



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily And The Fire

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"What do you think, mamma!" cried Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, as he came running in the house after school one fine day. "Oh, what do you think?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know, Sammie, my dear," said Mrs. Littletail, smiling at him. "I think of a great many things, of course."

"Oh, he means what do you think teacher told us!" cried Sammie's sister Susie, as she came in more slowly, for girl rabbits cannot run quite as fast as can rabbit boys.

"Did your teacher say you were good little animal children to-day, and that you had your lessons well?" Mrs. Littletail wanted to know.

"Well, she did say that," spoke Sammie, sort of bashful like and shy, "but I think you can't guess what I mean. She said we ought to make a little garden, each for ourselves, and grow things to eat in it. The one who has the best garden will get a prize."

"And I'm going to have a garden and raise lettuce!" cried Susie.

"And I'm going to have one and plant carrots. And I'm going to give Uncle Wiggily some!" added Sammie.

"It will be very nice for each of you to make a garden," said the rabbit children's mamma. "You may each have a little part of our big garden for yourselves."

"And we are to do all the work, too," explained Sammie. "We must clear off the ground, spade it up, rake it smooth, put in the seeds and water them when they come up."

"Oh, of course, if it's your garden, you must look after it yourselves," said Mrs. Littletail.

So Sammie and Susie began to make their garden. First they raked away the brush, sticks and leaves from the ground that was to be dug up. This brush they piled in a big heap in the large garden.

"That pile of brush does not look very nice there," said their mamma.

"Oh, we are going to burn it when we get through," said Sammie. "Teacher said we were to burn up all trash and rubbish, for the ashes were good to mix with

the garden dirt. I don't know why, but ashes make the ground better."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Littletail, "but you had better let your papa burn the brush. He will have more brush when he rakes up the ground for his garden. Animal or real children should not play with fire," said the mamma rabbit.

So Sammie and Susie Littletail went on making their garden, and in it they planted cabbage, radishes, lettuce and carrots—all things that rabbits love to eat. A few days later their papa, Mr. Littletail, the rabbit gentleman, made his garden, and he raked up a big pile of brush. When the garden was all nice and smooth Mr. Littletail said:

"Now I will burn that brush."

"And may we watch you?" asked Sammie.

"Yes, if you do not come too close," his papa said.

Mr. Littletail set fire to the big pile of dried brush, sticks and leaves, and my goodness me sakes alive and some peanut pancakes! How it did blaze up! It crackled like the Fourth of July, and the heat was so great that Mr. Littletail had to jump back very quickly.

"Oh, what a fine fire!" cried Susie.

"We could roast potatoes in it if it were not so large," spoke Sammie. "But it is too hot now."

"Indeed it is," his father said. "Keep back."

Hotter and hotter grew the brush fire. The blaze leaped up, and then every one had to run far away. The fire grew so hot that the Littletail house began to smoke and scorch.

"Oh, our house will catch fire from the brush!" cried Sammie.

"Yes, I am afraid it will!" exclaimed Mr. Littletail. "I must get some pails of water and throw on the brush fire."



But, by this time, the fire was so hot that, when Mr. Littletail had the water, he could not get near enough to toss it on the blaze.

"Oh, what shall we do!" cried his wife. "Our house will burn down! Oh, I must save what I can!"

So she threw the clock and a lot of her best dishes out of the window, and they were broken, I am sorry to say. Then Mrs. Littletail carefully carried out the

feather bed. You see she was so excited that she did things backwards. She should have thrown the feather bed out of the window, for that would not break. And she ought to have carried the clock and dishes down stairs in her apron.

Hotter and hotter grew the fire, and the rabbit house was beginning to smoke and blaze.

“Call out the water bug fire department!” shouted Grandfather Goosey Gander. But the water bugs had gone away on an excursion, and could not come.

“Oh, my lovely house will burn!” cried Mrs. Littletail.

“No, I know how to save it!” shouted Sammie. “I’ll go get Uncle Wiggily Longears in his airship. We can go up in the air over the fire and spill a pail of water on it. He won’t be burned as he will be so high up, but the water will put out the fire.”

“Go and get him quickly then!” shouted Mr. Littletail hopping up and down on his big ears.

Uncle Wiggily came sailing along in his airship right away when Sammie called him. The rabbit gentleman took up with him many pails of water, and when he had steered his airship high up over the fire, where he was out of danger, Uncle Wiggily spilled down the water, just like rain from the clouds, and the fire hissed like a snake, and went out.

The brush was all burned up, of course, and the Littletail house was scorched on the roof, but not very much. Uncle Wiggily had put it out just in time.

“But if it hadn’t been for your airship I don’t know what we would have done!” cried Mr. Littletail. “Thank you so much!”

“Do not mention it,” said Uncle Wiggily politely, as he wagged his tail up and down as well as sideways.

Then the rabbit gentleman helped pick up the broken dishes, and he mended the broken clock and all was well. And Mr. Littletail did not make such a big brush fire again.

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