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Uncle Wiggily's icicle maker

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One day when Uncle Wiggily was out early to see the sun rise, he passed a rocky ledge that had many icicles on it. As the sun shone on the sticks of ice they turned all the colors of the rainbow. "How wonderful!" exclaimed the bunny. "Who made them?" A little chap beside him said: "I did! I am Jack Frost. And, because you have been kind to me, I'll give you the power to make icicles!"



"Whenever you wish to make icicles," Jack Frost told Uncle Wiggily, "just push the icicle toy. Out will come water, and by magic power it will freeze into icicles." The bunny thought this would be fun. So he hopped through the woods. Soon he came to a deep ravine he wanted to cross, but there was no bridge and it was a long way around. "I'll try Jack Frost's trick now," said Uncle Wiggily.



Out of the magic Jack Frost toy squirted water. It fell and froze, making a bridge of icicles. "Ha! This is fun!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, crossing the ice bridge. He did not see the bad Fox going after him. "What game is that rabbit up to now?" growled the Fox. "I must follow and see. He has made a bridge where there was none before. I can cross after him and catch him!"



Having crossed the icicle bridge, Uncle Wiggily walked to the house of Uncle Butter the goat. "Help me down, Uncle Wiggily!" he bleated. "I was repairing a leak in my roof, and the Old Fox came along and took my ladder." The bunny said he would help his friend, and pointed the toy. "Oh, I said HELP me—not SHOOT me!" cried Uncle Butter, and Mr. Longears just laughed.



"I'm not going to shoot you!" said Uncle Wiggily. "This is Jack Frost's magic icicle toy. I'll make a ladder for you!" So the bunny did, and the goat gentleman came down safely. The Bad Old Fox, who had stolen the ladder, thinking it would help him catch Uncle Wiggily, peeked around the corner. "I wonder how I can get that rabbit?" thought the Fox, as the bunny was about to hop on.



Uncle Wiggily hopped on. Soon he came to where Mrs. Twistytail the pig lady lived. "Oh no!" squealed the pig lady. "My clothes sticks are gone and all my nice clean clothes will sag down in the dirt!" "I'll freeze some icicle clothes sticks for you, Mrs. Twistytail," he said.



"Icicle clothes sticks! I never heard of such things!" squealed Floppy, the little piggie chap who was using the rake to help his mother hold up the line. "I'll show you!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. He squirted three or four streams of water up in the air. Then the water froze into icicles, and the pig lady used them to hold up the sagging lines.



Having done a kind act for Mrs. Twistytail, by making icicle clothes sticks Uncle Wiggily hopped along. He was tramping through the woods when, all of a sudden, the bad Fuzzy Fox ran out from behind a bush. "Now I have you!" he howled. "You can't get away!" Uncle Wiggily pointed his magic toy. "Ha! Ha! I'm not afraid of a bit of water!" snickered the Fox. "You can't do anything!"



All of a sudden Uncle Wiggily began to squirt streams of water from Jack Frost's magic toy. Up and down the bunny made icicles in the air, their ends resting on the ground, until he had made a cage with bars of ice all about the Fox. "Let's see you get me now!" laughed the bunny. "Fooled again!" howled the Fox. "Who would think he could freeze me in like this?"

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