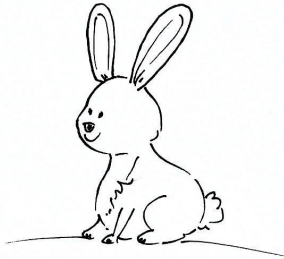


Adventures of a Bunny Kind -Part 2-



Imaginary Story

Adventures of a Bunny Kind -Part 2-



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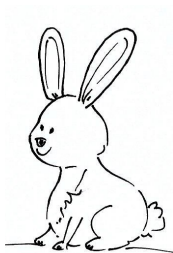
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Chapter 1



Chapter 1—Spring Dale Cottage

When at last Great-grandmother and her team were settled into the house, it was time for some nature fun.

So Great-grandmother and her great-grandson sat on the porch, very quietly, and just watched what was going on. Mother brought snacks, and even a pair of binoculars, and also read a book while sitting nearby.

The birds were busy and cheery, the water rippled in the stream, and the bug life was active too. It was quiet, yet very busy too. The trees looked beautiful, as did the lush plant life by the water's edge.

“Mama can I go down with you to see what’s by the water? I brought my boots you know,” the boy asked.

“Let’s go after our afternoon snack, I have some apple pie baking for it. “Would you like that? Perhaps you could ask Great-grandma to tell you about some of the places she’s lived in while you wait.”

The boy nodded. It sounded like a great idea—stories and snack, and then time by the stream.

He didn’t miss hearing the constant traffic of cars that he usually heard in the town.

But it wasn’t all quiet, just good kinds of relaxing and thought-inspiring sounds here. Birds and bugs and leaves rustling, and... and what was that?

It didn't make a noise, not a sound at all. What? There was another one, and soon another and a few more.

Hop, hop, hop. He counted seven of these hopping friends!

He happily pointed, yet in a whisper, to these bunnies that were making their way across one part of the area nearby the house. Great grandma smiled, then whispered, "Looks like Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy and Snippy found a few more friends!"

The boy was very, very happy!

"They came to us!" he exclaimed, after they had started munching, and seemed unperturbed by the humans on the porch overlooking this area.

The boy got out a piece of paper and started drawing what he was seeing. The stream, the greenery, and the now seven furry friends.

When mother came to serve the pie, she saw his picture and asked, “So what are you going to call the two new friends?”

The boy thought about it.

“I know!” and mother wrote it down for him, as best as she could figure out they could be written: “Shnibble and Shnhoppy!”

And so it was that for the whole of their time at Spring Dale Cottage, every day, for at least some part of the day Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy were to be seen enjoying this place as well.

Great-grandma said,

“I’ll tell you at supper tonight some of the places I’ve lived in, and more of the changes I’ve been through, okay?”

“So you and your mother can enjoy a nice time exploring around here. Because if I start, I might take a long time. I’ve got so many stories to tell.”

The boy liked both the idea of exploring around, as well as hearing about all kind of changes in his great-grandmother’s life. It was going to be a great day.

“Can you please just tell me one thing, while I finish my pie—and then the rest you can tell me later? Please?” the boy requested.

“Alright then. I’ll tell you about my first trip to Albania. It was a cold winter and we had to buy all these types of clothes that would keep us through it. I was much more accustomed to wearing less. But boy was I glad I listened to my parents. They knew things I didn’t know.

“I thought, silly as it sounds, that just because I imagined I would be warm enough, that would make it so. But there are many things that can’t be, just because you wish them to be.

“There are many things that are totally beyond what we can make or not make happen. There are things we just can’t change.

So we have to prepare for them, and then also be brave if we find things aren’t comfortable and easy.

“And this trip taught me the importance of listening to the advice of others who know things that I don’t know.

“Thankfully I didn’t have to learn the hard way, by refusing to bring the extra clothing. I just didn’t think I would ever use it. Besides, I thought, ‘who would be able to see all my nice new clothes if I’m always bundled up in a coat?’

“But was I ever glad that I listened and followed advice that was totally different than what I wanted to do.

“We stayed there for three months, all through the winter, with an aging aunt. We helped her make it through and I learned all kinds of skills I hadn’t learned before. Like how to cook certain foods, how to

mend clothing and sew patches on to old garments that had seen better days.

“I even learned to sing, for that is what we liked to do in the evenings. It gave us something pleasant and cheery to do. I think I even felt warmer when we were singing, it was a nice way to end the day.

“And I see you have finished off your snack and your mother is here with some water to clean your month with. She takes good care of you. I’m glad for that. I’ll see you later then. Make sure to tell me about all you see, okay?” Great-grandmother said.

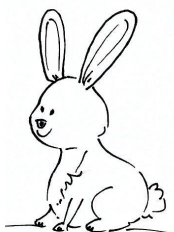
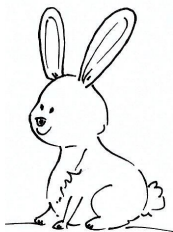
“Bye! We’ll see you later,” the boy waved. It was nice to feel loved, cared for, and be able to explore new things.

Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy peeked out from some bushes.

They had just had a great snack themselves. They were feeling content with this place and the happy day they had had as well.

Chapter

2



Chapter 2—New Friends

With a sunhat on and a bag to put special collectables in, the boy and his mother set out for an exploring walk.

“Mommy, do you think we’ll see those bunny friends?” he asked, hoping for such a thing.

“Well, I do think that is quite likely. And I certainly hope we do!” mother responded.

And it wasn’t too long before his wish became reality.

“Oh, look, over there!” the boy exclaimed, and then began to call out their names, hoping they would feel less shy. He wanted them to know that they were welcome to come as close to him as they could.

“Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy—I’m your friend!” the boy called out to the bunnies that seemed to go even faster away at the sound of the startling voice.

“Let’s sit real still and quietly, and maybe they will come back,” mother suggested.

