

When I was about 11 years old. I was at Al Oeming's farm east of Edmonton, which was a large game farm with wildlife from all over the world. Just before the entrance gate, I noticed a little pen with a cute little bunny in it. Its little nose wiggled at me as if to say, take me home.

"Please can I have the rabbit?" I asked Dad.

"Not now, we don't have any place to keep it."

About three weeks later Dad came home to our farm with two bunnies. I was elated and excited to make a home for them. We put them in a little red shed where I scattered a bale of straw on the floor to keep them warm and had a little dish of water.

They were cute, but not cuddly like my cat. It took a while for them to get used to me. When I opened the door of the shed they scattered to the corner. I brought them grass, lettuce and carrot peelings. They hesitated to come out of the corner, but eventually, they hopped toward the food. They reached for a blade of grass, and when they started eating the blade got shorter and shorter until it disappeared into their mouth. Then they would take another blade. After they had eaten for some time, I reached out and pet one. Its ears went flat against its back until it relaxed a bit and they started to come up. I wanted to pick it up, but I had to get hold of its back feet. This took two hands, one to reach over its back to grab the feet and the other to reach under its stomach to hold the front feet and then bring the rabbit close to my body. I had to be very coordinated and quick, otherwise, a free foot would scratch me and the rabbit would get away. Its nails were sharp and its legs were strong. At first, the rabbit didn't like it but once I sat down in the straw it settled down. I let my hand go off its front feet so I could pet it.

Mom was often late coming home from school and I was in the house alone. I decided to bring one of the rabbits into the house for company. Mom hated pets in the house, but I was confident that she wouldn't find out. Our lane was long so I could see her coming.

I carried it gently to the house and give it something to eat. By this time it was pretty tame, so I put him down on the floor. It didn't like the smooth surface of the linoleum at first, but once it slowed down it could manoeuver more easily. It was curious and hopped around under the piano stool, past the couch, and under the dining room table. It had the house and seemed to be enjoying its freedom.

As I started doing some kitchen chores before Mom came home, I heard her car. Oh, Oh. I had to get the rabbit out. But where was it? I searched the bedrooms, under the bed. No rabbit. I started to panic. I saw a little white tail move by the bathroom door. The bathroom was small, so I closed the door and I quickly picked it up and ran out the back door to the shed and let the poor frightened rabbit go to join its friend.

"Hi, Mom," I said as I came back into the house.

"Hi, dear," Mom said as she put down her large briefcase of marking she would have to complete that evening. She started to take off her coat.

I thought I should check around to see any evidence of the rabbit. I rounded the corner to the bathroom and saw little pellets on the floor. I got a tissue and picked them up. As I went into the dining room, there were more pellets. Mom had better not see them. I searched everywhere the rabbit had been and picked up the pellets. I had gotten away with it.