him sneezing all day long—“A-tish-oo, tish-oo, tish-oo!” But I expect the handkerchief will be lost soon, and what a fuss there will be again!

THE THREE GOLLIWOGS' BIRTHDAY

Wiggie, Waggie and Wollie, the three golliwogs, were getting excited. Soon it would be their birthday! How exciting!

“It’s on Saturday!” said Wiggie.

“This week!” said Waggie.

“Presents for each of us!” said Wollie, rubbing his black hands in glee.

“Have we sent out all the invitations to the party?” said Wiggie.

“Every one,” said Waggie.

“And ordered the cakes too,” said Wollie. “What fun we shall have in our little cottage on Saturday!”

“I shall watch for the postman,” said Wiggie.

“I shall find the scissors ready to cut the string of the parcels he brings!” said Waggie.

“I shall buy some notepaper to write our thanks on,” said Wollie.

Wiggie went to the calendar and tore off a day. “Tuesday to-day!” he said, reading what the next bit of calendar said. It was a tear-off one—you tore off a sheet each day, and underneath was the next day, waiting. It was Wiggie’s job to do the tearing-off, and he never forgot.

The next day he tore off another bit. The birthday was coming nearer! They began to feel excited. Wiggie always tore off the bit of calendar in the evening before they went to bed, so that they might see what the next day was. And then, one night when he tore the day off, he gave a shout. “Saturday! To-morrow will be Saturday! The calendar says so. It will be our birthday to-morrow! Hip, hip, hurrah!”

“How happy we shall be!” said Waggie.

“I shall wake up early!” said Wollie.

They went to bed happily. They each did up a parcel for the others. Wiggie had a red scarf for Waggie and Wollie. Waggie had a yellow handkerchief for Wiggie and Wollie. Wollie had a box of peppermints for Wiggie and Waggie. What fun!

They woke up early. “Many happy returns of the day!” they shouted to one another. “Here’s a present for you!”

They each opened their presents, and soon Wiggie and Wollie were shaking out their beautiful yellow handkerchiefs, and Waggie and Wollie were tying red scarfs round their necks, and Wiggie and Waggie were handing round peppermints.

“It’s pouring with rain,” said Wiggie suddenly, looking out of the window. “It’s not at all birthday weather.”

“Never mind,” said Waggie. “It may clear up by the time the party comes along. It isn’t till this afternoon.”

“I can see the postman, I can see the postman!” shouted Wollie. “I wonder how many cards he has for us!”

“Has he got a lot of parcels?” yelled Wiggie, nearly falling out of the window as he tried his hardest to see. But the postman had gone into someone’s house. Waggie pulled Wiggie back.

“Don’t lean out so far,” he said. “Do you want to fall out and stand on your head in the middle of the wallflowers?”

“Hurry up and get dressed before the postman comes!” shouted Wollie, galloping round the bedroom trying to find his trousers.

They were all so excited that they found it very difficult to dress properly.

“You’ve got my shoes on,” said Wiggie to Waggie.

“Oh, oh, where are my trousers?” wailed Wollie, and everyone began to look for them, but they were nowhere to be found.

“Waggie, you’ve got two pairs on!” suddenly said Wiggie. “You’ve put Wollie’s trousers on as well as your own. Whatever are you thinking of?”

Well, at last they were dressed and ran downstairs, just as the postman walked up the path! They opened the door and crowded out. The postman looked surprised to see them.

“What’s the excitement?” he said.

“We want to know how many cards and parcels you’ve got for us!” said Wiggie.

The postman felt in his bag. “I’ve got one letter,” he said. “It looks like a bill. There are no parcels.”

The three golliwogs stared at one another in the greatest dismay. No birthday cards! No birthday parcels! There must be some mistake.

“Look in your bag again, please, postman,” begged Waggie, nearly in tears.

The postman looked hard. “No,” he said, “I haven’t anything for you at all except this letter.”

Waggie opened it. “It’s the bill for my new hat,” he said. The postman went down the path. The three golliwogs went inside and shut the door. They looked at one another sadly.

“Not one single card!” said Wollie, and he burst into tears. It was a good thing he had a new yellow handkerchief to dry them on.

“Nobody likes us,” said Waggie in a trembly sort of voice.

“Nobody has thought of us,” said Wollie, and he sniffed a big sniff. It was all very upsetting and disappointing.

“Never mind,” said Waggie at last. “Perhaps when our friends come to our party this afternoon they may bring us a card or two, and maybe even a little present. You never know.”

“It isn’t that we want the presents themselves so badly,” said Wiggie, with another enormous sniff, “it’s only that it’s so nice to be remembered and loved. It’s horrid to think that no one likes us enough to send us even a birthday card.”

“If people are not nice enough to do that I don’t want them at my party,” said Wollie, suddenly looking very fierce.

“That’s silly,” said Waggie at once. “If people are not nice to us that’s no reason why we should be horrid to them! We should be as bad as they are then. No, no, Wollie, we’ll welcome them all to our party this afternoon, and not say a word about our disappointment. We think we are very nice, but maybe other people don’t. We must try to be a bit nicer, that’s all!”

So that afternoon the three golliwogs dressed up in their best and set the table for tea. It was still pouring with rain, and at the very last minute Waggie came rushing in from the kitchen in a great upset.

“I say, I say, I say!” he cried, “what about the cakes? I can’t find them!”

“They haven’t come!” said Wiggie and Wollie. “Oh dear, oh dear, they haven’t come! And there’s no time to go and get them, and it’s pouring with rain; whatever shall we do?”

“We’ll wait till all our guests are here and we’ve said good afternoon,” said Waggie, “and then you, Wiggle, must slip off to the baker’s with our big umbrella and bring back the cakes. We can play games till you come. Don’t drop the big birthday-cake now, will you? You’d find it very difficult to pick it up if you did!”

“It’s four o’clock,” said Wiggle. “I wonder if anyone is coming. I’ll look out of the window.”

He pressed his black nose against the glass. Nobody was to be seen at all. The time went on, and still no one came down the street. The three golliwogs began to feel very miserable. What a dreadful birthday!

“Here’s someone!” yelled Waggie suddenly. So it was—it was old Mister Come-Along, carrying a huge yellow umbrella. But he didn’t come in at their gate—no, he passed right by. He was going to post a letter. The golliwogs watched him slip it into the pillar-box over the way.

“Oh, I do think people are horrid!” said Waggie at last, when the clock struck five. “Not a single card, not a single present, and not even a single person to the party, even though everyone accepted. I suppose they don’t like us enough to come out in this dreadful rain.”

The three golliwogs had a sad tea all by themselves. Wollie was very angry about it all, but Wiggle shook his head.

“Listen,” he said, “if people treat us like this there must be something wrong with us. Perhaps we are not kind enough or generous enough. Don’t let us feel angry, because that will make us worse. Let’s forget about it all and try to be even nicer to everyone, so that perhaps next year they will send us a birthday-card each and come to our party.”

“Anyway, it’s a good thing the cakes didn’t come,” said Waggie gloomily. “That’s the only bright spot about to-day.”

“I’m going to bed,” said Wollie. “I’m tired of this birthday.”

“Have one of my peppermints, Wollie?” said Wiggle. They all went upstairs sucking peppermints. Before they went, Wiggle tore off another sheet of the calendar. Saturday went into the waste-paper basket, and Sunday came on the calendar.

“Sunday!” said Wiggle. “Best clothes to-morrow, everybody!”

They put out their best clothes in silence, said good night, and got into bed. All three were thinking the same thing. “I will be as nice as possible in future, then perhaps people will like me better.” Poor old gollies!

They woke up early next day. The sun shone brightly into their bedroom. They jumped up and dressed and didn't say a single word about the day before. And, to their very great surprise, just as they went downstairs, there came a thundering knock at the front door. "Rat-a-tat-a-tat-tat!"

"It can't be the postman!" said Waggie, in surprise. "He doesn't come on Sundays." They opened the door, and it *was* the postman, grinning all over his red face, too! In his hand he held a sheaf of cards and letters.

"Plenty of post to-day for you!" he said. "Wait a minute. I've got some parcels too!—Master Wiggie, Master Waggie and Master Wollie. And here are a few more—'The Three Golliwogs,' 'The Golliwog Family' and a whole heap more. My, it must be your birthday! Many happy returns of the day!"

"But our birthday was yesterday," said Waggie, puzzled. "And why are you here on Sunday, postman? You never come on Sundays!"

"Whatever are you talking about?" said the postman, staring at Waggie in astonishment. "To-day is Saturday, not Sunday. Ho, ho, ho! So that's why you've got your best clothes on! You thought it was Sunday, but it isn't!"

