

Afterword



One morning, Pooh Bear went tracking in the snow in the woods. Along came Piglet, who asked him what he was doing and Pooh replied, "Tracking."

"Tracking what?"

Pooh said he didn't know, because you never could tell with track marks who or what had made the marks. Not having anything to do until Friday, anyway, Piglet decided to join Pooh Bear tracking.

The paw marks they were following led them around a spiniferous bush. As they went around, wondering what it was they were tracking, it suddenly appeared that whatever it was, it had been joined by another whatever-it-was . . . and another. . . and another. They were astonished, for as they continued to circle the spiney bush, they found continuing evidence in the snow that more and more "whatever-it-was's" were joining the first "whatever-it-was." Piglet was so astonished — and shaken by what he had seen — that he suddenly remembered something that he had to do and rushed off. Pooh kept tracking, however, going 'round and 'round the bush. After a while he stopped and looked closely at all the tracks made by the whatever-it-was. He looked at them for a long time, and then he carefully placed his paw snugly down into one of the tracks. He pondered what he had just done for a long time and the meaning of it.

After a while, the dawn of realization came to Pooh — he was the whatever-it-was. #