So, the boy sat on a stump and mother on a log beside. It was clear the stump belonged to the log that lay on the ground.

Mother was examining the log. It had clearly been cut by a tree feller. It was not an easy task. “I guess carrying it away was bigger a job than the cutting it seems, for here, many years later, it still rests.”

Sometimes mother felt that way about many of the jobs she had started out doing. They were tough to start, and never were able to be finished, as they were beyond what she could do on her own.

“With a team helping out with this tree project, the setting here would look differently. Thought it was no longer growing, at least it could have been put to good use.” Mother mused.

It was the answer she needed. It wasn't that some of her projects were too hard to finish, it's just that she needed more help. And help wasn't always easy to come up with—not when everyone else felt the same way.

“Maybe I should be willing to help others with their projects too, first of all. I’m sure there are many who feel just as I do, with so many undone works and half begun projects. Maybe then they’d be willing to help me as well.

“If we each just struggle on our own with loads that are too big for any of us, and refuse to help others because our work load is too heavy, we’ll stay in a sorry mess of non-finished ideas for the rest of our lives.”

It was true, and this tree she was sitting on was a big, a very big object lesson teaching her something useful. However, though the tree never got to its destination, it wasn’t completely useless.

What mother didn't notice was that it had sat so long and been a feast for many bugs and creatures, that the inside was completely hollowed out.

Before too long, as they sat in quietness, the boy was about to get a very special reward for his stillness and patience.

“Did you see those humans?” Shnozzle asked Shnibble and Shnhoppy, their new friends.

They looked up, “Yep,” replied Shnibble, as soon as he'd swallowed his next big bite of grass and roots. “And I'm not too keen to get too near. I like to keep my distance with those of the human kind, most of the time.”

Shnhoppy added, “But there is a way to get out of sight. Look at that tunnel over there!”

When Shnozzle began to make his way over to the interesting tunnel’s entrance, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy took notice, and cautiously made their way over.

They didn’t make a rush for it, for there were plenty of snacks to be eaten in this plenteous place.

But when Snippy disappeared into this tunnel, soon followed by Shniggy, the rest of the team realised it was safe and worth the adventure of discovery.

Shnizzle, however, was the last to enter, wanting to be very sure it was a good place to explore.

She had to be sure of things before just hopping in to them.

“At least we’re not seen by the humans now, while in this long wooden tunnel,” Shnizzle encouraged herself.

It was quite a feat of self control for the boy, who happened to be at the other end of this special tunnel, to keep himself very quiet.

He had seen the rabbits nearing the other side of the log “tunnel” and was really hoping they would hop all the way through it, which would bring them right beside him. –If he was quiet, and they weren’t too shy.

He and his mother had been sitting here for 15 minutes or so, a very long time for a young boy to sit still.

But somethings are too good to miss. After all, much nature fun could only be enjoyed if one was patient and quiet—like fishing, or bird watching.

Somethings didn't require quietness, but they did require stillness and observance, like watching a sunset slowly transform the sky to a variety of coloured light, or gazing at the stars at a time when it was quite likely to see many shooting stars.

For this activity he needed to be both still and quiet.

His mother looked at him with a smile, when they knew all the bunnies were somewhere inside the long log. They maintained utter stillness, hardly making even the sound of their breath.

Then one, two, and three bunnies emerged right beside the stall stump where the boy sat very quietly observing. He knew there were seven, and hoped the rest would follow, and not just turn the other way and hop out again.

Meanwhile in the log the conversations went something like this:

Shnozzle asked Shnookey, “Have you ever been in a place like this? They say it takes years for something like this to happen.”

Shnookey replied, being the most knowledgeable on the subject,

“Never seen one this long, nor been in one like this before. Doing is far better than hearing about it for sure. Best knowledge comes

through experience. Ah, there is the light coming now. Good.

“It would be rather hard for us to all turn around and head out the other direction. Rather narrow, though it sure is long.”

Shnibble and Shnhoppy, who were just behind were very familiar with this log in particular. It had been their refuge before. It was just the right size for a small bunny to travel through, but too small for other larger creatures—such as the dog pets of visitors to this area.

As they made their way out and began feeding at the base of the tree stump, mother and the boy smiled, and the boy kept count on his fingers.

An extra large and shiny smile beamed on his face as he held up his hands with seven fingers held up. Mother knew what this meant.

They would have a great story to tell to Great-grandmother when they got back later.

It was a long while, or so it seemed, that these seven friends ate and hoped and then ate some more, right in the nearby area where the boy and his mother sat.

Mother mused on it, and thought:

“I guess even an old tree that seemed to have miss what it was designated to do, has found some way to make a boy happy.

“That should encourage anyone. No matter how old, and how may

plans are laid to rest, how many things didn't work out in one's life, there is still hope that you can help a smile form on the face of a child.

“How long this log had to sit here, just decaying, seeming to get worse by the day, weak and unable to stand up again like it used to; cut down and then all hope of being used vanished. But all the while it was getting better in some ways, better to be a place for little creatures of all sorts to enjoy. And it sure made it fun for my son and I today.

“I think if I was old, and couldn't do much, I think I should like to remember this log. It might not be everyday I can do something great, but even once in awhile I can help to spread some cheer.

“Everyone has something they are good for, no matter how weak or even immobile—like some people, and trees, are.”

Then led by Shnozzle, the team eventually headed back through their special log tunnel. They were having a great time discovering all the new features of this area.

When the rabbits clearly had gone to a new area, it was only then that the boy at last spoke and made an attempt to move off the log.

“There you go,” mother said, helping him down. “That sure was fun!”

The boy smiled. He could hardly think of something better happening on their walk out in nature.

He was bursting for joy and showed it as he hopped and skipped through the grassy areas—the very places that the rabbits had also explored.

“Maybe we’ll see them again tomorrow,” the boy thought hopefully.

