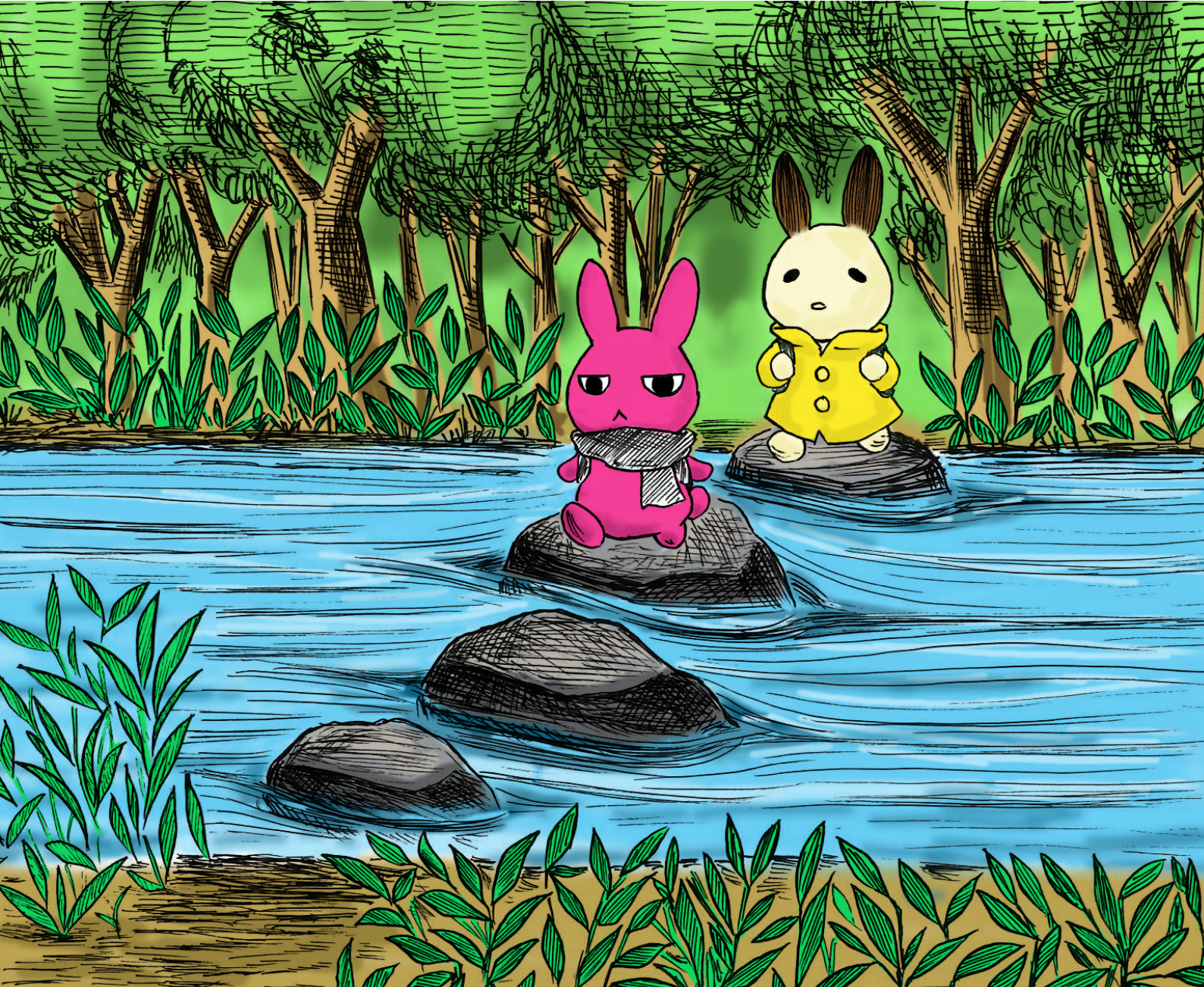


Funky Bunny Tails

~The Search for the Gold Fountain~

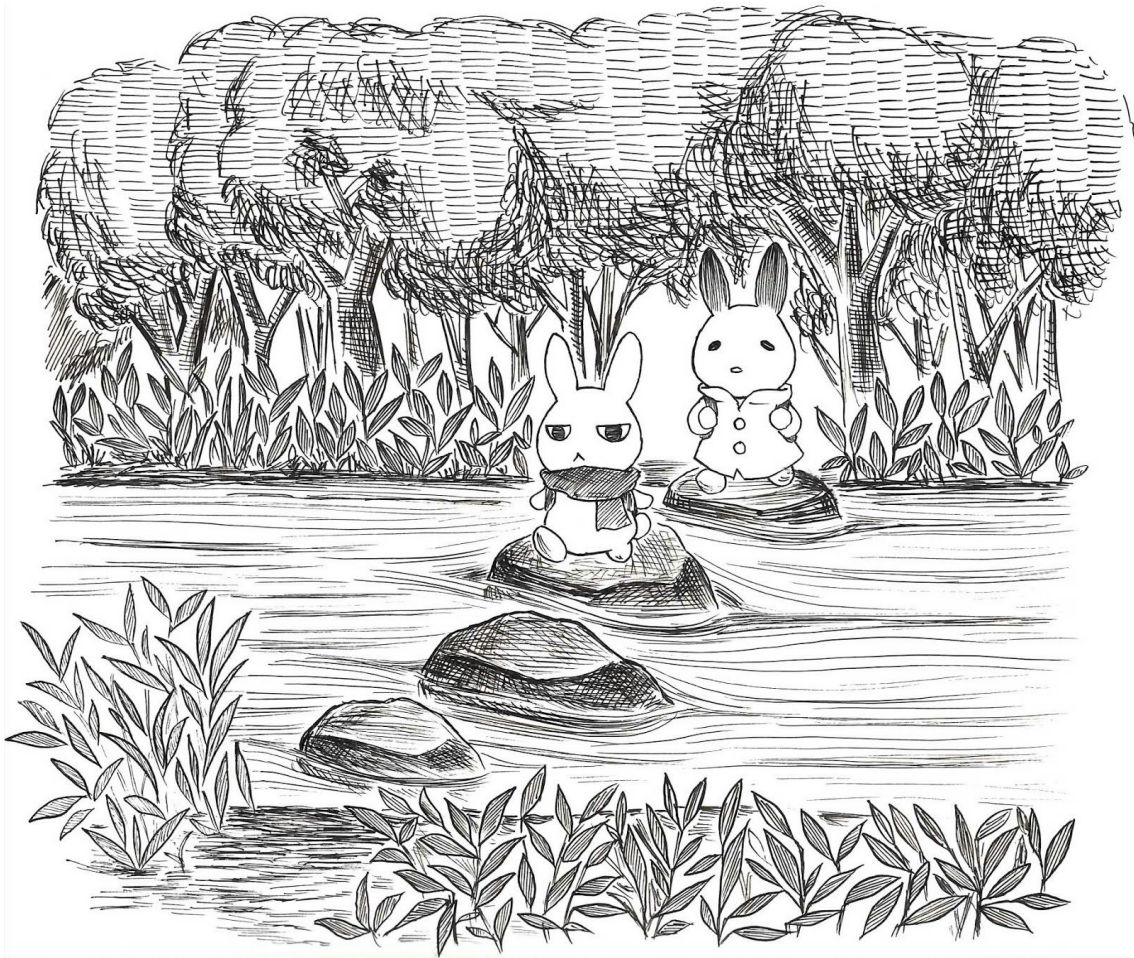


Written by David C. Scott
Illustrated by Maya Murata

Funky Bunny Tails: The Search for the Gold Fountain

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“All right, let’s get this vacation started!” a small, pink bunny exclaimed as he hopped aboard a passenger ship and flashed his ticket to the attendant..

“This is gonna be great!” He was heading to a tropical island for his first vacation in quite some time. He was traveling with a somewhat larger, cream-colored bunny with long, dark ears that he had befriended for some reason that he couldn’t remember now.

