

***AUNT
FANNY***

A photograph of a young boy and girl standing in a grassy field. The boy is on the left, wearing a light blue button-down shirt, and the girl is on the right, wearing a blue patterned top. Both are smiling warmly at the camera. The background is a soft-focus green field.

***AUNT FANNY'S
STORY-BOOK
FOR LITTLE
BOYS AND
GIRLS***

Aunt Fanny

Aunt Fanny's Story-Book for Little Boys and Girls

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Table of Contents

TO THE LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

THE SPIDER.

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

THE BROTHERS.

ANNIE BROWNE.

THE THREE BEARS.

ABOUT MINDING QUICKLY.

THE TWINS.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT WAS AFRAID OF THE WATER.

THE MAY QUEEN.

THE APPLE DUMPLING.

THE DENTIST.

THE WIG.

THE BOYS' SCHOOL.

BY SUSAN PINDAR.

Now ready, a New Edition.

FIRESIDE FAIRIES;

OR, CHRISTMAS AT AUNT ELSIE'S.

TO THE LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

[Table of Contents](#)

Once on a time, there lived a little bit of a lady who had a great many nephews and nieces. She was very little indeed, so all the children loved her, and said she was the best little auntie in the world, and exactly the right size to play with them and tell them stories. Sometimes she told them *interesting* stories about George Washington, and other great and good men; sometimes funny stories, about Frizzlefits and Monsieur Pop, and sometimes she would make them nearly die laughing with stories about the Dutchman, Hansansvanansvananderdansvaniedeneidendiesandeusan.

At last, one day, one of her nieces said to her, "Dear Auntie, do write some stories, and put them in a book for us to read, and keep, as long as we live."

The little Aunt thought this was a very good plan, and *here* are the stories, dear little children, for all of you. If you like them, just let me know, and you shall have some more next year from

AUNT FANNY.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

[Table of Contents](#)

Mr. and Mrs. Percy had seven grandchildren, all very pretty and very good. These children did not all have the same father and mother, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Percy's eldest son had three children, whose names were Mary, and Carry, and Thomas; and one of their daughters was married, and had three children; their names were Willy, and Bella, and Fanny; and their youngest son was married and had one child. Her name was Sarah. She was the youngest of the children, and they all loved her very much, and her Grandma made a great pet of her.

The children and their parents had been invited to eat a Christmas dinner with their Grandma, and they had been promised a little dance in the evening. Even little Sarah was to go, and stay to the Ball, as she called it. They were glad; for they liked to go to their dear Grandma's very much.

At last Christmas came. It was a bright, frosty day; the icicles that hung from the iron railing sparkled as the sun shone upon them, and the little boys in the streets made sliding ponds of the gutters, and did not mind a bit when they came down on their backs, but jumped up and tried it again; and a great many people were hurrying along with large turkeys to cook for their Christmas dinner, and every body looked very happy indeed.

After these children, about whom I am telling you, came back from church, they were dressed very nicely, and although they lived in three different houses, they all got to their Grandma's very nearly at the same time. The first thing they did was to run up to their Grandma, and wish her

a merry Christmas, and kiss her, and say that they hoped she felt quite well. Then they did the same to their Grandpa and Aunties, for they had two dear, kind aunts who lived with their Grandparents. Then they all hugged and kissed each other, and jumped about so much, that some kissed noses and some kissed chins, and little Sarah was almost crazy with delight, for she had never been to so large a party before.

"Grandma," said Willy, "I hung up my stocking last night, and what do you thing I got in it?"

His Grandma guessed that he got a birch rod.

"No," said Willy, laughing, "I got a doughnut in the shape of a monkey with a long tail. I eat the monkey for my breakfast, and it was very good indeed."

The children all laughed at this, and Bella, Willy's sister, who was the oldest of all the children, said she thought Willy had a monkey *look* about him. So he went by the name of the monkey-eater for the rest of the day.

Soon the bell rang for dinner, and they all went down stairs; for the children and grown people were to dine together. It was now quite dark, and the gas chandelier that hung over the table was lighted, the curtains were drawn close, the fire burnt brightly, and the table-cloth was so white and fine that it looked like satin.

The happy party sat down at a large round table, and the children's eyes looked so bright and their cheeks so rosy, that it was the pleasantest sight in the world to see. Little Sarah could not help having a great many little laughs all to herself. She could not keep them in. She was only four years old, so you may suppose she could not look very grave and stiff on such a delightful occasion.