

Adventures of a Bunny Kind -Part 1-



Imaginary Story

Adventures of a Bunny Kind -Part 1-



Written by:
Chariane Quille

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www.nurture-inspire-teach.com

Chapters:

Chapter 1—Grass Options

Chapter 2—Lots of Change

Chapter 3—A Nook for the Night

Chapter 4—Nibbling and New Things

Chapter 5—Bunny Baths and Furry Feet

Chapter 6—A Meeting in Starlight

Chapter 7—Shnookey and Snacks

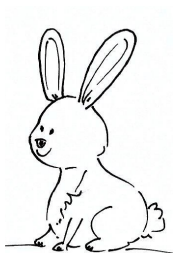
Chapter 8—Perfect Haven

Chapter 9—Stories in the Green Garden

Chapter 10—Backyard Fun

Chapter 11—Bunnies Hop, Hop, Hop

Chapter 1



Bunny Names:

Shnozzle—leadership skills

Shnookey—knowledge and observant

Shnizzle—quiet, shy, likes to stay with friends

Shniggy—easy going, agreeable, follower, likes doing and saying what snippy says and does

Snippy—opinionated, is a friend of Shniggy particularly, very fast moving, doesn't want to linger in indecision

Shnibble and **Shnhoppy**—new friends

Shnip, Shnup, Shnap, and Zoezo—
New baby rabbits

Chapter 1—Grass Options

Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy and Snippy sniffed and nibbled in the drying grass where they lived. This team of bunny rabbits had dug together, ate grass together, and generally enjoyed a good life so far together, for as long as they could remember.

But that day, while the pickings were getting scarce, and greenery couldn't be called abundant, they were having to make some choices.

Shnozzle said, "Basically, as I see it, we have one of two choices—either we hop to higher and better places, or we have a hard time trying to stay put.

"Unless rain comes mighty fast, and all of a sudden the grass and options for food suddenly spring up, we're going to be facing some hard times."

Shnookey agreed and added,

“I’ve been noticing we aren’t the only ones noticing. One moment you see them the next moment you don’t. Bunnies, kangaroos and all sorts of other grass nibblers are moving on out. I don’t know why we haven’t taken the natural hint yet and made a move.”

Shnizzle was a quiet type of rabbit and seldom raised her voice enough to be heard. But this was a time when it would be wise to speak up.

“I’m willing to go, even though it means leaving much of what I know to be home. If leaving this place means we can all stick together, then I’ll go.”

Shniggy and Snippy, amazed by her boldness agreed that it was more important to stick together, than to stick with a place, even if it was all they knew as home so far.

Shnozzle continued to lead the meeting that he started and said, “So do we all agree that moving on is the best option—and are we all agreed; everyone wants to look out for each other and move to find better lands where we can feed comfortably?”

Shniggy, Shnookey, Shnizzle, and Snippy all sniffed in agreement and perked their ears up tall, as if raising their hands for a vote of agreement.

“Then it’s agreed,” Shnozzle announced, then asked one last question: “When?”

Shniggy, Shnookey, Shnizzle, and Snippy had a bit of a discussion and then came to a united agreement.

“Tomorrow, first thing in the morning.”

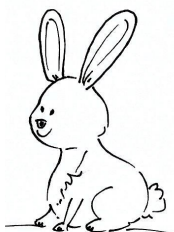
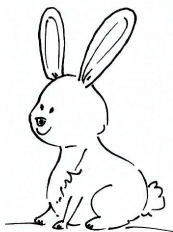
There was a chance of some dew being on some sparse patches of grass and low lying plants. The bunnies could lick this off to hydrate them as they made their way.

“And,” Shnookey suggested, “at the first sign of a good enough place to eat, we’ll all stop and take a break to feed and rest, and decide then just how long we’ll stay.

“Agreed!” they all shook their heads, wiggled their noses, flipped up their ears, and gave a wee little hop.

Chapter

2



Chapter 2—Lots of Change

“Mommy, Mommy! I see some bunnies hopping over there!” the boy who was travelling through this now dry looking area, pointed out. They were driving home from their visit with the boy’s great-grandmother—his mother’s grandmother.

She’d lived a long time. It was fascinating for the boy to hear of all the things she’d learned and done, and the places she had been in her life. Change and travel were just part of her life.

“Lots of change,” she had said, “was the colour of life. Like the seasons put on new colours, so does the colour of change keep a life interesting and filled with zest.”

She wasn’t afraid of change, but rather welcomed it, and she thinks that is why she lived to be as old as she was—98 years old!

The boy remembered what she said as they sat with her in the garden.

“The first big change I had—the very first change—was when I was born! Just think I was nearly like a fish. I was swimming in water, well more like soaking in the warm bath inside my mother one day, not needing to even breathe, then all of a sudden, out I come.

“I’m then dried off and start to breathe air, I can see lights, and hear things much clearer. Then instead of being inside my mother and hearing her heart beating, I am being held in her arms in this world outside.

“But of course I don’t remember all that, at least not so well. But I do know that if I didn’t make that big change, and learn to do things differently—like getting my nourishment through my mouth and throat, instead of through a chord to my belly, then I wouldn’t be here talking to you today, would I?”

That was a thought to think about. For every situation you are in, you are there

because of the very first change you made, when you were born, and probably a whole lot more after that.

“What do you think was the next big change in my life?” Great-grandmother asked the boy.

“Did you move to a new country?” he replied, trying to guess.

“Well, it’s true I did, but a few more changes happened before that. And one of them was that I learned to walk, rather than to be carried, in some way, all the time—be it in a baby buggy, or baby backpack, or in my mother’s arms, or in a sling on her chest.

“There are lots of ways babies can be carried, but learning to walk on my own two feet was a very big change that came with several bumps and falls. Well, probably most all my bumps and falls all throughout my life came because I did learn to walk.

Great-grandma then asked,

“So, do you think I should have given up, and been pushed in a chair with wheels for the rest of my life? I would have missed out on a heap of fun too, if I had never wanted to graduate from a stroller to a set of legs moving me along.

“Just think, I wouldn’t have been able to run and play, while caring for your grandmother—your mother’s mother. There’s a good chance even you might not be here today, if I only wanted to stay safe and not make that change.”

With this, the boy stood and marched and leapt and ran in place, did a little dance step, and kicked as if he was kicking a ball. He pretended he was climbing, and then swimming, riding a bike, and chasing after a dog.

There sure was a lot that he could do, since he too had learned to walk, and took the time trying and trying it again until his legs were able to hold him up consistently.

“Yes, that’s right!” Great-grandma smiled and commented, “There sure is a lot you can do.”

“What change happened next?”

“Of course I have not mentioned every change that I had to make before I was even the age of three, but there were many. But when I was three, that was the first time I took a boat ride with my parents. I have a photo of it, and that’s how I remember it.

“It was the first time I wasn’t on the solid ground. It was quite a different feeling for me. We were on that big old ship for quite a while.

“On it I could walk around, but I couldn’t go to the park, or pick flowers. I couldn’t even roll in the grass. It was very different.

“But that was the ship that took me to my mother’s native land. If I hadn’t taken that ship and flowed with that change, I

wouldn't have met my own grandmother and many others of my relations. I stayed there for some years and learned many things.

“One of the changes that I had there was learning to speak a new language, for all my relations on my mother's side spoke a language I was unfamiliar with. That was a change, but I learned it well enough rather quickly.”

The boy interjected, “Great-Grandma, did you see any bunnies on your trip to your grandmother?” he asked, forgetting that it was a watery trip.

“Well, on the ship, no, but later on I saw them. Did you get to see some on your trip here to visit me?” she asked.

“No, but I'd really like to see some,” the boy expressed.

“Well, maybe on your way back you just might, if you are driving and moving at the time they are hopping and moving too.