“Bunzy, are you sure we’re gonna be okay? It looks like the seas are pretty rough today,” his companion said while staring out at the choppy waters.

“We’ll be fine...or at least I will. I never get seasick. And how many times do I have to tell you? You can call me Bunz, but not Bunzy. I’m not a baby.”

“But I like the name Bunzy. It sounds cute.”

“Ahhh! I do *not* want to be called cute by a dude!”

“But you’re so small and cute.”

“Shut up, Raincoat! I am not small!” Bunz yelled as he jumped up to lightly smack his companion across the face. Raincoat, as the cream-colored bunny was called, got his name from the stereotypical waterproof yellow jacket that he wore all the time, no matter the weather. “Thanks to you, all the good seats have been taken.”

“Wahaaahh!” Raincoat whined as they looked around for a place to sit on the boat. Once they found a decent place, Raincoat put down their luggage, and they took their seats.

“This seems like a nice boat. Shouldn’t be too bad,” Bunz stated whilst looking around the cabin. The trip to the island was three and a half hours from the port. The weather was cloudy and a bit windy; the waves were a bit high, but not terrible.

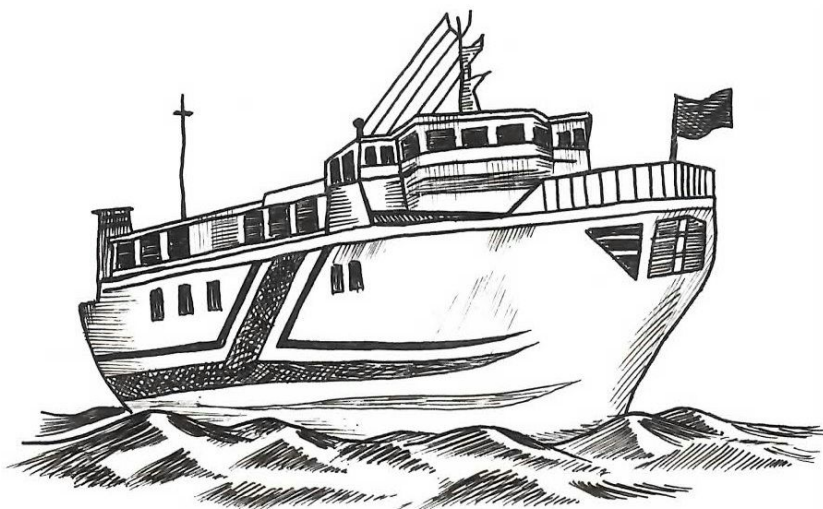
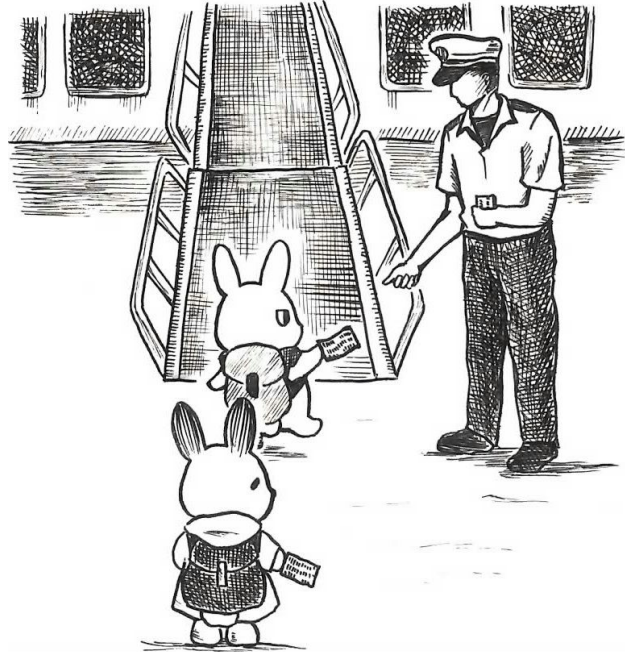
“If you say so,” Raincoat replied. “Maybe I can read my book.”

“Are you seriously gonna try to read on this boat? You better not puke on me.”

“You just said it shouldn’t be bad. Why do you think I’m gonna puke?”

“Heh, I meant it shouldn’t be bad for me. Your stomach’s probably a lot weaker than mine. If you do puke, at least that raincoat will be easy to clean.”

“Boo! My stomach’s not weak.”



There was a reason for Bunz's spartan attitude: He was an ex-military rabbit. He had served honorably as a member of the elite Weaponized Carrot Squadron. Despite his incredibly small stature, he had more medals than any other bunny in history. Although he spent his days a bit more peacefully now, he still brought his military mentality with him everywhere. He was prepared for just about anything - or at least he liked to think he was...



The ship pulled out of the protected harbor and began to be buffeted by much larger waves than before, causing the boat to undulate from bow to stern. After a few minutes, Bunz began to feel hot and a bit queasy. He looked over at Raincoat, who was reading silently, seeming to not mind the high seas at all. Bunz did not want to admit it, especially after his haughty words earlier, but he was starting to get seasick.

Nearly four hours later, the ship finally reached its destination. The palm trees were swaying in the wind, and Bunz was swaying (more like wobbling) down the gangway and onto terra firma.

"Wow, Bunzy. I can't believe someone as small as you could throw up that much. I didn't get sick at all." Raincoat said in an innocent child-like tone.

"Just... shut... up."

Bunz could barely talk. He had noticed that Raincoat continued to read his book during the entire boat ride and just couldn't fathom why Raincoat did not get sick. The last thing he wanted now was to hear Raincoat accidentally gloat about it.

"Let's just...get to the hotel. I need to rest".

After a short walk, they found the place where they had made a reservation and checked in. Bunz took a short nap and was back to normal. Then the two headed out into town for dinner. They had a nice vegetarian meal (they are rabbits after all) and headed back to their hotel. Once they got back in the room, Raincoat asked a legitimate question:

"So what are we gonna do tomorrow, Bunzy?"

"I'm gonna hit the beach! I don't really care what you do."

"Wahaaahh! I thought we were gonna play together."

"Yeah, we'll play some, but you also have to give me time to relax."

"Ok, I can do something by myself. What is there here besides the beach?"

"There's supposed to be some wild cat that only lives here. They're really rare in the wild, but they have one in captivity. Seems kinda lame to me though"

"Wow! I wanna see the kitty!"

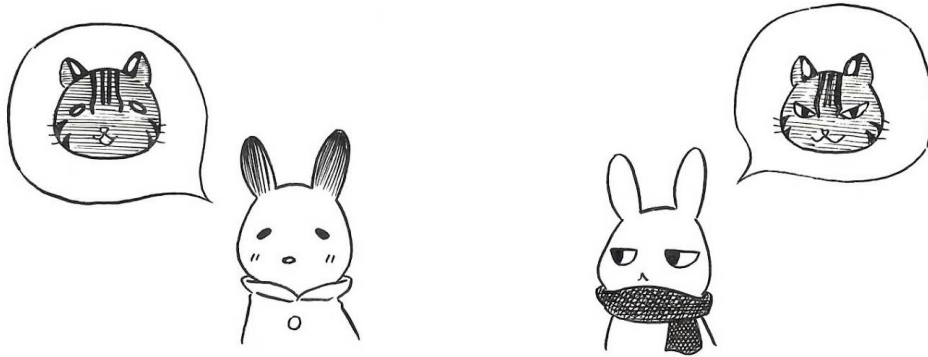
"It's not a kitty. It's a wild leopard cat. It would probably eat you if you run into it in the wild."

"Please Bunzy, I really wanna see it."

"Then go see it."

"But I don't know how to find where it is."





“That’s not my problem. You figure it out on your own.”

“Waaaahaaaaahh!”

“Ahhh, stop crying. Maybe we’ll go visit the center at some point. But tomorrow, we’re going to the beach.”

“Yay! Thank you Bunzy.” Raincoat said happily. Bunz had learned to placate Raincoat by pretending to do things he really had no intention of doing.

Then all of a sudden, “Bleeeaaagh!” --Raincoat vomited on the floor of their room.

