

Rabbit's first performance at the Antelope's club was well-attended. The crowd was much different than the one he had grown used to at the Sloth's. There were a lot of younger animals here. Everyone seemed much friendlier. Everyone seemed excited to be here. No one ever seemed excited to be at the Sloth's.



The dressing room was a small utility closet with a mirror. From time to time the cocktail waitress would knock on the door and ask Rabbit if needed anything. She brought him drinks, but would never take his money. She was older than everyone else at the club. She was rough to look at up close, but had no problems attracting intoxicated males. Rabbit hadn't reached that point of intoxication yet, but he could understand the appeal.

The time came to perform.

