

(Continued)

“FRIEND PIG,” the cock began. He would not offend him by calling him “Old Snout.”

“Hiiiing - - -” the pig grunted as he turned his head lazily. “Yes, go on,” and he sprawled himself deeper in the mud.

“I lost my comb, my blood-red comb last night. Did you happen to see anybody hanging around my roost?”

“Last night?” The pig shook his fan-like ears. “When I eat, Friend Cock, I smack my lips with relish. When I wallow, I do so thoroughly. And when I sleep, hiiiing - - - I sleep with eyes shut and ears closed. I see nothing, I hear nothing, and I grow fat.”

“Just like a pig,” the cock sneered.

“I am a pig, am I not? Did I ever pretend to be a race horse?”

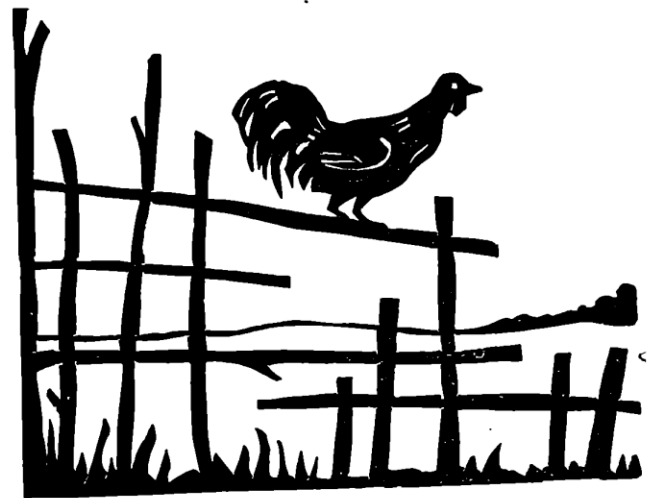
As the cock watched the old swine with disgust, the pig suggested, “Why don’t you ask the turkey? He is always prattling about something. He tries to make everybody believe he knows a great deal.”

LITTLE STORIES

By Aunt

The Cock that

“What a pig-headed animal you are! Don’t you know that braggart is my enemy? He will enjoy my predicament and gossip about it.” The cock turned away muttering, “A pig-headed pig.”



In trying to stay away from the barnyard, the cock wandered into the open field, where the carabaos were browsing.

“Patient Patriarch of the field, could you advise me what to do? I lost my comb last night.”

The carabao slowly munched the dry rice stubble in his mouth before he spoke.

“With patience, you can find anything. Ask the goose. She knows

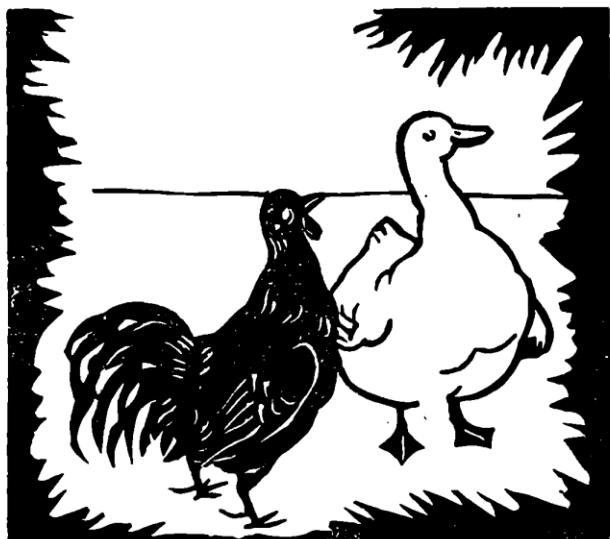
FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Julia

Lost His Comb

everything that goes on at night."

"Thank you, Wise One." The cock hurried back to the barnyard half running and half flying. He came upon the geese with such haste that Grand-



"Who got it?" the cock asked with impatience.

"Hss, Hss, I don't tattle."

"But I must get back my comb," the cock retorted angrily.

"All right. Go, get it yourself." Grandmother Goose turned to go back to her brood.

The cock felt like using his spurs on the old goose, but he remembered the carabao's advice. He spoke softly.

"Please help me get my comb, Granny. I will be very grateful to you the rest of my life."

"Leave it to me. Come back after my siesta hour."

When the cock returned in the afternoon, he found the goose stretching herself lazily.

"Well," the old goose began wriggling her neck, "you may have your comb back on one condition."

"And what is the condition?"

"In exchange for your spurs." The goose blinked her eyes as if she did not care whichever way the cock decided.

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mother Goose stretched her neck threateningly.

"I beg your pardon, I mean no harm. I have come to ask for help," the cock said panting.

"Well?" Grandmother Goose knew that the farm creatures looked to her for help. And she straightened herself up with pride.

"I lost my comb last night," the cock began.

"I know it," the goose cut in. "Well?"

THE COCK THAT LOST

(Continued from page 75)

"My spurs?" The cock shook his wattles angrily. "Whoever heard of a he-cock without spurs? Tell me who said so and I'll show him."

"Hss, it is up to you. You may have either your comb or your spurs."

The cock started to go. Across the barnyard he saw the hens scratching. He crowed his afternoon call. The hens looked up without answering. Then they went on with their scratching.

The cock turned to the goose.

"All right, give me back my comb and you may have my

spurs."

"Take them off," suggested the old goose.

"Where is my comb?"

"You shall have it. If you do not trust me, you may get your comb yourself."

"Here, pull them off," and the cock lay down to hold up his legs.

"Come back at bedtime and you will have your comb. You can wear it tomorrow morning."

Very early the next morning, the cock flew to the house top. He crowed his daybreak call with all his might and waited. The hens came out cackling but did not answer. They looked up and saw the

big red cock with his comb standing out straight on his head. All the hens in their thin voice crowed. "Here we are!"

The cock was pleased. But before he could chuckle, the other cocks of the poultry yard came out and crowed. "Here we are, too!"

The big red cock poised himself to strike and teach the impudent young cocks a lesson. Then he remembered! He had given away his spurs! What a fool he was.

The big red cock was still admired by the hens, but he was no longer feared by the young cocks. He walked about only as one of them.