

This scene was in Chapter 2 of an early draft of Bran Hambric: The Farfield Curse. There are a few parts I took out or altered in this version, mainly because I might need them for a future book.

Keep in mind that the majority of this was written when I was 15 with no editor. It was taken out because it frankly has nothing to do with the story at all, is very long, and nobody really wants to read about rabbits blowing things up. (Or do they?)

--Kaleb

BRAN HAMBRIC: THE FARFIELD CURSE - Deleted Scene - "The Bean Bag Show"

"Welcome to the Bean Bag Show!" the television speakers blared into the living room, causing the walls to tremble. Balder's favorite show was on again. Bran tried to ignore it as he sorted the bits of newspaper onto the floor.

"Welcome to the Bean Bag Show! We'll sing it high and sing it low! We never stop singing the Bean Bag Song! We'll gonna sing this tune all day long!" came the organ-accompanied theme, followed by a litany of insane cackles from a maniacal rabbit dancing on screen. He was blue, and the size of a man, and stood on two feet. But he had big ears -- and thus, he was a rabbit.

"Hello! My name is Manica-bibble Bunnyfluff! He-he! What's your name!" he asked.

"Name name name name name, what's your name?" the Bean Bag Friends chanted.

"I KNOW!" Balder shouted as he leapt off the floor. **"BALDER BALDARIOUS WILOMAS!"**

"IT IS?" Manica-bibble roared. *"That's so frompin' awesome, I feel like blowing stuff up!"*

The Bean Bag Friends cheered like a mob. They were an assortment of more man-sized rabbits, each bearing tools of their trade. Baggins-ye Moff was the cook, and had frying pans and butcher knives strapped to his belt. Harold-juniper Sasotoboggan was the chemist, with two beakers of purple liquid and a blowtorch slung over his shoulder. And Big-tooth McSquash was a bounty hunter, brandishing a saw, a pike, a pickaxe, a throwing axe, a pair of metal poles, a mace, two grenades, a shovel, a bag of concrete, a crossbow, handcuffs, an empty bottle of gin, a fishing pole, and two shotguns strapped across his back.

"BEST FROMPIN' IDEA EVER!" Big-tooth McSquash roared.

"*What'll it be?*" Manica-bibble demanded. "*Not the schoolhouse again!*"

"*My mom's car!*" one of the other rabbits roared.

"*My dad's car!*"

"*A tire factory!*"

"**LET'S BLOW ALL THEM SUCKERS DOWN!**" Big-tooth roared. It was his motto.

There was another rabbit, Wendelly Jo. He held a banana, and was nervously chewing his ear.

"*Are you sure this is alright guys?*" Wendelly said in the voice of a cricket.

"**ZIP IT WENDELLY!**" the others shouted, and he blew away like a leaf.

"*We'll knock 'em all down,*" Manica-bibble declared to the remaining rabbits. "*But first, we'll have mamma's carrot cake!*"

The scene changed to a crooked, plastic home. The colors clashed like opposing politicians: purple furniture and orange walls, with fluorescent green countertops and red cabinets. Manica-bibble was wolfing down a plate of carrot cake. In the episode before, his mother had given him strict instructions not to lay a paw on the cake or his cousin Woody-goody Wilson, who was babysitting while Mrs. Bunnyfluff and her sister were gone.

Woody-goody was a fine rabbit, and had been charged with watching Manica-bibble. He was good at telling on Manica-bibble when he spray painted the walls or attacked local buildings, such as when he had wrecked the gymnasium with a forklift the day before.

However, Woody-goody could do little while tied to a chair and surrounded by land mines and bear traps. He tried to spit the handkerchief gag out, but the duct tape kept him firmly silenced.

"*Hurry up, before mum gets home!*" Manica-bibble said, stuffing the rest of the cake out the window just as the sound of his mum opening the door was heard.

Bran lost interest and turned back to his work. It was slow and boring, so the television was an easy distraction. He flipped pages as he sorted. Newspaper clippings were mixed with the photos, most snipped out but sometimes a full page with a date. Those were the most useful.

He glanced up again a while later. Now, Manica-bibble was in a dining room chair, while Mrs. Bunnyfluff examined Woody-goody. Her sister was unconscious on the floor.

"*Now, Manica-bibble,*" Mrs. Bunnyfluff said, "*it's not nice to put bear traps around your cousin.*"

Manica-bibble sniffed unrepentantly.

"Neither is stuffing his nose with buttons," she went on.

The blue rabbit wiggled his ear.

"However," Mrs. Bunnyfluff said, *"since you refrained from using the mace spray on your cousin, you may partake of one cookie."*

"Frompin' awesome!" Manica-bibble roared victoriously.

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