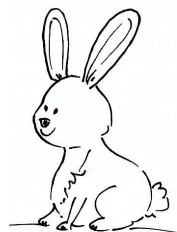
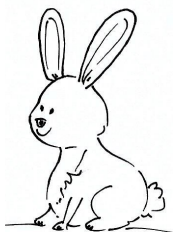
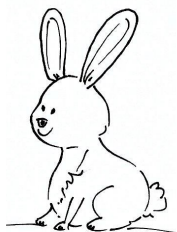
They like to be on the go, on the move, and move quite quickly, too. You've gotta be fast at spotting them, or you miss it!"

So when the boy and his mother were making their way back home, it was a great joy for him to see these bunnies. He thought it was a special treat.

Mother was able to stop the car for a while so they could look a bit longer at the field beside the road. It was the time of day for the moving hopping, furry creatures to be scurrying about.

Chapter

3



Chapter 3—A Nook for the Night

Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy and Snippy had found the place for their first stop.

This open field had enough patches of grass and edible shrubbery and plant life that they could enjoy a good break.

They'd travelled quite far that day. Now as they sat around, after getting a good fill of green nibbles, they had time to talk.

Shniggy was quite content to stay here for awhile, as in days. As long as they could get what they needed, why the hurry. But when Snippy said he'd rather move on the next day, as he was sure there was a chance of even more greenery, then Shniggy changed his mind and said, "I'll go with that then."

He liked to be agreeable and wasn't fussed if someone had a different and better idea.

As they sat underneath the stars they all got very quiet. This was the first time

that any of them had dared to do something so new, so different. They were all trying to get used to the new changes.

“Shall we return?” Shnozzle said to his fellow Bunnies. It wasn’t that he actually wanted to, though there were things he was definitely missing about their former location and home, but mostly he asked this to see how others were feeling.

Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy and Snippy chorused, in response to his question, a unanimous “No”. They all wanted to keep on with their journey and enjoy the adventure of it.

They found some rocks and soft soil to nook around and dig themselves some beds, and a bit of bunny sleep, that they called, “Snedging” was enjoyed, though it was disturbed every now and again with the passing of vehicles on the nearby road. The same road the boy and his mother had travelled on that very day.

Shnookey, wanting to make sure he had all the right information to pass on to the others, crept out a bit to take a look around. It was dangerous to do so, as there certainly were animals they didn't want to meet with. And that is exactly why he was doing this bit of research.

It was best they didn't just base decisions on feelings alone, but that they knew the facts that were involved, or what the consequences would be if they were to do this or that.

Slowly and ever so quietly, Shnookey made his way around, aiming to hide behind different plants and rocks. He was listening, looking and smelling, and whatever else rabbits do when trying to detect if there is danger, namely in the form of a frisky fox, or other four-legged creatures that run rather than hop.

At one point he thought he saw some movement in the shadows. Well, he DID see some movement, but it wasn't something to cause worry.

A wombat waddled out of his hole in the ground in search of succulent scrubs and snacks.

“I hope he has the sense to not cross the long black line!” Shnookey shuddered at the thought. He meant the road, of course. “At least not when the metal mobiles are moving along it.”

Yes, cars were a danger, and they never knew when the next one was going to come. It posed a tricky challenge in deed.

As Shnookey made his way back to the others, he was satisfied that at least for that night, right then, the main danger was the moving vehicles. There were no foxes in the range--at least as far as he could see.

“Where have you been?” Snippy perked up and asked, as Shnookey was relocating his nook for the night and snuggling down.

Shniggy was quick to hear, and wanted to find out what was going on as well.

“Shhh,” Shnookey said, “I’ll tell you in the morning. Let’s not wake the others. Good night.”

And so they remained as quiet as they could, though at one point Shnizzle let out an unexpected gasp of amazement. This caused all the others to wake briefly.

When she was asked, she said, “I just saw a shooting star.”

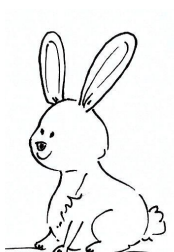
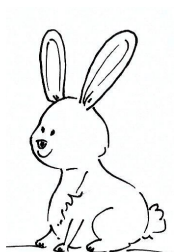
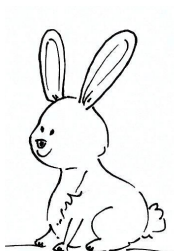
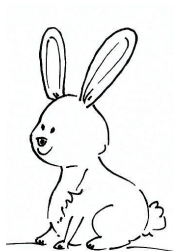
So for awhile after that, the others not wanting to miss a spectacular show—if there was one going on in the sky—kept their eyes open. But eventually sleep took over, and at least for that night it was a one-star show.

There would be more nights, plenty of them. They would have lots of chances on their trip to each see as many zooming lights in the sky as would please them.

That is because they wouldn't be settling down and building a tunnel town, not yet. Journeying was on the schedule, and onward they pressed.

Chapter

4



Chapter 4—Nibbling and New Things

The next week Great-grandma was resting and listening to some soothing music when she heard a knock at the door.

The nurse caring for her announced she had visitors, and within a second her granddaughter and great-grandson were back in the room for another visit.

“I brought you something Great-grandma,” as he held in his hand a picture he had drawn.

“I got to see these bunnies on our drive away last week,” the boy explained.

“Let me see. Yes. You’ve drawn very nicely. Do they have names, these five furry friends you have painted?” she asked.

Well, the boy knew they didn’t really have names, and he hadn’t even thought of giving them names, but it was a fun idea.

So the boy and his great-grandma made a game of thinking up names for each of them. Mother helped to write them down at the back of the picture. The boy was pleased with the names they thought up.

“Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, and Snippy are five fun, fast and furry friends I saw on my trippy.”

A fun little rhyme about a fun moment in time.

“Care for some water?” the boy’s mother offered their elderly relative, and poured her a glass.

“Well, now where were we in our story time? Would you like to know more about the changes in my life?”

Yes, nodded the boy, and so she began where they left off last time.

“Remember you were three years old and started to learn a new language,” the boy prompted.

Great-grandmother began,

“Well, when I was about six years old something very new started happening in my teeth—something you might come across soon too. Did you know that the first batch of teeth that grow are just temporary ones? But as your mouth grows bigger, then bigger teeth you will need. And as you get even older, new teeth are added—ones that wouldn’t have fit in your mouth before.

“It’s all cleverly designed so you have what you need to eat your food. Well, that is unless you take poor care of them, through unhealthy living and eating habits. Then they might not last as good as they potentially could.”

The boy was curious as to just how many teeth he did have and so opened his mouth in the mirror to take a look.

“Your teeth look great!” she said, and mother helped him count them by two’s. The count came to 20 teeth.

“You’ll get a few more later on, but take good care of the ones you have, as that’s very important. It’ll help the new ones coming in be healthy as well,” Great-grandma said, and continued her story.

“Well, when I was about six years old it was the first time one of my teeth became loose and fell out. My mother helped place my dear little tooth in a container. She would keep in there every tooth I lost.

“These teeth were special and I had taken good care of them. But they came out just because my mouth needed to have a bigger set. I was older and needed bigger tools for the job of eating.

“And so one by one, over the next several years, each and every one of those original teeth came loose, and a new one grew and filled its place.

:It would have been hard to lose something that was so essential to me, if I didn’t get something to fill in the gap. But when I got something bigger that worked

just as well, or even better, than I didn't mind. In fact, I think I liked my new set of teeth better than the first, and I certainly took better care of them than the first.

“The next set of teeth would need to last me a lifetime, so it was very important that they got good care, and I didn't misuse them by using them to chew and nibble on and eat things that would harm them or me. And I needed to clean them by rinsing them very well with water when I did eat, and I used other ways of cleaning them too, when they needed it.

“One thing that helped them to get clean was to chew on good and clean types of veggies, good raw ones. Or a piece of a raw white and chewy coconut. That helped.

“Of course you have a toothbrush, don't you? But even that can make your teeth unwell if it's not clean enough and instead of only removing the food remnants, it spreads bacteria in your mouth.

