

## Lap Rabbit

**Margaux**

**10/20/15**

He looked so elegant, seemed so friendly and soft, so touchable. He was just so beautiful. I never thought such a beautiful life would end in such excruciating heartbreaking agony; The kind of agony that never leaves you, no matter how much healing time you have, no matter how many new, elegant, creatures you have to distract you, you will always have that feeling of agony trailing behind you.

I found him in the yard of the music house. With sounds of peaceful music emanating from baby grand. Music spilling out of every cracked window, and open door. I waited for my turn with the baby grand while playing in the front yard, following the rabbit. He eventually tired himself out, and flopped down under a tree in the dirt. I sat down and stared at him for a while, admiring his pure, bleached-white coat, and thinking to myself, "I've never seen such a white rabbit." His eyes were the colour of maraschino cherries.

I began to crawl toward him very, very slowly because I didn't want to scare him. Eventually, I was an arms length of the rabbit, and when I extended my hand out as far as I could, I barely grazed the spot between his ears. I crawled even closer, until I didn't have to extend my arm, and finally got the point to where I could touch his head with my whole hand.

It was my turn with the baby grand. As I approached the door to the music house the sounds of peaceful music grew louder, until I sat down at the baby's bench. The once peaceful notes accelerated into thunder bangs of clashing random keys together; it was music dyslexia.

My lesson was over and the music house fell into silence. At last I left and confronted my father about the pure white rabbit flopped under the tree. He told me to get a box. We chased the rabbit around the front of the music house for a good hour, before we managed to catch him and contain him into the box. I climbed into Dad's pickup truck as and he set the box on my lap.

On our way home Dad told me I couldn't keep him. I was just to be his foster-mom for the time being. I knew Dad was going to say that. I pretended I understood and held in my tears. I waited until I put the rabbit in a clean cage with water and carrots, and went up to my room to mourn in the devastation of my 'soon to be gone' rabbit friend.

First, days went by, then weeks, then months. It was time to say goodbye, but the rabbit wasn't the one leaving. It was me. I was the one who was going to leave *him* to mourn his absent human friend. I was gone for two months, returning March 1st 2014. Ten days later he left me and my loss was realized.

I remember I came home from school, and went over to check on him. I saw that the left side of his body was trailing pitifully behind his right side. Something told me I should be with him, so I took him out of his cage and set him on my chest so he could hear my heartbeat. I accidentally fell asleep with him on my chest and awoke in panic because I thought I may have accidentally hurt him in my sleep, but he was no worse than before. I put him back in his cage and went downstairs to ask my dad to take a look at him. Dad examined his walk and waited until I asked what was wrong to tell me the truth. He said he was dying.

I took him out of his cage again, set him on my lap, and waited for him to pass, petting him as gently as I could because I didn't want to make his death come earlier than it was meant

to. Two silent hours before he let out two screams of misery and pain. All I could think of afterwards was how grateful I was that he waited for me to be with him when he left me. That night, I kept having dreams that the sound of his rabbit screams were all I could say ...that I couldn't say words, only cries of death.