

Pinky and the Bear

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Pinky was SO pleased to be included ...

A snowshoe bunny named Pinky hopped across the forest floor. He was a happy bunny who enjoyed his life and enjoyed mingling with other creatures.

If he had one regret, it was that he never felt that bunnies enjoyed the same respect as larger creatures, especially the noble predators that lived in the woods. He felt he had a point of view as distinctive as theirs, and he pined for a certain level of recognition.

Pinky hunched down to go to the bathroom, popping out a few little beads. Suddenly he became aware of a large presence near him. He turned to see old Bruin, the lordly grizzly bear who roamed the valley. The bear waddled close to him, snuffling his giant black nose. Pinky froze in his tracks.

"Hey, how you doing?" Old Bruin said to the smaller creature, curling his lip. The bear, too, needed to defecate, and stooped right next to Pinky.

Pinky was thrilled. In all his days he never expected to be addressed by a dignitary of the bear's stature. That meant a lot to the bunny, who wriggled his nose and smiled appealingly up at the giant animal.

"I'm doing most especially well," Pinky said, then wondered if that came across a little over the top.

"Say," the bear said, "I have a question for you." He grimaced as he described the problem he was having. "Does -- uh -- poop stick to your fur?"

There was no end to the bunny's delight. To be consulted on a point of hygiene like this, by a creature so regal and respected, this was a major triumph for him socially. He nodded vigorously, grateful for the moment the bear had bestowed upon him.

"Oh, it most assuredly does!" the bunny said.

"Good," the bear said, grabbing the bunny and wiping his ass with it.

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