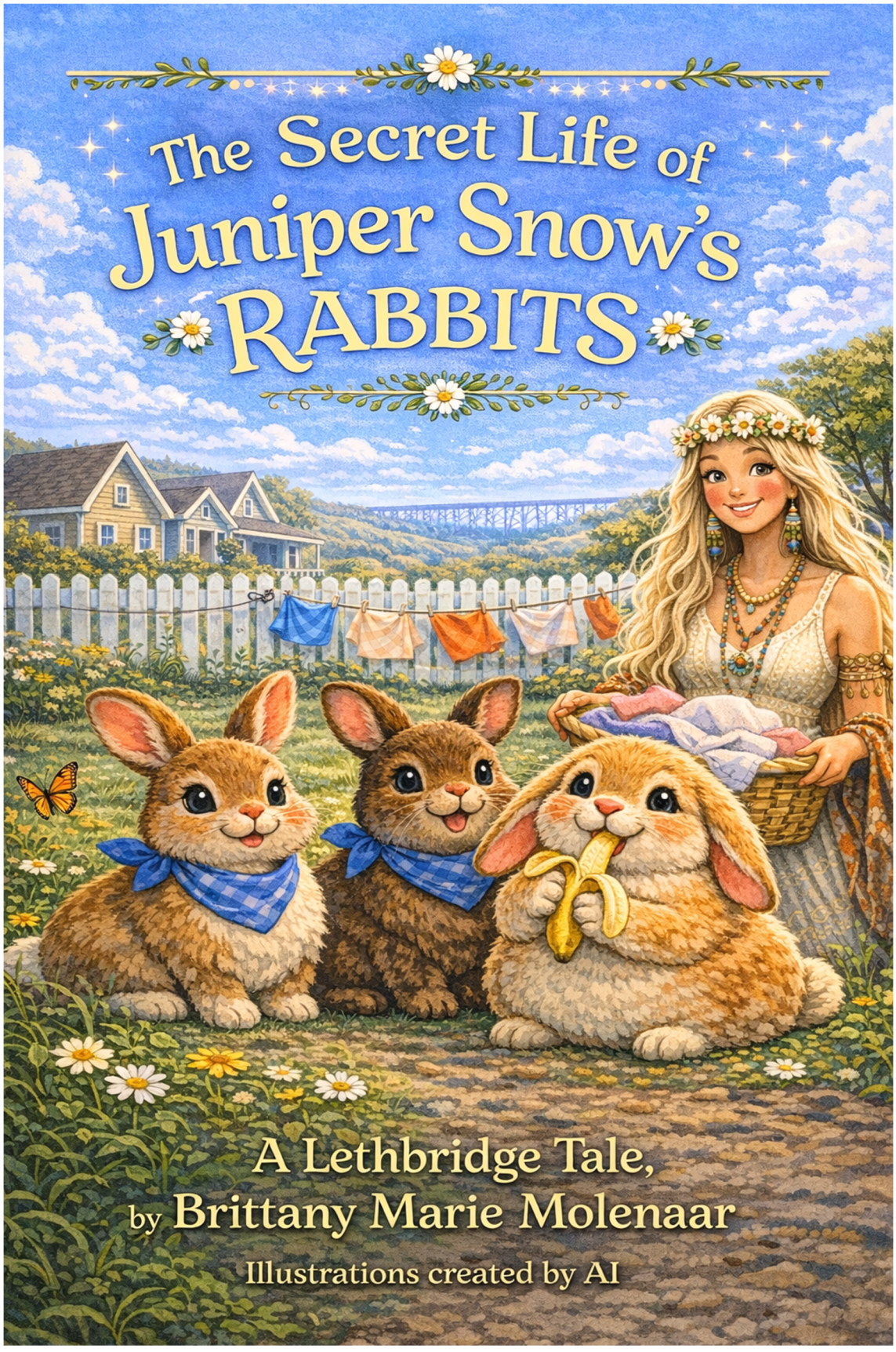
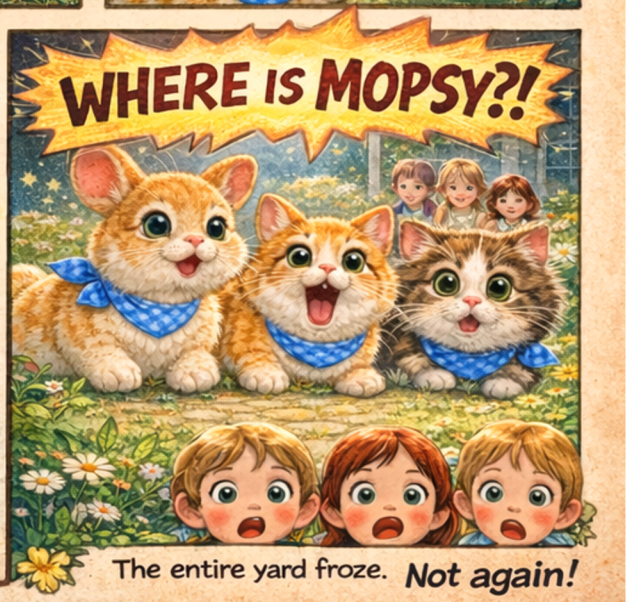

