

*the*  
**WARREN**  
FRED L. TATE



*The Warren*

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Bumper

~ 7 ~

Roi

~ 28 ~

Just a Bunny

~ 61 ~

Run With Me

~ 76 ~

The Wall

~ 95 ~

Anastasia

~ 113 ~

Gracie

~ 203 ~





# BUMPER

Water is coming from his eyes, and he is making human sad noises again.

If I could get out of this small box, I would cuddle with him and comfort him as I used to when he was sad before, but I fear for myself too much now; it has been so long since I was last in this loud, human, carrying thing, and it is frightening to one such as myself. I don't know where it is taking us, as the sky moves by outside the things that you see through but cannot jump through, and the noise of all the other moving things around us makes me even more afraid.

This is too new and too loud, and we are not a species that likes the new and loud; we far prefer living our lives peacefully where we want to stay, not where others, even others we love, take us to loud, fearful things.

I remember the first time I saw my humans.

I was with my brother rabbits in a small place, my sisters beside us in another area, all of us white with beautiful brown spots on our bodies, just like the mother we had been taken from, and humans would come and see us. Sometimes one of us would go away with them, and we would never see that one again.

Then he came with her, the female human I love so much, and she called me her “Little Bunny One” and picked me up so high from the floor of my cage, so far and high! But she stroked me in all the right places and soothed me with nice sounds until I became less afraid, and then she placed me in a small carrying thing they had brought with them, and we left.

I never saw my brothers or sisters again.

I remember that there was a loud moving thing and the sky moved by above my head as I quivered in terror, making little stress noises to tell them that this was too new and too loud and too different, trying to tell them I wanted my brothers and sisters back again. Somehow she knew of my fear and soothed me, so soft and gentle with her front paws inside my carrying thing, calling me something, calling me her “Little Bunny One” over and over until I was less afraid.

We arrived where I now had to be against my will, and the new place was so huge! We did not go inside; instead they took me to a place alongside it, and everything here was full of strange new noises and smells to make me afraid in this new place I did not know as I huddled and quivered. But she seemed to know of my fear at this new thing now, just as she knew of it in the human carrying thing that had brought us here, as she stroked and soothed me until I became less afraid.

I grew curious after a while, as she seemed to know I would, and let her pick me up from inside my carrying thing. I liked that; she had such long, beautiful hair and it flowed across me when she held me up against her, high in her arms.

It was a strange ground she put me down on, beside what would be my new outdoor above ground burrow, although I am always nervous on new ground, as we all are; for rabbits there can be danger everywhere; we are the food for many others of the ground around us and the air above us.

I stayed as close to her as I could for so long a time, but we are such curious creatures, and there were so many new things to smell and see and maybe even eat.



Curiosity overcame my caution until I roamed this new above-ground burrow cautiously-while sniffing carefully to make sure that it was safe of any strange threat scents and if it might have the safe scents of one of my own kind as she talked to me, making my mouth quiver with delight when she called me her Little Bunny One, until she picked me up again and put me back in the small above ground burrow they had made for me.

Like all of my kind, I sometimes fear the new, but this new burrow was right, a hiding place for me to huddle inside and be safe, my own place to eat and drink, and a place for me to sit. The thing the humans called “wire” was all we had to sit upon in the place where I was born, and it had always hurt my paws. Here was perfect, something to sit on when I rested, a place to not be on wire all the time.

The light and dark times passed, I grew larger, and the two humans I now loved were letting me explore the entire thing they called a “yard” while they watched; giving me new things to make my nose quiver with curiosity while I explored within the safety of their nearness, especially hers; she would let nothing harmful ever touch me, I knew this!

The very best came later after I had been there for a while and had grown used to my new outdoor place to live. They picked me up me one light time from my outside burrow but did not put me down to explore in the yard this time. Instead they took me into their own burrow, and it was huge inside; how could humans ever use all of this huge area?

There was fear at first, as there is among us of all new things larger than we are. But she soothed me with her human paws, called me her Little Bunny One, and stayed comfortably close to protect me as curiosity overcame fear again, and this newer new became something to explore.

