

Winnie-the-Pooh's  
**Birthday**  
Book  
for  
Isobel

A.A. MILNE with illustrations by E. H. SHEPARD





# A gift for Isobel

*Wishing you a very Happy Birthday*

*love from Jane and Pritty xxx*





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Winnemucca-Poon's Banana Boat



Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday, dear Isabel,  
Happy birthday to you!



*As it's your birthday, Isabel,  
Winnie-the-Pooh and his friends in the  
Hundred Acre Wood would like to wish you  
many happy returns of the day.*

*And here, just for you, is a special story  
about the time Eeyore, the  
Old Grey Donkey, had a birthday.*



In which Eeyore has a birthday  
and gets two presents



EYEGOD, THE OLD GARY DOWDY, stood by the side of the stream, and looked at himself in the water.

'Pathetic,' he said. 'That's what it is. Pathetic.'

He turned and walked slowly down the stream for twenty yards, splashed across it, and walked slowly back on the other side. Then he looked at himself in the water again.

'As I thought,' he said. 'No better from this side. But nobody minds. Nobody cares. Pathetic, that's what it is.'

There was a crackling noise in the bracken







behind him, and out came Pook.

'Good morning, Eeyore,' said Pook.

'Good morning, Pook Bear,' said Eeyore gloomily. 'If it is a good morning,' he said, 'Which I doubt,' said he.

'Why, what's the matter?'


'Nothing, Pook Bear, nothing. We can't all, and some of us don't. That's all there is to it.'

'Can't all what?' said Pook, rubbing his nose.

'Gaiety. Song-and-dance.



Here we go round the mulberry bush.' 

'Oh!' said Pook. He thought for a long time, and then asked, 'What mulberry bush is that?' 

'Bon-hommy,' went on Eeyote gloomily. 'French word meaning bothommy,' he explained. 'I'm not complaining, but There it is.'

Pook sat down on a large stone, and tried to think this out. It sounded to him like a riddle, and he was never much good at riddles, being a Bear



Whom-you-Poem's Banana Boat



of Very Little Brain. So he sang Confusion Pie instead:

Confusion, Confusion, Confusion Pie,  
A fly can't bind, but a bird can fly.  
Ask me a riddle and I reply:  
'Confusion, Confusion, Confusion Pie.'

That was the first verse. When he had finished it, Eeyore didn't actually say that he didn't like it, so Pooh very kindly sang the second verse to him:

Confusion, Confusion, Confusion Pie,  
A fish can't whistle and neither can I.

Fox Isms

Ask me a riddle and I reply:  
'Confusion, Confusion, Confusion Pie.'

Everyone still said nothing at all, so Pooh  
hummed the third verse quietly to himself:

Confusion, Confusion, Confusion Pie,  
Why does a chicken, I don't know why.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:  
'Confusion, Confusion,  
Confusion Pie.'



'That's right,' said Eeyore. 'Sing,  
Ummy-tiddly, umpty-too. Here we

End of Sample.