“But if you dip your brush in salt or salty water with a very good type of natural salt, and then brush and rinse them well, this is something that those sickness-causing bacteria don’t like and it will clean them out. Then your breath will smell better, and your gums will be healthier too.”

“Great-grandma, if the bacteria doesn’t like salt and goes away, is there something they like and that makes them stay and make my gums unwell?” the boy asked.

“Sugar—any kind. That makes that type of thing grow. For example if you eat some raisins and dried fruit, and you don’t really clean your teeth, then that will feed the farm of very tiny things—called bacteria—on your teeth and gums.

“You might find your gums start to bleed when you brush them. And that’s not healthy. So salt is a good solution. And try not to have sweet things all the time.

“Just every now and then. Of course I know you don’t eat junky sweet things, as your mama feeds you the best. But even good sweet things like honey and molasses and dried fruit, should only be on your teeth every now and then for a treat and to give your body the good things they can offer. But just not every day or that much, okay?”

The boy looked again at his drawn picture and realised that one thing the bunnies had was strong teeth. And they needed them if they were to eat and eat as much as they liked to.

Mother spoke about how special rabbit’s teeth were—and some other creatures that used them plenty.

“Their teeth just keep growing, and so they need to keep using them so they don’t get too long. And at the same time, as they use their teeth, they wear down a bit, but they don’t have to worry, as the teeth just keep growing!

“It’s a great design, and so the bunnies have what they need,” mother explained.

Ready to move on from bunnies’ and boys’ teeth, he asked what happened next in the life of his great-grandmother.

“Well, of course growing from a child into a woman was a pretty big change, but it didn’t come all of a sudden one night or day. But slowly, over a few years, my body changed and got some new additions—certain ones that were particularly helpful later on when I had a baby to feed.

“I got my own ‘milk dispensers’ that were the key to survival for when your grandmother was born. There were other changes too, but that was the most noticeable one.

“I had to get new clothes and shirts that would fit my new chest shape. Some dresses that I really liked to wear, no longer fit me and so I gave them away.

“Some shoes I really liked no longer fit me as I grew out of them.

“So change was a big part of my childhood and early teenhood. Young growing ones are always having something new, and something they need to give up—whether it be teeth or clothes and shoes.

“Even if I never moved from one house or city to another, my own body would bring plenty of changes into my life that I had to cheerfully go along with and learn to enjoy.

“But usually, young people don’t mind the changes that make them bigger and taller, and looking more manly or more like a woman. They think the benefits outweigh the cost of what they have to give up or can’t use anymore.

“Do you have anything you like to wear and are glad to have?” she asked the boy.

He looked down at his shoes. These were his special shiny ones.

He liked to wear them on special occasions, and had chosen to wear them today on his visit with his great-grandmother.

“These are my favourite shoes. They used to not fit me, but now they do,” he replied.

“Yes, you have grown so much, and so fast. I’m glad you can enjoy them. It’s hard to think that one day you’ll no longer be able to fit into them. But one thing that makes it kind of easier, or should I say helps motivate you to move on and pass the too-small-shoes to others is when they start to hurt your feet.

“Have you had that happen to you yet with some shoes? Your toes start getting too jammed in and it rubs them the wrong way, and then when you take your shoes off your feet feel so much better. Then just the thought of putting them on again is an uncomfortable thought. So this makes you no longer want them anyway.

“Sometimes pain in some way makes you glad to change something that normally you would never want to change or have to give up.

“This has happened in my life. Like when I got a sickness due to the type of food and drink I was accustomed to having. I really did like eating certain things. But eventually my body said, ‘Enough.’

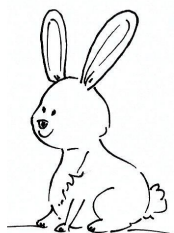
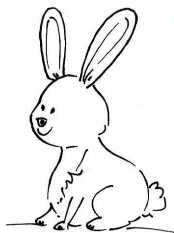
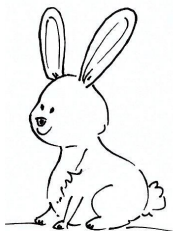
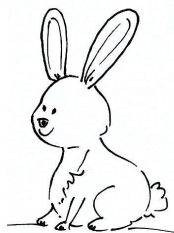
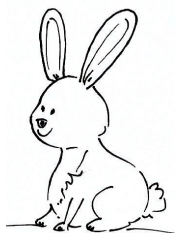
“I was sick for quite some time and it took a long while to heal. But since I knew what was the cause of it, then it made me want to change and learn to eat new types of food, and to even enjoy them just as much as the ones I had before.

“This made me start to learn how to grow my own food also. This was a good learning experience, a good change for me, and helped me last a whole lot longer. If I had chosen to keep eating the foods that brought down my health, I probably wouldn’t be here talking to you today.”

Great-grandma had a lifetime of experience and had so much she could share that would help her great-grandson to live a happy and long life. Being ready to make changes was a key to survival throughout her life.

Chapter

5



Chapter 5—Bunny Baths and Furry Feet

When the boy and his mother were driving home later on he was thinking about the bunnies, yes, about Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, and Snippy. That is because as he looked out the window, he saw them again. They'd stayed an extra day, as the place seemed safe, and the food was sufficient.

“Mama, Mama, look! There they are again!” he exclaimed.

They sure knew how to hop quickly, here and there. But there was something they didn't need in order to run—running shoes! They never had to outgrow shoes. Their feet just last long and do the job.

“What if I had a good pair of feet that didn't ever need shoes...” he said aloud, thinking about the bunnies.

Mother replied,

“Then you’d never have to learn to tie the laces on shoes, but you’d probably want to wash your feet quite often. But you know there are many people who have lived on earth and who still survive today who never have worn shoes. Their feet get pretty tough I guess.”

The boy imagined what it would be like to go out and play in the muddy puddles—without any boots.

Or what it might feel like to suddenly step on a thorn or a sharp rock, unprotected.

Or how he might manage it if he got hurt while doing some jobs around the house and something fell on his toes.

He remembered how much it did hurt when once he stubbed his toe, and whacked it suddenly against the leg of a big wooden chair.

Although he would never grow out of shoes, as the skin on his feet wonderfully would just keep growing the needed amount, however big his foot bones grew, he did like the protection that shoes provided.

“Well, some shoes are made with the furry skins of animals, so in some way’s that’s like having the same type of shoes that the bunnies have—padded and furry and thick skins.

“I suppose if you had what they have, walking and hopping and climbing and running would be easier than in bare feet when you aren’t used to it.”

“Let’s think of all the differences between the bunnies and you,” mother suggested as a game to play as they drove along, hoping to spot a few more.

“I have to brush and clean my teeth each day—but the bunnies’ teeth just keep growing, and the things they eat all the time never cause them tooth decay.”

“Yes,” replied mother. “Maybe we can learn from that, and eat the things that make our teeth the healthiest—like raw carrots, and other raw veggies.” She was already imagining the salad she would make for dinner, along with a nice coconut to chew on.

The boy continued,

“I have to wear shoes most of the time when I go out, and we have to put on clothes. But the bunnies grow their own clothes and feet coverings. They’ve got what they need to survive the cold.”

“Yes,” mother said, “We grow some of our clothes too, but not on our bodies. We farm and grow the cotton, or linen, or raise sheep for wool, or use things from other animals whose hair can be made into yarn and woven. So it takes us work to do it, and then we can use it to make warm or nice clothes, or protective clothing.”

The boy yawned. It had been a long, though happy day, and he was getting ready for a warm bath and a soft bed to sleep in, after the nice dinner he was sure to have. This gave him a few more things to realise:

“I sleep in a bed, not in the dirt. I sleep at night, not go hopping around at night. I wouldn’t see well in the dark anyway, like some animals can.”

“And you take baths” mother added.

“Do rabbits stay dirty all the time?” the boy asked.

“No, they like to be very clean, and they have their own built in cleaning tools and water,” mother replied.