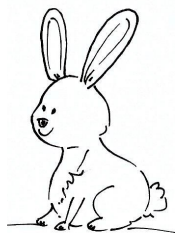
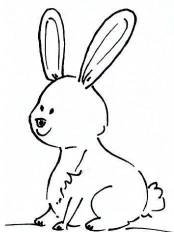
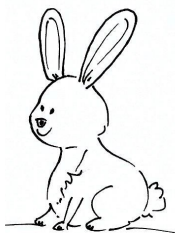
Though the sky seemed to be clouding over, and faint sound of thunder was heard.

“I do hope the sun shines for tomorrow’s walk,” mother said.

They weren’t done their walk just yet, but the rabbits were clearly nowhere to be seen at that time.

Chapter

3



Chapter 3—Treehouse

“Oh, mother!” the boy exclaimed, looking and pointing upward.

“Well, now how fun is that?” she replied.

“Can we go in it?” the boy asked.

“We’ll have to check out that neat looking treehouse—and find a way to get up there as well,” mother replied.

Up high in a tree was a treehouse. It was a ledge built around the tree, with a little guard rail. It was perfect for forest watching.

They walked around the big tree to see on all sides of it if there was a way to get up.

And there was! But one would need to be clever and somewhat strong to climb up the built-on ladder that led up.

“Before you try it,” mother suggested, “are you going to want anything up there—like paper and pens, or perhaps a bottle of water, a pillow and a snack?”

Now that was a very fun idea. So before going up into it, they first made their way back to the cottage.

Quietly they entered, just in case Great-grandmother was sleeping. And it’s good they did, for indeed she was.

And though the boy was more than eager to tell of the many splendid things that had happened so far, he decided to wait until later

when she would feel more refreshed and ready to hear.

Mother placed the items they came to gather in to a little backpack. The boy could take it with him up into the tree, as he carried it on his back.

Just as they were leaving the cottage they heard the voice of Great-grandmother.

“Are you back already?”

“We just came back to get a few needed items for a bit more fun,” mother said.

“I’ll see you later then,” Great-grandmother replied.

But the boy couldn’t wait any longer and ran over to her bedside,

“I got to see all seven of the bunnies, really close by! It was so fun! They came running through an old log, that was like a very long tunnel for them. Of course, I had to wait and be quiet for a very long time. But then they came!”

Great-grandmother smiled. She was enjoying hearing about it from a joy-filled boy, just as much if not more than the boy himself who experienced that special treat.

“Now we are going to check out a treehouse we just discovered. That’s why I have my backpack on. I’m going to bring snacks and drawing paper up into it. Then I can see what is happening all around!”

The boy ended his happy announcement, and off he went to enjoy the rest of his time out.

“Hmmm,” expressed his mother. “Some of the rungs on this tree ladder are missing. It’s going to be a challenge getting up there. Is there any other way to make it easier?”

“If we just had a tree climber’s rope, then it would be easier.

“Oh, look Mama I see one. It’s way up in the tree house,” the boy pointed out.

“If only it was unwound and let down, I could hold on to it, or something.”

Mother got an idea to look for a long branch or stick. She could loosen the rope in this way. When it was hanging down, she could tug on it to ensure it was strong enough.

After a good work at it, the rope was at last available for use. It looked strong and good, like it had been recently placed there by other visitors to the cottage.

“Okay, tree climber, up you go!” mother encouraged.

With two hands on the knotted rope, and two climbing feet making their way up, the determined boy at last reached the treehouse ledge.

He got himself in a comfortable position and wasted no time pulling out snacks and paper.

After about 20 minutes or so, Billy was ready to descend again. Mother coached him and watched over him well.

When he safely reached the ground again, mother questioned him about what he'd seen up there.

"I saw all we already saw, but it was very different seeing it from up high. Things looked smaller, and I could see more at the same time than when we were walking along," he said.

"Getting up high helps us see things differently, or at least see more. And we don't have to worry about muddy feet, or thorns that poke, or plants in our way," mother added.

"But it's not always so easy getting into a high up position, and it's not so safe either, if you wish to be wiggling and running and moving around," the boy expressed.

“I guess each place is special in its own way. So, now that we are down here, right on the ground, let’s enjoy what we have here,” mother suggested.

“What’s that?” the boy said as the leafy bush in front of him begin wiggling. He squatted down to get a closer look, but was almost too late to see the fast-moving creature. But saw it he did, before it was hidden from view once again.

“Mama! A bunny!” he exclaimed.

He thought there was just one, and he didn’t keep his silence this time. But that seemed to startle another and another who came hopping past him, and vanished into the leafy area.

The boy smiled very joyfully and did a leap in the air as his mother held his hand.

“I’m sooo glad we came here today! And here to this place!” the boy said. And off they went to return to the cottage.

He would help great-grandmother get the little fire going in the fireplace, help bring her a warm drink, and then sit to hear some more stories from her life.

“Great-grandma, we’re back!” he said, nearly bursting through the door.

He flew into her waiting arms as she sat on the chair near the cold fireplace.

“I can see you have had a wonderful time. And I am very glad

for it. Now, would you like to help me build the fire, then you can tell me all about what you saw and what you did. I can tell you had a special time,” Great-grandmother said.

“Yes I did,” the boys said, and began to get the needed items ready.

When the fire was warm and glowing well, and both of them held a mug of something warm, the boy told of each special moment on their enjoyable walk in the nature area.

“And then I looked way down on the ground below,” the boy was saying. Mother heard the whole conversation and smiled, while she was preparing the meal. “You got to see the whole team of bunnies, two times?”

Great-grandmother questioned.

Then once again the boy explained the happy events.

He didn't mind saying it all over again. It made him feel happy just talking about it. And it certainly made Great-grandmother glad hearing about it.

“Now, would you like to hear more about my travels and the changes in my life?” Great-grandmother asked, when it was clear the boy was ready to hear more stories.

He nodded, and so she began.

“Once when I was a very little girl I used to wish I could fly. Have you ever thought of that?”

