

# Oh, Bother! Someone's Baby-Sitting





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## Someone's Baby-Sitting

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A GOLDEN BOOK • NEW YORK

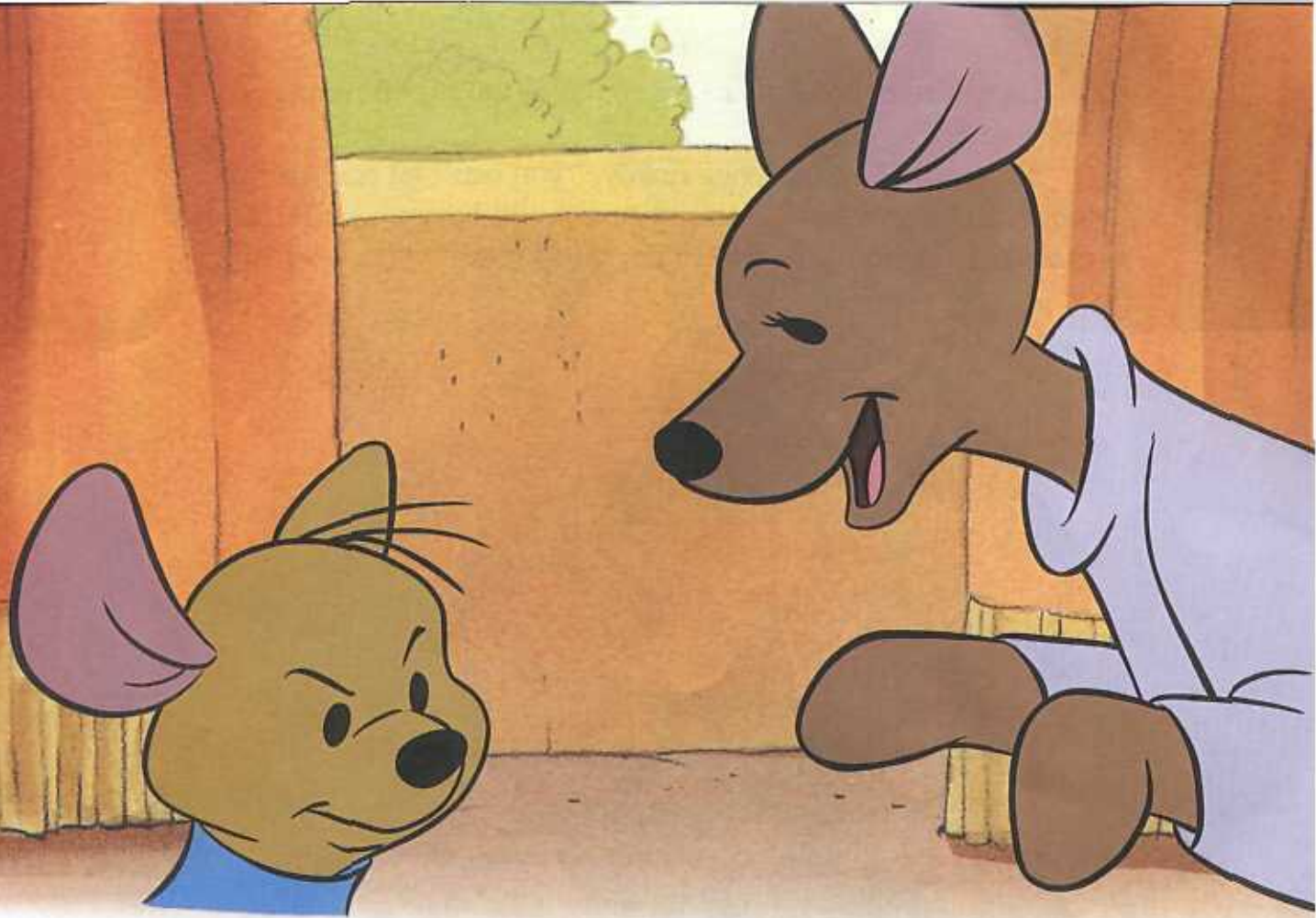
Golden Books Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin 53404

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**I**t was a breezy sort of day in the Hundred-Acre Wood. Kanga pulled on her sweater as she headed for the door. She was going to the other side of the wood to pick cloudberry for dessert. Roo had been so very good lately that Kanga wanted to give him a treat.

Of course, Roo didn't know that. All he knew was that Kanga was going out and leaving him at home.

"I don't want to stay home alone," whined Roo, pouting.

"You won't be alone, dear," said Kanga. "I asked Tigger to be your baby-sitter for today."



