

“People say nothing is impossible, but I do nothing every day.”
~ A.A. Milne



The House at Who Corner
by A. A. Uthor

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CONTRADICTION

An Introduction is to introduce people, but the Doctor and his friends, who have already been introduced to you, are now going to say Goodbye. When we asked the Doctor, who is very good with long words, what the opposite of an Introduction is he said, "I'm a time traveller. I sometimes start with 'Goodbye' and work my way back from there," which didn't help us as much as we had hoped, but luckily Owl kept his head and told us that the Opposite of an Introduction, my dear Doctor, was a Contradiction; and, as he is also very good at long words, I am sure that that's what it is.

Why we are having a Contradiction is because the Doctor's story is ending. Every story is ending. Which is a Sad Thing to say. And nothing that the Doctor can do, none of his Grand Thoughts about Nothing can help himself, his friends, or us. Soon he will close his eyes and nod his head and follow us on tiptoe into the Enchanted Place. And That will be That.

But before we go, here is a Secret story. One we have not told before. The best, I think. This is the story of the Doctor's oldest Friend, who meets a Bear of Little Brain. I had planned to tell you another, but that would have been Wrong. That story can wait. We have a little time left for its telling.

So, then, it isn't really Goodbye, because The Land Of Fiction has one Final tale... and anybody who is Friendly with Bears can find it.

A. A. Uthor

CHAPTER ONE

in which a house is found at Who Corner
and a Very Fine Song is sung

One day, when Pooh Bear had nothing to do, he thought he would do something, so he went for a fast Thinking Walk in the snow. He stumped so fast through the white forest path that his thoughts had trouble keeping up with him, and by the time he'd reached the small pine wood by Pooh Corner he'd left them very far behind indeed. He took a seat on the gate and waited while they caught him up, and when they did all they could say was how very hungry all this exercise had made them, to which Pooh was inclined to agree.

"Perhaps I should call in on Eeyore," mused Pooh. "His house is rather small and if his cupboard should get too full a Very Pressing Matter would arise."

So he got down off the gate and headed towards Pooh Corner.

"Hallo Pooh!," said Piglet as Pooh arrived a short while later.

"Hallo Piglet!" said Pooh. "I don't suppose you've come here for a smackerel of something too, have you?"

"Oh, no," said Piglet. "I'm helping Eeyore find his house."

"Oh, good," said Pooh. "That sounds like a Grand Idea."

He stood there a moment and watched as Piglet and Eeyore walked in circles in the snow.

"Shall I keep watch on the cupboard while you look?" said Pooh, hopefully.

"There is no cupboard," said Eeyore, gloomily. "No cupboard, no pantry, no front door, no ceiling. Nothing that was there this morning and only one thing that was not."

“Bother,” said Pooh. *Rumble*, said his tummy, in agreement. He sighed and stumped across the snow to the One Thing That Was Not There This Morning. A tall, blue box, with a lamp on the top of it, was now stood in the middle of Pooh Corner. Pooh looked up and read the words around the top of it.

“Pur-lease box,” he said.

Piglet stopped his wandering in circles to come over and look. He shivered as he brushed the snow off his pinker-than-usual ears, and tried the words out for himself.

“Pooh,” he said, and a little timidly, as he didn’t want his friend to feel Silly for reading wrong. “I think it’s a ‘*Polite*’ box.”

“I should think it is,” said Pooh, taking a little walk around it to warm up. “Which is why it says ‘pur-lease.’”

“I wouldn’t say it was polite myself,” said Eeyore. “All it does is stand there, right where my house used to be, and it doesn’t even bother to say which way it went.”

“Perhaps it doesn’t talk,” suggested Pooh.

“Not a lot of houses do,” offered Piglet, helpfully.

“It makes noises,” said Eeyore. “I thought it was my stomach rumbling, because I hadn’t eaten in a while, what with the snow, and it being rather cold and Whatnot, and then I thought it was the wind, as it was suddenly rather blustery, and then I watched this new house creak and groan until it stopped.”

“Maybe we should fetch Christopher Robin,” said Piglet. “He’ll know what to do.”

“I’ve already been,” said Eeyore. “But he is gone to Africa for the morning, and shan’t be back till lunch. I don’t want to be a bother,” he continued, as more snow fluttered down and dried itself off in his fur, “but what with all this snow and one-thing-and-another, not to mention icicles...”

At which point a new noise arrived.