The boy nodded, for even just today he had wished to.

“I could have gotten way up into the treehouse, so easily, if only I could fly. I don’t want to always, but just sometimes like today,” he replied.

“Well,” Great-grandmother continued, “Sometimes I even dreamt about it, and it was always so very fun. But one day I DID get to actually fly through the air, way, way up high!”

The boy’s eyes became very wide.

He knew his great-grandmother was telling him the truth, in some way, and he wanted to know more. Because as far as he knew, she didn’t have, nor ever had had wings.

“That surprised you, didn’t it?”

The boy nodded and asked, getting a clever thought, “But how did you? Since you can’t fly just on your own.”

“Ha! That’s right. I needed help. I remember my first flight on an airplane. Up and up and away in the air we went. It was a small plane and so we really felt the moving of it. And I could see out as well, far down below.

“I thought, ‘This must be what a bird feels like, way up high!’”

“I was a young woman when I took this flight. Some friends and I were going to an island that had just opened up for tourists. It wasn’t well known by all at that time.

“We wanted to see what it was like there, and this was the only

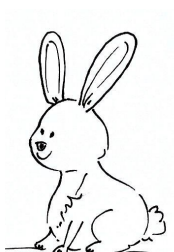
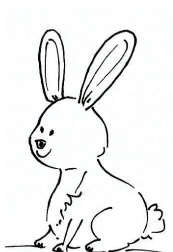
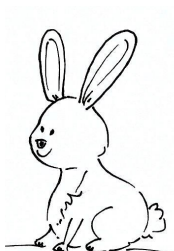
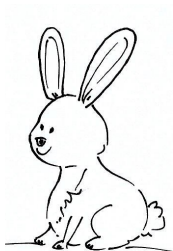
means of travel we could take, or at least that was available.

“First we had to go to one island and refuel the little airplane, then we travelled to the next island and waited for good weather conditions. At last we made it to the island we’d set out for. That was quite a trip indeed.”

The boy asked, “What did you see there? What did you do?”

Chapter

4



Chapter 4—Island

Great-grandmother took a deep breath, closed her eyes and seemed to be reliving it visually. Then she spoke:

“Coconuts! Lots of coconuts! That’s what we saw and tasted while there. I hardly remembering eating much else, besides some fresh fish roasted on the hot coals of fire, right there on the beach.

“Some of the native island dwellers would welcome people by singing and making music with their special instruments.

“We sat there on the sand of the beach, looked at the stars, and listened to the music, the voices, and the waves.

“But we had to watch out for the crabs!” Great-grandmother exclaimed.

“What did they do?” the boy asked, curious.

“They just might pinch my toe! Or so I thought one might. They were big crabs too. Real big! This big across,” she demonstrated the size.

The boy wouldn’t have wanted a pinch or nibble from one of those either.

“So what did you do when you saw one near you?” he asked.

“I kept a stick with me, and I’d flip the crab away if it was wandering too near where I was,” she again demonstrated.

“But what did you do when you needed to sleep? Did the crabs or other creatures disturb you at night?”

“They and other creatures might have. Who knows what would have been around? But I didn’t have to worry about it too much because I slept in a cabin on a bed way up high.

It had a ladder to climb up, and there was some cloth to cover all around me to keep away some of the flying beetles as well as mosquitos and such,” Great-grandmother explained.

“Oh, that’s good. And what did you do in the day time when you weren’t sitting on the beach?” the boy asked.

“We wanted to see all around the island. We wanted to see what it was like, and we wanted to see if there was some need that we could fill. We knew these people didn’t have much in the way of possessions. And that can be good.

“But if there were other things they needed, like food or medical attention, clothing, or places for the children to learn new things, maybe we could help with that. At least that was the idea, and one of the reasons we went there—to check out the situation.”

Great-grandmother smiled and nodded as she told of this special time in her life to a very eager young one.

“And did anyone have things that they needed?” the boy asked.

“Oh, yes!” the reply came. “There were so many needs we didn’t know where to start. We didn’t bring all that many supplies, but we share all that we had with them. And while we tended to their physical needs, we shared stories of faith and cheer with them.

“Some people could speak both our languages and theirs. They helped to explain to the people what we were trying to say—and explain to us what the people were trying to say to us.

“It became a guessing game for us sometimes when we’d hear the words that some native was saying, and we tried to guess what it might

be, while we waited for the translator to tell us what was said. Sometimes we got it right, in our mind, but other times it was very different than what we thought they were saying. We were very glad to have someone to explain things to us. And people were so very grateful to have us there.

“See, it was open for some tourist to come, and that meant people were coming to be made happy, and expected the people there to do nice things for them. But when they saw that we were there to see what we could do to help and make them happy, they really liked that.

“That’s why they’d sit with us on the beach at night, listen to the stories we’d tell, share some of their

fish with us, and share some of their own stories and songs.”

“How long were you there for, Great-grandmother?” the boy asked.

“Not that long really,” she replied. “But if you put your mind and muscle to things sometimes, you can do a lot in a short amount of time. The plane had to leave the next day, for it had people that were ready and eager to leave. But we wanted to do what we came there to do.

“It was nearly two weeks later when we at last said good-bye to all our new friends. I thought I saw some of them cry. They really were glad to have a team of people just there to help.”

“Did you ever go back?” the boy asked.

Great-grandmother smiled, and looked over at her granddaughter, the boy's mother.

“Why, yes I did! For that is when I first met your mother!”

At first the boy was puzzled. What did she mean?

His mother said, “That’s where I was born dear. My parents lived there for some time, knowing how much their mother enjoyed it. And so, the first months of my life were spent there on that little island. Our whole family were together there for awhile.”

The next question could almost be predicted, the boy asked,

“Can I go there too some time?”

He felt like the only one of the many generations that had not yet visited.

“I’m sure you can dear,” Great-grandmother replied.