They followed as I roamed while making little quivering happy noises to be so near to her safety. They made their own happy noises to each other while they watched me explore, curious to see it all, so

full of fascinating new smells, noises, and strange areas with things I had never ever seen before.

I roamed until exhausted and then simply flopped over on my side to rest as we do, and from that time onwards in my life with them there was more time inside their big burrow and less in my own smaller outdoor burrow. Even the smell of the two big woof-woofs that lived in it was not so scary after a while.

She and he both made sure that the woof-woofs clearly understood I was hers and not to be touched, and her long beautiful hair would sweep across me as she held me up high in her paws and called me her Little Bunny One!

Sometimes he would argue about me being inside their burrow instead of in my own. But as with our own females, her word was law inside the burrow, and she would always win the arguments; then they would put their faces together, make happy sounds with each other, and go away to leave me playing and exploring by myself, which is where I found my new favorite spot, under their high sleeping place.

I refused to come back out after finding how nice and snug it was under here, how perfect to have a new burrow that would always be close to the ones I loved.

It took both of them a long while and some treats to get me back out from under it, but from then onwards, whenever I could get under their sleeping place after that, I was there. After more light to dark and back to light outside again times, they stopped trying to get me out from under it, accepting my decision and making changes to make it safe for me.

They took two long, wide pieces of thin wood, cutting both to make them fill the entire frame of their sleeping place so I could not get up inside the bottom of it since they seemed to feel this would not be safe for me, and they made sure that it was strong and would not fall on me. From that time on it was my new burrow; at dark they would both go on top of it, and I would settle snug and safe under them and dream of my mother and the others.



I grew used to her picking me up, quivering my teeth in happiness at the gentle stroking of her front paws in all the right spots and the love noises she made while she held me. And there was so much to eat! He would sometimes tell her not to let me have some of the things to eat, but she would always let me have them anyway as I grew full and plump. Their burrow was my burrow, and even the two woof-woofs were not scary after a while. She would grow angry with them if they got too near to me, and soon both of them accepted me as hers.

I would circle my humans as I roamed the floor of their burrow, making little love noises and trying to get all of their attention all the time. Always I would get to be picked up when I looked at her with my little mouth quivering with need to be loved and eyes sad from lack of her holding me until at last she would give in to my need for her and pick me up to stroke me and tell me she loved me.

Her long hair would sweep across me as she cradled me in her front paws and stroked me while making the happy human mouth noises. Life was so happy. They would both go away to do whatever humans do during the light time and return with new treats for me, near the dark time. I would sleep under them until they awakened, and then it was time for them to feed me and love me. He had stopped trying to tell her not to let me have some of the eating things.

I wished for a pretty girl bunny, but they did not understand, and so I gave them my love instead, circling their legs in joy at seeing them return each night, nipping and sometimes spraying them to show my love for them. They did not like that last one, and it drew angry noises, but I knew that they loved me and made my soft, little love noises as I circled them. She would always give in again, make happy noises, and pick me up to stroke and love, and then he would stop being angry. After he would watch her care for me, they would sometimes make happy noises to each other and go back on top of the sleeping place and ignore me.

Something was becoming different with my teeth at the back of my mouth; they did not feel right. But the treats were always there, and I loved each new delicious taste, even the ones he kept telling her not to give me. She always won, and I always got the treat. My teeth felt less right, pushing into the sides of my mouth at the back, but I was happy until my life changed.

A new thing was happening to her. She would sometimes forget to hold me, and I would circle and politely make little love noises until she paid attention to me again. Then she would pick me up, but this time it was different. She would make sad noises, and the wet would be around her eyes, and when she picked me up to love now I could sense that she was afraid for some reason, but I did not understand it.

Our burrow was safe, and there was always food. When the water came down from the sky we were always warm and snugly inside, listening as it fell on the roof above us. Why would she be afraid? As the light to dark, dark to light, times passed, her fear seemed to grow.

She stayed home with me most of the time now, and there was so much fear! I could feel the fear in her, and the wet would be around her eyes after she did come back from going out. She went out less and less and spent more and more time on the sleeping place. He was wet around the eyes now also, and sometimes they would ignore all of my need for their attention and just hold each other up on the sleeping place.

