Ririro
READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily And Katy-didn't

Howard R. Garis

Katy, the nice little white cat, was the first one to awaken the next morning in the hole where she and Uncle Wiggily and the grasshopper had crawled to get away from the bad fox. Katy arose, washed her face and her paws with her red tongue, and then she softly tickled the grasshopper on his nose with the end of her fuzzy-wuzzy tail.

"Ha, ho! What's the matter?" cried the grasshopper, as he hopped out of the bed made of dried leaves. "Is the house on fire?"

"No, we're not in a house, but in a hole under ground so I don't very well see how it could catch on fire," spoke Katy. "I wanted you to get up and help me with the breakfast. I thought we would let Uncle Wiggily sleep late this morning, as he is tired."

"That's a good idea," declared the little jumping chap. "I'll just take a hop outside and see what I can find to eat."

Well, the grasshopper started to go out of the hole, leaving Uncle Wiggily fast asleep, but, all of a sudden the tiny jumping fellow came back, and, instead of being green, as he usually was, he had turned quite pale.

"What's the matter?" asked Katy.

"The hole is stopped up!" cried the grasshopper. "Some one has filled up the front door with dirt and we can't get out."

"Oh, that's too bad!" said the cat, and she and the grasshopper looked at the lightning bug, who was shining brightly like a Christmas tree-candle down in the dark hole so they could see. He had shone all night for them. "How will we ever get out?" went on the cat. "It is terrible to be shut up here."

"What's that? Is there more trouble?" suddenly asked Uncle Wiggily, as he got out of bed feet first.

"Yes," said the grasshopper, "the front door of the hole is stopped up, and we can't get out. I think the bad fox did it."

"Very likely," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "But don't worry, for I can easily dig out the dirt, and then we can go up and find out who it was that said Katy threw nuts at us when she didn't."

So Uncle Wiggily went to the front door of the hole-house and began to dig with his strong feet. And then he happened to think of something.

"If I dig a new front door near the place where the fox stopped up the old one," said the old gentleman rabbit thoughtful-like, "that bad creature may be there waiting to grab us when we go out. So I'll play a trick on him. I'll dig a new door for this hole-house and we'll go out that way. I'll dig it at the back."



So Uncle Wiggily did this and soon there was a nice opening from the hole underground, and it was some distance away from the one by which the three friends had gone in. And, surely enough, they looked through the trees when they went out, and there was that bad fox near the stopped-up hole, waiting for them to come out so that he might grab them.

"I guess he'll wait there a long while for us," said Uncle Wiggily, blinking his nose, and laughing. "Come on now, very quietly and we'll go off in the woods where he can't find us." So away through the forest they went, and the fox never saw them. He stayed by the hole, which he had stopped up with dirt and stones, and he was there a week, waiting for the rabbit and his friends to come up. And the fox got so thin from having nothing to eat in all that time that when he finally did go away his tail nearly dropped off and blew away.

But Uncle Wiggily, and the grasshopper, and the cat whose name was Katy traveled on and on. Over the hills they went, and through the fields, but they couldn't find out who it was that had said Katy had thrown the nuts when she didn't do it at all.

At last they came to another forest, and just as night was coming on, and Uncle Wiggily was passing under a tree, slam-bang! down came another butternut, and nearly hit him on the eye.

"There! You see, I didn't throw that," cried Katy, who was walking beside Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, it couldn't have been you," agreed the old gentleman rabbit. "I wonder who did it?"

"Katy did! Katy did!" suddenly cried a voice.

"No, she didn't," said Uncle Wiggily, firmly. "Who are you to say such things?"

"Here he is--I see him!" exclaimed the grasshopper. "It isn't any one at all--it's a little green bug with wings, and he is something like me. He's been saying that 'Katy did' when she didn't do it at all."

And, sure enough, there on a tree was a little light-green bug, and, as Uncle Wiggily watched, he heard this insect call out as bold as bold could be:

"Katy did! Katy did!"

"Now look here!" said the old gentleman rabbit, and he pointed his long ears and his crutch at the green bug, "why do you say such things when you know they aren't so? Katy never threw any nuts at me--they just dropped down off the tree themselves. I'm sure of it. Katy never did it, and she feels badly to have you say so."

"Katy did! Katy did!" cried the insect again, as if he hadn't heard the rabbit speak. "I have to say it, you know," he went on, as he scraped his two long hind legs together. "I have to call out that Katy did, Uncle Wiggily."

"You do? Even when she didn't do it?" asked the rabbit, surprised-like.

"Yes," said the insect. "Katy did! Katy did! I have to call--Katy did."

"Oh, I think it's just too horrid for anything!" said poor Katy, almost ready to cry.

"I wish you wouldn't say such things about a nice cat," spoke the grasshopper. "For Katy didn't do it. I know she didn't."

And just then, off in another tree, there came a second voice calling:

"Katy didn't! Katy didn't!"

"There, I knew some one would be kind to me!" exclaimed the pussy. "Some one knows I didn't do it. I didn't throw the nuts."

"Katy did! Katy did!" cried the first green insect.

"Katy didn't! Katy didn't!" answered the second little green chap.

"She did!" went on the first one.

"She didn't! Katy didn't!" answered his brother, positive-like.

"Katy did!" "Katy didn't!"

"Oh, my, this dispute is very unpleasant!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Please stop it." But the green insects wouldn't stop, and they kept on calling. First one would say that Katy did do it and then the other would say she didn't, and so they went on:

"Katy did!" "Katy didn't!"

"Well," said Uncle Wiggily at last, when he had tried to make them stop disputing, but couldn't do it, "at any rate, Katy, you have some friends who will stand up for you, and who will always say you didn't do it, and I know you didn't, no matter if the others say you did. Now let's find a place to sleep, and to-

morrow I will once more look for my fortune."

So they found a nice hollow stump in which to sleep, and nothing happened to them all night, except that a big-eyed, feathery owl tried to bite the grasshopper. But Uncle Wiggily tickled the bad bird with his crutch and made him fly away, and then they all slept in peace and quietness until morning.

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