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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

Uncle Wiggily Waters His Garden And His Neighbors

There had been no rain in a long time, so Uncle Wiggily



said, "I will take the hose and water the garden." Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, in the hollow stump bungalow, heard the bunny gentleman getting ready to sprinkle. "Be careful," she warned Uncle Wiggily. "Don't get wet and don't splash any of the

neighbors." The bunny gave a jolly laugh and said he guessed he knew how to handle a simple little hose.

Uncle Wiggily unwound the hose, fastened one end to the faucet, and then he turned the nozzle



toward the garden, which was very dry. But the water was a long time coming. "I wonder if the hose can be stopped up?" thought Uncle Wiggily. "Water ought to be spurting out by this time. I'll look down the nozzle and see what's the matter. I certainly can't wet my garden without some water."

All of a sudden, when Uncle Wiggily was squinting down



the hose nozzle, the water quickly spurted out. Before the rabbit gentleman could jump away, he got his face full of water. "Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Longears. "I didn't think it was going to do that!" In the window of the bungalow, Nurse Jane couldn't help

laughing. "Didn't I tell you to be careful, Wiggy, my dear!" she called out.

Uncle Wiggily began to grow excited. He jumped about and tried to pull the hose straight so



he might water his garden, but the hose kinked itself around one of his paws. "Oh my!" he cried. "I must be very careful or I'll fall and bump my pink nose." The bunny danced about, trying to get loose from the hose.



But all the while the water was spurting out, and, as he waved the nozzle, he scattered showers.

At last, Uncle Wiggily hopped out of the kinky loop of the hose, and he was just going to start watering his garden when up rose

Mrs. Twistytail, the lady pig. "Look what you did to me,

Uncle Wiggily!" she cried, shaking her parasol at him. "I'm soaking wet!" And the rabbit gentleman was so

flustered that he stuck the hose straight up in the air. Well—what goes up must come down, you know!

"I beg your pardon, Mrs.
Twistytail! I really beg your
pardon!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily.



The pig lady grunted and waddled away to get dry. Then the bunny noticed how wet he himself was. "Oh, I must wring out my coat!" he exclaimed. He laid aside the hose for a moment, but he never saw that he had



pointed it at the open kitchen window of his bungalow. "Swish!" went the water in the window.

Nurse Jane was in the kitchen, baking a lollypop pie, and when she felt the water coming in, she rushed to the window and cried,

"Oh, stop it, Uncle Wiggily! Stop it!" The rabbit gentleman grew so excited that he grabbed up the hose and, before he knew it, he was sprinkling Uncle Butter the goat. "Don't wet me!" bleated Uncle Butter. "Save the water for the bushy Bear! He's coming along!"



"Oh, Uncle Butter! I beg your pardon, also!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he saw what he had done. "Never mind about begging pardons," bleated the goat. "Get ready for the Bear. He's right behind me!" And, surely enough, the Bushy Bear came lumbering around the corner of



the hollow stump bungalow.
"Give me some ear nibbles!" he
growled. "Give him the hose!"
cried Uncle Butter.

"Ha! That's a good idea!"
exclaimed the bunny as the
Bear made a rush for him.
"Good morning, Mr. Bear!" went

on Mr. Longears, politely. "Have you washed your face today? If you haven't, I'll wash it for you!" And with that, he sozzled the Bear good. "Ha! Ha!" laughed Uncle Butter. "Do you want any ears to nibble?" The Bear flopped a somersault, growling, "This is too much! I'll be good!"