



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily And The Second Pig

Howard R. Garis

"There! It's all done!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the nice muskrat lady housekeeper, who, with Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, was staying in the Littletail rabbit house, since the hollow-stump bungalow had burned down.

"What's all done?" asked Uncle Wiggily, looking over the tops of his spectacles.

"These jam tarts I baked for Billie and Nannie Wagtail, the goat children," said Nurse Jane. "Will you take them with you when you go out for a walk, Uncle Wiggily, and leave them at the goat house?"

"I most certainly will," said the rabbit gentleman, very politely. "Is there anything else I can do for you, Nurse Jane?"

But the muskrat lady wanted nothing more, and, wrapping up the jam tarts in a napkin so they would not catch cold, she gave them to Mr. Longears to take to the two goat children.

Uncle Wiggily was walking along, wondering what sort of an adventure he would have that day, or whether he would meet Mother Goose again, when all at once he heard a voice speaking from behind some bushes.

"Yes, I think I will build my house here," the voice said. "The wolf is sure to find me anyhow, and I might as well have it over with. I'll make my house here."

Uncle Wiggily looked over the bushes, and there he saw a funny little animal boy, with some pieces of wood on his shoulder.

"Hello!" cried Uncle Wiggily, making his nose twinkle in a most jilly-jolly way. "Who are you, and what are you going to do?"

"Why, I am Squeaker, the second little pig, and I am going to make a house of wood," was the answer. "Don't you remember how it reads in the Mother Goose book? 'Once upon a time there were three little pigs, named Grunter, Squeaker and——'"

"Oh, yes, I remember!" Uncle Wiggily said. "I met your brother Grunter yesterday, and helped him build his straw house."

"That was kind of you," spoke Squeaker. "I suppose the bad old wolf got him,

though. Too bad! Well, it can't be helped, as it is that way in the book."

Uncle Wiggily didn't say anything about having saved Grunter, for he wanted to surprise Squeaker, so the rabbit gentleman just twinkled his nose again and asked:

"May I have the pleasure of helping you build your house of wood?"

"Indeed you may, thank you," said Squeaker. "I suppose the old wolf will be along soon, so we had better hurry to get the house finished."

Then the second little pig and Uncle Wiggily built the wooden house. When it was almost finished Uncle Wiggily went out near the back door, and began piling up some cakes of ice to make a sort of box.



"What are you doing?" asked Squeaker.

"Oh, I'm just making a place where I can put these jam tarts I have for Nannie and Billie Wagtail," the rabbit gentleman answered. "I don't want the wolf to get them when he blows down your house."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Squeaker. "I rather wish, now, he didn't have to blow over my nice wooden house, and get me. But he has to, I s'pose, 'cause it's in the book."

Still, Uncle Wiggily didn't say anything, but he just sort of blinked his eyes and twinkled his pink nose, until, all of a sudden, Squeaker looked across the snowy fields, and he cried:

"Here comes the bad old wolf now!"

And, surely enough, along came the growling, howling creature. He ran up to the second little pig's wooden house, and, rapping on the door with his paw, cried:

"Little pig! Little pig! Let me come in!"

"No, no! By the hair on my chinny-chin-chin I will not let you in," said the second little pig, bravely.

"Then I'll puff and I'll blow, and I'll puff and I'll blow, and blow your house in!" howled the wolf.

Then he puffed out his cheeks, and he took a long breath and he blew with all his might and main and suddenly:

"Cracko!"

Down went the wooden house of the second little piggie, and only that Uncle Wiggily and Squeaker jumped to one side they would have been squashed as flat as a pancake, or even two pancakes.

“Quick!” cried the rabbit gentleman in the piggie boy’s ear. “This way! Come with me!”

“Where are we going?” asked Squeaker, as he followed the rabbit gentleman over the cracked and broken boards, which were all that was left of the house.

“We are going to the little cabin that I made out of cakes of ice, behind your wooden house,” said Uncle Wiggily. “I put the jam tarts in it, but there is also room for us, and we can hide there until the bad wolf goes off.”

“Well, that isn’t the way it is in the book,” said the second little pig. “But——”

“No matter!” cried Uncle Wiggily. “Hurry!” So he and Squeaker hid in the ice cabin back of the blown-down house, and when the bad wolf came poking along among the broken boards, to get the little pig, he couldn’t find him. For Uncle Wiggily had closed the door of the ice place, and as it was partly covered with snow the wolf could not see through.

“Oh, dear!” howled the wolf. “That’s twice I’ve been fooled by those pigs! It isn’t like the book at all. I wonder where he can have gone?”

But he could not find Squeaker or Uncle Wiggily either, and finally the wolf’s nose became so cold from sniffing the ice that he had to go home to warm it, and so Uncle Wiggily and Squeaker were safe.

“Oh, I don’t know how to thank you,” said the second little piggie boy as the rabbit gentleman took him home to Mother Goose, after having left the jam tarts at the home of the Wagtail goats.

“Do not mention it,” spoke Uncle Wiggily, modest like, and shy. “It was just an adventure for me.”

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