The Golliwogs stared at each other in amazement. Was the calendar wrong then? It couldn't be that, for calendars are always right! Wollie suddenly gave a squeal and ran to the waste-paper basket. He picked up the sheet that Wiggie had torn off two days before, and it wasn't one sheet, it was two!

"Wiggie, you silly-billy-Wiggie, you tore off two days instead of one on Thursday!" shouted Wollie, dancing round and round. "You made yesterday Saturday instead of Friday, but it was really only Friday! You tore off two days instead of one! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, our birthday is to-day!"

So it was; oh dear, how happy they were! They looked at their beautiful cards—twenty-one of them; they opened their birthday letters—fifteen of them; and then they opened their parcels—twelve of them!

"A tin of toffee!" squealed Wiggie. "And a book about aeroplanes!"

"A pair of blue socks and a new watch!" shouted Waggie.

"A tin of biscuits and a red pipe!" yelled Wollie, offering everyone a biscuit. Oh dear, the excitement of it all, especially as they had thought their birthday had been quite missed out by everyone!

"Here are the cakes coming!" shouted Wiggie, as he saw the baker's cart at the door. They fetched them in, and oh, the birthday-cake was wonderful!

It had candles all round, and little golliwogs, made of sweets, round the sides. There were chocolate buns, too, and ginger biscuits and iced cakes. What a lovely party they were going to have!

And they did, too, for everybody turned up, of course, and you should have heard the shrieks and giggles and shouts! The sun shone brilliantly, and everything was lovely.

“It’s been a lovely birthday,” said Wiggie, as he cleared away after the party.

“The loveliest one we’ve ever had,” said Waggie, sucking a toffee.

“And people do like us after all!” said Wollie happily. “I’m glad we didn’t say horrid things last night when we were so disappointed. We should have been ashamed of ourselves to-day when everyone was so kind!”

I *am* glad they had a good time after all, aren’t you?

A MUDDLE OF GOLLIWOGS

Once the three bold golliwogs, Wiggle, Waggle, and Wollie, decided to go for a walk to Bumble-Bee Common. Wiggle wasn't quite ready so Waggle and Wollie said they would start off without him, and Wiggle would catch them up as soon as he could.

So off went Waggle and Wollie, arm-in-arm, singing merrily their favourite song. The sun was shining brightly and they were *so* happy.

Now, as they went through the village little Edward, the fat teddy bear who lived in Bruin Cottage with his father and mother, came tearing down the street on his new scooter. When he saw the two golliwogs taking up nearly all the pavement he tried to stop—and he couldn't. He wobbled dreadfully, trying to stop himself from going into a golliwog—but it was no use.

“Thud—bang—kerplonk!” The scooter ran into Wollie and knocked him flat on his back. Waggle was all right, though he got a shock. Edward the bear rolled into the gutter, but he was so fat that he wasn't hurt at all. The scooter ran on down the hill and went straight into Goody Two-Shoes' shoe-shop, which gave her a dreadful fright.

Wollie didn't get up. He just lay there, making queer sorts of grunts and groans, and Waggle was quite frightened. “You've hurt your knee,” he said to Wollie. “And you've bumped your head! And you've hurt your shoulder too, I think! Oh, poor Wollie! No, don't try and get up! I'll go and get help at once. Stay here till a doctor comes.”

Waggle ran off in a hurry. He soon found a doctor's house and rang the bell. The doctor was a gnome with a long beard, and big pointed feet and ears. As soon as he heard of poor Wollie's accident, he took up his bag to go to help him.

“You had better go home and get a nice hot-water bottle in his bed, and make some milk hot for him,” said Dr. Longbeard. “I'll bring him along in my car.”

Waggle was very grateful. He ran home at once, taking a short cut, so he didn't see Wollie again. He knew the doctor would be where Wollie was in a few moments.

Now Wollie did not like lying flat in the road. It was very hard. So he sat up. He found that he wasn't so badly hurt after all! His shoulder was still sore, his head had a bump, and his knee was grazed—but really, he wasn't very bad!

"I shall get up and go home," he said. "I can easily walk, if I limp a bit. Waggie was silly to go rushing off to a doctor like that."

So off went Wollie, limping home.

Now Wiggie, who had been left at home clearing up, had soon finished his bit of work, and set off after the others. He had with him his set of engine cigarette cards, and he was looking at them as he went. Suddenly they slipped out of his hand and down they went into the road! Wiggie knelt down to pick them up.

And at the very same moment Dr. Longbeard, who was driving along in his car, looking out for a golliwog somewhere in the street, saw Wiggie on his knees in the road.

"There's the poor old hurt golliwog!" he said to himself. "Hasn't even been able to stand up yet! Well, I'll soon put him right!"

He stopped the car and jumped out. He hurried to Wiggie, who looked up in surprise.

"Just let me bandage your head up first," said Doctor Longbeard, and he took out a big white bandage. "Where's the bump? Dear, dear, you've such a lot of hair that I can hardly feel your head through it! Never mind—if I bandage the whole of your head that's sure to get the bump in!"

"I don't want my head bandaged," said Wiggie in alarm, wondering whatever the doctor was doing.

"No, no, I'm sure you don't," said the doctor. "Now, now, be brave, be brave! I'll rub your shoulder next. You may have sprained it."

"I don't want my shoulder rubbed," said Wiggie, getting cross. "Oooh! You hurt! Don't rub so hard!"

"Dear, dear, does it hurt very much?" said Doctor Longbeard. "Well, you must have had a very hard fall, yes, you must. Now for the knee."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Wiggie angrily, and he tried to jerk his leg away from Doctor Longbeard. "Don't do it—what are you tying my leg up for? Oh, you've done it so tightly that I can't walk!"

“Poor fellow, poor fellow,” said the gnome. “Here is a crutch to lean on. You’ll soon be all right now!”

Very angry indeed, poor Wiggie was bundled into the doctor’s car and driven home. When he got there the doctor bustled out and went to the door. “Have you got the bed ready, and the hot milk?” he called to Waggie.

“Yes, bring him in!” shouted Waggie. Then up the path, hopping along with his crutch, came poor, puzzled Wiggie, wondering if everyone was quite, quite mad.

Waggie met him at the door—and he stared and he stared.

“But, Wiggie,” said Waggie, “I thought it was Wollie that had had the accident, not you! Am I mad? Surely it was Wollie!”

“Everybody’s mad,” said Wiggie. “I was just picking up some cigarette cards I’d dropped when along came this doctor fellow and bandaged my head and pulled my shoulder about and tied up my knee so tightly I couldn’t walk! Where’s Wollie?”

“There he is!” said Waggie—and sure enough there came Wollie limping up the street looking very dusty and sorry for himself!

“You’ve bandaged the wrong golliwog!” said Waggie to the surprised doctor. “Oh my, oh my—he’s bandaged the wrong golliwog!”

Waggie began to laugh—and then Wiggie began—and when poor Wollie limped up to the front door he could not *imagine* what was the matter with them!

“How unkind of you to laugh at me when I’m hurt,” said poor Wollie.

“Bandage this golliwog, doctor,” said Waggie. But Doctor Longbeard shook his head.

“No,” he said. “I’m not bandaging any more golliwogs to-day. Good-bye!” And off he went.

So Waggie took off Wiggie’s bandages and put them on Wollie, who was very proud of them. And now he is sitting up in bed, hugging a hot-water bottle, and drinking hot milk and feeling very happy indeed. What a muddle, wasn’t it?

THE GOLLIES MAKE A PIE

Once upon a time the three gollies made a fine blackberry-and-apple pie. Wiggie picked the blackberries, Waggie made the pastry top, and Wollie put it into the oven to cook. It really was a lovely pie.

Now when it was cooked and set on the window-sill to cool, the three golliwogs all had the same idea. But they didn't say a word to each other.

"That pie would be delicious with cream!" thought Wiggie.

"That pie would taste fine with cream!" thought Waggie.

"That pie just wants good rich cream!" thought Wollie.

But they didn't say this—because they all thought they would like to slip off to the dairy and get the cream as a surprise for the others!

Wiggie put on his hat and went to the milkman round the corner. He was a new milkman and he was pleased to see a customer coming to buy something.

"Good morning!" said Wiggie. "I've come to buy some cream. I've got a fine blackberry pie at home. My, you should see it! I thought a jug of cream would go with it very nicely indeed."

"Just the thing!" said the milkman, and he took the jug Wiggie had brought with him. He dipped it into his big bowl of cream and filled it.

"Thank you," said Wiggie. "My word! Won't it be fine eating blackberry pie and cream! Please put it down on my bill, Mr. Milkman."

"Where do you live?" asked the new milkman.