She seemed desperate to love me now, and her long hair was falling out. When she would see some of it fall on me while she held me, she would make sad desperate noises and have to put me down as he held her close, and they both made the sad, desperate noises together.

The light moved to dark and back to light again over and over, and her fear grew. They spent time away from me, and each time they returned they made the sad noises, the desperate noises, the fear noises! She had no hair now and was thinner and paler, and there was a strange scent to her now as she held me, a scent as if she had

taken something new, and sometimes she would run and I would hear her being sick.

I was curious, but she just held me and made the loud, sobbing, lonely fear noises, and the wet was always around her eyes now when she did it. She had become so thin. Light turned to dark and dark turned back to light, and she now spent almost all of her time on the sleeping place. He would give her things from little round see-through things that held the small objects of different colors, carrying her back and forth when she had to go do things.

My teeth hurt my mouth now in back. But they did not seem to have time for me and did not notice. I still loved them and made my soft love noises, ignoring the pain at the rear of my mouth to be with them as they ignored me while she stayed on the sleeping place a lot now, so thin and bald. He would lift me up to her, and she would stroke me and love me. Then he would place me back under the sleeping place and I would listen to them making the sad sobbing noises together until it stopped.

They were strangers, and I hid under the bed in fear! While I was resting under the sleeping place, she had moved up above, made a strange new noise I was afraid of, and then was quiet, and he had started screaming! Then the strangers came, wearing two different types of the coverings that humans put on their bodies.

The ones in white took her away on a thing they rolled between them. I don't know why they had her covered. The two others in dark with the things on their chests talked to him gently until he went away with them, making the saddest desperate noises I had ever heard him make. I waited patiently for them to come back so she could stroke me again, but they did not return, and I slept.

He came back later, and I ran to see if he wanted to hold me up to the sleeping place for her to stroke again, but he was alone and making the sad noises, and there was so much wet around his eyes. She will come back soon, and there will be treats and stroking and love for me!

He picks me up and the sad noises grow louder and more desperate. The wet flows from his eyes. I am confused; what have I done wrong? She will return, and we will be back together and his sad will stop. I lick his hand softly as he holds me to let him know I love him.

Now he has me in the loud moving thing. "I can't keep you," he says as we move, and sky passes by outside the see through things inside his loud moving thing.

I am going to see her again; I know it! He is taking me to her; I quiver happily despite my fear of traveling. She will give me treats and will stroke me, and her long hair will be back and will sweep across me, and we will love each other again!

We are there; the movement and noise has stopped; now I will be home again. There are two new humans here, and it is not my home.

He takes my outside burrow out of the moving thing and places it on its stand in the back of this big, new human burrow. He places me inside it with these new humans watching.

This is wrong; I do not want to be here; I want to be home! I sit in the outside burrow he made for me, watching as he leaves me, waiting for him to return and take me home. He does not return; I will never see him again.

My new home is not like the old one at all. Here there are other bunnies, some larger, some my size, and all in the area behind this new humans' burrow. The two humans who live here are nice to me, but I want my female human who loves me to come back again, and I want to be inside again under a sleeping place. I want to go home.

I wait for her to come and take me back home. She will come soon for me. I wait and the light and dark times pass, but she does not come back to me, and I'm sad and miss her and him both.

I watch the others here, and they seem to be happy. All are taken to an outside area near the end of my cage each light time. I think the others play in there once they are inside it.

There is one good thing. In the outside burrow next to me is a pretty brown female bunny the humans call Velvet. She is my size

and has such pretty dark brown fur, so soft looking and beautiful; she makes me quiver in a new way. More than anything, other than waiting for my female human to return, I want to be with Velvet! I want to share my burrow with her; I wish these humans would put us together so I could be with her forever. I stay at the side of my cage nearest her, looking at her.

My mouth feels worse now. Inside, at the back, on both sides, there is something wrong other than my teeth.

I can't understand why my mouth hurts as I make the sad eyes and place my front paws up on the wire of my outside burrow, but they do not understand what I want and only pet me. My name is now Bumper, not Little Bunny One as it used to be. Finally I am allowed to run and play inside the area by the side of the big human's burrow.

