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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily Helps Jimmie

Old Percival, who used to be a circus dog, wasn't feeling very well. Some bad boys had tied a tin can to his tail, and had thrown stones at him and done other mean things. But Uncle Wiggily had come along and driven the boys away, and Percival had come home in the automobile of the old gentleman rabbit, and was given a nice warm place behind the kitchen stove, where he could lie down.

"But I don't feel a bit good," Percival said to Uncle Wiggily. "I don't know whether it was the tin can the boys tied to my tail, or the leaves they stuck on me, or the bone they put in my mouth or the molasses they used, but I don't feel at all well."

"Perhaps it is the epizootic," said Alice Wibblewobble, the duck girl, as she untied her green hair ribbon and put on a pink one.

"That may be it," said Percival, and he blinked his two eyes slow and careful-like, so as not to get any dust in them.

"Perhaps if I made you some dog-biscuit-soup it would make you feel better," said Mrs. Wibblewobble. "I'll cook some right away."

So she did that and Percival ate it, but still that night he didn't feel much better, and the only trick he could do for the children was to stand up on his tail, and make believe he was a soldier. But he couldn't do that

very long, and then he had to crawl back to his bed behind the stove.

"Poor Percival is getting old," said Mr. Wibblewobble.

"He isn't the lively dog he used to be when he showed Peetie and Jackie Bow Wow how to do tricks in a circus parade."



"No, indeed," said Uncle Wiggily, and then the old gentleman rabbit played blind man's bluff with Lulu and Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble until it was time to go to bed.

Well, the next day poor old

Percival wasn't any better and when the duck children started for school their mamma told them to stop on their way home and tell Dr. Possum to come and give Percival some medicine.

"We will," said Jimmie, and just then they saw Uncle Wiggily putting some gasoline in his automobile.

"Oh, dear! You're not going away, are you, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Lulu Wibblewobble as she picked up a stone and threw it even better than the lazy boy duck could have done.

"No," said the old gentleman rabbit, "I am just going for a little ride to see Grandfather Goosey Gander, but I will be back here when you come from school. Don't forget about telling Dr. Possum to come and see Percival."

So they said they wouldn't forget, and then the three duck children hurried on to school so they wouldn't be late, and Uncle Wiggily tickled the flinkum-flankum of his auto and away he went whizzing over the fields and through the woods.

Well, as it happened that day, Dr. Possum wasn't home, so all that Jimmie and his sisters could do was to leave word for him to come and see Percival as soon as the doctor got back.

"I'll send him right away, just as soon as he comes in," said Dr. Possum's wife. "Oh, I am so sorry for poor Percival."

Well, when Lulu and Alice and Jimmie got home from school Dr. Possum hadn't yet come to the duck house to see the sick dog, who was much worse. And Uncle Wiggily hadn't come back from his automobile ride, either.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Wibblewobble. "I don't know what to do! The doctor ought to come, and Uncle Wiggily ought to be here. Perhaps Uncle Wiggily has met with an accident and Dr. Possum had to attend to him first."

"Oh, I hope not, mamma," said Alice.

"I know what I can do," said Jimmie, the boy duck. "I can hurry back to Dr. Possum's house to see if he has come back yet. If he has I'll tell him to please hurry here."

"I think that would be a good idea," spoke Mrs. Wibblewobble. "Go quickly, Jimmie, and here is a

molasses cookie to eat on your way. Hurry back and bring the doctor with you if you can."

So Jimmie said he would, and off he started, eating the molasses cookie that his mamma had baked. He was thinking how good it was, and wishing it was larger when, all at once, he stepped on a sharp stone and hurt his foot so that he couldn't walk.

"Oh, dear!" cried Jimmie. "What shall I do? I can't go get Dr. Possum for Percival now."

Well, he was in great pain, and he was just wondering how he could send word to the doctor when, all at once, he saw a pony-horse in the field near by.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Jimmie. "That is Munchie Trot, the pony boy, and he'll let me ride to the doctor on his back."

So Jimmie took a stick to use as a cane, and he managed to get right close up beside the pony-horse, who was eating grass.

"I'll surprise him," thought Jimmie. "I'll fly up on his back before he sees me."

So with his strong wings he flew up on the pony's back and he cried out:

"Surprise on you, Munchie! Please gallop and trot with me to Dr. Possum's so he can make Percival well."

And then a funny thing happened. All at once Jimmie noticed that he was on the back of a strange pony. It wasn't Munchie Trot at all! Jimmie had made a mistake. Think of that! And the worst of it was that when he flew so suddenly up on the pony's back Jimmie frightened him, and the next instant the pony jumped

over the fence and began running down the road as fast as he could.

"Oh! Stop! Stop!" cried Jimmie. "I'll fall off!" The duck boy had to take hold of the pony's mane in his yellow bill, and he had to hold on so he wouldn't fall off. Faster and faster ran the pony, trying to get away from what was on his back, for he hadn't seen Jimmie fly up, and he didn't know what it was. Maybe he thought it was a burglar fox, but I'm not sure.

Anyhow the pony went faster and faster, and though Jimmie cried as hard as he could for him to stop the pony wouldn't do it. Jimmie was almost falling off, and he thought surely he would be hurt, when, all of a sudden, down the road, came Uncle Wiggily in his automobile. He saw what was the matter.

"Hold on, Jimmie!" cried the old gentleman rabbit. "Hold on, and I'll be up to you in a minute. Then you can fly into my auto and be safe."

Well, the pony was going fast, but the auto went faster, and it was soon up beside the little galloping horsie.

"Now jump, Jimmie!" called Uncle Wiggily, and the boy duck did so, landing safely in the auto, and he wasn't hurt a bit.

Then the pony galloped on until he looked back and saw it had only been a duck on his back and then he was ashamed for having run away, and he stopped and said he was sorry, so Jimmie forgave him.

"Quick, we must go for Dr. Possum for Old Dog Percival," said Jimmie, and he told Uncle Wiggily how the doctor hadn't yet come. Then Uncle Wiggily told

how he accidentally got a hole in one of his big rubber tires or he would have been home sooner.

"But it's a good thing I happened to come along to help you," he said to Jimmie, and Jimmie thought so too.

Then they went for Dr. Possum, who had just come home, and they took him to Percival in the auto, and Dr. Possum soon made Percival all well, and I'm glad of it.

Then the doctor cured Jimmie's sore foot, and everybody was happy, and I hope you are.