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The Secret Life of Juniper Snow's RABBITS



A Lethbridge Tale,
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Illustrations created by AI

Mopsy and the Prairie Pack: *A Night of Narrow Escapes*

Mopsy's little paws rustled softly through the long grass as she hopped deeper into the glowing meadow. Fireflies blinked like tiny lanterns, lighting her way beneath the big, silver moon.

She paused. Something wasn't right.

The grass ahead of her... moved. Not like the wind, and not like a rabbit.

Slowly... quietly... something else was in there.

Mopsy's ears stood straight up. Her heart thumped loudly—bump-budump, bump-budump!

From deep within the grass came a low crunch... crunch...

Mopsy took one tiny step backward. Then, two glowing eyes appeared in the dark. They blinked. And suddenly—

“Wait! Don't run!” a voice whispered.

Mopsy froze.

A voice?

In the grass?



She blinked her chestnut eyes at the mysterious creature. *Friend... or foe?* She couldn't decide.

Should she stay or run?



If it were a friend, perhaps it could confirm whether this field is really connected to the Gregory farm. If she made it there, she could prove—to herself and to the others—that she truly was brave, just like in her stories.

Still undecided, Mopsy stood frozen in the darkness. Even the fireflies had vanished, as if they, too, were holding their breath.

How did those eyes just float there?

She tried to choose bravery—but her body and mind couldn't agree on what that looked like. Trembling, in the bravest voice she could muster, she squeaked:

“Who are you?”

The eyes didn't respond. They just blinked... and stared straight into her soul.

A chill ran down her small, rabbity spine.

It hadn't attacked. It hadn't spoken, it just watched.



The silence felt so thick it could have been cut with a knife.

Mopsy blinked.

The eyes blinked back.

After a moment, she steadied herself. Maybe it couldn't see her. If she stayed still long enough, perhaps it would lose interest. Her body relaxed. Her heart slowed—

Then suddenly—The shape moved. Fast. Too fast.

It darted past like lightning. It flew!

Mopsy dropped instantly, flattening her chocolaty body against the dry earth. She lay still as stone, hoping to disappear into the dirt itself.



Minutes passed—though they felt like hours.

At last, hearing nothing, she dared to move.

The prairie felt different at night.

The wind whispered instead of howling, as Lethbridge winds often did. The grass swayed like something alive... something watching.

Mopsy had only meant to hop a little farther than the Gregory fence—just to see what lay beyond. But now, standing in the middle of a wide, shadowy field, she wasn't so sure her curiosity had been wise. She sniffed the air. Stillness. Then— A shadow passed overhead.

Silent.

Watching.

Mopsy froze.

Two golden eyes opened in the darkness.

High on a fencepost sat a great horned owl—still as the night itself.



He had been there the whole time. Watching. Waiting.

Mopsy didn't think. She ran.

Her back legs kicked hard as she zig-zagged through the grass.

Behind her—nothing.

Then—a rush of air.

The owl swept low over her head, silent and powerful.

“He’s going to eat me!” she squealed.

Faster. Faster.



Then—stillness.

She stumbled to a stop.

There he was again.

Closer now.

Watching.

Not chasing.

Not attacking.

Just... there.

The owl tilted his head.

“Little rabbit... the night is not what you think it is.”

Mopsy trembled.



“P-please don’t eat me.”

“If I wished to eat you... You would not be standing.”

She swallowed.

“I’m not scared,” she said quickly.

“No?” the owl questioned softly. “You are afraid... and still you go.”
He turned his gaze toward the distant farm.

“What lies ahead... does not hunt as I do.”

Mopsy followed his gaze. “I have to go,” she said. “I need to prove I’m brave.”

The owl was quiet for a long moment.

“Bravery is not running forward... it is knowing when not to.”

Mopsy’s legs trembled—but she lifted her chin.

“I’m going anyway.” And before he could speak again, she ran.



The field opened wide beneath the moon.

Free.

Endless.

Mopsy ran as fast and as far as her little rabbit legs could take her. She had never felt so exhilarated, breathless, and free. Until, at last, she escaped the Owl. What a strange, delusional creature. What did he know about being a rabbit? What did he even know about bravery? He was an owl, and she was a rabbit. Flying things didn't know as well as creeping things; birds were flighty. Their heads were always up in the sky, not down to earth, like a quick little rabbit.

Mopsy slowed, breathless. She got away.

“I did it...”



Then—

The wind stopped.

The grass stilled.

The night held its breath.

A crunch.

A low chuckle.

“Well now... what have we here, eh?”

Mopsy froze.



Her tiny heart thumped so loudly she was sure *they* could hear it.

Slowly... ever so slowly...
More shadows began to move between the trees.

Not one.
Not two.

But many.

Golden eyes blinked open in the darkness—
one...
then another...
then another...

Surrounding her.

A voice whispered from the shadows, “Looks like we’ve found ourselves a little midnight snack, boys...”

Mopsy’s ears flattened.

Her paws trembled.

And just as she gathered the courage to move—A twig snapped behind her.

To be continued...

Will Mopsy escape the coyote gang?
Or has she just hopped into her biggest danger yet?

 *Come back next week to find out what happens next in*
The Secret Life of Juniper Snow’s Rabbits!

