

# Funky Bunny Tails

~A Very Bunzy Christmas~



Written by David C. Scott  
Illustrated by Maya Murata

# Funky Bunny Tails: *A Very Bunzy Christmas*

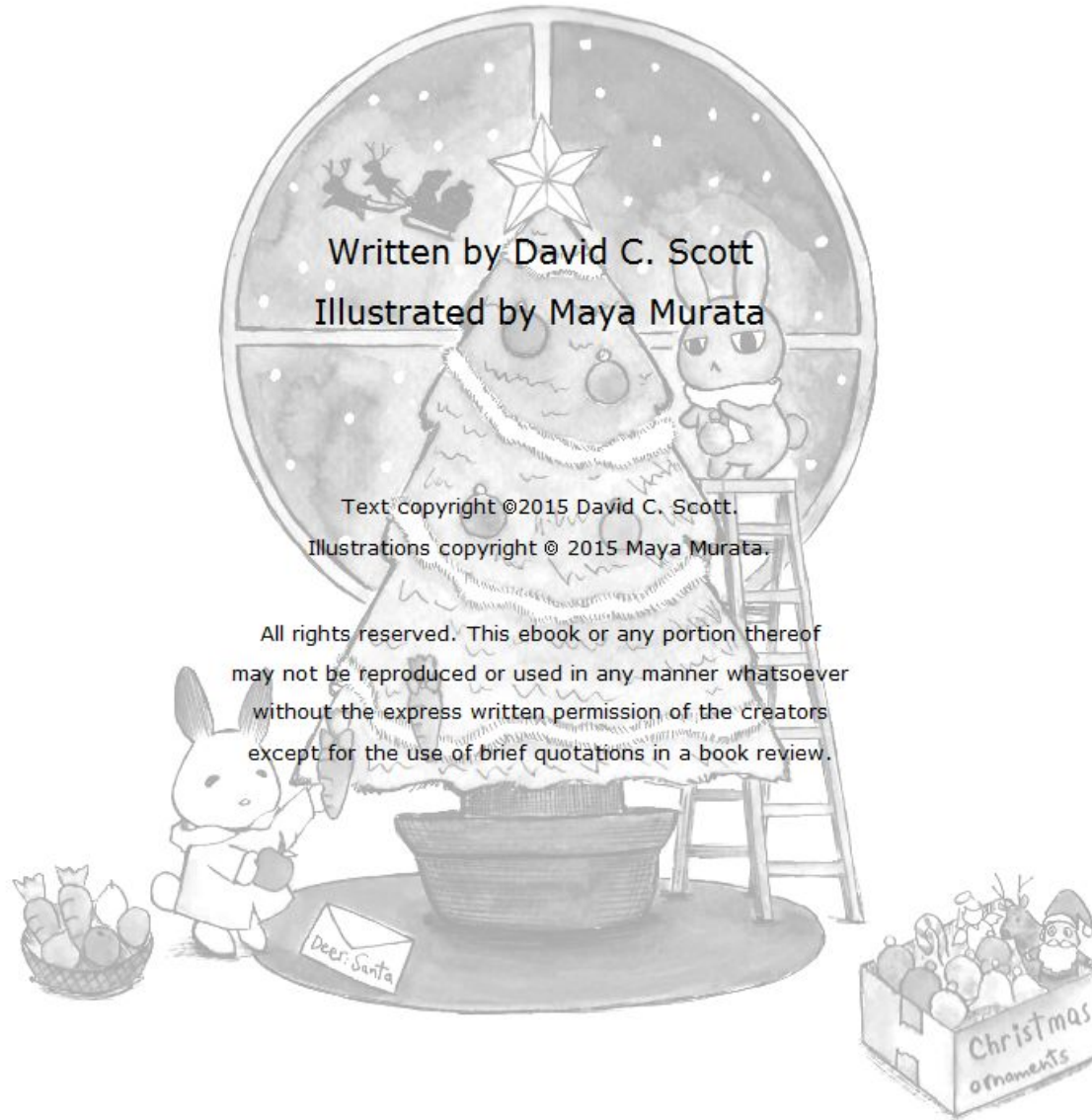
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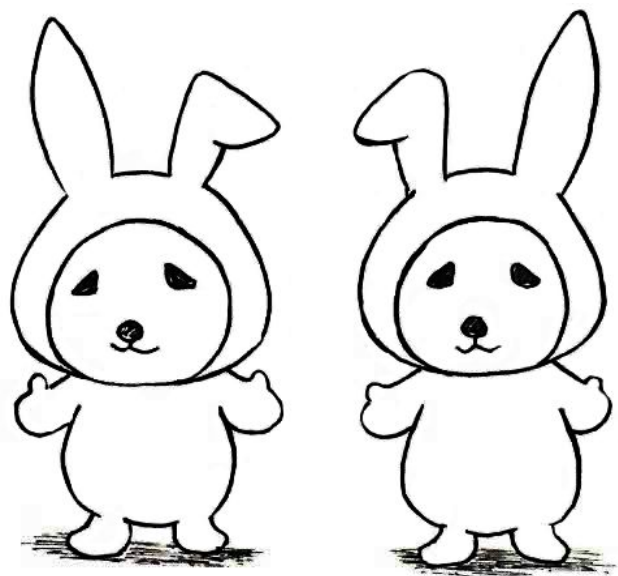
*'Twas the night before Christmas and  
there were two little bunnies.  
Oh, can't forget about that bear that  
likes hunny.  
The slippers were hung by the chimney  
with care.  
Wait, wait, how did they get up there?...*



