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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

Uncle Wiggily's Thanksgiving

"Well, Nurse Jane, I'm going!" cried Uncle Wiggily as he started out from his hollow stump bungalow one day, carrying a basket full of frosted cakes. "Where are you going?" asked the muskrat lady housekeeper. "I'm going to call on my friends," answered the bunny. "And to every one who is thankful at this Thanksgiving season,



I'm going to give a cake." Nurse Jane told him to watch out for the Fox and Wolf.

Uncle Wiggily hopped along with his basket of Thanksgiving cakes until he came to the home of Mr. Twistytail, the pig gentleman.

"What is the matter?" asked the bunny. "Oh, I'm a very

sick pig," was the answer. "Then I suppose you have nothing to be thankful for?" asked the bunny. "Oh, yes, I'm glad all my legs aren't tied up," grunted Mr. Twistytail. "You get a cake!" laughed Uncle Wiggily.



Leaving thankful Mr. Twistytail,

Uncle Wiggily saw Uncle Butter the goat. Uncle Butter

was running toward a fence on which was posted the picture of another goat. "Ah," said Uncle Wiggily, "my friend is going to have a little morning exercise. He is going to see how strong his horns are. He must be



thankful that he is so strong. I'll give him a cake after he bangs the picture goat. He can't hurt him."

All of a sudden Uncle Butter banged himself against the fence. But the boards were thin and Uncle Butter's head went all the way through and

stuck out on the other side. "Dear me!" cried Uncle Wiggily, "I suppose you have nothing to be thankful for now!" Uncle Butter bleated and said he was glad he

didn't have two heads to get stuck in the fence. "Ha! Ha!" laughed the bunny. "You get a cake!"

Uncle Wiggily helped Uncle Butter pull his head out of the fence, and then the goat gentleman took his



Thanksgiving cake home. Uncle Wiggily hopped on a little farther until he met Police Dog Percival. "Why do you look so bad, Percival?" asked the bunny. "I'm afraid you are not thankful. You can't have a cake." Percival swung his club. "No, I'm not thankful. But I smell a Fox. Wait a moment!"



All of a sudden Police Dog Percival ran down the path and caught the Fuzzy Fox, who was sneaking up to get Uncle Wiggily. "I arrest you!" barked Percival. "Wow! Wow! Let me qo!" howled the Fox. "No, no!" barked Percival.

"Now I have something to be thankful for! I've made an

arrest. That's why I wasn't thankful before." Uncle Wiggily gave Percival a Thanksgiving cake from his basket.

After Percival took the Fox to jail, Uncle Wiggily hopped on with his cake basket. "I wonder whom I shall next meet to give a Thanksgiving cake?"



murmured the bunny. "I'm going to be thankful in a



moment!" howled a harsh voice, and out popped the Woozie Wolf. "I'll catch you and nibble your ears—then I'll be thankful!" growled the Wolf. Uncle Wiggily ran as fast as he could.

Uncle Wiggily hopped as he had never hopped before, but the Wolf could run the faster, and soon the bad animal caught the bunny. "Ha! Ha!" laughed the Wolf, as he held the bunny by one paw, "you talk about Thanksgiving! What have you to be thankful for? You



laughed when Percival arrested my friend the Fox! Now it's my turn to laugh." Uncle Wiggily said he had one thing to be thankful for.

"Ho! Ho! What have you to be thankful for?" sneered the Wolf. "I have caught you!" and he shook the

bunny. "I'm thankful that the Fox isn't here," said Uncle Wiggily. Then slyly he raised the basket and shoved it over the Wolf's head. "I am also thankful that I can put your head in my basket and run away!" laughed the bunny. "That's the second part of my Thanksgiving. Now I'm going home!"

