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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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# Uncle Wiggily And The Trained Nurse

Uncle Wiggily Longears, the gentleman rabbit, was out riding in his automobile. He was taking exercise, so he would not be so fat, for a fat rabbit is about the fattest thing there is, except a balloon, and that doesn't count, as it has no ears.

"I wonder what will happen to me to-day?" said Uncle Wiggily, as he rode along, turning the turnip steering wheel from one side to the other to keep from bumping into stones and stumps, and things like that. And, every now and then, Uncle Wiggily would take a bite out of his turnip steering wheel. That was what it was for, you see. And as for the German bologna sausages which were the tires, Uncle Wiggily used to let anybody who wanted to—such as a hungry doggie or a starving kittie—take a bite out of them whenever they wanted to.

Well, pretty soon, after a while, not so very long, Uncle Wiggily came to the top of a hill. He stopped his auto there to look around at the green fields and the apple trees in blossom, and at the little brook running along over the green, mossy stones. And the brook never stubbed its toe once on the stones! What do you think of that?

"Well, I guess I'll go down hill," thought the old gentleman rabbit, and down he started.

But Oh unhappiness! Sadness, and, also, isn't it too bad! No sooner had Uncle Wiggily started down the hill in his auto than the snicker-snooker-um got twisted around the boodle-oodle-um, and that made the wibble-wobble-ton stand on its head, instead of standing on its ear as it really ought to have done.

Then the auto ran away, and the next thing Uncle Wiggily knew his car had hit a stump, turned a somersault and part of a peppersault, and he was thrown out.

"Bang!" he fell, right on the hard ground, and for a moment he stayed there, being too much out of breath to get up and see what was the matter.

And when he tried to get up he couldn't. Something had happened to him. He had hit his head on a stone. Poor Uncle Wiggily!

But, very luckily, Dr. Possum happened to be passing, having just come from paying a visit to Grandfather Goosey Gander, who had, by mistake, eaten a shoe button with his corn meal pudding. And Dr. Possum, having cured Grandpa Goosey, went at once to help Uncle Wiggily.

"We must get you home right away, Uncle Wiggily," said the doctor gentleman. "You must be put to bed and have a trained nurse."

"Well, as long as I have to have a nurse, I should much prefer," said Uncle Wiggily, faintly, "I should much prefer a trained one to a wild one. For a trained nurse who can do tricks will be quite funny."

"Hum!" exclaimed Dr. Possum. "A trained nurse has no time to do tricks. Now rest yourself."

So Uncle Wiggily sat back quietly in Dr. Possum's auto until he got to his hollow stump home. Then Old Dog Percival and the doctor carried the rabbit gentleman in, and they sent for a trained nurse. For Uncle Wiggily was quite badly hurt, and needed some one to feed him for a while.

Pretty soon the trained nurse came, and who did she turn out to be but Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy herself, the kind old muskrat. She had been living with Uncle Wiggily, but, for a time, had gone off to study to be a trained nurse. She put on a white cap and a blue and white striped dress, and she was just as good a nurse as one could get from the hospital. Uncle Wiggily was too ill to notice, though.



"I know how to look after him," said Nurse Jane, and she really did.

She felt of his pulse, and made him put out his tongue to look at, to see that he had not swallowed it by mistake, and she found out how hot he was to see if he had fever, and all things like that. And she put a report of all these things down on a bit of white birch bark

for paper, using a licorice stick for a pencil. Afterward Dr. Possum would read the report.

Well, for some time Uncle Wiggily was quite ill, for you know it is no fun to be in an automobile accident. Then he began to get better. Nurse Jane did not have much to do, and Dr. Possum, who came in every day, said: "He will get well now. But Uncle Wiggily has had a hard time of it; very hard!"

And, as soon as he began to get better, Uncle Wiggily got sort of impatient, and he wanted many things he could not have, or which were not good for him. He wanted to get out of bed, but Nurse Jane would not let him, for the doctor had told her not to.

Then Uncle Wiggily said:

"Well, you are a trained nurse. Now you must do some tricks for me, or I shall get out of bed whether you want me to or not," and he barked like a dog; really he did. You see he was not exactly himself, but rather out of his head on account of the fever. "Come on, do some tricks!" he cried to Nurse Jane.

Poor Miss Fuzzy-Wuzzy! She had never done a trick since she was a little girl muskrat, but she knew sick rabbits must be humored, so she tried to think of a trick. She did not know whether to make believe jump rope, play puss in a corner or pretend that she was a fire engine. And she really wanted to help Uncle Wiggily!

"Come on! Do something!" he cried, and he almost jumped out of bed. "Do something."

And just then, as it happened, a great big bee flew in the window, and maybe it was going to sting Uncle Wiggily, for all I know. Then Nurse Jane knew what to do.

She caught up a soft towel, so as not to hurt the bee any more than she had to, and she began hitting at him.

"Get out of here! Get out of here!" cried Nurse Jane.

"You can't sting Uncle Wiggily!"

"Buzz! Buzz!" sang the bee.

"Go out! Go out!" exclaimed Nurse Jane, and she made the towel sail through the air. The bee flew this way and that, up and down and sideways, but always Nurse Jane was after him with the towel, trying to drive him out of the window.

She climbed up on chairs, she jumped over tables, without knocking over a single medicine bottle. She crawled under the sofa and out again, she even jumped on the couch and bounced up in the air like a balloon. And at last she drove the bad bee out doors where he could get honey from the flowers, and they didn't mind his stinging them if he wanted to, which of course he didn't.

Then, after that, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy sat down in a chair, near Uncle Wiggily, very tired out indeed. The old gentleman rabbit opened his eyes and laughed a little.

"Those were funny tricks you did for me," he said, "jumping around like that. Very funny! Ha! Ha!"

"I was not doing tricks," answered Nurse Jane, surprised-like. "I was trying to keep a bee from biting you."

"Were you indeed?" spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I thought they were some of the tricks you had been trained to do. They were fine. I laughed so hard that I think I am much better."

And, indeed, he was, and soon he was all well, so that Nurse Jane Fuzzy, without really meaning to at all, had done some funny tricks when she drove out that bee. Oh! trained nurses are very queer, I think, but they are very nice, also.

So Uncle Wiggily was soon well, and needed no nurse, and when his auto was mended, he could ride around in it as nicely as before.