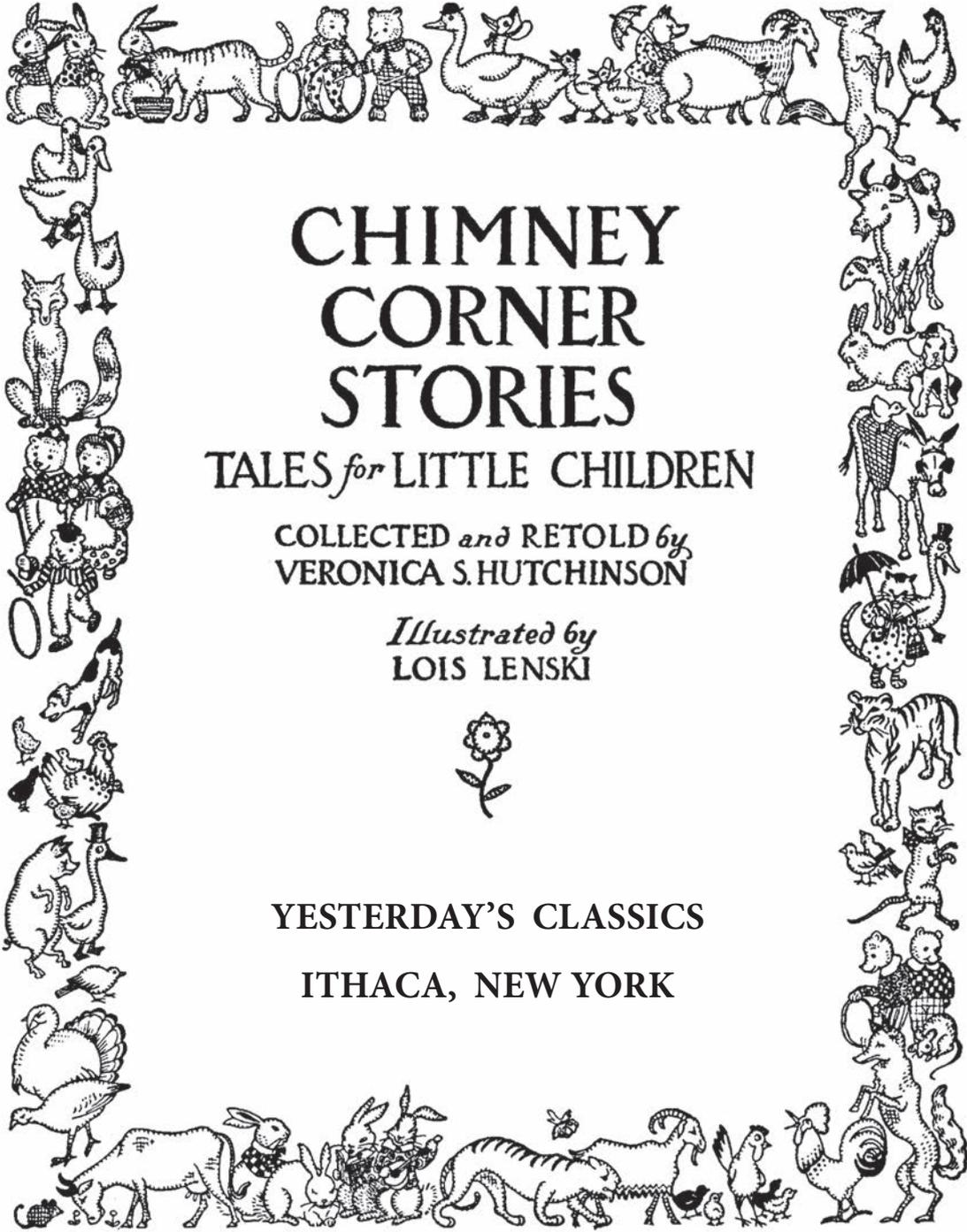


CHIMNEY
CORNER
STORIES





CHIMNEY CORNER STORIES

TALES *for* LITTLE CHILDREN

COLLECTED *and* RETOLD *by*
VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON