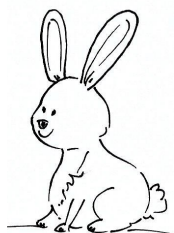
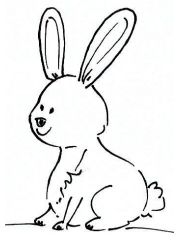
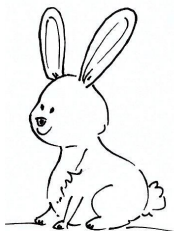
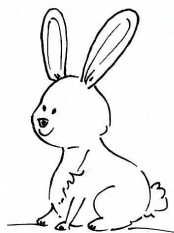
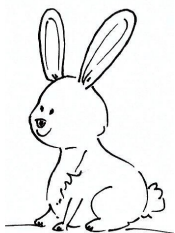
The boy smiled. Maybe it wouldn’t happen right away. Maybe it would even be when he was more grown up a bit, big enough to fish and built a fire, and open a tough coconut. But it was fun thinking that he’d visit one day.

After they’d had these and other stories, it was time for dinner and a bath, and a good night’s sleep. There would be plenty to dream about. What would it be this time? Flying? Discovering more bunnies out in nature? Traveling to distant places?

Well, there was only one way to find out, and that was to get to sleep as soon as possible, then the dreamland adventures could start.

Chapter

5



Chapter 5—Lively, Friendly Bunnies

Billy's mother helped him to place his clothes neatly on the end of his bed, brush his teeth, and curl up into bed. He had his favourite stuffed bunny to hold while he drifted off to sleep.

In the living room Great-grandmother lingered a while, looking at some pictures she'd brought. Her granddaughter sat with her chatting as well.

“Remember that time?” and “Oh, look at that face!” and “What a day that was!” comments were shared while glancing through these memories. Just then a thought came into Great-grandmother's mind. Her eyes lit up and she spoke:

“What was the name of that man, the one who helped you last year when you were lost, on the wrong subway? He worked for a travel agent? I bet he’s got some good ideas of where you and Billy could go for next year’s time away.”

Her granddaughter replied, “Arnald Shmits. I still keep in touch every now and then. He likes to send me the latest deals and sales on trips overseas, and so forth.

“I sometimes think about it, but then things just get too busy. I wonder if I’ll ever really get to travel again. I know Billy would certainly enjoy it.”

“Well, see what he’s got. Maybe there is some special deal to a not-too-far away place—but a place Billy

would enjoy. Maybe he and your and your husband can't go just yet to anywhere, but somewhere nearby might be fun. And let me know what you think up," Great-grandmother encouraged.

That night before going to sleep, Talita, Billy's mother, wrote an email to Arnald Shmits, stating the when, and how far, and for how much, she'd like to go with her family for a short time away.

"Meanwhile, Billy wasn't just sleeping, but dreaming of going to far and distant lands, so distant they hadn't yet been discovered.

In his dream he was about to board a plane, when all of a sudden he realised that he didn't have a ticket.

“Oh! What am I going to do?” he thought in his dream. But just then, like special dreams contain, something unusual worked out.

“You can have this shell!” he said to the person looking at the tickets and allowing people to board the plane.

“Well, if you’ve got a shell, then that’s even better than a ticket. Have a good trip!” the person in his dream replied and waved for him to go ahead on to the plane.

As he sat there on the plane, in his dream, still holding the shell and looking at it, all of a sudden it got bigger and bigger and became a sandwich that he could eat. Well, it was more like there was a sandwich wrapped up inside of it.

“Oh, good. I was just getting hungry,” the boy said in his dream.

When that was done, he looked again, and the shell now had some liquid inside.

“Could it be water?” he thought, as he was getting pretty thirsty. It tasted like water, good refreshing water.

“Ummm, so nice,” he said. This shell was sure amazing. Whatever he needed, he had. What a great dream indeed—and he was only just beginning.

“I sure don’t need lots of stuff, as long as I keep this shell in my hands and in my pocket. I know this trip is going to be great.”

It wasn’t long before morning came, and Billy remembered his

dream very clearly. He woke with the last scenes of the dream on his mind.

“Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy” he had called out, and over to him had hopped this fun, furry and friendly team.

They’d leapt over his lap and ran in a circle around the place he sat, and came back again to do it more.

They were so lively and so very friendly. He would blow into his shell, and music would be heard, and the rabbits liked to listen and play and dance and put on this friendly show.

Billy woke with a smile. He was nearly laughing still from the dream. He didn’t remember where he had been traveling to, but he did

remember the fun he had with his bunny friends.

“Can we go see them again today?” he asked, when his mother was at his side this sunny morning. He forgot that his mother didn’t just come from the same dreamland as he. He might have to explain what he was talking about.

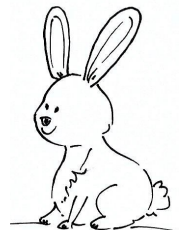
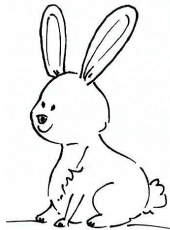
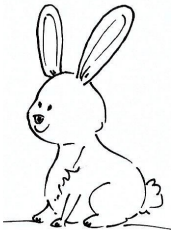
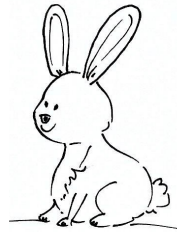
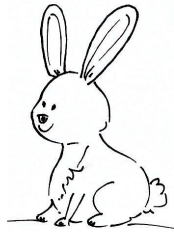
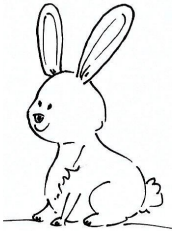
“See who? Where?” his mother asked.

“The Bunnies! I was on a trip and they were with me at the end, hopping all around me. It was so fun!” the boy exclaimed.

