



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily And The Pumpkin

Howard R. Garis

"Well," said Uncle Wiggily Longears one fine fresh morning, just after the milkman had been around to leave some cream for the coffee, "I think I will be traveling on again, Mrs. Bushytail."

"Oh, don't go yet!" begged Billie, the boy squirrel.

"No, you haven't made us a long visit at all," spoke his brother Johnnie. "Can't you stay a long, long time?"

"Well, I promised Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, that I would come in my new automobile and pay him and his sisters a visit," said the old gentleman, as he wiggled first his left ear and then the right one to see if there were any pennies stuck in them. And he found two pennies, one for Johnnie and one for Billie.

"Oh, please stay with us a few more days. You can go visit the Wibblewobble family next week," said Johnnie; "can't he, mother?" "Yes, I really think you might stay with us a little longer," said Mrs. Bushytail, as she was mending some holes in Johnnie's stocking. "Besides, I thought you might do me a favor to-day, Uncle Wiggily."

"A favor!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, making a low bow. "I am always anxious to do you a favor if I can. What is it, Mrs. Bushytail?"

"Why, I thought you and the boys might like to go off in the automobile and see if you could find me a nice, large yellow pumpkin," said the squirrel lady.

"Oh, goody!" cried Billie. "I know what for—to make a Jack-o'-lantern for us, eh, mamma?"

"Sure!" cried Johnnie, jumping up and down because he was so happy, "and we'll take it out after dark, Billie, and have some fun with Bully the frog."

"Oh, no, not a pumpkin for a Jack-o'-lantern," said Mrs. Bushytail. "What I need a pumpkin for is to make some pies, and I thought you might like to get one, Uncle Wiggily."

"Yes, indeed, I would!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit. "I am very fond of hunting pumpkins for pies, and also eating them after they are baked. I like pumpkin pie almost as much as I do cherry pie. Come on, boys, let's get into the

auto and we'll go look for a pumpkin."

"But don't go near that man's field who was going to shoot us the other day because we took a few apples," said Billie, and Uncle Wiggily said he wouldn't. So out they went to the barn, where the auto was kept, leaving Mrs. Bushytail in the house mending stockings and getting ready to bake the pumpkin pies.

"Here we go!" cried Uncle Wiggily, when he had tickled the tinkerum-tankerum with a feather to make it sneeze.

Away went the auto, and as it rolled along on its big fat wheels Uncle Wiggily sang a funny little song, like this:

"Pumpkin pie is my delight,
I eat it morning, noon and night,
It's very good to make you grow,
That's why the boys all love it so.

"If I could have my dearest wish,
I'd have some cherries in a dish.
And then a pumpkin pie, or two;
Of course, I'd save a piece for you.

"Perhaps, if we are good and kind,
A dozen pumpkins we may find,
We'll bring them home and stew them up,
And then on pumpkin pie we'll sup."

Well, after he had sung that song, Uncle Wiggily felt better. The auto felt better also, I guess, for it ran along very fast, and, all of a sudden, they came to a place where there was a field of pumpkins. Oh, such lovely, large, golden yellow pumpkins as they were.

"Hurray!" cried Johnnie.

"Whoop-de-doodle-do!" cried Billie.



"Dear me hum suz dud!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "It couldn't be better. But I wonder if these pumpkins would mind if we took one?"

"Not in the least! Not in the least!" suddenly cried a voice near the fence, and looking over, Uncle Wiggily and the boys saw Grandfather Goosey Gander, the old gentleman duck, standing there on one leg. "This is my field of pumpkins," said Grandfather Goosey, "and you may take as many as you like." Then he put down his other leg, which he had been holding up under his feathers.

"Thank you very much," spoke Uncle Wiggily politely.

"And may we each have a pumpkin to make a Jack-o'-lantern?" asked Billie.

"To be sure," answered Grandfather Goosey, so Uncle Wiggily took a very large pumpkin for a pie, and the boy squirrels took smaller ones for their lanterns. Then Uncle Wiggily took a few more to be sure he would have plenty, but none was as large as the first one.

"I will send you some pumpkin pies when Mrs. Bushytail bakes them," promised the old gentleman rabbit as he got ready to travel on with the boys in the auto.

"I wish you would," said Grandfather Goosey, "as I am very fond of pumpkin pie with watercress salad on top."

On and on went the auto, and Billie and Johnnie were talking about how they would make their Jack-o'-lanterns and have fun, when all of a sudden, out from the bushes at the side of the road, jumped the big, bad savage wolf.

"Hold on there!" he cried to Uncle Wiggily. "Stop, I want to see you!"

"You want to bite me, I guess," said the old gentleman rabbit. "No, sir! I'm not going to stop."

"Then I'll just make you!" growled the wolf, and with that what did he do but bite a hole in one of the big rubber tires, letting out all the wind with a puff, so the auto couldn't go any more.

"Now see what you've done!" cried Johnnie. "Yes, and it was a nice, new auto, too," said Billie sorrowfully.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried the wolf. "Double fiddlesticks. Don't talk to me. I'm hungry. Get out of that auto, now, so I can bite you."

"Oh! what shall we do?" whispered Johnnie.

"Hush! Don't say a word. I'm going to play a trick on that wolf," said Uncle Wiggily. Then he spoke to the savage creature, saying: "If you are going to eat us up, I s'pose you will; but first would you mind taking one of these pumpkins down to the bottom of the hill and leaving it there for Mrs. Bushtail to make a pie of?"

"Oh, anything to oblige you, since I am going to eat you, anyhow," said the wolf. "Give me the pumpkin, but mind, don't try to run away, while I'm gone for I can catch you. I'll come back and eat you up in a minute."

"All right," said Uncle Wiggily, giving the wolf a little pumpkin, and pretending to cry, to show that he was afraid. But he was only making believe, you see. Well, the wolf began to run down to the foot of the hill.

"Now, quick, boys!" suddenly cried Uncle Wiggily. "We'll roll the biggest pumpkin down after him, and it will hit him and make him as flat as a pancake, and then he can't eat us! Lively, now!"

So, surely enough, they took the big pumpkin out of the auto and rolled it down after the wolf. He heard it coming and he tried to get out of the way, but he couldn't, because he was carrying another pumpkin, and he stumbled and fell down, and the big pumpkin rolled right over him, including his tail, and he was as flat as two pancakes, and part of another one, and he couldn't even eat a toothpick.

Then, Uncle Wiggily and the boys fixed the hole in the tire, pumped it full of wind, and hurried on, and they had plenty of pumpkin left for pies, and they were soon at the squirrel's house, safe and sound, so that's the end of the story.

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