Illustrated by
LOIS LENSKI



YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

ITHACA, NEW YORK

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To

FOUR LITTLE GIRLS

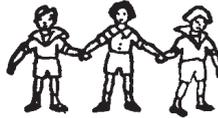
JEAN, LORENE, ELIZABETH ANN AND PATRICIA,

and to

THREE LITTLE BOYS

JACK, HOWDY AND JOHN,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED





How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

From "A Child's Garden of Verses"
by Robert Louis Stevenson



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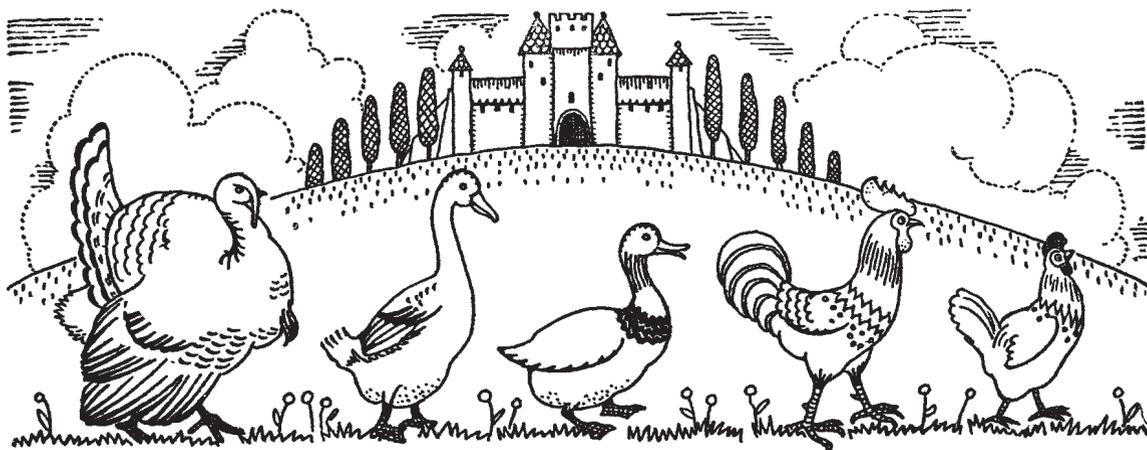
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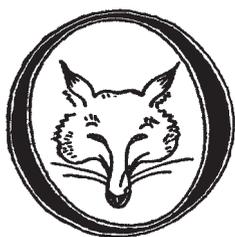
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Henny Penny





HENNY PENNY



ONE day Henny Penny was picking up corn in the farmyard, when an acorn fell out of a tree and struck her on the head.

“Goodness gracious me!” said Henny Penny, “the sky is falling. I must go and tell the King.”

So she went along and she went along and she went along until she met Cocky Locky.

“Where are you going, Henny Penny?” asked Cocky Locky.

“Oh,” said Henny Penny, “the sky is falling and I am going to tell the King.”

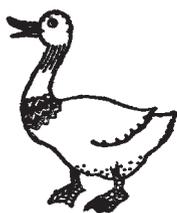
“May I go with you, Henny Penny?” asked Cocky Locky.



“Certainly,” said Henny Penny.

So Henny Penny and Cocky Locky went to tell the King that the sky was falling.

They went along and they went along and they went along, until they met Ducky Daddles.



“Where are you going, Henny Penny and Cocky Locky?” asked Ducky Daddles.

“Oh, we are going to tell the King that the sky is falling,” said Henny Penny and Cocky Locky.

“May I go with you?” asked Ducky Daddles.

“Certainly,” said Henny Penny and Cocky Locky.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Daddles went to tell the King that the sky was falling.

They went along and they went along and they went along until they met Goosey Poosey.



“Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Daddles?” asked Goosey Poosey.

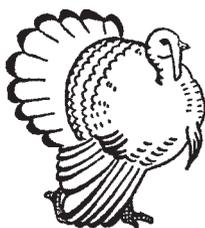
“Oh, we are going to tell the King the sky is falling,” said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Daddles.

“May I go with you?” asked Goosey Poosey.

“Certainly,” said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Daddles.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles and Goosey Poosey went to tell the King that the sky was falling.

They went along and they went along and they went along until they met Turkey Lurkey.



“Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, and Goosey Poosey?” asked Turkey Lurkey.

“Oh, we are going to tell the King the sky is falling,” said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, and Goosey Poosey.

“May I go with you?” asked Turkey Lurkey.