“**E**ven with this ladder, I can’t reach the top. And I can’t jump up there either. How am I gonna get this star up there? Wish I could climb up to the top.”



Bunz was in the process of decorating what some may consider to be a bit over-sized Christmas tree for a creature of such a diminutive stature as he. But it was a beautiful tree, and Bunz had good sense in decorating it. He was hosting a Christmas party later in the evening, but some of the guests had just arrived.



"Did someone say *climb*?" a pair of voices said in unison as they came in the door to Bunz's home. They were twin pink bunnies with white faces and round, black noses. Bunz always thought they looked suspiciously dog-like, but as they had never attempted to harm him, he trusted them. Conveniently for Bunz, climbing was their specialty.

"Awesome timing guys! I was just wondering how to get this star up there. Would you guys like to climb up there and put it on top?"

"Of course!" They said enthusiastically and once again in unison. "We wanna climb!"

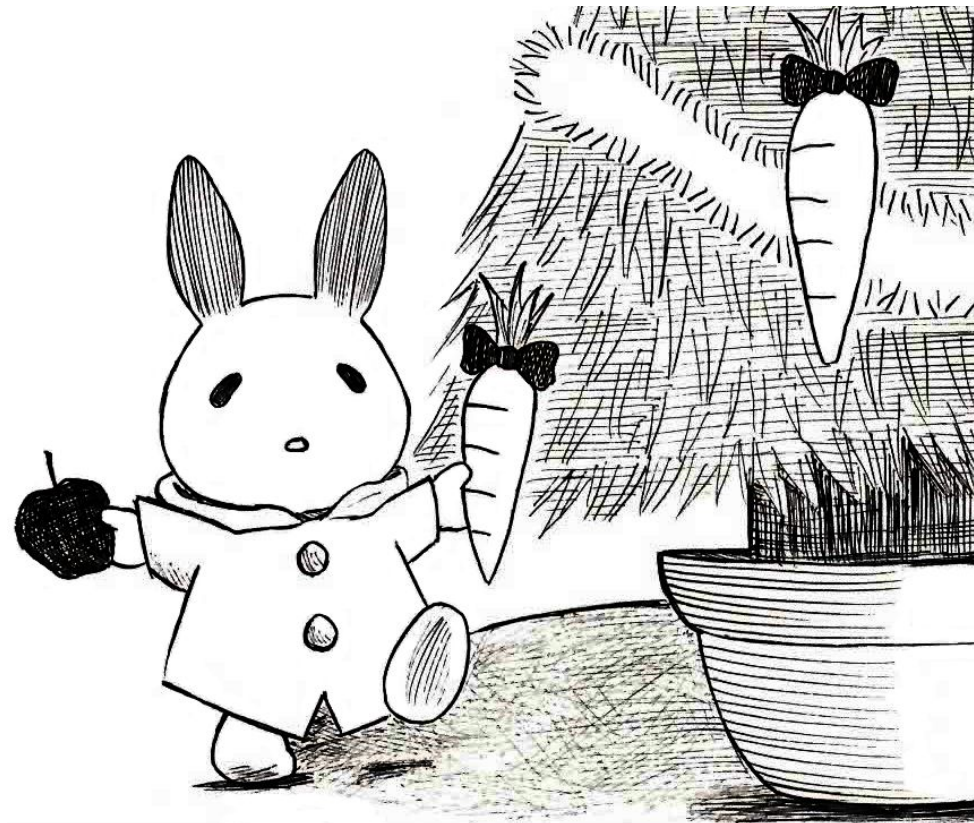
The two newcomers got the star from Bunz and deftly made their way up the tree. In just a few seconds, they were at the top and together put the star in place.



