

What a beautiful day it was! The sun had woken shortly after six o'clock that morning and had now climbed steadily higher in the heavens to illuminate the world with hardly a cloud about to obscure its golden smile. Everywhere it looked it could see its own reflection twinkling back up at it in the winding rivers, the wide, lazy lakes, the infinite ocean, and in the windows of the town whose inhabitants were only just starting to realise that it was that most wonderful of days: Saturday.

As Helios urged his steeds onwards through the sky, his eyes fell upon a sleepy neighbourhood in the town's suburbs. One house in particular caught his interest, a house well-known amongst its neighbours and the wider populace for resembling an oversized garage more than a typical dwelling, for the only means of entering was through an electric roller door. No cars, tool boxes, or oil cans waited behind it however, instead a sparsely decorated living would be revealed with further exceptionally wide doorways leading onwards to a kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom. Folks new to town were often seen passing this most unusual of abodes with looks of bewilderment on their faces, yet one look at the lagomorph who inhabited the place answered all of their questions.

But for one aspect of his appearance, Nyil would not have been labelled as 'extraordinary'. He wasn't tall by any means, but neither was he particularly short. His markings were typical of what one would expect in a rabbit: mostly a pale brown but for his front and most of his face. His locks were dark and long enough to the bridge of his muzzle where a pair of square spectacles sat. This normality was not what most, if not all people first noticed about Nyil, however. No, their eyes went wide in shock (and perhaps awe) at the vastness of his bulk: roll upon roll of soft, blubbery flesh tumbled to the ground, leaving his arms and legs to protrude comically from the near-ceaselessly jiggling mass while his cheerful face sat in the centre of the sea of adipose, telling the world that his size was not something that bothered him in the slightest.

With a good deal of huffing, puffing, and the tell-tale sound of massive hips scraping another layer of paint from a doorway which was already looking a little worse for wear, Nyil arrived in the kitchen through whose windows streamed rays of sunlight which had pre-warmed the tiles across which his feet, belly, and rump slid.

One of the lower cupboard doors was pulled ajar as he shuffled closer to the counter to retrieve one of several grabbers that were scattered strategically about the house to make the fiercely independent rabbit's solo lifestyle possible. After giving the trigger a couple of test squeezes out of habit, he began to prepare his breakfast with practiced care. Moments after a flurry of clattering and several clicks, the smells of coffee and toasting bread filled the air, the sounds of the respective machines being accompanied by Nyil's efforts to retrieve the jar of his favourite fruit preserve – something which invariably resulted in several other items tumbling to the floor as his bulk attempted to squeeze into the pantry. The plight of those fallen comrades went unnoticed by the bunny, for he had discovered an escaped donut on one of the shelves and was now munching happily on it as he returned to the epicentre of breakfast-making, butter knife at the ready.

A few minutes later, Nyil was gazing out of the window as he indulged in his first of half a dozen slices of toast, his extra chins and neck rolls acting as a makeshift plate for those tasty morsels still to be consumed. The corners of his mouth disappeared into his chubby cheeks as he smiled, his eyes taking in the brilliantly blue sky and the leaves of the numerous trees in his lush neighbourhood fluttering in a gentle breeze; the perfect day for a trip out.

After polishing off the first three slices of toast and spilling a good deal of coffee over his chins, the big bunny cleaned up the worst of the mess before setting his phone before his mouth and speed dialling his neighbour.

"Mm'ello?" the gruff, slightly raspy voice of the bear next door growled out of the speaker.

"Brent!" Nyil exclaimed cheerily, spilling crumbs liberally over the phone's screen as he multi-tasked eating his next slice of toast, "You wouldn't happen to be heading into town today, would you?" Silence fell on the line, broken only by the sounds of chewing coming from the bunny's end.

"Mm'I might be," Brent replied eventually, "Hoping for a ride?"

"If you'd be so good, oh neighbour o' mine."

"Mm'I could...I'll need some persuading, though."

Despite the ursine's deadpan tone, a smirk formed itself on the bunny's pudgy features as he considered what price his neighbour might consider reasonable. "A new landscape for your living room wall?" he suggested in as off-hand a manner as he could.

Another pause which Nyil knew only too well was only there to tease him. "Deal."

The rabbit beamed. "Thank you! I just need to get ready."

"See you in about an hour, then," the grizzly responded, this time unable to keep all the amusement out of his voice. Scowling, Nyil brought the conversation to an unceremonious end with one tap of the end of his grabber.

Much like how what remained of the bunny's breakfast had disappeared between his pudgy cheeks, the debris that littered his chins, neck, and chest vanished down the drain along with an entire bottle's worth of body wash. Smelling as rosy as could be hoped, the task of making himself decent for the public followed.