“Certainly,” said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, and Goosey Poosey.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey went on to tell the King the sky was falling.

They went along and they went along and they went along until they met Foxy Woxy.



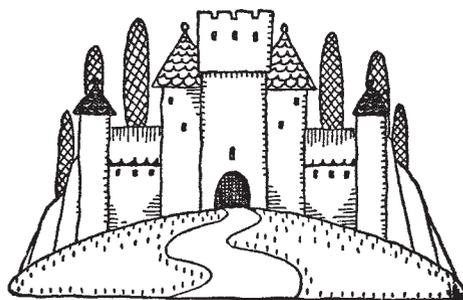
“Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey?” asked Foxy Woxy.

“Oh, we are going to tell the King the sky is falling,”



said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey.

“Oh, but that is not the way to the King, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey,” said Foxy Woxy, “come with me and I will show you a short way to the King’s Palace.”



“Certainly,” said Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey.

They went along and they went along and they went along until they reached Foxy Woxy’s Cave. In they went after Foxy Woxy, and they never came out again.

To this day the King has never been told that the sky was falling.



The
Old Woman
and
her Pig





The OLD WOMAN *and* HER PIG



ONCE upon a time an old woman was sweeping her house. She found a crooked sixpence.

“What shall I do with this sixpence?” she said to herself. “I will go to the market and buy a little pig.”

So away she went and bought a little pig; but as she was coming home she came to a stile. The piggy would not go over the stile no matter how she coaxed.

She went a little farther and she met a dog. So she said, “Dog! dog! bite pig; piggy won’t jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther and she met a stick. So she said, “Stick! stick! beat dog; dog won’t bite pig; piggy won’t jump over the stile; and I shall not get home to-night.”

But the stick would not.

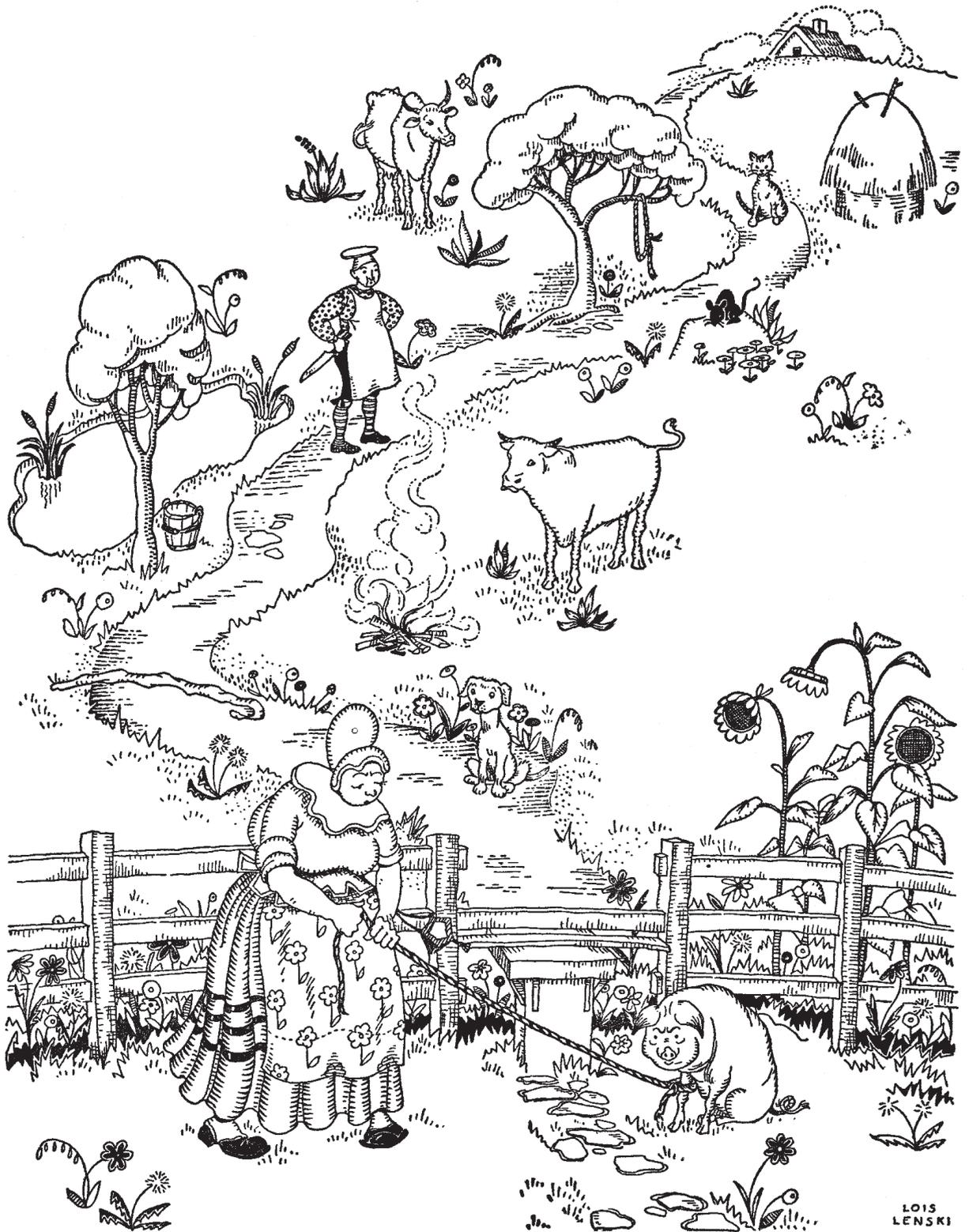
She went a little farther and she met a fire. She said, “Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won’t beat dog; dog won’t bite pig; piggy won’t jump over the stile; and I shall not get home to-night.”

