

The Little Rabbit Who Wondered **WHY**



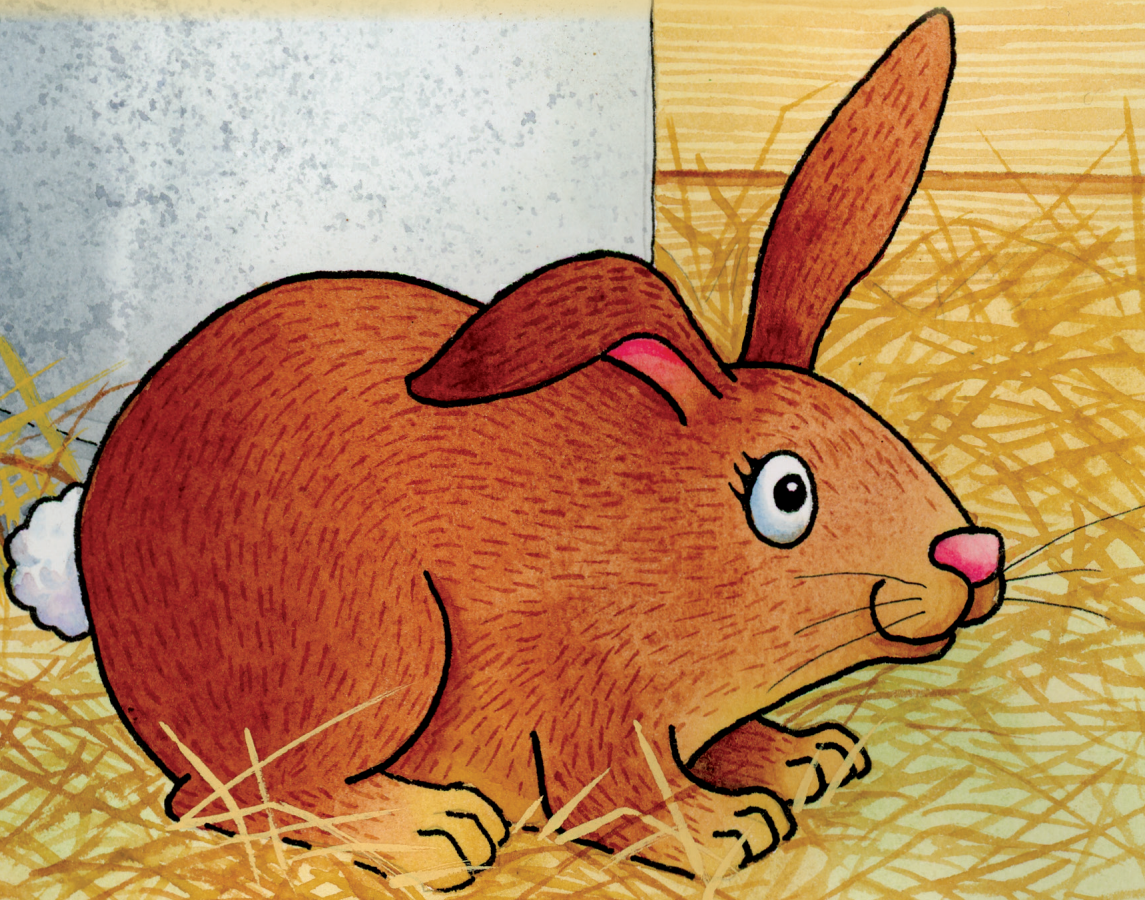
By Karl F. Milde Jr.
Illustrated by Marguerite Chadwick-Juner

