



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Hobyahs

Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Once upon a time there lived a little old man and a little old woman in a house all made of hemp stalks. And they had a little dog named Turpie who always barked when any one came near the house.

One night when the little old man and the little old woman were fast asleep, creep, creep, through the woods came the Hobyahs, skipping along on the tips of their toes.

“Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman,” cried the Hobyahs.

Then little dog Turpie ran out, barking loudly, and he frightened the Hobyahs so that they ran away home again. But the little old man woke from his dreams, and he said:

“Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his tail.”

So when it came morning, the little old man took off little dog Turpie’s tail to cure him of barking.

The second night along came the Hobyahs, creep, creep through the woods, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they cried:

“Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat the little old man, and carry away the little old woman.”

Then the little dog Turpie ran out again, barking so loudly that he frightened the Hobyahs, and they ran away home again.

But the little old man tossed in his sleep, and he said:

“Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his legs.”

So when it came morning, the little old man took off Turpie’s legs to cure him of barking.

The third night the Hobyahs came again, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they called out:

“Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman.”

Then little dog Turpie barked very loudly, and he frightened the Hobyahs so that they ran away home again.

But the little old man heard Turpie, and he sat up in bed, and he said:

“Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his head.”

So when it came morning, the little old man took off Turpie’s head, and then Turpie could not bark any more.

That night the Hobyahs came again, skip- ping along on the tips of their toes, and they called out:

“Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat the little old man, and carry off the little old woman.”

Now, since little dog Turpie could not bark any more, there was no one to frighten the Hobyahs away. They tore down the hemp stalks, they took the little old woman away in their bag, but the little old man they could not get, for he hid himself under the bed.

Then the Hobyahs hung the bag which held the little old woman up in their house, and they poked it with their fingers, and they cried:

“Look you! Look you!”

But when it came daylight, they went to sleep, for Hobyahs, you know, sleep all day.

The little old man was very sorry when he found that the little old woman was gone. He knew then what a good little dog Turpie had been to guard the house at night, so he brought Turpie’s tail, and his legs, and his head, and gave them back to him again.

Then Turpie went sniffing and snuffing along to find the little old woman, and soon came to the Hobyahs’ house. He heard the little old woman crying in the bag, and he saw that the Hobyahs were all fast asleep. So he went inside.

Then he cut open the bag with his sharp teeth, and the little old woman hopped out and ran home; but Turpie got inside the bag to hide.

When it came night, the Hobyahs woke up, and they went to the bag, and they poked it with their long fingers, crying:

“Look you! Look you!”

But out of the bag jumped little dog Turpie, and he ate every one of the Hobbyahs. And that is why there are not any Hobbyahs now.



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