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther and she met some water. So she said, “Water! water! quench fire; fire won’t burn stick; stick won’t beat dog; dog won’t bite pig; piggy won’t jump over the stile; and I shall not get home to-night..”

But the water would not.

She went a little farther and she met an ox. So she said, “Ox! ox! drink water; water won’t quench fire; fire won’t burn stick; stick won’t beat dog; dog won’t bite pig; piggy won’t jump over the stile; and I shall not get home to-night.”



LOIS
LENSKI

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther and she met a butcher.



So she said, “Butcher! butcher! kill ox; ox won’t drink water; water won’t quench fire; fire won’t burn stick; stick won’t beat dog; dog won’t bite pig; piggy won’t jump over the stile; and I shall not get home to-night.”

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther and she met a rope.

So she said, “Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won’t kill ox; ox won’t drink water; water won’t quench fire; fire won’t burn stick; stick won’t beat dog; dog

won't bite pig; piggy won't jump over the stile; and I shall not get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't jump over the stile; and I shall not get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat! cat! eat rat; rat won't gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't jump over the stile; and I shall not get home to-night."

But the cat said, "If you will go to yonder cow and bring me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

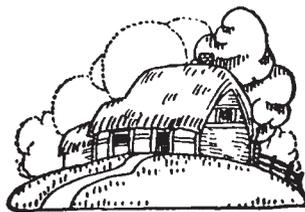
Away went the old woman to the cow.

The cow said, "If you will go over to that far haystack, and bring me a handful of hay, I will give you milk."

Away went the old woman to the haystack and brought the hay to the cow.

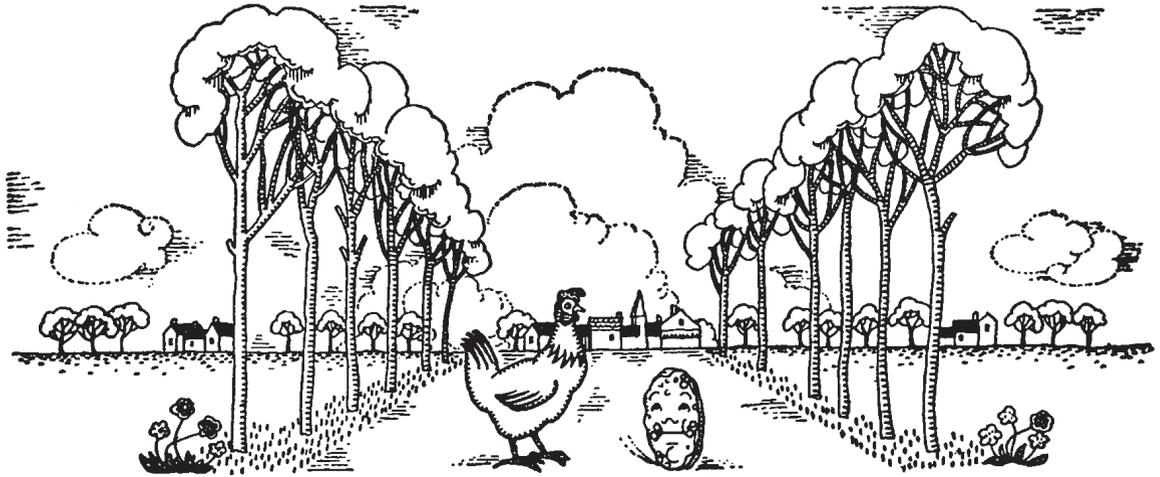
As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman a saucer of milk; away she went with it to the cat.