“All right! Thanks guys. Now the star is at the top, and we’re almost finished. This tree is gonna look awesome.” Bunz stated smugly from the top of the ladder. But as he looked down, he saw a disturbing sight.

“Raincoat! What are you doing!?! Those are not tree ornaments.”

Bunz's yellow-coat-wearing friend was hanging a carrot of all things onto one of the tree’s lower limbs. Beside him was a basket of other vegetables and fruits.



"I'm putting these on the tree so Santa's deers can eat them. That's what they're for, right?"

"No, they are not for Santa's deer. I'm gonna make my special prize-winning Christmas carrot cake and fruit salad with those. The only thing that's for the deer is celery."

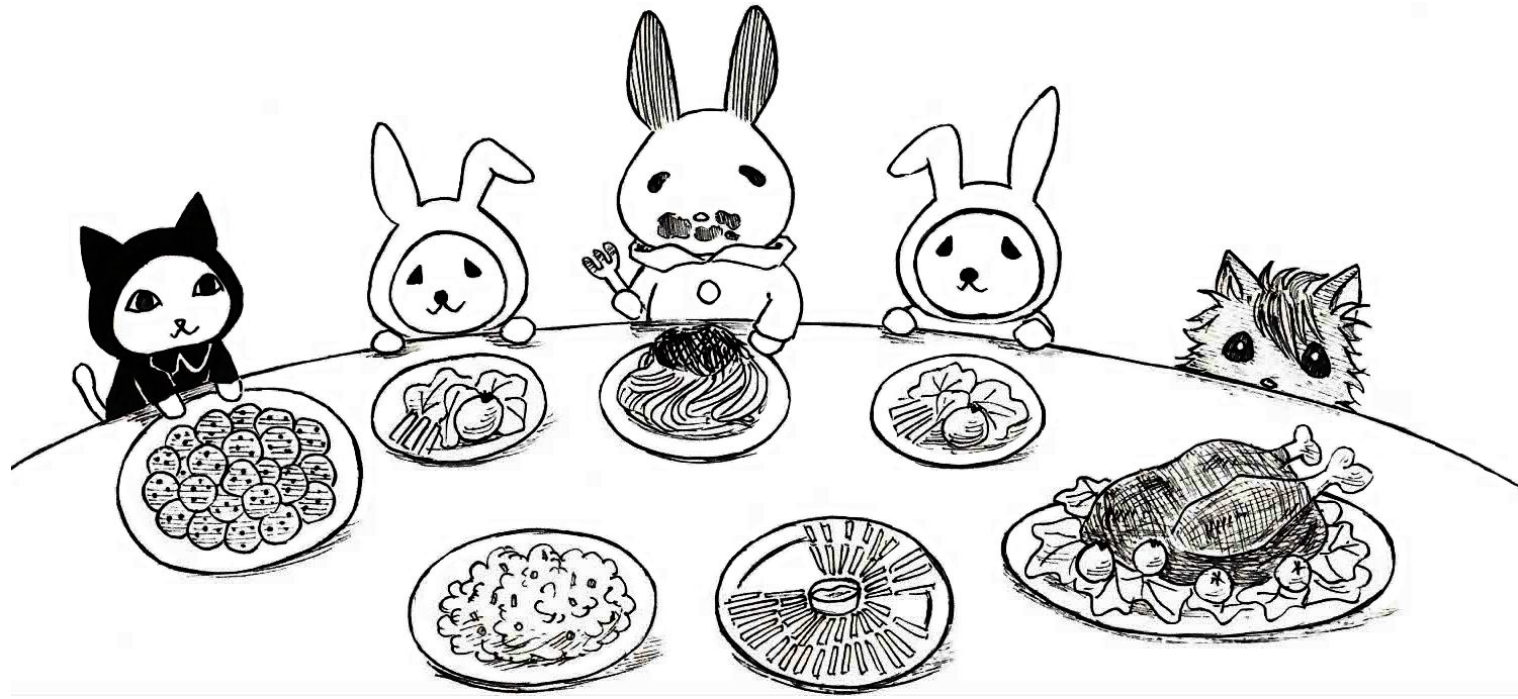
"OK, I'll put that on the tree. But I really think the carrots would look better. And the deer would like them better too. Celery's just boring."