I discover it is a playing area after all, and all of the bunnies are allowed to run there. There are plants in the center to hide inside and open areas on each side of those plants to run in as I explore, smelling the exciting scent of all the other bunnies that have been in here! From here I can hear my new humans inside their huge burrow, and I want to go inside, as I did before with my other two humans.

But they only come out to put me back inside my outdoor cage again when my time is up in the playing area. I look at them with my very best pleading expression and put my front paws up on the wire of my outdoor burrow every time they come out to see me and take me running in the play area, but they still will not take me inside to live under a human sleeping area like before.

Until, at last, the male takes me inside. He knows from my former human who brought me here that I was inside before, and he feels my pleading, letting me into his sleeping area. It has a large sleeping thing to hide under and more room than he can use; perhaps I can stay here. If only the pretty brown Velvet were in here also, I would be truly happy.

I hide under his sleeping thing and refuse to come out. I will stay here under his sleeping thing; his burrow is mine! There is a large

brown woof-woof also here that lives in the house, but she is not a threat; I can tell she likes me and wants to groom me.

Happiness: the male human has moved my food and water holders near the bottom end of his sleeping area on the ground of his burrow and has placed things down for me to use when I have to go do things. He has stopped trying to catch me and is going to let me live in his burrow; I will live here now, inside where I want to be. At last, I have my very own human to love me again, even if he is different from the female I loved.

I make my little love noises and circle him to let my human know I approve of all this. The dark and light times change over and over as he goes away, and I always wait for him to return. Even when the dark is long into the darkness, I still wait up for him in the center of the area we share. I do not know where he goes, but I always stay there until he returns, no matter how long I have to stay awake, and only when he is back safely will I go under the sleeping area for my own rest.

My human has a long sitting place next to the bed with its back against the bed. I find my way to the top of it, and now when he awakens I am up there on top to greet him, and he strokes me, and I quiver as he calls me his Bumper Bunny.

I also get into his sleeping place from time to time as I hop on the long sitting thing next to his sleeping place and then hop from the top of it into his sleeping place with him and then sit there until he wakes up each new light time.

If he will not let me into his sleeping place, I just sit on the top of the long sitting thing next to him and wait for him to awaken. Being next to him as he sleeps is all I care about, although I sometimes do make wet in the wrong places to show him it is my territory also and we must share it together; he does not like that but always forgives me. My mouth hurts at the back of it.

The large brown woof-woof and I sit together on the long sitting thing by the sleeping place with my human and watch the fascinating box across the room with the things moving on it. The fasci-

nating box makes noises as the things move, and there are small humans inside it; I can see them. Then my human strokes me as we watch the box together.

The large brown woof-woof will make happy noises as he strokes her, and I am jealous, climbing into his lap for more attention. I am even more jealous when my human will sometimes play with the large woof-woof instead of me. But the woof-woof also leaves her round, toss-for-me things on the hard ground in my human's burrow.

One day I wait until the woof-woof is busy in another area and push both its round toss-for-me things under the long sitting thing and then push them both deep under the sleeping place.

My human finds them after seeing the woof-woof looking sadly under the sleeping place, makes the happy human pleasure noises from his mouth, and takes them back. I know he is happy with my new trick, and now I take the woof-woof toss-for-me things to hide each time I can, but she is nice to me and grooms me sometimes with her tongue when I am near her to let me know that she does not mind, and I soon realize that the humans love to watch her doing it. That also means extra stroking for both her and me, so I finally accept her as my companion.

I also accept that the others run where I love to run as I watch them from my window. Almost all the other bunnies here are larger than I am, except for pretty little Velvet, who makes me quiver in the window, my whiskers twitching with excitement! I want more than anything in my entire world to share my life with her, and I shiver with excitement when she is running as I paw at the window; the others I just watch run.

It is now just too hard to eat, and my human is noticing. I have not touched my food for two dark and light times. I ignore my food and hide under the sleeping place, waiting for the pain to go away, but it doesn't. I can tell that my human is worried; I hope he is not going to go away like my wonderful female human did and leave me in another strange place.

