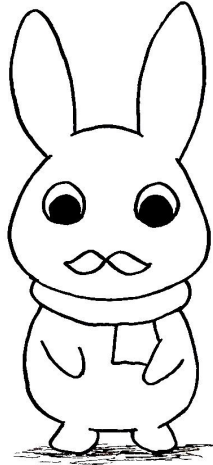


# The Donut

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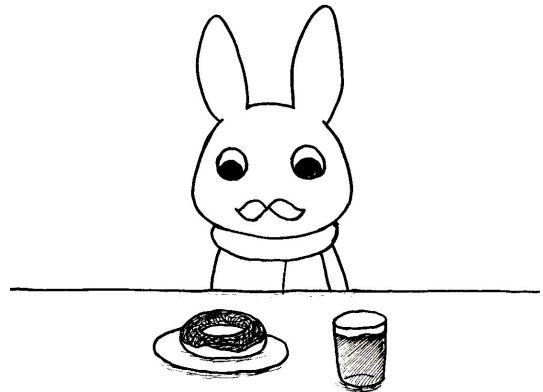


“Ohhhhhh, it’s time for breakfast,” an older bunny said to himself as he yawned. He hadn’t been feeling particularly well lately, but he was feeling fine today and was excited because his grandson, Bunz, and his friend, Raincoat, had come to visit.

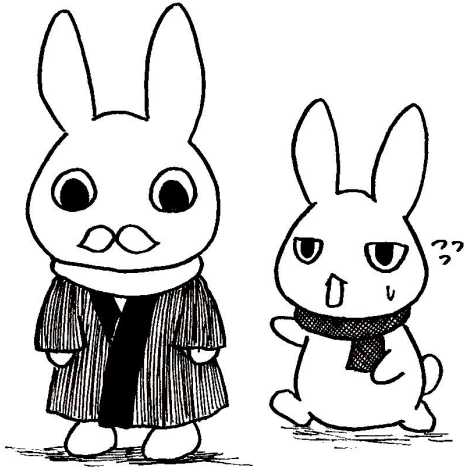
“What do I have to eat?” he said, looking through his kitchen. “Oh, there’s the donut my grandson brought when he came. That would be just perfect with some carrot juice.”

He got out a plate and cup, and readied his breakfast. Just before he sat down to eat, he felt a chill.

“Perhaps I’ll get my robe before I eat...”



He headed back to his bedroom to put on his robe. Then just as he started to go back to the kitchen, he heard his grandson's voice.



“O boi! Grandpa, what are you doing? You’re supposed to be in bed. You’re gonna catch a cold.”  
“Oh, I was feeling a little cold, but I was just about to...what was I going to do?”  
“See, you obviously aren’t feeling well. You need to go back and rest.” Bunz said while wrapping his arm around his grandpa’s shoulder and leading

him back to the bedroom

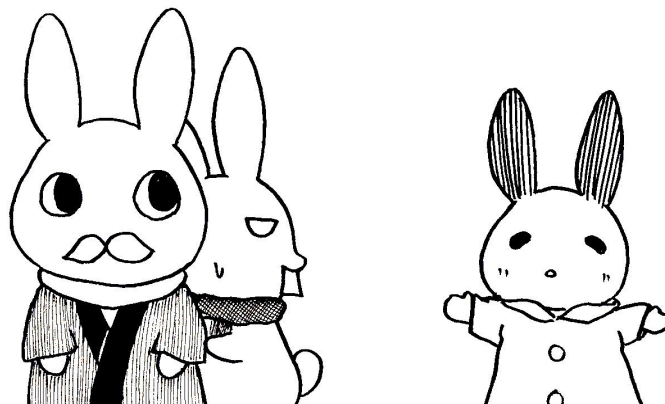
“But there was something I wanted to do...”

“Whatever it is, you can do it later.”

“Hey, Bunzy, let’s go play!” exclaimed a typically overexcited Raincoat, who had just come out into the hall.

“Yeah, sure, but I have to take care of my grandpa first.”