With a grabber in each hand, Nyil began to dress himself. First a vast pair of underwear, then a pair of jeans too large to be given a size were dragged beneath his unfathomable frame by that pair of arm extenders that were so crucial to the lagomorph's independence. Despite a good deal of heavy breathing and grunting accompanying his efforts to manoeuvre the garments past, and then over his puddle-like paunch and ballooning behind, he accomplished his task with surprising ease, a testament to just how much practice he got in manipulating objects with those plastic hands; he was even able to buckle his belt himself with the assistance of the floor-to-ceiling, wall-to-wall mirror that dominated what little of his bedroom wasn't taken up by the vast mattress that was sunk into the floor for his ease of use. A shirt the size of a small marquee followed, wrapped around the ceaselessly shifting surface of Nyil's torso, then buttoned deftly by those extensions of his pudgy hands. While the outfit left more cream and brown flesh exposed than an entire swimsuit catalogue, it would be hard to argue that the bunny looked very presentable indeed in his black and navy ensemble, particularly for someone of such titanic proportions. He smiled at his reflection, his buck-toothed grin looking positively adorable between those squishy cheeks as he mentally patted himself on the back for a job well done, accomplished in only half an hour too!

The sound of a fist banging on his front door brought Nyil out of his reverie. Turning laboriously on the spot, knocking several carefully folded sweaters from their shelf with his rump in the process, he shuffled forward until he felt his belly settled atop (and only slightly overflowing) the dolly that so

eased his mobility. Onwards he then shuffled, the smallest of squeaks accompanying each ponderous step from the dolly's bad wheel until its complaints were drowned by the clatter of the roller door opening, activated by the pressure sensor on the floor just before it.

A shaft of brightest sunlight illuminated the bear stood in the driveway, waiting patiently beside his scarlet pick-up whose tailgate was down with a sturdy metal ramp bolted securely in place behind it. The smallest of smiles adorned Brent's features, his fur a rich, velvety brown and his arms, thick with muscle, crossed across his broad chest. He was beginning to show his age however, with flecks of grey liberally adorning his coat while a sizeable belly of his own was pushing insistently at the fabric of his once pearly white singlet.

"Gooooooooood morning, neighbour!" Nyil greeted the bear with a smile as warm as the golden rays that were making this particular Saturday so fine.

"Mmmornin'," replied Brent, stepping forward to fulfil his habitual role of logistics officer for the loading of lagomorphic cargo, "all set?"

Nyil nodded keenly, sending his chins a-quivering. "You bet!" he said brightly, patting his breast pocket which contained all that he needed for a trip out: his wallet, his phone, his keys, his collapsible sunshade and grabber, the book he was currently working his way through, and his tablet.

With a swift, acknowledging nod of his own, Brent began to guide the rabbit onto the ramp, pushing one side of the ocean of belly fat to keep it and its dolly on the straight-and-narrow, then hurrying to the other side of his massive neighbour to correct its course. Slowly, Nyil's gut crept up the ramp and onto the flatbed, his feet – which were providing all the impetus – following along behind, and finally his vast posterior. The transport space was far narrower than he was however, so the rabbit soon found his belly, hip, and butt fat spilling over the sides of the vehicle.

His slow trudge continued until his tummy could squash no more against and over the back of the truck's cab. He came to a halt, then felt the tailgate being forced into the pliable flesh his jeans contained. Knowing that his face, buried in his endless rolls as it was, would not be visible to the bear as he walked by to take up his post behind the wheel of the truck, Nyil waved one of his stubby arms in thanks, then clicked a button on his keyring which brought his front door clattering back to Earth. Within seconds, the truck had roared into life, sending great rolling waves through the literal tonnes of bunny loaded onto its back. The next thing he knew, they were bowling along the roads that led from their cosy suburb, through the centre of town that bustled even at the weekend, and on towards what was generally considered to be the scenic garden district of the settlement where Nyil so loved to spend days as beautiful as this one.

Naturally, the sight of someone so large as to need to be loaded onto the back of a truck being transported in precisely that manner drew a good deal of interest from those going about their weekend business. Being such a person, Nyil had grown used to the stares and muttered comments, so he merely sat there impassively, occasionally giving another of his little waves that caused the extra weight that hung from his arms to sway back and forth whenever he heard what he knew to be a friendly greeting.

Around twenty minutes after departing, and ten since the feeling of unyielding metal digging into his flesh on all sides had become a tad uncomfortable, they drew up at a spot with which both the bunny and his chauffeur were very familiar: it was the modest parking area adjacent to the city's largest park, a vast expanse of lush grass, trees and bushes of all manner of varieties, a large

playground for the young'uns, and a babbling river flowing through the middle of it which emptied into the wide, blue yonder at which point the great stretches of manicured lawn gave way to a thin band of golden sands.

