

RABBIT HOLE

Lamp Lighter Lite for Kiddos

Rabbit and the Sign That Pointed Everywhere

Some paths make sense. Others make better stories.



PRINTABLE EDITION

Mommy can staple the pages.

No scissors required.

Van Lady loves crayons!

THE SIGN THAT POINTED EVERYWHERE

Rabbit stood beneath the old wooden signpost with one paw on her hip and the other wrapped around her coffee mug. Seven arrows pointed in seven directions: **THIS WAY. THAT WAY. SOMEWHERE. DEFINITELY. MAYBE. SCENIC ROUTE. WHO KNOWS?** None of them pointed back.

Rabbit studied the signs carefully. For almost four seconds. “I know exactly where we’re going.” Crow looked down from a branch. “Ah yes. The Official Map of Bad Decisions.” Charlene scampered around the bottom of the post. “Which arrow are we following?”



“Definitely,” said Rabbit. “Why Definitely?” Charlene asked. “Because it sounds confident.” Crow closed his eyes. Monty uncapped himself. Broom leaned against a tree. This was going to be a long day.

THE MASTER DOCUMENTER

FIELD RECORD • DAY ONE

Destination under discussion.
Route selected: DEFINITELY.
Basis: confidence.
Map status: unverified.

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Monty was the Master Documenter of Experiences. He wrote things down. Everything. Rabbit considered this one of his more irritating qualities. “Are you writing already?” she asked. “Yes.” “We haven’t done anything.” Monty continued writing. “That’s what you think.”

Rabbit narrowed her eyes. Monty had no eraser. This was not an accident.

The crew started down the Definitely trail. Rabbit led. Charlene bounced behind her. Broom came next, although nobody remembered inviting a broom on a hike. Crow flew overhead. Wolf did not join them. Not exactly. He watched from between the trees. Wolf had learned that sometimes the best place to observe Rabbit was from a safe distance.



SITE 27

Ten minutes later they passed a sign: **DOLLAR GENERAL** → Broom stopped. Everyone else stopped. Broom stared at the sign. “We’ve discussed this.” Rabbit turned around. “Discussed what?” “I suppose you want to go to a craft store as well.”

Rabbit blinked. “What happened at Dollar General?” Broom stared into the middle distance. A tiny thought appeared: **Site 27**. Monty uncapped. “No,” said Broom. Monty paused. “I have that documented in *Campground Comedy*.” “Enough.” They kept walking.



The trail curved left. Then right. Then left again. Rabbit checked the trees, the ground, a rock, and finally the map upside down. Crow noticed. “Interesting technique.” “I like multiple perspectives.” “The words are upside down.” “That’s one of the perspectives.”

SITE 27 • DOLLAR GENERAL

DOLLAR GENERAL → observed.
Broom response: immediate.
Site 27 referenced.
Further inquiry: not recommended.

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HERE



Charlene looked up. “Are we lost?” Rabbit stopped so quickly Broom nearly swept her. “No.” “Do you know where we are?” Crow asked. “Of course.” “Where?” Rabbit spread her paws. “Here.” Crow stared at her. “I regret asking follow-up questions.”

They walked another fifteen minutes. Charlene found an acorn. Broom found three leaves that offended him personally. Crow found the same crooked birch tree they'd passed earlier. Rabbit found an explanation.

❧ ❧ ❧

“That is a similar tree.” Crow landed beside it. “It has the same broken branch.” “Trees break branches.” “It has the same woodpecker hole.” “Woodpeckers are notoriously repetitive.” Charlene pointed toward the base. “And there's your sandwich.”



CROOKED BIRCH • HERE

Crooked birch encountered.
Broken branch. Woodpecker hole.
Rabbit: “similar tree.”
Evidence suggests otherwise.



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THE SANDWICH

There, on a stump, sat half of Rabbit's sandwich.
Rabbit stared at it. The sandwich stared back as much
as a sandwich can. Crow waited. Charlene waited.
Broom waited. Monty uncapped.

Rabbit pointed accusingly at the stump. "Someone
recreated my lunch." Monty began writing. "Stop
documenting." "No." Rabbit picked up the sandwich.
"This proves nothing." Crow hopped closer. "It has
your bite marks." "Circumstantial." "You left it here
twenty minutes ago." "Allegedly."



SANDWICH EVIDENCE

Half sandwich located on stump.
Bite marks consistent with Rabbit.
Rabbit: recreation of lunch.
Evidence subsequently consumed.



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Broom leaned toward Charlene. "Van Lady would have
prepared a route." Rabbit heard him. "I HAVE a route."
Crow looked around. "We've walked past your lunch
twice." Rabbit took a bite. "Efficient."

EVIDENCE DISPOSITION

Sandwich identified.
Rabbit challenged the finding.
Exhibit consumed before review.



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METAPHORS



Five minutes later, Charlene said, “Something just flew over my head.” She swatted wildly at the air. Crow ducked. “Metaphor.” Charlene swatted again. “Where?” “Please stop attacking ideas.”

