

Widdle Wabbits

A precious little girl walks into a Pet store and asks, in the sweetest little lisp, between two missing teeth,

"Excute me, mithter, do you keep widdle wabbits?"

As the shopkeeper's heart melts, he gets down on his knees so that he's on her level and asks,

"Do you want a widdle white wabbit, or a thoft and fuwwy, bwack wabbit, or maybe one like that cute widdle bwown wabbit over there?"

She, in turn, blushes, rocks on her heels, puts her hands on her knees, leans forward and says, in a tiny quiet voice,

"I don't think my python really cares."