

Brer Rabbit Story

Category	Yarn
Time to allocate (mins)	10

“One day after Brer Rabbit had fooled him with the [calamus root](#), Brer Fox went to work and got some tar. He mixed it with some turpentine, and fixed up a contraption that he called a Tar-Baby. He put a straw hat on the Tar-Baby and sat her in the middle of the road, then hid in the bushes to see what would happen.



He didn't have to wait long either, because Brer Rabbit soon came pacing down the road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—as saucy as a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low.

Brer Rabbit come prancing along until he spotted the Tar-Baby. Then he fetched up on his hind legs as if he was astonished. The Tar Baby, she sat there and Brer Fox lay low.

“Good morning,” said Brer Rabbit, “Nice weather we’re having.”

The Tar-Baby said nothing. Brer Fox laid low and grinned an evil grin.

Brer Rabbit tried again. “And how are you feeling this fine day?”

Brer Fox winked his eye slowly and laid low in the bushes, and the Tar Baby, well, she said nothing.

“How are you then? Are you deaf?” said Brer Rabbit. “If you are, I can shout louder.”

Tar-Baby stayed still, and Brer Fox, he lay low.

“You’re stuck up, that’s what you are,” said Brer Rabbit, “I’ll cure you, that’s what I’ll do.”

“Brer Fox, he gave a belly-laugh, but Tar-Baby said nothing.

“I’m going to teach you how to talk to respectable people, if it’s my last act,” said Brer Rabbit. ‘If you don’t take off that hat, I’m going to beat you up”.

Tar-Baby stayed still, and Brer Fox, he lay low.

Story

Brer Rabbit keep on asking, and the Tar-Baby kept on saying nothing.

Presently, Brer Rabbit drew back his fist and -BLIP- he hit the Tar-Baby on the side of the head. And that's when he lost his cool. His fist stuck and he couldn't get loose. The tar held him. But Tar-Baby, she stayed still, and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"If you don't let me go, I'll hit you again," said Brer Rabbit, and with that he swiped again with the other hand, and that stuck. Tar-Baby said nothing and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Let me go, or I'll knock the stuffing out of you," said Brer Rabbit, but Tar-Baby said nothing. She just hung on, and Brer Rabbit lost the use of his feet in the same way. Brer Fox, he lay low.

Then Brer Rabbit yelled out that if the Tar-Baby didn't turn him loose he'd head butt her side-on. So he butted, and his head got stuck. Then Brer Fox sauntered out, looking as innocent as one of your mummy's mocking-birds.

"Hiya, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Fox. "You look sort of stuck up this morning," and then he rolled on the ground, and laughed and laughed until he could laugh no more. "You'll have to have dinner with me this time, Brer Rabbit. I've got some calamus root, and I won't take any excuses".



When Brer Fox found Brer Rabbit entangled with the Tar-Baby, he felt really good, and he rolled on the ground laughing. Eventually, he got up and said:

"Well, I think I got you this time, Brer Rabbit. Maybe I haven't, but I think I have. You been running around here being cheeky for a mighty long time, but I think you've come to the end of the line. You've been cutting capers and bouncing about the neighbourhood where I'm in charge, and poking about in what is not your business," said Brer Fox.

"Who asked you to chat up the Tar-Baby? And who stuck you up the way you are? Nobody in the round world. You just jammed yourself on that Tar-Baby without waiting for any invitation," said Brer Fox,. "And there you are, and there you'll stay until I fix up a heap of brushwood and make a fire, 'cos I'm going to barbecue you today for sure," said Brer Fox.

So Brer Rabbit talked in a mighty humble way.

"I don't care what you do with me, Brer Fox" said Brer Rabbit. "Just don't fling me in that briar patch over there. Roast me, Brer Fox, but don't fling me in in that briar patch," said Brer Rabbit.

"It's so much trouble to start a fire," said Brer Fox, "that I think I'd rather hang you."

"Hang me just as high as you please, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but for Lord's sake don't fling me in in that briar patch."

"I don't have any string," said Brer Fox, "so I think I'd rather drown you."

"Drown me just as deep as you please, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, "but for Lord's sake don't fling me in in that briar patch."

"There's no water nearby," said Brer Fox, "so I think I'd rather skin you."

"Skin me, Brer Fox, snatch out my eyeballs, tear out my ears by the roots, and cut off my legs," said Brer Rabbit. "Only please, Brer Fox, please don't throw me into the briar patch."

"It's not going to be much fun skinning you," said Brer Fox, "you're not scared of that. But you are scared of the briar patch."

And with that, Brer Fox yanked Brer Rabbit off the Tar-Baby, and he flung him - KERPLUNK!- right into the briar patch.

Well, there was a flutter where Brer Rabbit landed, then "Ooo! Oow! Ouch!" he screeched and he squalled. Then after a while, there was only a weak whisper from Brer Rabbit. Brer Fox listened.

"I got him! Brer Rabbit is dead!" said Brer Fox.

But then he heard a scuffling away at the other end of the [briar patch](#). And low and behold, who does Brer Fox see scrambling out but Brer Rabbit himself, playing a briar bush whistle.

"Born and bred in the briar patch, that's me," laughed Brer Rabbit. "I told you not to throw me there. In all the world, that's the place I love best!"

With a lippity clip, he hopped away.