"You're right about celery being boring, but you're wrong about everything else. Those carrots are going in my carrot cake along with the Two-shima honey, so take them off the tree and put them back where you found them."

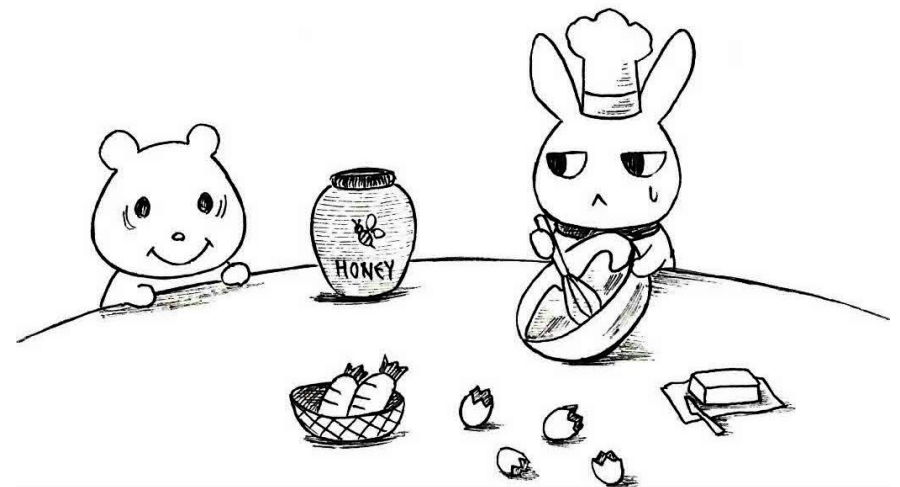
"Wahaaa!"

Raincoat dejectedly took the carrots back to the kitchen. He still didn't think it was fair for Santa's reindeer to only get celery after all their hard work.

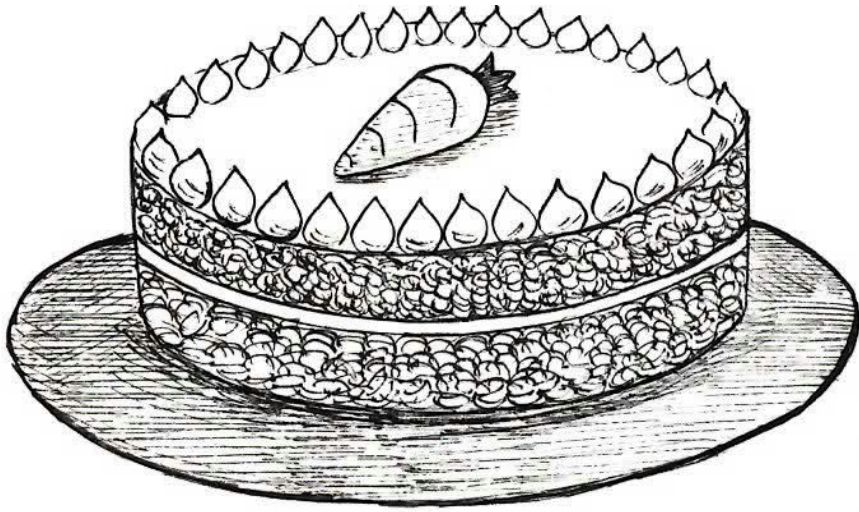




The other guests soon arrived and the party was a great success. One of them brought a plate of delicious handmade cookies to share with everyone. Another seemed a bit *too* interested in the honey as Bunz made the carrot cake, so Bunz had to hide it.