“Oh,” said Pooh. “That’s rather strange.”

“What is it?” said Piglet, hiding behind Pooh all of a sudden.

"If I should take a guess," said Pooh, as he went and did just that, "I should say that there's a bell inside that door."

"Like a doorbell?" asked Piglet.

"Rather like a doorbell indeed," said Pooh.

"Perhaps if we let them in they might know where my house is," said Eeyore. "If it's not too much trouble that is."

"No, not too much trouble at all," said Pooh, rubbing his head. He wondered for a moment which door he should open, and then he found a very tiny one which seemed to be making all of the noise, and this one also had writing on it, and the writing said "PULL TO OPEN," so he did. A little telephone was set inside, right next to where the ringing noise was. Pooh picked the telephone up to see if the ringing thing was underneath it, but when he did the ringing stopped, which was Most Strange. He held the telephone up to his face and looked inside it.

"Hallo?" he said to the phone.

"Hallo," came a voice from inside it.

Pooh remembered that this was a *polite* box, and so he asked in his most politest of voices:

"To *whom* am I speaking, pur-lease?"

"It isn't *whom*, it's *who*," said the voice.

"Oh, hallo 'who,'" said Pooh. "What kind of 'who' are you?"

"I'm a you-know-who," said the who.

"Oh, good," said Pooh, for a you-know-who was the best of all of the who's.

"I was on my way to see Eeyore, and now I'm here," said the you-know-who.

"Yes, you are," said Pooh, and he wondered for a moment what to say next.

"I don't suppose you could ask if they have seen my house, could you?" asked Eeyore. "Not that I want to be a bother, just if there's a gap in the conversation at anytime..."

Pooh thought that now might be just the gap that Eeyore was

referring to, and he was, and so he squeezed in the question as best as he could and the you-know-who gave a little hmmm, and then the you-know-who squeezed back an answer.

“Yes, I can see it from here,” it said, happily.

“Oh, good,” said Pooh.

“But I can’t reach it at the moment,” said the you-know-who, “because I’m really rather tired.”

“Oh dear,” said Pooh.

“I’ve jumped from this place to that place and then to this place again, and now I think I need a rest.”

“Perhaps a little smackerel or two might pep you up,” suggested Pooh, who was very much hoping for a smackerel or two himself.

“Yes,” said the you-know-who. “I think it rather might. A spoonful or two of Strengthening Medicine should do the trick I should think.”

So after this Pooh agreed that the Very Best Thing they could do was to visit Roo and ask for some of his Strengthening Medicine, and so he and Piglet set off to Kanga’s house, and on the way they sang a Very Fine Song that was part the Outdoor Song for Snowy Weather, and part a song that was very Familiar.

“Tiddely pom, tiddely pom, tiddely pom, *tiddely pom*,” squeaked Piglet in a rat-a-tat-tat fashion, while Pooh hummed these words over the top of him.

“Oo-eee-oo.

A bear named Pooh

(and Piglet too)

Found a house with you-know-who.”

“Tiddely pom, tiddely pom, tiddely pom, *tiddely pom*,” Piglet kept on squeaking, the last *tiddely pom* somewhat deeper than the others, which was very hard when you had a voice as little as Piglet.

“Oo-eee-oo.

We’re off to Roo’s

(and Kanga's too)

Because they'll know just what to do."

Pooh was going to hum another part called the Middle Ate, but the thinking of it made him hungry, and as it really wasn't as good as the rest of the song he didn't bother.

By the time they came to Kanga's house both had decided that this was a Very Fine Song indeed, and that they should make sure to thank Eeyore for losing his house, for else they never would have sung it.

Roo and Kanga were very pleased to help them with supplies. Roo had said that they could take every drop of his Strengthening Medicine if they liked, even the drops that had yet to arrive, and Kanga had poured a little bottle's worth for them, though she took care to leave enough for Roo, who always had two teaspoons with his breakfast, tea and supper even though it made him grumble.

"Here you are, dear," said Kanga, as she handed Pooh the bottle. "And I've made you a little picnic for your travels."

Pooh, who by now was feeling very eleven o'clockish indeed, was pleased to find the picnic consisted of a small jar of honey, a tin of condensed milk, and some haycorns, which was lucky because although he wasn't very partial to haycorns, they would at least give Piglet something to be Occupied with too.

