



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily On Roller Skates

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"Well, where are you going this morning?" asked Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck boy, as he looked out of the front door of his house, and saw Uncle Wiggily, the old gentleman rabbit, putting some gasoline in his automobile.

"Oh, I am going to take a little ride out in the country," said Uncle Wiggily. "I am going to see if I can find an adventure. Nothing has happened since we found Susie's doll. I must have excitement. It keeps me from thinking about my rheumatism. So I am going to look for an adventure, Jimmie."

"I wish I could come," said the little duck boy.

"I wish you could too," said his uncle. "But you must go to school. Some Saturday I'll take you with me, and we may find an adventure for each of us."

"And for us girls, too?" asked Lulu and Alice as they came out, all ready to go to school. Alice had just finished tying her sky-yellow-green hair ribbon into two lovely bow knots.

"Yes, for you duck girls, too," said Uncle Wiggily. "But I will be back here when you come from school, and if anything happens to me I'll tell you all about it."

So he kept on putting gasoline in his automobile until he had the tinkermum-tankerum full, and then he tickled the hickory-dickory-dock with a mucilage brush, and he was all ready to start off and look for an adventure.

So Lulu and Alice and Jimmie went on to school, and Uncle Wiggily rode along over the fields and through the woods and up hill and down hill.

Pretty soon, as he was riding along, he heard a funny little noise in the bushes. It was a sad, little, squeaking sort of noise and at first the old gentleman rabbit thought it was made by something on his automobile that needed oiling. Then he looked over the side and there, sitting under an old cabbage leaf, was a little mousie girl, and it was she who was crying.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, "is that you, Squeaky-eaky?" for he thought it might be the little cousin-mouse who lived with Jollie and Jillie Longtail, as I have told you in other stories.

"No, I am not Squeaky-eaky," said the little mouse girl, "but I am cold and hungry and I don't know what to do or where to go. Oh, dear! Boo-hoo!"

"Never mind," said Uncle Wiggily kindly. "I will take you in my auto, and I'll bring you to the house where the Longtail children live, and they'll take care of you."

"Oh, goody!" cried the little girl mouse. "Thank you so much. Now I am happy." So Uncle Wiggily took her in the nice, warm automobile.

Then he twisted the noodleum-noddleum until it sneezed, and away the auto went through the woods again. And, all of a sudden, just as Uncle Wiggily came to a big black stump, out jumped the burglar bear with roller skates on his paws.

"Hold on there!" the bear cried to the old gentleman rabbit, and he poked a stick in the auto wheels, so they couldn't go around any more. "Hold on, if you please, Mr. Rabbit. I want you."



"What for?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I want you to come to supper," said the burglar bear.

"Your supper or my supper?" asked Uncle Wiggily, politely.

"My supper, of course," said the burglar bear. "I am going to have rabbit pot-pie to-night, and you are going to be both the rabbit and the pie. Come, now, get out of that auto. I want to ride in it before I bite you."

Well, of course, Uncle Wiggily felt pretty badly, but there was no help for it. He had to get out, and then the burglar bear, taking off his roller skates, got up into the automobile.

"Oh, what nice soft cushions!" exclaimed the bear as he sank down on them. Then he took hold of the turnip steering wheel in his claws and twisted it. "I shall have lots of fun riding in this auto, after I gobble you up," said the bear, looking at the rabbit with his blinky eyes. "I must learn to run it. I think I'll take a little ride before I have my supper. But don't you dare run away, for I can catch you."

Then, to make sure Uncle Wiggily couldn't get away, the bear took the old rabbit gentleman's crutch away from him and Uncle Wiggily's rheumatism was so severe, which means painful, that he couldn't walk a step without his crutch. So there was no use for him to try to run away.

Well, the bear knew how to run the auto, it seems, and he started to take a little ride in it. Uncle Wiggily felt pretty sad because he was going to be gobbled up and lose his auto at the same time.

All at once, when the bear in the auto was some distance off in the woods, Uncle

Wiggily heard a little voice speaking to him.

"Hey, Uncle Wiggily," the voice said, "I know how you can get the best of that bear!"

"How?" asked Uncle Wiggily, eagerly.

"Here are his roller skates," said the voice, and it was the little mousie girl who was speaking. She had quietly jumped out of the auto. "Put on his roller skates," said the mousie, "and skate down the hill until you see a policeman dog. Then tell the policeman dog to come and arrest the bear. He'll do it, and then you'll get your auto back. You can go on roller skates even if you have rheumatism, can't you?"

"I guess so," said the rabbit. "I'll try." So he put on the skates while the burglar bear was making the auto go around in a circle in the woods, and that bear was having a good time. All at once Uncle Wiggily skated away. First he went slowly, and then he went faster and faster until he was just whizzing along. And then, at the foot of the hill, he found the policeman dog.

"Oh, please come and arrest the burglar bear for me?" begged Uncle Wiggily.

"To be sure I will," said the policeman dog. So he put on his roller skates, and skated back with Uncle Wiggily to where the bear was still in the auto. The policeman dog hid behind a stump. The bear stopped the auto in front of Uncle Wiggily and got out.

"Well," said the burglar bear, smacking his lips, "I guess it's supper time now. I'm going to eat you. Come on and be my pot-pie!" And he made a grab for the old gentleman rabbit.

"Oh, you will; will you?" suddenly cried the policeman dog, drawing his club, and jumping from behind the stump. "Well, I guess you won't eat my good friend, Uncle Wiggily. I guess not!" and with that the policeman dog tickled the bear so on his nose that he sneezed, and ran off through the woods taking his stubby little tail with him, but leaving behind his roller skates.

"Oh, I'm ever so much obliged to you, Policeman Dog," said the old gentleman rabbit, as he took off the bear's skates. "You saved my life. I'll take these skates home to Jimmie. They will fit him when he grows bigger."

"That is a good idea," said the dog, "and if I ever catch that bear again I will put him in the beehive jail and make him crack hickory nuts with his teeth." Then Uncle Wiggily went home, and took the little mousie girl with him, and he told the duck children about his adventure with the bear, just as I have told you. So now it's bedtime, if you please, and I can't tell you any more.

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