"I live in the little yellow cottage round the corner, the one with honeysuckle all over it," said Wiggie. "Good-bye, and thank you."

The milkman took out his book and wrote down Wiggie's address. "Golliwog, yellow honeysuckle cottage—one jug of cream, sixpence."

Wiggie went home, crept in at the side gate, and hid the cream on the top shelf of the larder. It was to be a surprise for the others. How pleased he was!

Now in about half an hour, when the others were having a sleep in the garden, Waggie thought *he* would go and get some cream for the pie. He

didn't know about Wiggie's jug up on the top shelf of the larder.

He slipped out of the front door and took his jug to the milkman. The man was reading a paper behind the counter. He was quite surprised to see a golliwog again. He thought it was the same one he had seen a little while before.

"Good morning!" said Waggie, grinning all over his jolly black face. "I've got a fine blackberry pie at home, and I thought it would be nice to get some cream for it."

"You told me that before," said the milkman.

"Indeed I didn't!" said Waggie, surprised.

"Indeed you did!" said the milkman.

"I tell you I didn't," said Waggie, annoyed.

"I tell you you did," said the milkman, also annoyed. "But you can have some more cream if you want to."

"I *will* have some cream," said Waggie, "but it's the first I've had today."

The milkman snorted rather rudely, took Waggie's jug and dipped it into the bowl of cream.

"Thank you," said Waggie. "Please put it on the bill. I live at the yellow cottage round the corner, the one with honeysuckle all over it."

"I know that already," said the milkman, taking down his book. "I don't forget things, if *you* do!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Waggie, beginning to think that the milkman was quite mad. "Good morning!"

He went home and put the cream in the china cupboard, so that the others wouldn't see it. Then, grinning to think of the fine surprise he had for them, he slipped out into the garden, sat down in his chair and fell asleep.

Well, it wasn't long before Wollie woke up and saw the others asleep. And into his head came the thought that it would really be a good time to slip off now, whilst the others slept, and get some cream for the blackberry pie.

He didn't know, of course, that there was already a jug of cream in the larder and one in the china cupboard!

So he crept quietly out of the garden and ran round the corner to the milkman.

“Good morning!” he said, going in. The milkman looked up.

“Oh, hallo! So you’re back again!” he said.

“I haven’t been before,” said Wollie, surprised.

“Oh no, oh no, oh dear me, no!” said the milkman. “I suppose you haven’t got a blackberry pie at home, have you?”

“Well, yes, I have,” said Wollie, more surprised than ever.

“And I suppose you think you’ll have a jug of cream to eat with your fine pie,” said the milkman.

“Yes, I did think that,” said Wollie, holding out his jug.

“Well, all I can say is that you’ll make yourself sick with all this cream,” said the milkman, dipping his jug into the bowl of cream.

“You are a rude man,” said Wollie, feeling most annoyed.

“And you are a greedy golliwog,” said the milkman.

Wollie would have gone red if his face hadn’t been black. He took the jug and glared at the milkman.

“Please put it on the bill,” he said.

“Yes, I know that bit too,” said the milkman, taking down his book. “And I suppose you still live at the yellow cottage round the corner?”

“Yes—but how did you know that?” asked Wollie, astonished.

“And it’s still got honeysuckle growing all over it?” said the milkman, writing in his book.

“Yes, it has,” said Wollie, thinking that the milkman must be a very peculiar man to know so much about a new customer.

“Right,” said the milkman. “Well, if you come along again for a jug of cream to-day, don’t bother to tell me it’s for a blackberry pie. I shall know all right.”

Wollie went home, puzzled and cross. What a strange way for a milkman to behave!

He put his jug of cream under a bowl on the dresser to hide it. He wanted it to be a surprise for the others.

Now, when supper-time came, the blackberry pie was put in the middle of the table. It did look nice.

Wiggie looked at it. "What that pie wants is a jug of cream to go with it," he said.

"It certainly does!" said Waggie, thinking of the cream he had put in the china cupboard.

"Just the thing!" said Wollie, thinking of his cream on the dresser.

They all grinned secretly to themselves. Wiggie went to the larder and got his cream. Waggie went to the china cupboard and got his. Wollie went to the bowl and got his. And they all went to the table at the same moment and put their cream down on it!

"Here's the cream!" said Wiggie, Waggie, and Wollie, all together. And then they stared at each other's jugs in amazement.

"You got some too!" said Wiggie to the others.

"And so did you!" said Waggie.

"We all did!" said Wollie. And then they began to laugh and laugh and laugh.

"Three jugs of cream for one blackberry pie!" said Wiggie.

"Now I know why the milkman was so surprised when I went to get my jug of cream," said Waggie.

"And I know why he was so rude when I went to get mine!" said Wollie.

"He thought we were just one and the same golliwog, keeping on walking in and telling him about our blackberry pie!" giggled Waggie. "Oh, how funny!"

"Let's take him a piece of our pie with some sugar and cream for a treat, just to show him we are three gollies, not one!" said Wiggie.

So they cut off a big piece of pie and piled juicy blackberries and apples all over the crust. Wiggie picked up the plate. Waggie picked up the sugar-basin. Wollie poured some cream into a little blue jug and carried that. They all set off to the milkman's shop.

First Wiggie went in with the plate of pie. The milkman looked rather alarmed. He had had enough of gollies that day.

“I’ve brought you a bit of our pie,” said Wiggie, and put it down on the counter. Then Waggie came in carrying the sugar-basin. “Help yourself to sugar,” he said.

The milkman stared at him as if he couldn’t believe his eyes. Two gollies, just exactly the same!

And then in came Wollie with the little blue jug of cream.

“Pour a little cream over it and see how good the pie tastes,” he said, with a large grin all over his face.

The milkman tried to speak but he couldn’t. So that was the explanation—there were three gollies, not one—and they had each been to ask for cream. Oh dear! oh dear! and he had been so rude.

“Don’t worry,” said Wiggie kindly. “Just eat the pie and enjoy it. We thought we’d come and show you we were three, not one. Good evening!”

The three golliwogs went home, sat down and ate that blackberry pie all up. They finished all the cream too, except a little they left for breakfast, with their porridge. My goodness, no wonder they are getting fat! I wish I’d had some of that pie, too, don’t you?

THE THREE GOLLIES UP A TREE!

Once upon a time the three gollies, Wiggie, Waggie, and Wollie, went for a long walk. They went over Bumble Bee Hill and over Bumble Bee Common and into Hallo Wood.

“I’d like to climb a tree,” said Wiggie, stopping at a tall chestnut.

“So would I!” said Waggie, and he began to climb a wild-apple.

“Here I go!” said Wollie, and he shot up to the top of a young beech as fast as his long black legs would take him.

It was fun at the tops of the trees. Wiggie could see a long way. He could see the town in the blue distance, and he could even see the church bell shining in its tower.

Waggie poked his head out at the top of his tree and saw Wollie and Wiggie at the tops of theirs. That made him laugh. It was funny to see a golliwog’s black head sticking out of the top of a tree!

“This is lovely,” said Waggie, and he rocked his tree to and fro. “It’s like being in a ship on the sea!”

They stayed there for a long time—and, do you know, Wiggie fell asleep in his tree!

He was sitting in a very comfortable place, with a broad branch behind his back, and he couldn’t possibly fall. His eyes closed, he snored very gently, and no matter what the others called to him, he didn’t answer!

“Wiggie! Wiggie! It’s time to go home,” said Waggie. “Have you gone to sleep? Wake up, you silly golliwog!”

There was no answer. Then Wollie called to him:

“Wiggie! Don’t be silly, pretending to be asleep! It’s time to go home.”

But Wiggie really was asleep, so he didn’t answer a word.

“Waggie, I’m going home now,” said Wollie suddenly. “I want to call at Aunt Caroline’s on the way, so I’d better start.”

He slipped down his tree and ran off to his aunt’s. Waggie stayed a little while longer, then he thought he would go too, because it looked like rain.

“I can shelter in the woodman’s hut if it does rain,” he thought, and he climbed quickly down the tree. “Wiggie can stay in his tree if he wants to—but I’m not waiting for him.”

He shouted up to Wiggie, “Good-bye, Wiggie! I’m going! Come home when you’re ready!”

Off he went, but it did pour with rain, so before he had gone very far he was soaked through. He ran to the woodman’s hut and stood sheltering there.

The rain woke Wiggie at the top of his tree. The big raindrops splashed down on his black face, and he dreamed that somebody was watering him!

“Don’t water me, please!” he said. “Don’t water me! I’m not a flower!”

But still the rain pattered down, and at last he awoke.

“Oh!” he said, astonished. “Where am I? What’s all this water doing?”