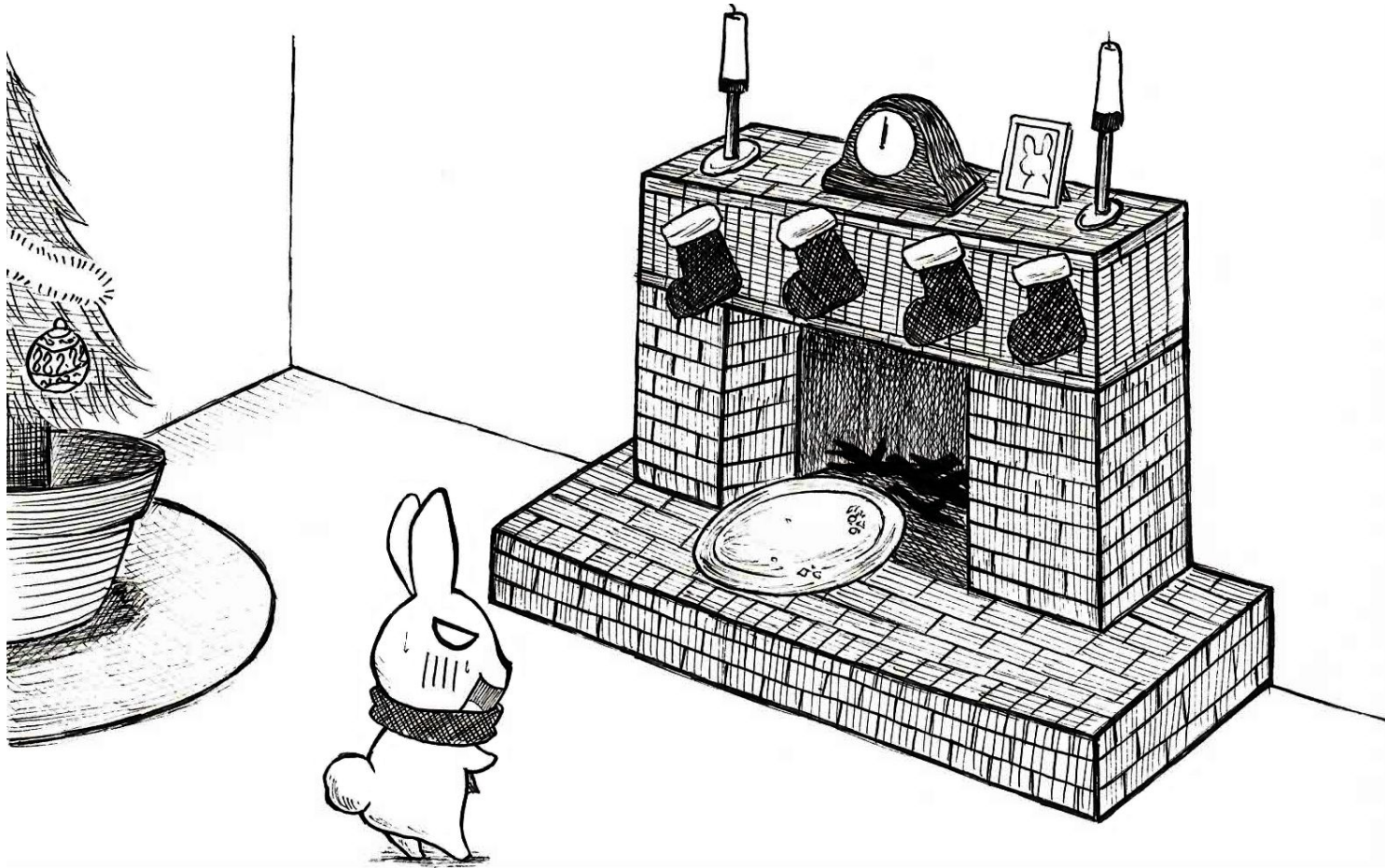
He finished the cake and iced it with cream cheese, but it needed to cool overnight in the fridge before they could eat it.

Raincoat kept saying he wanted to have a "slumber bumber" but the other guests, who had been through one with Raincoat before, said they needed to go home for the night but would come back for Christmas Dinner. After the guests had gone, Bunz and Raincoat

retired to their respective rooms.

"I'm still not sure that celery is enough for the deers. That's just humidifying!" Raincoat mumbled to himself as he climbed into bed.

