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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And The Lazy Duck

The day after Uncle Wiggily had scared the bad burglar fox with the Jack-o'-lantern, the old rabbit gentleman and Lulu and Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the ducks, went for a little ride in the automobile.

For it was Saturday, you see, and there was no school. So they went along quite a distance over the hills and through the woods and fields, for Uncle Wiggily's auto was a sort of fairy machine and could go almost anywhere.

Pretty soon they came to a little house beside the road, and in the front yard was a nice pump, where you could get a drink of water.

"I am very thirsty," said Uncle Wiggily to Jimmie. "I wonder if we could get a drink here?"

"Oh, yes," said Lulu, as she looked to see if her hair ribbon was on straight; "a duck family lives here, and they will give you all the water you want."

Right after that, before Uncle Wiggily could get out of the auto to pump some water, there came waddling out of the duckhouse a duck boy, about as big as Jimmie.

"How do you do?" said Uncle Wiggily, politely to this duck boy. "May we get a drink of water here?"

"Oh—um—er—oo—I—guess—so," said the duck boy slowly, and he stretched out his wings and stretched out his

legs and then he sat down on a bench in the front yard and nearly went to sleep.

"Why, I wonder what is the matter with him?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Why does he act so strangely, and speak so slow?"

"I can tell you!" exclaimed Lulu, and she got down out of the auto and picked up a stone. "That duck boy is lazy, that's what's the matter with him. He never even wants to play. Why, at school he hardly ever knows his lessons."

"Oh, you surprise me!" said the old gentleman rabbit. "A lazy duck boy! I never heard of such a thing. What is his name?"



"It's Fizzy-Whizzy," said Jimmie, who also knew the boy.

"Why, what a strange name!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. "Why do they call him that?"

"Because he is so fond of fizzy-izzy soda water," said Alice. "Oh, let's go along, Uncle Wiggily."

"No," said the rabbit gentleman, slowly, "if this is a lazy duck boy he should be cured. Laziness is worse than the measles or whooping cough, I think. And as I am very thirsty I want a drink. Then I will think of some plan to cure this boy duck of being lazy."

So Uncle Wiggily went close up to the boy duck and called out loud, right in his ear, so as to waken him: "Will you please get me a cup so I may get a drink of water?"

"Hey? What's—that—you—said?" asked the lazy boy duck, slowly, stretching out his wings.

Uncle Wiggily told him over again, but that lazy chap just stretched his legs this time and said:

"~~Oh—I—am—too—tired—to—get—you—a—cup. You—had—better—go—in—the—house—and—get—it—for—yourself,~~" and then he was going to sleep again.

But, all of a sudden, his mother, who worked very hard at washing and ironing, came to the door and said:

"Oh, dear! If Fizzy-Wizzy hasn't gone to sleep again. Wake up at once, Fizzy, and get me some wood for the fire! Quick."

"~~Oh—ma—I am—too—tired,~~" said Fizzy-Wizzy. "~~I—will—do—it—to-morrow—um—ah—er—boo—soo!~~" and he was asleep once more.

"Oh, I never saw such a lazy boy in all my life!" exclaimed the duck boy's mother, and she was very much ashamed of him. "I don't know what to do."

"Do you want me to make him better?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Indeed I do, but I am afraid you can't," she said.

"Yes I can," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll come back here this evening and I'll cure him. First let me get a drink of water and then I'll think of a way to do it." So the duck lady herself brought out a cup so Uncle Wiggily

and Lulu and Alice and Jimmie could get a drink from the pump, and all the while the lazy chap slept on.

"How are you going to cure him, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Jimmie when they were riding along in the auto once more.

"I will show you," said the old gentleman rabbit. "And you children must help me, for to be lazy is a dreadful thing."

Well, that night, after dark, Uncle Wiggily took a lantern, and some matches and some rubber balls and some beans and something else done up in a package, and he put all these things in his auto. Then he and the Wibblewobble children got in and they went to the house of the lazy boy duck.

"Is he in?" asked Uncle Wiggily of the boy's mamma.

"Yes," she said in a whisper.

"Well, when I throw a pebble against the kitchen window tell him to come out and see who's here," went on the rabbit gentleman. Then he opened the package and in it were four false faces, one of a fox, one of a wolf, one of a bear and one was of an alligator. And Uncle Wiggily put on the alligator false face, gave the bear one to Jimmie, the fox one to Alice and the wolf one to Lulu.

Then he gave Jimmie a handful of beans and he gave Alice a rubber ball filled with water to squirt and Lulu the same. They knew what to do with them. Then Uncle Wiggily built a fire and made some stones quite warm, not warm enough to burn one, but just warm enough.

These stones he put in front of the lazy duck boy's house and then he threw a pebble against the window. "Go and see who is there," said the duck boy's mamma to him.

"I—don't—want—to," the lazy chap was just saying, but he suddenly became very curious and thought he would just take a peep out. And no sooner had he opened the door and stepped on the warm stones than he began to run down the yard, for he was afraid if he stood still he would be burned.

And then, as he ran, up popped Uncle Wiggily from behind the bushes, looking like an alligator with the false face on.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the lazy boy and he ran faster than ever.

Then up jumped Jimmie, looking like a bear with the false face on, and up popped Lulu looking like a wolf and Alice looking like a fox.

"Oh! Oh!" cried the lazy boy, and he ran faster than ever before in his life.

Then Alice and Lulu squirted water at him from their rubber balls.

"Oh! It's raining! It's raining!" cried the boy duck, and he ran faster than before.

Then Jimmie threw the beans at him and they rattled all over.

"Oh! It's snowing and hailing!" cried the lazy boy, and he ran faster than ever. And then Uncle Wiggily threw some hickory nuts at him, and that lazy duck ran still

faster than he had ever run in his life before and ran back in the house.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, "I've had a terrible time," and he spoke very fast. "I'll never be lazy again."

"I'm glad of it," she said. "I guess Uncle Wiggily cured you."

And so the old gentleman rabbit had, for the duck boy was always ready to work after that. Then Lulu and Alice and Jimmie went home in the auto and went to bed, and that's where you must go soon.