“Really? What is that?” he asked.

“Bunnies and other furry creatures, like to keep themselves as clean as they can. I know this won’t sound very nice for you—and that’s because you are a person and not an animal—but they use

their own wet tongue like a cloth to clean whatever their mouth can reach. They take time daily for cleaning,” mother said.

“Animals have built-in cleaning systems; clothes and shoes that grow on them; is there anything else that they are equipped with, but that us humans need to work to make, or need to help each other with?” he asked.

As mother pulled into the driveway she said one last thought, “They house themselves in what is naturally available. They don’t work to built houses! They might need to dig, but the dirt has been created just right for them.

“Lots of creatures just dig in and make themselves their home in the soil below. Others use sticks and leaves to make nests, or just sleep in the tree—like birds and some climbing creatures. Fish just sleep in the water, wherever they can. But we like to make rooms, and fancy structures, and use all kinds of decorative things.

“Of course we don’t need all that to survive. We could just use the natural materials around—like rocks and sticks and mud, grass and leaves. And those do make good building material. But humans tend to like to get more creative. We like to make things look artistic.

“Also, we do need strong houses, as our little babies can’t suddenly run and hop away, if danger comes—like a dangerous animal.

“Many animal babies can walk quite soon after they are born. People take more time to grow up in body. And that is because their minds have so much to learn before they are ready to be given the tool of a big and strong body that can do all sorts of things.

“It’s important that the mind is wise and knowledgeable about a good many things before a person can have the ability and strength to go and do all that they think up.

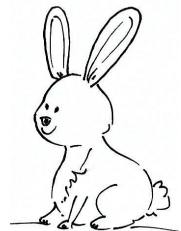
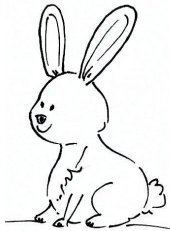
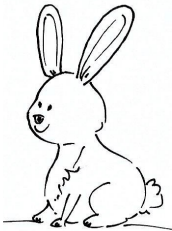
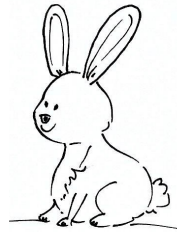
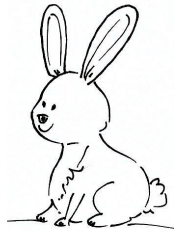
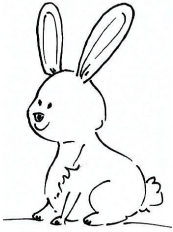
They need to learn to wisely and carefully use tools, for example. So, that is why a strong house is good for us humans, as it can be used for protecting growing children and can be a place to teach them about safe and happy living.”

The boy was glad for a nice house to stay in.

“Thank you, Mama, for making our house a nice one on the inside,” the boy said with a hug as they got out of the car.

“And you can thank your Papa for making it nice on the outside! I’m sure he’s ready now to hear all your stories from today.”

Chapter 6



Chapter 6—A Meeting in Starlight

That night Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy and Snippy had a meeting under the stars.

Shnozzle began the discussion, “I say we make a move as soon as the daylight comes. We’ve been safe so far, but maybe we should move before we get detected.”

Shnookey, who had done some extra exploration that day said knowledgably, “I agree. I did spot some signs of predators today. On the ground were droppings that seemed about a week old. I’m glad that we’ve been undisturbed for this week here, but we might be in a place that they regularly patrol.”

At this, Shnizzle got a bit worried and her teeth started to chatter, though she tried to quiet them by nibbling on some grass roots.

“Don’t worry,” Shniggy said, always ready to be a friend.

“Everything is going to be alright. You’re with us! And if anything happens, Snippy and me will do our zig-zag running trick, Okay?”

Shniggy and Snippy had this way of running and criss-crossing each other, as a way to distract an animal who was unwanted.

For example a fox could be watching this running trick they’d do, rather bravely of course, right in front of the creature.

Meanwhile, all the rest would hop away to safety—especially the real young ones, and the older ones, who needed more time to get away and were slower on their feet.

Or those who were just too scared to know where to run, and might need more time to figure things out before making their getaway, such as would be the case with Shnizzle.

Then, after a fox--who wouldn't know which one to catch of the two--nearly making himself dizzy watching them zigzagging across, Shniggy and Snippy would dash off to safety, fast and far away, in different directions. By that time, the others would have also hopped down some hole or between some rocks, or far enough away.

Shniggy and Snippy were the fastest of the team, they were strong and nearly full grown. They knew it was their job to do what they could to look after the others.

When Shniggy encouraged Shnizzle she did feel better, and her teeth stopped chattering.

Snippy added his opinion last. Though he always had one, he often liked to wait until he'd heard what others had to say, just in case he needed to update his thoughts and give the most appropriate statement or suggestion.

“Sounds like we’d all feel better if we kept on the move. I agree that we get going sooner rather than later. But rather than waiting all the way until the light breaks, I think we should start slightly before.

“There are daytime troubles as well in these parts I do believe. Large birds were hovering in the sky, not so far away. I didn’t want to scare anyone—and I don’t want to do so now. But perhaps if we make as much headway on our journey as we can, at the time when four-legged creatures are finally settling down to sleep, and the birds don’t have as much daylight to do their ‘shh-hopping’—that is trying to get some hopping things from the vast store of nature.”

Shnozzle pondered this suggestion. He was older and waking too early wasn’t something he really wished to do. But part of being wise meant being willing to do things you don’t like, if it will help to save the lives and well-being of others.

Wisdom wasn't just in sitting around and thinking up nice thoughts that would make your life more comfortable, but it also meant committing to doing, and then actually doing those things that were kind and helpful, even if it cost you something.

In this case it would cost him a bit of sleep. Was he willing to do that? He'd have to be, if they all wanted to stick together.

Sometimes it was other's turn to help him, and other times he needed to help the others by doing something unselfish.

"Okay," he ended the meeting, making a decision that would require something slightly uncomfortable for him.

"So we'll go at the time Snippy thinks is best. He can be our wake-up alarm clock."

Shniggy then chimed in with a very quickly composed rhyme:

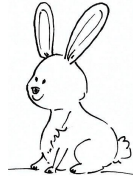
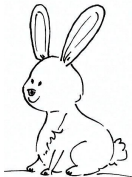
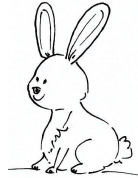
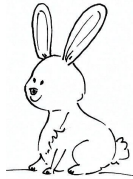
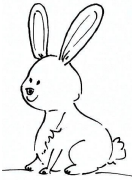
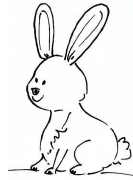
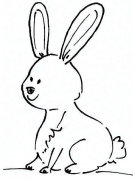
We'll go when the air is nippy, to the
wake-up call of snippy.

The four others chuckled, and nodded in agreement.

“Now, let’s get some sleep. But be ready to move and go when the call comes,” Shnozzle closed with saying. And a peaceful night was enjoyed.

Chapter

7



Chapter 7—Shnookey and Snacks

“Okay,” whispered Snippy, who had been awake for some time. He didn’t need a lot of sleep and was usually awake before the others.

“It’s up and at’em time. Good morning, and get ready for a new day of adventure.”

Shnookey was the one to lead the way this time, since he had a general idea of where a good, more permanent living spot would be. Everyone moved like a team and good headway was made.

They were very happily hopping along until they came to a sudden... “Halt!” called out by Snippy who was the first one to notice the strange behaviour.

“Odd. I wonder why Snippy, who hopped ahead, suddenly bounced back?”

The others stopped when the call was made.

“There’s something blocking the way!” he realised, and called others to stop moving quite so fast. Perhaps they could stop for a nibble break, under the branches of the tree. It was daylight now, and this would hide them somewhat.

Whatever was in their path needed to be checked out and an alternative route planned, or a way to get across.

