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Sitting silent and speculating on what to do next, Squirrel didn't even so much as shiver slightly when Rabbit went romping by.

For Rabbit had been romping by regularly for ages. Even Owl, always oblivious to the outside world, had taken notice enough to order Rabbit refrain from romping.

Rabbit had no respect for Owl's observations.

Indeed, romping around the forest was enough to disrupt even the most studious and patient of animals. Newt, newcomer and not one to break neutrality, knew too much about nature to see it disturbed naively.

"Why don't you stop your rompings before you run into a tree?" Newt narrated. "Or worse, roll yourself into the river!"

But Rabbit felt himself too rational for all of that.

Snake, never one to spare a sentiment, slung insults at the running Rabbit. Snake was shrewd and scholarly, and taught his snakelings many schoolings. So when matters concerned young Rabbit, Snake was prone to ramble very seriously (sometimes past the suited time of classes).

"Why don't you stop your rompings," Snake snarled, "before you slip into someone's hole in the ground?"

"Or worse yet, step into mine."

But Rabbit knew Snake's residence was nowhere near. Besides, he was far too ready for all of that.

Discerning the danger and drawing near, the antlered and dexterous one called Deer spoke quietly down to romping Rabbit.

"Don't draw attention toward yourself," divulged Deer. "It is better to draw deep into the wood and there delight. Romping 'round the woods will do nothing but draw you into a dreary doom."

But Rabbit cared not to be reclusive or dear. Besides, he was far too rugged for all of that.

Squirrel, seeing storms from the top of her tree, slid down to the trunk to speak to Rabbit. She saw that her statement to Rabbit would have to settle the question.

"I see sad signs for you if you don't slow down" said Squirrel. "Be smart, store your food swiftly, and sneak away as soon as you may."

But Rabbit needed not to store his food. Besides, he was far too robust for all of that.

Robust, indeed. For whence came a wandering voice, wailing away to Rabbit from within the woods.

"Take a care, Rabbit. You would not want to romp toward my wake."

But Rabbit did what he wanted. He romped right over to the wailing words.

And right into Wolf's waiting mouth.

Sitting silent and speculating what to do next, Squirrel was most satisfied that Rabbit had retired.

One less nut to stew over.