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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily's Strange Umbrellas

Uncle Wiggily hopped out one day to have an adventure, and, as it looked cloudy when he started he took his umbrella. The rabbit gentleman had not hopped very long before it began to April shower. "I'll just hoist my umbrella," said the bunny. He was going along when he noticed Aunt Lettie, the goat lady, without an umbrella. "Oh, please take mine!" begged the bunny. "I like to get wet!"



"Oh, thank you!" bleated Aunt Lettie. "But can't we both walk under this umbrella?" Uncle Wiggily said no, as he wasn't going her way. The bunny was getting quite

wet when up hopped Mr. Croaker. "Here is a large toadstool for you, Uncle Wiggily," grunted Mr. Croaker. "You may use that for an umbrella. I am used to the rain." Uncle Wiggily thanked the toad, and looked at Mrs. Twistytail.



Uncle Wiggily had not been under the toadstool umbrella very long before Mrs. Twistytail, the pig lady, came along, with nothing to keep the April showers off her new bonnet. "Oh, please take this toadstool!" begged the rabbit uncle. "I don't need it." Mrs. Twistytail said he was very kind, and invited him to walk under it with



her, but he was going the other way. "I like to get wet," he said politely.

Uncle Wiggily hopped along in the rain without an umbrella, when, all of a sudden, he heard a voice say: "Quack! Quack! Quack! Come over here, Mr.

Longears, and I'll give you a Japanese parasol we don't need. We ducks just live in the water." The bunny thanked Mrs. Wibblewobble. Just as Uncle Wiggily raised the paper umbrella, which kept off the rain, along came Mrs. Cluck Cluck the hen.



"Oh, please, Mrs. Cluck Cluck, take this Japanese parasol that Mrs. Wibblewobble loaned me!" cried Uncle Wiggily to the hen lady when he saw she was getting all wet. "Oh, but I'll be robbing you!" cackled Mrs. Cluck Cluck. "Nonsense!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "I don't mind April showers. Besides, maybe, I can get under the pan with

this kind dog I see coming along. Keep dry, Mrs. Cluck Cluck!



"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" barked the ragged but polite tramp dog. "It won't do for you to get wet. Take my umbrella! I made it out of an old dishpan I found, and a broom stick. It will keep you dry. As for me, I'll stand out in the rain, and wash my

clothes that way." Uncle Wiggily thanked the tramp dog, and just then, the bunny saw Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel lady coming. "I must help her," he thought.

Uncle Wiggily had no sooner stepped under the pan umbrella than along came Mrs. Bushytail. The squirrel lady was getting all wet. "Oh, my dear Mrs. Bushytail!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Pray allow me! This isn't a



stylish umbrella, but it will keep off the wet." And the bunny stood in the April shower as Mrs. Bushytail scrambled off. Then out of his house with some pancakes came Mr. Stubtail, the nice bear.

"Look here, Uncle Wiggily!" said Mr. Stubtail. "There is no need of you getting wet. Here are some very tough pancakes my wife made. I can't eat them; rain won't hurt them. Fasten them on a stick and they'll keep off the rain." The bunny, thanking the bear, did this. And Uncle Wiggily was hopping along through the rain with

his pancake umbrella when out popped the Skillery Scallery Alligator.



"Wait a minute!" grunted the Alligator. "Oh, no!" answered Uncle Wiggily. "I know what you want—my ears!" The 'Gator growled: "Well, I'm so hungry I

must eat something! Stand still until I get you!" But Uncle Wiggily wouldn't do that. "Here, nibble some of Mrs. Stubtail's griddle cakes!" he cried. "They are so tough you can chew on them for a week and I can get away!" Then the sun came out.