No, it is me he is worried about. There is something growing on the side of my mouth where my teeth have hurt me, and it hurts on both sides. I am still hiding under the sleeping place when he finds me and makes the strange noises when he checks my neck and jaw. There is something thick and sore on it. I hope I haven't done anything to make him angry with me. I don't want to be sent to another strange new place.

I am afraid! He has me in the carrying thing, and we are in his loud human carrying thing going somewhere. Please, please don't let me be sent away again!

We arrive at a strange new place, and he brings my carrying box inside. The humans are wearing the covering things that humans put over their bodies, but here they wear only white covering things. Here there are many strange animal things scents, but here the smells are overpowering, and here I am afraid.

A new human in white is checking my neck. He is making noises to my human, and I am being left here by my human. Please don't go! Please don't leave me here!

A human female dressed in white is taking me in back where all the other animals are. They are sick, and I can tell some of them are dying; I am here to die. Please come back for me, please!

One of the new humans in white is carrying me, trying to sooth me; I don't want to be here! Please! It is a new room! Please! There are so many new humans here; I don't know any of them; I am afraid! Please! I am placed on a high, smooth, cool sitting place. They are placing something over my mouth; there is a too clean smell from the thing they have placed over my mouth, and I am falling! Oh, please, my human, come take me back to our burrow! I fall! I fall forever!

It's so beautiful in the meadow, far more beautiful than anywhere I have ever seen before. The meadow seems to stretch forever, and the sky is clear and open blue above me, but I can't tell where the sun is. It is a perfect, normal day of perfectly normal daylight, but there is no sun in the sky above to provide the light around us.

There is someone here; I don't see him, but somehow I know that he is here. I don't understand how, but he is somehow here with me, and all around me at the same time, and I sense that he loves me even more than my female human loved me, and I wonder if he knows her also.

It is too puzzling for me to think about, and there is so much to eat, so many places to run and play in this new place, with plants nearby to hide under in case of danger, but somehow I also know that there is no danger here and no fear, no territories, no hate, no hunger, and our tummies will always be as full as we want without ever having to ever kill for food. Somehow I know that it is always warm and safe and loving here, and I can feel my human female waiting for me.

She loves me, and she is here somewhere! I will be with her, and her long beautiful hair will sweep across me, and I will get treats and stroking if I can just find her! Some of my brothers and sisters are here waiting for me!

They tell me I have to go back, and they can't go back with me, and I don't know what they mean, but it doesn't matter; they are here, and we run and dance with joy with each other! I can run like the wind; I am the wind!

I wake up. My jaw hurts. I am still in the strange new place of sick animals, but there is something different about my neck. It is not a good or bad different, except for the pain, just a different. My neck feels stiffer, and I have trouble turning my head. I am so lonely; I wish my human was here to take me home under his sleeping place again; I wish I could have stayed in the meadow. Just a few more moments, and I would have seen her again, and she would have loved me again! I sleep, finally, in spite of the pain and dream of the meadow.

He is here! I can hear his voice! My human is back to take me home! I shiver with delight, even if it does make my neck hurt a little.

We are back in the carrying thing again, in the loud noisy moving thing, and it is taking me home! I watch the sky move by, wait-

ing for the trees I know to appear outside. We are there, back in the safety of his burrow, and I run under the sleeping place as soon as I am free. I will never leave again. I am home!

He starts watching the box that has the pictures moving on it from the long sitting place next to the bed. After a while I crawl out and hop up to sit with him again. My neck still hurts, but I am happy. The other human, the female, comes to see me and strokes me, calling me, "Poor little bunny." Is that my new name? It doesn't matter. I am home.

My human now has to pick me up twice each light time to take me into another room and give me some liquid from a small see-through thing. It tastes terrible! Do humans like this stuff? I hate it and hide, but he always finds me. I struggle to not take it, but he is able to give it to me anyway if she helps him. One of them holds me and the other forces me to take it. I hate it!

My neck feels better now as light to dark, dark to light the sky changes outside my human's burrow. The others run in the play area outside my window, and I watch them sadly. I want to run also, but my human will not let me while my neck hurts. The bad-tasting stuff is given to me, and I fight it, but the two humans hold me and force me to take it. When he places me back on the safe hard ground of our burrow, I run under the sleeping place to hide.

