



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily And The Wolf

Howard R. Garis

Uncle Wiggily was hopping through the woods with Nurse Jane one day, wondering what sort of an adventure he might have, and he was helping the muskrat lady housekeeper carry some clothes pins that she had bought at the three and four cent store when, all of a sudden, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy called loudly:

"Look out!"

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Am I spilling the clothes pins?"

"No," answered the muskrat housekeeper of the hollow stump bungalow. "But, see that big wolf! Let's run!"

"Where's any wolf?" asked the bunny gentleman. "I don't see any," and he began searching in his pockets for his spectacles, which he had taken off, as they tickled his pink, twinkling nose.

"There's a big, gold wolf, over behind that mulberry bush," whispered Nurse Jane.

"What's that? A *gold* wolf? I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "You must be mistaken, Nurse Jane. I'll take a look!"

Then bravely singing the song—"Here we go 'round the Mulberry Bush," Uncle Wiggily hopped up to where Nurse Jane pointed. Surely enough, something was gleaming gold-like among the trees, and as soon as Uncle Wiggily had put on his glasses, and had taken a good look, he cried:

"Well, well, Nurse Jane! This is a gold wolf, surely enough! But it cannot hurt us!"

"Why not?" asked the muskrat lady, who was getting ready to run.

"Because it is only a wolf carved out of *wood*, and painted like gold," answered the bunny gentleman. "I see what this is—it is one of the gilded wolves that were on the Little Red Riding Hood chariot from the circus. This golden, wooden wolf fell off the wagon and the circus people did not stop to pick it up."

"Well, I'm glad it's a wooden wolf," spoke the muskrat lady. "Then it can't nibble your ears; can it?"



"Not in the least," laughed Uncle Wiggily. "But if I had a wheelbarrow, or something, I'd take this wolf home to my bungalow."

"What for?" Nurse Jane wanted to know.

"Oh, I'd set it in the hall, near the umbrella rack," said Uncle Wiggily. "Just think! A golden, wooden wolf would be quite an ornament."

"Yes," agreed Nurse Jane, "it might look nice. But how can you get it home? It is too heavy to drag, and it has no wheels on as the animals have in the Noah's arks."

"Hum! Let me see, now," said Uncle Wiggily, walking around the golden, wooden wolf. "If I only had some wheels!"

And just then, along through the woods came Billie and Nannie Wagtail, the goat boy and girl, each with roller skates dangling by a strap over their shoulders.

"Oh, Billie! The very chap I wanted!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Let me take your roller skates for the golden wolf! And you too, Nan!"

"With pleasure," bleated Billie, shaking his horns. "I'll help you fasten them on."

"Will the wolf bite?" asked Nannie, a bit timidly.

"Of course not!" laughed Uncle Wiggily.

So the roller skates were fastened on the paws of the golden, wooden wolf, and then, with a bit of wild grape vine for a rope, the gilded animal from the Red Riding Hood circus wagon was dragged through the woods to Uncle Wiggily's bungalow.

There the savage creature, who couldn't bite even a lollypop stick, was placed in the hall near the front door.

"Our friends will think us quite stylish like and proper," said Uncle Wiggily, admiring the wolf ornament.

"Yes," agreed Nurse Jane. "As long as it doesn't scare any of the animal children it will be all right."

But the animal children soon learned that the wolf was only made of gilded wood, and though his mouth was widely open, showing his sharp teeth, he could never, never bite them.

One day, about a week after he had brought the gilded wolf to his bungalow, Uncle Wiggily was home all alone. Nurse Jane had gone to the movies, with Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, and the bunny gentleman was just thinking of going to look for an adventure, or a piece of pie in the pantry, when, all of a sudden, there came a knock at his door.

"That must be Nurse Jane," said Uncle Wiggily. "She is back a bit early, and has, I suppose, forgotten her key. I'll let her in."

The bunny gentleman opened his bungalow door, but, instead of his muskrat lady housekeeper he saw the bad old Skeezecks.

"Ah ha!" cried the Skeezecks. "I fooled you, didn't I? You thought I was Nurse Jane and you came to let me in! Now I'm going to nibble your ears! Ha! Ha!"

Uncle Wiggily tried to shut the door, but the bad Skeezecks pushed his way in, and was just going to nibble the bunny's ears when, all of a sudden, the impolite Skee saw the golden wolf.

Coming into the dark hall, as he did from the bright outdoors, the Skeezecks could not see that the wolf was not real. It looked so natural that the Skee stopped short and then he cried:

"Oh, excuse me! Oh, I didn't know you were here, Mr. Wolf, or I never would have come in. You are going to nibble Uncle Wiggily's ears, I suppose. You have the first turn. Well, I'll nibble them some other time, when you have finished. Please excuse and don't bite me! I'll skip right long!"

And with that, out of the door the Skeezecks jumped, never hurting the bunny gentleman at all.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, as he closed the door. "The golden, wooden wolf did me a good turn after all! He scared away the Skeezecks. I'm glad the circus wolf lives in my bungalow!"

And Nurse Jane said the same thing when she came home from the movies.

So this teaches us that it is a good thing to have something of gold around the house, even if it is only a gold dollar.

Stories help us explore cultures, learn moral lessons, connect with nature — or simply have fun. That's why ririro.com offers 3,000+ free stories — fairy tales, fables, bedtime stories, myths and more — for every age, in 13 languages, with free printable PDFs and often audio. Reading should be a right, not a privilege. Share ririro.com and spread the joy of reading.

Instagram: @ririro_reading · Pinterest: pinterest.com/ririrocom