

Bunnysaurs



Otto surveyed his garden with mounting frustration. Since yesterday, someone – or *something* – had eaten all of the flowers he had been carefully nurturing for the past ten weeks. Why, just last night, his cousin Flossie, who was visiting from Gnash, had enthused over the plot’s sublime beauty. This morning, however – botanical obliteration! And this wasn’t the first time he’d suffered such a devastating loss. Just last Tuesday, it had been his meticulously tended lettuce crop – gone, nibbled all the way down to bedrock. And the day before *that*, all of his cucumbers, cactus and corduroy had vanished, roots and all. It was as if some mischievous vacuum cleaner had come by and sucked everything in front of his house right off the face of the earth! The instant that Phil, his neighbor, saw the damage and the accompanying pawprints, he said without hesitation that it was the work of a rabbit. A big one. Most likely, three of them, since they tended to travel in gangs. Otto initially pooh-poohed the idea, but then Phil pulled out a sketch pad and drew the animal he had in mind. The hackles on Otto’s neck rose like a loaf of toe bread as the outline of the brute took shape – for he *had* seen it. Last month, at the town’s Natural Science Museum. One of the exhibits featured a newly discovered creature from the late Jurassic Period: a bunnysaur. The fearsome beast measured eighteen feet from cottontail to the tip of its armor-clad ears. And according to the Museum staff paleotherapist, it was adept in the art of camouflage. Thanks to a mutated pigmentation gene in its DNA, it could effortlessly blend in with its surroundings. Otto looked around uneasily, sensing that someone – or *something* – was at that moment observing him *and* the remains of his garden ... which consisted of only a single row of eight little shrubberies. Instinctively, he grabbed Phil and hustled him inside the house. No sooner had he slammed the door and thrown the deadbolt that the air was rent by three blood-curdling, feral roars. And Otto knew that he could kiss those last eight little shrubberies good-bye.