

RABBIT HOLE TO HELL

By Helen Spisak

ALWAYS wanted a dog, did I.

So, my parents brought home a rabbit for my Spring birthday.

But they did not see me cry.

Dogs give you unconditional love; they fetch and adore belly rubs.

Snowy - my pink-eyed, white bunny from hell.

Only kicked and scratched my fingers well.

My Dad built the devil pet a large cage-pen.

So, the rabbit could hop around and eat the grass.

This just produced strong-smelling piss from its ever-pooping arse.

My Dad is East European, and one dinnertime he suddenly mentioned:

That back in his Slovak Village they often had rabbit stew.

And very tasty with paprika and thyme it was too.

Well Spring was over, and we had a hot Summer.

Our fine-furred, buck-toothed, chewing Anti-Christ -

Was digging lots of shallow pits.

Creating mini dust storms in the hot winds.

Confusing the butterflies and bees on their regular nectar trips.

Did you know that rabbits' claws keep on growing and so do their teeth?

No? Well nor did my parents.

They failed to take Snowy to the vets to be pruned of feet.

One day I went inside our garden shed, the home of my rabbit fiend.

But he was not there and no hutch either – I was feeling quite relieved.

No white hoppityness could I find in the garden neither.

Did a very brave fox steal him in the night? And now he's DEAD?

I slowly went inside the house to tell my parents of our sad loss with dread.

They looked across from each other and my Mum spoke in a gentle hush.

Snowy escaped and was found a few houses up the road from us.

There was a little girl there and she has fallen in love and made such a fuss.

My Dad chipped in saying; that I never really liked Snowy and that I hardly bothered to clean its hutch.

So, we thought it best to let the little girl keep him, as she loves him very much.

No dog for me that Christmas year.

But instead; a new shiny red and silver bike.

Best of all - It does not kick and scratch and induce me with fear.

It is called a Pony, which I rather like.