He soon remembered that he was at the top of a tree, and he began to climb down out of the rain. But halfway down he stuck. He couldn’t get up and he couldn’t get down. He just stuck there, very frightened.

“Waggie!” he shouted. “Wollie! Come to my help! I’m stuck in this tree, and I can’t get down! Help! Help!”

But Waggie and Wollie were not there to hear him. Waggie was in the woodman’s hut, and Wollie was at his Aunt Caroline’s, eating peppermint cake as fast as he could.

“Oooh!” yelled poor Wiggie, “the rain’s wetting me! It’s trickling through the leaves and going down my neck! Ooh! Help! Help!”

Now going through the wood was little Mister Fussy, under his big red umbrella. He was most astonished to hear a voice calling from somewhere. He put down his umbrella and listened.

“Help!” yelled Wiggie. “Help, I say!”

“Who wants help, and where shall I find you?” called Mister Fussy, looking round him in astonishment.

“I’m up in the chestnut tree!” yelled Wiggie. “Fetch a ladder! I can’t get down! Quick, before I fall!”

Mister Fussy looked up in the chestnut tree and saw Wiggie there, looking quite pale grey instead of black.

“My goodness!” he said. “How did you get there?”

“How do you suppose I got here?” shouted Wiggie, quite cross. “Do you think I flew here, or got up the tree on roller-skates? Do fetch a ladder quickly!”

“All right, all right,” said Mister Fussy, and he put up his umbrella again and hurried off to get a ladder. He knew where there was one—in the yard belonging to Mister Brick the builder. He got there, found the long ladder, and began to carry it back to the wood. He left his umbrella at Mister Brick’s because it had stopped raining by now.

Now Waggie, who had been sheltering in the woodman’s hut, left it when the rain stopped. And he met Mister Fussy coming along, bent double under his ladder.

“Hallo!” said Waggie, astonished. “Where are you taking that to?”

Mister Fussy looked up, and when he saw Waggie he couldn’t believe his eyes. He thought he was Wiggie, you see, for all the gollies were as alike as peas in a pod.

“So you got down the tree?” he said.

“Of course I did!” said Waggie surprised. “What do you mean?”

“Well, why did you tell me you couldn’t get down?” shouted Mister Fussy angrily. “Here I’ve been all the way back to get Mister Brick’s ladder to get you down.”

“But I didn’t tell you I couldn’t get down,” said Waggie. “You’re making a mistake.”

Mister Fussy gave a snort and ran at Waggie with the ladder. Waggie skipped off home as fast as he could, thinking that Mister Fussy must be quite mad.

Mister Fussy took back the ladder, picked up his umbrella, and went back to the wood, for he had to pass through it on his way home. And no sooner did he get to that big chestnut tree than he heard Wiggie’s voice as before:

“Oh, help! Help! Why doesn’t somebody help me?”

Mister Fussy stopped in amazement. “Why, I’ve just seen you running off at top speed—and here you are up the tree again!” he said. “What do you want to go and climb the tree again for, when you couldn’t get down last time? You are a very foolish creature.”

“Oh, don’t waste time talking!” begged Wiggie. “I’m so wet—and cold—and frightened—and unhappy. Oh, I thought you’d gone to get a ladder! Oh, dear Mister Fussy, do go quickly and get a ladder to help me! Can’t you see how I’ve torn my coat on the branch? I shall fall soon, I know I shall!”

Mister Fussy thought it was all most peculiar, but as he really couldn’t bear to see anyone stuck up so uncomfortably in a tree, he ran back to Mister Brick’s yard again and got the ladder.

And as he carried it back to the wood, who should he meet this time but Wollie, coming out of his Aunt Caroline’s house, very pleased with himself because he had had three slices of peppermint cake. Mister Fussy put down the ladder and glared at Wollie in a rage. He thought Wollie was Wiggie, of course!

“What are you glaring at me like that for?” asked Wollie, offended. “Is my hat crooked? Or did I tread on your toe in a dream last night? What’s the matter?”

“The matter is,” said Mister Fussy in a trembling voice, “the matter is, that here I’ve been twice to get this ladder to get you down the tree—and I meet you walking along looking as cheeky as a jackdaw. You said you couldn’t get down that tree.”

“Oh no, I didn’t,” said Wollie. “I got down quite easily. What are you talking about?”

“I’ll teach you to trick me!” yelled Mister Fussy, and he ran so suddenly at Wollie that the golliwog was knocked over flat. Wollie was quite scared, and he jumped up and ran home as fast as he could, wondering what made Mister Fussy behave in such a peculiar manner.

Mister Fussy took back the ladder, and then, grumbling and muttering, went back to the wood on his way home. And, of course, he soon heard Wiggie’s anxious voice again.

“Is that you? Have you come back with the ladder? Mister Fussy, don’t say you haven’t brought the ladder!”

“What!” cried Mister Fussy, in the greatest astonishment. “Are you trying to play that trick on me again? Twice I’ve gone to get the ladder, and twice I’ve met you walking to meet me! And no sooner do I turn my back to take back the ladder than you spring up the tree again and wait for me to come by! But I’m not doing anything *this* time—no—all I’m going to do is to get you down the tree and spank you well.”

And with that Mister Fussy picked up the old conkers that lay beneath the chestnut tree and began to throw them hard at poor Wiggie. Bang! Bang! Smack! Bang! They hit Wiggie on the nose and the chest and the knee and the ear. He yelled and tried to scramble back up the tree.

But the branch broke—and down he slid to the ground with a bump that shook all the breath out of his body.

And just as Mister Fussy was going to spank him well, who should come running up but Wollie and Waggie! They had come to look for Wiggie, as he had been such a long time coming home.

“Leave him alone, leave him alone!” cried Waggie, running to stop Mister Fussy from spanking Wiggie with his red umbrella.

“You bad fellow!” shouted Wollie.

Mister Fussy looked up. He saw a golly on the ground. He saw another on one side of him, and a third on the other—and they all looked exactly alike!

“It’s a bad dream!” he shouted. “One golly has turned into three! Help! Help! Help!”

And he tore off at top speed, leaving the three gollies staring after him in astonishment.

Poor Mister Fussy! He did his best, didn’t he! He always runs away when he sees a golliwog now—and really, I’m not surprised.

THE THREE GOLLIWOGS AT THE STATION

Once it happened that Wiggie went away to spend a night at his Aunt Keziah's. The others saw him off in the bus that started from the railway station, and waved good-bye to him.

"It will seem funny without Wiggie to-night," said Waggie to Wollie, as they walked back home. "Oh, look—there's the postman. I wonder if he has any letters for us."

The postman had a letter for Wollie. He opened it and read it.

"Dear me!" he said to Waggie. "I must go to town to-morrow to be fitted for my new suit. This letter says it is almost ready for me. I shall have to catch the ten o'clock train."

"Wiggie's bus comes back just after ten o'clock," said Waggie. "I will see you off first, Wollie, then meet Wiggie off the bus."

But when the next morning came, Wollie was very late for the train. He lost his purse, and took such a long time hunting for it that Waggie was quite sure he would miss the train.

"Wollie! Here's my purse," said Waggie at last. "Do go. I am sure you will miss the train. Run hard, Wollie, for goodness' sake!"

Wollie took the purse, clapped his hat on his head, and shouted good-bye to Waggie.

"I'll walk slowly along to the bus-stop and meet Wiggie," shouted Waggie. "I can't run all the way to the station to see you off, Wollie."

So Wollie raced off by himself, puffing and panting, and Waggie put on his hat and walked slowly along to the bus-stop by the station.

Wollie soon got to the station. The train was just coming in. "Hi! Hi! I'm catching that train!" yelled Wollie to the station-master. "Don't let it go without me! Hi! Hi!"

"You've got to get your ticket," said the fat station-master, trying to stop Wollie from jumping into the train.

"Haven't time—haven't time!" panted Wollie, trying to push the station-master out of the way.

“You just go and get your ticket!” ordered the station-master crossly.

“Can’t, I tell you! I shall miss the train!” puffed Wollie, trying to run round the fat station-master.

“You get your ticket or you won’t travel by this train,” shouted the station-master, trying to get hold of the golliwog, who was dodging all round him.

Every one was watching and giggling. The guard suddenly blew his whistle and waved his flag. The train gave a shriek and began to puff out of the station.

“I must get in. I must, I must!” shouted poor Wollie, and he tried to dodge round the fat station-master again. He bumped right into him and got round him. He jumped into a carriage and slammed the door. The station-master ran after him, shouting angrily.

Someone had left a carriage door open at the end of the train, and it gave the fat station-master such a bang. He sat down on the platform in surprise and watched the guard’s van whizz past him. How angry he was!