The journey back was much quicker, as journeys back often are, and was filled with noises such as "Yum," and "Mmmm," and the smacking of lips. At one point Pooh said: "Uh oh'lee ubble iv unny, eh it ayks it ard-oo eek," to which Piglet mumbled a solemn agreement through a mouthful of haycorns which Pooh then mistook for a question on bees. He was still pondering his answer when they arrived at Pooh Corner.

"Ah," said Eeyore. "There you are."

“Oh, look,” said Piglet. “Eeyore’s house is back!”

“Yes, I know,” said Eeyore. “Isn’t it always the way, that the last place you look is the first place that you find something?”

“But this was the first place that we looked,” pointed Piglet.

“That happens too, from time to time, so I’ve heard,” said Eeyore. “There’s a lot of merriment when it does, apparently,” he said, without any at all.

“What happened to the polite box and the you-know-who?” asked Pooh, as he licked the last of the honey from his paws. The only sign that there had been a box at all was the square of tramped down snow that sat around Eeyore’s house.

“You should have to ask Tigger,” said Eeyore. “I wasn’t watching, as it became rather blustery all at once, and then my house was back, and the blue box wasn’t, and your friend Tigger was asleep in my hallway.”

“Hallo, Pooh. Hallo, Piglet,” said Tigger, as he stepped out of Eeyore’s house and gave a big yawn and stretch. “Oh, good,” he said. “You’ve brought the Medicine that I asked for.”

With that he took the little bottle from Pooh, popped the lid right off, and swallowed the contents in one gulp.

“Oh, that is *much* better,” smiled Tigger, and he began to bounce around the snow, leaving four deep paw-prints everywhere that he bounced to.

“But that was for the you-know-who,” said Pooh.

“Who was the you-know-me,” said Tigger.

Pooh gave his head a reassuring rub and was happy not to find a knock or a bump. He would need all of his grey fluff working properly if he was to Make Sense of Tigger.

“Once I found I wasn’t here,” said Tigger, “I thought I must be there instead. So off I went to explore, and after a while of exploring, I spent a while being lost, and after a while of being lost I thought I’d better call for help, which is when I spoke to you.”

“Oh,” said Pooh, who felt it best to keep his response on the

matter short, in case he made other people confused about how much he understood, as he would hate anyone to feel Silly at his expense.

“So then I thought I’d play a game while I waited,” continued Tigger, “so I played a game called Pull The Lever, which I won every time. And then a Very Strange Thing happened.”

“Hmmm,” said Pooh, and he rubbed his chin and looked very thoughtful. Piglet must have understood as much as Pooh did too, as he also gave a very thoughtful rub of his chin, only Piglet tilted his head to one side when he did so, which Pooh thought was probably just to let some air get to his brain.

So they listened as Tigger explained about the Tireddest Emergency Hello-Gram that had appeared, and how Tigger had thought that really *he* should be the tireddest, after all of his bouncing around the corridors, but that the Hello-Gram looked rather cross about that fact anyway, so Tigger didn’t care to mention it, and then the Hello-Gram said lots of words which left Tigger feeling quite muddled, such as “Fix-shun-all,” and “You-knee-verse,” and then the Hello-Gram straightened its bow-tie and said that Tigger should give a message to The Author and that the message was this:

“His-story can be re-written.”

“I see,” said Pooh, solemnly.

“Yes, quite,” said Piglet, equally grave.

“Oh, do you?” said Tigger.

“Well, not exactly,” said Pooh. “But it does sound rather bothersome.”

“My thoughts exactly,” squeaked Piglet.

“What should we do?” asked Tigger.

Pooh thought for a moment, and then he said:

“I know a Very Fine Song we can sing.”

And so Pooh and Piglet and Tigger left Eeyore to his house, and they set off into the Forest singing the Very Fine Song as they went.

“Tiddely pom, tiddely pom, tiddely pom, *tiddely pom*,” went Piglet, as Tigger bounced on the tiddely and landed on the pom.

“Oo-eee-oo,” sang Pooh.

“Piglet and Pooh

(and Tigger too)

(who was really you-know-who)

Oo-eee-oo.

Out of the blue

(the box’s hue)

Pooh found them something else to do.”

And after hours, and days, and weeks went by, everyone forgot about the blue box that arrived and went on a snowy day in Pooh Corner. But from time to time Pooh and Piglet would still sing their Very Fine Song, and when people would ask what the Song was about, Pooh would always say it was a Song about the Tiredest, to which Piglet would then add:

“And it was Tigger on the inside!”



THE END

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