>Waltz with Bunnelope, a nice slow dance  
>Waltz is a good start.  
>A waltz sounds very nobly!

Deer: "Oh! How about we do the waltz? It's a very nice, slow dance."

Fox: "A slow dance? How fancy!"

Bunelope: "And easy to learn! Please make sure to pay attention though."

I get up with Bunelope and we hold each other's arms.

Bunelope: "Maestra, music please!"

Fox: "Do I look like I play an instrument?"

Bunelope: "Oh, sorry. Force of habit."

We slowly go through the motions and explain the few simples steps in the waltz. After a few takes, Miss Fox claps and cheers.

Fox: "Very elegant deeries! So regal!"

We sit down as she pours a bowl of her radish stew. She looks at us nervously.

Fox: "I-hm... I'm sorry it's all I have prepared. I don't suppose you'd want any, would you?"

Bunelope takes a whiff and makes an interesting show of distaste.

Bunelope: "Sorry, but I think whatever radishes you used went bad."

Fox: "Oh? Well, perhaps you've had your fill tonight anyway."

Next she offers me a bowl as well. I have to agree with Bunelope, it doesn't smell very good.

>How does an obligate carnivore that wants to be ethical uh, manage things??  
>notice the smell of meat and see some of the chunks of meat in it.

Oooh. Oh no! There [i]is[/i] little meat chunks! Oh poor miss fox must feel so embarrassed only having food for carnivores. She's been so nice and helpful to us today too. There's gotta be something I can say or do to make her feel better? Dinner alone is never fun after all.