“Ewwww. Are you okay?”

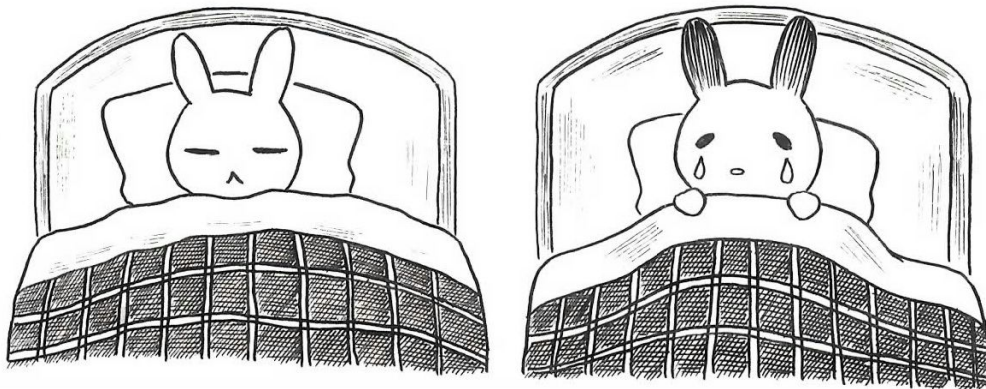
“I’m so sorry Bunzy...I think I’m feeling seasick.”

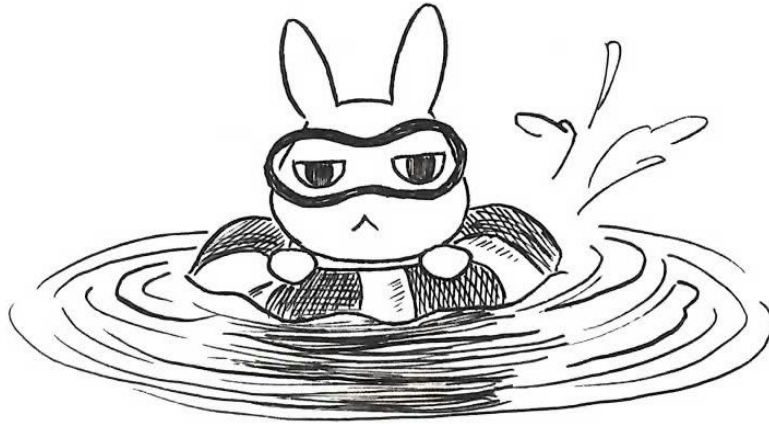
“What are you talking about? We’ve been off the boat for hours.”

“I dunno either, but that’s how it feels. Bleaaaah!” He vomited again.

“I cannot believe this. Getting sick on the boat is normal, but this is just weird. Are you finished puking yet? Clean this up so I can go to bed.”

Raincoat was indeed finished at two pukes. He sobbed quietly in shame as he cleaned up the floor, then crawled into his bed. Bunz was already curled up in the other bed and seemed to be fast asleep.





The two spent the next day, their first full day on the island, at one of its renowned beaches. Bunz enjoyed swimming and relaxing under the sun, while Raincoat mostly played in the sand -- he can't swim well. Near the end of the day, they also threw a flying disc to each other, although Raincoat had a bit of a peculiar way of doing it,

"Why do you always catch it with your mouth." A bemused Bunz asked. "Are you part dog or something?"

"I dunno. It's just how I do it."

"Well, stop it. It's disgusting. I don't like getting your slobber on me."

"But I don't know any other way to catch it. My arms are too short."

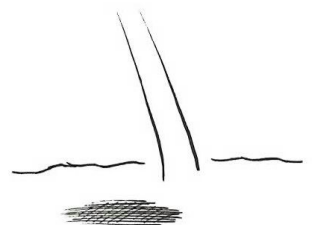
"Heh, then just let it you in the face and pick it up. Anything's better than biting it."

"Wahaah, I don't wanna play this anymore. When are we gonna see the kitty?"

"Not today. The place is probably closed at this time of day anyway."

Raincoat whined for the rest of the day, but he eventually annoyed Bunz enough to earn a promise that they would visit the the wildlife center where the leopard cat lives on their last full day on the island. They spent the two days in between similarly to the first day, and not surprisingly, the flying disc was completely ruined

by the end of it.

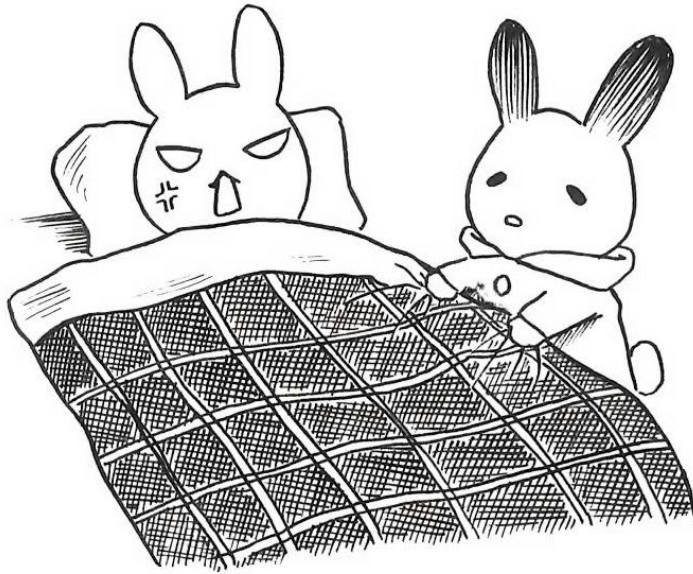


Raincoat woke up very early on the day they planned to go to the wildlife center.

“Bunzy, Bunzy, get up! We gotta go see the kitty.”

“How many times do I have to tell you: It’s not a kitty! It is a predatory cat that would love to have you for breakfast.”

“Don’t be silly, Bunzy. I’m sure it’s a really nice kitty.”



Bunz sighed in exasperation at that remark. He gave up on trying to explain about the cat to a fool like Raincoat. After they had a quick breakfast, the two headed out. The wildlife center was located pretty much in the middle of nowhere, although that’s where a wildlife center should be. It took well over an hour by bus to get there, but when they did, Raincoat was even more excited than before.

“We’re gonna see the kitty ♪ We’re gonna see the kitty ♪” he sang to the tune of “Ring Around the Rosie.” Thus he was all the

more despondent when they reached the center and saw the sign on the door:

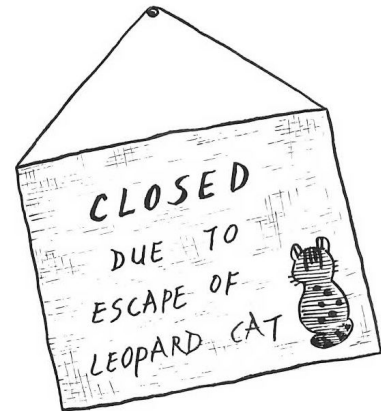
CLOSED DUE TO ESCAPE OF LEOPARD CAT

“What? Does this mean we can’t see the kitty?” Raincoat asked. His lips quivered as he tried to hold back the tears welling up in his eyes.

“It seems like there’s no kitty to see.” Bunz replied in an uncharacteristically sympathetic tone.

Although he would never admit it, he wanted to see the cat too and wondered how it could have escaped. Surely they had it in an enclosure that wasn’t easy to get out of. Bunz tried to walk around the building to see if the cat’s enclosure was visible, but he couldn’t get a good look. Dejected, the two rabbits just stood around the entrance for a few minutes before turning around and walking back down the path towards the road. Raincoat was sobbing quietly and even Bunz felt disappointed and confused. The bus would not come back for a while yet, so they walked around the area in silence.

After a few minutes, they came across a field and saw a farmer working in it. The farmer looked even more depressed than they did, and for good reason. His field was completely bare. Nothing was growing at all. The farmer shook his head while muttering to himself but looked up when he heard Bunz and Raincoat approach.





