



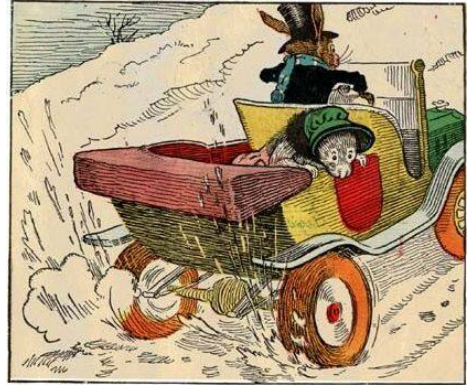
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READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily's Auto Sled

Howard R. Garis

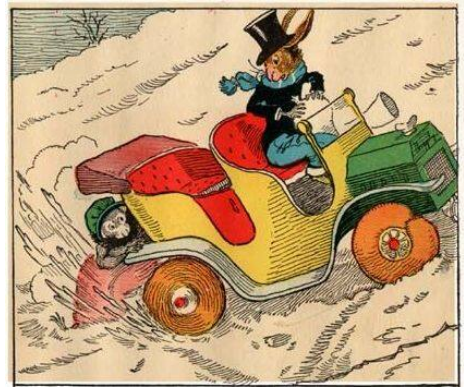
One day Uncle Wiggily Longears took Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy for an auto ride. "I suppose a sleigh ride would be more stylish," spoke Uncle Wiggily, "but I have no cutter." Nurse Jane said the auto would suit her very well, and away they went. But soon they came to the bottom of a steep and slippery hill. "Will the auto go up?" asked Nurse Jane. "Oh, I guess so," answered Uncle Wiggily, but it did not. The wheels slipped and skidded. "Oh, dear!" cried Nurse Jane. "What shall we do?" Uncle Wiggily also wondered.



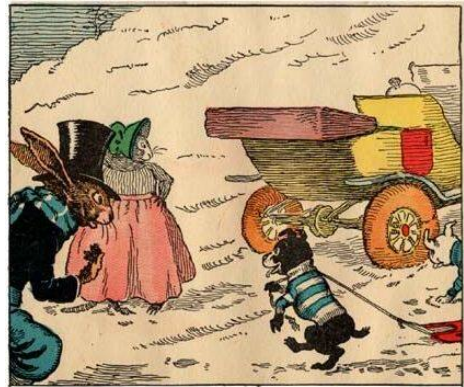
After trying two or three times to get up the ice-covered hill, and finding his wheels kept slipping, Uncle Wiggily said: "I will try a new plan." "Are you going to put chains on?" asked Nurse Jane. "I have none, or I would," said Mr. Longears. "But I'll try going up the hill backwards." So the auto was turned around and Uncle Wiggily tried it that way. But the wheels whizzed around, and the auto stayed in the same place—at the foot of the hill. "We shall never get anywhere at this rate," said Nurse Jane.



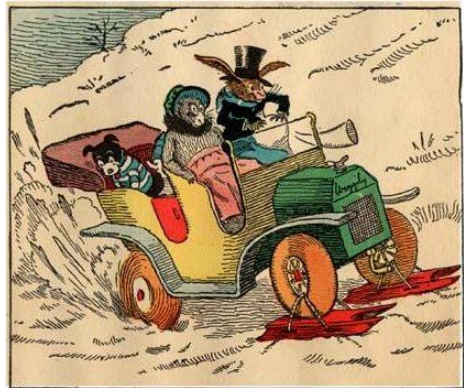
"Are you pushing, Nurse Jane?" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he turned on more gasoline. "Are you pushing?" The muskrat lady, who had gotten out and was in back of the auto, answered: "Am I pushing? Well, I should say I was! Aren't we going up the hill?" Uncle Wiggily gave a look. "We aren't going up a bit," he answered. With all Nurse Jane's pushing, the auto seemed to be slipping back instead of going ahead. "What shall we do?" asked the muskrat lady. "I don't know," sadly answered Uncle Wiggily.



"What's the matter, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Jackie. "Won't your auto go up the hill?" The rabbit gentleman shook his head. "We can't get up," he said. "Maybe we could help," offered Peetie. The two Bow Wow doggie boys had come along with their sleds to coast on the hill. "Thank you for offering, but how could you help get Uncle Wiggily's auto up?" asked Nurse Jane. "He could put our sleds under the front wheels," said Jackie, "and then he would have an auto sled. Maybe it would go up easier then."



"It was very kind of you to offer me your sleds," said Uncle Wiggily to Jackie and Peetie. The sleds of the doggie boys were tied to the two front wheels of the auto with ropes. "Now we will surely go up the hill!" said Nurse Jane. So they all got in the machine again, and Uncle Wiggily started off. But alas! Once more the back wheels spun around like an alarm clock. "Oh, we shall never get up," said Nurse Jane. "And I am afraid something is going to happen! Suppose the Pipsisewah and Skeezeicks come along now?"



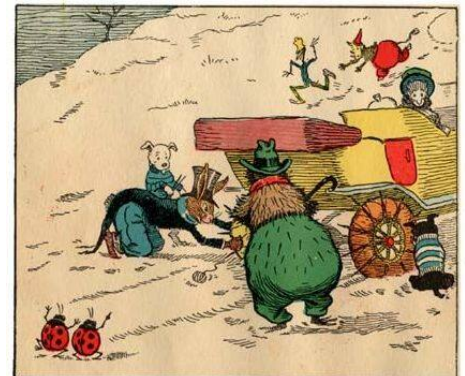
"What did I tell you!" cried the Pipsisewah to the Skeezicks. "This is our lucky day." The Skee sort of wrinkled up his nose preposterous like and remarked: "Lucky day? What do you mean?" The Pipsisewah, with his paw, pointed to Uncle Wiggily, Nurse Jane and Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, still in the auto sled at the foot of the hill. "That is what I mean—souse!" grunted the Pip. "There is Uncle Wiggily at the foot of a slippery hill. He can't get up, and we can catch him. Are you with me?" The Skee said: "Yes!"



"What seems to be the trouble, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Mr. Prickly Porcupine Hedgehog, as he came walking along. "What's the matter?" Mr. Longears stopped the wheels from spinning. "The matter is this hill is so slippery we can't get up. Our wheels skid, even though the boys' sleds are in front." Mr. Hedgehog gave a sneeze. "I can help you." "How, if you please?" asked Nurse Jane. "I have a lot of loose, sharp quills, like horseshoe nails," answered Mr. Porcupine. "Fasten them to your wheels."



"It is very lucky you came along, Mr. Hedgehog," said Uncle Wiggily, as, with the doggie boys to help, the rabbit gentleman tied some of the loose, sharp quills around the rear wheels of his auto. "Yes, I am glad I had plenty of loose quills," spoke the porcupine gentleman. "They will be the same as a lot of stickery spikes and your wheels won't slip any more. Take a few more quills, and I have another ball of cord." But Uncle Wiggily had enough string. "Oh, hurry!" squeaked the Squiggle Bugs.



Just as Uncle Wiggily, Jackie and Peetie finished putting the sharp, stickery quills of Mr. Hedgehog Porcupine on the auto wheels, along came the Pipsisewah and Skeezicks. “We want souse!” they cried. But the rabbit gentleman and his friends jumped into the auto sled, and away they went. The wheels did not skim around because the stickery quills caught on the ice, and they sent up a shower of frozen splinters into the faces of the two bad chaps. “Hurray! now we are safe!” cried the jolly Squiggle Bugs, and all was well.



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