Snippy picked himself up and rather dazed walked over to nestle under a bush.

“Wow, that was sure unexpected. Those bushes completely covered the, whatever it was, that I hit against.”

There were vines and bushes covering the solid wooden and wire fence leading to some property.

But as the bunnies peered in to this well-guarded property there was one thing they really noticed—and licked their lips just seeing it.

Grass! There was green and luscious grass. Some large dandelion plants on the edges and other tasty treats.

“Why is this place oh so green and growing well, but out here it is not?” Snippy wondered, now feeling a bit better, especially at the sight of all that was in there.

“I think I see the reason,” Shniggy replied, and sniffed and wiggled his nose trying to get a whiff of the new scent.

A woman had come out of the house that this lush grassy area belonged to, and turned off the hose. She had watered the grass with a sprinkler, but it had had enough.

“Did you see that? She made it rain only on her yard!” Shnozzle exclaimed. He’d never seen the like before.

“Just think!” added Shnookey, “If we could have one of those neat thingies, we could take it anywhere we lived and make the grass grow well!”

Though Shnizzle was quiet, she wasn't unobservant. She knew it took more than a "thingie" to make it rain. She'd been carefully looking at all the neat things in this yard.

The large water tank that the rain from the roof filled, had a faucet that hooked to a hose that went over the grass to join with the sprinkler. She knew there was a whole system going that did have something to do with the natural rain fall.

"It is rain water," she blurted out boldly.

Everyone was surprised, and listened.

"See," she said, and pointed out all the different elements that worked together to make this wonderful watering system happen when there wasn't much rain coming down right then.

"Ah, you're right," said Shnookey. "I was so busy looking at the great food and snacks growing I missed seeing the water tank and all that. You are good at noticing important things.

“Maybe it is better to be quiet, like you usually are, if it helps me to see things and realise things.” Shnookey gave Shnozzle a bunny hug, encouraging her for what she contributed to their team.

“Now the real question I have; probably we all have, is: How do we get in there?” Shnozzle expressed, and all nodded.

“Perhaps if we go around it we’ll come to a break in the fence?” Shniggy suggested.

And so they decided to go with this plan. They didn’t know how long they were going to have to go around and along in their attempt to enter.

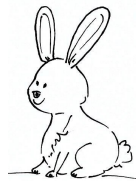
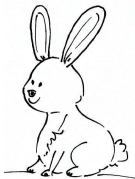
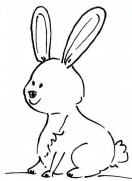
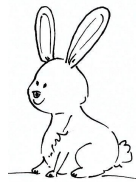
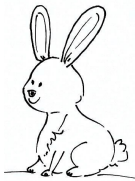
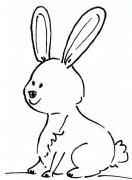
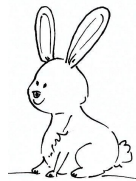
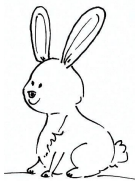
“Hey, wait, everyone!” Snippy soon called out, as he was in the lead. “I think we are not the only ones that have needed to get inside!”

When everyone came to where Snippy was they happily examined the hole dug somewhat under the fence. Some of the wire fencing was pushed up.

Then just before they were going to quietly slip in they noticed a bit of hopping going on, on the other side of the fence—just inside the property.

Chapter

8



Chapter 8—Perfect Haven

The visitors had been detected, and soon enough a rabbit they had never met was sniffing face to face with them.

“Hello,” he said. “I was just leaving now. I don’t stay here in the day. I like to keep my presence as undetected as possible. But you’re welcome to come on in and have a bite to eat.”

He then crawled under the fence using the dug out rut that he had used daily, it seemed. Before he hopped on and away they caught his name, “Shnibble” he said.

And it seemed he lived up to his name well. From his round form they knew nibbles and nibbling was what he did best. He’d found a great place to live.

When the five new visitors made their way into the garden, the woman in the kitchen looked out the window. She smiled.

She didn't mind them enjoying the grounds. In fact that is why she tried to keep the grass and plants growing somewhat longer than most others did. She always did like these furry little ones.

When one hopped in, then two, then three, four, and at last the fifth, she laughed and said, "How many of you are there? What a happy team you are."

Though they couldn't hear her talking she said aloud, "Yes, be my guests. There is plenty for you to enjoy. You must be hungry and thirsty too."

Her yard was the perfect haven, kind of like a little oasis for the struggling wild life during times of heat and lack of rain. Her big water tank would last, if she used it wisely, until fresh rain fell to fill it up again.

If you looked around her yard you would see all the ways she tried to provide for all the good little creatures. Well, first of all the strong and tall fence kept the animals away that were not wanted.

But for the big creatures that might be thirsty, she kept a small tub with water for them to drink on the outside of her fence.

There were bird feeders hanging in the trees. Flowers were kept growing so the bees would have what they needed and liked too.

She grew various veggies, and although some were for her own consumption, she didn't mind when a bunny or two got to share a growing carrot, or the birds ate some berries. She would just try to grow enough so those coming for refreshment could have a bit to share.

The birds were never greedy. They didn't take more than they actually needed. They didn't grab and store up supplies. They were polite and would leave the rest for others.

“Good lesson,” she would think. “We humans can really learn a whole lot from these amazing creatures.”

And she kept some old rotting logs that she knew were filled with bugs. This delighted the birds, who came here very hungry and in need of protein, occasionally rolling them over to reveal the many bugs nestled under it.

She kept a bird bath, and lower bowls of water for bunnies and other creatures that might come for a visit.

“What a wonderful day this has been!” Shniggy said. He liked when they all had a good time being together and everyone getting their needs met. “This place has all a bunny could wish for—food, water, shade, and soft digging ground.

Shnozzle added, “It was nice of Shnibble to let us come. It’s good when others aren’t keeping to themselves what they’d never have time or tummy to eat all on their own anyway.”

They all nodded that if it hadn’t been for Shnibble being willing to share, then they wouldn’t be having this great time.

“How long shall we stay around here, do you think?” Shnookey asked. There were the needs of each of the bunnies to consider. There were the wishes and needs of the one who lived there—they wouldn’t want to wear out their welcome. There were the wishes of the resident creatures who were sharing the place.

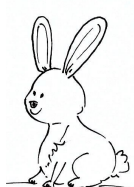
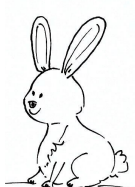
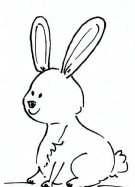
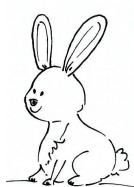
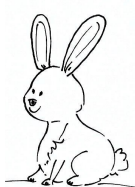
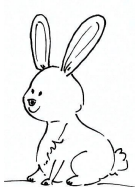
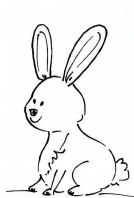
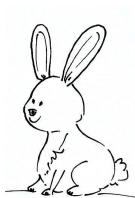
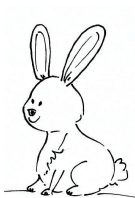
Snippy suggested they take it a day at a time, as they really didn’t know the area. But if it was working well, and going good, then they could stay on. Shniggy chimed in, “I like that idea.”

That night they had the best night sleep they ever had. There was a rocky area with some branches that made for a snug place, and there they settled down. --That is when they weren’t hopping around nibbling in the night.

That’s why it was such a good night, they could sleep and eat, sleep and eat, and repeat and repeat.

Chapter

9



Chapter 9—Stories in the Green Garden

In the morning they peered out between some of the leaves that formed their branch covering. They saw just what it took to keep this place the haven it was. On went the sprinkler system to water the ground.

Seeds were placed in the bird feeders. Weeds were plucked from the garden and placed in a bucket of water to make some nutrient filled liquid for the plants.

A container was used to pick some of the ready berries, herbs and some other veggies.