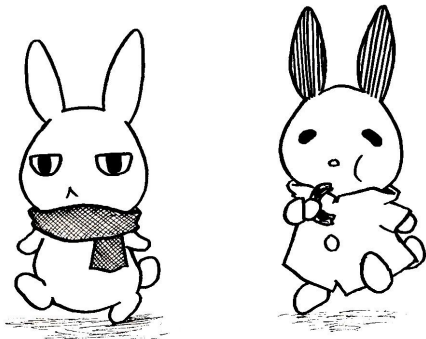
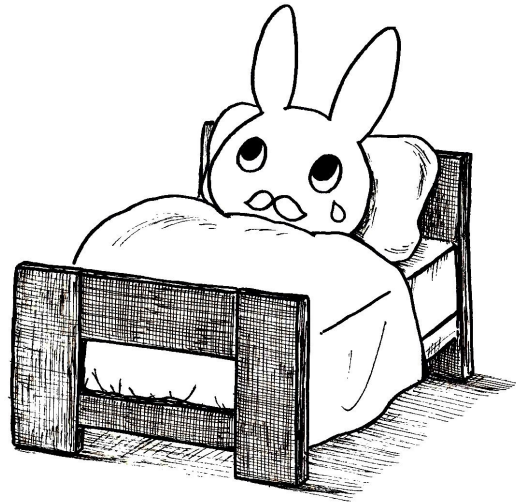
“Ok, I’ll be waiting in the kitchen.”



Bunz took his grandpa back into the room and led him to the bed. All the while his grandpa muttered, “I know there was something...”

“Grandpa, if you need anything, let me know. I have to go keep Raincoat from getting into trouble.” Bunz left the room and headed off to find Raincoat.

Left alone, the old rabbit thought to himself, “How nice that my grandson has friends. I’d like to play with him too...Oh, I was going to eat breakfast! That’s what I wanted to do.”



Bunz found Raincoat waiting by the door and the pair headed out to play. As they crossed the street, Raincoat asked, “How’s your grandpa, Bunzy? Is he okay?”

“Yeah, he’s fine,” Bunz replied. “A bit oblivious though.”

“O-bri-gado?”

“No! I said o-bli-vious. It means he’s forgetful.”

“Oh, I see. I forget things sometimes too. Am I o-bli-gated?”

Bunz gave a heavy sigh, “Yeah, I’d say so.”

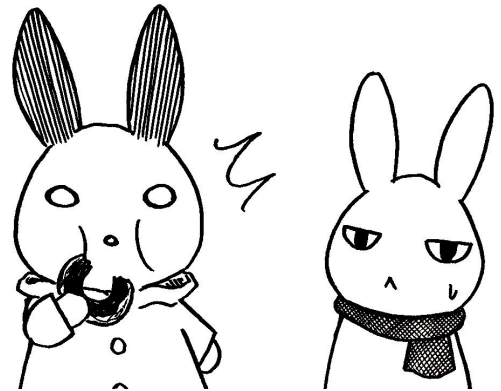
He then noticed Raincoat munching on something.

“By the way, Raincoat, where did you get that donut? It looks a lot like the one I bought for my grandpa.”

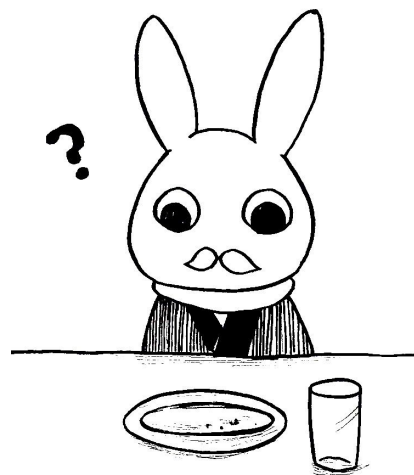
Mid-bite, Raincoat was struck with a startled look, followed by Bunz’s fist.

“You idioooooot! You’re gonna buy my grandpa another donut.”

“Wahaaaaaa!”



Meanwhile, back at the house, Bunz’s grandpa sat down at the table. Looking confusedly at the empty plate, he wondered, “I thought I left my donut here...or did I eat it already?”



- THE END -