

The Secret Life of
Juniper Snow's Rabbits

Mopsy and the
Prairie Pack:

A Night of Narrow Escapes—
Barron Von Biteyface's Tale

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Mopsy and the Prairie Pack: A Night of Narrow Escapes—*Barron Von Biteyface's Tale*



They call me **Barron Von Biteyface**.

A ridiculous name, really...
—but one I have *earned*.

I am the shadow between the wheat stalks.
The whisper in the tall grass.
The silent paw-step at the edge of **Gregory Farm**.

And for many moons now...
I have watched the rabbits.

At first, it was simple.



Hunger.

Instinct.

The way of the prairie.

Three of them, always together—

Flopsy, that soft, scrumptiously plump one.

Mopsy, the quiet, wiry one with eyes that see too deep.

And **Big Bertha**...

Ah, Big Bertha.

Too bold. Too loud. Too careless. Too tantalizingly tasty!

She laughs at danger.

That makes her interesting—for food, perhaps—but my momma taught me not to play with my food.



My pack and I—

Bitey Boots, ever eager.

Nibble-NO-Mercy Ned, all teeth and no patience.

Snaggletooth Steve, delightfully, drooly and who laughs at his own jokes.

And the others...

We should have had them long ago.

But something... strange... lives in that yard.



It is not just rabbits.

There is a *woman*.

Juniper Snow.

She moves as if she belongs to the land itself.

Not prey. Not a predator.

Something... in between.

And where she walks—

The rabbits grow bold.

Too bold.



Then there are the *others*.

The orange one—

Cheeto Puff—loud, ridiculous, always watching from above like some fluffy, fence-top king.

And the extra-fluffy one—

Fluff-Butt—silent, calculating...

I do not trust her.

Cats are not to be trusted.

Not ever.

We tried once.

A perfect plan.

The moon was high.

The fence... weak.

The wind was even in our favour.

Let me tell you what really happened that one still night, because every story has two sides.



And this one—
is mine.

The prairie breathed quietly beneath the silver moon, and deep within the long grass, **we waited.**

The wind carried everything to us—the scent of earth, the hum of insects... and then—
Rabbit.

Small. Alone. Curious.

We watched her before she ever knew we were there.

A soft rustle. Light paws. Careless.

She wandered deeper into the meadow, chasing courage she did not yet understand.

One of us shifted, just slightly. The grass betrayed the movement.



She stopped.

Good.

Her ears shot straight up, her tiny heart pounding so loudly we could nearly hear it from where we lay hidden.

Crunch... crunch...

We let the sound travel slowly toward her. Not rushing. Never rushing. The night is patient—and so are we.

Then her scent sharpened fear.

Two glowing eyes revealed themselves in the dark.

She saw.

And she froze.

“Wait! Don’t run!” one of us whispered, low and smooth, just to see what she would do.



She didn't run.

Interesting.

The little rabbit stood there, trembling, trying to decide what we already knew—there is no decision to make.

Friend... or foe?

We didn't move. Not yet. Just watched.

She spoke.

"Who are you?"

We said nothing.

Silence is louder than any answer.

She stared. We stared back.

The night thickened around us, holding its breath along with her.



For a moment... she tried stillness. Tried to disappear.

Clever.

But not clever enough.

Then—

Movement.

Fast.

One of us darted past like lightning, just close enough to feel her panic spike.

She dropped flat to the ground.

Flattening. Hiding.

Yes... we've seen that before.

We let the silence return.

Let her wonder.



Let her hope.

Minutes passed.

She moved again.

And then—

A shadow crossed above.

We all paused.

The owl.

High on a fencepost, silent as the moon itself.

We watched as she noticed him.

Froze.

Ran.

The owl swept low, powerful and quiet.



We did not interfere.

The sky hunter had his turn.

We circled beneath, patient, watching the exchange unfold.

Then—stillness.

Closer now.

The owl perched again.

Watching.

Not chasing.

Not attacking.

Just... speaking.

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

We listened.



Every word matters in the dark.

“P-please don’t eat me,” she said.

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

We exchanged glances in the grass.

True.

“I’m not scared,” she insisted.

A pause.

“No?” the owl replied softly. “You are afraid... and still you go.”

Interesting.

Bravery.

The owl turned his gaze toward the distant farm.

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



We stilled.

He knew.

Of course, he knew.

Sky watchers always see more than they should.

“I have to go,” she said. “I need to prove I’m brave.”

The owl waited.

Then—

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

We almost laughed.

Almost.

But the rabbit lifted her chin anyway.

“I’m going anyway.”



And she ran.

Straight into us.

The field opened wide beneath the moon, and she ran freely into it—into **our** world.

Perfect.

She slowed.

Relief.

That was when we moved.

The wind stopped.

The grass stilled.

We stepped forward as one.

Crunch.

A low chuckle slipped through the dark.



“Well now... what have we here, eh?”

She froze again.

Her heart—louder now than ever.

One shadow stepped from the trees.

Then another.

And another.

We revealed ourselves slowly, deliberately.

Never rushing.

Golden eyes blinking open in the darkness—

one...

then another...

then another...



Until she understood.

She was not alone.

Not anymore.

“Looks like we’ve found ourselves a little midnight snack, boys...” one of us whispered.

Her ears flattened.

Her paws trembled.

And just as she gathered the courage to move—

A twig snapped behind her.


We had her.

Or so we thought.

To be continued...

Will the Prairie Pack close in?

Or has the little rabbit still got one more trick left in her?

 Come back next week to find out what happens next in

The Secret Life of Juniper Snow's Rabbits!