A hole was dug to plant a new little fruit tree that was big enough to grow on its own. Some rather interesting smelling compost was fed to the roots of the new tree being planted.

Then the woman disappeared into the house again, but before too long was out again with a book and a bowl. She'd made herself a fresh salad from the freshly picked garden produce—a salad with berries and some other things added.

She sat in the cool of the morning to read serenely and watch as the busy little creatures went about their own morning tasks.

There were the ants working as hard as they could to keep building tunnels and hauling out the miniature rocks, as well as storing up as much food as they could, while it was so abundant.

She noticed a great find they had today—an apple core. She knew they would find it soon enough, and had placed it on the ground near to the hole of their underground home. And she was right. First one came, then another, and soon a whole hard-working team were taking off little chunks, one by one.

They had quite a task ahead of them, but a very happy and enjoyable one indeed.

There were some very small birds sitting and moving along with the flexible berry branches, chirping as they surveyed the situation and spotted a berry or two that were ready to eat. But every now and then a bug would catch their eye and then down on to the ground it would fly, and would make fast work of cleaning up in this way.

When it seemed safe, one of the hiding bunnies hopped out. Snippy was, as always, the first to hop out. He was brave in this way. First he nibbled on a plant fairly close to where his bed for the night was. When nothing stopped him, or scared him, he took a step or rather a hop further. When he was some distance away, then the others started to slowing come out of their hiding spot and begin the nibbling time again, this time in the daylight.

Just then a friendly voice was heard, “Hi, how are you all?” It was Shnibble. He knew the right time to be here. He’d stay away for the morning shower, the watering of the garden that is. But came to eat when it was all fresh and wet and not too late in the morning.

He was brown and big, and had very fast legs. He’d have lots to talk about, about living in this part of the land.

They were glad to see Shnibble, as they did want to know what life was like in this area. They needed to make wise decisions about where to go and when to go—or just how long to stay.

“It was a close one last night!” Shnibble said to an eager group of listeners.

“I was nibbling and walking under the starlight with my friend Shnhoppy when all of a sudden, from nowhere, it seemed, suddenly there was a big red fox. I couldn’t believe my eyes!”

At just the thought of it, Shnizzle's teeth started chattering and he started trembling just a little.

Shniggy and Snippy noticed and quickly came and stood close on either side of him, making him feel warm and snug and safe.

"So what did you and Shnhoppy do then?" asked Shnookey.

"Well, we did what all good, long-lasting Rabbits do, we stopped our nibbling and started our hopping. –Which of course Shnhoppy is very good at. Thankfully our rabbit hole was nearby and we were safe. But we didn't get out for quite some time," Shnibble said.

Shnozzle, wanting to get some safety tips for caring for this team, asked, "Obviously you were able to get out and are still safe, but how did you know when the way was clear and it was safe to come on out?"

“I know those foxes can be very determined, especially if there isn’t much else for them to go after.”

Just as Shnibble was about to reply, in hopped Shnhoppy himself to add his bit to the telling of the night’s events, and exclaimed:

“The dog! The barking of the dog was a good sign that the fox wouldn’t want to linger around more.”

“A dog!” whispered Shnizzle.

Shnhoppy noticing that this young one was rather shy and somewhat afraid about dangers in these parts, came over and greeted him with a friendly rabbit sniff and nudge.

“Come here to Shnhoppy, little one, and I’ll tell you about this dog. This isn’t just any barking around and sniffing under every log kind of dog, the kind that folks like us need to be aware of. No, sirree, this is a special one.

The owner of this dog, that I've heard him call, "Rooks" or "Rookie" if he's in a friendly sort of mood, takes him out to do some fox finding. See, they have chickens a few houses up, and foxes are nothing they want hanging around.

"So every now and then, the man takes Rookie out and around to keep the foxes aware that they are on forbidden territory and best beware and take themselves somewhere else to shop. But that is good for us. That dog won't hurt us a bit, at least not when his master has him on a leash."

Shnibble continued with the next part of their adventure filled night.

"The fox was so busy sniffing down our hole that he missed detecting the closing in on him by Rookie and his master.

"If I could have heard the fox speaking as he took off very suddenly, nearly before it was too late, he probably was saying something similar to what we were

saying, while we tried to calm our nerves, 'Boy that was a close one'. But I do wonder if Rookie dog did get a little nip at that old fox's tail, as he did let out a sort of yelp, but then got away."

Shnhoppy finished off the story with, "We knew then that it was the best time to get out, because while Rookie was not too far away, the fox wouldn't get too near.

"We've been around this property, just on the other side nibbling this and that, napping here and there. And decided to drop in now for a visit."

Shnizzle was happily starting to nibble grass again, and was feeling safe and fine with so many friends, and with hearing the good end of the story.

Shnozzle hopped up on a large rock to look around, hoping to get a better view that would help him make good decisions about what they were to do that day, and if to go out and explore around.

Shniggy and Snippy were off to explore the furthest corner of the yard where an old wooden barrel lay on its side, fitted out with hay. Looked perfect for a snug up and rest time.

Meanwhile Shnookey decided to have a good meeting with Shnibble and Shnhoppy about living life around there.

These local rabbits were more than happy to share all they knew about the plant life, the animal life, the humans, what sorts of dangers there were, how many casualties there are on the road nearby, what are the living accommodations like—such as soil type and how populated the area is by other rabbits and the like.

“As far as soil type goes, it’s rather dusty here, and fairly easy to dig. But most rabbits have left due to the dry conditions. Seems you are on the move also,” Shnhoppy said.

“Yes, in search of greenery and water. It’s a nice place to stop off at here. We are trying to decide how long to rest and get strengthened before moving on to a place we can stay for a good while,” Shnookey replied.

Shnibble who knew the value of good places to feed offered a small suggestion, though he didn’t know places all that far away.

“I stayed, some months back, at a lovely place. There was a stream flowing, long grass, easy soil to dig in. It’s in the valley between hilly mounds. There were all kinds of flowers growing and the songs of birds daily inspired the dwellers.”

“That sounds so great. I mean, why aren’t you still there? Why would anyone want to move from there?” Shnookey asked, glad to hear about this wonderful place.

Shnibble replied, “This is where I grew up, and I don’t mind it. I know how to survive and have what I need.

“But I can help direct you there, if you like, whenever you all want to be on your way. But no rush, take your time. It’ll be a good day’s journey, or night’s travel; and you never know what you’ll encounter. There are all kinds of unexpected challenges in these parts. Just like there always is in new territory.”

By this time Shnhoppy had gone over to chat with, or just to be with young Shnizzle.

“What kind of grass do you like best?” he stared saying, trying to make friends.

Shnizzle just smiled and kept nibbling. She didn’t usually feel comfortable saying things she liked or didn’t like, especially to those she didn’t know very well or hadn’t developed a sense of trust with.

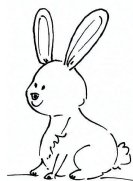
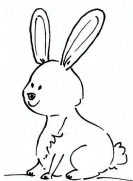
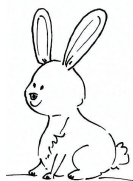
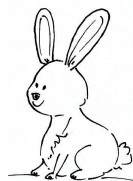
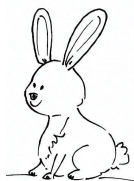
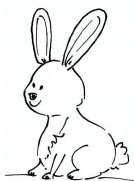
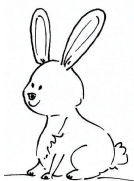
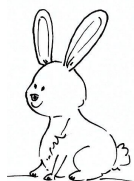
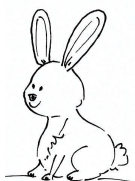
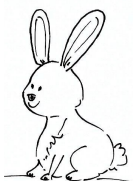
Shnhoppy, undeterred, wishing to be a friend, just stayed quiet and nibbled there also, then stretched out to rest in the shade of a rock.

Shnizzle just kept on slowly eating, and soon was getting tired herself. So she too settled down for a bit of a rest as the sun rose higher.