The Secret Life of
Juniper Snow's
RABBITS
A Lethbridge Tale,
by Brittany Marie Molenaar
Illustrations created by AI

# The Midnight Munchers & Crunch & Thunder

A Story from *The Secret Life of Juniper Snow's Rabbits*

"Okay, roll call," said one of the rabbits, trying to sound responsible." One, two, three, four—




The entire yard froze. *Not again!*

The entire yard froze.
Not again!
The rabbit spun in frantic little circles, its ears bouncing wildly.
The cat blinked, mildly interested but now alert.
"She did it again."
"She totally did."
All eyes turned toward the far corner of the yard…
where the dirt had been freshly disturbed the night before.
The hole.
Mopsy's hole.
"Oh, that naughty, little rabbit..."

"Well," said a rabbit, puffing up bravely,
"we know where she went."
"Pebbles' place."
another said.
A serious silence fell.
"We go in. We get her. We get out."
And we're back before Juniper Snow even notices.
" And definitely before suppertime."
someone whispered.
That part felt... important.

"Madam Snack Attack""
Bunzilla
Captain "Wigglebottom"
Thunderbum

Preparation began immediately.
The rabbits practiced silent hops.
THUD!
THUD!
They were NOT silent...
The cats demonstrated stealth.
CRASH!
THUD!
"Okay," said Flopsy, whispering loudly, "we are basically invisible."
They were not.

Soon, one by one, they squeezed through Mopsy's escape hole.
Flopsy (Madam Snack Attack) sucked in and squeezed through.
THUD!
Big Bertha (Bunzilla) got stuck halfway.
Cheeto Puff, AKA Captain Wigglebottom, belly-slid through like a dramatic hero.
MMIMP! THUD!
Fluff-Butt (Thunderbum) exited with quiet dignity (silent, but deadly).
And just like that...
They were out.

The neighborhood stretched before them like a wild, untamed jungle.
They crept across lawns.
They panicked at a barking dog.
ARF! ARF! ARF!
They dodged a sprinkler.
"WHY IS EVERYTHING SO LOUD OUT HERE?!" someone whispered loudly.

At last, they reached Pebbles' place.
PEBBLES
The team dropped low.
"Ninja Positions!" shouted Flopsy.
"Quick mission," said another. "In and out."
...home by suppertime."

They crept forward.
PEBBLES
Something felt.. wrong.
"Smelly," said Cheeto Puff, gagging.
"Why does it smell like old cabbage and regret?"
A shadow shifted. Something snorted.
Slowly,.. something stepped forward."

"That's not Pebbles," someone whispered.
PEBBLES
What is that... that's not a dog...
The figure lifted its muddy head and grinned.
"Name's not Pebbles," he said.
A pause.
"It's Stinky Pete."

The team recoiled instantly.
Stinky Pete smelled like old socks and mouldy sandwiches
"And what do we have here...
he said, licking his lips.
Stinky Pete circled them slowly, sniffing the air.
"I don't like him." Said Cheeto
"I really don't like him."
...A little snack pack?"

Nobody moved.
Then—
The team recoiled instantly.
"I'm smelling regret..."
"I signed up to get a snack, not BE A SNACK!"
"And what do we have here..."
"RETREAT! NINJA RETREAT!"
RUN.

Chaos exploded.
Then—
Rabbits zig-zagged in every direction. Cats scrambled, shouted, and climbed anything they could. Stinky Pete charged after ther them like a muddy avalanche.
THIS WAS A TERRIBLE PLAN!
"I DID NOT SIGN UP TO BE SUPPER!""
RETREAT! NINJA RETREAT!
"...We almost got eaten," Flopsy said.
"That was not a rescue."
"NEXT TIME—DINNER'S ON ME!"
"That was a buffet situation," said Cheeto Puff.

Silence. Then—
"...Mopsy wasn't there."
"Where could she be?"
asked Fluff-Butt.
A pause.
THE FARM!!!
Another pause.
"The Gregory Farm."
huff
huff
huff

It looks like we need to go to the Greggory Farm...
That's far."
Like... miss supper far.
"Juniper Snow is going to KNOW"
WHOOSH - -
No one spoke.
"I love Mopsy, but... I love supper too.
What should we do?"
...Mopsy would come for us.
A long pause.
Then nods.

"Then we go...and we try—really try—to be back by suppertime."
Together, the Midnight Munchers and
Crunch & Thunder stepped forward.
Out of the safety of home.
Into the wide, unknown world.
The sun was already climbing higher.
The day was moving faster.
And somewhere out there...
Mopsy was waiting.

But as they made their way toward the Gregory Farm…

None of them noticed the distant shapes shifting in the wheat. Or the eyes watching from afar.

*They had escaped Stinky Pete… but they might not make it home by suppertime.*

**TO BE CONTINUED…**