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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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## Uncle Wiggily And The Giant's Boy (30/31)

Let me see, I believe I left off where Uncle Wiggily was in the house of the good giant, and the old gentleman rabbit heard a terrible noise. Didn't I?

"My goodness!" exclaimed the rabbit, jumping up so quickly that he upset one of the giant's toothpicks, on which he had been sitting for a chair, for the giant's toothpicks were as large as a big chestnut tree. "My goodness!" cried Uncle Wiggily, "what in the world is that?"

"I guess it's my little boy coming home from school," said the good giant as softly as he could, but, even then, his voice was like thunder. "He must have heard that you were here."

"Will he hurt me? Does he love animals?" asked the rabbit, for he was getting frightened. "Will your little boy be kind to me?"

"Oh, indeed he will!" cried the good giant. "I have taught him to love animals, for you know he is so big and strong, even though I do call him my little boy, that it would be no trouble for him to take a bear or a lion, and squeeze him in one hand so that the bear or lion would never hurt any one any more. But, just because he is big and strong, though not so big and strong as I

am, I have taught my boy to be kind to the little animals."

"Then I will have no fear," said Uncle Wiggily, winking his nose—I mean his eyes—and just then the door of the giant's house opened and in came his little boy. Well, at first Uncle Wiggily was so frightened that he did not know what to do. I wonder what you would say if you were suddenly to see a boy almost as big as your house, or mine, walk into the parlor, and sit down at the piano? Well, that's what the old gentleman rabbit saw.

"Ah, my little boy is home from school," said the giant, kindly. "Did you have your lessons, my son?"

"Yes, father, I did," was the answer. "And I learned a new song. I'll sing it for you."

So he began to play the piano with his little finger nail, and still, and with all that, he made as much noise as a circus band of music can make on a hot day in the tent. Oh, he played terribly loud, the giant's boy did, and Uncle Wiggily had to put his paws over his ears, or he might have been made deaf. Then the giant's little boy sang, and even when he hummed it the noise was like a thunder storm, only different. Now, this is the boy giant's song, and you will have to sing it with all your might, as hard as you can, but not if the baby is asleep.

"I am a little fellow,

But soon I will grow big.

And then I'll sit beside the sea,

And in the white sand dig.

"I'll make a hole so very deep,

To China it will go.

And then I'll fill it up with shells  
Wherein the wild waves blow."

And with that the giant's little boy banged so hard on the piano with his little finger nail that he broke a string, and made a funny sound, like a banjo out of tune.

"Oh, I didn't mean to do that!" the giant's boy cried.

"I'm sorry!"

"Dear me! I wonder when you'll grow up?" asked the giant, sort of sad-like.

"I think he's pretty big now," said Uncle Wiggily. And, indeed, the boy-giant was so tall that when the rabbit stood up as high as he could stand, he only came up to the tip end of the shoe laces on the giant boy's big shoes.

"Oh, he grows very slowly," said the giant, and then the boy noticed the rabbit for the first time. Well, that boy-giant wanted to know all about Uncle Wiggily, where he came from and where he was going, and all that, and Uncle Wiggily told about how he was traveling around to seek his fortune.

"Oh, I believe I know where you can find lots of money, Uncle Wiggily," said the giant's boy kindly, as he reached over and stroked the rabbit's ears. "I have always heard that there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The next time we see one, you and I will go out and search for the money. Then you will have your fortune, and you won't have to travel around any more."

"That will be fine!" cried the rabbit, "for, to tell you the truth, I am getting pretty tired of going about the country. Still, I will not give up until I find my fortune." "All right. But we will have to wait until it rains, and then we'll see where the end of the rainbow is," said the giant's boy. "Now we will have some games together. Let's play tag."

Well, they started to play that, but, land's sake, flopsy dub and a basket of ice cream cones! Uncle Wiggily ran here, and there, and everywhere, and he jumped and leaped about so that the giant's little boy couldn't catch him, for the big-little fellow wasn't very spry on his feet.

"Oh, I guess we had better not play that game any more," said the boy giant, as he accidentally nearly stepped on Uncle Wiggily's left ear. "I might hurt you. Let's play hide-and-go-seek."

But Uncle Wiggily was even better at this game than he had been at tag, for he could hide in such small holes that the boy giant couldn't even see them, so of course that wouldn't do for a game. It was no fun.



Then all at once it began to rain. My! how it did pour! It rained snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails, with the puppies fast to

the tails, of course, and the streets were covered with them. Then it rained a few ice cream cones, and Uncle

Wiggily and the giant boy had all they wanted to eat, the giant eating fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-six, and part of another one, while Uncle Wiggily had only two cones.

"Oh, there is the rainbow!" cried the boy giant at last, as he saw the beautiful gold and green and orange and red colors in the sky.

"Now for the pot of gold."

So he and Uncle Wiggily started off together to find it. But they had not gone very far through the woods before they met the papa giant.

"Where are you going?" he asked of them.

"To the end of the rainbow to get the pot of gold," said the giant's little boy.

"You don't need to," said the giant, "for there is none there. That is only a fairy story. Wait, I'll show you."

So he stretched out his long arm as far as it would go and he reached away down to the end of the rainbow and he felt all around with his long fingers, and sure enough, there wasn't a bit of gold there, for his hand came back empty.

"It's too bad," said the giant's little boy to Uncle Wiggily. "There is nothing there for you. But perhaps you will find your fortune to-morrow. Come and stay with me until morning."



So Uncle Wiggily went back to the giant's house, and the next day quite a surprising adventure occurred to him, and in case the gasoline in my motorboat doesn't wash all the paint off my red necktie I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Grand-daddy Longlegs.