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Opening extract from

# The Squirrel, the Hare and the Little Grey Rabbit

Written by

## Alison Uttley

Published by

## Templar Publishing

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A LITTLE GREY RABBIT BOOK

# THE SQUIRREL, THE HARE AND THE LITTLE GREY RABBIT



*By Alison Uttley*
*Pictures by Margaret Tempest*

templar publishing





A LONG TIME AGO, in a little house on the edge of a wood, there lived a hare, a squirrel and a little grey rabbit.

The hare, who wore a blue coat on weekdays and a red coat on Sundays, was a conceited fellow.

The squirrel, who wore a brown dress on weekdays and a yellow dress on Sundays, was proud.





But the little rabbit, who always wore a dress with white collar and cuffs, was not proud at all. Every morning, when the birds began to twitter, she sprang out of her bed in the attic and ran downstairs to the kitchen. She went into the shed for firewood, and lit the fire. Then she filled her kettle with clear water from the brook that ran past the door, just beyond the garden.






While the water boiled she swept the floor and dusted the kitchen. She made tea from daisy-heads in a brown teapot. Then she laid the table, put a bunch of lettuce leaves on each plate, and called Squirrel and Hare.

"Squirrel, Hare, wake up – breakfast is ready!"

Downstairs they strolled, rubbing their eyes and wriggling their ears.

"Good morning, Grey Rabbit," yawned Hare. "I declare you have given us lettuce again. Really, my dear, you must think of something new for breakfast."

"Good morning, Grey Rabbit," said Squirrel. "Where's the milk?"

"It hasn't come yet," she said.

"Tut," exclaimed Squirrel. "Late again."

Just then there was a tapping at the door. Little Grey Rabbit ran to open it, and there stood Hedgehog with a pint of milk.

"I nearly didn't get here at all," he said. "A dreadful thing has happened!

"A weasel has come to live in the wood. It isn't safe to be out after dusk."

"Oh dear!" replied Grey Rabbit. You must take care you don't get caught, even if we *do* go without milk."