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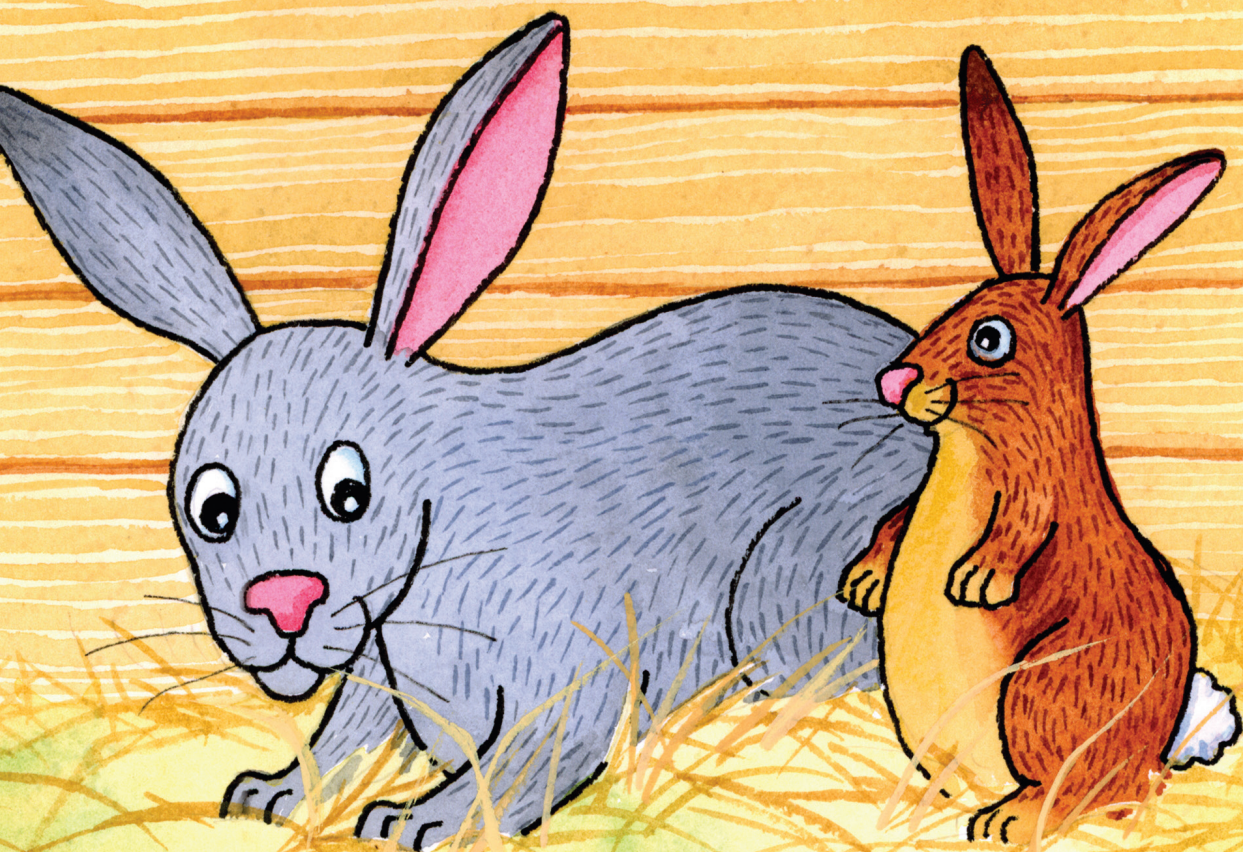
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There once was a little rabbit who was born on a farm. Her name was "Bonnie." She had dark brown eyes and brown fur, except for her "cottontail," which was pure white like a puff ball. She had a mother, a father, and five brothers and sisters.



Bonnie lived with her family
on a bed of hay in a far
corner of the cow barn.
It was warm and cozy in
the barn, even when it was
freezing cold outside.