Feeling as though he should have had hazard lights and a speaker screeching 'vehicle reversing' repeatedly, Nyil backed his way down the ramp with Brent's assistance. In the space of a few minutes, far fewer than it taken to get him onto the truck in the first place, the bunny could feel cool, slightly damp grass beneath his feet.

"Thank you so much, as always," Nyil said, smiling contentedly up at the grizzly as he detached the ramp and slid it back into its storage space beneath the flatbed.

The bear turned to him, also smiling in his own gruff manner. "Mm'any time. You just phone me when you want to head home."

Nyil nodded and, with the swiftness of an oil tanker, turned to meander his way to his favourite spot beneath a shady oak, close to the riverbank.

Once in situ, he retrieved his grabber, tablet, and stylus from his pocket and began scanning his surroundings for a worthy subject for him to give his artistic touch; as he had promised Brent a landscape, that was to be the first item on the agenda. Gazing along the length of the river as it wended its way between carpets of green and under quaint little bridges, Nyil's eyes alighted on the perfect vista: the babbling waters twisting between two bowed willows whose branches reached low enough for the leaves to tickle the sparkling surface below them, beyond which was a small arched bridge (a favourite spot for wedding photos) and the beach pavilion, set against a backdrop of the calm ocean stretching into infinity. Smiling to himself, he nudged his glasses a little more securely onto his muzzle, then began to sketch out the scene before him.

As it was a rare occasion indeed that such fine weather coincided with a day on which he had no commitments, Nyil was loathed to spend his entire day working on just one piece. As such, he allowed himself to get the general picture of the landscape onto his virtual canvas before snapping a photo of the view and moving onto something new.

Over the next few hours, the distant goings-on of a soccer match, a group of reposing picnickers, and a fox cub with his mother feeding a gaggle of eager ducks had all been immortalised in sketch form. These were followed by studies of several varieties of trees he could observe from his very stationary vantage point, along with a sparrow which was brave enough to perch on his vast expanse of belly for a brief while. All in all, a very successful and productive day, even if he did say so himself.

As evening began to fall with the quality of light becoming a much richer, redder gold, Nyil decided that it was time to pack up his things and shuffle to the establishment that had become his favourite location to cap off one of these idyllic days. While it was only a few hundred metres away from the comfortable spot he had occupied beneath the oak, that simple stroll to The Fish Hook seemed far more akin to an arduous trek to the immense lagomorph. Nevertheless, he huffed his way out of the park, along the sidewalk, and to the glass front of the restaurant.

One of the servers had seen his laborious approach and had hurried to greet him at the entrance. "Good evening, Mr. Hegedu! Time for a feast?" the dolphin greeted him cheerfully, a menu clutched to his waistcoated midriff.

"It certainly is, Andreas!" he replied just as brightly, his smile dimpling his cheeks, "Where would you like me to park myself?"

"Your usual spot would do just fine," Andreas confirmed, gesturing his vast patron around the corner to a space clear of tables which afforded the blob of a bunny a spectacular view of the sun gradually sinking towards the endless expanse of ocean which stretched to the horizon. Nyil duly followed those instructions, he and his dolly trundling into position on the paving stones which had had all day to be warmed by the sun's generous rays.

The dolphin knew from experience that a table was beyond not being needed in the case of this customer, it was downright absurd: there was ample space for dishes and place-settings on the rabbit's bountiful chest. With a gracious smile, he opened the menu to the first page and held it before the lagomorph's eyes for him to peruse. "May I?" he inquired, indicating that he wished to place his notepad on Nyil's capacious flab so that he could jot down his order without needing to deprive the bunny of a chance to further consider what was on offer. With permission granted, he began to recite the specials which were a seafood chowder and pan-fried monkfish.

"Oooh! I'll have both of those!" Nyil exclaimed enthusiastically before focusing his attention on what the regular menu had to offer. After a patient wait of several minutes, the cetacean departed with two pages of his notepad filled with dishes aimed to sate the largest appetite in town.

As experienced as Andreas was with how his visits to his favourite restaurant went, Nyil extracted the book he had brought along from his pocket to while away the time it would take for the fine team of chefs to prepare the veritable banquet he had requested. With a contented little sigh, he settled back as much as he could with his grabber clutching the next page to be turned and began to sink into the Celtic-inspired fantasy world which the author had, thus far, so beautifully painted despite having only twenty-six letters at his disposal.

It came as a slight shock, almost a disappointment, when the dolphin returned pushing a pair of familiar carts before him; the rabbit had become so immersed in the spellbinding storytelling (aided by the almost hypnotic sound of the waves breaking gently on the beach below) that Andreas' lack of fantasy garb was somewhat jarring. He quickly recovered himself however, slipping his book with the relevant page marked back into his pocket, but kept his grabber on hand for the cutlery which the cetacean was laying on his chest.