“You wait till I catch you!” he yelled after the train. Wollie leaned out of his window and waved to him, grinning all over his black face.

The station-master got up and went grumbling along the platform, scowling at all the grinning porters—and who should come into the station at that very moment, to buy himself some chocolate out of a machine, but Waggie. He had come to meet Wiggie’s bus, and there was just time to buy some chocolate.

The fat station-master stopped and stared at Waggie, who was exactly like Wollie. He stared so hard that Waggie was cross.

Then the station-master stopped staring and glared instead. He made a furious noise deep down in his throat and said, “Did you jump out of the train? How did you get here?”

Waggie was surprised. “Don’t be silly,” he said. “I got here on my legs.”

“You must have jumped out of the train,” said the station-master angrily. “You simply must! One minute you are waving good-bye—and the next you walk on my platform as bold as brass.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” said Waggie haughtily. “I came to buy some chocolate. I haven’t time to waste in talking to a silly fat person like you.”

Now that was very rude of Waggie, and it made the station-master go quite mad with rage. He took hold of Waggie's collar and shook the surprised golliwog so hard that two buttons burst and flew off on to the platform.

"Stop, stop!" cried Waggie. "You've no right to do this to me."

"Well, you deserve it!" shouted the station-master. "First you won't buy a ticket—then you dodge past me—and then a door knocks me over—and you grin at me through the window. Now here you are walking on to the platform, being cheeky all over again."

Waggie wriggled away and ran down the platform. He really felt quite frightened. The station-master ran after him. Waggie ran over the railway bridge and down the other side. The station-master took a short cut over the rails and nearly caught Waggie as he came down the steps. Waggie at once turned and ran all the way up the steps again—and the station-master ran back over the railway and waited for him again. It was dreadful.

Well, nobody can run up and down steps all morning, and Waggie was soon tired out. The station-master caught him and marched him off to the luggage-office and locked him in. Waggie was very sad. There was a little barred window and he could see out of it. He saw Wiggie's bus coming into the station-yard—and there was Wiggie inside.

Wiggie got out, and looked round for Waggie and Wollie, whom he thought would be there to meet him. But they weren't. So he went along to the station platform to see if by any chance they were there, watching the trains.

Well, they weren't, of course—but the station-master was there, looking very pleased with himself because he had caught Waggie. Wiggie went up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Do you know if . . ." began Wiggie, and then stopped in alarm at the sight of the station-master's face. It went first red and then purple.

"You again!" gurgled the angry station-master. "You again! First you go off in a train without a ticket—then you go running up and down the bridge steps for half an hour! And now, after I've locked you up in my luggage-office, you come and tap me on the shoulder!"

"Don't be so silly," said Wiggie. "I've just come off the bus."

"But—but—but," stammered the poor station-master—"but—but . . . you can't go off in the train—and then get locked up—and then come along

saying you've arrived in the bus. You simply can't have come in the bus."

"How dare you say I'm telling fibs!" cried Wiggie in a rage. "Look—there's the bus-conductor, come to buy a paper. Hi, Conductor—this man says I didn't come by bus. Just tell him I did, will you?"

"You certainly did," said the conductor. "I gave you your ticket myself."

"Oh dear! I simply don't understand this," said the poor station-master, wiping his forehead with a large red handkerchief. "I must be having a bad dream, or something—with nothing but rude golliwogs in it."

"Well, good-day," said Wiggie, and walked off home, wondering why Wollie and Waggie hadn't come to meet him. He didn't know that Waggie was a prisoner in the luggage-office and that Wollie had gone to town.

The station-master watched Wiggie walking down the station road. "Well, let's hope that's the last of him," he grumbled. "Going off on a train—and buying chocolate—and arriving in a bus. Never heard of such a thing. How can one person be in three places at once?"

He went to get something out of the luggage-office. He unlocked the door—and there, sitting on a large trunk, looking very upset, was Waggie.

The station-master stared at him as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

"Now just look here!" he said, beginning to be angry all over again. "I've seen you walking down the road this very minute—and now here you are again, sitting in my luggage-office! What do you mean by it?"

"Well, you put me here," said Waggie. "You must be mad, I think."

Waggie stood up. He watched for a chance to escape. He suddenly pushed the fat station-master right over, rushed out of the door, and locked it behind him.

"Now he's a prisoner, and he can't come after me," thought Waggie, pleased. "I'll just chase home as fast as ever I can!"

So home he went, giggling every time he thought of the station-master shut in his own luggage-office.

Well, the station-master yelled and howled, he banged on the door and hammered on it till all the porters were quite scared. At last one unlocked the door—and out sprang the station-master, purple in the face. He glared round, expecting to see the golliwog again. But Waggie and Wiggie were both at home, eating their dinner—and Wollie was in the train, now coming home again.

The train ran in at the platform—and out sprang Wollie. The first thing he saw was the station-master. He grinned at him and held out his ticket. “I got it at the other end,” he said. “So you needn’t glare at me like that.”

“You b-b-b-back again!” stammered the alarmed station-master. “How do you manage to get about like this? And what do you mean by locking me into the luggage-office?”

“How could I, when I’ve just arrived by train!” said Wollie with a grin. “But I’d *love* to lock you into the luggage-office! I’ll do it, if you like!”

That was too much for the station-master. “No, no, no!” he cried, and he ran off as fast as his fat legs would take him. “No, no! I’ve had enough of you this morning! I’m going home!”

And home he went, much to Wollie’s surprise. How he and Waggie and Wiggie laughed when they met and told one another about the peculiar behaviour of the poor, fat station-master.

As for the station-master himself, he still doesn’t understand to this day how it was that one golly could do so many things!

THE THREE GOLLIWOGS HAVE SOME FUN

Once upon a time the three golliwogs were sitting at breakfast, and the paper hadn't come. So Wiggie said he would go and get it.

"Don't be long," said Waggie.

"Hurry yourself!" said Wollie.

So Wiggie set off at a great pace. He took a short-cut across the fields, and had to go by the little lonely house belonging to Peeky the goblin.

And as he went by the house he heard a dog howling loudly. Wiggie stopped and looked over the fence. He saw Peeky the goblin whipping a little dog very hard indeed.

"Hi! What's that dog done to deserve such a beating?" cried Wiggie angrily.

"He's come into my garden and chased my cat!" cried Peeky.

"That's no reason to whip a dog!" shouted Wiggie. "Dogs always chase cats and cats always chase birds. But you don't whip your cat for that. Just stop hitting that poor little dog!"

The goblin looked up and frowned at Wiggie. He had a very ugly, bad-tempered face. He hit the dog again. So Wiggie jumped over the fence, took the stick from Peeky's hand, set the dog free and pushed Peeky over.

Peeky jumped up in a rage. "If ever you come by my house again I'll lock you up for a whole day in my coal-cellar!" he said.

"You couldn't!" said Wiggie.

"I will!" shouted Peeky.

"You won't!" yelled Wiggie. And then the goblin muttered a few magic words and grew twice his size at once. That was enough for Wiggie! He jumped over the fence and set off home as fast as he could go. He wasn't going to deal with goblins that could grow like that in half a second!

He flung the door of his house open, marched into the parlour and fell into a chair, panting. The other two golliwogs looked at him.

"Where's the paper?" asked Waggie.

“Surely you haven’t been all the way there and back and come home without the paper after all!” said Wollie.

“I’ll tell you what’s happened,” said Wiggie, and he told the story of the goblin and the dog. “And you should see that goblin’s nasty, bad-tempered face!” said Wiggie. “It’s a pity he doesn’t go out and buy himself a new one!”

“He ought to be punished!” said Wollie.

“He *shall* be punished!” said Waggie. “What he wants is a great fright. And we’ll give it to him!”

“How?” asked Wiggie.

“Well, listen,” said Waggie, beaming all over his black face. “This is what we’ll do. Wiggie shall go to Peeky and bang loudly at his front door. Peeky will open the door and Wiggie will say, ‘Peeky, I’ve come to ask you why you don’t buy yourself a nice new face. Your own is simply dreadful.’”

“Good gracious! He’ll put me in his coal-hole if I say that!” said Wiggie at once.

“Yes. And you’ll go quietly,” said Waggie with a giggle. “And all the way there you will shout and yell and tell him that he can’t keep you in his coal-hole for more than a minute! You’ll be out again and knocking at his front door, see if you won’t!”

“But how *shall* I get out?” said Wiggie.

“Listen,” said Waggie. “In half a minute’s time *I* shall be along, knocking at Peeky’s door. And when he opens it, I’ll say exactly what you did—and Peeky will think I’m you, and that you have escaped from the coal-hole after all! And he will drag me along there too. And as soon as you hear him coming to open the door and fling me in, you will hide behind the door and slip out. I’ll be locked in all right—but you will be free.”

