>We’ve solved on problem. Let’s use it to solve another.   
>Look at me. I’m the captain now.  
>Convert the defeated captain Shadow of Mordor style so she and her troops obey you unconditionally.

“One problem down, one to go. As winner of this duel I declare myself the new captain.”

Ex-fox Captain: “What!”

“You heard me. I’m taking over this mission. We’re doing it my way now, and my way involves my farm not getting blasted to bits. All troops! Gather around!”

>You can come back pretending to be victorious with whatever evidence would be most convincing, and thus lure the rabbits into a false sense of security. Eventually you can signal the soldiers to sneak in and take them out quiet-like.

I explain the plan to my new army of mercenaries. I get many nods of agreement.

I arrive back at the farm and declare my victory to Grande Marshall Bunelope.

Grande Marshall Bunelope: “We’re sure lucky to have you on our side, farmer. We’re entirely out of ammo and resources at this point. We couldn’t have done it without you!”

I look around at the bullet holes and damaged buildings. Crops either half eaten or squashed. Anger and bottomless despair fills my thoughts with this sight for sore eyes.

Grande Marshall Bunelope: “W-what’s with that look?”

“Find your salvation elsewhere, Grande Marshall. We are done here.”

I give the signal and the mercenaries open fire on the rabbits.

Gardening in the first few weeks of spring never has been easy…