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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And The Soap Bubbles

"Well, do you think anything will happen to you this morning?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, of Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as she saw him starting off for a ride in his airship one day.

"You never can tell," he answered. "I may have the most wonderful adventure, and again I may just sail around, and come back again, with nothing more than a yeast cake."

"Speaking of yeast cakes, one would be very good for you to carry along with you in your airship," said Nurse Jane.

"Why?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"Because yeast makes the bread rise, and it might make your airship rise, in case your circus balloons were to burst, and let you down," the muskrat lady replied.

"I am very glad you mentioned it," said Uncle Wiggily, making his most polite bow. "I shall get a yeast cake the very first chance I have."

Then he went out sailing in his airship, but he had not gone very far above the tree tops before he heard, down below him, a voice saying:

"Oh, dear! I wish I had something to do!"

"Ha! Somebody else in trouble!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I must go down and see if I cannot help them." So down he went in his airship, and whom do you suppose it was he found? Why, Arabella, the little chicken girl, was sitting on the doorstep of the hencoop, crying as hard as she could cry.

"Oh, what is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily kindly.

"I have no one to play with!" sobbed Arabella. "You see I am just getting over the mumps, and none of the other animal children, who have not had the mumps, want to play with me. And nobody but I has had the mumps!" she sobbed.

"That is too bad!" said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. "But perhaps I can make up a little fun for you. Do you like to blow soap bubbles?"

"Oh, indeed I do!" cried Arabella, making her wing feathers wiggle. "I just love to do it! But I have no soap suds, and no pipe with which to blow the bubbles."

"Say no more!" cried Uncle Wiggily in a jolly voice. "I will get everything you need."

Off he went in his airship to the soap bubble store. There he bought a pipe, and a nice cake of scented soap, that smelled like a barber shop. Coming back to where Arabella still sat, all alone on the doorstep of the chicken coop, Uncle Wiggily made her a nice bowl full of soapy suds.

"Now you may blow some nice bubbles, Arabella," spoke the rabbit gentleman. "I will watch you for a while, and then I will ride along in my airship, and look for an adventure."

"Aren't you afraid of catching my mumps?" asked Arabella with a laugh.

"Oh, bless your hair ribbon! I've had 'em!" cried the old rabbit gentleman, jolly like.

Then he watched Arabella blow the bubbles. And what large ones the little chicken girl blew from the bowl of the pipe! The bubbles were red, and green and blue and yellow and purple in color. They floated up in the air like balloons.



"My, you are certainly a fine bubble-blower!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "But I must go now."

"Thank you, for making some fun for me," spoke Arabella most politely. Then she blew bubbles by herself, as Uncle Wiggily

sailed away in his airship. He had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, out of a tree flew a bad wasp, with a stinger in the end of his tail. Oh, this wasp-bee was very angry! I think perhaps he had had no honey that day, for his breakfast.

"What do you mean, by flying over my tree?" asked the wasp of Uncle Wiggily, saucy like.

"Excuse me," spoke the rabbit gentleman, "but I did not harm your tree, just sailing over it in my airship."

"Yes you did!" buzzed the wasp. "You made the leaves flutter with your electric fan. Now I am going to sting your balloons."

And, before Uncle Wiggily could stop her, that bad wasp flew up, and stung a hole in every one of the toy circus balloons that floated on top of the rabbit gentleman's airship.

"Oh, I must get away from here!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and, making his airship go as fast as he could, the rabbit gentleman was soon far away from the bad wasp.

The balloons were filled with holes, from the sting of the wasp, and all the air began leaking out of them.

The airship began to fall, having nothing to hold it up.

"Oh, my!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Here I go again!"

And down to the ground he came, only the sofa cushions in the clothes basket made a soft place for him on which to fall, and so he was not hurt.

"Oh, dear!" Uncle Wiggily exclaimed. "My airship is spoiled!" He tried to make it go up again, but, of course, it would not, with the balloons all burst as they were, so they could not hold air.

"What am I to do?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "I should have brought along a yeast cake, as Nurse Jane told me to do, and then I could rise. Now I cannot go up like a loaf of bread."

"Oh, yes you can, Uncle Wiggily!" exclaimed a voice near him, and there stood Arabella, the chicken girl, with her pipe, and bowl of soap suds for blowing bubbles.

"How can I go up when the balloons are burst?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"With my soap bubbles!" cackled Arabella. "Soap bubbles are very light, and will rise in the air just like balloons. I will blow you a lot of bubbles, you can fasten them to your airship, and up you will go." Then she blew forty-'leven bubbles, or maybe more, for all I know.

Uncle Wiggily caught them, and fastened them with silk threads, and cobwebs, which a kind spider lady spun for him, to his clothes basket airship, just as the toy circus balloons had been fastened.

And the bubbles were so light, and went up in the air so nicely, that they took the airship and Uncle Wiggily up with them. The old gentleman rabbit just had time to thank Arabella for blowing the soap bubbles for him, and then he was far above the trees, sailing away.

"Arabella was certainly a smart chicken girl to think of raising my airship with soap bubbles!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and then later on he stopped in the drug store, and had a quart of strawberry ice cream sent to the hencoop for the little chicken girl, and the old rabbit gentleman took another quart home for Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. So you see, sometimes it is a good thing to have a wasp sting toy circus balloons on an airship.