



Blue Jeans and Rubber Boots

By *Susan Schaefer*

What's Up Doc?

As it is officially the year of the rabbit, I thought this little story might be appropriate to share.

Spring time on the farm meant my dad would be out in the field turning over the soil and getting ready for planting his crop. He would sometimes come across a lost little field bunny who had been abandoned. He'd bring home these little varmints, and I would patiently try to bring them back to health.



I fondly remember Peter, a rabbit that became part of our family. As Peter was nursed back to health he was allowed in the house. Peter would hop around the living room. On one particular panic stricken day, I could not find Peter, but with a thorough search and a few tears, I found him safe and sound curled up having a nap in my sweater drawer.

As Peter grew, he was banished from the house into a rabbit apartment that my dad constructed for him. In the early fall we let Peter loose to do whatever rabbits did. Even though he was free to roam, he still returned in the evenings as he had a roof over his head and was getting regular meals. We had him for several years if memory serves me. He was a really good boy.

Fast forward and I was living in Edmonton. I had returned home for holidays. One of my younger nephews was visiting my aunt and uncle's farm. Wouldn't you know it, but he found himself a small field rabbit.

When it was time for me to return to work, my aunt asked me to escort my cousin back to Edmonton by plane, so he wouldn't be travelling by himself. Not wanting to leave his now pet bunny behind, we decided to sneak him on the plane. We build a little cardboard box to stuff him in, big enough to be comfortable, but not too big that he would kick or hop around. We put the box into my cousin's backpack. At the

airport everything went smoothly as his backpack/bunny went through security. As we took our seats the stewardess came up to talk to us. "Busted!" She asked us to switch seats with each other, as we were at an exit row and my cousin was too young to sit there. Phew that was close. Every now and then, we would check on the rabbit. Just imagine if it would have gotten out of the box and ran around the plane? What mayhem! I won't mention which airline this was, as I'm not sure what the statute of limitations would be.

I recently asked my aunt if she remembered this grand adventure. "Oh yes", she did. She still remembers her son getting off the plane with this ear to ear grin on his face, as his backpack was making a scratching noise. The rabbit had enough of air travel and wanted out!!

They took that bunny home and had him in the house until he started eating the fringe off her sofa. He was then banished to the garage. Their cat just had kittens and would let him nurse, if you can believe that! One day someone left the garage door open and the prairie bunny was no more.

Nowadays I don't have much fondness for rabbits, as they tend to nibble on my plants and burrow in my garden. But I don't mind nibbling on the ears of a chocolate bunny. Happy Easter!