"Baby-sitter!" complained Roo. "I'm too big to have a baby-sitter!"

"Now, Roo," said Kanga firmly, "you can't go out with me today, and that's final. But I'm sure you'll have a wonderful time with Tigger. You always do, don't you?"





Before Roo could answer, there was a knock at the door. Kanga opened it and in bounced Tigger.

“Hiya, Kanga! Hello there, Roo!” greeted Tigger. “Baby-sitter Tigger at your service!”





“Good morning, Tigger,” said Kanga.

“Hi, Tigger,” mumbled Roo. Kanga bent down and kissed Roo good-bye.

“I’ll see you later, Roo. Now you mind Tigger, all right?”

“Have no fear!” boasted Tigger. “Baby-sitting is what Tiggers do best!” Kanga smiled, and was out the door.



“Now, let’s see,” Tigger thought out loud, rubbing his chin.  
“We gotta think of some fun stuff we can do today, little  
buddy.” But Roo wasn’t listening, because he wasn’t there.  
He had quietly said good-bye to Tigger and had slipped out  
the door.







"I can take myself for a walk in the woods," Roo said to himself. "I don't need a baby-sitter!" And with that, he marched into the woods to enjoy the lovely autumn day. The sun shone bright and the trees were brilliant with color.

"I could put some leaves in my leaf book," thought Roo, so he started gathering leaves and stuffing them in his sweater pocket.



Roo was so busy looking on the ground for interesting leaves to collect that he didn't notice how deep into the woods he had wandered. When he finally decided he had enough leaves and looked up, Roo realized he was lost.

"Where am I?" asked Roo, sniffing. "I want to go home!"







Meanwhile, Tigger was still trying to figure out how to spend the day. “Haaayyy!” thought Tigger, finally. “I’ll ask Roo what *he* wants to do. But where is he? Roo?” called Tigger, sticking his head into Roo’s bedroom. “Roo?” Tigger looked all over the house, then stepped outside. “Roo!” he yelled. “Are we playing hide-and-seek?”



Tigger checked the front yard and there, along the dirt path to the house, he saw something that caught his eye.

“Roo-prints!” shouted Tigger. “I’ll bet whoever left those prints behind can tell me where Roo is. I’d better follow them.”







Tigger hadn't gone very far before he bumped into Owl. "Oof!" cried Owl, backing away. "I would appreciate it immensely if you would kindly watch where you're going, Tigger."

"Sorry," Tigger replied. "But I'm in a hurry. I'm baby-sitting for Roo, only I can't seem to find him."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" asked Owl. "I'll help you look."



After a long search, Owl and Tigger found Roo. Roo was very happy to see them.

"You shouldn't have run off like that!" scolded Tigger.

"Next time, Roo, you ask Tigger to go with you," suggested Owl.

"OK," said Roo. "I will."











Roo couldn't wait to get home. He stayed right behind Tigger until they neared the bridge that was close to Roo's house. Roo hopped toward the bridge.

"Come back, Roo!" called Tigger. "You're going the wrong way. Just follow me," he continued, taking a more roundabout trail. Roo sighed and caught up with Tigger. He followed Tigger for a while, but then doubled back to the bridge.

"This way's much faster," thought Roo. "I'll bet I can beat Tigger home!"





A few minutes later, Tigger heard a scream.

“Help! Help me, Tigger!”

“That sounds just like Roo,” thought Tigger. “But Roo is right—” Tigger turned around and saw that Roo was no longer behind him.

“Help!” came the cry again. Tigger followed the sound until he came to the bridge.

"Roo!" cried Tigger, surprised. "What are you doing here? I thought you were right behind me." Roo was in the middle of the bridge with one foot stuck through a hole in a wood plank.

"I knew this bridge had a hole in it," Tigger told him. "That's why I was leading us the long way round. I bounced into that very hole yesterday myself!"





