

“Hey, wait!” Springer called. “I thought that, well, maybe I could help this time. I mean, since I showed you where Hidden Pond is and everything. And then, of course, since you’d be finished so much faster with three of us working, you could play for awhile.”

Chopsie sighed. “Alright, Springer, alright. You can help. Grinder will show you what to do. But no playing until we’re all done.”

“Yea!” Springer shouted. He did a somewhat sloppy somersault, floppy ears over puffy tail, and bounced back to his feet.



“And we can really play? Really?” Grinder was quivering with anticipation, his prickly hair standing on end.

“Yes, we can really play. Now come on—let’s get to work.”

When Chopsie announced that they were finished for the day, Springer leaped with delight and gave a joyful shout. “Whoopee! And now, my friends, it’s time. Since I’ve learned all about beaver work, I do believe it’s time you learned a little something about bunny play.”