“What do I do then?” asked Wiggie.

“You go to the stream and wash the coal-dust off yourself,” said Waggie. “And Wollie has *his* turn. He goes up to the front door and does exactly the same! And Peeky will think I’ve escaped and will come along to put Wollie into the coal-hole—and as soon as he opens the door, *I* slip out without his seeing me, and go to wash in the stream. And you, Wiggie, go up to the front door and start all over again! My, we’ll give old Peeky a fine puzzle and a fine fright!”

“Oooh! This sounds good,” said Wiggie and Wollie. “Let’s start now!”

So they all set out. Waggie and Wollie hid behind the hedge whilst Wiggie marched up to the goblin’s front door. Blim-blam! He banged hard with the knocker.

Peeky opened the door. “Don’t break my knocker!” he shouted. “Oh—it’s you. How dare you come back again!”

“I’ve come to ask you if you won’t buy yourself a nice new face,” said Wiggie. “I don’t like the one you’ve got!”

“What! You dare to say things like that to me!” shouted Peeky in a rage. He shot up to twice his size again and dragged Wiggie into his house. Wiggie went quietly, grinning to himself. Peeky took him to the coal-hole, opened the door and pushed Wiggie into the darkness. He slammed the door and bolted it. Wiggie grinned again. He didn’t mind the dark at all, because he was just as black as the darkness anyway! He sat there and waited.

“You’ll stay there for a whole day and night, and you can have coal to eat and drink!” shouted Peeky.

“I’ll be out in a minute!” yelled back Wiggie, and he made a noise in the coal as if he were trying to get out. But Peeky knew that the bolt on the door was strong and he took no notice.

No sooner had he got back to his kitchen than another knock came at his front door. BLIM-BLAM! My goodness, the door nearly fell in. Peeky almost jumped out of his skin.

“Who’s banging my door down?” he yelled. “I’ll soon teach them not to do that!”

He rushed to the door and opened it—and there stood Waggie, exactly like Wiggie to look at, grinning all over his black face.

“I’ve escaped, you see,” said Waggie. “And I’ve come to ask you if you wouldn’t like to buy yourself a nice new face. I don’t like the one you’ve got.”

Peeky stared at the golliwog in the greatest surprise. He couldn’t imagine how he could have escaped from the coal-hole so quickly. But he didn’t stare long. No—he put out his strong arm, caught hold of Waggie, and dragged him along to the coal-hole, shouting, “I’ll put you there again—and this time you won’t get out!”

Well, Wiggie, down in the coal-hole, was listening for Pecky to bring Waggie along. And as soon as he heard them coming he went over to the door and waited.

The door was opened—and as Waggie was pushed in, Wiggie slipped out! In the darkness the goblin did not see him at all, and Wiggie crept up the cellar-stairs and was out of the back door before the goblin had even bolted the coal-hole door! Off he went to wash himself in the stream, grinning away in delight.

Now it was Wollie's turn. He marched up to Pecky's front door and banged so hard on the knocker that it sounded as if a thunderstorm was breaking! Pecky was just about to sit down in his chair, and he got such a shock that he missed the chair altogether and sat down, bump, on the floor!

Then he sprang to his feet and rushed to the door. Surely, surely it couldn't be that golliwog again! Why, he had just shut him into the coal-hole for the second time!

He opened the door and found Wollie there, grinning away merrily.

"I'm out of the coal-hole again, you see," said Wollie, "and I just came to ask if you won't go and buy yourself a new face. I do hate the one you've got!"

"How did you get out of the coal-hole?" yelled Pecky in anger.

"Dear me! Did you put me in the coal-hole?" said Wollie.

"You know I did!" said Pecky furiously. "And what's more, I'll put you there again!" And with that he caught hold of Wollie and dragged him to the coal-hole. Well, of course, Waggie was there ready to slip out as soon as the door was opened—and up the cellar steps he went whilst Pecky was pushing Wollie in among the coal.

Off to the stream went Waggie, to wash the coal-dust off—and back to the house went Wiggie, ready to knock at the front door again. Really, what a game! Wiggie nearly burst with trying not to laugh out loud.

BLIM-BLAM, BLIM-BLAM! How he crashed that knocker on the door! And what a shock poor Pecky got once more! He couldn't believe his ears! Surely that dreadful golliwog hadn't escaped again! He rushed to the door.

And there was Wiggie, grinning all over his black face, and saying, "I say, I've just come to tell you that I don't like your face and I think you'd better go and buy yourself a new one!"

“How did you get out?” demanded Peeky.

“Out of where?” said Wiggie.

“The coal-hole, silly, where I’ve put you three times already,” shouted the goblin, dancing about in a rage.

“Dear me, did you really put me there?” said Wiggie. “Well, you don’t suppose I should stay in such a horrid place, surely! No, no—no one could make me stay in a coal-hole!”

“You’ll stay there this time, or I’ll eat my hat!” shouted Peeky, and once more he dragged Wiggie to the coal-hole—and, of course, Wollie slipped out as soon as he opened the door. In went Wiggie—and out went Wollie!

And before Peeky had got up the steps there came a loud knocking at his door again! It was Waggie, of course, ready to say the same thing again. Peeky gave a loud howl and ran back to the coal-hole. He undid the door and put himself in among the coal, first locking the door behind him.

“Oh! Oh!” he wailed. “That dreadful golliwog! No sooner do I put him in the coal-hole than he comes knocking at my door again. I must get away from him somehow!”

“Well, you can’t,” said Wiggie, who was just beside Peeky, sitting on the coal. “I’m here!”

“Oh! Ow! Oooh!” cried poor Peeky. “But how can you be here when you are knocking at my front door? Listen—I can hear you! Blim-blam, blim-blam! Oh, oh, I’m frightened!”

And the goblin undid the door, fled up the steps, and locked himself in his bedroom. Wiggie went out too, and joined Waggie at the front door, and Wollie when he came from the stream! How they laughed! They could hardly walk home, they laughed so much!

As for poor Peeky, he let his house, packed his bag, and disappeared on the next train. He had had enough of golliwogs to last him a lifetime.

THE THREE GOLLIWOGS AND THE CATS

Wiggie, Waggie, and Wollie were getting their dinner one day when Wiggie found that someone had nibbled the cheese.

“Hallo!” he said, lifting up the dish. “Which of you two has been nibbling our cheese?”

“I haven’t,” said Waggie, looking quite offended.

“And I wouldn’t *dream* of doing such a thing!” said Wollie.

“Well, then, it must be mice,” said Wiggie, and he looked solemnly at the others. “Mice in the larder! This will never do, will it? We shan’t have a thing left. Our bacon will go. Our cheese will be nibbled. Our bread will be eaten. We simply MUST get rid of those mice.”

“There’s only one way,” said Waggie.

“What’s that?” asked the other two.

“Get a cat!” said Waggie. “That’s what we must do.”

“Right!” said Wiggie. “We’ll look out for a good mouser. We’ll let her sleep in the larder at night and then the mice will soon go.”

“And so will the milk and the bacon and the fish!” said Wollie. “No—we won’t keep her in the larder! The mice will smell her out in the kitchen, and they’ll scurry off. If they come into the kitchen she’ll catch them.”

Now that afternoon Wiggie went out to buy some cigarettes. At the cigarette-shop was a beautiful black cat with green eyes. She lay on the counter and blinked lazily at Wiggie.

He remembered the mice in the larder. “I say,” he said, “is that cat a good mouser?”

“Splendid,” said the shopman.

“Will you sell her to me?” asked Wiggie.

“No,” said the man. “We’re fond of her. But she’s got some black kittens exactly like herself. You can have one of those for nothing, if you like, if you promise to give her a good home. We want to get rid of them now.”

“Oh, thanks very much,” said Wiggie, pleased. The man went into his parlour at the back, and came out with a basketful of fine black kittens. There were three of them, all with green eyes like their mother. Wiggie picked up one of them and it cuddled against him.

“I’ll have this one,” he said. “It’s a darling. Thank you very much.”

Wiggie went off with the kitten. He had to go to fetch his boots from the cobbler, so he took the kitten with him. It was quite a long walk but the kitten didn’t mind. It loved Wiggie.

Now not long after Wiggie had gone out, Waggie yawned and stood up. “I’m going to get a paper,” he said. “Then I’ll go along and see Josie, Click, and Bun in the Tree-House. Shan’t be very long, Wollie.”

He went off down the street to the paper-shop. It was the same shop that sold cigarettes to Wiggie. Waggie walked in and grinned at the shopman.