"So," began Andreas, stepping back towards the two food warmers, "what would you like first, sir?"

Nyil considered for a moment, each of the many dishes he could remember ordering flashing through his head as candidates for the role of curtain-raiser. Unable to decide on anything in particular, he just grinned at the dolphin and said, "Whatever comes out of the cabinet first!"

Andreas returned the pudgy-cheeked smile and extracted the first plate his hands found from the warmer. "I'll get you some water to wash that down, if you'd like," he suggested as he placed the hefty serving of breadcrumb cod and homemade fries on Nyil's pillowy chest, a placemat protecting his skin from the heat of the warm porcelain.

"Please!" came the affirmative exclamation, the well-used grabber picking up the waiting fork, ready to spear one of the morsels the kitchen staff had so helpfully pre-cut for the enormous rabbit on its tines.

As he would need to be on hand to deliver each successive dish to its prospective consumer's built-in table as required, Andreas lingered after he had returned with several pitchers of water. This hardly

proved a bother for either he or Nyil as they found sufficient subjects to discuss, not to mention the fact that the dolphin was getting paid simply for standing around, chatting, and dabbing the rabbit's mouth and chin with a napkin. He would occasionally excuse himself to show newly arrived patrons to their table, but never failed to return in time to provide the bunny with the next plate or bowl of the best and freshest offerings the ocean before them could muster to help fill Nyil's undoubtedly vast stomach.

At long last, with many stacks of dishes which had been all but licked clean by the vaguely rabbit-shaped puddle, Nyil set his fork down on the plate which had until recently borne a great mound of fettuccine served with an array of shellfish. Feeling pleasantly stuffed, he couldn't quite suppress a rich belch as Andreas approached to clear the 'table'.

"Can I tempt you with the dessert menu?" the dolphin asked as he gathered up the plate, cutlery, and placemat.

This prospect was considered briefly, the image of one particular sweet treat forming in the bunny's head. "Have you got any of that chocolate cake you had the other week?"

Andreas turned to peer through the glass that separated them from the main body of the restaurant, the light from the outdoor lamp hanging above him glinting on the smooth, rubbery skin of his bald pate. "I can see some in the cabinet, about two thirds of it left. I expect there's a fresh one in the back if you'd like some of that," he informed Nyil, glancing back towards the bunny inquiringly.

"I'll just take what's left of the one in the cabinet," Nyil answered, already starting to fish around in his pocket for his phone and wallet, "To go, if you could? A couple of slices in one box, the rest in another?"

"Of course," the dolphin assured, "and then the bill?"

He took the rabbit's head squishing down into his many chins to be an affirmative answer, duly hurrying back to the kitchen with the two warmer carts. After enlisting another of the wait staff to organise the cake, Andreas returned to show Nyil the extensive bill which, even with the generous discount they offered their most lucrative customer, still amounted to several hundred dollars. Unperturbed, the bunny handed his card over before starting to shuffle towards the carpark where he'd started his day out while his phone did its best to connect to Brent's.

"Mm'you ready to come home?" was the abruptly gruff start of the call.

"Please," Nyil answered, his words leaving his mouth with a huff and a puff since he was on the move, "I'm heading back to where you left me."

The sound of a car door slamming shut told the bunny that, not only would he not be waiting long to be picked up, he might even have needed to get a move on to reach the rendez-vous in time.

"Mm'on my way."

The line went dead just as Andreas returned with Nyil's card, and three cardboard cake boxes. "A little something from all of us," the dolphin told him with a wink. Suitably delighted with this gesture, the rabbit beamed as the boxes were balanced on his chest which would be a safe enough place for them on the way back to the parking lot. Giving Andreas and the restaurant at large a cheery wave, he shuffled as quickly as he could to the pick-up point.

Half an hour later, Nyil was backing his way down Brent's ramp once again, the only things illuminating their suburban street now were the street lamps, along with the assistance of the moon and the stars. As the bear approached his neighbour with the three cake boxes which had been sat on the passenger seat for safe keeping during their journey home and set them back on the bunny's chest, the enormous lagomorph did his best impression of shaking his head, his cheeks and chins wobbling in the process. "The little one is for you."

Looking slightly surprised, Brent retrieved the box in question and cracked it open. "Mm'thank ya very much. Kind of ya," he said in a low growl, "You enjoy your evening."

"You too!" Nyil called as he shuffled around, pressing a button on his keyring to regain access to his spacious abode.

As the door clattered shut behind him and he moseyed towards his fridge, he could hear Brent's truck rumbling the short distance back to his driveway. Yawning, he cut himself a slice of cake as a bedtime snack, placing next to it on his chest one of the gourmet donuts that proved to be in the mysterious second box he had been given. Looking content and replete, he retired to his room for the night, hoping to do it all again come the morning.