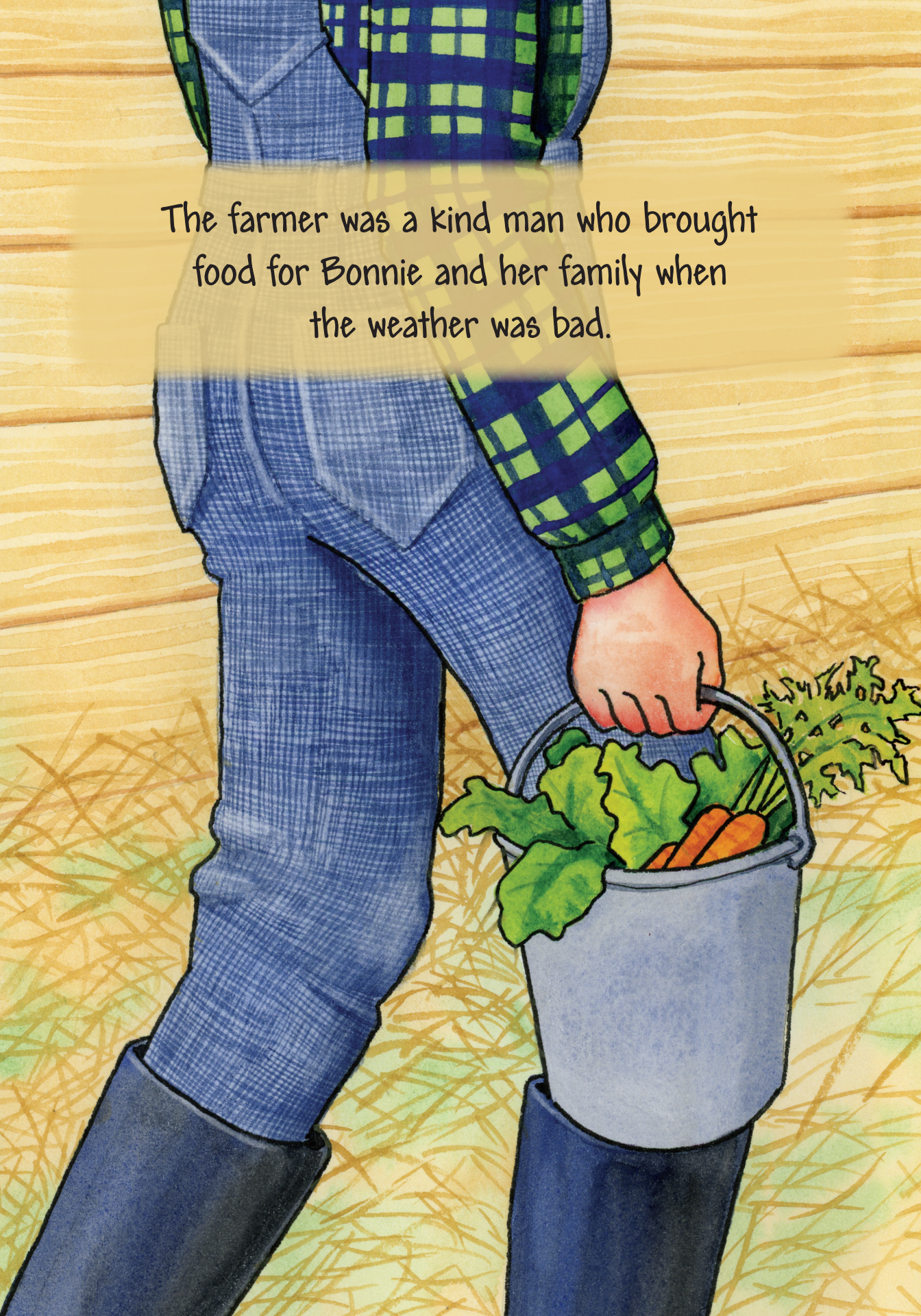





When it was nice weather,
Bonnie liked to go out and
play and to look for good
things to eat.



The farmer was a kind man who brought food for Bonnie and her family when the weather was bad.



A colorful illustration of a group of rabbits in a field of straw. In the upper left, a grey rabbit is running towards the left. In the center, a large brown rabbit and a large grey rabbit are standing together, with a small brown rabbit sitting in front of them. In the lower center, another brown rabbit is running towards the left. In the bottom left, a brown rabbit is looking up at a grey rabbit that is running towards it. On the right side, a brown rabbit is partially visible, peeking out from behind a clump of straw. The background is a warm, yellowish-brown color with horizontal lines, suggesting a field or a wall made of straw.

In the summer time,
he brought fresh
vegetables from his
own garden, and
at other times he
brought lettuce and
carrots from the
grocery store.

One day, Bonnie sat in a grassy field
and looked upward.
The sky was a deep blue and white puffy clouds
floated slowly by.



