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The Rabbit and The Wolf

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Once upon a time, in a forest bustling with the sounds of chirping birds and rustling leaves, there lived a cheeky rabbit who loved to play jokes. More than anyone, he enjoyed tricking his friend, the big old wolf. But one sunny morning, the wolf had enough and decided it was time to teach the rabbit a lesson.

"Today's the day, Mr. Rabbit!" growled the wolf, cornering the rabbit in a sunny field. "I'm going to make spoons out of your ears to stir my soup, just as soon as I sharpen my stone!"

As the wolf scraped the stone, he sang a grumbly tune:

"Sharpen and shine, sharpen and shine,
Soon your little ears will be mine!"

The rabbit's heart thumped fast, but he was a clever little fellow. He kept quiet and thought hard.

After a while, the wolf paused his song, and the rabbit saw his chance. "Brother Wolf, did you know I learned a fantastic new dance? Would you like me to teach it to you?"

"Only after I've made my spoons," huffed the wolf, returning to his tune.

"But if you take my ears, I'll never dance again," the rabbit replied softly.

The wolf loved dances. More than howling at the moon, even more than chasing leaves, he loved to dance. His eyes lit up with curiosity. "Is your dance prettier than the Snake Dance?" he asked.

"Much prettier," nodded the rabbit.

"And the Turkey Dance? What about the Eagle Dance?"

"Prettier than them all!" assured the rabbit.

The wolf was so excited he could barely keep his paws still. "Teach me now, and we can think about those spoons later."

"Alright," said the rabbit. "Follow my lead!"

And so, the rabbit began to hop and twirl, singing:

"Twirl like the wind, jump like the rain,
Dance with me on this sunny plain!"

The wolf clapped and stomped, making his own rattle shake. "Just like this?" he roared with joy.

"Yes, but follow me close!" the rabbit called. He made a circle in the grass, and the wolf danced after him, louder and faster.

As they danced, the rabbit edged closer to the forest. The wolf, dizzy with delight, didn't notice a thing.

"Now I twirl by the trees, now I leap to the breeze," sang the rabbit, and with a final bound, he slipped into the thick bushes at the forest's edge.

The wolf, too dizzy and too late, tripped over his own paws and landed with a thud. By the time he got up, the rabbit was nowhere in sight.

Back in the forest, safe and sound, the rabbit giggled and thought, "Maybe next time, I'll think twice before playing tricks on the wolf!"



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