

The Rabbit Story

by

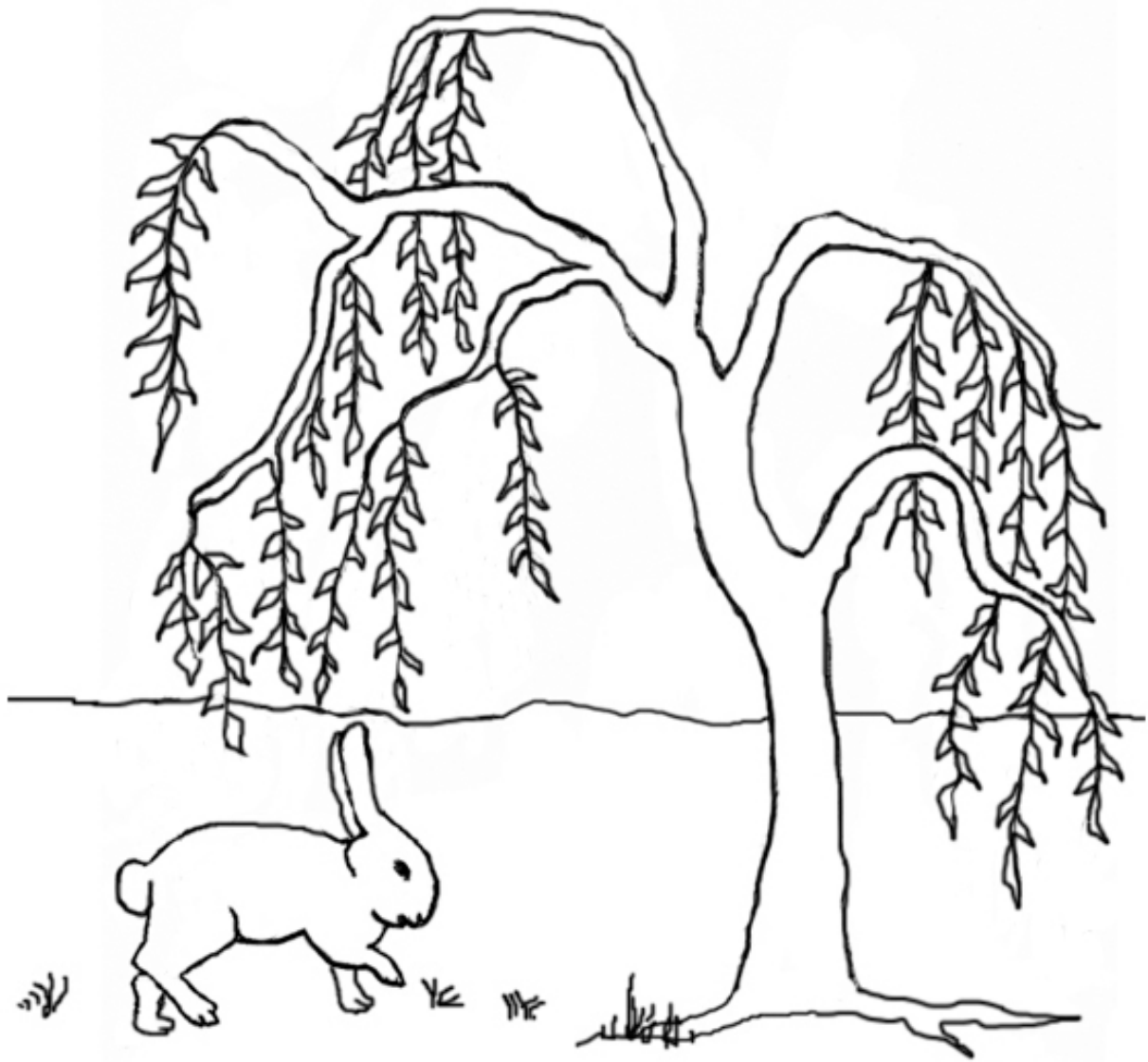
Narrgansett/Wampanoag
Storyteller
Princess Red Wing

Introduction for parents and other educators

“The Rabbit Story” was selected from a famous recording about the history and culture of New England Indians made by Princess Red Wing of the Wampanoag/Narragansett Tribes.

Princess Red Wing was not technically a “princess”. During the early 1900’s when she became very well known, it was common to describe important Native women by the title of Princess and important men as Kings. Although, no Tribe ever had such a designations.

Regardless, Princess Red Wing was an internationally known educator and the first Native American woman to address the League of Nations . Princess Red Wing was also inducted into the Rhode Island Hall of Fame and is listed in Who’s Who in the World.



A little rabbit went out to walk on a cool day in the Fall.
Oh, it was real cool.



And he came to a willow tree, and so he began to dance around and around.
Well, by and by the wind came up and he began to shiver. "Oh, it's kinda cool."
So he danced faster and faster around the willow tree. After awhile he looked up into
the sky. And he said, "I think it's going to snow."
By and by it did snow. So he danced faster and faster around the willow tree and
patted the snow all down.



By and by he became so tired that he sat down on a limb of the willow tree and went to sleep.

He slept so long that when he awoke all the snow had melted and down below was all green.

Now you know the rabbit is a very timid animal. He was sitting up in the willow tree and he was afraid to jump out of a tree.



He was very hungry. He shut his eyes up tight and fell right out of that tree.

When he did, he cut his upper lip on a sharp stone.

Now every rabbit has a split upper lip.

But when he fell out of that tree, he jammed his front legs right up into his body.

Now every single rabbit has two short legs.

But when he fell out of that tree, he caught his tail and now
every single rabbit has a short tail.



Now, when you're driving through the country in the Spring next year, and you come to a willow tree and think you're picking pussy willows

why all the little Indian children know that's where the rabbit left his tail on the willow tree.

The end