Eventually they reached the crooked birch tree again. The stump was still there. The sandwich was gone. Rabbit smiled triumphantly. “See?” Crow stared at her. “You ate it.” “That is one interpretation.” “That is what happened.” Rabbit adjusted her backpack. “I prefer to remain open-minded.”

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Charlene sat on a rock. “My feet hurt.” Rabbit stopped. That mattered. Broom leaned against another tree. Even Crow came down from his branch. For the first time all morning, Rabbit didn't immediately say anything.



METAPHOR INCIDENT

Metaphor reported overhead.
Charlene attempted interception.

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PAUSE

Rabbit finally said, “Maybe we should pause.” Crow nearly fell off the rock. “I’m sorry. Could you repeat that for the official record?” Monty was already ready. Rabbit glared at both of them. “I said maybe we should pause.” Monty wrote it down. “Historical event.”

They sat. They drank water. They stopped arguing with the map. And when nobody was busy proving anything, they began noticing things. Charlene saw tiny purple stains on a rock. Broom noticed crushed leaves beside the trail. Crow flew overhead and spotted birds gathering farther east. Rabbit found small tracks in the soft dirt. Monty recorded all of it.

PAUSE · FIELD OBSERVATION

Purple berry stains on rock.
Crushed leaves beside trail.
Birds gathering farther east.
Small tracks in soft dirt.



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TRAIL PAUSE

Crew stationary.
Small tracks visible in soft dirt.
Observation continued.

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Nobody announced a lesson. Nobody needed to. They were simply paying attention.

TRACK STUDY

Soft dirt beside trail.
Small tracks recorded.
Bird activity east of clearing.

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BERRY-ADJACENT INTENTIONS



Rabbit crouched beside the purple stains. “Berries?” Charlene sniffed them. “Probably.” Crow returned from above. “There are berry bushes beyond the ridge.” Rabbit stood. “I knew that.” “No.” “I suspected it.” “No.” “I had berry-adjacent intentions.” Crow considered this. “I’ll allow it.”

Monty wrote: **Berry-adjacent intentions.** Rabbit pointed at him. “That’s coming out.” Monty looked up. “No eraser.”

• • •

The crew followed the clues instead of Rabbit’s confidence. This worked remarkably well. They found tracks, feathers, more berry stains, and finally - berries. Lots of them. Charlene squealed. Rabbit threw both paws into the air. “EXACTLY AS PLANNED!” “No,” said everyone. Rabbit lowered one paw. “Adjacent to planned?” Crow nodded. “Closer.”



BERRY TRAIL

Probable trail beyond ridge.
Specimen: purple berries.
Rabbit: “Berry-adjacent intentions.”
NO ERASER.



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GRAVITY HAS NOT BEEN NOTIFIED

They ate berries. They rested. For several glorious minutes, nobody made a decision. Then Charlene looked toward the trees. "I identify as a bird." Silence. Crow slowly turned his head. "Gravity has not been notified." Charlene looked up at the sky. "Should we tell it?" "No."

Rabbit wiped berry juice from her paws. "I'm feeling very centered." Crow looked at her. "You were arguing with a sandwich forty minutes ago." "I've grown." Broom muttered, "It's been a morning."



"I think I'm protecting my peace," Rabbit said. Crow glanced at the trail. "You're sitting in a berry patch." "Exactly." "That isn't a boundary." Rabbit stood. "I'm setting boundaries." "Try setting landmarks." Monty uncapped. Rabbit pointed at him. "Don't."

GRAVITY • CENTERED

Charlene announced avian identity.
Gravity remains unchanged.
Rabbit reports growth.
Sandwich dispute: ~40 minutes ago.

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THE CRAFT STORE INCIDENT



Eventually the crew continued. And that was when Rabbit saw it. A sign: **CRAFT STORE** → Broom froze. “No.” Rabbit's ears perked. “I didn't say anything.” “You looked.” “I can look.” “You looked with intention.”

Somehow - and nobody later agreed exactly how - they entered the craft store. Rabbit inspected ribbon. Charlene found pom-poms. Crow perched on a display labeled **SEASONAL CLEARANCE** and immediately regretted everything. Monty remained near the entrance. Broom watched the glue guns. Wolf appeared outside the window. Watching. Always watching.



Twenty-three minutes later, they emerged. Broom counted everyone. “Craft store checked off. Let's get back on the trail before we buy googly eyes, red felt, or a glue gun.”



CRAFT STORE · INVENTORY

Time inside: 23 minutes.
Ribbon observed. Pom-poms handled.
Crow: Seasonal Clearance.
Broom: glue-gun surveillance.
Purchases officially reported: none.



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LITERARY RESTRAINT. PG.

Rabbit looked back toward the store. “I can think of several things I could say right now.” Wolf stepped from the trees. He gave Rabbit **The Look**. “YES. It's called **literary restraint. PG.**”

Silence. Monty uncapped. “Grown-ups have their own drawer. *Campground Comedy*. It's documented.” Crow nodded. “Of course it is.” Rabbit looked at Monty. “So there's an unrestricted version?” Wolf: “NO.” Broom was already walking. “Keep moving.”



LITERARY RESTRAINT · PG

Wolf: Literary restraint. PG.
Campground Comedy referenced.
Rabbit requested unrestricted
version.
Request denied. NO.

