

AUGUST

Uncle Peter's Page
- Children -

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The Bunnies' Holiday

ONE day in the middle of August,
Too hot for the Bunnies to play,
They all sat around in their rooms 'neath
the ground,
And most of them slept all the day.

John Bunny called "Wake up, you children,
Let's all for a holiday go;
All those who are good may go off to the wood
And we'll camp for a fortnight or so."

"We'll all take our fishing rods with us,
And for deep silent pools we will look,
And with bright colored fly the fish we will try
To tempt from his quiet little nook."



"And some can make sketches, while others
Can play Bunny games in the grass,
We'll all take our ease, and beneath the cool trees
Some days of enjoyment we'll pass."

The next day this crowd of gay Bunnies
Set off; to the river they went;
And quite close to the bank, 'midst the grass long
and rank,
They set up a cute Bunny Tent.

John Bunny once more looked around him,
Saw a smile upon each Bunny's face,
Said he, "There's no doubt we'll be glad we came
out
And we've certainly struck a good place."

"But still we should not feel so happy
If old Mr. Fox should come round,
So I think just in case he might visit this place
We will dig a few rooms under ground."

Quite soft was the soil in the woodland
The work for the Bunnies was light,
They worked as they should, just as hard as they
could,
And soon they were all out of sight.

They dug and they scooped and they shovelled,
And when they had done, I am sure,
They had rooms big and deep, room to play, eat
and sleep,
And from danger they felt quite secure.

Thus day after day slipped by quietly
With games that the Bunnikins love,
And each night as it came found them playing
some game
While the moon shone out brightly above.

Now the owls were good friends of the Bunnies,
And promised to keep them in sight,
And the owl, as you know, sleeps the day
through, and so
He is quite wide awake in the night.

Mr. Fox also sleeps in the day time,
At night he goes out on the prowl,
He has very sharp eyes and is generally wise,
(In this he is like Mr. Owl.)

One night Mr. Fox went a-walking,
The moon had a light in her lamp,
With the help of her light Mr. Fox soon caught sight
Of the Bunnies' wee riverside camp.

Mrs. Fox had suggested that rabbit
Would make a nice change in their diet,
She said, "Bring some home, the next time you
come,"
And Foeie had promised to try it.



Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES,—

Only a few words this month, too much story
to have much space. I want to ask you how
the gardens are coming along. Are you keeping
the weeds down by pulling them up, and will
you all have a supply of good things to show
as the result of your work. Remember the
Bunnies' garden, how hard they worked. I
wonder what THEIR results will be; perhaps
they will tell us next month.

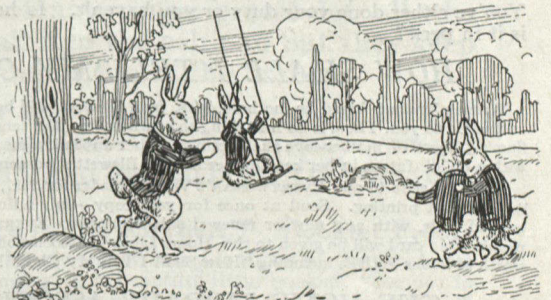
Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

So Mr. Fox came down the pathway
As quietly as ever he could,
He had made up his mind that some rabbit he'd
find
To take back to his home in the wood.

But good Mr. Owl was not sleeping—
He saw Mr. Fox as he came,
Gave three hoots loud and clear, for the Bunnies
to hear,
Which soon put a stop to their game.

They all scampered home in a hurry,
Each one down below quickly dives.
(They realized then that their underground den
Was likely to save all their lives.)



By the tent old John Bunny was waiting
To greet Mr. Fox, and he said
"My door's not very wide, but please come inside
My family's all gone to bed."

Mr. Fox with great pleasure accepted
And squeezed with great glee through the
door
But inside he just found a small hole in the
ground—
Just a hole in the ground—nothing more!

The flap of the tent fell behind him,
He was in and he couldn't get out,
He flew into a rage like a bear in a cage,
He was in a fix, there's no doubt!

He fumed and he stormed and he flustered;
The tent pole came down with a crash,
The whole tent gave a slide with poor Foeie
inside
And into the water went S P L A S H.

Next day all the bunnies were able
To play in the sunshine so bright
But the fishing they had was exceedingly bad
For the fish were too foxy to bite!

Perhaps there's a lesson for us here
Who are watching these last years go past,
That those who are strong, and the weak ones
would wrong
Will get their deserts at the last.

