

A Tale

by John Wentworth Chapin

“Hop in, Pierre! We must escape evil Uncle Adolf,” Bunny shouted.

“But you don't know how to fly, Bunny! How ever will we survive?”

“Have faith, *cherie!* This is fiction,” she exclaimed, touching Pierre gingerly on the cheek with one hand while hoisting him into the cockpit with the other.

They sped down the runway, past the fist-shaking, purple-faced Uncle Adolf, and took flight, dodging a tornado and a flock of rare albino trumpeter swans. Two fighter planes shot into the air after them, but Bunny out-maneuvered and out-gunned them. Girl Scout training came in handy in gardens *and* dogfights.

When they later landed safely in a field of red poppies, the sun shone and Pierre gleed. “You are a hero. We will even be on time for the coronation!”

It was true. Never again would the evil Adolf mistreat the poor, starve pets, touch children inappropriately in bathing suit areas, or build nuclear weaponry from stolen plutonium. He was killed by one of his flunkies' flaming fuselages.

It was over.

Bunny threw herself onto the soft, fragrant bed of poppies. She wept in great, tremendous, huge dismay, her tears intensifying the azure of her eyes. Imogene, a rare albino trumpeter swan of great sensitivity, nuzzled Bunny in comfort.

“Why do you cry, Bunny?” Pierre questioned.

She sobbed. "It was too easy!"

