

Perchance to Dream

Everything stopped. Frozen in time. The small yet graceful dance of the branches that swayed in the wind intoxicated, perhaps even lured him, into a tranquil slumber - into an everlasting dream. You see he had been doing that a lot - dreaming I mean, about a non-belligerent setting of a well-vegetated field. A well-vegetated field similar to the one he is laying in now, with only a spare thought of the future before him. Knowing well about the consequences heading his way, and with a few lingering worries, he fluttered into a gentle dormancy.

Waking up was not what his heart desired. With a groan of disgruntlement, he blinked. The golden rays of the midday sun brought him back to reality. Though something was different. In front of him stood a terrifying creature...

A brown, fluffy, cotton tailed bunny, smoking a pipe with a carrot in hand, laying there at the end of his feet staring deep into his eyes.

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