

# PETER RABBIT TANK KILLER



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'The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin' and  
'SS Death Bastard Regiment'*



ONCE upon a time, there were four little rabbits, Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter. They lived with their mother, old Mrs Rabbit, in a warren which looked – to an unaccustomed eye – rather like the lice-infested trenches of World War One.

One day, Peter's mother said, 'I am going to market to sell my mittens.

'You may all play in the wood if you wish but, Peter, you and your naughty cousin Benjamin Bunny are not to antagonise Mr McGregor nor blow up any Panzer tanks today.'

And with that, she left in a swish-swosh-swish of rustling skirts.

But oh! That Peter was a naughty rabbit!

No sooner had his mother left than he dressed for combat and hopped down to the end of the lane to rendezvous with his cousin Benjamin.

As the two young rabbits exchanged their fulsome greetings, they suddenly became aware of a mighty a-clinking and a-clanking coming up the road!

Their little hearts all a-flutter, they peered judiciously around the corner.



AND what do you think the two naughty young rabbits saw when they peeped out?

Mr McGregor in a Mk II Tiger tank with traversable 88mm howitzer and two forward mounted 7.62mm machine guns!

'Be quick and fetch the *Panzerfaust* anti-tank gun from Tom Kitten!' whispered Benjamin.

So Peter went lipperty-lipperty all the way to Tom Kitten's house.

'Quick!' Peter implored him. 'Lend me your *Panzerfaust*, for Mr McGregor has a Tiger Tank and will surely blast us all into bloody shards of flesh, bone and sinewy pulp if we are not most circumspect!'

Tom Kitten gave Peter his anti-tank gun willingly, for Mr McGregor had scolded him once. But by the time Peter returned to his cousin, Mr McGregor had driven on up the road and opened fire on Jemima Puddleduck, killing her instantly.

'Thank goodness you were not the least tardy!' cried Benjamin, as the turret of Mr McGregor's tank slowly turned towards the humble abode of Mrs Tiggy-Winkle. 'Waste the fucker!'



PETER steadied the bazooka on his shoulder and squinted one beady little rabbit eye down the sights.

Now, rabbits eat lots of carrots, and every child knows that carrots do your eyesight a power of good, so of course Peter did not miss.

Whoomph! Ka-Wooooommmbbb! The AP shell from the *Panzerfaust* slammed square into the cowling of the Tiger's twin bank Mayback HL 700hp engines, sending fuel cascading absolutely everywhere!

'Take that for putting my father in a pie, you four-eyed Scots bastard!' exalted Peter and gave a little rabbit hop for joy.

But, oh dear! Mr McGregor was trapped in the hatch of his burning panzer tank and was a-hollering and a-screaming fit to burst!

'Kill me, please!' he requested of the rabbits. 'For I am trapped and sorely afraid that I shall slowly burn to death from the legs upwards!'

Benjamin Bunny raised his *Schmeisser* and pumped a full magazine into the distressed Mr McGregor's head, thereby solving the pretty little pickle they had found themselves in!



All of a sudden, another hatch opened and who should fly out but Mr McGregor's cat!

Now, Benjamin's father had no opinion whatever of cats, but Benjamin was shit-scared of them and would have most surely voided himself in his attire had not the cat been one huge ball of flame and surely demising.

When Mr McGregor's cat rattled and lay still, the two little rabbits exchanged salutes, promised solemnly to meet again next Thursday and then hurried back to their respective domiciles.

Oh dear! Old Mrs Rabbit was distraught in the extreme when she learned what her naughty son Peter had been about.

'How many times have I told you about blowing up tanks!' she chided. 'You are a naughty, wicked rabbit!'

Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail, who had not assaulted any armoured vehicles, were rewarded with fresh lettuce and carrots and radishes, but Peter was sent to bed without any supper.

But then, who wants to eat that rabbit food shit anyway?

**'THE END**