When the cat lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat, the rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite the pig, the little pig squealed and jumped over the stile; and the old woman went home that night.



The Pancake





THE PANCAKE



ONCE upon a time there was a mother who had seven hungry children. She was making a milk Pancake for supper.

There it was, a sizzling and a frying and a sizzling and a frying, and oh, it looked so good! The seven hungry children stood around watching it, and the father sat down and looked on.

The first child said, “Oh, dear mother, give me a bite.”

The second said, “Oh, dear good mother, give me a bite.”

The third said, “Oh, dear sweet mother, give me a bite.”

The fourth said, “Oh, dear sweet darling mother, give me a bite.”

The fifth one said, “Oh, dear sweet darling best mother, give me a bite.”

The sixth one said, “Oh, dear sweet darling dearest mother, give me a bite.”

The seventh one said, “Oh, dear sweet darling loveliest mother, give me a bite.”



“Now, children,” said the mother, “just wait a moment until the Pancake turns itself.” She should have said, “Now, children, wait a moment until I turn the Pancake,” because as soon as she said, “Wait until the Pancake turns itself,” the Pancake heard and was so frightened it flopped over on one side and fried

nice and brown, then flopped over on the other side and fried nice and brown, then jumped right out of the frying pan, rolled out of the kitchen door, down the garden walk, through the garden gate, and down the road.

The seven hungry children, the Mother, and the Father ran after it, all of them calling, “Oh, Pancake, stop a moment. We want a bite of you.”

But the Pancake rolled on and on and on.

By and by it met a man.



“Good day!” said the man.

“Good day!” said the Pancake.

“Oh! wait a moment,” said the man. “I want a bite of you.”

“Oh, no,” said the Pancake. “I’ve just rolled away from seven hungry children, a Mother, a Father, and I’ll roll away from you, Manny-Panny.” It rolled on and on and on.

Then it met a hen.

“Good day!” said the Hen.

“Good day!” said the Pancake.

“Wait a moment,” said the Hen. “I want a bite of you.”

“Oh, no,” said the Pancake. “I’ve rolled away from seven hungry children, a Mother, a Father, Manny-Panny, and I’ll roll away from you, Henny-Penny,” and it rolled on and on and on until it met a cock.

“Good day!” said the Cock.

“Good day!” said the Pancake.

“Oh! wait a moment,” said the Cock. “I want a bite of you.”

“Oh, no,” said the Pancake, “I’ve just rolled away from seven hungry children, a Mother, a Father, Manny-Panny, Henny-Penny, and I’ll roll away from you, Cocky-Locky.” And it rolled on and on and on until it met a Duck.

“Good day!” said the Duck.

“Good day!” said the Pancake.

“Oh, wait a moment,” said the Duck. “I want a bite of you.”

“Oh, no,” said the Pancake. “I’ve just rolled away from seven hungry children, a Mother, a Father, Manny-Panny, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and I’ll roll away from you, Ducky-Lucky.” And it rolled on and on and on until it met a goose.

“Good day!” said the Goose.

“Good day!” said the Pancake.

“Oh! wait a moment,” said the Goose. “I want a bite of you.”

“Oh, no,” said the Pancake. “I’ve rolled away from seven hungry children, a Mother, a Father, Manny-Panny, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Lucky, and I’ll roll away from you, Goosey-Poosey.” And it rolled on and on and on until it met a Gander.

“Good day!” said the Gander.

“Good day!” said the Pancake.

“Oh! wait a moment,” said the Gander. “I want a bite of you.”

