

Shinchilla & Pork Bun

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In the land of bunnies and polka dots, there lived Pork Bun.
He was quite small and very round.
All the jumping mushrooms liked to pick on him.
Pork Bun was a funny little creature.
He was wide; oval shaped, and had black hair.
But he had no legs or hands.
He would have to bounce from one blue polka dot to another.
No one liked him either.
The jumping mushrooms made fun of his shape.
They had never before seen something so wide.
He was content with being picked on.
Until one day, he met Shinchilla.



Pork Bun still remembered their first meeting.
It was on a sunny day when all the pink bunnies came out to play.
There he was in the middle of the green polka dot patch.
As usual, he was hiding from the mean jumping mushrooms.
Then he heard a loud “eeee” coming from the other end.

“That couldn’t be the mushrooms,” he said to himself.
Jumping mushrooms usually made a loud thump sound.
Everyone knew that.
But nothing usually went “eeee” in the land of bunnies and polka dots.
“I want to go see what it is,” he said wondering to the other end.

"Eeeeeeeee!"

Pork Bun was getting close.

He hid behind a triangle rock.

He peeked out and there he saw an odd shaped creature.

This animal was twice as big as him.

And he had legs and hands, really small ones.

He had a really big head with an apple hat.



"Shinchilla, stop playing around."

The little creature turned his head.

Suddenly, a watermelon head popped out of nowhere.

"Meantaro, I'm not doing anything bad," Shinchilla replied.

"All you ever do is play. You need to grow up."

"Wahh you're mean, Meantaro." Shinchilla cried.



Pork Bun was too focused in on that conversation.
He didn't realize that he was losing his balance.
Within seconds, he fell hard on his face.
"Eeeee... eeeee... eeeeeeee."
It was getting louder and louder.
And then he saw footsteps within a foot away from his face.
"You're funny," Shinchilla replied.

Pork Bun was so embarrassed.
He tried to get back up but that was hard to do.
Oh how, he wished he had legs.
But then he felt a pair of hands lift him up and set him on the ground.
"Thanks," he replied
"No problem..." Shinchilla began to say before he was rudely interrupted.
"Don't play with lowly animals. We have to go." Meantaro yelled.
Shinchilla rolled his big eyes.
"Help me get rid of him?" He whispered to Pork Bun.

Pork Bun didn't see any harm in helping Shinchilla.
He agreed and quickly whistled loudly.
Shinchilla scratched his head in confusion.
In the land of bunnies and polka dots, whistling called out to jumping mushrooms.
It was a sign of communication for them.
When one whistled, jumping mushrooms near and far would gather to that very spot.

Just like that, there was a very loud thumping sound heading towards them.
Shinchilla and Pork Bun watched as Meantaro quivered.
Watermelons were never fond of jumping mushrooms.
No one knows why.
"Shinchilla, I'm gonna go now. You can get back on your own, right?" Meantaro
asked.
Shinchilla nodded and with that Meantaro was gone.

Pork Bun and Shinchilla laughed.
But then Pork Bun grew silent.
He had finally realized his mistake.
Too bad, they were completely surrounded by jumping mushrooms.

"We found you little Porkie," they all said in unison. "It's over for you."
"You're so tiny." The fat one said.
"You have no feet." The skinny one continued.
"You can never be one of us." The wide one replied.
Pork Bun didn't know what to say.
He was trying so hard not to cry in front of Shinchilla.



"I don't get it." Shinchilla blurted.
All mushroom eyes turned towards him.
Pork Bun shook his head to get Shinchilla to stop.
But he didn't get the message.
"And who are you?" the jumping mushrooms asked in unison.
"I'm Shinchilla and I like to play a lot."
"So what don't you get?" the skinny one replied.
"You guys can't pick on him. You don't have feet either and you're tiny too."
All the jumping mushrooms gasped.
No one had ever dared to utter such words to them.
"Do you know the consequences for badmouthing us?" the fat one asked.
"I don't care," Shinchilla replied.
"Well you better, you're now our newest target", the wide one replied.
"Eeee, you're cute." Shinchilla said poking each one.

The jumping mushrooms were all afraid of him.
They had never met anything that was bigger than them.
Shinchilla started pinching the fat one, he squeezed the little one, and the wide one was poked to death.
Once he let them go, they all ran for the purple hills.

Pork Bun was amazed by this.
No one had ever defended him before.

“Why did you do that?”

Shinchilla laughed and patted him. “You’re my friend. It’s the right thing to do.”

“But you barely know me. You don’t even know my name.”

“That doesn’t matter. You helped me out earlier and I had to return your kindness.” Shinchilla replied. “But it would be good to know your name.”

“I’m Pork Bun.”

And from that day forward, Pork Bun and Shinchilla were the best of friends.

One could always hear them going “eeeeeee” everywhere.

As for the jumping mushrooms, they still picked on Pork Bun.

But he doesn’t let it get to him anymore.

He longer quivered in front of them because he had his best friend with him.

However the jumping mushrooms never said anything to Shinchilla.

They were afraid that he might play with them again.

