

The Secret Life of Juniper Snow's RABBITS

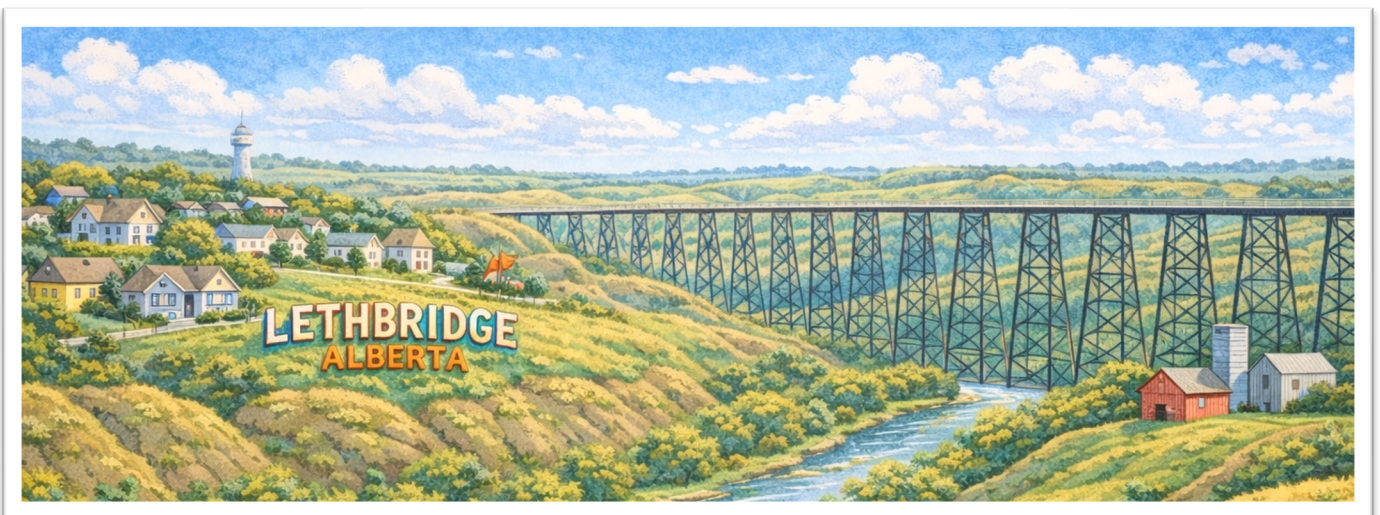
A Lethbridge Tale,
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Illustrations created by AI

The Secret Life of Juniper Snow's Rabbits



Once upon a time, there were three little bunnies named Flopsy, Mopsy, and Big Bertha, and they lived a simple, free-range lifestyle in the sometimes-windy back yard in Lethbridge, Alberta, behind their kind and loving neighbour, Juniper Snow, a single mother of five rambunctious children, but who also went by “Junie” for short.





Flopsy was the oldest sister. She had medium-length chocolate fur that matched the sweetness of her personality, hazelnut eyes, and a cute button nose that swished this way and that as she tested the air for a tantalizing snack, most often when she sought out Miss. Snow’s Garden. She loved grazing on typical rabbit things such as honeysuckle, alfalfa, and other grasses and hay that Junie kept on hand in abundance, but she also tantalized peas, and carrots out of the garden that was fenced to keep her out—but her most favourite delectable snack of all outside of bananas, of course, was Junie’s petunias. That stinky little rabbit.





Mopsy, who matched her sister's chocolate colour—though rather smaller and slightly more dark chocolate in flavour—was notorious for escaping on adventures. She was wiry, quick, and always up for some new mischievous fun. Nothing could stop her, other than the sweetness of a child. She had a soft spot for children and couldn't resist the urge for a game or a snuggle.





Now, last of all, was Big Bertha. So, Big Bertha did not resemble her sisters. She was the cream in their soft Oreo cookie. And was large, with medium-length, soft, vibrant fur, beetle-black eyes, and long, floppy ears. She LOVED living in Miss. Snow's back yard. She had as much hay and grass as she could eat, and on frequent occasions, such as when Miss. Snow went to the supermarket, she always had long, fresh carrots, lettuce, and celery to taste, as well as her most favourite: fat, juicy, ripe bananas! Oh, those were her most favourite treat of all, and every time she nibbled one, she remembered the warm love reflected by Junie Snow and her wonderful family. She was so happy to be a rabbit in such a wonderful, beautiful place.

She loved the white picket fence, the quiet neighbours, and the peaceful neighbourhood. She had a wonderful, sturdy rabbit hutch that she shared with her two sisters, although they rarely used it except for in winter or if they were being exceptionally naughty, such as when they devoured all of Miss. Snow's lilies last summer, which left them all with a frightful tummy ache.



She was able to rest in the sun or shade while she nibbled the grass in the backyard, which was the only real job she had to do. She was able to play with the children after school or hop and frolic with her sisters when they were in the right humour. She also enjoyed chasing the indoor cat, Cheeto Puff, when he came outside for a visit. Oftentimes, he would give her a chase, and she would chase him back, nipping at his fluffy-orange tail. Oh, what fun it was to be a rabbit! Every day felt better than the last. She could not understand Flopsy's gluttony, as she felt that leaving the back yard would allow her for far more delectable delights in which to stuff her round face with. She was beginning to grow quite the double chin, and it wobbled when she hopped. She did not understand why she needed so much more to stuff her fat hole with.

She also did not understand her sister Mopsy, who just couldn't be contented, always bouncing, nibbling, and digging. There was always too much that she wanted to do, and she couldn't just rest, being safe and secure in Miss. Snow's beautiful, rich garden. Why must she always be doing, rather than enjoying the wonderful earthly changes that were ongoing all around her? No, for Mopsy, the grass was always

greener on the other side. Only, Big Bertha wished to reside on her side of the fence: she was a good and obedient rabbit.



On a particularly dark evening in their quiet, quaint neighbourhood in Lethbridge, Alberta, Mopsy was feeling especially restless. She had a dry, dormant afternoon that drove her absolutely batty. Her bunny-bones just ached for a new adventure. When she was sure that Miss Snow and her five rambunctious children had settled down for sleep, she endeavoured to try to dig under that one soft spot of dirt that she had found near the gate in the fence earlier that morning.

At first, she started out slowly, quietly scraping her little rabbit paws against the soft chestnut earth which stretched along the side of the gate. Once she got started—and after realizing that her sisters, too, had nodded off for their midsummer night's rest—she felt invigorated by the excitement of being free. What started out as silent scooping moved into shovelling until she became so excited that her digging began to seem more like excavating, as she began perforating into the next layer of chunky clay and gouging out small rabbit-sized rocks and pebbles. Before long, dirt was flying everywhere, and she found herself tunnelling underneath Miss. Snow's front picket gate.

At last, she cut through the grassy surface of Miss. Snow's front yard.



And so, as the moon rose over Lethbridge and the bunnies settled in for the night, a new adventure was already beginning.