“Got a paper?” he asked.

“Here you are,” said the man. “How’s the kitten?”

Waggie stared at him in surprise. “What did you say?” he asked.

“I said, ‘How’s the kitten?’ ” said the man.

“What kitten?” asked Waggie.

“The kitten you took away,” said the man.

“I didn’t take any kitten away,” said Waggie.

“You fibber!” said the man. “You took it away under your coat.”

“You’re making a mistake,” said Waggie, going all grand and haughty. “My good man, I have no use for a kitten!” And then he suddenly remembered the mice in the larder, and he looked at the shopman. “Oh, I *could* do with a kitten!” he said. “Have you got one to spare?”

“What do you want another one for?” asked the man.

“I don’t want another one,” said Waggie. “I haven’t got one at all. But I do want one.”

“Well, it’s a bit funny, all this,” said the man doubtfully. He went into his parlour and brought out the basket with two black kittens in. “If you are really sure you didn’t take one of my kittens just now, you can have one of these.”

“Oh, thanks very much,” said Waggie, pleased, and he picked up the nearest kitten. It was such a little dear, and cuddled up to Waggie at once.

Waggie went off with it, thinking how glad the others would be to see the dear little kitten he had got. He set off to the Tree-House to visit Josie, Click, and Bun, to show them the kitten.

Now Wollie was bored at being left all alone in the house. He thought he would go and buy some sweets. So up he got and down the street he went. He came to the shop that sold cigarettes, papers, and sweets, and went inside.

“Any sweets?” he asked the man.

“Two-pennyworth,” said the man, and gave him a packet. Then he looked closely at Wollie. “How’s the kitten getting on?” he asked.

“Don’t be silly,” said Wollie. “I haven’t got a kitten—or a puppy, or a duckling, or a lion-cub either!”

“That’s not funny,” said the shopman, offended. “You took one of my kittens just now. I just wanted to know how the little thing was getting on.”

“Well, how do I know what a kitten that I haven’t got is doing?” said Wollie. “What do you suppose it is doing? Drinking water from the goldfish bowl, or catching mice in my larder?”

Now as soon as Wollie had said that, it reminded him of the real mice in his larder, and he stared eagerly at the shopman. “I say—I would *like* a kitten very much,” he said. “I suppose you haven’t one to spare?”

“Look here,” said the man, “am I going to spend all the afternoon giving you my kittens—and then have you come back and say you haven’t got them?”

“You’re mad,” said Wollie. “Quite mad. Do you suppose I’d ask you for a kitten if I’d got dozens?”

“Well, no, I suppose you wouldn’t,” said the shopman. “But what do you DO with them? You walk out of the shop with a kitten under your coat—and then you come back and say you don’t know anything about them. It’s all very mysterious to me.”

“And to me, too,” said Wollie. “I really can’t help thinking there’s something wrong with you. But all the same, if you’ve a kitten, I’d love to have it.”

“Well, it’s the last one I’ve got,” said the shopman, going into his parlour. “And don’t you dare to come back and ask for another.”

He brought the last little black kitten out, and gave it to Wollie. “Thanks very much,” said Wollie, pleased, for the little thing was a real pet, and snuggled up to him most lovingly. He went out of the shop with it. He thought he would go straight home and pop the kitten into the warm kitchen and wait for the others to come home so that they might have a surprise.

He opened the kitchen door and put the kitten there. Then he went upstairs to wash. As soon as he had gone upstairs, Waggie came home with his kitten. He popped it into the kitchen too, and shut the door so that it couldn’t get out. Then he went to hang his things up in the hall. As he was doing that, Wiggie came home.

Wiggie brushed past him and went to the kitchen. He popped his kitten in too, thinking that it would be a marvellous surprise for the others when they went into the kitchen for tea.

“Waggie! Wollie! Come along and see the surprise I’ve got for you!” cried Wiggie. The others hurried to him and they all went to the kitchen.

They opened the door—and there in the middle of the floor were three black kittens all playing happily together.

Now this was a great shock to all the golliwogs, for they each knew they had only put *one* kitten into the kitchen—and in some extraordinary way that one kitten seemed to have turned into three! All the golliwogs stared in amazement.

Then they rubbed their eyes and looked once again at the three black kittens, all exactly alike, with their little tails and bright green eyes.

“My eyes have gone wrong,” said Wiggie. “I’m seeing three instead of one.”

“So am I,” said Waggie.

“And I am too,” said Wollie. “This is dreadful. We shall have to wear glasses. To think that my kitten has changed into three!”

“My kitten, you mean!” said Waggie in surprise.

“No, *mine!*” said Wiggie in amazement. “I brought the kitten home—and I can’t imagine why it’s turned into three.”

The kittens ran to the gollies. One went to Wiggie, one to Wollie, and one to Waggie. The golliwogs stared at each other. “There must be *three*

kittens really, after all!” said Wiggie. “But where did they all come from?”

“I got one from the paper-shop,” said Waggie.

“And I got one there too,” said Wollie.

“Well, so did I,” said Wiggie. “The man must have been most surprised!”

“He was!” said Waggie and Wollie. “Gracious—what are we to do now? Shall we take two kittens back?”

“No—the man will think we are quite, quite mad if we go back again and take the kittens with us!” said Wiggie. “We’ll have to keep them all!”

So they did—and if ever you visit the three golliwogs, you are sure to see three big black cats with green eyes sitting on the sofa—and you’ll know how it is that there are three of them.

And, of course, there are *no* mice in the larder now!

THE THREE GOLLIWOGS AND MR. TUBBY

Once upon a time Mr. Tubby came to stay with his Aunt Amanda in the village where the three golliwogs lived.

Now Mr. Tubby had a habit of walking along the street without looking in the least where he was going, especially if he had his umbrella up. So he often bumped into people, and this made him very angry indeed.

It wasn't very long before he bumped into one of the golliwogs because he took a walk down their street twice a day. It was Wiggie he bumped into first.

Wiggie was running to catch the bus. Wiggie always had to run to catch the bus because he never could seem to start out in time. So he ran out of his front gate, turned into the street—and bumped straight into Mr. Tubby!

Wiggie was quite big and heavy and Mr. Tubby was fat. So they had a wonderful collision and quite knocked the breath out of each other.

“Now look here,” said Mr. Tubby in a rage, when he got back his breath. “Now look here! Now . . .”

“Don't say it again,” panted Wiggie. “I don't want to look. I want to catch the bus.”

“Now look here!” began Mr. Tubby again, waving his stick. “I won't have you rushing at me like that and bumping into me like a great stupid bull! I won't have it, I say! Why, I nearly bit my tongue in half when you banged into me.”

“It's a pity you didn't,” said Wiggie. “Then you wouldn't be able to talk so much. Let me pass, please. I want to catch my bus!”

Mr. Tubby tried to catch him, but Wiggie slipped by and rushed for the bus. He only just caught it in time, and even then the conductor had to help him up the step.

Wiggie sat down, panting like a goldfish out of water.

Mr. Tubby went on with his walk, muttering angrily to himself about golliwogs that had no manners. He went to the end of the street, up on to the common, and then turned back. And most unluckily he met Waggie rushing

home from the shopping, afraid that he would be late in cooking the dinner. Waggie had so many parcels that he really couldn't see Mr. Tubby.

So he bumped right into him, bang, crash! Waggie's parcels fell all over Mr. Tubby, and two beautiful new-laid eggs broke on his head and slid down his neck.

"Oh my eggs, my eggs!" groaned Waggie. "You silly fellow, why didn't you look where you were going?"

Mr. Tubby sat on the pavement and glared at Waggie in a furious temper. "Good gracious, so it's you again!" he cried. "Do you spend your time bumping into people and knocking them over? Are you doing this on purpose?"

"I've never bumped into you before—or behind either," said Waggie furiously, picking up his parcels.

"You story-teller!" shouted Mr. Tubby.

"You're the one that's telling stories," said Waggie, and he marched off, his black nose high in the air. Mr. Tubby picked himself up and went home, telling himself all the dreadful things he would like to do to golliwogs that bumped into him.

Now that afternoon Mr. Tubby had to go out again to fetch some fish for his Aunt Amanda. It was raining, so he took his umbrella with him and put it up. He walked off with it held well in front of him and everyone had to skip out of his way or he would have walked into them.

Now Wollie had to go out that afternoon too. He had to fetch a book from the library, and he was in a hurry, because that day the library closed at three o'clock. So he hurried along, with his umbrella up, and peeped out now and then to make sure he wasn't going to run into anyone.

Round the corner came Mr. Tubby, with his umbrella held in front of him—at exactly the same moment as Wollie also came round the corner, with *his* umbrella in front of him too.