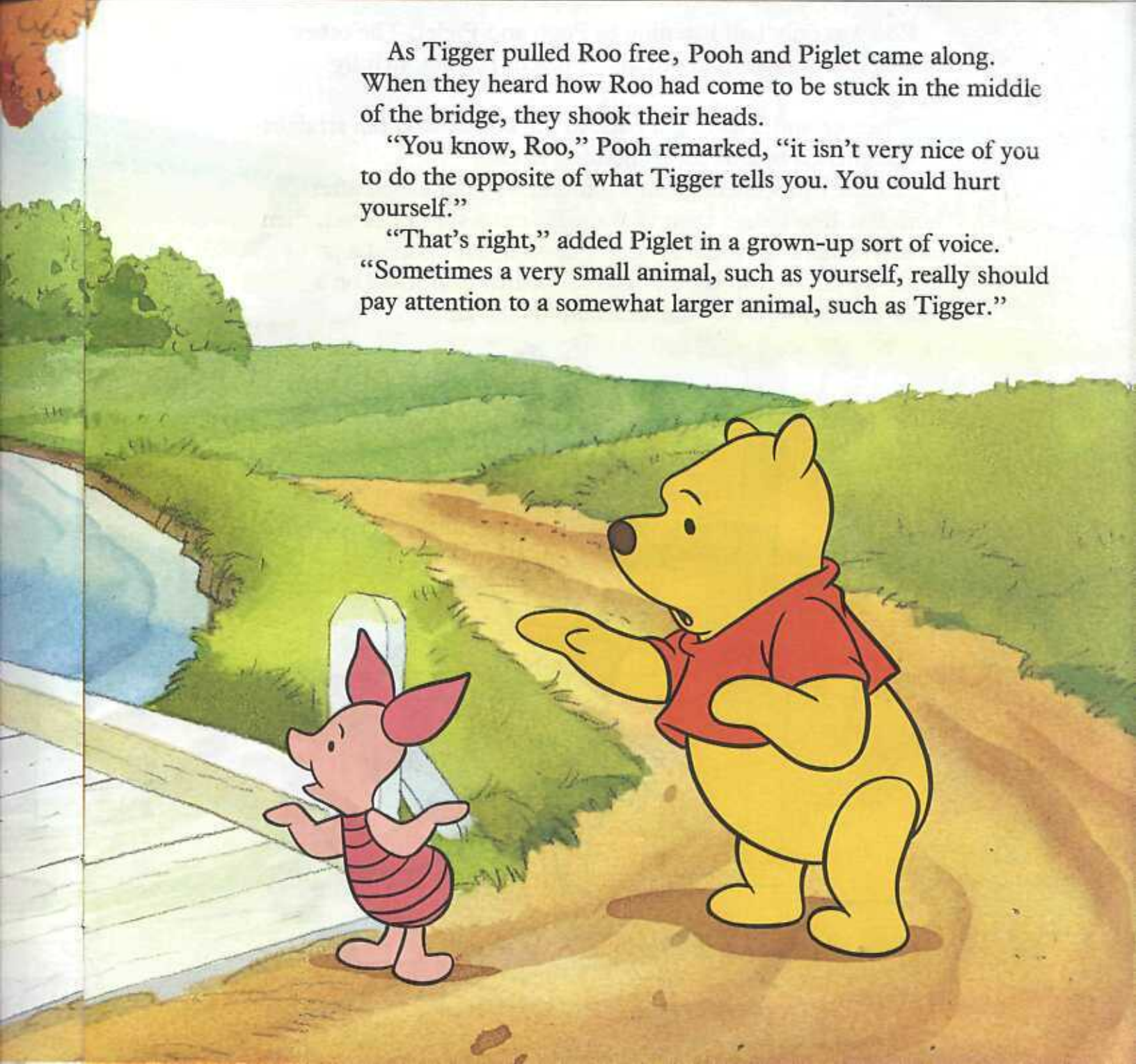




As Tigger pulled Roo free, Pooh and Piglet came along. When they heard how Roo had come to be stuck in the middle of the bridge, they shook their heads.

"You know, Roo," Pooh remarked, "it isn't very nice of you to do the opposite of what Tigger tells you. You could hurt yourself."

"That's right," added Piglet in a grown-up sort of voice. "Sometimes a very small animal, such as yourself, really should pay attention to a somewhat larger animal, such as Tigger."





Roo was only half listening to Pooh and Piglet. The other half of him was listening to his stomach. He was awfully hungry.

When he and Tigger got back to the house, Roo ran straight to the kitchen to look for something to eat.

"I'll fix you something in a minute," Tigger called after him. But Roo didn't want to wait. He cut a slice of bread, then looked around for something to put on it. He spotted a jar of syrup up on the top shelf of the cupboard. Roo stood on a chair on his tippy-toes and reached for the jar.





"Oh, no!" cried Roo. The jar tipped over, and by the time Tigger got there, Roo was covered in syrup from head to toe.









