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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And Nurse Jane Go On Holiday

"Well, are you all ready?" asked Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, of Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as he came hurrying into the hollow stump bungalow one afternoon.

"Are you all ready, Nurse Jane?"

"Ready? Ready for what?" she cried, as she sat down backwards in the dishpan full of soap bubbles, she was so excited.

"Why, ready to go to the country, of course," replied the old gentleman rabbit. "We are going to spend a few days in the woods, and amid the green fields. I thought I told you about it. But perhaps I forgot it. However, no matter. Come, pack your trunk, and we will go off to the country in my airship."

"My goodness me sakes alive, and some molasses lollypops!" cried Nurse Jane. "This is a great surprise to me!"

"Is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Well, I am sorry I forgot to tell you about it. But never mind. Pack your trunk and mine, and we will start in the morning."

Then such goings-on as there were in the hollow stump bungalow! Nurse Jane had so much to do to get ready that all Uncle Wiggily had for his supper was some of the hollow rings from the inside of the crullers, and a

few of the holes in Swiss cheese, fried in marshmallow sauce.

"But I don't mind," the rabbit gentleman said. "We will have plenty to eat when we get to the country, Nurse Jane."

"I hope so," answered the muskrat lady, as she tied her tail up in curl papers to make it nice and frizzy for morning.



As soon as the sun had gotten up out of bed next day, and washed its face, Uncle Wiggily and Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy started off for the country in the clothes basket airship, with the red, white and

blue toy circus balloons lifting it high above the tree tops.

They took with them a trunk and a satchel, containing their clothes, for they were to stay, perhaps, a week or more. And they also had their toothbrushes, for Uncle Wiggily was very particular about cleaning his teeth.

"Ah, there is the bungalow where we are to stay," said the rabbit gentleman, as he sailed above a pretty place in the woods. "See it down there, Nurse Jane."

He pointed to a little house made of bark. It was close to the edge of a little brook, and all about it grew ferns and bluebell flowers.

"Oh, what a lovely place!" cried Nurse Jane. "I know I shall like it there!"

Down went the airship as gently as a feather, and out jumped the muskrat lady and Uncle Wiggily.

"Now," said Uncle Wiggily, as he tied his airship fast to a willow-whistle tree, so that it would not run away and play tag with the clouds; "now, Nurse Jane, I'll cut you some wood to make a fire, and you can get dinner. Then we'll take a walk in the forest."

"Very well," said the muskrat lady, and while Uncle Wiggily was gnawing the firewood into little sticks with his strong teeth, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy opened the box of good things to eat, which they had brought with them in the airship.

"I guess I'll just take a little hop through the woods, while you are getting dinner ready," said Uncle Wiggily, after a bit. "I may find an adventure."

"Very well," spoke Nurse Jane, as she put on a pocket handkerchief apron so she would not spatter carrot juice on her shirtwaist.

Well, Uncle Wiggily had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, he heard Nurse Jane crying out:

"Help! Help! Help! Oh, Uncle Wiggily, come here quickly!"

"My goodness me, sakes alive and some cinnamon ice cream!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "Nurse Jane must be in trouble."

He gave three hops and a skip through the woods, and soon he was at the birch-bark bungalow, near the brook.

"What is the matter, Nurse Jane?" he asked, breathless like.

"Oh, I heard the most dreadful noise!" she said. "Listen!"

Then Uncle Wiggily heard:

"Baa! Baa! Baa!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the rabbit gentleman. "That is only a sheep singing. You will find plenty of them in the country, Nurse Jane."

"Oh! Only a sheep," said the muskrat lady. "I thought maybe it was an alligator. I am not afraid of a sheep." Then she went on getting dinner, and Uncle Wiggily went back in the woods, looking for an adventure, and, pretty soon he heard Nurse Jane cry again:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Help! Help! Help! Come quickly!"

With three hops, and part of another one, the old rabbit gentleman was back at the birch-bark bungalow.

"What is the matter now?" he asked.

"Listen," spoke Nurse Jane, just like a telephone girl.

Then Uncle Wiggily heard a noise that went:

"Gobble-obble-obble! Gobble-obble-obble!"

"What terrible creature is that?" asked Nurse Jane, shivering.

"Only a Thanksgiving turkey gobbler," laughed the old gentleman rabbit. "They are always in the country. Don't be afraid."

He went back in the woods again, but pretty soon Nurse Jane cried once more.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Come here quickly!"

"I wonder what can be the matter this time?" thought the old rabbit gentleman, as he gave a hop, skip and a jump back. "What is it, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy?" he asked, as he came to the birch-bark bungalow.

"Oh, we have no milk for dinner," she said sorrowfully.

And, before Uncle Wiggily could answer, there echoed through the woods a sound like:

“Moo! Moo! Moo!”

“Oh, what dreadful creature is that?” asked Nurse Jane, wiggling her whiskers. “I am sure it must be a bear.”

“Ha!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “That is not a bear! It is our milk for dinner. That is the moo-cow. You will find lots of them in the country. You must not be so nervous, Nurse Jane.”

“I’ll try not to be,” she answered, “but it is some time since I have lived in the country. Where is the cow?” Then along came a nice moo-cow with milk for Uncle Wiggily’s dinner, and the rabbit and Nurse Jane had a fine time in the country-woods bungalow, and they thanked the kind cow and Nurse Fuzzy Wuzzy said she would not be afraid of any more funny noises. But you just wait!