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For a while, things went surprisingly well. This made everyone nervous.

WOLF · FOLLOW-UP

Request reviewed.
Boundary unchanged.
Further comment withheld.

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MEDIUM GRIT



Rabbit spotted another path. “Ooooo.” “No,” said Wolf. “I haven’t said anything.” “You made the sound.” “What sound?” “The detour sound.” Rabbit looked down the path. “It could be interesting.” Crow landed beside her. “So could getting home before dark.”

Rabbit folded her paws. “I need validation.” Monty produced a neat card: **VALIDATED**. Rabbit stared at him. “That’s not what I meant.” “Be specific.” Crow turned away so nobody would see him laughing.

Rabbit sighed. “Fine.” Broom looked at her. “Fine is a grade of sandpaper.” Rabbit looked at him. “Then I’m medium grit.” Monty uncapped. Rabbit groaned. “Stop producing material.” Monty looked at her. “You could stop doing things.” Crow added, “Please don’t.”

VALIDATED

Rabbit requested validation.
Validation provided.
Rabbit reports incorrect form.
Self-classification: Medium Grit.

VALIDATED

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THE MEETING

They reached another fork. Rabbit looked left. Then right. Then left again. "I don't want to speculate." Crow stared. "Now?" Rabbit ignored him. "Perhaps we should hold a meeting."

Five minutes later, everyone sat around a stump. Rabbit cleared her throat. "I'd like to create a safe space for ideas." Crow looked around at several acres of forest. "The space isn't the problem. The ideas are." Rabbit continued. "I feel seen." "You have been visible the entire time."



Charlene raised her paw. "Are we deciding which way to go?" Rabbit nodded. "Yes." "Did we need a meeting?" Crow answered. "No." Rabbit frowned. "We formed a committee." Charlene brightened. "So we decided?" Crow: "So no." Monty documented the meeting. It took six lines. The decision took one: **Follow the trail marker.**

MEETING MINUTES

1. Fork encountered.
2. Left route considered.
3. Right route considered.
4. Charlene requested clarity.
5. Crow requested efficiency.
6. Marker finally observed.

FOLLOW THE TRAIL MARKER.

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ENOUGH IS ENOUGH



As afternoon slipped toward evening, Rabbit spotted yet another little path disappearing between the trees. Her ears rose. Wolf saw them. “No.” Rabbit lowered one ear. “I was only looking.” “No.” “Maybe tomorrow?”

Wolf stepped forward. **“ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.”** Everything stopped. Crow froze. Charlene froze. Broom froze. Monty stopped writing. Rabbit's other ear slowly lowered.



Crow looked at Wolf. Then at Rabbit. “Well.” He took a sip of coffee. “The focus group has submitted feedback.” Rabbit opened her mouth. Closed it. Opened it again. Monty quietly wrote: **Point taken.** Broom nodded. “Message received.” Charlene whispered, “Well... that got real fast.” Nobody said anything else. They just walked. Sometimes silence is a complete sentence.



FIELD NOTE

Wolf: ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

Point taken.

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WHAT DID WE LEARN?

By the time they reached the familiar signpost again, the sky was turning gold. Rabbit looked at her crew. They were tired, a little dirty, and possibly stained with berries. Charlene had somehow acquired one googly eye. Nobody asked.

Rabbit climbed onto the stump. “So, crew... what did we learn from this adventure?” Everyone thought. Rabbit waited for wisdom. Finally she looked at Broom. Broom thought carefully. “Van Lady would have brought snacks?” Rabbit stared at him. Monty started writing. “Don’t document that.” “Too late.”



Rabbit hopped down. “Fine. But we found the berries.” Crow nodded. “We did.” “And we eventually found our way back.” “Yes.” “And we learned things.” Broom said, “Snacks.” Rabbit ignored him.

WHAT DID WE LEARN?

Question posed.

Broom: Van Lady would have brought snacks.

Rabbit requested omission.

Request received too late.

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WHEREVER WHERE IS!

SOMEWHERE →

Rabbit looked at the old signpost. Seven arrows. Seven directions. Still no arrow pointing back. Rabbit smiled. Crow saw the smile. “No.”

Rabbit pointed toward the arrow marked **SOMEWHERE →**. “ONWARD!” Crow sighed. “Where?” Rabbit started down the path. “**Wherever where is!**” Broom followed. “Next time, I’m packing the snacks.”



Monty uncapped. Wolf looked at the sky. Charlene ran after Rabbit. Crow took flight. And the signpost remained exactly where it had always been. Pointing everywhere. Except back.



MONTY'S FIELD NOTES

DAY ONE

Destination: Berries.
Berries: Excellent.
Route: Questionable.
Meetings: One too many.
Craft supplies purchased: Officially none.
Googly eyes acquired: Under investigation.
Home: Eventually located.
Rabbit: Remains confident.
Snacks: Insufficient.

Further study required.

MARGIN NOTE

Home located.
Departure immediately
recommended.

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AND NOW IT'S YOUR RABBIT HOLE



Van Lady loves crayons!

Mommy can staple the pages. No scissors required.

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