**B**unz, always an early riser, woke up before dawn on Christmas Day. He came into the den and walked over to the Christmas tree. Just as he was admiring the sight in the slight predawn glow, he saw something horrible: The plate that he had put the carrot cake on was sitting by the chimney with nothing left on it save for a few crumbs.



"Ahhhhhhh! My carrot cake! What happened!?"

His scream was enough to rouse even the heavy-sleeping Raincoat, who trudged out of his room sleepily.

"What's wrong, Bunzy?" he asked. "You woke me up from a great dream."

"I don't care about your dream. Did you do something with my carrot cake?"

"No, but the reindeer have to be hungry from all that flying and celery doesn't have any calories, so maybe they needed a snack. Looks like they ate it all. Yaaaaayy!"

"What!?"



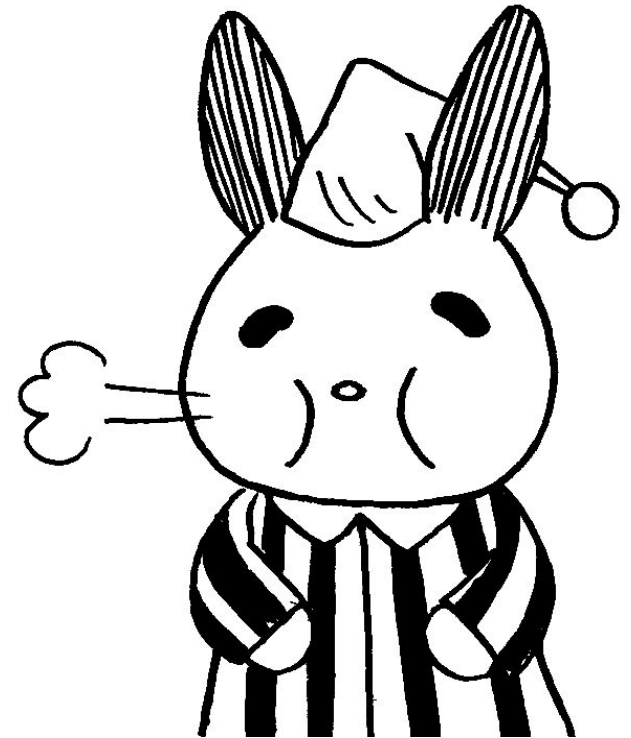
Bunz started to get mad but soon became perplexed. Even if he wanted to believe everything else about Raincoat's hypothesis, he couldn't fathom how the reindeer could have gotten past his personally designed ultra-high tech security system without setting it off. He was too stunned and confused to be angry, but he certainly wasn't happy.

Just then, Raincoat burped.

"Excuse me," he said politely.

"No problem." Bunz muttered, still pondering what could have happened to his confection.

He caught a whiff of the belch, and his nose twitched. He detected the odor of cinnamon, honey, cream cheese... and carrots. His brain started whirring around again. He knew Raincoat was many annoying things, but a liar is not one of them. If Raincoat said that the reindeer ate the cake, then that's what he truly believed (no matter how ridiculous a suggestion it seemed). But all the evidence was pointing towards Raincoat being the consumer of the carrot cake. He closed his eyes and thought deeply. Raincoat cocked his head to the side inquisitively.



"Bunzy?"

