**Bunwolf (Working Title)**

*By Adept Omega*

The rabbit looked in the mirror, and saw a wolf. Convincing her older sister to do the braids had been the hard part; the grey fur had only required a few handfuls of ash from the fireplace. Mom and dad would be unhappy later, but that was in the abstract future. For now, she was the bad guy, the big bad wolf, the hunter, the loner and star seeker, the meat-eater. She threw her head back for a howl, red braids slapping her back, and then laughed at herself.

Isobelle smiled, her eyes half-lid, unconcerned for the chaos she was helping to promote. The older sibling craned her head to peek into the living room, then turned her attention back to Vera. “I think they’re ready,” she teased her sister, “you crazy beast.”

Vera turned and flashed a grin, as though she could inflict her sister with a particularly vicious leg wound. Her toy bow taut, she crouched low to the ground and tried to imagine the night sky above her. The grass under her feet. The power in every fiber of her being. The coatrack became a tree, and she peeked out from behind the overalls, her eyes on the dark entrance of the pillow fortress. If she were a real wolf, of course, she would hear the beating of her quarry’s hearts, the sound of them huddled in darkness. Her eyes darted to the other end of the room, searching for her packmate.

Markus was anything but the quiet hunter Vera fancied herself to be. Instead the rabbit, who in contract to Vera’s painstaking imitation of fur patterns had thrown himself into the ashes head first, lurked half-ducked behind a shoe rack and growled at the warren. She hoped that he wouldn’t screw it up again, the way he had last time.