

So the Bear, he invites the Rabbit to dinner.

When he comes, the Bear calls his wife and says:

“Have peas for dinner. The Rabbit loves peas.”

“But there is no grease with which to cook them,”

Says the Bear’s wife.

“Oh,” said the Bear, “that’s no trouble. Bring me a knife.”

She brings the knife

And the Bear takes it

And Bear splits between his toes,

While the Rabbit looks on in wonder.

“No grease between my toes,” says the Bear.

“Well, I know where there is some.”

So he cuts a gash in his side

And out runs the grease.

His wife takes it and cooks the peas,

And they have a fine dinner

And vow always to be good friends.

The Rabbit invites the Bear

To take dinner with him the next day.

“Where do you live these days?” asks the Bear.

Pointing to an old sedge-grass field,

The Rabbit replies,

“Way over yonder in that big white house.”

The Bear starts the next morning

And seeks in vain for the big white house,

But while wandering in the sedge

He comes near stepping on his new friend

Who is sleeping in his bed.

“What’s that! What are you tramping over me for?”

Cries the Rabbit as he is awakened by the footsteps of the Bear.

“Oh, I am trying to find your big white house.”

Laughing at the joke, the Rabbit invites the Bear to be seated,

And says he would have dinner ordered.

He calls his wife

And tells her to have peas for dinner.

“But there is no grease.”

“That’s a small matter. Bring me a knife,” Proudly exclaims the Rabbit.

When his wife comes with the knife,

He holds up one of his forefeet and splits between his toes.

“What, no grease? Then I know where I can find it,”

And he gives a thrust into his side.

But the blood gushes out,

And he falls to earth with a scream.

The Bear cries, “You little fool,

Your side is not like mine!”

And, lifting his friend

All covered with blood,

He puts him on his bed.

“Send for the doctor, Doctor Buzzard,”

Says the Bear to the Rabbit’s wife, weeping bitterly,

While the little Rabbits gather around in tears.

“Run for the doctor,” she says to one of the little Rabbits,

And away he runs at top speed.

Then Buzzard comes in haste,  
And she says,  
“What a sad sight;  
He must be kept quiet.  
Carry him to the top of his house  
And put him in a room where no one can  
come  
Except his doctor,  
And in four days you may enter and see  
him.”

Her orders are obeyed.

But soon the Rabbit is heard screaming in  
agony.  
Running to the room,  
The door of which is closed,  
The wife asks,  
“Oh, what’s the matter?”

“Nothing,” says the Buzzard,  
“I’m merely dressing his wound.”

Again the screams are heard,  
But fainter,  
And the Rabbit’s wife asks,

“What makes him scream so?”

“Go away.  
I’m sewing up the cut in his side.”

Finally,  
No more screams are heard.

After four days  
The Rabbit’s wife opens the door  
And there lay  
A few bones  
And a pile of hair.

So it is told.