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Bunnypotamus Must Die

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Even before you open your eyes and confirm it, the horrible truth hops playfully about your rock-candy congested mind. The sugary grit nestled like lonely snowflakes betwixt your arm hairs, the crusty marzipan and peanut brittle that welds your eyelids shut, the licorice handcuffs tying you to the bed—*Goddamnit...goddamn them.*

Quivering chunks of mallow-flesh lay about the room like coconut shells tossed by an enraged ape. *You sugary-sweet bastards...* you clench your teeth and say it once more, though this time you swear...

Bunnypotamus must die.

Great Fantasy of Vengeance the First: “POP GOES THE BUNNY(POTAMI)”

Wait outside of your local mobile phone retail outlet with several hundred large balloons and a small portable microwave. Note—this works best on Saturday afternoons. When bunnypotami arrive en masse to complain vociferously about the lack of text messaging and to mate, quickly blow up as many balloons as possible. Go for the orange, the swirly-curly peppermint red and white, and the utilitarian olive green. This will confuse the bunnypotami’s natural mating instincts and spark an orgy of fluff and SIM cards. Proceed to power the portable microwave; if all goes well, Quantum Loop Gravity predicts that microwaves should deflect from the large numbers of SIM cards surrounding you. Caught in a microwave exchange, these balloons will begin to accrete energy not unlike a small neutron star, experiencing extremely rapid and condensed stellar evolution.

The immense increase in density should—and must—destabilize the newly-formed iron cores inside these newly-formed balloonitoids, effectively igniting them as miniature supernovae. The bunnypotami, lost in their mating frenzy, will be unfazed by the harsh gaseous outburst. However, the resulting black holes should effectively compress the bunnypotami to one-billionth of a cubic centimeter before they too destabilize and become bunnynovae.

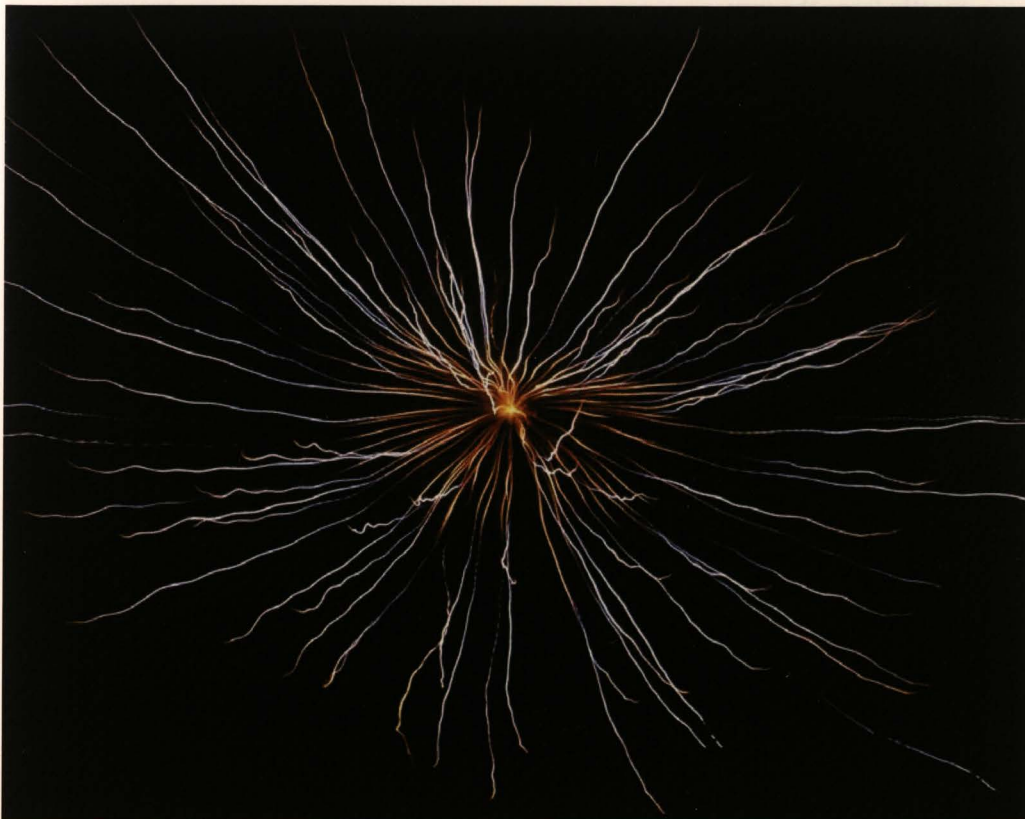
Great Fantasy of Vengeance the Second: “WHIRLYBIRD”

With a fake pilot license, approach your local helicoptoreum to temporarily requisition a fairly recent (1990 onward, military grade) aircraft. Once you are airborne, navigate above Hong Kong’s Victoria Harbour and remain there until February 21st. Remember to store enough food in the helicopter for the wait, or alternatively, famish yourself and feast upon the ravaged flesh of your bunnypotami enemy after your sweet revenge.

When the bunnypotami begin to ride their Pearl River Delta dolphin fleet into the middle of the harbour in celebration of the Auspicious Mermaid Bun Festival, *now is go*. Switch engine rotary speed to maximum. Flip the helicopter over, so that as you immediately plummet to the surface of the water, the bunnypotami are rocketed deep into the briny liqueur below by the chopper's downward thrust. Ignore their meager cries for mercy and proceed to hold the helicopter steady just above the water, so that the bunnypotami are unable to surface; this will weaken their neutron ray gland significantly, though not enough to drown them. After approximately five hours, kill all power to the engine. With the downward thrust upon them now absent, the bunnypotami's natural buoyancy will cause them to spring upward, not-so-triumphantly jetting forth from the water into your still-whirling helicopter blades. This method carries a 56% kill ratio—very successful.

Bonus: *Sell their dolphins as tuna.*

—Christopher Poole



Fireworks

—Jeff Bardsley