

This story is brought to you by Ririro.com for free. Our mission is to give all children in the world free access to a variety of stories. The stories can be read, downloaded and printed online and cover a wide range of topics, including animals, fantasy, science, history, diverse cultures and much more.

Support our mission by sharing our website. We wish you a lot of fun reading!



Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

Uncle Wiggily And The Horse

Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, once baked a cherry pie, of which Mr. Longears was very fond. In fact, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy baked two pies.

One she put upon the shelf for Uncle Wiggily's supper. The other pie Nurse Jane wrapped in a clean napkin, put it in a basket, and then she said:

"Come on, Uncle Wiggily. We will take this pie to Grandfather Goosey Gander."

"That will be fine!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. So he set off with Nurse Jane, over the fields and through the woods. "And perhaps we may have an adventure," said the bunny gentleman, hopeful-like.

"Well, if we do," spoke Nurse Jane, "I hope nothing happens to this cherry pie. I baked one for you, and the other especially for Grandpa Goosey. I shouldn't like the Fuzzy Fox, nor yet the Woozie Wolf, to get this pie."

"Nor I," said Uncle Wiggily. "And I don't believe Grandpa Goosey would, either."

The rabbit gentleman and Nurse Jane hopped along together, until, after a while, Uncle Wiggily saw a horse in a field.

"Look at that poor horse!" said the bunny gentleman, coming to a stop, and peeping over the top of his pink,

twinkling nose. "There he stands, all day long, with nothing to eat but grass."

"What else would he eat?" asked Nurse Jane, suspiciously.

"I don't s'pose he ever had a cherry pie," went on Uncle Wiggily reflective-like. "Poor horse! Never had any cherry pie!"

"Wiggy!" exclaimed Nurse Jane, as she took a firmer hold of the basket handle. "If you are thinking of giving Grandpa Goosey's pie to that horse——"

"Well, that's just what I'm thinking of," answered Mr. Longears. "Here, Nurse Jane, please give me that pie. You may run back home and get the one you were saving for me to give to Grandpa Goosey. I'll call this pie mine, and I'm going to give it to the horse."

"Well, I never in all my born days," exclaimed Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, "heard the like of that!"

Still she knew Uncle Wiggily meant to be kind, so she gave the bunny rabbit gentleman the basket with the pie inside, and started back for the hollow stump bungalow to get the other.

The bunny rabbit certainly was not selfish, whatever else he was.

"Hello, Horsie!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he hopped through the field where the big animal was eating.

"Hello," answered the horse. "Oh, it's Uncle Wiggily!" he went on, as he stopped cropping the grass and looked up.

"Did you ever eat a cherry pie?" asked the bunny rabbit, beginning to take the cloth off the one in the basket.



"Cherry pie? I don't believe I ever did," slowly answered the horse. "Cherry pie! Hum! No, I never tasted any." "Wouldn't you like to?" asked the bunny. "I should think you would get tired of eating grass all day long." "Well, grass is my food, and I like it," neighed the horse.

"But I like some oats once in a while, and some bran. Yes, and I think I'd like some cherry pie, also."

"Here! Take this one! Nurse Jane can bake more!" said generous Uncle Wiggily, and he held out the pie.

"Oh, my! That's a fine one!" whinnied the horse. "That looks most delicious."

"And it tastes as delicious as it looks," went on the bunny. "I know Nurse Jane's pies. Take a bite!"

The horse did. One bit was all that was needed to enable him to eat the whole pie, for it was only rabbit size, of course, not as large as the pies your mother bakes.

"Um!" said the horse, as the red cherry juice ran down his lips. "That was a good pie! I could eat more!"

"I'm sorry, but that's the only one I have," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Nurse Jane has gone to get mine, that she put in the cupboard, to give to Grandpa Goosey. But tomorrow I'll have her bake you a large pie."

Just then Nurse Jane came along, with the other pie in the basket, and Uncle Wiggily said:

"The horse ate that cherry pie, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, and liked it very much. I have told him you'd bake him a larger one."

"Well, I s'pose I can," said the muskrat lady, looking at Uncle Wiggily in a funny way. "I s'pose I can."

"You are very kind," neighed the horse. "If I could only do you some favor——"

But just then, all of a sudden, out from behind a bush jumped the bad old Woozie Wolf.

"Ah ha!" howled the Wolf. "This is the time I have caught Nurse Jane as well as Uncle Wiggily. I shall have four ears to nibble to-day!" and he looked hungrily at the bunny and muskrat lady.

"Do you mean to say you are going to hurt good, kind Uncle Wiggily, who has just given me a cherry pie?" asked the horse quickly.

"Of course I am!" growled the Wolf. "He gave me no pie! I'm going to nibble the bunny!"

"Well, I just won't let you!" said the horse.

"How are you going to stop me?" asked the Wolf.

"Well, I have big teeth," the horse said. "They are not as sharp as yours, for they do not need to be so that I may crop the grass. But I can bite you with them, just the same."

"Ho! Ho!" sneered the Wolf. "Two can play at that game! I can bite worse than you."

"That's so, he can," whispered Uncle Wiggily to the horse. "Be careful!"

"Well, then I'll kick!" said the horse. "I'll rear up on my front legs and kick you with my hind ones, Mr. Wolf, if you hurt Uncle Wiggily."

"But you have no sharp toe-nails, such as I have!" growled the Wolf. "I'll scratch you with my toe-nails if you kick me."

"That's right—he will!" whispered Nurse Jane.

"I'm afraid you cannot save us," sadly said the bunny gentleman to the kind horse.

"Yes, I can!" suddenly neighed the horse. "This Wolf can do some things better than I, but he cannot run as fast. Quick! Jump up on my back, Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane. I'll gallop and trot, I'll gallop and trot and I'll gallop and trot—until I take you far away from this bad animal!"

"Don't you dare take Uncle Wiggily away from me!" howled the Wolf, for well he knew he could not run as fast as the horse.

"Yes, I shall! I'll save Uncle Wiggily!" whinnied the horse. "Up on my back! Quick!" he called to the bunny and Nurse Jane.

Up they leaped, before the Wolf could get them. Then the horse galloped and trotted, galloped and trotted and galloped and trotted, until the Wolf was left far, far behind. And, oh, how angry that Wolf was! And how he howled! I wish you could have heard him.

No, on second thought, it is just as well you didn't hear him. It was not very nice howling.

"There! Now you are safe, Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane," said the horse, as he stopped galloping and

trotting, away over on the far side of the field, far, far from the Wolf.

"Thank you for saving us," spoke the bunny, as he and Nurse Jane slid off the horsie's back.

"I'll bake you the largest cherry pie that ever was," promised the muskrat lady, "just as soon as I take this one to Grandpa Goosey."

And she made such a large pie that it took the horse forty 'leven bites to eat it.