“Hey there!” The farmer said. “Do you need something?”

“Umm, no we’re ok. We’re just walking around waiting for the bus.” Bunz answered. “We wanted to visit the wildlife center, but they’re closed today. Apparently the leopard cat ran off or something.”

“Oh, yes. I heard. The attendants are all out looking for it. They came by earlier this morning to ask if I’d seen it. I haven’t seen it, but I told them it might have headed into the forest back here.” He gestured to the tree-covered mountains behind him.

“Why do you think it’s back there?” Bunz asked wondering why that particular part of the forest was more likely than all the other forest around.

Without hesitation, the farmer answered: “Because the Gold Fountain is back there. It’s a magical place that all the animals like to drink from. That water does wonders for all living things. It’s a farmer’s dream too. I could really use some of that water for my fields now. It makes all the vegetables bigger and juicier.”

“Why don’t you get it then?” Bunz asked again. He didn’t quite believe the farmer’s story, but the idea of big, juicy vegetables intrigued him as it would any other rabbit. Raincoat also listened closely, although he was more interested in hearing about the cat.

“Ohhh, it’s far too dangerous to get to. Even when I was young, I could never get there on my own. At my age now, it would be impossible. There cliffs and crags, boulders and briars and all sorts of beasts. The Gold Fountain’s water would be worth the pain and effort, but not if I can’t make it back alive.”

Bunz pondered the farmer’s story. The look in the farmer’s eyes indicated that he truly believed in the Fountain’s power.

“Maybe we can help,” Raincoat jumped in to say while Bunz was thinking.

“Oh no, I can’t have that. It’s far too dangerous. I don’t want either of you to get hurt, I can make do without the Gold Fountain’s water.” The farmer’s words trailed off at the end. He couldn’t even quite convince himself that his farm would be okay, but he didn’t want to ask for help.

Bunz spoke up again, “No, we aren’t going to help you.”



Raincoat started to whine, but Bunz glared at him before smugly continuing, “But if we do find this fountain, and the water is as valuable as you say it is, we would owe you something like a finder’s fee. After all, you’re telling us about a treasure. “

The farmer caught on to Bunz’s idea. “Why yes, that’s right. You would owe me a *little* something, perhaps.”

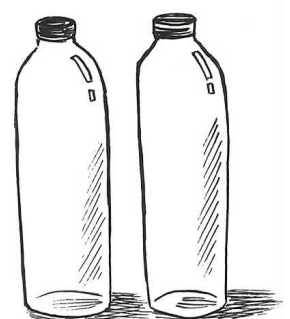
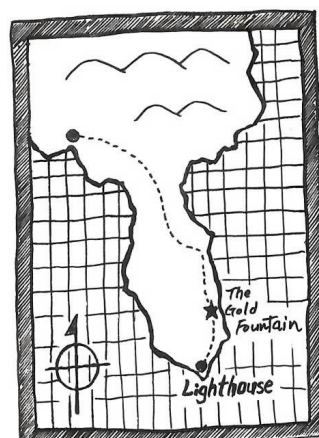
Then he walked over toward his shed and pulled out two plastic bottles before walking back to the field and making a proposal of sorts.

“Now, I’m not pressuring you two to go on such a crazy adventure, but if you do decide to go, feel free to use these bottles to fill with the fountain’s water. Then when you get back, you can give one to me and keep the other for yourselves. Just one bottle should be enough to grow great veggies all year long.”

“You have a deal, sir.” Bunz said proudly. Raincoat smiled and hopped over to the farmer to get the bottles. Once he got them, he put them inside his little brown backpack. They started to walk off into the forest before remembering something.

“Oh yeah,” Bunz turned and asked the farmer, “where is this fountain supposed to be?”

The farmer gave them some fairly vague directions and a not-so-reassuring old hand-drawn map. It turned out, however, that the initial part of the trail through the forest was well-marked. According to the map, the fountain was supposed to be near the end of a long, narrow cape at the southern end of the island. The farmer also mentioned that the nearby lighthouse had a wonderful view.



At first, their unexpected trek went well. But it didn't take too long before things literally started getting bumpy. The terrain changed from flat, soft forest dirt to much rockier and uneven ground as they climbed into the mountains. The mountains weren't really all that tall but still quite an obstacle for two bunnies. Raincoat in particular had a lot of trouble crossing the rocks, stumbling and falling quite often. After a while, they both became very hungry and their good moods from earlier completely disappeared. Although they had brought some snacks for their original trip to the wildlife center, they hadn't exactly prepared for a long hike. Raincoat began to whine, and Bunz's patience was running thin.

"Bunzy, I'm huuuungry. Are we almost there?"

"How would I know if we're almost there. I've never been there either."

"Well, I hope the Gold Fountain has a salad bar, too."

"It's not a restaurant, you moron."

Bunz dismissed the absurd question, but he too couldn't help but hope to run into a salad bar, or some kind of sustenance, at some point on the hike. Raincoat started whimpering after being insulted, but Bunz didn't care. He simply stared downward as they marched. He was angry at himself for rushing into the quest to find the fountain without adequate preparation. He knew both of them needed something to eat if they were going to make it back safely. Just as he lifted his head up, he heard Raincoat exclaim from behind:

"Berries! Lots of 'em!"

Indeed there were berry bushes along the path just in front of them. Raincoat hopped over to them and started picking the raspberry-like fruits.

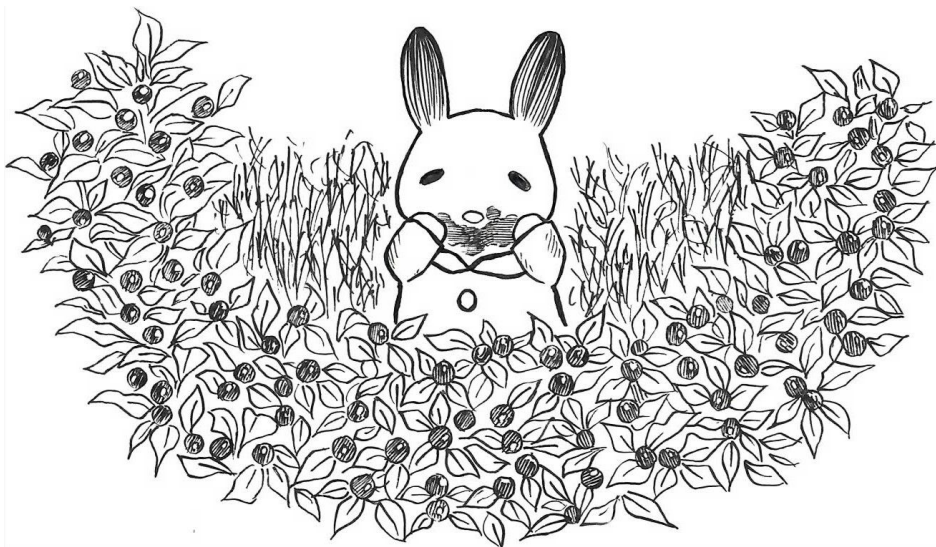
"Are these safe to eat, Bunzy?"

"Heh, you eat some first and we'll find out."

"Wahaaahh, I don't wanna die."

After reaching the bushes and looking more closely at the berries, Bunz gave a more serious answer:

"Hmm...I don't know this island's berries, but I've seen some like these before. They're not poisonous..." as soon as the words came out of Bunz's mouth, Raincoat stuffed a handful of berries into his mouth. "But they might give you diarrhea if you eat too many." he continued saying as Raincoat looked back at him with a mouthful of berries.