“I think that would be great fun,” she replied. “And there might even be a bit more fun as well, sometime later on, when we are back at our house.”

His mother had already received a note back with some travel suggestions. It wasn't a for-sure plan, but it was fun to think about. Billy would enjoy the thoughts and anticipation.

Chapter 6



Chapter 6--Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy!

A month later the boy and his mother were taking the very same drive they had taken before, to go and see his great-grandmother.

It was going to be great telling her of the amazing time away they'd had on their trip.

A lot had happened in these four short weeks.

As they drove past the place where the boy had seen the rabbit friends the first time, he remembered it well. Only this time it was no longer all dry and bare, but had some greenery to nibble on.

Just as he was about to tell his mother that he missed his bunny friends, all of a sudden out they popped from behind a log.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! He counted and they were all there. The boy remembered the colouring that some of them had.

“Mother!” he expressed. “I saw them again! All of them! Oh, that was so fun. As we drove past, they hopped out right where I could see them.”

Mother smiled and was glad. “What were their names again?” she asked.

The boy knew them well, as he had often looked at the picture with their names written on it.

He counted on his fingers to make sure not to miss any of them, and spoke their names out:

“Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy!”

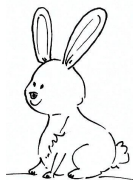
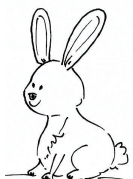
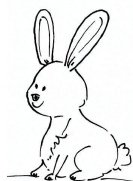
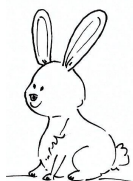
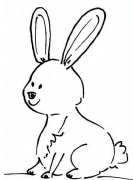
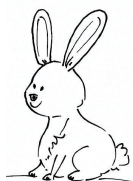
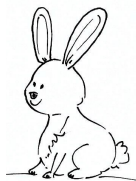
“Oh, that’s right!” mother recalled.

They chatted and recalled their visit to the cottage and the fun with those hopping friends that they’d had, and all the fun enjoyed with Great-grandmother.

Soon they were at the residence where she stayed. Billy-boy could hardly contain his joy. He felt bursting with excitement of all the things to tell his Great-grandmother. He thought the trip was enough, but now seeing the bunnies again just gave him all the more to say.

Chapter

7



Chapter 7—Fun Here and There

“Great-grandma... where are you?” he was calling out, as he walked faster and got to her room before his mother.

She wasn't in the bed, but soon he saw that she was on the porch, just out the sliding glass door on one side of her room.

“I'm outside here,” she called out. Soon the boy was right beside her, taking his pace on a little stool he brought over.

“What are you making, Great-grandmother,” he asked.

“Just a little something for your cousin,” she replied. She was knitting and smiling. “Seems I'm going to have another great-grandchild!”

It made her real glad to think of the extended family that was continuing to be added to.

“What a lovely family I have. And you are a boy that makes an elderly woman glad,” she said looking at Billy-boy.

“Great-grandmother! Guess what I saw!” he began with enthusiasm.

He was very glad that his great-grandmother was well enough to be sitting up, spending time outdoors, and working on projects that made her happy.

It seemed the more she thought about children, the bigger her smile grew. Almost as big as the boy’s smile when he thought of rabbits that he’d see, and considered his friends.

So the boy told of the most recent sighting of his furry and hopping friends. Then he answered questions that his great-grandmother asked about his time traveling to visit a new place.

“First we took a ferry boat all down the river, and then we got out and took a bus. After that we went to the beach. It was fun,” the boy started out.

Great-grandmother then asked, “And what was something you really weren’t expecting?”

The boy thought for a moment, then recalled,

“That’d I’d get a sick tummy on just the second day of the trip. I didn’t like that. I sort of forgot that things like that can happen.”

“Yes, that can happen when you go to new places. Sometimes your body has to get used to the new types of water and food, and air even. I hope you were well soon, were you?”

The boy nodded.

“And what is something you wished could have happened, but you ran out of time and had to return?” Great-grandmother asked.

“I really wanted to go ice-skating at the place for it. But it was closed. It was going to open again, but we weren’t there anymore,” he replied.

“Yes, there’s always more things to do than you’ll ever get to do when you travel and visit new places,” she commented.

Then the boy got a thought,
“Maybe if I lived there I’d get to do
all the things?”

“Maybe,” his great-grandmother
answered. “But even then, there is
still too many things to get done.
You’d get busy with other things—
and you’d miss doing all the fun that
there is right where you live now
here!

“So what are you going to do
that’s fun, when you go home?” she
asked as the last question on their
visit.

The boy’s mother answered,
“We’re going to a birthday party the
day after tomorrow. –A real birthday
party!”

The boy looked up and wondered
what that meant.

Mother continued,

“My sister-in-law just had her baby. I got a message now! They will need help for sure around the home for a few days. And I think you’d be the best friend needed for their little boy.

“I could help with the cooking and help with the baby, while your uncle is gone in the day, and you could help play with little Nathan.

“Would you like that?”

The boy thought that was a great idea! And added,

“And we can have a birthday party, and make a snack, and sing some songs to welcome the baby to the family!”

Mother smile. “Yes, that’s right! So when we go home, we can have one day to get ready and to pack what we need—and yes all the food and snacks that would be good.”

The boy continued the ideas, “And bring a big box of my toys to share, too. And maybe some books.”

“I can see you are going to have a great time,” Great-grandmother exclaimed.

Now the boy knew who she was knitting some soft clothing for.

“Do you want us to take something with us that you made, Great-grandmother?” the boy asked.

