



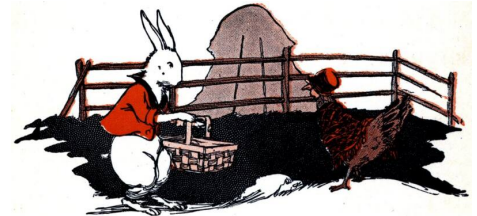
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READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Funny Easter Bunny

Laura Rountree Smith

Mother Tiny-Tail sat in her little red plush rocking chair rocking to and fro singing: "Alas! Alack! I am old and gray, and have no eggs for Easter Day."



Just then a Funny Bunny came by with a hop, and a skip and said, "Oh, Mother Tiny-Tail, no eggs for Easter, no eggs for the Tiny-Tails? That will never do!" So saying, he borrowed Mother Tiny-Tail's market basket, and went hippety-hop to the Little Brown Hen who lives in the lane, saying: "Please give me eggs now that I ask it, Enough to fill my market basket."

The Little Brown Hen said: "If you will bring me an ear of corn, I'll fill your basket by Easter morn."

Then Funny Bunny went with a hop, and a skip, and a jump to the little old Farmer who lived in the field and said: "Please give me corn, now that I ask it, Enough to fill my market basket."

The Farmer replied: "Bring me a sack of meal all ground, I will fill your basket safe and sound."

Funny Bunny went with a pitter, patter, pitter, patter, until he came to the Miller, and said: "Please give me a meal-bag, since I ask it, Enough to fill my market basket."



The Miller laughed until his old fat sides shook and answered: "Your request sounds rather funny, I will give you meal for money."

Then Funny Bunny sat down on a stone to think. How was he going to get some money?

It was getting dark, and the Little Hill Men came out one by one, digging for fairy gold.

When Funny Bunny saw them he cried: "Please give me money, since I ask it, Enough to fill my market basket."

Now, the Little Hill Men did not want to give something for nothing, so they shouted: "With a hop, skip, bound, measure our hill and your empty basket we soon will fill."

Of course, the Little Hill Men never dreamed that he would do it, so they went on digging for fairy gold.

Funny Bunny was in real earnest, for he thought of Mother Tiny-Tail rocking sadly to and fro in her red plush rocking chair, so from the daisies to the apple tree, skippety-hoppety-skip went he.

My! How fast his legs could carry him!

He came back singing: "Your hill's as long, your hill's as wide as anyone would care to ride!"

The Little Hill Men were so surprised he had answered their question that they all stopped digging and crowded around Funny Bunny. "Click, click, click," they dropped gold into his market basket.

Then he ran with a hop, skip and jump to the Miller and bought a bag of meal. He took the meal to the Farmer and bought the corn. Then he took the corn to the Little Brown Hen, who lived in the lane, and she counted out one dozen, two dozen, three dozen, four dozen, five dozen beautiful white eggs. They filled the market basket Funny Bunny was carrying.

When he got home he set the market basket down in front of Mother Tiny Tail, saying: "I'm Funny Bunny, I cannot stay, But I wish you a happy Easter Day."

Mother Tiny-Tail stopped rocking to and fro; but before she could say, "Thank you," Funny Bunny was hippety-hoppety, off and away.

Mother Tiny-Tail painted the Easter eggs and hid them everywhere.



On Easter morning, all the Tiny-Tails cried, "Oh" and "Ah," for they found the Easter Eggs in their shoes, in their oatmeal bowls, and in the most unexpected places.

Just at that very minute Funny Bunny peeped in the window and cried, as he held up a wonderful sugary egg: "Kindness comes back now and then, See my Easter egg, from The Little Hill Men!"

Funny Bunny was always so kind to the Little Tiny-Tails that the Hill Men remembered him.

Then, with a twinkle of nose, and a dancing of toes, Funny Bunny went hippety-hoppety, off and away, singing: "I really would not think it funny, If you should call me an Easter Bunny."



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