

Brer Rabbit's Christmas Dinner

It was a crisp winter morning and Brer Rabbit had popped out to visit his old friend, Brer Bear.

While he was out, Brer Fox skulked into Brer Rabbit's garden, dug up his entire crop of winter carrots and stuffed them into his sack.

Later, when Brer Rabbit got home and found his carrot patch all trampled and empty, he was furious – especially when he spotted foxy footprints everywhere. “Brer Fox! I knew I couldn't trust him. I'll get my carrots back or my name's not Brer Rabbit.”



So off he went to Brer Fox's house. He knocked on the door, but Brer Fox didn't answer. He knocked again – harder this time – but Brer Fox still didn't open the door.

Brer Rabbit smelt the delicious aroma of vegetable soup wafting through the air. "I know you're in there, Brer Fox," called Brer Rabbit, "and I bet those are my carrots you're cooking. Open this door right now and give them back to me."

"Not a chance!" shouted Brer Fox. "I'm making enough soup to last me until spring and I'm not opening my door until then."

Brer Fox chuckled. "Thanks to you, I'll have a carroty Christmas feast."

This made Brer Rabbit hopping mad. He hammered at the door and even tried to kick it in, but Brer Fox just laughed and carried on cooking. He wasn't planning to open that door, no matter how hard Brer Rabbit knocked and kicked at it.

Brer Rabbit had no choice but to give up and hop away, but he didn't stay mad for long. Soon he was doing a happy jig and sniggering to himself. You see, Brer Rabbit was the smartest trickster in town and he had a plan to get his carrots back and teach Brer Fox a lesson too. ➔



SPOT IT!
Can you spot the odd carrot out? Tick this box when you find it!



Late on Christmas Eve, carrying a heavy sack of stones on his back, Brer Rabbit clambered on top of Brer Fox's roof. He crashed and banged about, making as much noise as he could.

"Who's clattering around up there?" called Brer Fox. "I'm trying to prepare my dinner in peace here."

"Why, it's Santa Claus," said Brer Rabbit in a deep voice. "And I've got a sackful of gifts here for Brer Fox. Is that you?"

"Yup, it sure is," said Brer Fox, suddenly excited. "Why don't you come on down the chimney and give it to me?"

"I'm afraid I can't!" cried Brer Rabbit. "I've got stuck in your chimney. Come outside and have a look."

Brer Fox unlocked his door for the first time in weeks and popped his head outside. Sure enough, Santa's feet were sticking out of his chimney.

"Santa, why don't you just pull yourself up and drop the sack of gifts down? I'm sure I can catch them."

"I can't," said Brer Rabbit. "The sack has got stuck too. You'll have to climb up the chimney and grab the string. Then you can pull it all the way down."

"That's a good idea," said Brer Fox, eager to open his gifts. "Up I come!"

Brer Fox wasted no time at all. He scrambled right up that chimney towards the sack.

As soon as Brer Rabbit heard him coming, he jumped up, slid off the roof and leapt through Brer Fox's open door. On the table there was a huge roast turkey with all the trimmings, tasty mince pies and, of course, his stolen carrots.

Brer Rabbit chortled, scooped it all up in his arms and ran all the way home. His mouth watered and his tummy rumbled in anticipation of a tasty meal.

Meanwhile, Brer Fox struggled up the chimney until he reached the sack. He tried to dislodge it, but it

was stuck fast, so he yanked the string as hard as he could.

The sack suddenly opened and stones rained down on Brer Fox's head: **Bumpety-bumpety-bumpety-bump!**

Brer Fox shot down the chimney faster than lightning and, when he saw his empty table, he howled with dismay. Brer Rabbit had taught him a lesson and got his Christmas dinner to boot! 🌀

