

The Hare and the Bear

IN THE HILLS OF THE NORTH MOUNTAIN IN THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY, A BATTLE BETWEEN TWO UNLIKELY ANIMALS - A HARE AND A BEAR - IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD.

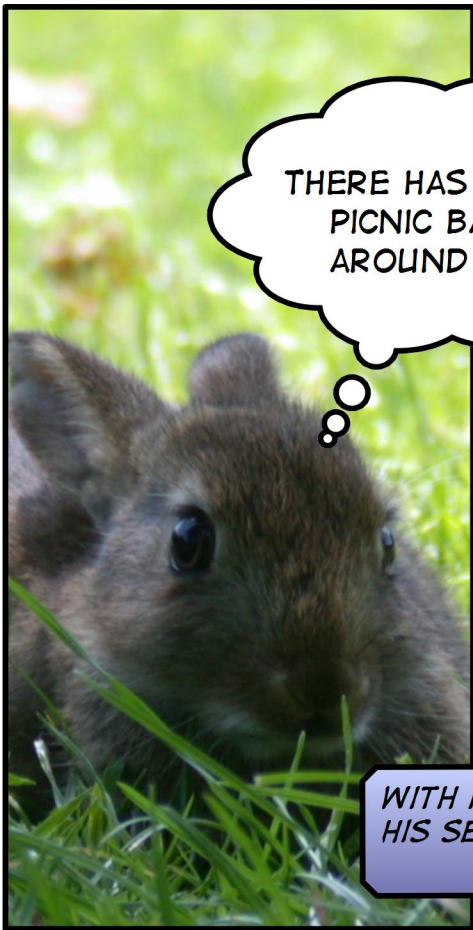
IT ALL STARTS WITH THE SMELL OF A FRESH PICNIC BASKET DRIFTING DOWN A WOODED TRAIL TO OUR HARE FRIEND, BENNY.



SNIFF, SNIFF ...
WHAT'S THAT GLORIOUS
SMELL



BENNY KNEW THAT CAMPERS WERE IN THE AREA AND THAT THE SMELL OF FOOD COULD ONLY MEAN ONE THING .



THERE HAS TO BE A PICNIC BASKET AROUND HERE



WITH HIS KEEN HARE SENSES, BENNY STARTED HIS SEARCH FOR THE PICNIC BASKET ...




... BUT HE WAS NOT ALONE. BRUTUS THE BROWN BEAR WAS ON THE TRAIL OF THE ELLUSIVE PICNIC BASKET.



sniff





WITH THE PICNIC BASKET WITHIN REACH, BENNIE HAD TO ACT QUICK



HEY EARL, A BEAR!!! GET THE GUN.

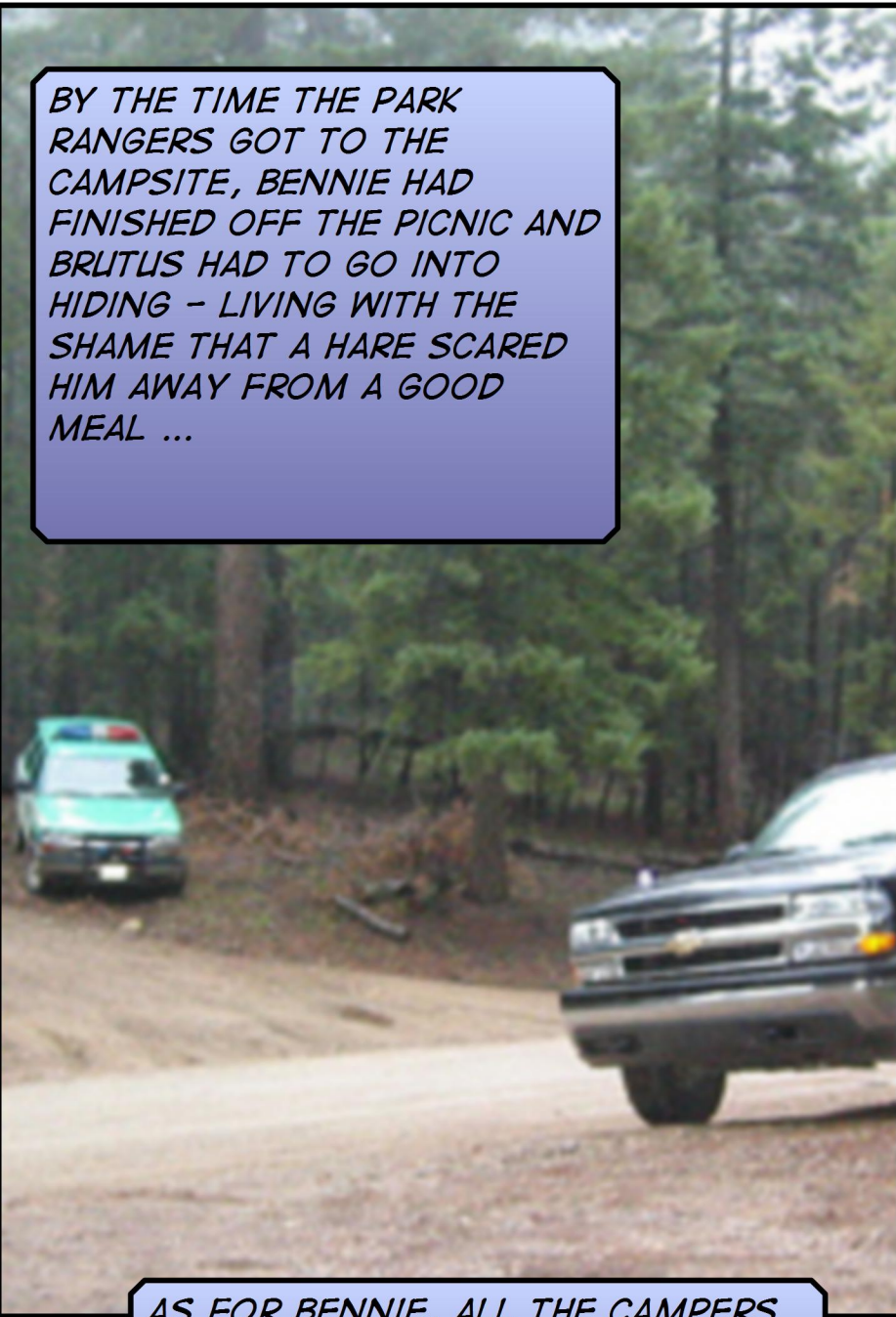


WUWHA???



HAHAHA ... ENJOY THE VIEW.

BY THE TIME THE PARK RANGERS GOT TO THE CAMPSITE, BENNIE HAD FINISHED OFF THE PICNIC AND BRUTUS HAD TO GO INTO HIDING - LIVING WITH THE SHAME THAT A HARE SCARED HIM AWAY FROM A GOOD MEAL ...



AS FOR BENNIE, ALL THE CAMPER'S COULD FIND OF THEIR PICNIC WAS A SINGLE STRAWBERRY. THE PARK RANGERS, HOWEVER, HAD NO PROBLEM TRACKING OUR FOOD-LOVING HARE.

