



The Greenhouse Rescue

By assid a



New Prague looked friendly most days —colorful houses, quiet streets, and a baseball field where kids played until the lights blinked off. But at one far corner of that field, the trees grew close together, and at night, that corner looked a little too dark, a little too whispery.



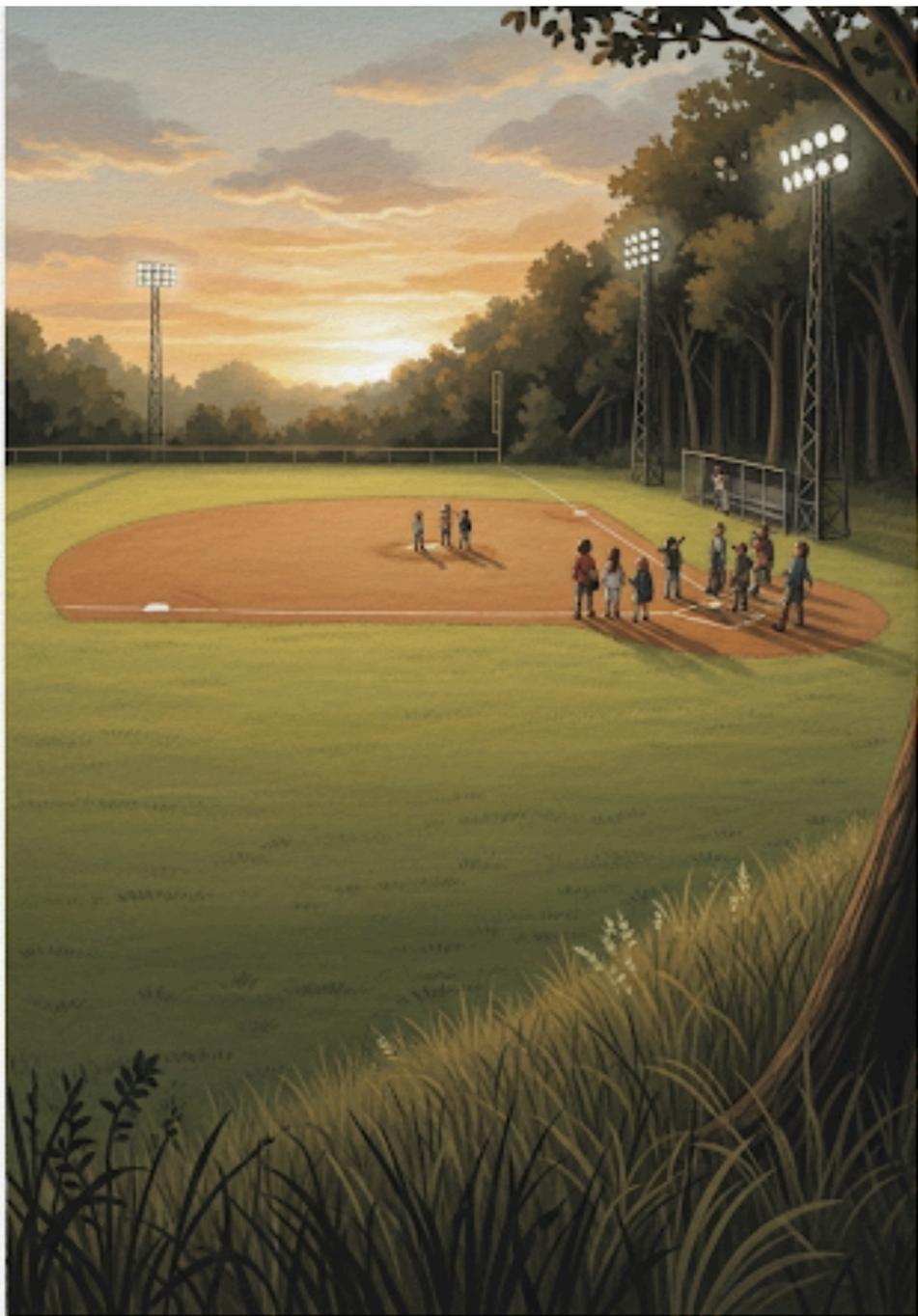
Right across from the field lived Peanut, the smallest Chihuahua in the whole neighborhood. He belonged to twin sisters, Mia and Miri, who loved him like a third sibling.



Peanut might have been small, but his heart was loud, and so was his bark, especially when Miri joined their games.



Behind their house, Mia and Miri's parents kept a greenhouse. Glass walls, dripping leaves, neat rows of plants, and the warm smell of wet soil. Peanut loved to peek inside, weaving between flower pots like he was exploring a tiny jungle.



As the sun slid down, the last baseball game ended. Kids grabbed their bats, parents called from cars, and the field lights snapped off with a loud click. The bright diamond turned into a flat gray shape, and the far corner—the wooded one—melted into shadow.



Most people never looked twice at that corner. It was just trees and grass and old fence posts. But some nights, if you stared long enough, you might see eyes. Not human eyes. Not friendly either. Something wild watched from there, waiting for streets to empty.



That evening, Mia and Miri decided to water the plants before bed. Peanut trotted with them into the greenhouse, nails tapping on the stone floor.



The twins hummed and whispered and took turns with the watering can, not noticing how quickly the sky was losing its light.



When the last plant was watered and the can was empty, the girls hurried back to the house. “Goodnight, greenhouse,” Mia said, closing the door. Peanut bounced up to follow—but they had already turned away. The latch clicked shut, and Peanut found himself alone inside, surrounded by plants and glass and growing shadows.



Night settled in, soft but deep. The house glowed warm. The greenhouse glimmered faintly. Across the street, the baseball field lay silent. From the far, woody corner, a coyote slid out of the trees, paws silent on the dirt, nose lifted to catch the smells of town.



The coyote trotted across the empty street, tail low, eyes sharp. It smelled something small and alive—a tiny dog, trapped in a glass room, separated from the house by just a patch of grass. Inside, Peanut felt the prickle of danger and froze, his big ears straining for every sound.



The coyote reached the greenhouse and began to circle, its long nose bumping against the glass, breath fogging the panels. Peanut backed into the rows of pots, his bark switching from brave to panicked. The sound bounced around the greenhouse, tiny but desperate.



Not far away, near the shadowy corner of the field, another shape moved. Short legs. Heavy shoulders. A body built low to the ground, like a small tank in fur. The honey badger was making his rounds again, checking the blocks he knew, the animals he quietly claimed as “his.”



He heard Peanut's tiny, echoing bark and stopped. That wasn't a normal "someone's walking by" bark. That was tight, sharp, scared. The badger lifted his head and spotted the greenhouse, the nervous shadows inside...and the lean shape circling it like a hungry storm.



The honey badger did not hurry often. But when he did, the ground felt it. He launched across the grass toward the yard, paws thudding, claws tearing little grooves in the soil. The coyote's ears twitched at the sound. It turned, annoyed—expecting another scared house pet. What it saw instead was a badger with no fear at all, coming straight for it.



They met beside the greenhouse wall—
one tall and lean, the other short and
solid. The coyote curled its lip,
growling low. The honey badger didn't
flinch. He stood like a block of stone
with claws, eyes saying clearly: "Not
this yard. Not this dog."

There was no long battle. There didn't need to be. The badger lunged once, snapping and roaring so fiercely that the coyote's courage simply cracked. With a startled yelp, it spun and bolted back toward the dark corner of the field, tail tucked low.



The honey badger stayed until the shadows swallowed it. Only then did he turn to the greenhouse, where Peanut stood shaking but safe, staring back with huge, shining eyes at his unexpected guardian.