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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And The Crumple-horn Cow

"Where are you going, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she saw the rabbit gentleman starting out from his hollow-stump bungalow one day. He was back again from his visit to Sammie and Susie Littletail.

"Oh, I'm just going for a walk," answered Mr. Longears.

"I have not had an exciting adventure since I carried the valentines for Jack and Jill, before they tumbled down hill, and perhaps to-day I may find something else to make me lively, and happy and skippy like."

"Too much hopping and skipping is not good for you," the muskrat lady said.

"Yes, I think it is, if you will excuse me for saying so," spoke Uncle Wiggily politely. "It keeps my rheumatism from getting too painful."

Then, taking his red, white and blue-striped rheumatism crutch from inside the talking machine horn, Uncle Wiggily started off.

Over the fields and through the woods went the rabbit gentleman, until, pretty soon, as he was walking along, wondering what would happen to him that day, he heard a voice saying:

"Moo! Moo! Moo-o-o-o-o!"

"Ah! That sounds rather sad and unhappy like," spoke the rabbit gentleman to himself. "I wonder if it can be any one in trouble?"

So he peeked through the bushes and there he saw a nice cow, who was standing with one foot in the hollow of a big stump.

"Moo! Moo!" cried the cow. "Oh, dear, will no one help me?"

"Why, of course, I'll help you," kindly said Uncle Wiggily.

"What is the matter, and who are you?"

"Why, I am the Mother Goose cow with the crumpled horn," was the answer, "and my foot is caught so tightly in the hole of this stump that I cannot get it out."

"Why, I'll help you, Mrs. Crumpled-horn Cow," said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. Then, with his rheumatism crutch, the rabbit gentleman pushed loose the cow's hoof from where it was caught in the stump, and she was all right again.

"Oh, thank you so much, Uncle Wiggily," spoke the crumpled-horn cow. "If ever I can do you a favor I will."

"Thank you," said the rabbit gentleman, politely. "I'm sure you will. But how did you happen to get your hoof caught in that stump?"

"Oh, I was standing on it, trying to see if I could jump over the moon," was the answer.

"Jump over the moon!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "You surprise me! Why in the world—"

"It's this way, you see," spoke the crumpled-horn lady cow. "In the Mother Goose book it says: 'Hi-diddle-

diddle, the cat's in the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon.' Well, if one cow did that, I don't see why another one can't. I got up on the stump, to try and jump over the moon, but my foot slipped and I was caught fast.



"I suppose I should not have tried it, for I am the cow with the crumpled horn. You have heard of me, I dare say. I'm the cow with the crumpled horn, that little Boy Blue drove out of the corn. I tossed the dog that worried that cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack

built."

"Oh, I remember you now," said Uncle Wiggily.

"And this is my crumpled horn," went on the cow, and she showed the rabbit gentleman how one of her horns was all crumpled and crooked and twisted, just like a corkscrew that is used to pull hard corks out of bottles.

"Well, thank you again for pulling out my foot," said the cow, as she turned away. "Now I must go toss that dog once more, for he's always worrying the cat."

So the cow went away, and Uncle Wiggily hopped on through the woods and over the fields. He had had an adventure, you see, helping the cow, and later on he had another one, for he met Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, who had lost his penny going to the store for

a corn-meal-flavored lollypop. Uncle Wiggily found the penny in the snow, and Jimmie was happy once more. The next day when Uncle Wiggily awakened in his hollow-stump bungalow, and tried to get out of bed, he was so lame and stiff that he could hardly move.

"Oh, dear!" cried the rabbit gentleman. "Ouch! Oh, what a pain!"

"What is it?" asked Nurse Jane. "What's the matter?"

"My rheumatism," answered Uncle Wiggily. "Please send to Dr. Possum and get some medicine. Ouch! Oh, my!"

"I'll go for the medicine myself," Nurse Jane said, and, tying her tail up in a double bow-knot, so she would not step on it, and trip, as she hurried along, over to Dr. Possum's she went.

The doctor was just starting out to go to see Nannie Wagtail, the little goat girl, who had the hornache, but before going there Dr. Possum ran back into his office, got a big bottle of medicine, which he gave to Nurse Jane, saying:

"When you get back to the hollow-stump bungalow pull out the cork and rub some on Uncle Wiggily's pain."

"Rub the cork on?" asked Nurse Jane, sort of surprised like.

"No, rub on some of the medicine from the bottle," answered Dr. Possum, laughing as he hurried off.

Uncle Wiggily had a bad pain when Nurse Jane got back.

"I'll soon fix you," said the muskrat lady. "Wait until I get the cork out of this bottle." But that was more easily said than done. Nurse Jane tried with all her

might to pull out the cork with her paws and even with her teeth. Then she used a hair pin, but it only bent and twisted itself all up in a knot.

"Oh, hurry with the medicine!" begged Uncle Wiggily.

"Hurry, please!"

"I can't get the cork out," said Nurse Jane. "The cork is stuck in the bottle."

"Let me try," spoke the bunny uncle. But he could not get the cork out, either, and his pain was getting worse all the while.

Just then came a knock on the bungalow door, and a voice said:

"I am the cow with the crumpled horn. I just met Dr. Possum, and he told me Uncle Wiggily had the rheumatism. Is there anything I can do for him? I'd like to do him a favor as he did me one."

"Yes, you can help me," said the rabbit gentleman. "Can you pull a tight cork out of a bottle?"

"Indeed I can!" mooed the cow. "Just watch me!" She put her crooked, crumpled horn, which was just like a corkscrew, in the cork, and, with one twist, out it came from the bottle as easily as anything. Then Nurse Jane could rub some medicine on Uncle Wiggily's rheumatism, which soon felt much better.