

The Legend of Oak Knoll Warren

*From – Big-Stamp Two-Toes the Barefoot Giant
Edited chapter 28 – the illustrations are not included
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This tale takes place when Tiptoes, Jeremy Mouse and his five children visit Mr. Rabbit's warren on the way back home.

Once upon a time, (began Mr. Rabbit) there lived a meadow. It was green and flat. During the day the sun shone upon it, and during the night the moon shone its silvery light. Sometimes the moon was round and full, and sometimes it was as sharp as a sickle. On those sickle-nights the stars would run away if the moon came too close with its pointy ends.

For years and years the meadow lay flat on its back. It gazed at the clouds floating by and listened to the larks singing in the sky.

One day the meadow said: "Ho hum – I'm getting bored lying around on my back. I feel so dull and un-interesting," and started sobbing.

Just then a little rabbit came by.

"Why are you crying, dear meadow?" he asked. "Why are you so sad?"

"Oh, little rabbit," sniffed the meadow, "I'm sad because I'm dull and uninteresting."

"Why don't you hop around like me?" suggested the rabbit. "It's fun!"

"That's a good idea," said the meadow, and tried to hop. It was hard for the meadow to hop, but he did his best. At first he shivered, and then he shook, but at last he leapt high into the air and landed with a thud.

Then he looked at himself, and cried: "I'm a hill! I'm a hill! Look at me! I'm a hill!"

"Yes, indeed!" said the rabbit. "You are a beautiful hill. And if you don't mind I shall dig myself a burrow and make me a home."

So the rabbit scratched and scraped and dug himself a home. He lived there forever, and was as snug as a flea on a fox.

And that," said Mr. Rabbit, "is the Legend of Oak Knoll Warren."

"It's true," cried all the little mice, jumping up and down. "We think it's true."

"I think so too," laughed Mr. Rabbit, and he led them back outside.