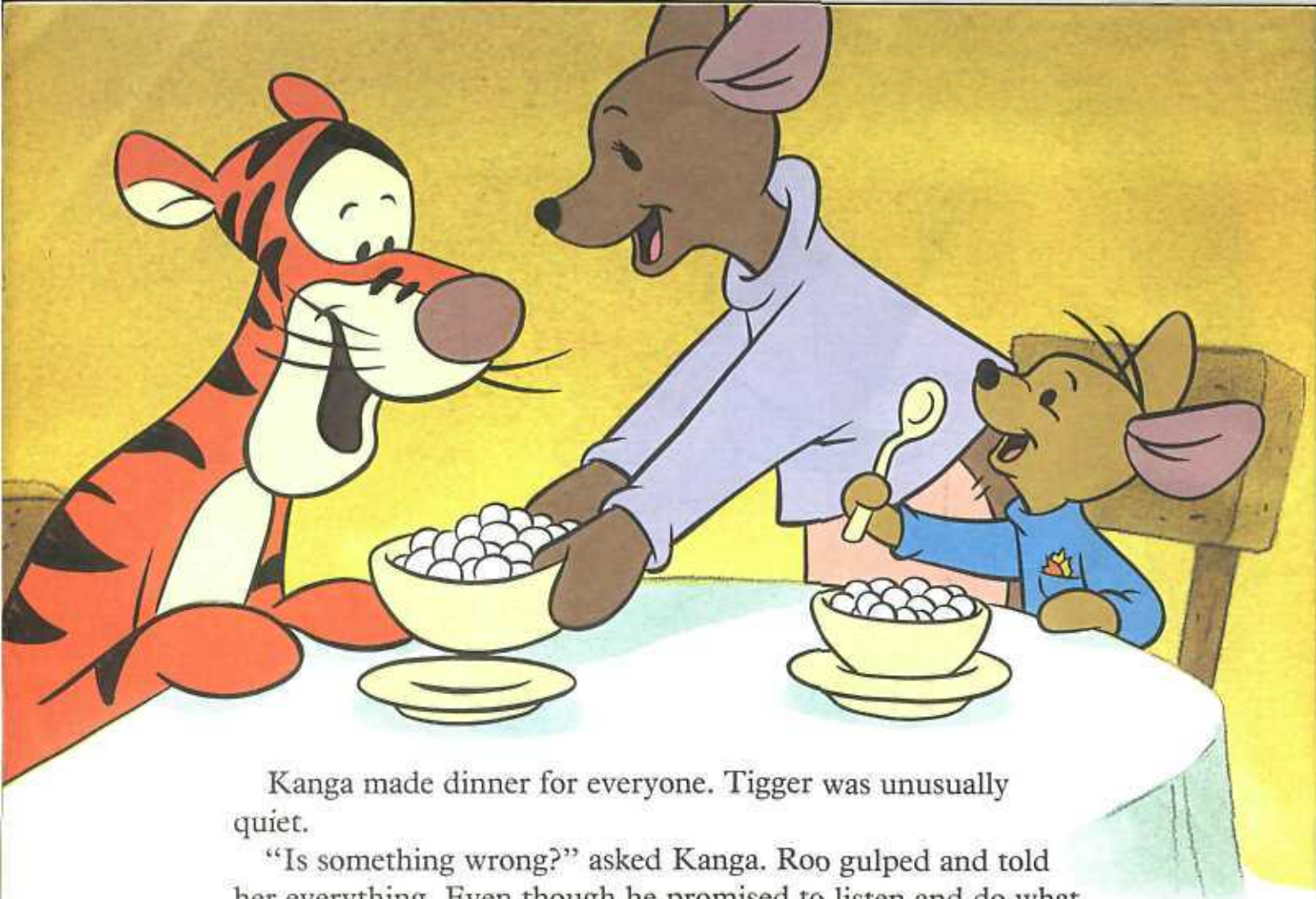
Tigger cleaned Roo up in silence, then fixed sandwiches for lunch. Roo sat at the table with his head hung down. "I'm sorry, Tigger," Roo whispered. "I guess I should have waited."

"It's OK," said Tigger, sighing. "Let's say we finish cleaning up, then take a nap. Tiggers need rest after a day like today."

"Me too!" said Roo, breaking into a smile.

Roo cuddled up next to Tigger in the big rocking chair, and that's how Kanga found them when she came home.





Kanga made dinner for everyone. Tigger was unusually quiet.

“Is something wrong?” asked Kanga. Roo gulped and told her everything. Even though he promised to listen and do what he was told from now on, he thought Kanga would be angry, but she surprised him. “Roo, I’m so proud of you for telling the truth. In fact, I have a treat for you.”

Kanga left the table and came back with dessert.

“Cloudberryies!” cried Roo.

Kanga laughed. “That’s what I went out to get. I brought back plenty for you—and for your special baby-sitter!”

Tigger and Roo grinned from ear to ear.



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