Crash! They ran into one another, and tore their umbrellas dreadfully! They fell down in the mud and gasped for breath. Mr. Tubby looked round his torn umbrella to see who it was that had collided with him like that—and lo and behold, there was Wollie the golliwog staring angrily at him out of his big eyes! His black face was going red with rage!

"What! You again!" cried Mr. Tubby, spluttering like a cat under water.

“What do you mean—me again?” said Wollie crossly. “It’s certainly me—but it isn’t me-again!”

“Do you wait round every corner for me?” yelled Mr. Tubby.

“Shouldn’t dream of it,” said Wollie. “You’re being silly.”

“Silly! Well, What about *you!*” said Mr. Tubby in a rage. “You bump into me every time you can—and knock me over—and now you’ve torn my umbrella.”

“This is the first time I’ve knocked you over,” said Wollie. “And you knocked *me* over too—and tore *my* umbrella—but I don’t go about saying that you bump into me every time you can.”

“I’ve hurt my leg,” said Mr. Tubby, trying to get up. “Oh, you bad golliwog, you’ve made me hurt my leg. It’s bleeding.”

So it was. “Well, you’d better come to my house and I’ll bathe it for you,” said Wollie, who had a very kind heart. “Mind you, you don’t deserve it—but I’ll take you home and see to your leg.”

So he helped Mr. Tubby to his house and got him into the warm kitchen. He put him on the sofa. Mr. Tubby closed his eyes, for he really felt rather bad, after having been knocked over three times in one day.

Wollie called Waggie and Wiggie. “I’ve got a silly man here who bumped into me and tore my umbrella,” he said. “He’s hurt his knee. You bring some warm water, Wiggie—and, Waggie, see if you can find a bandage?”

Wollie went back to Mr. Tubby and rolled down his stocking for him. Mr. Tubby opened his eyes feebly. He saw Wollie. Then he saw Waggie bringing a roll of bandage—and then, oh, my goodness, he saw Wiggie bringing a bowl of hot water.

“You’ve gone into three!” he groaned, and shut his eyes again. “You’ve gone into three. I can’t bear it.”

“What does he mean?” whispered Wollie. “Is he mad?”

“A bit, I should think,” said Waggie. He looked closely at Mr. Tubby. “Oh, my—it’s the man I bumped into this morning when I came home from the shopping!”

“And it’s the one I knocked over when I ran to catch my bus!” said Wiggie.

“And I knocked him over, too, when I ran round the corner to the library!” said Wollie. “He thought we were all the same golliwog. Oh dear—no wonder he thought we were waiting round corners all day, ready to bump into him whenever he came along!”

“Mr. Tubby, or Fatty, or whatever your name is,” said Wiggie, “it’s most unfortunate, but we’ve all bumped into you to-day! We’re really very sorry. We’re not *one* golliwog. We’re three. Do forgive us!”

Mr. Tubby opened his eyes again and was most relieved to hear what Wiggie said. He sat up, feeling better at once.

“My name’s Tubby, not Fatty,” he said. “I am pleased to meet you—even if I wasn’t pleased to bump into you! Thank you for bandaging my leg so nicely. Dear me, how alike you are! What are your names?”

“I’m Wiggie, he’s Waggie, and he’s Wollie,” said Wiggie. “Will you have a cup of tea—and we’ve some nice new ginger cakes too.”

“Oh thank you,” said Mr. Tubby, feeling very happy all of a sudden. “Yes—I’d love to stay and have tea. And you must come to tea with me tomorrow. I will have some currant buns. My Aunt Amanda makes them beautifully.”

So they made friends—but poor Mr. Tubby never knows which golly is which, even though they go to tea with him once a week now.

THE GOLLIWOGS SAY GOOD-BYE

The great Lady Isabel Dumps had been staying in the village where the three golliwogs lived. Wiggie, Waggie and Wollie saw her in her fine carriage, and they thought she was very grand, and very kind.

She opened two Sales of Work. She went to a Play given by the village children, and was so pleased with the way they acted that she gave them a box of chocolates each. She visited all the poor old ladies, and left them a warm red shawl, and a pound of tea.

So, you see, she really was very sweet and kind, and everyone loved her.

She stayed for a month in the village, and then she said she must go back home.

“What a pity!” said Wiggie. “I would have liked her to stay longer. It is true that we have never spoken even a word to her, but still it’s nice to have someone like the Lady Isabel Dumps going about our village.”

“There is going to be a band at the station to see her off,” said Waggie.

“The children are to give her the biggest bunch of roses you ever saw,” said Wollie.

“The engine and the carriages are to have flags all over them,” said Wiggie. “It will be a grand sight to see. We must certainly go.”

“We certainly must,” said Waggie. “We will each take her a red rose from our garden. Red roses mean ‘I love you,’ and that will show her that there are three people in this village who are fond of her.”

So, when the morning came, the three gollies picked a red rose each from their garden. They put a leaf behind each rose. Then they set off to the station. But on the way there Waggie and Wollie found that they had forgotten to put clean hankies into their pockets.

“Bother! We can’t go out without clean hankies,” said Waggie. “We’ll go back and get them. You go on, Wiggie.”

So Wiggie went on by himself. He heard the band playing loudly as he got near the station.

The Lady Isabel Dumps arrived just as Wiggie did. Wiggie rushed up to her, holding out the red rose.

“I’m sorry you are going, Lady Isabel!” he said.

She took the rose and smelt it.

“Oh, thank you,” she said. “How lovely!”

Then she suddenly began to feel about in her pocket and in her bag. “Dear me! Dear me, I’ve left my nice white gloves on the table. Oh, golliwog, do you think you’d go back and get them for me, please?”

“Certainly, Madam, certainly!” said Waggie, and he rushed off, delighted to do something for the kind old lady.

Now Waggie and Wollie had found their clean hankies, but Wollie had remembered that he hadn’t given the cats their milk. So Waggie had left him pouring out the milk, and he had rushed off to the station, red rose in hand.

He saw the Lady Isabel there and went up to her. He gave her the red rose. “I’m sorry you are going, Lady Isabel,” he said.

She took the rose and looked rather astonished. “Did you get my gloves?” she asked, in a whisper.

“Gloves?” said Waggie, puzzled. “What gloves?”

“Oh, didn’t you understand me when I said I had left my white gloves on the table?” said the old lady. “Do, do go and get them, golliwog.”

“Of course, certainly, at once!” said Waggie politely, and he rushed off to get the gloves. The old lady pinned the second rose beside the first, on the front of her dress.

Now Wollie had finished giving the cats their milk, and he came rushing to the station, carefully carrying his red rose. He ran up to Lady Isabel Dumps, holding out the rose and panting for breath.

“I’m sorry you are going, Lady Isabel,” he said. She stared at him in the greatest surprise. She thought he was the same golliwog back again, of course.

“Where are my gloves?” she asked him.

“I beg your pardon?” said Wollie, politely.

“I said, where are my gloves?” said the old lady, getting impatient. “I want my white gloves that I left on the table. I don’t want any more red roses. You keep on giving me them. I want my white gloves.”

“Madam, I will get them for you,” said Wollie, and he rushed off at once. He met Wiggie coming back. Wiggie had got the gloves, and he waved them at Wollie. Wollie was astonished to see him. He was even more astonished to meet Waggie, who, not being able to find white gloves, had found a pair of red ones.

“Funny,” said Wollie. “Very funny. The old lady must be very fond of gloves.”

He rushed to the house where she had been staying, but, of course, there were no white gloves on the table. But there were green ones on the sideboard.

Wollie snatched them up and raced back to the station.

Wiggie had given the white gloves to the old lady and she was pleased. Then up rushed Waggie and gave her the red ones—and then came Wollie with the green ones.

All the gloves and the golliwogs made the Lady Isabel feel rather queer. She looked round the station hurriedly. “Are there—are there any more golliwogs?” she asked, in a very faint voice.

“We’ll fetch some more, Madam,” said the station-master, thinking she must be fond of them. But the old lady gave a squeal, jumped into her carriage, banged the door, and lay back in her seat, fanning herself. She didn’t want any more red roses, gloves or golliwogs!

“Good-bye!” shouted everyone.

“Good-bye!” shouted Wiggie, Waggie and Wollie.

The engine whistled. The train drew out.

“Funny old lady!” said Wiggie.

“She seemed very fond of gloves,” said Waggie.

“She might have said good-bye to us,” said Wollie.

Well—we’ll say good-bye to them instead, shall we? Good-bye, Wiggie, Waggie, and Wollie! See you again some other day!

THE END

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *The Three Gollies* by Enid Blyton]