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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And Susie's Doll

"Well, I see you are going out for another ride in your auto," remarked Mrs. Bow Wow, the puppy dog lady, to Uncle Wiggily, one morning, after Peetie and Jackie had gone to school. "Where are you bound for now?"

"Oh, no place in particular," he said. "I just thought I would take a ride for my health."

You see the rabbit gentleman had come to pay the dog family a visit.

"I should think you'd stay in when it snows," went on the doggie lady. "You seem always to be out in a snowstorm," for it was snowing quite hard just then.

"I love the snow," said the old gentleman rabbit. "I like cold weather, for then my thick fur coat keeps me much warmer than in the summer time. And I like the snow—I like to see it come down, and feel it blow in my face and make my auto go through the drifts."

"Well, be careful you don't get stuck in any drifts and freeze fast," said Mrs. Bow Wow, as she began washing the breakfast dishes.

"I'll try not to," promised Uncle Wiggily, and then he put some oil on his auto, and gave it a drink of warm water (for autos get thirsty sometimes), and away the old gentleman rabbit rode through the snowstorm.

"I guess I'll go call on Aunt Lettie, the old lady goat, to-day," he thought as he went through a big snowdrift, scattering the snow on both sides like an

electric-car snow plow. "I haven't seen Aunt Lettie in some time, and she may be ill again." For this was some time after Uncle Wiggily had brought her the flowers. Well, pretty soon he was at the old lady goat's house, and, surely enough she had been ill again. She had eaten some red paper, off the outside of a tomato can, one day right after Christmas, and the paper didn't have the right kind of stickumpaste on it, so Aunt Lettie was taken ill on that account.

"But I'm much better now," she said to Uncle Wiggily, "and I'm real glad you called. Come in and I'll give you a hot cup of old newspaper tea."

"Um, I don't know as I care for that," said the old gentleman rabbit, making his nose twinkle like a star on a frosty night.

"Oh, I'm surprised to hear you say that," spoke Aunt Lettie, sorrowful-like. "Newspaper tea is very good, especially with cream-stickum-mucilage in it. But never mind, I'll give you some carrot tea," and she did, and she and Uncle Wiggily sat and talked about old times, and the fun Nannie and Billie Goat used to have, until it was time for the old gentleman rabbit to go back home. School was out as he went along in his auto. He could tell that because he met so many of the animal children. And he gave Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow and Johnnie and Billie Bushtail a ride toward home. But before they got there, all of a sudden, as the four animal children were in the auto, and Uncle Wiggily was making it go through a snowdrift, all of a sudden, I say the old gentleman rabbit turned around a corner, and

there was Susie Littletail, the little rabbit girl, standing in front of a big heap of snow.

And she was crying very hard, her tears falling down, and making little holes in the snow, and she was poking into the drift with a long stick.

"Why, Susie!" asked Uncle Wiggily, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, my doll! My lovely, big, new Christmas doll!" cried

Susie. "I had her to school with me, for we are learning to sew in our class, and I was making my dollie a new dress, and—and—" and then poor Susie cried so hard that she couldn't talk.



"Don't tell me some one took your doll away from you!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily.

"If they did I'll go after them and get it back for you!" cried Jackie Bow Wow.

"So will I!" said Peetie and Billie and Johnnie.

"No, it isn't that," spoke the little rabbit girl. "But as I was walking along, with my dollie in my arms, all of a sudden she slipped out, fell into this big snowbank, and I can't find her! She's all covered up. Boo hoo! Hoo boo!"

"Oh, don't take on so," said Uncle Wiggily kindly. "We will all help you hunt for your dollie; won't we, boys?"

"Sure!" cried Peetie and Jackie and Billie and Johnnie.

So they all got sticks and poked in the snow bank, Uncle Wiggily poking harder than anybody, but it was of no use. They couldn't seem to find that lost doll.

"She must be very deep under the snow!" said Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, I'll never see her again!" cried Susie. "My big, beautiful Christmas doll. Boo-hoo! Hoo-boo!"

"You can get her when the snow melts," spoke Peetie Bow Wow, as he scratched away at the drift with his paws.

"Yes, but then the wax will be all melted off her face, and she won't look like anything," murmured Susie, sad-like.

"Wait; I have a plan," said Uncle Wiggily. "There is a fan, like an electric one, in the front part of my auto to keep the water cool. I'll make that fan blow the snow away and we'll get your doll."

So he tried that, making the fan whizz around like a boy's top, but, though it blew some snow away, the doll couldn't be found.

"Oh, I'll never see my big, beautiful doll again!" cried Susie.

"Oh, whatever is the matter?" asked a voice, and, turning around, they all saw the big, black, woolly bear standing there. At first the animal children were frightened until Uncle Wiggily said:

"Oh, that bear won't hurt us. I once helped him get some walnut shells off his paws, so he is a friend of mine."

"Of course I am," said the bear. "What is the trouble?" Then they told him about Susie's doll being under the drift, and the bear went on: "Don't worry about that. My paws are just made for digging in the snow. I'll have that doll for you in a jiffy, which is very quick." So with his paws he began digging in the snow.

My! how he did make the snow fly, and he blew it away with his strong breath. Faster and faster flew the snow, and in about a minute it was all scraped away, and there was Susie's doll safe and sound. And she was sleeping with her eyes shut.

"Oh, you darling!" Susie cried, clasping the doll in her arms.

"Did you mean me?" asked the bear, laughing.

"Yes, I guess I did!" said Susie, also laughing, and she gave the bear a nice little kiss on the end of his black nose.

Then everybody was happy and the bear went back to his den and Uncle Wiggily took the children and the doll home.