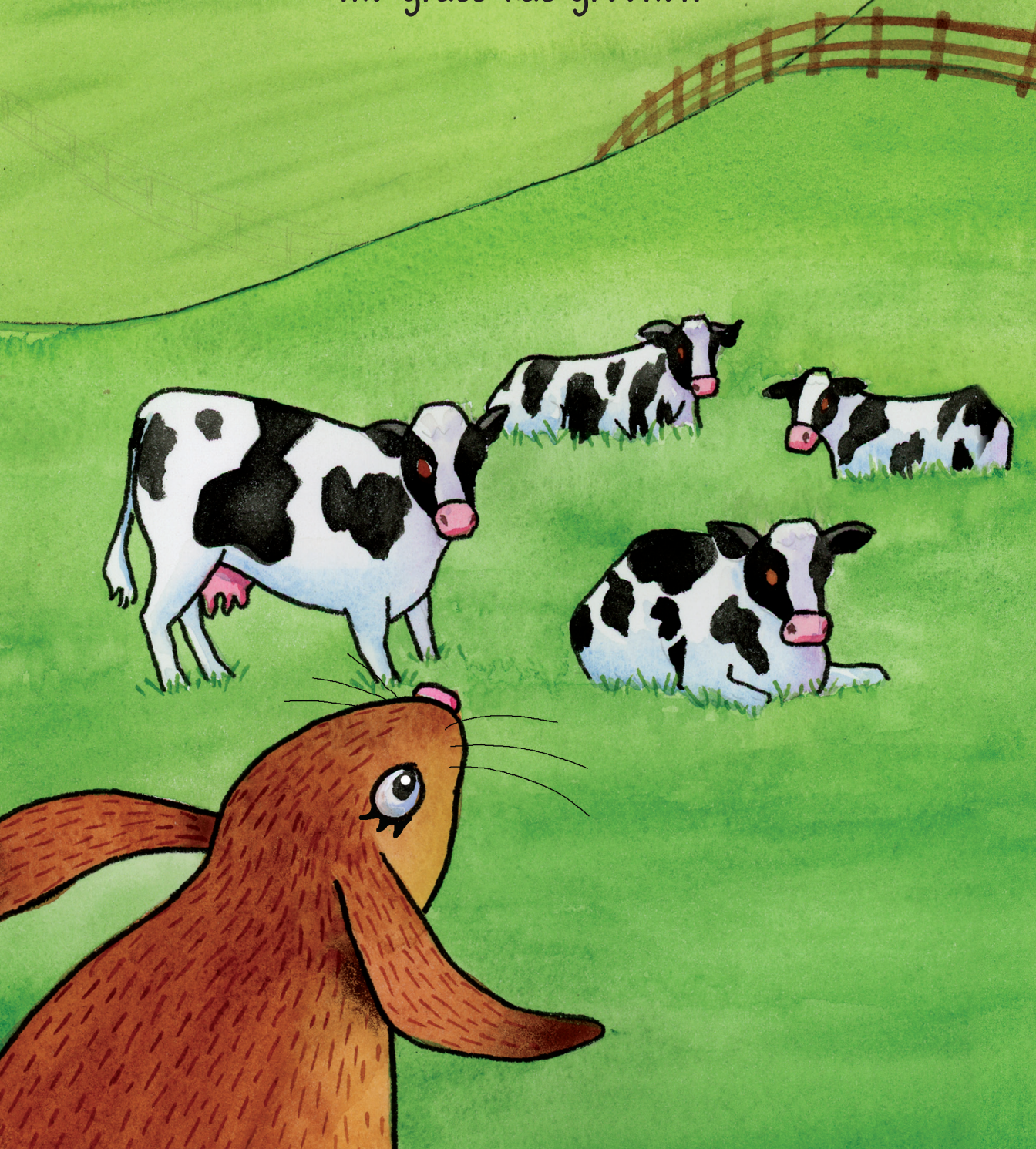


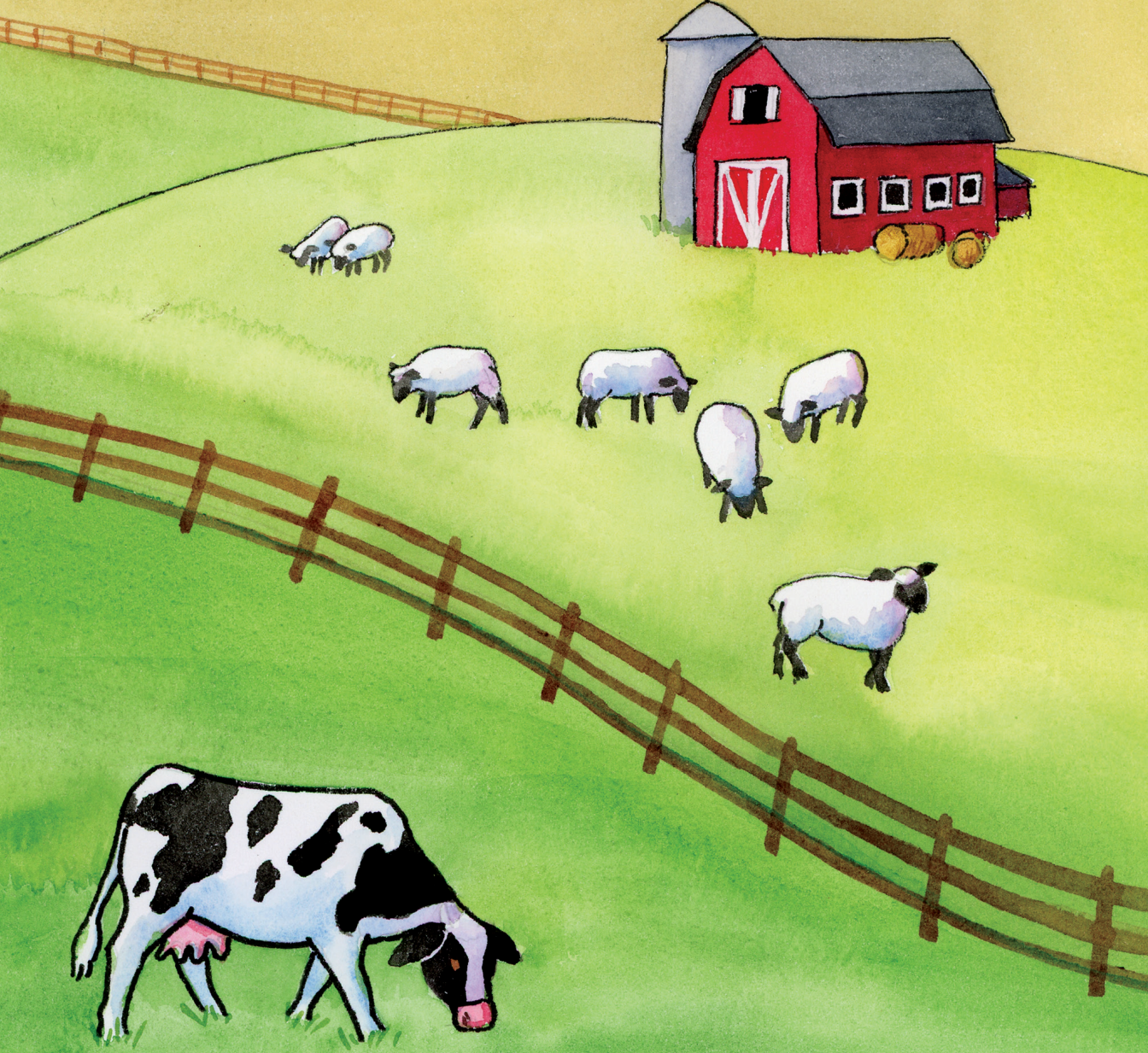
"I wonder why there are
clouds in the sky.