“Oh, no,” said the Pancake. “I’ve rolled away from seven hungry children, a Mother, a Father,

Manny-Panny, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Lucky, Goosey-Poosey, and I'll roll away from you, Gander-Pander," and it rolled on and on and on.

After it rolled a very long way it met a pig.

"Good day!" said the Pig.

"Good day!" said the Pancake.

"Oh! said the Pig, "you need not hurry along so fast, as we are going the same way, we may just as well travel along together. Besides," said the Pig, "it is not very safe in this wood; someone might eat you."

"Very well," said the Pancake, and they traveled on side by side.

All went well until they came to a stream flowing through the wood. It was all very well for the Pig because he was so fat that he could swim across.

But poor Pancake could not get over.

"I know what you can do," said the Pig, "just roll upon my snout and I will carry you across."

The Pancake rolled up on the Pig's snout.

"Ouf! Ouf!" went the Pig and down went the Pancake.

The Three Bears





THE THREE BEARS



ONCE upon a time there were three Bears. They lived in a little house in the wood.

One was a great Huge Bear, one was a Middle Sized Bear and one was a Little Wee Bear.

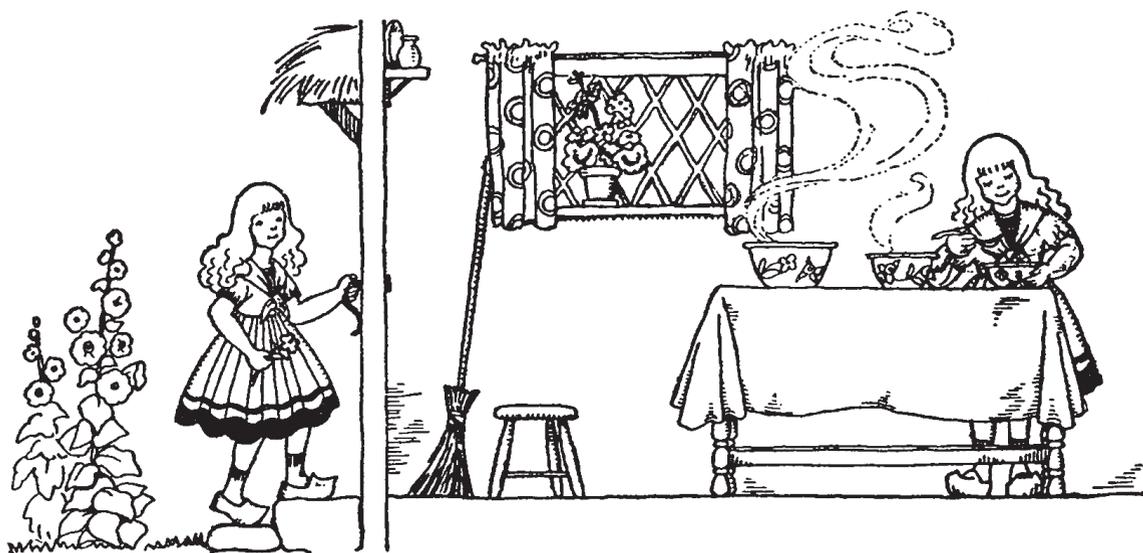
Each had a bowl for his porridge: a great large bowl for the great Huge Bear, a middle sized one for the Middle Sized Bear, and a cunning little one for the Little Wee Bear.

Each had his own chair: a great, large chair for the great Huge Bear, a middle sized one for the Middle Sized Bear, and a nice little one for the Little Wee Bear.

Each had his own bed: a large one for the great Huge Bear, a middle sized one for the Middle Sized Bear, and a little wee one for the Little Wee Bear.

One morning bright and early, the Middle Sized Bear made some porridge for breakfast, and as it was very hot, poured it into the bowl to cool. While it was cooling the three Bears went out for a walk in the wood.