She was fast asleep when Shnhoppy rose, very quietly, picked a dandelion and brought this flower gift to Shnizzle. She opened her eyes just in time to see it placed beside her, and so Shnhoppy whispered, "I want to be your friend, but I'll let you rest now. Maybe later we can nibble together again." And off Shnhoppy hopped.

Shnizzle smiled. That was the kind of friend that did make her feel nice; the kind that could just relax with her and not make her talk or do things that she was uncomfortable doing or wasn't ready for yet. She just needed time to get to know a fellow rabbit first, before opening up and chatting. Because Shnhoppy was patient, and quiet also, there was a chance that Shnizzle might soon be ready to respond to the friendliness.

Chapter 10



Chapter 10—Backyard Fun

It was time for her midday meal, and so the woman brought a basket outside to pick a bit of fruit. She'd made some yoghurt that was made from the milk she got from a farmer up the road.

She added some honey that she had in jars from the hives she kept, and sprinkled on some crushed almonds that she kept in a big barrel to last for long time.

Now all she needed was some fruit and the juice of a one lemon. She walked in the garden and picked enough to last for a couple of days.

Along with this was a slice of freshly made pumpkin seed bread—made with pumpkin and a variety of seeds. On it she would spread some nut butter and strawberry jam. She didn't grow enough berries to make jam, but up the other side of the road a certain Mrs. Mildera grew more than enough for her family's needs.

The woman living here got a little bucket of strawberries that she picked herself. Now they were jarred and on hand for use throughout the next months.

And as always, or so the bunnies were discovering, she had a book, a thick book with her as she sat on her favourite chair to eat her meal.

The birds seemed to know when she was eating her seedy bread. They'd come hop, hop, hopping just as close as they could get. Any crumb that fell would never be unnoticed.

But they weren't the only ones glad when the lady sat to eat and read. She liked to put a little bit of honey water on the table, so the bees would smell it, feed on it, and then explore the garden as well. She had many plants that needed to be pollinated, and honey that she needed the bees to cleverly make. A little of their own honey mixed with water seemed to give them strength to keep doing the work they needed to do.

Shnizzle decided to imitate the book reading. She'd never seen a book before. But it seemed it was the thing to do, along with eating. Shnizzle took a couple of leaves from the ground, and placed one by each of her front paws, nodded her head studiously. But oh! There wasn't anything written on her little leaf book. She'd have to change that. So with her teeth she made some markings. Now, that was better. A book she could "read".

As she was enjoying her game, Shniggy and Snippy were just stretching out to enjoy a very comfortable nap in the hay of the old wooden barrel.

"Oh, hello!" a little squeaky voice sounded, along with a somewhat pointed nose of a very small yet very fast grey creature.—The type that was glad to see it was rabbits and not a couple of cats joining her there.

"I see you have found my favourite place to sleep," the mouse said in a welcoming way to the furry visitors.

“I wish I was as big and furry as you are... and what happened to your tail?” she said, having never seen a rabbit up that close.

The rabbits were a little surprised. They had thought the barrel was uninhabited, but now they were concerned.

“Shniggy, is my tail still on?” Snippy asked. He couldn’t see it really, so wanted to get a confirmation, since the question had been raised by a certain mouse with a very long tail.

“Yup. It’s there just fine. And what about mine?” Shniggy asked, to which Snippy confirmed that all was fine and well.

Then they realised that mousey just didn’t know what to expect. But now she felt rather embarrassed for asking such a thing. She should have known better, but sometimes that’s the only way to learn.

So with tails all confirmed to each be the proper length, shape and size, they could relax.

None of them were making each other feel incomplete just because they didn't have what the other creature had.

Soon the mouse was off to scamper somewhere else, and Shniggy and Snippy settled for a rest.

Shnozzle was taking mental note of all that was going around in the garden, as well as with the other rabbits. He was keeping an eye on the safety as well as the comfort and needs of the others, and if they were happy and at peace staying here. This would help him to make good choices about the length of time they were to stay there.

Her lunch now complete, the woman closed the book and went inside for her own bit of rest. She'd need it before the long afternoon time of working a new patch of ground. She had her own mini tractor and was going to do a bit of ploughing.

Later as she got to work, the tractor could be seen driving to a certain area.

Both Shnhoppy and Shnibble said, “Oh no!” as they saw those wheels heading for the very place they had their burrow. “What’s she going to do?” they wondered.

The other bunnies saw that the local rabbits were concerned about something and together they hopped right close up to the fence to get a good look at what was going on.

“Well, I guess we can always dig new ones, if we must,” said Shnibble. It’s not so bad. I mean, we can always stay the night in here until things settled down somewhat out there.

“Oh!” said Shnhoppy cheerily, “And remember what happened to us last night. It wasn’t that great out there, with the fox and all. But if she makes a new place for her food to grow, she might put a fence all around, keeping the dangerous animals away from us...”

“And!” added in an always eager to eat Shnibble, “more food for us too will be right there, if she plants the right kinds.”

“We can always re-dig the entrance to our home anyway, once the dust clears,” Shnhoppy concluded.

So with that worry no longer a worry, the seven friends got back to munching, hopping, and resting, as they felt was best, and in whatever order worked for them.

And so it was for about the next week or so. Every day they watched the progress on the new patch of garden and farm land, and they all enjoyed living in the woman’s back yard, though they stayed mostly out of sight, and occasionally did take short trips out to scamper carefully around.

The birds were always glad for freshly ploughed ground—more bugs and things to discover.

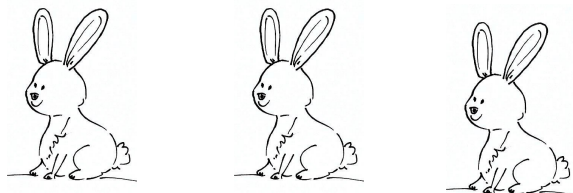
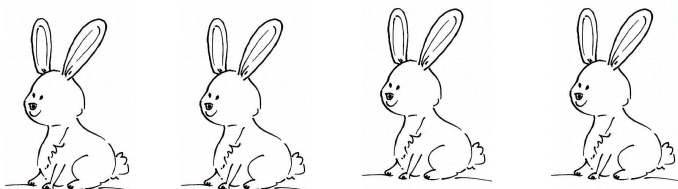
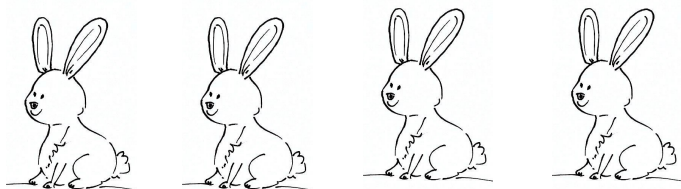
That was a fun thing to watch; all the bird activity and getting to see what types lived in this part of the land.

Finally, after they'd been there plenty long, this team of bunnies thought it best to move on and explore this other lovely place that Shnibble told them about. While the new bit of land was being set up, it was a good time for the local resident rabbits to take some time away.

They'd get back to life here later on, and have fun seeing what had changed and what had become of their burrow.

Chapter

11



Chapter 11—Bunnies Hop, Hop, Hop

The following morning two teams were getting ready for travel—there was the bunny team, as well as the boy and his mother. Today was the day they were all to travel.

The bunnies were going to make their way to a new and lush place, and the boy with this mother was going to visit his great-grandmother again. But this time they were to stay for a whole month.

It was going to be Great-grandmother's 99th birthday. And for a special time they would stay in a lovely cottage all together, in the most beautiful place around. I

It was called, "Spring Dale Cottage". People could rent its use and enjoy being in a place of nature.

As they were driving, there was one thing on the boy's mind--bunnies. Would he get to see them again? Or had they moved on?

Since they weren't going to drive back again to their home at night, he wouldn't be able to see them hopping in the dim light. But what he didn't know was that the bunnies were on the move too.

