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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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## Uncle Wiggily And The Butterfly

"Are you going out in your airship this morning?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy of Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as he left the breakfast table one day.

"Well, I did not intend to," he said. "The electric fan that goes around whizzie-izze, and makes me sail through the clouds, is broken, and I shall have to have it mended. So I am not going in the airship to-day. Was there anything you wanted me to do for you?"

"Why, yes, there was," replied the muskrat lady, as she looked at the end of her tail, to see if it needed dusting. But it did not, I am glad to say. "I wish you would bring me a yeast cake from the store if you are near there. I am going to bake bread," said Nurse Jane. "Most gladly will I bring you a yeast cake," spoke Uncle Wiggily, with a low and polite bow. "Only I will walk after it, instead of going in my airship. And, while I am out walking, instead of airshipping, I will look for an adventure also."

"Very good," answered Nurse Jane, as she carried the butter out in the hammock where it could swing and keep cool.

So Uncle Wiggily started off after the yeast cake and anything else he might find. At first he went along slowly, and then he hurried along a little faster, and

pretty soon, as he came to a beautiful white lily, he heard a voice sadly saying:

"Oh, dear! What shall I do? I cannot fly after honey, and I shall surely die! Oh, woe is me!"

"Ha! Some one in trouble, I imagine!" Uncle Wiggily cried, as he looked all about. But he could see no one. Still he again heard the voice saying:

"Oh, how I suffer! If only some one would help me!"

"I will help you," said Uncle Wiggily, "only I cannot see you. Where are you, if you please?"

"Look in the lily!" went on the sad voice, and, looking, Uncle Wiggily saw within the flower, which was like a little house, a poor butterfly, with a broken wing.

"Ah, that is too bad! How did it happen?" asked the rabbit gentleman kindly.

"I was caught in a hail storm yesterday," said the butterfly, "and the hail stones broke one of my wings. I managed to flutter to my home in the lily, but I cannot go out now, as my wing is too sore. And, if I do not fly around among the flowers and suck out the honey, on which I live, I shall surely die."

"Ha! No, indeed, you will not!" Uncle Wiggily cried. "I will not let you die. I will help you. See, I am going now for Dr. Possum, the animal gentleman who helps us woodland creatures, and mends broken wings and legs and everything like that. He will fix your wing for you, and then as to honey and flowers—well, I can fix that, too. Just don't worry any more."

"Oh, how good you are!" sighed the poor butterfly.

So Uncle Wiggily hurried after Dr. Possum and brought him to the lily house, and then while the butterfly's

broken wing was being mended, with rose leaves and marshmallow candy, Uncle Wiggily went to some kind bees whom he knew, and said:

"Now, dear buzzing bees, a friend of mine—a butterfly—has broken her wing. She cannot go fluttering around the flowers, sipping honey. So, until her wing is better, will you not, every day, carry her a little honey to her home in the white lily?"

"Of course we will!" cried the queen bee. "Gladly will we do that. Why, my goodness gracious me sakes alive and some apple blossoms! I should say we would do a kindness like that! Wouldn't we, bees?"

"Buzz! Buzz!" said all the other bees. "Yes! Yes!"

"Then everything will be all right," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Thank you!"

He hurried back to the butterfly, whose wing Dr. Possum had fixed by this time, and the rabbit gentleman told the poor creature in the lily how he had arranged for the bees to bring her honey every day until her wing was healed.



"Oh, you are so good!" she murmured, as she went to sleep.

"Do not mention it," said Uncle Wiggily, politely, and then he hurried to the store for

the yeast cake.

Now comes a little sad part to this story, but I will not make it any longer than I can possibly help.

About a week after this, Nurse Jane heard Uncle Wiggily groaning in his bed, and saying:

"Oh, dear! How ill I am. It's that old rheumatism pain again! Please send for Dr. Possum."

"I will," said the muskrat lady. And when Dr. Possum came he said:

"Uncle Wiggily, you are very ill indeed. You have rheumatism fever, and you must take bitter medicine, and, since the weather is so warm, you must have some one fan you every day with a fan to cool you."

"But who can do it?" asked the rabbit gentleman. "Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, my muskrat housekeeper, is too busy, all my animal children friends have to go to school, so they can graduate, and all my other friends are too busy. No one can come to fan me."

"What about the electric fan on your airship?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Alas! that is broken," said Uncle Wiggily, and he felt very ill indeed. He needed fanning then and there.

"I don't know what to do," spoke Dr. Possum. "I would stay and fan you myself, but I have to call on the sick animals. I don't know who can fan you."

"Oh, please let me!" cried a voice at the window, and in flew the butterfly, whose broken wing was all well now.

"I was coming over to thank Uncle Wiggily," she said, "and I heard what you said. I would just love to perch on his pillow and fan him with my wings."

"The very thing!" cried Dr. Possum. So the butterfly lady perched herself on Uncle Wiggily's pillow, and with

her beautiful wings fluttering up and down, she fanned him, making a lovely cool breeze, so that he soon fell asleep. And with the gentle fanning, and because of Dr. Possum's medicine, the rabbit gentleman was soon all well again.

So that shows you should always help a butterfly when you can, as you never can tell when a butterfly might help you.