

## BUNNIES AT THE ZOO

San Francisco Zoo visit. Our first time there with our two four-year old granddaughters.

We made our way after an enlightening pachyderm demonstration, across past the penguins' domicile, and into the Big Cat house, just in time for the daily public feeding of the lions and tigers. Inside we wedged, kiddies-akimbo, into an anxious and packed crowd, squinching and rubbing to get close to the action in the central viewing area, awaiting the cats' entrance into their small individual caged areas surrounding the perimeter.

The cats entered. Oooos and aahhhs from assembled oglers. Simba roars, the crowd surges away from the raw display of naked bestial hunger. More oooooos.

Gad! You could actually smell their hoary carnivorous breath! Which is one reason I'm not too fond of crowds in the first place.

So, here we were a couple of days after Easter, and \_what\_ do these cats get "tossed at 'em" for lunch? That's right! Bunnies! Fuzzy white bunnies! My mind raced for an apt jab, but I was too taken with the now mildly chaotic scene to issue comment.

The immediate crowd reaction kinda reminded me of the bubbles in a glass of Guinness going two ways all at once. The eager pressed forward even as the faint flagged. The animal noises that echoed in that big cement room were downright nauseating. Fortunately it didn't seem to effect the big cats any. They all just lolled calmly quiet, save for the odd popping and crunching of their fair hare fare.

Women hid children's eyes. One gentle soul didn't make the exit before emesis. I could only wonder, as I watched the crowd thin to a fraction of its former friction, as to what the expectations of those fleeing might have been regarding the feed of large carnivores.

What I found interesting was most of the cats ate everything, even the fur. All but the feet! Like, from the little bunny-knee on down.

On the way out we stopped at the zoo store to check in the stroller, and I decided to look around for what I thought would be an \*obvious\* good selling take-home-a-memory item, but no. Not a "good luck" rabbit foot in the place. If y'ask me, they're missing a real bet there.

-end-