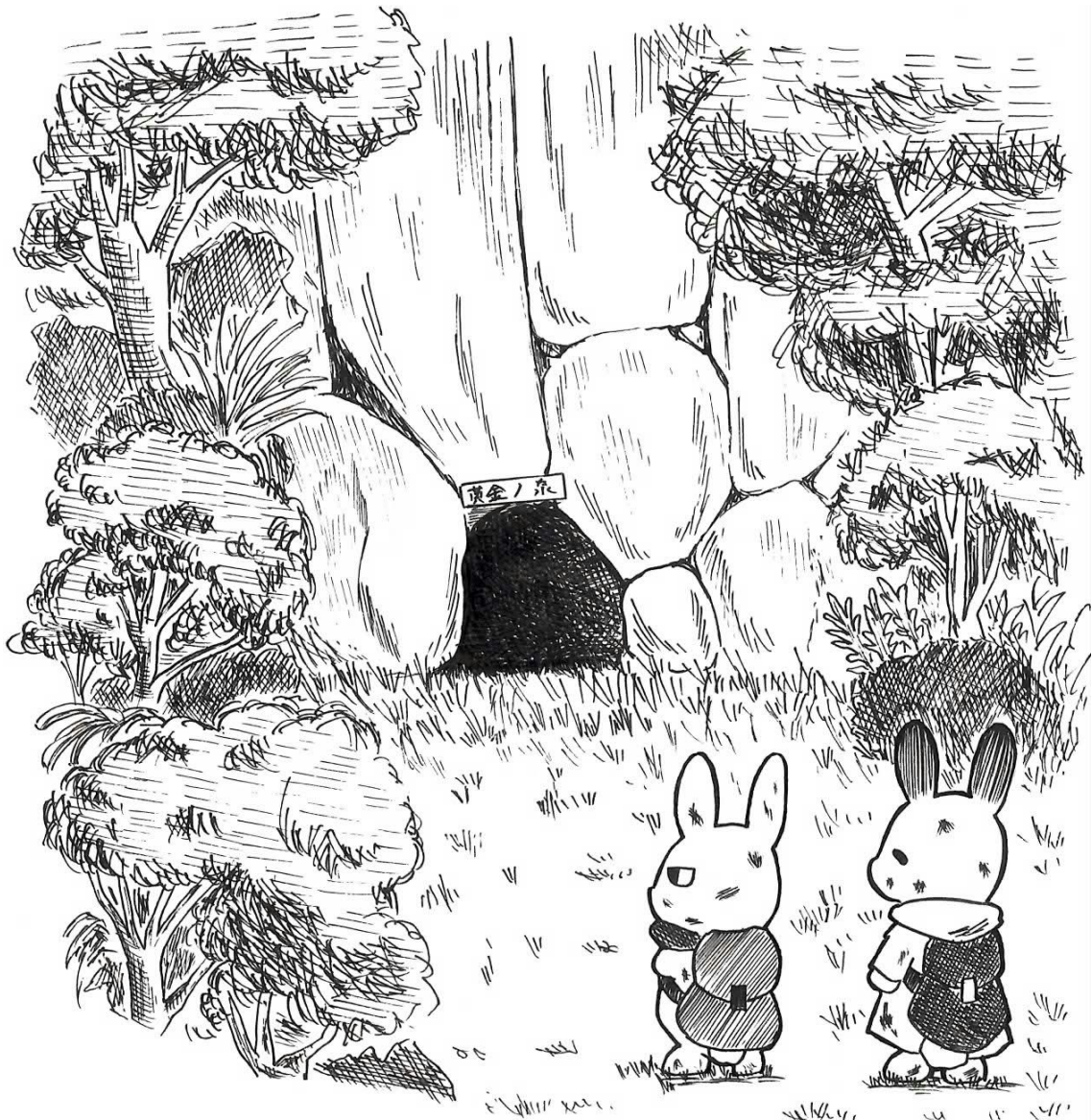


In the end, Bunz also decided to partake in the wild berry buffet, albeit in a much more restrained manner. The berry break and ensuing energy boost also raised their spirits, and they were soon back on the trail. Despite the much-needed snack, Bunz was beginning to worry about another factor: time. It was mid-afternoon by this point, and they had been hiking for over four hours. Although the return trip should be a bit easier since they would know the path better, Raincoat would also be slowed down by the weight of the filled water bottles. Bunz did not want to be out in this forest after dark, especially with the recently-escaped and likely hungry leopard cat lurking around somewhere. As various situations and scenarios played through his head, they trekked on for another half hour.

The slope became steeper, and Raincoat really began to struggle. His belly full of berries started to ache, and the pain caused him to lose his balance often. Bunz quickly grew tired of his moans and his asking if they were almost there. Finally, the trail climbed over the top of a ridge and a stronger breeze blew on the other side. Bunz's nose twitched, and he quickened his pace.

"I think we're very close," he said without turning back to look at Raincoat, who stumbled yet again as he tried to match the faster pace. Just a couple minutes later, they found it.

"O Boiiii!" Bunz exclaimed. "With this water, my carrots will be the best ever!"



After a long journey, they had finally found it: the Gold Fountain. Despite the name, the Gold Fountain wasn't actually gold, nor did it have gold-colored water. What it does have, at least according to the legend, is water that brings great prosperity. The fountain was tucked into the side of the ridge, with the water trickling out from below a large tree and falling into the small pool below. Bunz thought that with this water, he could produce prize-winning carrots for sure. His pink fur stood up on the back of his neck in excitement, hoping that the journey would be worth the trouble. His elation was soon interrupted, however, by the whining of his companion.

"What? This is it? We hiked all this way and this little fountain with frogs in it is all that's here? It's not even gold. Wahaaaaahh!"

Raincoat did have a point. The fountain was small, and there did seem to be nothing special. Just a few frogs swimming around.

"You idiot! Of course it *looks* normal. That's part of what makes it special. If it were big and spectacular, then everyone would come to try to get rich. And these frogs mean that it's super clean. They can't handle pollution." Bunz responded with a mix of smugness and exasperation. "Let's fill up the bottles."

Still a bit skeptical, Raincoat pulled two empty bottles out of his backpack. He looked fairly pathetic at this point. His oversized feet and clumsiness had caused him to trip on



multiple occasions during the trek, and he even took a tumble down a hill at one point. His face was scratched and his signature yellow rain gear had definitely seen better days. Given his childlike temperament, it was all in all rather amazing that he had made it this far. But the ultra-strict Bunz would not be likely to give him credit.

"Hurry up, Raincoat! We need to get back before dark. Who knows what kinds of predators lurk around these woods at night, ready to make a quick meal out of a dumb bunny like you. I'd be okay, of course, but I can't guarantee your safety."

"Stop Bunzy! You're scaring me!"

"All right. This should be enough for

me to grow the best carrots ever." Bunz grinned as he finished filling up the bottles. The scarf wrapped around his neck fluttered slightly in the light wind. "Let's get going back."

"Aren't we gonna go see the lighthouse? That's supposed to be the best paaaart." Raincoat whined once again, barely able to hold back his tears.

"I wanted to go to the lighthouse too. But *you* are so slow that we don't have time to go there. Do you wanna hike back in the dark and get eaten by that leopard cat?"

"Wahaaahh!! Come on, Bunzy. I really wanna go. I promise I'll go faster."

"Hmmm..." Bunz looked up judged the time from the sun's angle. "Maybe we have just enough time to go. But you better walk faster. If you get attacked on the way back, I'm gonna take the water and leave you behind."

The last line was a bluff on Bunz's part. If there was one thing he needed Raincoat for, it was to be a pack mule. Even with all his strength, Bunz was just too small to carry the two large bottles filled with the Gold Fountain's water on his own. So in the end, Bunz decided to take Raincoat to the lighthouse.

The hike from the fountain to the lighthouse was relatively short and uneventful, but the view was indeed spectacular. The old lighthouse stood at the top of a cliff overlooking the endless blue ocean below. The late afternoon sun glinted brightly on the water as it began to slide down toward the horizon.



“Wow! This is beautiful!” Raincoat exclaimed. His ears perked up with excitement.

“Yeah, this really is nice. That farmer wasn’t lying. But the sun’s getting too low. We need to head back.” Bunz was genuinely and uncharacteristically worried about what would happen when the sun went down.

“Ok. Just one more minute.” Raincoat replied before giving a deep sigh of content. He was mesmerized into near silence by the sight, so Bunz didn’t try to rush him too much. In the mean time, he tried to think of a plan to get back as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, there was no way they would be able to go at a faster pace considering their exhaustion and the fact that they now each carried a large bottle full of water. A few minutes after leaving the lighthouse, they came back to the fountain.