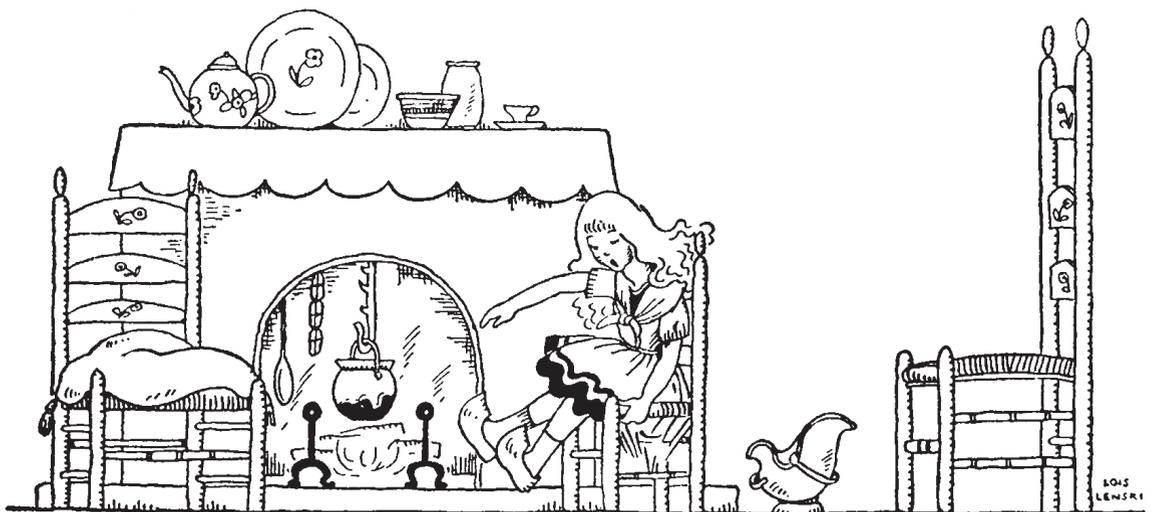
Presently a little girl by the name of Golden Locks came up to the house of the Three Bears. First she looked in at the window and then she peeped in at the key hole. When she found that everyone was away, she lifted up the latch and walked in.



Golden Locks was quite hungry after her walk and was very happy to see the three bowls of nice porridge on the table.

First she tasted the great Huge Bear's porridge and that was too hot. She tasted the Middle Sized Bear's porridge and that was too cool. And then she tasted the Little Wee Bear's porridge and that was just right. So she ate it all up.

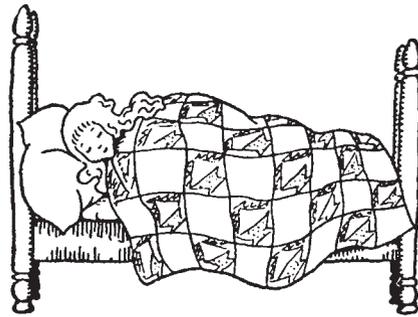
Feeling a little tired, she looked around and saw three chairs. First she sat in the great Huge Bear's chair; that was too high. She sat in the Middle Sized Bear's chair; that was too broad. Then she sat in the Little Wee Bear's chair; that was just right. So she sat



there until the chair went to pieces.

She went into the bedroom. First she tried the great Huge Bear's bed; that was too hard. She tried the Middle Sized Bear's bed; that was too soft.

Then she tried the Little Wee Bear's bed; that was just right, and she drew up the covers and fell fast asleep.



By this time the Bears decided to come home for their breakfast.

When they entered the house and went over to the table, the great Huge Bear, in his great, rough voice, said, "Somebody has been tasting my porridge."

Then the Middle Sized Bear, in her Middle Sized voice, said, "Somebody has been tasting my porridge."

And the Little Wee Bear, in his little wee voice, said, "Somebody has been tasting my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"



LÓIS LÉNSKI

The three Bears knew there was somebody in the house. Going over to their chairs, the great Huge Bear, in his great rough voice, said, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair."

The Middle Sized Bear, in her middle sized voice, said, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

And then the Little Wee Bear, in his little wee voice, said, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair and broke it all down!"

The three Bears hurried into their bedroom. The great Huge Bear went over to his bed and, in his great loud voice, said, "Somebody has been in my bed!"

The Middle Sized Bear in her middle sized voice, said, "Somebody has been in my bed!"

The Little Wee Bear in his little wee voice, said, "Somebody has been in my bed and here she is!"



With that Golden Locks opened her eyes and when she saw the three Bears standing by the bed looking at her, she jumped quickly out of the Little Wee Bear's bed—ran out of the house and through the wood as fast as she could. The three Bears never saw her again.