I hide, but the woof-woof will always find me when I come out; then she will lick and sooth me with her tongue, grooming me like my mother. She wants to help me feel better, and I decide to stop taking her round toss-for-me things and hiding them from her; she loves me, and I will let her keep them.

My life is finally going back to normal. The bad-tasting stuff is no longer given to me, and my neck no longer hurts. It feels stiff, and I cannot move my head as well, but it no longer hurts.

My teeth have been changed by the place I went to. I can feel some of them missing at the back, but I can still eat, and it is not an important thing. My neck is beginning to feel stiff again, but I won't

let him know and will not have to go back to the white place. I love my home here so much; I never want to go there or anywhere else again, except maybe if my beautiful female would come back for me again and stroke me and call me her Little Bunny One. But for now there is always running outside in all the plants, running around my human's legs inside, running over his sleeping place in the new light time to wake him up, sitting on the long sitting thing with him as he strokes me and calls me his Bumper Bunny and we are happy. My neck hurts.

I am back in the carrying thing again! He has found the thing on the bottom of my neck, the bigger thing I did not want him to find. I knew he would find it and hid deep under the sleeping place to avoid him, but he found it anyway when I came out for a treat. I know where I am going. Please, no!

We are there back in the white place again. My human is showing the human in white my neck again. I know what will happen now. Oh, please! He is leaving me here again! I cry softly, in the silent way we do, but he leaves anyway.

They are here for me again, the lady in white, stroking and soothing me as she carries me. I am not fooled; I know where we are going. The cool, hard high sitting place is waiting for me, and they are going to do something to my neck again!

We are there; I struggle but they hold me down. I want to go home so badly! They are holding the thing over my face again. I smell the too clean smell again, and I am falling!

The meadow is warm and so perfectly beautiful, endless with the perfect blue of the sky above it and the endless forests near it, and somehow I wonder how I can see blue now and how I can suddenly understand what blue is. But for some reason I see more colors than I could ever see before, and I understand each new color without having to be told its name. It is not important; here I feel the peace, the love for all creatures, the gentleness and understanding of the human I still cannot see but can sense is all around me and loves me.

She is here! I can sense her love for me, and this time I will find her no matter where she hides, and my brothers and sisters are all here now apart from one brother. Our noses go together, and we talk as our kind do to each other.

“Our missing brother will be here soon,” they say to me, “and so will you!”

I don’t understand, but it does not matter; dancing with joy, we run through the meadow and into the plants, around and around, crazed with the love for each other and our new endless playground, playing our chase and hide games. There is nothing here dangerous to hide from, but we always play these games. I know she is here! I hear her voice calling, “Little Bunny One!” I run to find her; I know she is here calling to me!

I wake up, sad to have not found her. Each time I am closer, perhaps next time. The white place is still full of the sick, some kinds I have never seen before. Some are dying; I know this, as I know breathing through my sore neck hurts.

It hurts worse this time. I’m so sore and stiff when I try to move my head. There is food for me, but I cannot eat. It hurts too much.

He comes for me! I quiver with joy as my neck hurts; I will go home and not return ever! The carrying thing is joy this time, and I scramble inside as soon as the door is opened. I am going home!

I hide under the sleeping place, slow to move now, trying not to feel the pain in my neck. He comes to entice me out, soothes and strokes me, makes the soft mouth noises that make me feel better. The large woof-woof licks me, and I feel happy in spite of the pain until it is the dark time and I crawl under the sleeping place to rest.

It is impossible to sleep while my neck hurts. But he is above me on the sleeping place and I try. My human knows. He comes down from his sleeping place and reaches underneath it to stroke me, petting and soothing me as if he knows how much my neck hurts.

Water is hard to drink, food is harder to eat, and the bad-tasting stuff is back. Twice each light time they try to give it to me. I hide, but he entices me out or catches me. I hate the taste!

The pretty Velvet bunny roams beneath my window when it is her turn in the play area; I wish I could be down there with her. I want to see her so badly, to be with her.

