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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily With His Snow Plow

One day, after a heavy fall of snow, Uncle Wiggily got out his snow plow, and, with Curly and Floppy Twistytail,



started to plow a path around the hollow stump bungalow. "Now Nurse Jane can get out and go to the three and four-cent store," said the bunny. "I know someone who can't get out!"

barked Jackie

Bow Wow. "Grandpa Goosey is snowed in!" The bunny said he'd plow him out.



"Come, boys!" called Uncle Wiggily to Curly and Floppy when he heard that his friend Grandfather Goosey Gander was snowed in. "We must dig him out." Off they started, and the piggy boys went so fast that they scattered a shower of snow on either side. "If anyone was there," grunted Curly, "we'd snow them under." Floppy said that was so. On they went, faster and faster to the pen of Grandpa Goosey.



Reaching the goose gentleman's house, Uncle Wiggily saw that it was all snowed in, for there had been a blizzard. "But we'll soon make a path for him!" cried Mr. Longears, twinkling his pink nose. "Lively now, piggie boys!"

Around the house they went with the snow plow, Uncle Wiggily steering it. "Thank you for digging me out!" quacked Grandpa. "Uncle Butter is next," mewed Tommie Kat.



"What's that?" cried Uncle Wiggily as he heard Tommie mewing. "Your friend Uncle Butter, the goat, is also snowed up," said Tommie. "We must snow plow him out!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Hurry, piggie boys!" Very soon they came to a big wall of snow. Over the top, they saw a chimney. "Uncle Butter lives there," said Curly. "But our plow can never get through all that snow. What shall we do?"



All of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggily and the piggie boys were wondering how to get Uncle Butter out of his snow-drifted house, there sounded a loud "Baa-a-a-a-a!" Then through the snow wall came the goat gentleman, head first. "How did you get out?" asked

Uncle Wiggily, as the goat flew over his head. "I lowered my horns and I butted my way through the snow," bleated the goat. "Now I'll help you."



After Uncle Butter burst his way through the snow, he helped the piggies pull the snow plow, and they cleared a path around the goat's house. "We must dig out more of my friends," said Uncle Wiggily. Off they started again, and at last, they came to two big heaps of snow. "Hum!" said the bunny. "Some of my friends must live

here, though I can't remember who they are. But I'll plow them out."



All of a sudden, just as Uncle Wiggily was going to plow around the two snow mounds, to dig out those whom he thought were his friends—all

at once, from one mound burst the Fox, and from the other, the Wolf. "Ha! Ha!" snickered the bad chaps. "That's the time we fooled Uncle Wiggily. He thought we were his friends, but now we can nibble his ears." You can imagine how sad Uncle Wiggily felt.



Just as the Fox and Wolf jumped to catch Uncle Wiggily by the ears, Uncle Butter bleated, "Come on, piggie boys! We'll fool these bad chaps. Come on! We'll scatter snow over them and cover them up again

as they were at first. Then they can't nibble us!" Off started the goat gentleman and the piggie boys pulling Uncle Wiggily on the plow. On either side, a stream of snow shot out over the Fox and the Wolf.

"Oh wow!" howled the Fox, as he felt himself being snowed in again. "Double-wow!" howled the Wolf. "And we get no ear nibbles after all. It's all your fault, for being so hasty, Mr. Fox!" Then the Fox snarled and said, "'Tisn't at all! It was your fault!" And there they were, stuck back in snow drifts as before. And then the piggie boys pulled Uncle Wiggily and Uncle Butter off on the snow plow.