I wonder where they came
from, and where they are
going," she asked herself.

She thought and thought, but could not
think of answers to her questions.

She saw some cows lying nearby in the grass, calmly chewing their cud. Now and then, one of the cows would get to her feet and move to a new spot where the grass was greener.





Further on, Bonnie saw several sheep grazing in the nearby field. Like the cows, they seemed quite content. But Bonnie did not feel content. She always had questions she could not answer. Like the question about the clouds.

As Bonnie grew older there was one question that bothered her more than any other. Her brothers and sisters didn't seem to worry about it, but she needed to know: "Why was I born?" She thought and thought about this question, but she could not think of the answer.

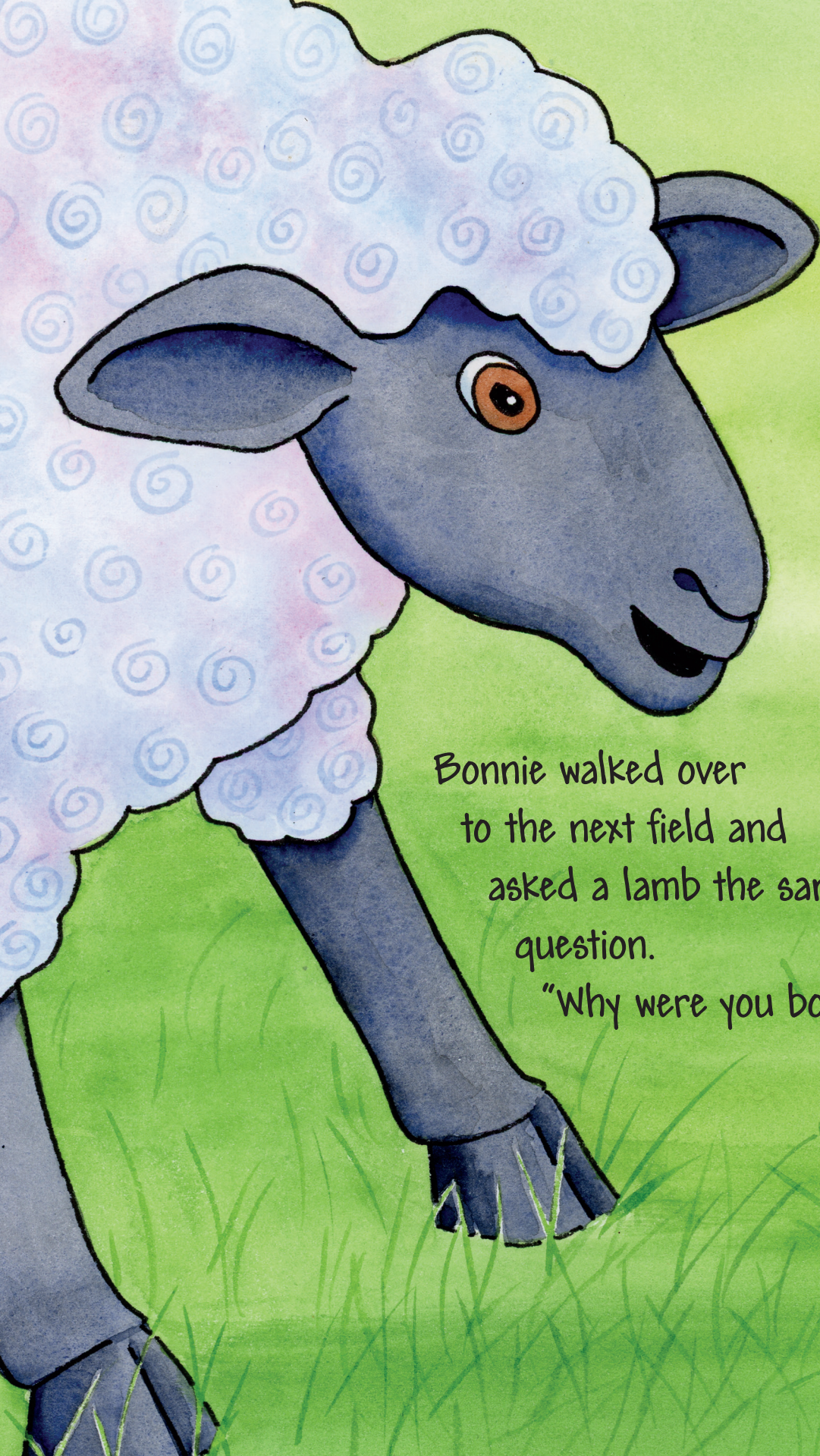


Bonnie hopped through the grass to one of the cows.



