

Abraham the Rabbit Part II

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This ones a little longer but has a happy ending. Please read Abraham the Rabbit Part II.



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For a long time, Leela and Abraham, lived off wild grass. Until Abraham, when the wind was coming from the North, smelt the pungent smell of lettuce. The question of leaving, to this more generous land, plagued Abraham, until one day he spoke to Leela.

"The other day I thought I smelt lettuce on the North wind. I have been thinking about it since and am weighing up a reconisance to this land".

Leela said, she was also sure, she had also smelt lettuce on the North wind.

"I propose we leave this land, where we can eat only tough grass, and head North. Sure we would be leaving our burrow, that we have laboured hard, furnashing, and digging; the old grandfather clock, the finest fox leather lounge, and the wall mounted fox head trophy. Our house is beautiful, but we can start again.

So they left, dawn, the next day. They hopped through pastures, had to make arks around lakes, and dug under fences. The pastures were dry, and yellow, from the Summer heat. Drinking lagoons were few and far between, so when they got to one, they drank until they drank no more. Once in awhile they would catch the smell of lettuce.

Lettuce that would make the gods jealous (the gods were rabbits). Lettuce that they would get stuck between their teeth and would show up in their mouths later and be a nice supprise.

They stole grain from windmills, just to survive, but they were there. Tey had finally found the farm with the lettuce.

They slept above ground, throughout their trip, and knew this was the last time. Tommorow they dig their new burrow. It was a warm night, mosquitos and wasps, annoyed them in these warm conditions. But, it got cold as the dew decended, around two in the morning, and they shivered until the sky showed first signs, of sun rise, by turning a bluer shade of black.

They dug until their paws could take no more. They had built a burrow as big as their former burrow. They installed a telephone line, and called many antiques dealers, to furnash the new burrow. A brilliant wall unit of teak, puffy green velvet armchairs, a fox rug with the jaws gaping open, and paintings, of ships, railways, and one of paris.

They were finally comfortable in their new burrow. Abraham would sit on the couch, smoking a pipe of sweet smelling tobacco. He would tap his pipe, after extensively smoking it, on a hunting dog bone bowl. His bowl was carved intricately, from the bone of dachhunds and whipits.

Leela cooked well. She cooked many lettuce dishes. Lettuce stoggagnoff and lettuce salad, all cooked, while she spent happy hours, cooking in the kitchen. In the oven, lettuce with a cheese crumb. She was an expert, with the frying pan, tossing the contents high in the air, sometimes with huge flames torching up, cooking a lettuce red wine reduction.

But by far, the best thing about the new burrow, was the new farmer. He was an organic farmer. So he did not harm rabbits. He infact loved, and mollycottled, the two rabbits, whome had taken up residence, at his farm. The farmers name was farmer Mac.

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Farmer Mac would place a lettuce leaf, on a saucer, making a cup. Within the cup, he would place a beautiful salsa, for the rabbits. Abraham would dart, across the pasture, till he came to the lettuce feild, darting through many-a-lettuce, and would devour the salsa, in a lettuce cup, and timidly run, back to the burrow.

Farmer Mac, would say, as he hobbled, with a walking stick onto the farm houses porch,

"Beautiful are these days, sharing with, the rabbits, and the crows. I am a lucky, lucky man, and whome can deny another creature, a cup of lettuce with salsa within".

Abraham was in a picture of health, eating farmer Macs salsa. His hind legs were stocky and thick, like small tree trunks. His chest heaved up and down, with the epitome of physical health.

"Farmer Mac is a pacifist and a gentleman", Abraham said, reaching up with his lithe body for a can of asparagus.

One clear morning farmer Mac was out. He mixed fertiliser, in a watering can. With a full watering can, he poured diluted brown, fertilised water, on the lettuce. He streuggled doing this, handling, both the watering can, and his walking stick.

He hobbled, from lettuce, to lettuce, watering each richly. To an outsider, farmer Mac would be seen first in a hobble, then bending down, watering.

Abraham was in his burrow, fixing a leaking tap, when an avalanche of soil came down, the main vertical hallway, of his and Leela's burrow. "Confound it" Abraham growled.

It turned out that farmer Mac had accidently collapsed the entrance of Abraham's burrow, by inadvertantly, putting his whole weight down, on his walking stick. He put the weight down, on a rather structural area, in the weave of tunnel, and burrow.

When Abraham found out it was an accident and inadvertant, that farmer Mac collapsed a big section of his home, Abraham said,

"Oh the poor old farmer. This couldn't be helped. He still owns my respect and gratitude".

And farmer Mac said,

"Oh dear, I crushed some of my precious, creature, rabbit 'oles. I am overcome with guilt and remorse. My old wits are dulled and I am a stupid clumsy old fool. Damn it."

Farmer Mac was one day making his way out of his house. He was walking down the stairs, of his porch, and fell, due to his walking stick getting caught, between two planks of grey wood. He fell heavily on his left side and skwarked, like a crow, on his perilous way down. He lay quite still flushed and breathing heavily, while he assessed what parts he had injured, on the fall. The sun seemed scorchingly hot and farmer Mac groaned, and had beads of sickly sweat, on his flushed forehead. He lay there, for a few moments, and realised he had dislocated his arm, at the elbow.

The doctor drove down, the farm house drive, and abraham caught a glimps, of the black Mini Morris, driving past, ad curious, followed, to see what the matter was.

"I got a dislocated elbow", farmer Mac said. And Abraham shocked, wondered how this had happened.

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"here is a injection of morphine", the doctor said, "and then we will have to put your elbow back in".

Abraham heard nothing but silence then, then a "here we go", from the doctor and heard a loud crack. The crack was so loud Abraham could feel it run down his spine.

Abraham wondered how this happened, then saw farmer Mac's walking stick, broken, by the steps, and put two and two together.

"Ok, I am going to go now" said the doctor, "have plenty of bed rest. You are getting old farmer Mac. And I will visit in a couple of days".

Farmer Mac was alone in the world. His wife had died years before, experiencing breathing difficulties. She had layed in bed weezing, and gasping. Her curled grey hair, had shown her age, and her wrinkled upper lip, and her hazy blue eyes.

She would up, at all hours of the night, coughing and gasping for air. Farmer Mac had purchased a humidifier, to make her breathing difficulties less painful. The humidifier would shoot out hot, evaporative water, in a haze, that filled her room

One night farmer Mac's wife said, "I will not make it through tonight. I love you".

And on that night she died

Farmer Mac really loved her. She had a flower garden, that screamed with colour, when it bloomed, in Spring.

Farmer Mac thought of her, while he was bed ridden, with the dislocated elbow. He remembered flower, jam damper, and her dusting, in the farm house.

Farmer Mac died in his sleep, on a Summers night. Abraham saw it as devine retribution for burning, Farmer Blake, his previous nieghbours farm house, down.

But he found a home on a cellary farm, owned by a farmer named farmer Joe - Stable - Tennancy, and lived happily ever after.

"This cellary is succulent", said Abraham, to Leela "ad Farmer Joe - Stable - Tennancy, is young, and liable to live a long time. There is a higher being, and he watches over us, with tollerance and devine justice".

THE END

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