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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And Tommie's Kite

"Uncle Wiggily, have you anything special to do today?" asked Tommie Kat, the little kitten boy, one morning as he knocked on the door of the hollow stump bungalow, where Mr. Longears, the rabbit gentleman, lived.

"Anything special to do? Why, no, I guess not," answered the bunny uncle. "I just have to go walking to look for an adventure to happen to me, and then—" "Didn't you promise to go to the five and ten cent store for me, and buy me a pair of diamond earrings?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper.

"Oh, so I did!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I had forgotten about that. But I'll go. What was it you wanted of me?" he asked Tommie Kat, who was making a fishpole of his tail by standing it straight up in the air.

"Oh, I wanted you to come and help me build a kite, and then come with me and fly it," said the kitten boy.

"Could you do that, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Well, perhaps I could," said the bunny uncle. "I will first go to the store and get Nurse Jane's diamond earrings. Then, on the way back, I'll stop and help you with your kite. And after that is done I'll go along and see if I can find an adventure."

"That will be fun!" cried Tommie. "I have everything all ready to make the kite—paper, sticks, paste and string. We'll make a big one and fly it away up in the air." So off through the woods started Uncle Wiggily and Tommie to the five and ten cent store. There they bought the diamond earrings for Nurse Jane, who wanted to wear them to a party Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, the hen lady, was going to have next week.

"And now to make the kite!" cried Tommie, as he and Uncle Wiggily reached the house where the Kat family lived.

The bunny uncle and the little kitten boy cut out some red paper in the shape of a kite. Then they pasted it on the crossed sticks, which were tied together with string.



"The kite is almost done," said Uncle Wiggily, as he held it up. "And can you tell me, Tommie, why your kite is like Buddy, the guinea pig boy?"

"Can I tell you why my kite is like Buddy, the guinea pig boy?" repeated Tommie, like a man in a minstrel show.

"No, Uncle Wiggily, I can not. Why is my kite like Buddy, the guinea pig boy?"

"Because," laughed the old rabbit gentleman, "this kite has no tail and neither has Buddy."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Tommie. "That's right!"

For guinea pigs have no tails, you know, though if you ask me why I can't tell you. Some kites do have tails, though, and others do not.

Anyhow, Tommie's kite, without a tail, was soon finished, and then he and Uncle Wiggily went to a clear, open place in the fields, near the woods, to fly it.

There was a good wind blowing, and when Uncle Wiggily raised the kite up off the ground, Tommie ran, holding the string that was fast to the kite and up and up and up it went in the air. Soon it was sailing quite near the clouds, almost like Uncle Wiggily's airship, only, of course, no one rode on the kite.

"Have you any more string, Uncle Wiggily?" asked the kitten boy, after a bit.

"String, Tommie? What for?"

"Well, I want to make my kite string longer so it will go up higher. But if you have none I'll run home and get some myself. Will you hold the kite while I'm gone?"

"To be sure I will," said Uncle Wiggily. So he took hold of the string of Tommie's kite, which was now quite high in the air. And, sitting down on the ground, Uncle Wiggily held the kite from running away while Tommie went for more string.

It was a nice, warm, summer day, and so pleasant in the woods, with the little flies buzzing about, that, before he knew it Uncle Wiggily had fallen asleep. His pink nose stopped twinkling, his ears folded themselves down like a slice of bread and jam, and Uncle Wiggily's eyes closed.

All of a sudden he was awakened by feeling himself being pulled. At first he thought it was the skillery-scalery alligator, or the bad fox trying to drag him off to his den, and Uncle Wiggily, opening his eyes, cried: "Here! Stop that if you please! Don't pull me so!"

But when he looked around he could see no one, and then he knew it was Tommie's kite, flying up in the air, that was doing the pulling.

The wind was blowing hard now, and as Uncle Wiggily had the kite string wound around his paws, of course he was pulled almost off his feet.

"Ha! That kite is a great puller!" said the bunny uncle. "I must look out or it might pull me up to the clouds. I had better fasten the string to this old stump. The kite can't pull that up."

So the rabbit gentleman fastened the kite cord to the stout old stump, winding it around two or three times, and he kept the loose end of the string in his paw.

Uncle Wiggily was just going to sleep again, and he was wondering why it took Tommie so long to find more string for the kite, when, all of a sudden, there was a rustling in the bushes, and out jumped the bad old babboon, who had, once before, made trouble for the bunny uncle.

"Ah, ha!" jabbered the babboon. "This time I have caught you. You can't get away from me now. I am going to take you off to my den."

"Oh, please don't!" begged Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, I shall, too!" blabbered the babboon. "Off to my den you shall go—you shall go—you shall go. Off to my

den. Oh, hold on!" cried the bad creature. "That isn't the song I wanted to sing. That's the London Bridge song. I want the one about the dinner bell is ringing in the bread box this fine day. And the dinner bell is ringing for to take you far away, Uncle Wiggily."

"Ah, then I had better go to my dinner," said the bunny uncle, sadly.

"No! You will go with me!" cried the babboon. "Come along now. I'm going to take you away."

"Well, if I must go, I suppose I must," Uncle Wiggily said, looking at the kite string, which was pulling at the stump very hard now. "But before you take me away would you mind pulling down Tommie's kite?" asked the bunny uncle. "I'll leave it for him."

"Yes, I'll pull the kite down," said the babboon.

"Maybe you will," thought Uncle Wiggily, laughing to himself. "And maybe you won't."

The bad babboon monkey chap unwound the string from the stump, but no sooner had he started to pull in the kite than there came a very strong puff of wind. Up, up and up into the air blew the kite and, as the string was tangled around the babboon's paws, it took him up with it, and though he cried out: "Stop! Stop! Stop!" the kite could not stop, nor the babboon either. Up, up and up into the air blew the kite and, as the string was tangled around the babboon's paws, it took him up with it.

"Well, I guess you won't bother me any more," said Uncle Wiggily, as he looked at the babboon, who was

only a speck in the sky now; a very little speck, being carried away by the kite.

And the baboon did not come back to bother Uncle Wiggily, at least for a long time. Tommie felt badly when he found his kite blown away. But he was glad Uncle Wiggily had been saved, and he and the bunny uncle soon made a new kite, better than the first. They had lots of fun flying it.