

Bet You Can't

by

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The little Rabbit counted as she skipped rope. She had to reach... “forty eight, forty nine, FIFTY!” And now she could use the dare.

“Bertie Bertie bet you can't, bet you can't... ahhhhh... climb the flag pole in front of the school,”

Racial Rabbit giggled and stopped skipping rope. It was a game she and her best friend Bertie Bobcat always played after lunch; and of course sometimes things got just a little out of paw.

Bertie just smiled at her friend. Holding her own jump rope in one paw, she flipped out the claws of the other. “Climbing is something we Cats do as a matter of life silly. I was born to climb just like you were born to... ahhhh... what do Rabbits do well?” she asked.

“Breed?” snorted Pernicious Possum. He was standing close by listening in on the game the girls were playing, and secretly wishing he could join in.

“EEEWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE,” both girls replied. “Pernicious; you are soooo disgusting!”

After their chorus of voices, they held paws and ran away, yelling that he should go and play dead or something.

They had no time for disgusting boys.

The run, quite by accident of course, brought them to the dared flagpole of the ‘Bet You Can't’ game. Both girls looked skyward at the orange flag fluttering in the breeze. This was raised every morning when school began, and taken down again when school let out, as a signal to the community so they would know their children were on the way home.

“OHHhhhhhh...” said Racial softly in awe, “I take back that bet Bertie. The flag pole’s just too darned high. You fall from there and you’ll get really really hurt; maybe even kilt.”

“Poo,” the Bobcat responded, flexing her claws. “I’ve climbed taller trees and seen clear over into the next county. It’s great... like being a bird. You just stand here and watch me Bunny Girl.”

With that, she dropped her skip rope to the ground and took a position next to the pole. Sinking in her claws, she began to climb. “You just wait till I get back down,” she called to her friend, “And see what I dare you to do! Hey... I know... I’ll dare you to kiss old Pernicious.”

Racial tossed her skip rope next to her friends and then craned her neck as she watched her ascend the pole with an ease she never would have imagined. Bertie’s white short handle under drawers stood out clearly in contrast to her plain blue dress from this vantage point. Soon the Bobcat stopped climbing. She was at the top but appeared to be struggling just a bit. Her figure looked so small up with the orange flag that now so merrily wrapped itself around her form.

“Bertieeeeeeee,” Racial called out to her friend. “Are you all rightttt?”

The Bobcat looked down at her friend the Rabbit, about to call out her success, when she slipped. With a shriek she began to tumble, saved only by the flag pole’s stanchion line wrapping around her foot.

And there she was... dangling upside down and shrieking for all she was worth.

“Hang on!” Racial called to her friend as she watched her flail about. “Hang on to the pole! Get hold of the pole!”

And that was when the little Rabbit saw the flag pole’s neatly tied bow knot pull through.

Pop... and she jumped at the rope as only a Rabbit could jump; her paws gripping the line just as it began to run with the weight of the Bobcat. ZZZZZzzzzzzzzzzzzzz... and she was hoisted clear off the ground by her friend’s greater weight, rising quickly, though not completely of an unmanageable speed. She passed Bertie at the midway point, both girls now shrieking for all they were worth, and was then flapped and flayed by the school’s flag almost as an after thought to her ascent. She was so scared that her paws were totally locked on to the rope.

When Bertie hit the ground, it was head first. Her shrieking stopped immediately as she was knocked unconscious. As soon as her body went limp, the flag’s cord came off of her foot and Racial Rabbit found herself shooting earthward again like a burned out shooting star.

“EEEEEEEEEEEEeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee,” came her cry of descent.

“Umm cumphhhh...” grunted a voice not hers, as she landed in a ball of fur and petticoat. She tumbled and tangled with a soft mound of flesh that had cushioned her fall.

Things seemed to slow downnnnnnnnn..... faded to black... and then slowly came back as she realized life was still with her.

The first thing she remembered seeing was the blue of the sky.

The second thing she saw was Bertie Bobcat, just sitting up from the ground. One of her eyes was swollen completely shut and it looked like she might be missing a tooth.

Feeling a strange body beneath her backside, she looked down.

The third thing she saw was Pernicious Possum lying on the ground like a lump of dead flesh. He was quite still in appearance and it was suddenly very clear to her what had broken her fall.

“PERNICIOUS! PERNICIOUS!” she yelled, moving off of his inert form.

“PERNICIOUS PLEASE DON’T BE KILT! PLEASEEEEEEEEEEE.....”

Grabbing him by the shoulders she shook him, until one of his eyes just barely opened. He gasped once, and then smiled a crooked hurt looking smile at her.

“I play dead pretty good, huh?” he managed.

In return, and in front of all those now running to the spot, she gave him a big kiss full on the lips.