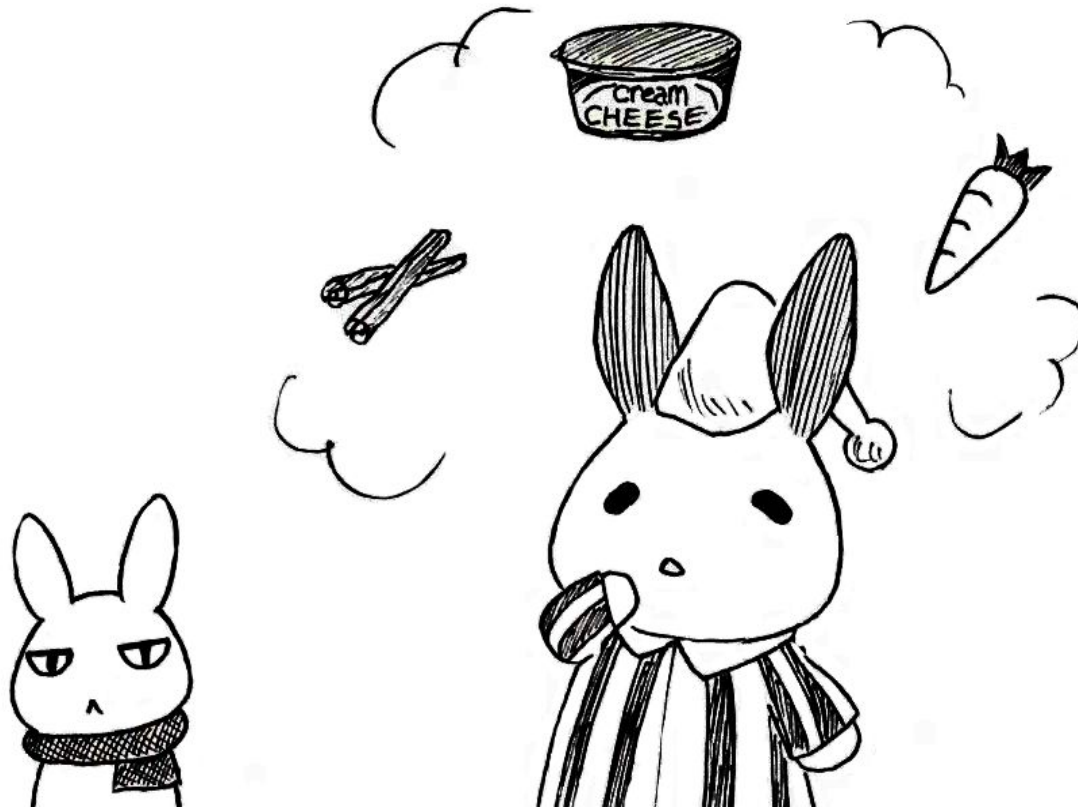
After a couple short moments, Bunz announced his conclusion:

"You must have sleep eaten it! You sleep ate my carrot cake! You idiot!"

"No, no, no. The reindeer ate it. I just put it by the chimney for them in my dream. *Burp.*"

"See! What does that burp taste like?"

"Hmm...maybe a little cinnamony, and a bit cream cheesy, and car--"



Raincoat stopped abruptly, realizing that he must have eaten it somehow. He couldn't quite remember, but maybe that was why his dream had been so great. Slowly backing away from Bunz, he continued.

"Bunzy, I didn't do it on purpose. It must have been during that dream--"

Bunz interrupted, "I don't care if it was on purpose. You ate *all* of my carrot cake! I didn't get any of it."

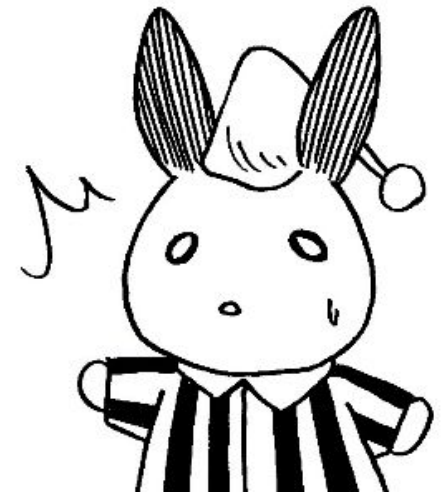
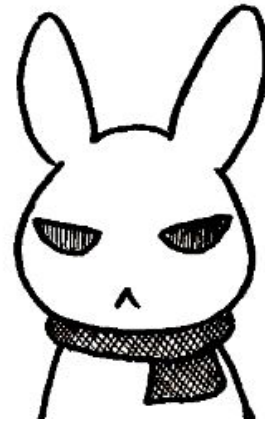
"It's okay. I can make you another one. Don't get mad."

"It is not okay. That cake was gonna be great. And you ate it all!"

His rage was growing faster than the climbers scampering up the tree.

"Bunzy...Bunzy, calm down."

But by this point, Raincoat knew that Bunz wasn't going to calm down. So he did the only thing he could: Run!





*The cake was gone, on  
purpose or not.  
And Bunz was mad as he ever  
had got.  
So Raincoat exclaimed, as he  
hopped off in fright,  
"Merry Christmas, wahaaaa!  
And wahaaaa, moo night?"*

THE END