

A Rabbit's Life

By: Vera S. Despain

"AHHHH!" all I saw was blood everywhere. I knew that everyone was gone. This is where my journey begins. My burrow seemed too quiet that day. My fear let me hear every little sound. My parents dug the burrow for their home and kits, but now it is empty. They had one kit, me. I'm now three months old, that's how long they had me. Silver, the cottontail rabbit, silver fur and blue eyes. Now I am leaving the warren forever because if I stay the nightmares will haunt me forever.

Green grassy plains that are lit by bright shining sunlight. Woods on each side, dark and dreary. Hopping by day, resting by night. Looking for a new home to stay at, to depend on the rabbits who live there. None.

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The night was black, so dark I could barely see my surroundings. My ears picked up every sound around me, aware of danger, ready to tell me if I needed to bolt. I stayed up from fear, at least I was resting, getting ready to run again. The fear I held was magnifying the sounds I heard. Every little sound scared me, brought me back to the nightmare I held inside. Where I was alone, lost, and scared.

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When the sun filled the sky, I raced out of the woods. I wanted to get away from the terrors of the night. Even though I was running free with the wind I still had those terrors, haunting me and dragging me down. They were chasing me and I couldn't escape. I held my nose up in the air. Waves of scent traveled toward me, grass, plants, and...rabbits. Hope.

I'd only been running for eight days. Was this a new home? I approached slowly, afraid. I stopped in a grove of trees where I could see the rabbits frolicking around playfully. They probably won't want me. Who would want a lone rabbit with no family? Maybe me.

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The breeze tickled my fur. It seemed to dance around telling me to get up. My nose picked up the scent of fresh grass and rabbits approaching. As they got closer fear enveloped me in a tight

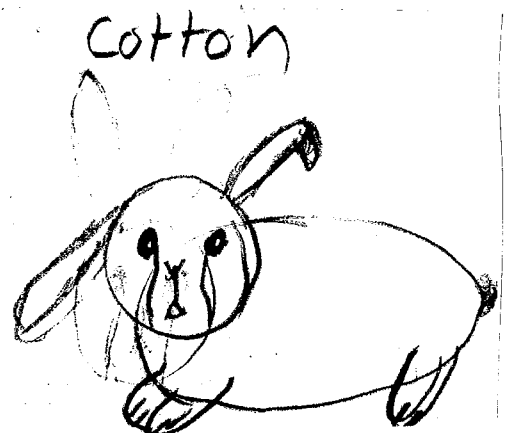
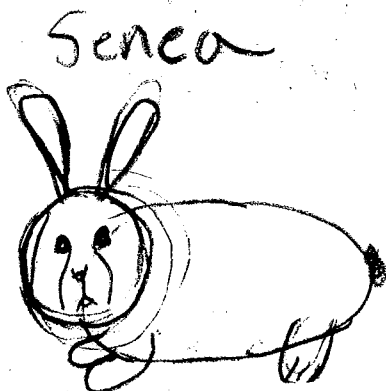
pocket of worry. It was like a prison closing in on me. I heard the rabbits happily hopping toward me. As I saw the tip of one rabbit's ear, I got ready to bolt. Then I heard the friendly voice of one of them, "It's okay, we're here to invite you to come and meet the rest of us." I relaxed a bit, and crawled out slowly, aware of any danger that might be present. No danger. I saw two rabbits with bright smiling faces. One was a brown cottontail rabbit with brown eyes, she continued, "My name is Seneca and I am eight years old." The other one was a gray cottontail rabbit with green eyes. He declared, "I'm Cotton and I'm nine years old. Come and meet the rest of us."

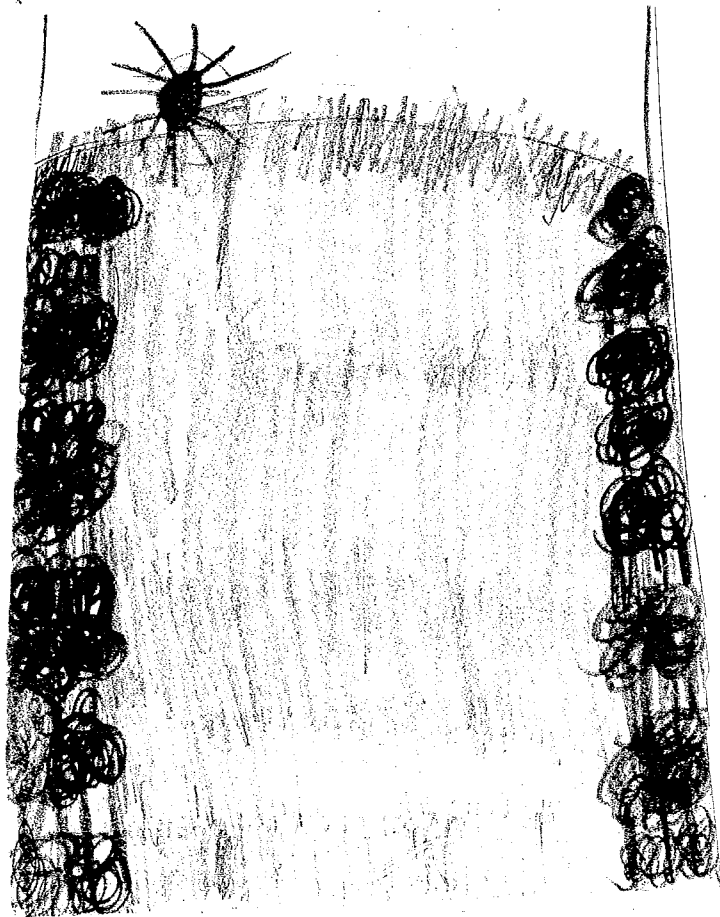
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The rabbits seemed nice enough. We then went into the warren. If you are a rabbit and other rabbits let you come into their warren that's a huge compliment, or they want you to live with them. The warren was full of space, and a good place to live. I was surprised that they had actually made it. Then I went to feed. As I grazed in the lush grass, Seneca and Cotton came over. They questioned me about why I was traveling alone without my group. So I told them. Everything.

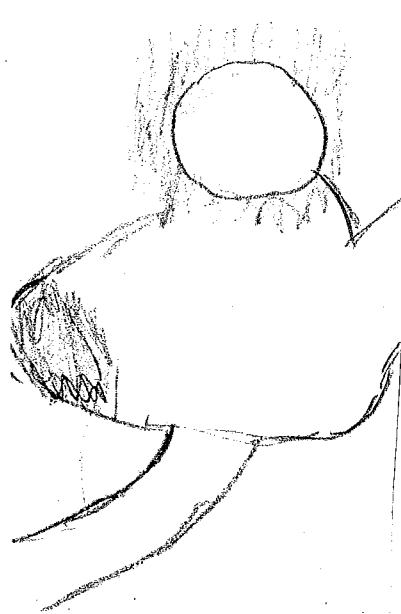
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That was three years ago. I still remember those days. From leaving, to running each day, to meeting my new group, to living with my new caretakers, Seneca and Cotton. That was then, now I have a new life. That is my story.





Burrow Row



Warren

