

King Missile, The Bunny Who Wanted To Be A Rat

Once there was an adorable little bunny that hopped and bopped through the cotton fields eating carrots.
The people loved him and thought he was so f**king cute and sweet and good,
And he hated that.
He liked to eat the carrots, but that was about it.
He had seen this movie Willard about a bunch of rats who eat Ernest Bordenine and a bunch of other people.
Then they eat Willard because he tried to poison them.
The adorable little bunny thought this was so cool.
The bunny was tired of being cute and cuddly in the cotton field.
The bunny wanted to go north, to the big city,
And play in the garbage and scare people by slithering around in the subways and on the streets.
Bunny bunny wanted a rat tail, not a bushy cotton tail.
Bunny bunny wanted to screech, like a rat, instead of a bunny.
Bunny wanted to stop hopping; it was undignified and adorable.
And bunny wanted to be more omnivorous.

Carrots were ok but it would be so cool to eat stuff that other people would throw away.
"It would be like recycling.
It would be better for the environment." bunny would rationalize.
"People can eat carrots; I'll eat what the people throw away
I'll live inside walls and screech and if anyone ever tries to pat me again,
I'll bite them and, hopefully, give them rabies.
Oh! What a wonderful life it would be,
To just be a rat!"
"There is one thing that really bugs me about this dream, however." said bunny bunny
"It's how formulaic and pedestrian this story is. I mean, it's completely obvious that I'm going to be a rat.
In fact, let me finish this story for you, you pathetic pedestrian hack.
Bunny bunny hopped off in a great big huff, ate 100 carrots in a row, and died of vitamin A poisoning.
The end.