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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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# The Happy Hare Seeks The Weather Man

"I am happy to-day and happy to-morrow,  
Trouble I never stop to borrow," sang the Happy Hare  
one misty morning.

As he was walking along he chanced to meet the  
Croaking Crocodile who greeted him saying:  
"To be happy or sad I can't decide whether,  
I always worry so over the Weather!"

The Crocodile shed real tears and the Happy Hare said:  
"We'll go and seek the Weather Man out,  
He would like to help us beyond a doubt."

So, they went on a journey to find the Weather Man,  
and they met many animals as they passed along the  
Winding Road for half of a half of a quarter of a mile.  
They bowed to all the animals they met and inquired  
what kind of weather they wanted.  
Said Pussy Whiskers, "I like it dry,  
Such wet weather makes me want to cry."

The Croaking Crocodile said:  
"Join our procession—we've a plan,  
We're going to the Weather Man."

So, Pussy Whiskers followed on behind, but Old Web-Foot the Duck had heard her remark, and as she thoroughly enjoyed wet weather she said:

"Pussy Whiskers, take your wish back,  
I like wet weather, quack, quack, quack."

The Happy Hare skipped on ahead but the Croaking Crocodile invited Old Web-Foot to go with them, and they went on for half of a half of a quarter of a mile, until they met Chatter-Box, the monkey, who said:

"I'll join your procession, like as not,  
Oh, how I wish it would turn real hot!"

He was glad to go on the  
journey to the Weather Man.

Next they met Snowball, the  
Polar Bear sighing:

"I come from a cold country as  
you know,  
How I enjoy the ice and snow."

Before the Croaking Crocodile  
could make a remark, the Happy  
Hare said:

"I do declare, there's a difference  
of opinion everywhere."

Just at this very minute they met a little old man in a  
little old brown suit, carrying a little old brown  
umbrella.



They all bowed politely and said:  
"Some day we will explain our plan,  
Please lead us to the Weather Man."

To this, the little old man bowed politely and said:  
"The Weather Man is my own name,  
Please tell me kind friends why you came."

The Happy Hare said, in reply:  
"A Happy Hare with smiling face,  
Enjoys the weather any place."

The Weather Man smiled and remarked:  
"The Croaking Crocodile has such fears,  
At times, I regret he sheds real tears."

Then all the animals began to shout together.  
Pussy Whiskers said, "I want it dry";  
Old Web-Foot said, "For rain I cry";  
Chatter-Box said, "I like it hot";  
Snowball said, "It will be icy like as not."  
The Weather Man in a brown study sat;  
He said, "I'll have to think over that";  
He ordered all kinds of Weather that day  
And on a cyclone they blew away.

The Happy Hare landed on his feet after he had been  
blown half of a half of a quarter of a mile saying:

“Ha, ha, ha, let’s be happy together,  
Every day in spite of the weather!”

The Croaking Crocodile remarked:

“I’ll shed some tears, I can’t decide whether  
I like this, or that, or the other weather.”

Pussy Whiskers and Web-Foot and Chatter-Box and  
Snowball sat down in a circle and tried to get their  
breath and they remarked in concert:

“Ha, ha, we’ll have all the fun we can,  
In spite of the queer little Weather Man.”

Now, if one ever notices a day half rain and half  
sunshine, half hot and half cold, one will know that the  
animals have gone to visit the Weather Man, and if one  
thinks it worth his while, he can chat with the Croaking  
Crocodile. Perhaps if one wears Fairy Spectacles, one



can see the Happy Hare  
peeping out of his wee little  
house in the woods, and one  
may hear him singing, as I did  
once,

“I’m a Happy Hare, I can’t find  
out,

Why the weather’s a thing to  
worry about,” Then he put on  
his cap and away he ran,

For a chat with the queer little

Weather Man.