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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And The Sawdust

"You're off again, I see," spoke Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, one day, to Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, for whom she kept house.

"Yes, I thought I would go out for a little ride," answered Mr. Longears, as he blew some heated air into the toy circus balloons of his airship. "It is a lovely day, and perhaps I may meet with an adventure; who knows?"

"True enough, who knows?" agreed Nurse Jane. "Well, I hope if you do have an adventure it will be a pleasant one."

An adventure, you know, children, is something that happens to you, like falling down stairs. That's an unpleasant adventure. Finding a penny rolling up hill is a pleasant adventure. That's the difference, you see.

So Uncle Wiggily started off in his airship, which was made from one of Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy's old clothes baskets, some toy circus balloons, a Japanese umbrella and an electric fan.

The old gentleman rabbit had not ridden so very far, sailing above the tree tops, as he was, before, all of a sudden, he heard a sad little voice crying:

"Oh, dear! Oh, isn't that too bad? Oh, my poor Cora Ann Multiplicationtable!"

"Ha! Some one in trouble!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, looking down. "I must see if I cannot help them."

Then he saw Susie Littletail, the rabbit girl, sitting on a stump, and looking at something in her paws.

"It must be her doll," thought Uncle Wiggily "For the doll's name is Cora Ann Multiplicationtable. I'll go down and see what is the trouble."

Down he went, and he found poor Susie crying sadly.

"What has happened?" asked Uncle Wiggily, kindly.

"Oh, all the sawdust stuffing has run out of my doll," said the little rabbit girl. "I was carrying her out to get the air, for she has been ill, and all of a sudden, one of her legs caught in a thorn bush, ripping a hole in the cloth. Out ran the sawdust before I could stop it.

Look!" And Poor Susie held up Cora Ann

Multiplicationtable. The doll was as limp and slimpsy as a sheet of blotting paper after it has fallen into the ink well.

"Oh, that is too bad," said Uncle Wiggily, "but perhaps I can help you. I'll try."

"Can you make her well again?" asked Susie, hopefully.

"Why, yes, I think so," answered the rabbit gentleman.

"I will get some more sawdust, and stuff her with it."

"Oh, joy!" cried Susie, clapping her paws. "Then I will be happy again, for I love my doll Cora Ann Multiplicationtable very much. I hope you can cure her."

"Well, I'll go get the sawdust and try," said Uncle Wiggily.

Into his airship he jumped, and up above the tree tops he went, to sail about, looking for sawdust. He peered all around, Uncle Wiggily did, but he saw no sawdust.



Sawdust, you know, is little, fine grains of wood, made when the carpenter saws a board in two pieces to mend the fence.

“Well, I guess I can’t find any sawdust up here,” said the rabbit gentleman, “after a while I’ll have to go down to the earth again.”

Down he went, and, though he looked all over, he could

find no sawdust. He thought perhaps he might meet a wagon-load of it, going to the butcher shop, for butchers put sawdust on their store floors instead of carpet. But no wagon-loads of sawdust were to be seen. “Oh, dear!” exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. “No sawdust down here, and none up in the air. I wonder where I can find any for Susie’s doll? I know, I’ll take a little trip down to the seashore in my airship. If I can’t find any sawdust there, perhaps I can bring back some seashore sand with which to stuff Susie’s doll. Yes, that’s what I’ll do.”

Up above the tree tops the rabbit gentleman went again in his airship, and soon he was at the seashore.

Up and down the beach he hopped, looking for sawdust, but he could see none. If there had ever been any the wind must have blown it away long ago.

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "This is too bad! I guess I'll have to take back the sand after all."

"Why, what is the trouble, if I may ask?" inquired a voice out in the salty sea waves, and Uncle Wiggily looked and saw the queerest fish he had ever beheld. It had a very long nose, and sticking out on either side of this nose were sharp teeth. But Uncle Wiggily was not frightened.

"What is the trouble?" the fish asked again.

"Why, I want some sawdust for Susie's doll, Cora Ann Multiplicationtable," answered the rabbit gentleman, "but I can find none."

"Ha! Say no more!" cried the queer fish very politely.

"Sawdust! I will give you all the sawdust you want. Just wait a minute."

"Ha! How can you give me sawdust, if I may be so bold as to ask?" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, I am a sawfish," was the reply. "I can saw sawdust." Then the fish gave a flop of his tail and out on the beach he jumped. He soon found a big log that had been washed up by the waves, and then, with his long nose covered with teeth, which were just like those of a saw, the fish sawed back and forth on the log with his nose, and made a lot of sawdust for Uncle Wiggily.

The rabbit gentleman caught the sawdust in his tall silk hat, and then thanking the sawfish, who jumped back

into the ocean to wash his face, Uncle Wiggily hurried off in his airship to take the sawdust to Susie for her doll.

"Oh, how kind you are!" cried the little rabbit girl.

"Do not mention it," politely said Uncle Wiggily, as he helped stuff the sawdust into Cora Ann

Multiplicationtable. Soon she was as plump and fat as ever. So you see a sawfish is of some use in this world, after all.