"Hello," she said as politely as she could. "Could you answer a question for me?" The cow looked at Bonnie with her big brown eyes and replied, "I will, if I know the answer."

"Do you know why you were born?" Bonnie asked. "Why yes. I was born to give milk to the farmer," she said.



Bonnie walked over
to the next field and
asked a lamb the same
question.

"Why were you born?"

The lamb looked at Bonnie and shook her head as if to say it was a stupid question.

But she answered, "I was born to provide wool for the farmer."



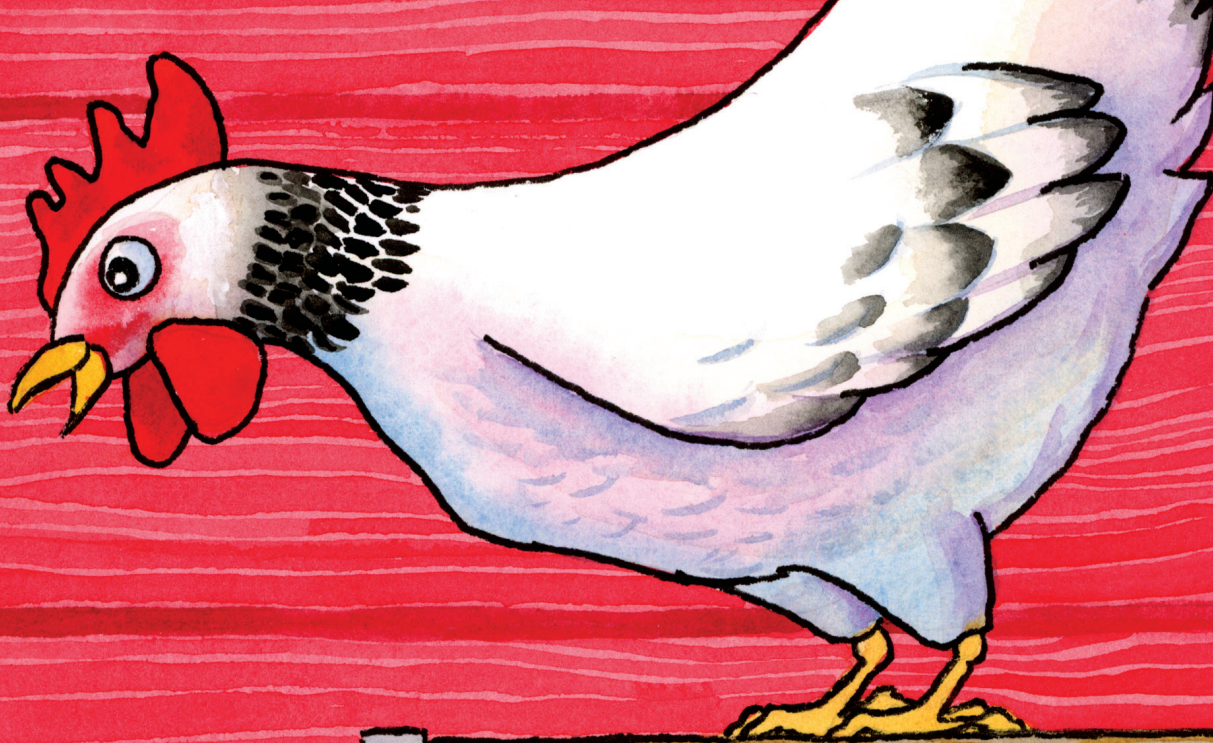
Bonnie hopped back toward the barn deep in thought.

"What was she supposed to do with her life?" she wondered. When she reached the barnyard, she saw one of the chickens stepping this way and that, looking for food.



She walked up to the chicken and asked, "Would you mind if I asked you a question?"

"Not at all," replied the chicken.



Bonnie asked her, "Why were you born?"

"That's an easy question," said the hen.

"I was born to lay eggs for the farmer."

"Do you know then why I was born?" Bonnie asked, thinking the chicken might know the answer to this question too.