“You know, Bunzy, if this fountain’s water is supposed to be so good for growing veggies, wouldn’t it be good for us too? Maybe you’ll get bigger!”

“Shut up!” Bunz didn’t like any comment about his height, but of course the notion of drinking the fountain water had crossed his mind. They needed hydration desperately; the water contained in the berries wasn’t nearly enough, but how safe was the fountain’s water really?

“If the frogs can live in it, then it’s not polluted. It might have some nasty bacteria, but we have to get a drink.”

The two rabbits both took a long drink from the fountain. They both felt refreshed after finishing their drink, but they still had a long road back.

They left the fountain area, and started back over the ridge and down the other side.

The daytime sun was rapidly fading into twilight. After about fifteen minutes, they reached a flat clearing and saw it: a large boar directly in their path.

“Don’t worry. It’ll probably just run away. They don’t like to fight.” Bunz said, trying to reassure himself as much as the whimpering Raincoat behind him. “It’ll be fine as long as there aren’t little ones.”

As soon as Bunz finished whispering, a mother hog and piglets appeared behind the big male. The male turned toward them; he had caught their scent.

“O Boi.”



With a snort, the young male boar charged at them full-speed, ready to defend his territory. It was still a juvenile, traveling with his mother and younger siblings, and his tusks, although small, were still more than capable of killing a couple of bunnies. Bunz and Raincoat hopped as fast as they could, but with the bottles slowing them down, the boar caught up quickly. It came up

behind them, its left tusk just behind Bunz while the right was just behind Raincoat. Everyone made their move at the same time: the boar lunged forward and thrust his tusks skyward like a prizefighter’s uppercut. Bunz dived to his left and successfully avoided the boar’s strike. Raincoat tried to dive to the right, but the boar’s tusk caught his bag and pierced the bottle that held the Gold Fountain’s water. The strike sent Raincoat twirling into the air in what seemed like slow motion.

“Bunzyyyyyy!” Raincoat wailed as he flipped through the sky, water from the bottle raining on him.

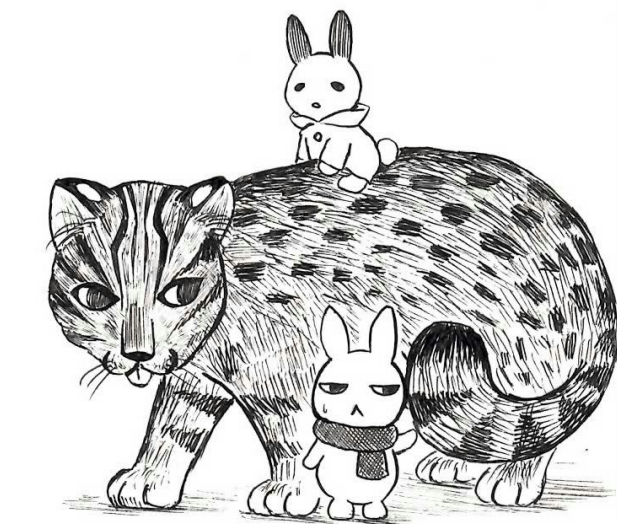
Amazingly, the ordinarily clumsy bunny landed on his feet behind the boar and immediately continued hopping. Bunz caught up, and the two tried to get as far away as possible while the boar turned around and prepared to charge again. This time they had enough of a head start that they were able to build some distance between themselves and their tormentor. Once again moving as fast as they could, the two rabbits made their way down a hill. The boar was gaining on them quickly and they were both getting tired. When they reached the bottom of the hill, they saw the unthinkable: a leopard cat was waiting. Bunz had moved ahead of Raincoat by this point and approached the leopard cat too fast to be able to stop.

The leopard cat opened its jaws, ready to receive its free meal. Back to his usual clumsy self, Raincoat stumbled and fell. He knocked Bunz out of the way and rolled right up to the leopard cat’s mouth. Startled by the turn of events, the leopard cat jumped back. In the meantime, the boar drew closer.

The cat approached Raincoat again, seemingly ready for an even bigger meal. After sniffing Raincoat, however, the cat’s posture changed. It lowered its head and shoulders, almost as if it were a knight greeting his king. Raincoat climbed on its back, thinking the cat was offering him a ride away from the dangerous boar. After he climbed on, the cat turned to head away from the boar. Bunz didn’t understand what was going on, but he too scrambled to climb aboard just before the cat sprinted off.



Even with two rabbits on its back, the cat nimbly navigated through the forest. It left the boar in its tracks and reached another clearing in the forest a few minutes later. There it stopped, and Bunz and Raincoat got down.



“Such a good kitty.” Raincoat cooed as he pet the leopard cat. The feline purred in response. “See Bunzy, I told you these guys are cute!”

Bunz, for his part, was still shocked by what had occurred. He was grateful to the cat, but still suspicious that it might attack. Nevertheless, he slowly reached up and tentatively pet the leopard cat himself.

“Why did you save us?” he asked, though obviously not expecting an answer.

“Maybe it was because I got covered in the Gold Fountain water. It is supposed to be magic after all.”

“Yeah, maybe that’s it..Wait, what do you mean you got *covered* by the Gold Fountain water?”

At this point, the leopard cat scampered away back into the forest.

“You know, when the boar knocked me up in the air. I think he hit the bottle and I got covered with the water.”

“Are you telling me you *lost* the water?”

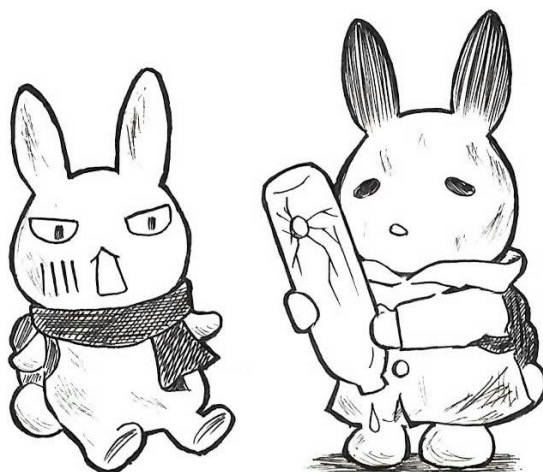
“I didn’t lose it. But I think the bottle’s empty now.”

Raincoat pulled out the bottle and showed it to Bunz. It was indeed empty and had a hole at the bottom from the boar’s tusk. In the darkness, Bunz didn’t notice when it happened.

Bunz looked at the bottle, then let loose the anger inside him:

“You idioooooooooott!!!!”

“Wahaaaaaaaaaahh!!!”



Bruised and battered, Bunz and Raincoat finally reached the edge of the forest. The eastern sky was dimly lit with predawn glow. They had journeyed all night, but had lost half of their treasure.

“Whew, we made it.” Bunz said with a sigh of relief. “Let’s get back to the hotel and rest.”

“But aren’t we gonna give this bottle to the farmer? He really needs it.” Raincoat inquired.

“No way! We almost died to get that thing. I’m not giving it up. That bottle’s my ticket to big, juicy, prize-winning carrots.”

“But Bunzy, he has to grow food to feed his family.”

“If he needs it that much, he can go get water from the Gold Fountain himself. This water’s mine, and I’m not giving it up!” Bunz announced coldly. “We were gonna give your bottle to the farmer, but you lost the water, so that’s it.”



“Wahaaaahh! You’re so mean Bunzy!”

The two walked on in silence for a while, both of them just staring at the ground. Bunz really intended to help the old farmer, but after all they went through and losing the other bottle, he was overcome by a moment of selfishness. A few minutes later, they neared the farmer’s village on their way back to the main road. There was the farmer, toiling in the dry field. The sweat he had already worked up so early in the morning dripped from his brow and seemed to be the only moisture in the field. Bunz thought about trying to hop on by the farmer’s house unseen, but his heart wouldn’t let him.

