Little Rabbit's Way Home

MR Scott LEE





Pip chases a butterfly too far and gets lost in the big forest. Can he find his way home? Along the way, he discovers that the best thing about any journey is the friends you meet.

ISBN placeholder



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Pip lived in a warm little burrow under the old oak tree. Every morning, Mama made carrot pancakes.



One sunny morning, a bright blue butterfly danced past the window. 'Wait for me!' cried Pip, hopping out the door.



Pip hopped and hopped, following the butterfly over the hill and through the tall grass. He didn't notice how far he had gone.



The butterfly floated up, up, up and disappeared into the clouds. Pip looked around. Nothing looked familiar.



'Which way is home?' Pip whispered. The big trees seemed to lean in close. His tummy felt funny.



A soft hoot came from above. 'Lost, little one?' asked Old Owl, blinking her golden eyes.



'Follow the stream,' said Owl. 'Water always finds its way down the mountain. Your home is in the valley.'



Pip followed the bubbling water until he met Beaver, who was stacking sticks. 'Excuse me, have you seen a burrow under an old oak tree?'



'Past the berry bushes!' said Beaver. 'Here, take some apple slices for the journey.' Pip smiled — his first smile since getting lost.



In the berry bushes, two big brown eyes peeked out. 'Hello?' said Pip. A small deer stepped out shyly.



'I don't like walking alone either,' said Deer quietly. 'Can I come with you?' 'Yes, please!' said Pip.



A bushy tail swished above them. 'Hey down there!' called Squirrel, tossing down an acorn. 'Where are you two headed?'



Squirrel scrambled to the very top. 'I can see a big old oak tree! That way, past the sunflower field!'



They walked through sunflowers taller than Pip's ears. The evening sun painted everything gold.



Then Pip saw it — the old oak tree! 'That's my home!' he cried, and his little legs ran faster than ever.



Mama was standing at the door. 'Pip!' She scooped him up and held him tight. 'I was so worried.'



'Mama, this is Deer. She helped me find my way home. Can she stay for dinner?' Mama smiled. 'Of course, sweetheart.'



That evening, all of Pip's new friends came for carrot pancakes. The little burrow had never felt so full — or so happy.



'Mama, I got lost today,' whispered Pip. 'But I found something too.' 'What did you find?' 'Friends.'