

Connie Quail Missing, Fowl Play Feared

Friends and relations flocked in fearful expectation as Ms. Connie Quail remained missing for the third day.

Sheriff Sam Skunk announced that feathers and other evidence found near the den of Forsythe Fox implicated him in the disappearance. "Something smells peculiar," he said in a late afternoon news conference, adding, "We're going to get to the bottom of this case."

Ms. Quail was last seen in the vicinity of the Fox's den pecking at seeds and catching grasshoppers for her family's supper.

In a statement released to the press, Mr. Fox denied all knowledge of the disappearance of the popular Quail. "I've given up meat for Lent," responded Fox, "I regret the wild rumors and innuendo being spread by the sheriff's office, but I don't know anything about her disappearance."

Letter to the Editor

I am writing to bring to your attention a matter of utmost importance. Insects and Animals Against Being Eaten (IAABE) has begun monitoring the activities of those higher up on the food chain. Our newly hatched organization is protesting the consumption of our members by carnivores and omnivores.

The current suspicion of Forsythe Fox's involvement in the disappearance of Connie Quail is a case in point. Not only did one of our members witness Ms. Quail's unfortunate demise at the hands, er paws, of Mr. Fox, but Beauregard Buzzard was an accessory in the crime as he was seen with Quail feathers sticking out of his beak by Herbert Grasshopper. Unfortunately Mr. Grasshopper soon afterward went to his reward at the hands of this same blood thirsty Fox and is unavailable to testify.

Mr. Fox's crimes against lower order consumers don't end with Ms. Quail and Mr. Grasshopper. It includes the unfortunate Maurice Mouse's late brother-in-law Monroe, eaten as he returned home from his Wednesday night meeting of the Fraternal Order of Mice. He leaves a grieving widow and thirty-eight surviving children (this year).

These outrages must end! This carnage must be stopped! Carnivores repent! Your crimes will be avenged!

Sincerely,
Jerome Grasshopper,
President, IAABE

Excitement at Zoning Board Hearing

Faces of the Buzzard Gulch Zoning Board were red when it was recently learned that property zoned herbivore until recently was rezoned carnivore at the last Zoning Board hearing.

"I'm not sure what happened," sputtered Salvatore Squirrel, Board Chairman. "All I know was it was a regular meeting, nothing controversial on the agenda. The whole Zoning Board was present, Demetrius Deer, Russell Raccoon, Maurice Mouse and Vinnie the Vole. We had gotten to the refreshments portion of the meeting. I had just started on a nice juicy acorn, Demetrius was grazing on some grass, when suddenly there was a commotion at the door. In loped a couple of suspicious looking characters with a petition to rezone the den down at Carver's Creek from muskrat to wolf. Well, before we could vote down the petition, one of the wolves snapped up Maurice and Vinnie. At this point, things got a little confused and the next thing I knew Russell was sitting next to me on my branch."

Let me tell you," Chairman Squirrel continued, "this branch, ain't too many insects and crayfish lately, and has gained considerable weight don't you know. Well, anyhow, next thing I know the branch starts bending and snaps off. All I could see was the backside of Demetrius heading down the road with one of the wolves in hot pursuit and the other wolf waiting on the ground for me to land in front of him. That was the evilest looking smile I've ever seen on anyone's face. I'm still not sure what happened, I just remember Russell landing on the wolf's head and when the dust cleared, I was back up in my tree and I ain't seen Russell yet. I'm still not sure whether the rezoning petition was legal or not. There wasn't no quorum, you see after the wolves got there. Come to think of it, I don't think that I'm going to argue it with them!"

Society Page Doings

Mr. And Mrs. Beauregard Buzzard hosted a delightful evening of fine dining and entertainment at their palatial nest, Carrion Corners, on Tuesday last. Guest of honor and main course was the popular and recently deceased Pauline Possum.

"I enjoyed having her over for dinner," said Mr. Buzzard. It was only a matter of time before she was honoree."

Several of her friends and relations had warned her in recent weeks about her habit of wandering down to the highway and playing possum with the cars roaring by. "Guess her time had just come", her husband of several days Percival Possum sighed. "I'll miss the way she used to grin and hiss at me in the mornings and fall over when I jumped out at her and yelled boo! The dainty way she had of eating grubs, grasshoppers and other small insects. There will never be another Pauline"