“Hey Raincoat, give me that bottle.”

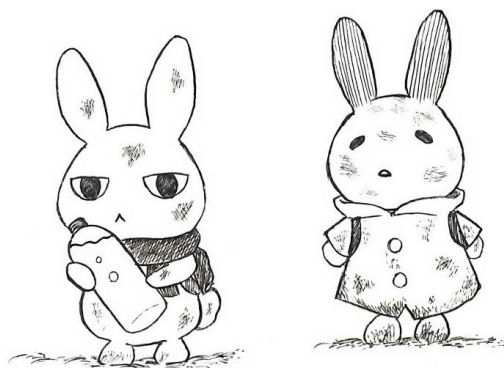
Raincoat looked up and handed the bottle over in silence. Bunz took the bottle and turned towards the farmer’s field. Raincoat began to smile as he followed behind.

The farmer spoke first, “Hey there again. Good morning!” Then as he noticed the bottle and their wounds: “Don’t tell me that you went to the Gold Fountain. I told you it was very dangerous.”

“Ah, you know...it wasn’t that bad.” Bunz said while turning his dirtied face away from the farmer. “Anyway, this is for you. Hope it helps your fields.”

“No, no, no. You did the hard work. You should keep it for yourselves.”

Bunz gestured towards Raincoat. “It’s fine, we have a bottle for us. He has it in his pack.” Then he handed the bottle to the farmer, and immediately turned to hop away.



“Hold on a second. Do you know how much this means to me? At least let me make you some breakfast.”

The two bunnies were desperately hungry, but even Raincoat knew that any food they received from the farmer would mean his family would go that much hungrier.

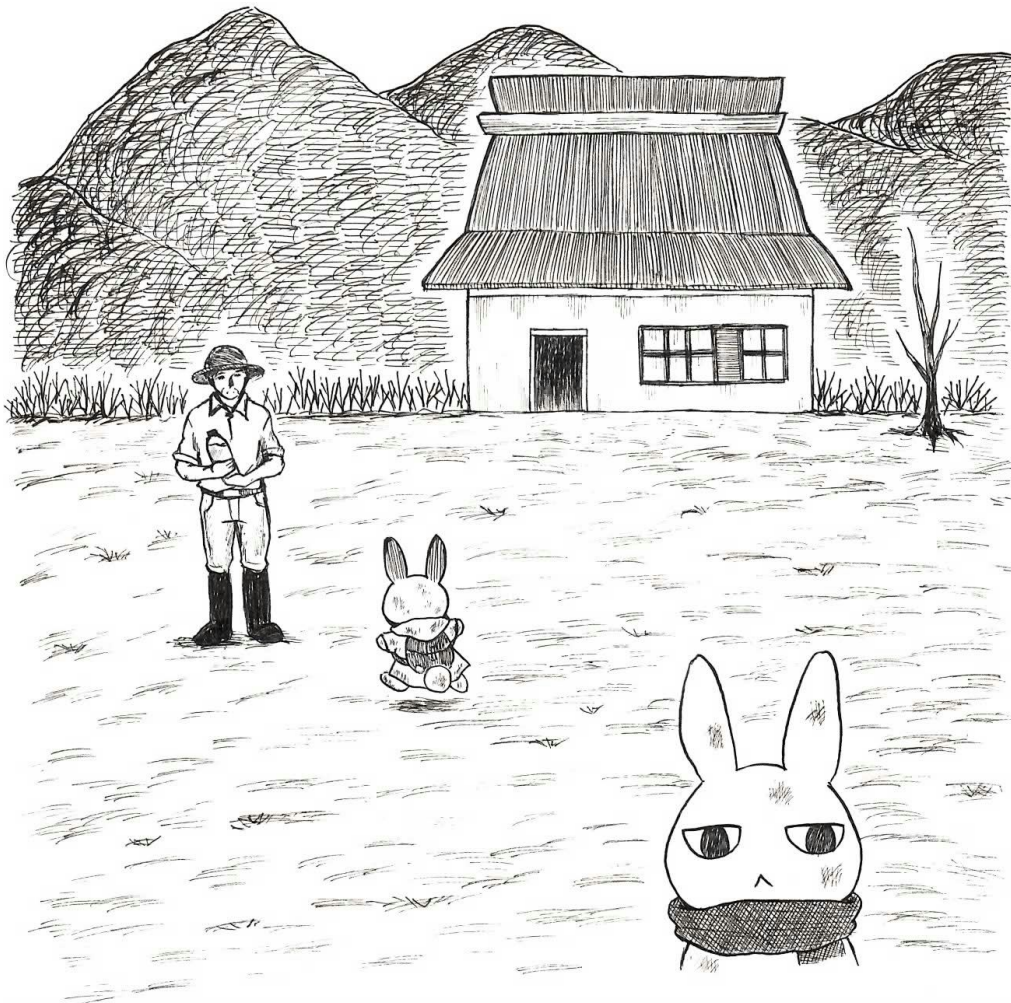
“Nah, don’t worry about it. We have to hurry back to town. We’re going home today.” Bunz fibbed with a quick turn of his head. They actually had plenty of time before their return boat.

The farmer looked a bit stunned as they hopped away. He noticed the hole in the bottom of the bottle that stuck out of Raincoat’s backpack. He stated to call out to them, but stopped as tears came to his eyes.

Raincoat turned to looked back at the farmer before saying to Bunz, “I’ll catch up later. You don’t need to wait.”

Then he hopped back over to the farmer’s field. Bunz assumed he was going to accept the farmer’s offer of breakfast.

“Whatever...that idiot.”

