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Uncle Wiggily And The Snowballs

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Once upon a time Uncle Wiggily was out walking wearing his tall silk hat, for he had been to a reception given by Mrs. Twistytail, the pig lady. Then, all of a sudden, when Uncle Wiggily was nearly at his hollow stump bungalow, the Fox threw a snowball, knocking off the hat. “Ha! Ha!” laughed the Wolf. “That’s funny!” Uncle Wiggily could see nothing very funny about it. “Guess I’ll run,” he said.



Uncle Wiggily guessed what sort of a trick the Fox and Wolf were trying to play on him. “They thought I’d stop and pick up my hat,” said the bunny to himself, “and then they could catch me and nibble my ears. But I’d rather lose my hat than my ears!” So away he ran without his hat. Out jumped the Fox and Wolf. One of them picked up the hat and chased after Uncle Wiggily with it, crying: “Wait!”



Uncle Wiggily ran so fast without his hat that soon he left the Fox and Wolf behind. “Well, our trick didn’t work,” said the Fox. “No,” agreed the Wolf, “but I know another trick we can play.” The Fox wanted to know what it was. “We’ll do this,” growled the Wolf. “We’ll sneak up and leave Uncle Wiggily’s hat near his bungalow. Then we’ll hide, and when he comes out to get it, we’ll grab him!”

Uncle Wiggily ran on as fast as he could, without his hat, until he reached his hollow stump bungalow. Near it he saw some of the animal boys having a snowball fight. “Oh, this gives me an idea for playing a trick on the Fox and Wolf,” said the bunny. Just then up rushed Floppy Twistytail, the piggie boy. He had heard what the Fox and Wolf said about coming to the bungalow and Floppy told all.



“You say the Fox and Wolf are coming to put my hat on the ground near my bungalow, and will grab me when I go to get it; is that it, Floppy?” asked the bunny. “That’s it,” said the piggie boy. “Ah, now for a snowball fight!” cried Uncle Wiggily to the animal boys. “Make all the hard balls you can,” he told them. “Hide around the corner of my bungalow, and we’ll wait for the Fox and Wolf to come.”



Along came the Fox and Wolf, not knowing what was going to happen to them. Around the corner of the bungalow Uncle Wiggily and the animal boys watched. “We’ll leave the hat on the snow,” said the Fox to the Wolf. “I guess Uncle Wiggily is in there now. Then we’ll hide behind the stump and wait for him to come out to get his hat.” The Wolf said that would be a good plan, so that’s what they did.



“Now, boys, be on the watch!” whispered Uncle Wiggily to the animal chaps with their hard snowballs. “I’m going out now to get my hat. When the Fox and Wolf rush at me—well, you know what to do!” The animal boys chuckled with glee. “Yes, we know what to do, all right, Uncle Wiggily!” His pink nose twinkling at what was going to happen, Uncle Wiggily stepped bravely toward his hat.



All of a sudden, just as Uncle Wiggily reached down and picked up his hat—all of a sudden, out rushed the Fox and Wolf from behind the stump. “Now we’ll get him!” howled the Wolf. “Let them have the snowballs, fellows!” cried the piggie boy. And they threw the hard chunks of snow and ice in the faces of the Fox and Wolf. “Oh wow! What is this?” barked the Fox as he felt a snowball hit him on his ear.



“Give it to them, boys! Give it to them!” cried Uncle Wiggily. The bunny rabbit put his hat down over his ears so it wouldn’t fall off and then he, too, joined in the snowball fight. “I thought you said we could easily get Uncle Wiggily!” howled the Wolf to the Fox. “Well, I thought we could!” cried the Fox. “Oh, wow, but what a mistake we made. Never again will I throw at Uncle Wiggily’s hat!”



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