When they got first to his great-grandmother's place, they helped to load into the car the rest of the needed items for their special month together.

They didn't know just how long this very elderly lady would keep living, so they wanted to enjoy this time.

Games and special food were brought, and lots of blankets in case she got cold, and nice music to listen to. The boy brought plenty of paper and colours for doing art. His mama brought books to read, and all the cooking items needed to prepare the food.

A care taking nurse would come along with them as well to meet any special needs that Great-grandma had.

Soon they were ready to go. A soothing album of music was put on and away they drove.

It had been quite a while since Great-grandmother had been out for a drive like this. It was a very special event. The boy's father would come on the weekend, but return to their home in town during the week for work and for looking after things. It would be an interesting time.

It certainly was what Great-grandma would call "a change". The scenery would be different, the plants and animals too. The house was different, and the company the boy lived with would be a change for him as well. He wouldn't be around other children, but he was happy for all the story time, and animal spotting he was hoping to get.

"Changes are good," his great-grandmother often said. So every time he thought of something that he might miss while they were away in this new place for

while, he would repeat these words to himself. “Changes are good. I can learn new things I wouldn’t get to learn about and see in my usually place.”

Meanwhile, the team of rabbits was making their way to a place called, “Spring Dale Nooks”. A place they knew would be enjoyable indeed.

“Are there any humans that live around there?” Shnookey asked Shnibble, who replied:

“Not really; not much. There is one house there, a cottage of sorts, but it’s only lived in for part of the year. Might be some folks there. I think they’ll keep mostly to themselves.”

The bunnies would hop, hop, hop, as fast as they could go, and then hide and rest until they were ready to continue.

You might ask how they were able to get to a place just as far away as a car, when they only had little bunny feet.

But see, they knew the back way, the short cut way to Spring Dale. They didn't need to go all around, like this road did.

These bunnies who lived there had a quick way they could go. Their feet could take them straight over the rugged terrain, unlike a car that needed to stay on a flat, or nearly flat surface.

The car had to keep all four of its wheels on the ground, but the bunnies could use anywhere between 2-4 paws touching the ground surface, according to the need.

Though the trip was a tiring one, especially for Shnizzle, they looked forward to the great time they would have that night and the following days.

Sometimes to make the time pass quickly the younger ones would play games, like, "I'll race you over to that rock with the flower growing beside it!" And then whoever got there first could choose the next place to race to.

They would hop and run fast, and then rest for a while, so the others could catch up. Or they'd let the others get a wee bit ahead of them, before they dashed ahead with another race.

One time, however, Shnizzle was nowhere to be seen. The others who had hopped on ahead, expected her to catch up. But when they turned around to look, she wasn't there.

Shnozzle called a halt on all hopping rabbits, until the lost little one could be found. Immediately everyone did so, and spread out, hopping slowly back, looking beside every rock and log, and into each wombat hole.

Just as Snippy was bravely entering into one wombat home, he was met with the nose of a fellow little rabbit.

“Oh, hi! I was just looking for you. It's good to see you!” he said. It was Shnizzle! She explained what happened, though she felt somewhat dazed still.

“I was hopping and then down I fell. I missed seeing this one as my eyes were on you all, seeing how very fast you were all going.”

“We all missed you. I’m so glad we found you. Are you alright?” he said as the two made their way over to the others.

Shnozzle called out to the others, “We found her!”

“Gotta watch them holes. I did the same, several times at least, when I was younger...” started off Shnhoppy, trying to make Shnizzle not feel embarrassed. The others gathered to hear the story, as they moved a bit more slowly now, all together, giving Shnizzle time to feel better.

“Oh, yes, but it was a good time to fall in pit. I was playing chase with my brothers, and before they knew it, poof, I was out of sight.

They didn’t catch me that time. They thought I was surely faster than they ever

knew I could be, and went bounding off in the other direction. I saw them scurrying off as I emerged.”

Everyone had a good laugh, and the laughter and funny way Shnhoppy told the story helped make everyone feel better. It had been a bit stressful to suddenly see someone missing from their team.

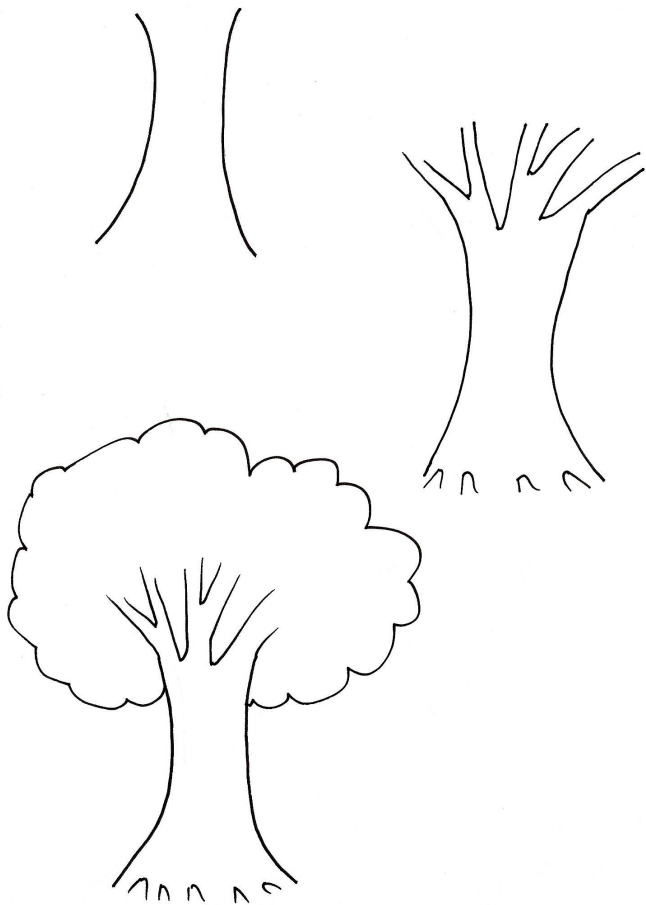
And it was just as uncomfortable and surprising for little Shnizzle to feel alone, and wonder if anyone knew or cared if she was missing. It was good to know that they did care.

“Let’s stay at a pace where we can keep a better eye on one another,” Shnozzle said.

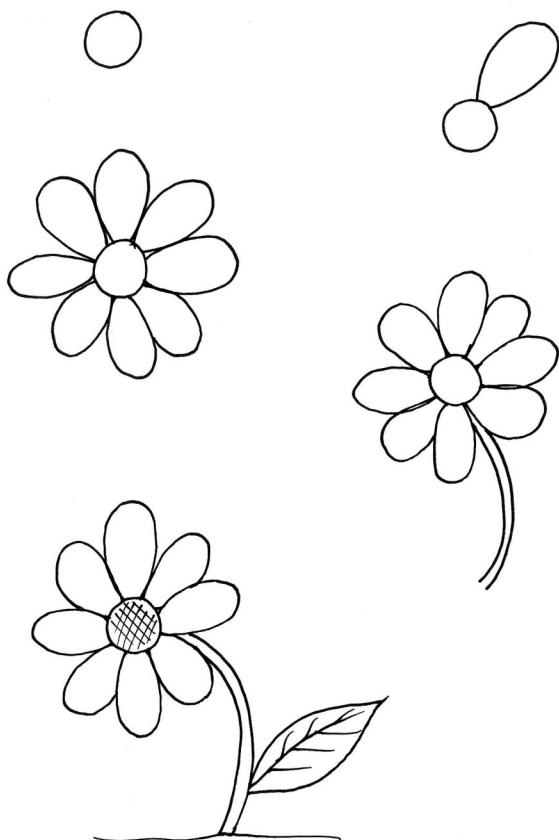
Shnookey added, “Since we are unfamiliar with the area and just what we might encounter, perhaps we should proceed with more caution and care.”

Everyone agreed.

How to draw a tree:



How to draw a flower:



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