

## Hungry Little Hare

Little Hare the jackrabbit had great long ears with little black tips. Her long furry hind paws helped her hop very fast and jump very high.

One beautiful day, Little Hare smelled raspberries. Raspberry leaves were her favorite food.

Little Hare hopped, and then she hopped again. She followed the scent of raspberry to a pond in the meadow.

“Ouch!” a voice cried. “You stepped on me!” Little Hare looked, but she saw only bright green grass.

“I can't see you,” Little Hare said.

“You're not supposed to see me,” said a green frog, hopping in front of Little Hare. “My color hides me in the grass from snoopers. *You* don't eat frogs, do you?”

“Oh, no!” said Little Hare. “I'm looking for raspberry leaves.”

Little Hare hopped, and then she hopped again. *Crunch, crunch, crunch* went the twigs in the woods.

“Ouch!” a voice cried. “You pushed me!”

Little Hare looked, but she saw only brown twigs on a tree stump.

“I can't see you,” Little Hare said.

“You're not supposed to see me,” said a walkingstick, crawling up to Little Hare. “I look exactly like a twig. That's how I hide from sneaky squirrels.”

Little Hare was hungry. She hopped, and then she hopped again, past a big green bush.

“Ouch!” a voice said. “You bumped me!”

Little Hare looked, but she saw only slender green leaves.

“I can't see you,” Little Hare said.

“You're not supposed to see me!” A katydid hopped up right in front of Little Hare. “I look exactly like a leaf, but I'm really an insect. My disguise protects me from prying praying mantises.”

Now Little Hare was very hungry. She hopped, and then hopped again, and leaned against a tree to rest.

“Ouch!” said a voice. “Don't lean on me!”

Little Hare looked and looked, but she saw only brown bark on the tree.

“I can't see you,” said Little Hare. “I guess you look like something else, too.”

“That's right,” said a moth, fluttering in front of Little Hare. “My color matches the bark of a tree, so when I rest the wily woodpeckers can't find me.”

Little Hare was just about to hop off when a drowsy voice exclaimed, “Careful! I'm resting in the leaves at your feet!”

Little Hare looked down just as a woodcock shook out his feathers.

“I blend into the leaves on the ground to avoid furry foxes,” he explained.

Little Hare was so hungry she could barely hop. But she spied some lovely lilies nearby.

She was just about to sniff them when a voice cried, “Don't sneeze!”

Little Hare looked, but she saw only yellow lilies.

“I can't see you,” Little Hare said.

“You're not supposed to see me,” replied a crab spider. “Leaping lizards think I'm a flower, but I only look like one. I can change color to match many kinds of flowers, so I'm invisible wherever I go.”

“Well, I'm just a jackrabbit,” said Little Hare, “and I'm going to find my mother.”

Soon Little Hare found her mother among tender, juicy raspberry leaves!

“Mother, what does *invisible* mean?” asked Little Hare as she munched.

“It means you disappear into the world around you,” explained her mother.

“I wish I were invisible like the other animals and insects,” said Little Hare.

“You will be,” replied her mother. “You only have to wait.”

And Mother Hare was right! (Little Hare turns white to blend in with the snow.)