

THE TRAVELS OF FLOPPY BUNNY EARS

BY

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DEDICATED TO

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There was once a rabbit who lived on the top of Sugar Leaf Mountain. He had very large and floppy ears, and his friends all called him Floppy Bunny Ears. One day, Floppy Bunny Ears said to himself,

"Living on Sugar Leaf is fine and dandy, but I'm getting tired of the place. What I need is a change of scene. I'm going to visit town !"

So he told his plan to Brains Bunny. Brains was the smartest rabbit on the top of Sugar Leaf Mountain. Brains said,

"A fine and worthy plan, F.B.E. Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education, while in the older sort, it is part of experience. Therefore, let me caution you on one point. The town is full of lions ! Take care ! "

With these words of good advice, Brains Bunny gave the Floppy Bunny Ears a road map, two packages of frozen French Beans, and bid him fond adieu.

The Floppy Bunny Ears set out bravely down the mountain side, and made his way through wood and field. The Autumn day was warm, and the cabbage patches, all carefully marked on the map, were at their juciest. After several days, the Floppy Bunny Ears arrived at the edge of town. There he found motels and houses aplenty, but no supply of garden fresh vegetables.

So he sat down to eat his frozen French Beans. A mouse came over.

"Greetings," said the mouse, "I am Sammel Mouse. On my way to town, and very much disturbed by a lack of fresh things. In fact, you might say I'm starving."

"Greetings to you. I am Floppy Bunny Ears of Sugar Leaf Mountain. A childhood name, you know, but my friends now call me F.B.E. Pull up a mushroom and let us eat frozen French Beans together."

Sammel Mouse took a mouthful of beans. The Floppy Bunny Ears took a mouthful of beans.

"SHLOOPOOPSHL," said F.B.E.

"LOOSHFOOPSHL," said Samuel Mouse.

"This French fodder is not fit fare for fine furbearing animals," they said together.

"Let us starve rather than eat this frozen food," said Samuel Mouse.

"Agreed," said Floppy Bunny Ears, "Let us wait till we arrive in town. For the town is a place of much wealth and provision. But I must caution you, for I see by your inclination to proper food you are a country mouse, that the town is also a place of lions."

"A likely story," said Samuel Mouse, and together they walked to town.

At length they came to a fork in the road. A road sign marked the directions.

"Which way?" asked F.B.E.

"Which way indeed," replied the mouse. "Read the sign, rabbit. I'd do it myself, but from my place in the tall grass, the letters are

as vague to me as clouds."

"My education has gaps," said the Floppy Bunny Ears. "My father bought our encyclopedia in a super market, one letter a month. By the time we got to "K", we moved from the suburbs to the top of Sugar Leaf. I'll do what I can, but it won't be much. One sign says --- Hmm, I can't make it out. The other sign says "C", "H", "E", something, something, then "C", "H", "A", something, "E". "

Thus, the rabbit. And now, children, I'll have you know that one sign said "To Silver Spring" and the other said "To Chevy Chase"

"Of Course," said Samuel Mouse, "I have it. It goes to Cheddar Cheese ! "

He was more prompted by hunger than by intelligence.

"It figures," said Floppy Bunny Ears who was strong on letters A to K and weak on L to Z, "And I'll go with you, Friend Mouse, to Cheddar Cheese though the other road led to Golden Carrots itself. "

And so one fine sunny afternoon towards Haloween, a rabbit

and a mouse, both as hungry as lions, stumbled their way up Williams lane.

"Food, food, food," cried Samuel Mouse.

"Let us try trick or treat," said the Floppy Bunny Ears, "these householders will appreciate the tricks that small animals with sharp teeth can play. They will treat us well. They will even feed us."

So the mouse went in 3702 Williams Lane while the Floppy Bunny Ears rang the bell at 3703.

"Trick or treat," said the rabbit as the door opened.

"GRRRRROARH," said a lion that opened the door.

"YIKES," said F.B.E. "Brains was right. This town IS full of lions." And he turned and trotted up the lane.

But the lion was not a lion. It was a boy named Ernest in a lion's mask. He was looking for a friend. Ernest jumped on his tricycle and pedalled after the rabbit. He overtook it.

"Rabbit," said Ernest, "I'm not a lion. I'm a boy. I'm Ernest. And there are carrots in our refrigerator."

Now the word "carrot" was enough to slow down any rabbit. He

turned and faced Ernest.

"Are you sure you're not a lion," he asked, "my adviser cautioned me against lions in town."

"No," said Ernest. "I'm a boy and I had a lion's mask on. Now I'm a boy again."

But the rabbit was not convinced.

"Perhaps you are really a lion with a boy's mask on "

"No," said Ernest, and the rabbit put his paw up and saw that it was so.

"Yikes. The lad is honest. Honest Ernest. Lead the way to the golden carrots."

I've come to the end of my story. After a proper meal and a short rest, Floppy Bunny Ears set off for his mountain home where, he said, the grass was greener, the automobiles fewer, and the lions, if at all, were at least real lions.

As for Samuel Mouse, he remains in town. The arrangements at 3702 Williams Lane were so satisfactory that he still believes he is

Living in the town of Cheddar Cheese. And why should we tell him other-

wise ?

THE END