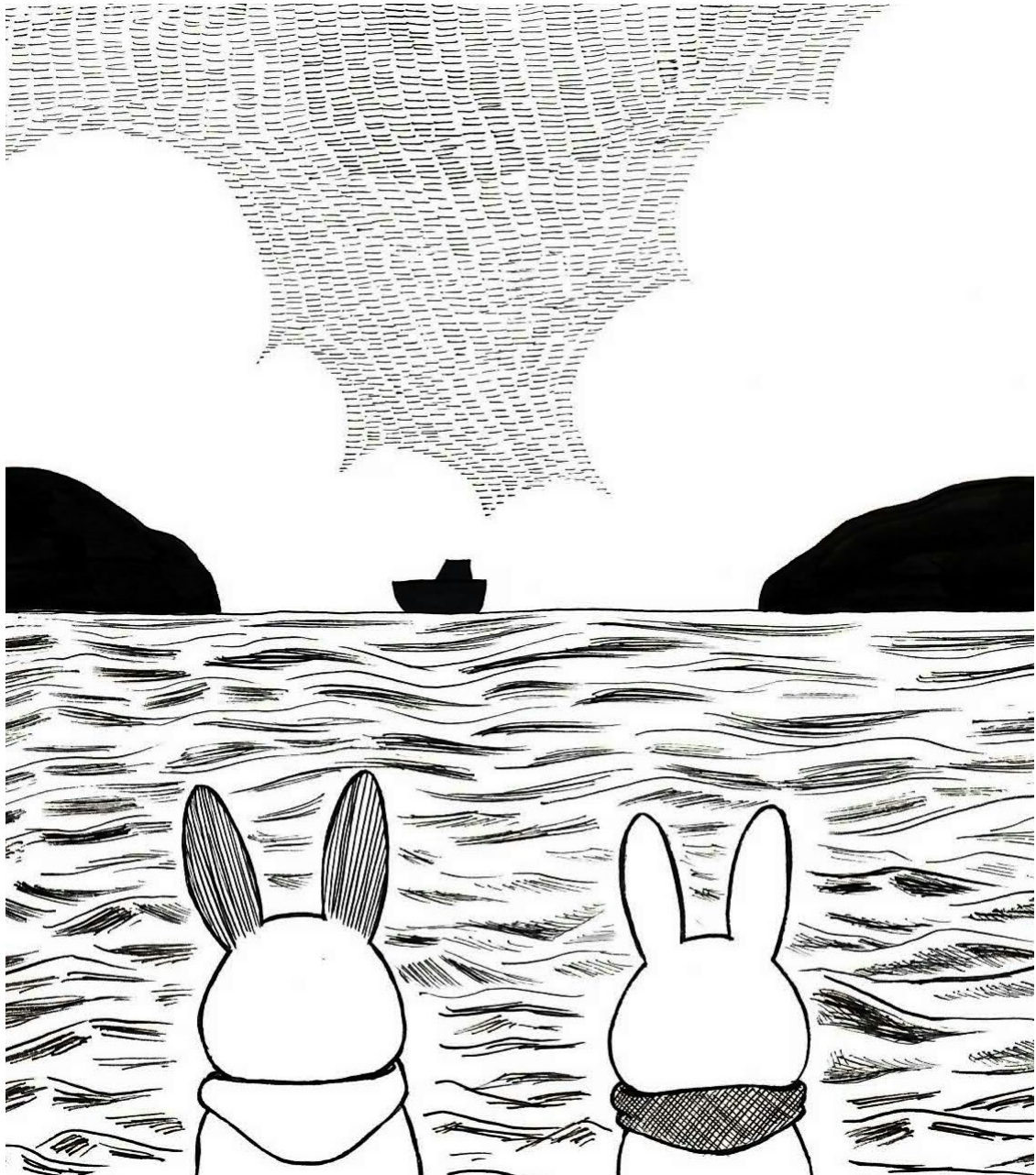


Somewhat surprisingly, Raincoat made it back to the hotel safely on his own, and the two packed up their things and had a nice, big lunch before heading to the port to catch their boat. The weather was clear and the seas were calm - exactly what they needed after the previous day's exhausting adventure.

"This island was really nice. Good choice, Bunzy!"

"Of course it was nice. I picked it after all." Bunz paused and looked up at the clear sky. "Still, I really wanted to grow some big, juicy carrots."

Raincoat gazed up at the sky as well and declared happily, "It's all right, Bunzy. You did the right thing."



EPILOGUE

A few months later, Bunz was alone in his home cleaning when the doorbell rang.

“That better not be Raincoat. I told that idiot to leave me alone today.” he muttered as he hopped over to the door. He opened it and saw a delivery man with a rather large package in his arms.

“Good morning, sir. Are you Mr. Funky Bunny? I need you to sign for this.”

“Uh, yeah, sure. I’ll sign.”

Bunz wasn’t expecting a package, let alone something this big.

“Thanks, sir. I’ll just put your package down over here if that’s okay.”

“Yeah, that’s fine.”

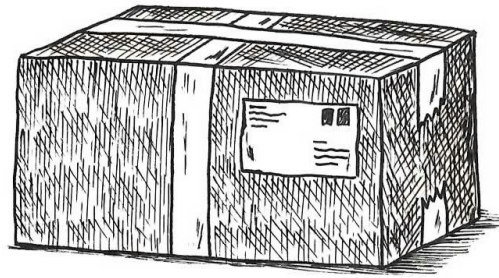
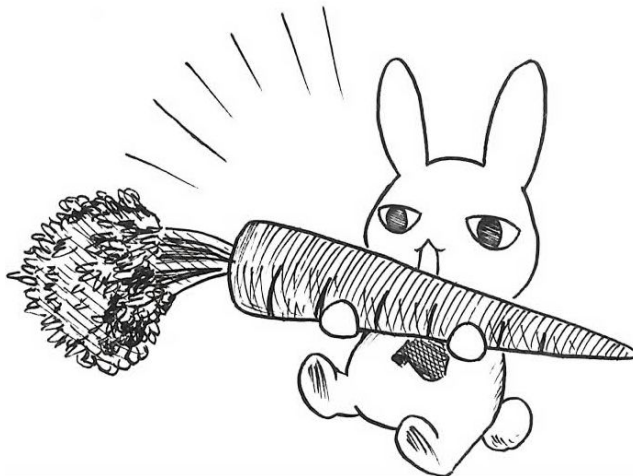
Bunz was eager to get a look at the package. He had no clue what it was nor who it was from. Once the delivery man left, he immediately cut open the box. Inside was something far better than he could have ever guessed: an entire box full of big, juicy, carrots and other vegetables along with a small jar of the island’s local honey. On top of the produce was a letter. Bunz picked up the letter and read.

Mr. Bunny,

I don’t think I can ever thank you enough for what you did for me and my family. That water from the Gold Fountain allowed us to have our best harvest in many years. After you left, your friend came back and told me about all that you two went through and how the boar pierced the other bottle. I asked him for your address so that I could get in touch with you. I’m so grateful that you gave us the water. You truly saved my entire family. That’s why we’ll be sending you a box full of produce (including our prize-winning carrots!) every year from now on. I know it’s not much, but it’s the least we can do to say thanks.

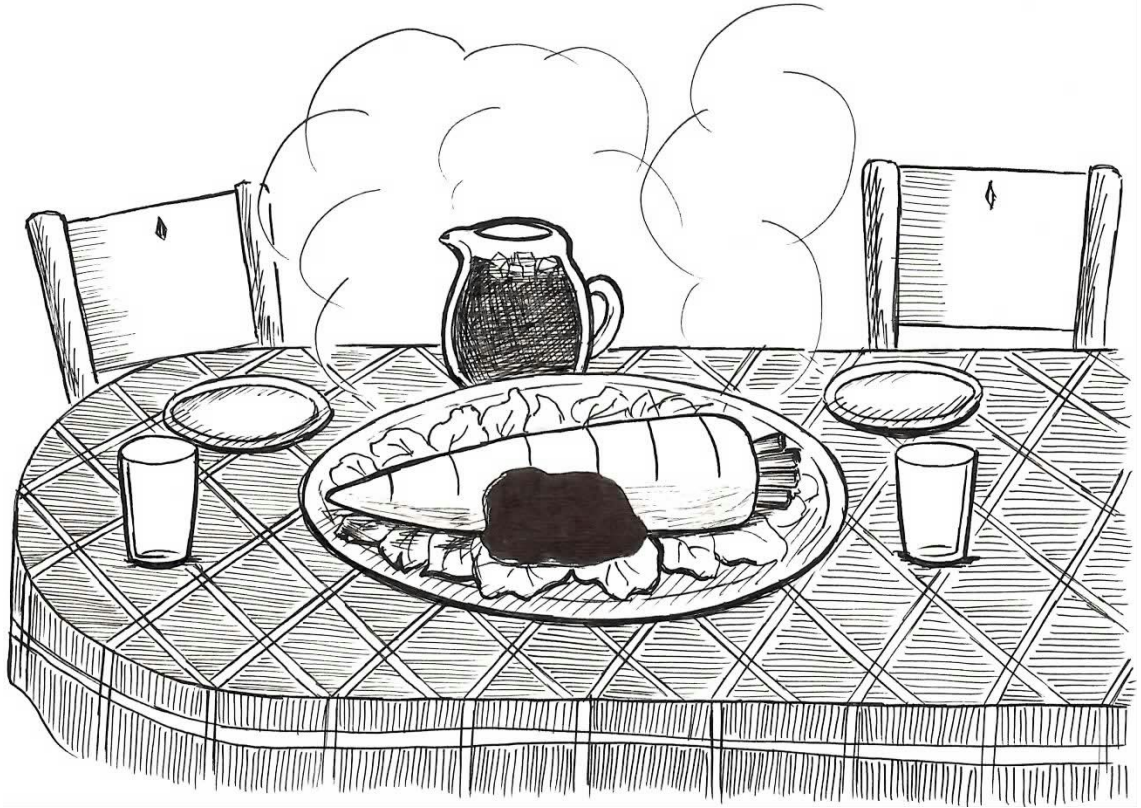
Forever in your debt,

The Farmer



“O boi.”

Bunz put the letter down and wiped away the slightest of tears from his eyes. Then, he looked at the produce and said to himself, “Well, I don’t think even I can eat all this by myself, and it’d be a waste to let any of this rot... guess I’ll go call Raincoat.”



THE END