

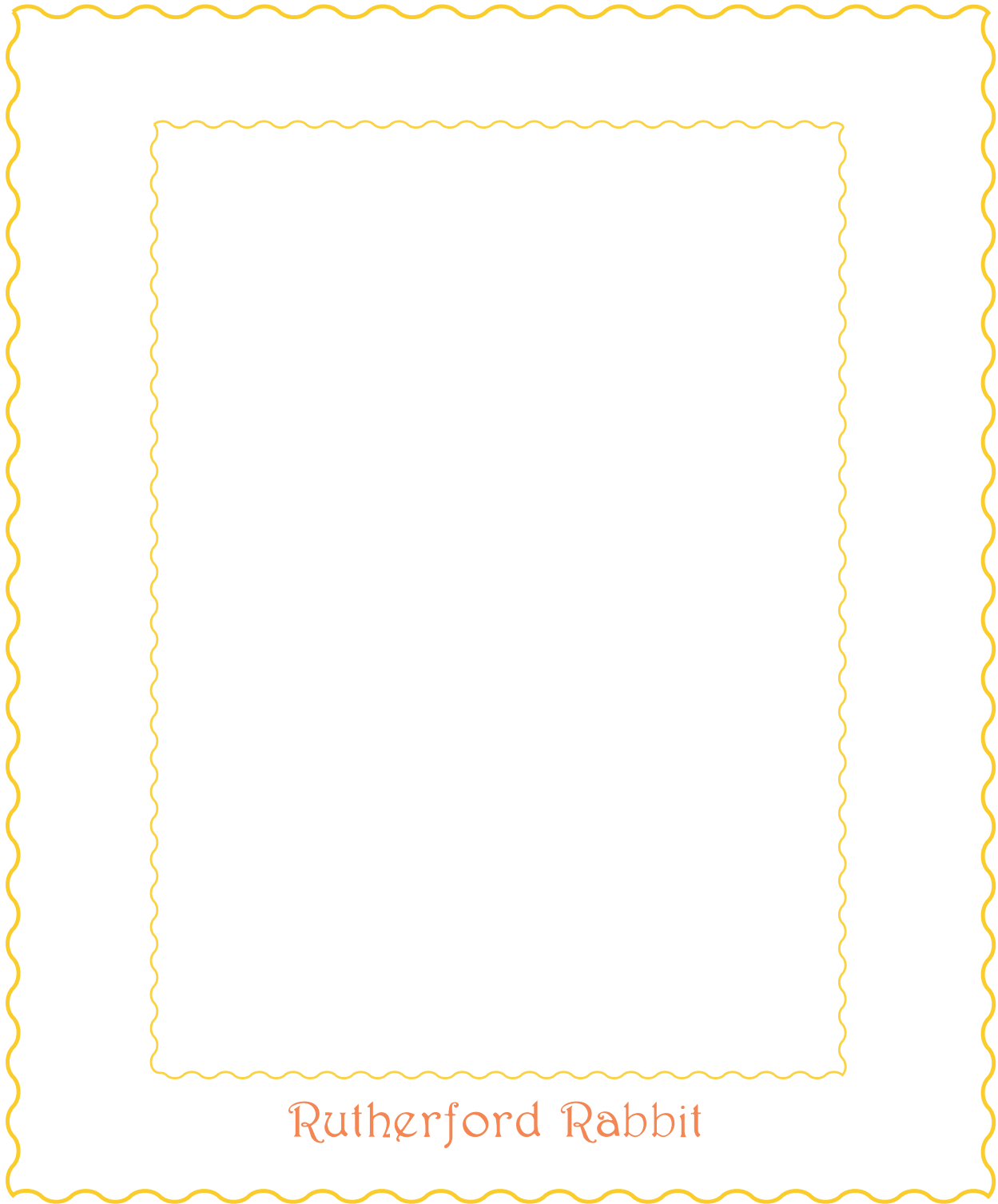
or a Peter—some names I can say?”

“Rabbits don’t have any trouble with these names,” Rutherford said. “Maybe you’re not a rabbit. What about your name? If you’re a rabbit, why doesn’t your name start with R?”

“But I am a rabbit! I am! My name isn’t Laura. It’s Raura.” Laura insisted.

“Ok, then, Raura, maybe you are a rabbit, after all. We’ll see.” So they all welcomed her and agreed she could stay with them. Laura thought she was in heaven. Her dream had finally come true! Here she was, living with rabbits!

Now she could play with rabbits all the time and there wouldn’t be anyone to tell her to stop and do something else. She could do whatever she wanted.



Rutherford Rabbit

“Let’s play!” Laura said.

“Not now, Raura,” Rutherford said. “It’s time for bed.”

“Bed! But the sun is only just now setting. I don’t have to go to bed until after dinner and a bath and my bedtime story.”

“We don’t eat dinner—only breakfast and lunch.”

“What about my bath? I’m all dirty from sitting on this dirt floor. And the ceiling keeps crumbling into my hair when I bump it.”

“Rabbits don’t take baths. We wait until it rains, then we take a shower. If you’re a rabbit, you don’t take baths.”

“Oh well, then. I’m a rabbit, so I don’t need a bath.”

“I didn’t think so,” Rutherford