They have so many; couldn't they spare just her for me? I sit and stare sadly down at the other bunnies below me doing their chase and hide games in the plants of the running area, remembering the meadow and my brothers and sisters. And her, the human female who loved me, I wish I could have found her before I left.

The dark and light periods pass. I am almost used to the bad-tasting stuff but still fight to not take it. My neck is so stiff and will not turn like I want it to.

The light changes to dark and back again. Over and over, the changes occur. I am better, but my neck is always stiff now. My human takes me outside into the bunny running area now that I am better and sits with me as I smell all of the scents the others running before me have left behind. I quiver with joy at the smell of the pretty females, especially Velvet. She is so lovely; I wish they would let us be together.

Sometimes I just sit and look at my old burrow standing in the outside space behind my human's room, and I remember my beautiful human female with the long hair who would take me out of it and bring me into their huge burrow to play. These humans have let Velvet have it now, and I am inside with my new human. I love him, but it is not the same as my love for the human female who loved me.

I sit on the long sitting thing by my human's sleeping place, and we watch the box with the things moving on it together as he strokes me and calls me his Little Bumper Bunny. It is not as good as my beautiful former female human stroking me with her long hair flowing across me as she held me while calling me her Little Bunny One,

but it is still good and I relax as his voice soothes me and his hands calm me.

I sleep up above in my human's sleeping place all the time now when he lets me. And if he will not let me, I just wait for him to go to sleep and crawl onto it anyway.

I want my lovely human with her long hair back so much. If only I could go back to my former humans' burrow and live. I sit in my sitting place inside the thing they call a window and look at my old outside burrow that came here with me. I stare at it sadly all of the light times now. If I could go back into it I could go home.

I sit and stare and cry softly, as we do, until my human gives up to let me live in it again. The pretty Velvet is in the other outside burrow beside me again, and I wish we could be together in the same burrow so much; I am lonely again. Do I want to wait out here in my old burrow for my old humans to come back for me, or do I want to live inside under my new human's sleeping place?

I sit sadly until my human notices my sadness, taking me back into his burrow. I crawl under the sleeping place sadly; there is never going to be a girl bunny for me. I will live by myself with just my human to love.

I still play with my human and wait for him to come home when it grows dark, still go outside to the play area to roam, still crawl into his sleeping place each new light time to wake him up, and sit with him to watch the noisy picture box, but something is missing now. I no longer really care as much, and I sit in the window and stare at my outside burrow often, the outside burrow my beautiful former human female would pet me in.

I hide under the sleeping place; deep in back, under the hanging cloth thing against the wall. Something is coming for me; I am so afraid and my neck hurts so badly. I want to go home! I want to be with my female human who loved me and called me her Little Bunny One!

The thing that is coming for me is coming quickly! I can feel its presence, always just outside the corner of my eye, somewhere

outside the window of our burrow. I am afraid to go out into the playing area now. I cannot eat or drink; my neck won't let me. My human looks at me, his eyes are wet, just as my other two human's eyes were wet. Is he going away, as she went away? I huddle near him to comfort him.

The carrying burrow is here for me; I do not want to go in it, and my human does not understand that the thing that wants me is here for me somewhere outside our burrow; if I hide under my human's sleeping place, it cannot find me.

My human catches me anyway. He does not understand that the thing is outside our burrow waiting for me! My human puts me in my carrying thing and takes me outside to his human carrying thing. I know where I am going. My neck hurts so badly, and I have so much trouble breathing!

The thing that wants me is now with us in my human's loud moving thing, sitting on the sitting place beside me next to the carrying burrow. I can't see it completely; it is not fully formed to my eyes, but it is far taller than me, and I can feel it stroking me, stroking almost as if to tell me it is there for me and not to harm me, but for some reason my human cannot see it stroking me through the walls of my carrying burrow as we go to where I do not want to go.

When we arrive where I do not want to be, the thing that wants me follows us into the place of sick animals where the people in white are waiting. They cannot see it either; it stands beside the see-through box, stroking me gently through the sides of the box as if to soothe me. There is a hissing noise, and it becomes easier for me to breathe, but I know I will not go home to our burrow ever again.