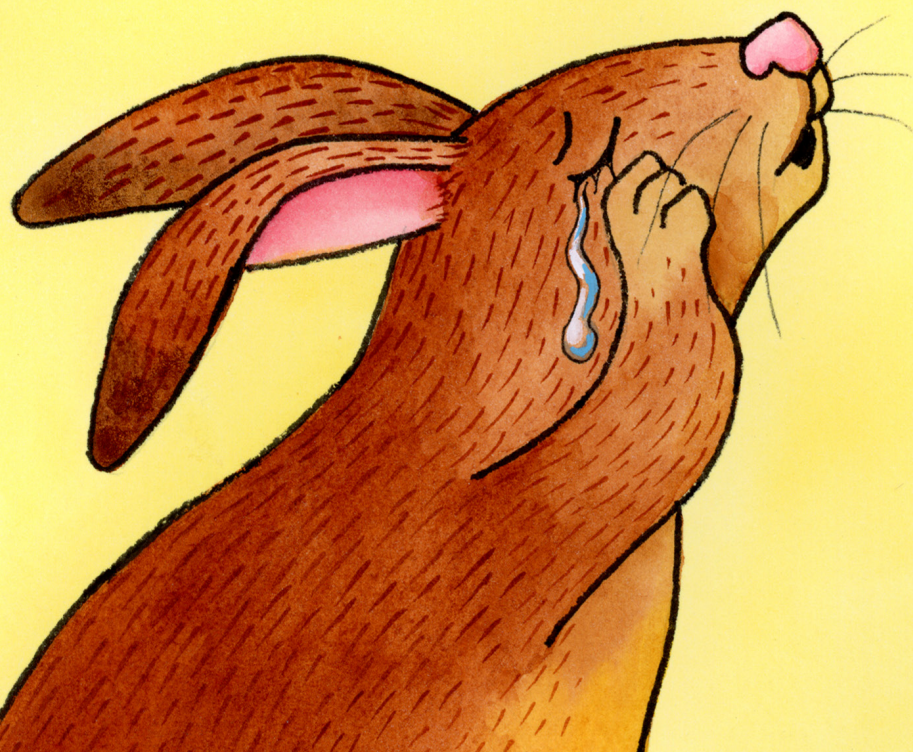
"What can you do for the farmer?"

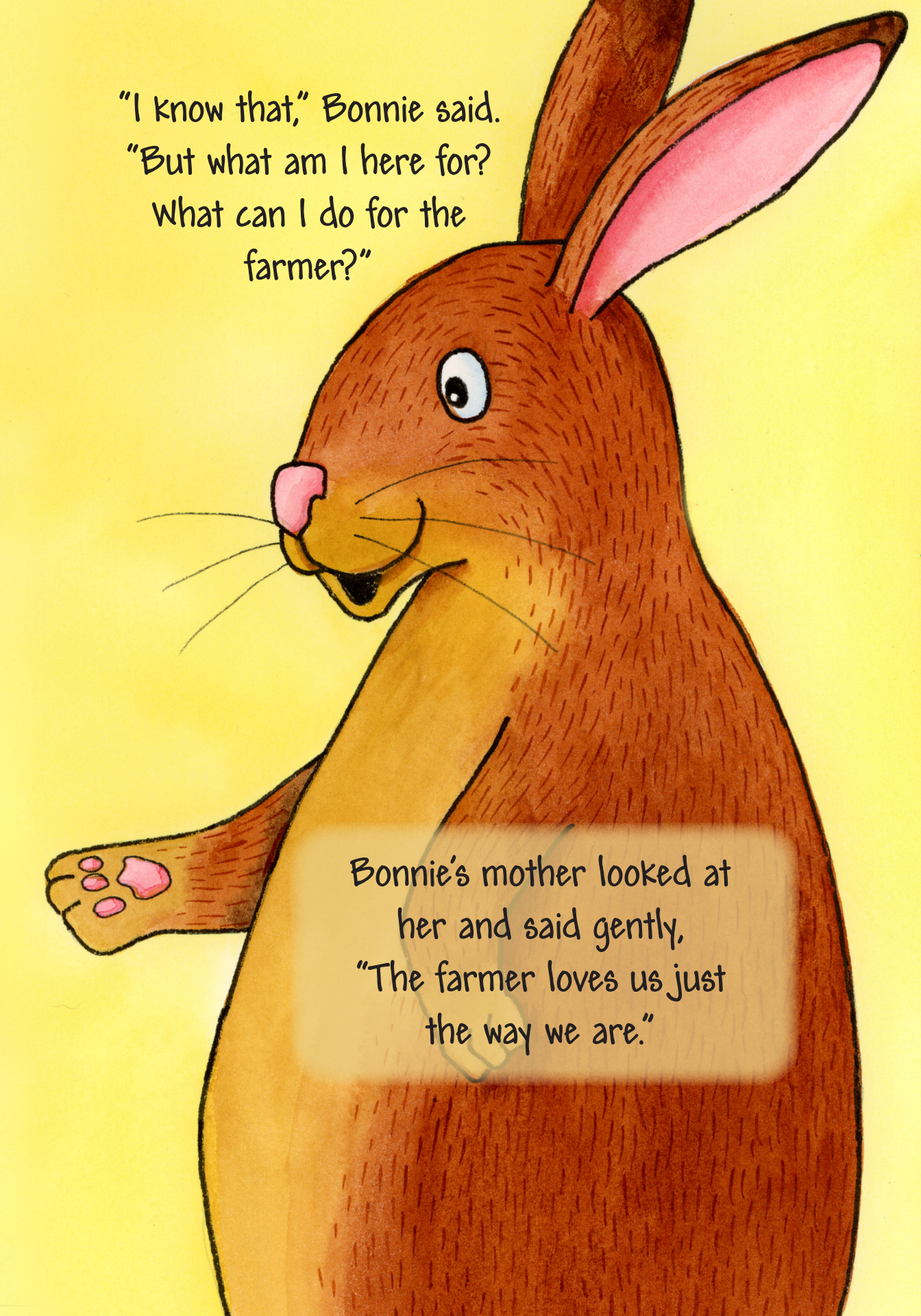
"I can't do anything."

