

The Unlucky Rabbit

Three weeks after the baby rabbit was born, he poked his head out from under the bayberry bush where he had stayed hidden. His mother told him it was time to be out on his own. He looked around carefully. The green lawn looked scrumptious with new tulips coming up along the border. Life was looking good and he was content.

One day his mother brought a postcard home from their country cousin inviting them to visit. A simple message was scrawled across the back: You'll be surprised at all the treats you can find growing in the woods.

His mother urged him to come along. "The farm dog will leave you alone, not like these city dogs who think just because they pee and poop all over we're part of their territory and fair game."

He replied, "Thanks, no thanks. It's too far to travel and I like it here. No reason to go anywhere else."

His mother said, "Well, can't say you weren't asked. We'll be gone for a month, maybe longer. You be well and make sure to look both ways before crossing the street. Cars and trucks are more dangerous than the cats and dogs."

He told his mother not to worry. "I've got four rabbit feet; you can't get luckier than that."

His mother and siblings left the next day. Even though it was no longer necessary, he decided to take a name to distinguish himself from his many brothers and sisters. He toyed with one name after another. *Clearly, Harry needs to be my first name since I'm always hopping around and Harry the Hopper is sure to become at least as famous as Harry Potter.*

The next week, having feasted on green dandelion buds, some of which had fermented by themselves with the morning dew, he cocked his head to the side and declared in a voice heard across the garden, "I'm going to be called 'Harry, the Hip Hopster' from now on. The next day, being somewhat hare-brained, he told the robin that he was Harry, the Hop Hipster.

Full of himself, he decided to hop over to the neighborhood drugstore for a pair of sunglasses so he would look more like a hipster.

When he was crossing the street, a pebble lodged in his foot and he stopped hopping. Alas, he forgot his mother's warning and while licking his paw was struck by a car.

PROVING that a rabbit's foot is only lucky if one is mindful to look both ways when crossing the street. However, there are others who say that this proves disaster is only a hop away.