My human's eyes are wet as he reaches into the small see-through box I am inside, strokes me, calls me his Bumper Bunny, and then leaves. Sadly I watch him go from the white place. I know I will not see him again. I wish he would have stroked me more and called me his Bumper Bunny again before he left.

The thing that wants me is the only one stroking me now as it sits besides the small hissing see-through box that is helping me to breathe. The thing that wants me is more fully formed now, but I still cannot see it fully, and I am so tired, and my neck hurts so much as the human in white comes for me, and I know I will go now to the cool, hard, high sitting place I have been on before.

The human in white carries me gently, stroking and soothing me, but the thing that wants me is walking with us as she carries me there, and the female human in white carrying me cannot see it either as it walks with us, stroking me as if to also soothe me. I know it from somewhere.

Outside the hissing see-through place, breathing is so hard, and they will make me sleep again as they do something to my neck. I do not want anything done to my neck again; I am so tired, and my human has left me here again, and my neck hurts so much as the human female in white carries me to the place where they will cover my mouth and make me sleep as they do what only they want to do now. I cannot eat and I cannot drink; please, no more pain.

The other people in white gather around me as the female human carrying me places me on the high sitting place while the thing that wants me sits down on it beside me, stroking me gently, and I know it. I really do know it from somewhere, but it is so hard to think when I hurt so badly.

These new humans cannot see it either, but I no longer mind the thing that wants me being here; it comforts me as it strokes me. It is too hard to breathe. I am so very tired of coming here, and my neck hurts so badly. I just want to rest and to go home. I sigh and fall before the people in white can begin to make me sleep again, and as I fall the thing that wants me catches me.

Then I realize that I really did know it from somewhere before as the thing that wants me gathers me up into its arms and her long beautiful hair once again sweeps across me as she whispers, "Come

run with me again!” in a soft loving voice that I now remember as she releases me to run with her.

She runs alongside me to guide me through the door that opens for both of us to enter together as behind us both the people in white try desperately to help my sad, used-up body, and we both ignore them, for we no longer need this world as we run together through the doorway into the meadow that waits for us to be in it once again together.

I run with her, and the endless meadow is so beautiful, all so more beautiful than I ever remember it from before, so perfect and warm, so full of wonderful things to eat; there are so many more places to run and play and hide in than I will ever be able to use, so many wonderful lovely deep dark forests to explore forever near it, so many creatures that I have never seen before, and so many humans, and the humans are all so beautiful, and I can sense the kindness flowing from all of them as they wave and smile at both me and the human I love while we run past them, and my brothers and sisters and my mother and father are all here waiting for me to join them again!

I will, but right now I am with the one I want and will jump and run and play with them later as I scream with joy and run past them with her while they wait, smiling at us both in understanding that I will see them later.

I run with her, and I jump higher than I could ever jump before as we run together, and she catches me in her arms in midair!

I am her Little Bunny One. She loves me, holds me, strokes me; and she is so beautiful again as her long beautiful hair sweeps across me, and later we will all run together and explore, but for now she loves me, holds me, calls me her Little Bunny One, and I feel the joy and love and peace surrounding us, and I will be here forever!



Is that my name? Light times pass and dark times pass, over and over, and I remember being with my mother not too many light times ago; then I was brought here to this large human place with all the other creatures, many of kinds I have never seen before. My brothers and I all in one area inside a wide box high off the ground, my sisters next to us. When I try to push my nose through the see-through box sides, my nose stops on something I can see through but cannot push through. It is a puzzle; I will solve it later.

I learn about my humans who are always here each new light time, the source of my food and water, and they stroke me in ways that make me quiver with joy. I know humans now, except for the other humans who seem to come and go, and every time more of these tall strange human creatures come here I worry.

They pick us up from our safe ground, and it is scary to be lifted off the safe ground by strangers! Sometimes they lift us up wrong, and it hurts as they hold us high in the air and make strange noises at us, and there are so many of them, and few of them bother to let us know they are friends before they lift us up. Then after the humans lift us up and look at us, one of my brothers or sisters will disappear and not come back until finally I am all by myself in this strange place full of