"Then I can't imagine why you are here on the farm."

Bonnie felt she was going to cry. She had nothing to offer the farmer. She had no idea why she was even born. She ran home to her mother and asked her tearfully, "Why was I born?"

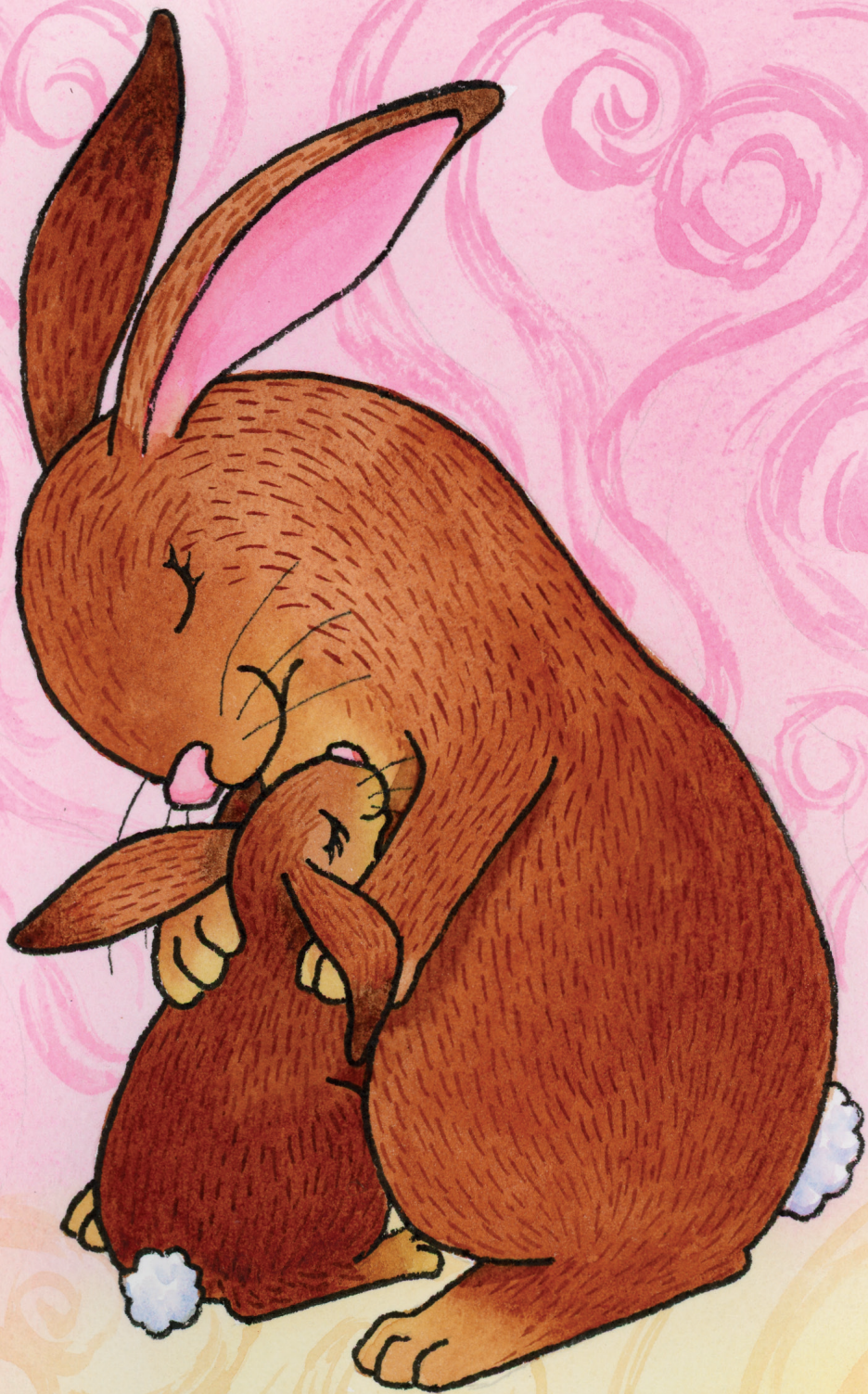
Bonnie's mother comforted her and said, "You were born because your father and I wanted you to be in our family."





"I know that," Bonnie said.
"But what am I here for?
What can I do for the
farmer?"

Bonnie's mother looked at
her and said gently,
"The farmer loves us just
the way we are."



Bonnie looked up at her mother and, with tears still in her eyes, she said, "I'm so glad to be here."