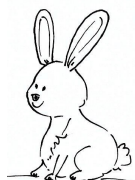
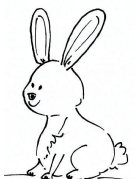
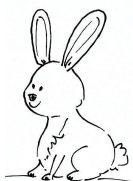
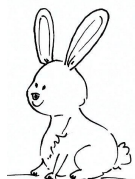
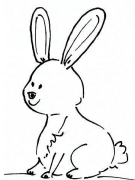
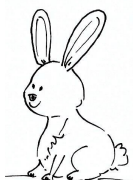
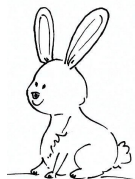
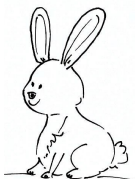
“Well, I am still making this little pair of booties, so that will need to be sent next week, if you come here to visit.

“But I do have a blanket I have been making for a much longer time. It’s in this box here. Maybe you and mother could wrap it up like a gift and give it for me. Will you do that?”

The boy nodded, and was very glad to do so. He carried the box in his arms after saying good bye, and placed it in the car.

“When we come back next week, we can tell Great-grandmother all about the newest and cute addition to our big family,” mother said as they drove away.

Chapter 8



Chapter 8—Zoezo

Meanwhile, a bunny home was having much the same discussion.

“Oh, they are so cute,” a grandmother rabbit was saying to the latest additions to the team living in the field that the boy and his mother drove past.

Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy were happy to be living once again with their friends and family here in the grassy meadow. At last it was that again.

Tonight they had been invited to quietly come and celebrate the birthday of a new kit of baby bunnies. Today was the first day that they all had their eyes open.

They were growing up fast and had so much to learn.

“What are their names?” Shnizzle whispered.

Their mother, carefully guarding them, replied, while everyone eagerly listened:

“Shnip, Shnup, Shnap, and Zoezo!”

Every one smiled as she listed the names. But, huh? The last name sure took them by surprise.

The others were named in the traditional fashion as bunnies are.

The bunny mother laughed.

“Yep, it’s good to do something really different every once in a while!”

Several months later, the newest additions were venturing out to play with some of their friends and relatives.

Zoezo proved to be the funniest of them all. He sure lived up to his name. He always had ways to surprised his playmates.

One time he and his sisters, Shnip and Shnap were hiding, while Shnup was trying to find them. It was a game that took a long while, as they thought they each needed to first dig themselves new hiding places.

It was great exercise, and a game could go on for a long while—and the prep for it take days.

Shnip and Shnap were in the new hole they had dug, most of the way, and had pulled over their heads a piece of paper that had blown over the field from someone's picnic the day before. They tried to be real still and quiet, so that it would take Shnup a long time to find them.

Well, they tried to be still, but thinking ahead, they had brought with them several yellow dandelions. They didn't want to be stuck without a nice snack. So, every so slowly they nibbled, while trying to keep the paper on them, and their bodies mostly down the new little hole they made.

As Shnup neared them he called, "I found you, Shnip and Shnap!" and out they hopped, laughing.

Now, Shnup thought they were just laughing because they were having fun, but actually it was because of Zoezo.

He hadn't been hiding at all, really. He had been behind a rock for some time. But then he was just hopping ever so carefully behind Shnup. Every time he'd turn one day, Zoezo would move the same, always keeping behind his brother.

"I just haven't been able to find Zoezo!" Shnup said to his sisters, who were trying not to giggle too much, and trying not to give away the fact that Zoezo was right there too, just keeping out of sight.

Shnup continued, "I've looked in every hollow log, and behind the rocks, and over the grass..."

Then in a moment of silent laughter, trying to concentrate on not bursting out loudly, Zoezo was discovered.

As Shnup suddenly turned around to run and find him, and that is just what he did!

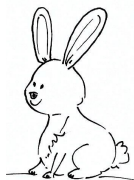
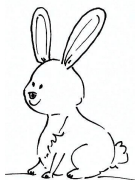
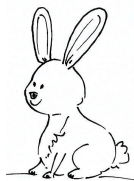
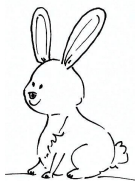
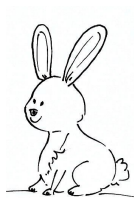
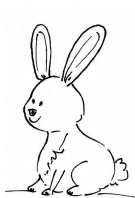
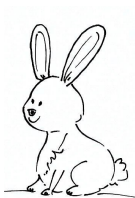
They all laughed and joined in a game to see who could hop the fastest over their burrow.

Mother bunny was glad to see them, and commented on how very fast they were able to hop now.

“It’s good you can keep up at a fast pace. You might be real glad you can one of these days,” she commented, as her little ones snuggled down for a rest.

Chapter

9



Chapter 9—Shnip, Shnup, Shnap

When the day was over a team of friends were having a good discussion.

Shnozzle started off, as he usually did, liking to take a leadership role, “Have you noticed something going on lately in the plot of land nearby? Seems like a house building project is beginning. Or am I mistaken?”

He had learned that it was good to find out what others thought and had noticed; he knew by now that he wasn’t always right, and needed others.

Shnookey was the first to reply,

“I haven’t wanted to say anything lately, as we’ve been having such a pleasant time here.

“I didn’t want to upset things. But I have noticed that very thing. How long to do you think it will be safe for us to continue living here?” He had learned that always saying what he thought or thought he learned wasn’t always helpful, but now it seemed right to speak up.

Shnizzle looked over to the place in question, and would have gotten worried. But she was wiser now, she told herself. After all, the last time they had to move, it had all worked out. And they even got new friends to join them.

So her worried face relaxed as she listened to what others might want to say. She was braver now.

Snippy filled in the silence rather quickly and said, “Well, I say tonight

when the workers have all gone home to their overland burrows, their human homes, that we go for a night stroll around. Best not to make fast moves without finding out more about the facts.” He had learned that it was best to look and learn, before leaping to a decision.

Shniggy took the time to think it out. He used to just go along with whatever Snippy did. But he’d learned to stop and think about his suggestions, just in case a new and better idea came to him.

He then agreed, “That would be good I think. But maybe we shouldn’t all be gone at the same time. I think I’ll stay back in case the younger ones need help.” He was thinking of Shnip, Shnup, Shnap, and Zoezo.

