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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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## Uncle Wiggily And Tom-Tom

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice rabbit gentleman, was going along through the woods one day, wondering what sort of an adventure he would have, when he met Mother Goose, who, as I have told you before, had come, with her large family of funny folk, to live in the forest near the hollow-stump bungalow of the bunny uncle.

"How do you do, Mother Goose?" asked Mr. Longears, as he made a polite bow, taking off his tall silk hat.

"I am very well, thank you," she said. "You look well yourself. I wonder if you have seen him anywhere, as you have been walking along?"

"Seen whom?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "If you mean the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, I have. I met them the other day—"

"No, thank you, I don't mean them," said Mother Goose.

"They have come safely home again with their rub-a-dub-dub-tubs, and they are happily living together once more. No, it's another of my friends who is lost. You may have seen him. He is—"

But just then Old Mother Hubbard came to the door of her house, after having given her dog a bone, and she called across the woodland path:

"Oh, Mother Goose! Little Tommie Tucker is crying for his supper. What shall I give him, white bread and butter?"

"Wait a minute. I'll be right there," answered Mother Goose. "I want to put a little molasses on Tommie's bread. You walk on," she said to Uncle Wiggily. "I'll come back to you in a minute and tell you who is lost."

But Mother Goose must have had to give Tommie Tucker a bigger supper than usual, or else some of her other friends wanted something, for Uncle Wiggily hopped on and on, and the nice old goose lady did not come to speak to him.

"It's funny," said the bunny uncle, "but I wonder who it is that is lost? I can't very well look for him—or her—until I know. It may be Little Bo Peep, or Jack Horner. Well, I'll keep on, and I may meet with the lost one, whoever he or she is; or I may have an adventure. Who knows?"

Well, the bunny uncle had not gone on much farther before, all at once, he heard some one running through the bushes, and the sound of loud squeals.

"Ha! Something is happening," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Perhaps this is the adventure I am expecting."

Then, all of a sudden, through the bushes came running a boy with a squealing pig under his arm.

"Squee! Squee! Squee!" cried the pig.

"Hold on! Stop! Wait a minute!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Who are you?"

"I am Tom-Tom, the piper's son," was the answer.

"Oh, you're from Mother Goose, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm running away from her now," answered Tom-Tom. "You know how it goes in the book:

"Tom-Tom, the piper's son,

Took a pig and away he run.

The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
And he went roaring down the street.'

"That's how it is in the book," went on Tom-Tom. "Only it isn't exactly right. I didn't do any roaring, though I may when I get the beating. It's the pig who is doing the roaring."

"It sounds more like squealing," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, you could call it that," said Tom-Tom, as he looked at the pig under his arm, which cried louder than before. I mean the pig squealed, not Tom-Tom's arm.

"But look here," said Uncle Wiggily. "You should not have taken this pig. That's quite wrong you know, Tom-Tom. Besides, Mother Goose is after you. I just met her, and she started to tell me about some of her friends being lost. She asked me to help look for him—or her—but before she could tell me who it was, she was called away. It must have been you she meant."

"It was," said Tom-Tom. "I had to run after I took the pig, but the funny part of it is I can't find any street to run down, as the book says I did. It's all woods around here; no streets at all. I'd run with the pig down the street, fast enough, if I could find one."

"No, no! You mustn't do that," said Uncle Wiggily. "You only go down the street after the pig was eat, or eaten, to be more correct. Besides, you ought not to take the pig at all."

"What shall I do?" asked Tom-Tom. "I have the pig now, you see. What must I do with it?"

"I'll take him with me," said Uncle Wiggily. "I can lead him back home, and then you must go tell Mother Goose you're sorry, and I don't believe she'll whip you or beat you."



"All right," said Tom-Tom, the piper's son. "I'll do as you say." He gave Uncle Wiggily the pig, which was a baby one, and the bunny gentleman led it along by a string, while Tom-Tom hurried off to tell Mother Goose he was sorry

that he had been a little bad. And Mother Goose forgave him, and did not whip him, so Tom-Tom did not have to go roaring down the street after all.

"Well, what have you there, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane, when she saw the bunny gentleman coming along leading a pig.

"This is the pig Tom-Tom had," said Mr. Longears, and then, all at once, before he could say anything more, the pig began to squeal with all his might and so loudly that Nurse Jane could not hear the bunny uncle's voice.

"Mercy," cried the muskrat lady. "What a noise!" and she put her paws over her ears. "Take him away, Wiggy, do. That's a dear! Take him away!"

"Squee! Squee! Squee!" yelled the baby pig. And then along came Mother Hubbard's dog.

"Ha! So here's where you are, eh?" asked the dog. "Well, you come right back to your pen!"

“I will, and right gladly,” squealed the pig, “and don’t let Tom-Tom take me again. Thank you, Uncle Wiggily, for bringing me this far.”

Then the dog led the pig home by the ear, piggie squealing all the way, but he stopped when Mother Goose gave him something to eat. And Tom-Tom never took the pig again, so the little boy did not have to run roaring down the street, I’m glad to say.