

The Brothers Hasenpfeffer



“The children. Take care of the *[gasp]* children!” Those were the last words uttered by Bernard’s beloved Cottontail before she departed this world for Bunny Paradise. But Bernard had no idea how to raise Larry and Eugene. They were *so* different from all the other inhabitants of Rabbit Hollow. They never seemed comfortable in the little burrow that Bernard and Cottontail called home. They turned up their noses to grass, forbs, and leafy weeds, preferring hamburgers and milk shakes. They couldn’t – or wouldn’t – produce cecotropes, much less re-ingest them. And even at the ripe old ages of three (Larry) and seven (Eugene), they showed no interest in procreating like, you know, like rabbits. Bernard took them to see famed lagomorphologist Scut L. Butt, and the good doctor reported what Bernard already suspected: *they were freaks of nature!* Still, now that his suspicion had been officially confirmed, he no longer felt compelled to follow his dear mate’s final request. So he sold them to the Flederer Family Circus, where they performed very unrabbity acts under the name “The Brothers Hasenpfeffer.” But don’t despair for them, dear reader. Living in a big canvas tent and eating hamburgers twice a day, Larry and Eugene were happier than they’d ever been. And Bernard? He hooked up with a leveret hottie and soon forgot all about, er, what’s-her-name.