

George looked at his wife with a youthful and dopey grin, grasping her thumping leg before returning to a very puzzled looking man holding a for sale sign outside their car. "It's perfect."

Martha pulled the last of the boxes out their station wagon, setting it on the street with the others after peeking through its contents. Meanwhile, George brought them from the street into their new home. He made sure each one went to the proper room, and began setting up the essentials. The toaster found its new home by the oven, the pans were hung over the stove, the bathrooms stocked with toiletries, and the crib was assembled by their own king-sized bed. The young couple worked gleefully over the next week to break the place in and make it feel like home, even planting a garden. All the while they gushed about the growing bulge in Martha's abdomen and enjoyed the island weather. But something was starting to bug George, like a little itch in the back of his brain.

"Hey, dear- "

His wife looked up from her cereal, water dribbling from her twitching nose as she fumbled with a dry spoon.

"Are we out of milk?"

"No, it's in the fridge." She pointed with her toe and continued eating her Trix, licking up the ones that fell from her mouth onto the table.

"Ah," he responded, "never seen you eat cereal with water before."

"Oh, yeah, just thought I'd try something new." Her eyes shifted downward as he pulled up a chair and began pouring his own bowl, disregarding the photo albums and documents scattered on the table.

"How is it?"

She gave a thumbs down, nodding her head in satisfaction and offering him the soggy colorful mess. George shook the confused look off his face and scratched the back of his head before getting back up to grab the milk. It took him a little while to find the carton behind a stack of carrots, but he soon returned to his seat.

"Hey, you know, I was just thinking, we should call Dr. Oswald and tell him the good news?"

Her spoon clattered to the floor. "Oh, uh, I wouldn't want to bother him..." She reached down to retrieve the fallen utensil.

"But I just think he would be so excited for us, knowing that you're pregnant," he exclaimed, "I mean, he thought it was impossible. All the tests showed you to be sterile, but after just one session with this island's doctor," he mocked rubbing his own expanded belly, "well, look at that bump!"

Her gaze scanned the room, falling on the front door just beyond the dining room as she clutched the table and her breathing rate skyrocketed.

"Hey now, no need to be nervous. You're going to make a great mother." George smiled. He really had the best wife in the world, though he didn't remember her ears being quite so long. "You know; I was so excited I never actually asked; what did Dr. Moreau actually do to make you fertile again?"

He didn't get an answer though, as she bolted from the dining room and out the front door, a little cotton tail bouncing behind her. George chuckled, she always was pretty excitable he told himself. "I swear; you'd think she was part rabbit or something." It wasn't long before he got up to walk around the island looking for his wife.