



## Black Rabbit Spring by Clarissa Pabi

The nonchalant rabbit that had been staring at the half eaten carrot on the lattice of straw, had not always lived in this street. But they were leaving now so it didn't matter. The boy and his rabbit, the rabbit and his boy. Raymond had named him rabbit, quiet banal, and very original. But Rabbit was remarkable rabbit, an enigmatic animal that had once been called The Black rabbit....

It was The White Rabbit, you know, the one from Alice in Wonderland, that started war. He was a charlatan, a wolf in rabbits clothing, and with the help of , Alice and Chester Cat, he killed her majesty and then managed to convince everyone that he, a rabbit, was indeed the *son* of the queen of hearts. His coronation was garish joke. It was held in card Cathedral and since then he had hopped about Wonderland with his ersatz crown and his Prada

boots, fooling everyone but black rabbit. The Black Rabbit saw past the fluffy façade, the pseudo-smile, and the bad fashion choices and came up with a plan to sort out the whole mess. He rectified the problem, and with the help of Alice's Good Twin brother MAllice, he helped the king of hearts establish, the democratic republic of Wonderland.

The war was over and although the United nation excepted RW as a bonifide country, everyone else did not. The White Rabbit used propaganda to turn everyone against king of hearts by calling him "the king that farts.". And then, everyone, dogmatically assumed that a country ruled by a boy named Malice, a black rabbit, and a king who continually farted would only mean trouble. And so it came to be that very few people, other than the ones actually that lived there, really knew about the democratic republic of Wonderland. But The Black rabbit, the King and the little boy named Malice, were happy. They were happy amongst the clocks that told the wrong time, the psychedelic mushrooms, the purple dog that never smiled, the banning of croquet and most of all the, lack, of tea parties.

Seven months later The Black Rabbit had become an eminent artist. He produced Muriel's, ornate trinkets, porcelain ornaments and pebbles embossed with the black rabbit symbol, that adorned the King's court and the towns; whilst Malice, his sidekick dealt with the paper work as he was very good at Maths. But the king was a very hedonistic king, and threw garish parties everyday. These parties were lavish affairs, with plates garnished with gold, sculptures made of aphrodisiacs, and every type of drink and meat you can think of- except for rabbit of course that would be ludicrous. All sorts of flamboyant characters showed up Inane Parrots, Cupid, the tooth fairy and her cousin twice removed the truth fairy, and the seven African dwarfs were just a few to name. Thumper, the rabbit from Bambee, could often be seen there drunk of course and whispering libidinal things into the ears unsuspecting women and *men*. By morning the Phallic fruits, and the shards of glass and porcelain had been swept away. And every Monday the black rabbit would traipse to the

Palace, and stoically say "Your Majesty, forgive me but where are the porcelain rabbits I made for you, I cannot seem to find them....anywhere?", the King would look away, and his reticence would prompt the rabbit to say, in his little rabbit voice, "I beg your pardon, Sire, I see that in your infinite wisdom you have...you have decided to place them somewhere else", and the King would mendaciously reply "Yes". You see, the problem was that all this partying inevitably resulted in The Black Rabbit's handmade ornaments being smashed. And the King of hearts, unfortunately, did not have the *heart* to tell him.

One bright morning The Black Rabbit woke up very early, put on his red jacket with the golden lapels and epaulets and blithely ran down to see the king. He danced into the hallway passed the ornate mirrors and flowers-and then suddenly stopped. Through the archaic window he saw the worst thing imaginable. In the middle of the marble floor was his ceramic rabbit masterpiece, split into a million pieces. The king had lied to him. He surreptitiously took a large bag from the kitchen and ten minutes later he was gone.

He ran. Ran erratically down the arid road and when he returned home Malice was waiting for him. The little boy had heard the black rabbit screams and went outside expecting to see some manic chimera chasing the rabbit. But instead he saw lachrymose tears and two little hands hauling a large crême bag down the road. "Malice, O Malice I don't know why I bother!" he cried. He was hysterical, and Malice had now seen why. The ceramic centre piece shaped like a rabbit, that had taken him 9 months to make, and was laced with ethereal paint, had been smashed into pieces; so that now, with an ear in one place and the nose in another it looked very Picasso-esque, and the Black rabbit *hated* Picasso.

Malice picked up the black rabbit and placed him softly to his chest "Come on, it's ok...I...Don't worry, I know what to do, we'll go...we'll go and see the King ok?". The black rabbit nodded coyly and Malice placed him in his ornate basket, and they got ready to leave. But before Malice had time turn the handle, there was the sound of trumpets and the King of Hearts stood, omnipotent at the door. The Black Rabbit gave a loud hiccup and King fell to his knees at the rabbit's feet. And so they talked, they cried, the little rabbit at one point came close to slapping the King, and then finally the King gave them monologue that would impress the likes of Shakespeare. He had finished and now smiled sagaciously at the Rabbit, "What!" The Black Rabbit squeaked. He looked from Malice to the King, from the King to Malice. It was such an outlandish idea if the King was serious it meant that there would be an arcane task to be completed. This adventure would mean that they would travel through many worlds, through space, time and the psychedelic universe, whatever that was....And so it came to be that Malice and the Black rabbit left the Republic of Wonderland, don't ask me how they did it just know that they did.

And one March evening the little boy known as Raymond discover his rabbit could talk, and from then on he referred to him as black rabbit. The clairvoyant rabbit predicted many things, taught Raymond about reincarnation and reminded the boy that he was once someone else....

But this is all happened in spring. And it is the Black Rabbit summer that most people want to know about. Know though....that there was once a rabbit called Peter, Peter rabbit.... Peter" said Mrs Boland, "Nicole's on the phone".