Shnibble added,

“I think those are good ideas, and I offer to also stay back here. I have hole to work on. Need to make it deeper and safer.

Shnhoppy was already thinking about things. He was in fact thinking and planning where they could all move to next, if that ended up happening.

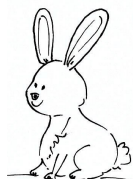
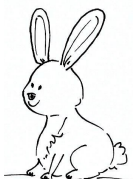
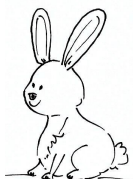
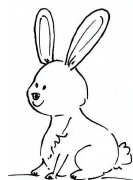
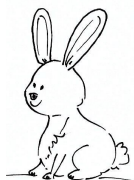
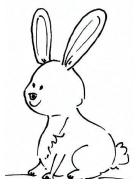
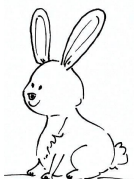
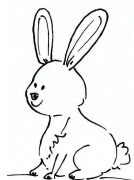
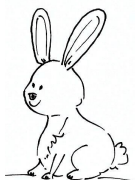
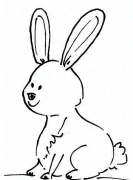
“I’ll come with you to check it out. And I have some ideas we could discuss about new places to move, if that is best.”

And so it happened.

Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Snippy, and Shnhoppy waited until dark before taking their trip to check out the building site.

Shniggy nibbled and rested nearby where Shnip, Shnup, Shnap, and Zoezo were resting in their burrow. And Shnibble kept at his project and made good progress into the ground.

Chapter 10



Chapter 10—The First Pat Ever Given to a Bunny

A few months later, Billy-boy and his mother were looking at their new home. It was built very simply, and didn't take long at all to build.

It was no longer a worksite. Though simple, it was a big house. They could fit a couple families in it now.

Now the boy could play with Nathan every day! And his mother could help her sister-in-law with her baby any time it was need.

The boy's uncle, his mother's brother, would play games with the boys in the field, and his dad helped to fix up the furnishings that the house needed.

One of the first nights they were in their new house, the boy and his mother and father sat outside on the little porch, very very quietly.

There was no blaring lights shining, only the stars over head and some moon light.

Then with a burst of a smile, yet in silence, the Billy-boy pointed out over the field! There they were! The rabbit team was there!

They had left for some time, back to the lovely place where the cottage was. –In fact right at the time when the boy and his mother had spent some more time living there with his great-grandmother, while their house was being built.

The boy had been so happy to see his friends.

But on the last two days of staying in the cottage, the bunnies were no where to be seen.

“Maybe they know it’s now safe and quiet and have returned to the field beside our new house,” his mother suggested. The boy had hoped so.

And so they had. He spotted and counted all seven of them, Shnozzle, Shnookey, Shnizzle, Shniggy, Snippy, Shnibble and Shnhoppy!

But then he was even more delighted to see another team hopping also. A team of three smaller bunnies, but very fast indeed. Shnip, Shnup, and Shnap were starting their evening graze.

It was as if they were called on to make a special welcoming show for the families. But where was Zoezo?

Well, the boy didn't know anything about there even being a Zoezo, so he didn't actually miss him or wonder.

But just like he was, suddenly, out of the empty flower pot on the porch, out popped a certain Zoezo, who did a little hippity, hoppity dance, before zipping back out to join the others.

The boy laughed! What a fun show it was.

Then his mother took his hand and inside they went. There were hammocks set up for them to sleep on. It would be a special night, with new sounds, and new things to dream about.

“Can we see the bunnies again tomorrow?” the boy asked his mother.

“I’m sure we can. We live here now, and they can be our new neighbours,” she replied.

His father sat beside him on a little wooden crate and began to softly play a tune on his guitar. Before too long, the boy was fast asleep.

Well, he didn’t actually realise that he was asleep, for in his dream he had climbed out of his hammock bed and walked back out to the front porch.

But rather than hopping away from him, all the bunnies of the field came and sat very nearby, and he told them a story.

“This is the story of the first bunny that ever lived... and that is why you are here today!” the boy started out.

“One day, when the only animals around were some birds flying around and playing in the water, and there were fish and creatures in the water too of course, the very first two bunnies opened their eyes to see a wonderful place all around.

“There was so much grass and plants that were good to eat. They ate all day. That’s what they liked to do best.

“They weren’t the only animals by the end of that day.

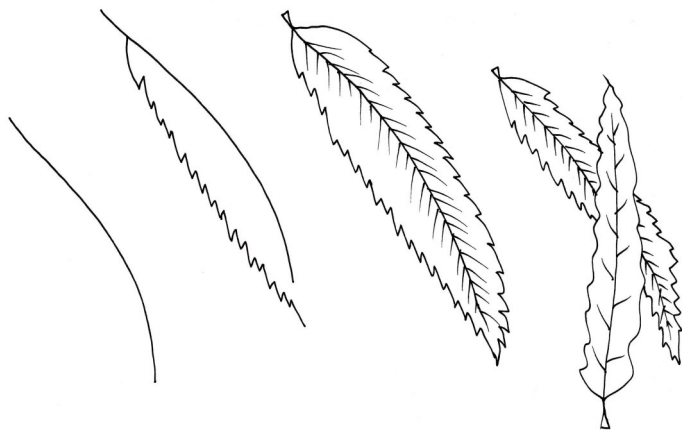
There were so many new friends to chat with and run and play with. Everyone was friendly together.

Then came a very special moment. The first pat that ever was given to a bunny happened on that very day.

A man and his wife, the only people around, were living right outside with them. They didn't have a house, and there wasn't any cars or anything that would trouble them. Everything was lovely. Everyone was very happy. And bunnies are still on Earth today.”

Then “Good night!” the boy said in his dream. “I'll see you tomorrow night!”

How to draw some leaves:



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