

RUN, RABBIT, RUN!!

by pwatson1974

“&*%\$! The rabbit's dead!”

Dell looks around, feeling her hand throbbing, the engine of the van idling in her chest. “Who said that?” no response from the darkness, just more oily static running over her skin, “Anne? Was that you?” still no response, “Ok, either I’m hearing things, or someone shouts loud enough to reach me in here. I didn’t even know she had a rabbit. Still, she is teaching me how to use you. I suppose it would be nice to get something for ‘teacher’.” The dark crystal in her palm says nothing, throbbing to its own slow rhythm inside her. “Better than an apple, anyway.” She closes her eyes, feeling the insides of the van pull away from her, the sucking feeling getting less, freedom easier every time. Her eyes open on the ceiling of her room. She blinks, slowly starting to breathe again. “Well, off on my mission of mercy. Boss! I’m going shopping! I’m taking some of the spare cash! Want anything?!” the van door shuts on any possible reply.

Two hours later, Dell slips back into the van, a thick cardboard box held carefully, almost gingerly, “Man, who’d have thought finding a white rabbit would be such hard work in Vegas?!” The box shifts in her hand, “Hey, stop that. At least let me get back to my room first.” The box continues to shift as its contents move about. Dell sighs as she walks into the wall, letting the van ripple around her until she steps into her own room. She puts the box down, unfolding the top, lifting up the struggling white rabbit. Its pink nose twitches at the horde of new scents, eyes darting about. “Ohhh, you are a cute one, aren’t you?” she runs her hand over the rabbit’s soft fur, feeling it trembling in her arm. “So, Harvey, that was what they called you at the shop, wasn’t it, what do you think of your new home?” Harvey’s nose twitches, ears pressed flat. “Ok, back in the box with you so I can take you to hey!” Harvey leaps from her arms as she bends down, his hind legs thumping into her chest, “That hurt!” Harvey’s nose twitches in response as he hops away from the box. “Now come here, you can’t get out.” Harvey hops towards the door. Dell walks up behind him, leaning down and with a shower of purple sparks, Harvey hops through the door. “Got you now, you, huh? What? How did that? What just?” She stares at the door, as if it had something to do with the rabbit’s disappearance. “That’s imp...oh, yeah, forgot where I was. Come back here, you little hopping...” and she steps into the door.

Elsewhere in the van, Jackie stretches, purring, rubbing her furry body against Paul’s side, “Mmmmmmm. Ye do good work.”

“Quality materials.”

“Ah, flattery’ll get ye everywhere, ye...why’s your hat movin’?”

“My what’s what?”

“Your hat. It’s movin’.” she points over his shoulder. “This ain’t your idea of a joke, I’m hopin’.”

“It’s not me.”

A white rabbit pushes its way from under the hat, jumping down onto the floor and scampering off, purple sparks trailing as it hops through the wall. They look at each other. “What was...”

“Where did you go, you...”

“Dell?”

“Uhm, hi, boss.” Dell smiles weakly, squirming her arm out of the hat, toppling it over, “Uhm, you haven’t seen a white rabbit in here, have you?” She manages to pull her other hand free, pushing the hat along the table to free more of her body.

“It went through there, but what is...”

“Great. He won’t get away this time.” she vanishes into the door.

“What was that about?”

“I don’t know, but if Dell’s involved, it’ll be trouble.”

“You’re the one who wanted her around.”

“Well, yeah, but I like trouble. Are ye gonna argue or follow her?”

“Yes, dear.” He steps through the door before Jackie can reply, so, putting on her best scowl, she follows, her tail flicking back and forth in irritation.

Elsewhere again, “Borrning!”

“Ok, so what do you want to watch?”

“I don’t know but this is just...why is the TV giving off sparks?”

“How should I know? They’re purple, though, so it must be your fault.”

“I didn’t do noth...” a white rabbit hops out of the screen, “when did we get a 3D TV?”

Harvey twitches his nose and hops under the sofa, disappearing as Dell emerges from the TV.

“What are you doing on the TV?”

“What? Never mind. Where’d the rabbit go?” Petra and Zilvara both look down. “Great. Thanks. Come here, you floppy-eared marathon...” she dives under the sofa.

“Still bored?”

“Oh, bite me.”

“Do you think we should...?”

“Where’d they go?”

They look up, and silently point under the sofa. Paul shakes his head and sinks into the floor, Jackie diving after him.

“Oh, we absolutely should. Whatever else it is, it looks sooo much better than your TV choices.” She leaps under the sofa as Petra swats at her.

Elsewhere, a third time, Sam pulls the sheets up, “Are you really sure you have to go and organise things right now? Can’t you, maybe, stay a few minutes?”

“Sam, you know I love you dearly, but I do have to actually work sometimes.”

“Oh, you’re no...eeeeeeek!” she yelps as Harvey drops onto the bed, hopping across the sheets.

“There you are! I’ve got you now, you little...” Dell tramples across the bed as Harvey hops into the wall a few feet ahead of her and barrels through without paying attention to where she was.

“Was that?”

“Ohhhhhh, that little trollop! This is just too much! When Paul hears about this...”

“Which way did they go?”

Sam looks up, her mouth agape, as Paul appears on the bed. He colours as he realises where he is, standing over her as she clings to the covers, just in time for Jackie to crash into his back, knocking them both into a heap, swiftly joined by Zilvy and Petra, adding to the tangle. “What is going on?! And since when did my room become Grand Central &*((\$&ing Station!?” Sam shrieks.

“Hey, why’re you so upset. It’s not like it’s your wife in bed with the boss.”

Sam throws Marcel a glare to melt steel, and then turns her burning gaze on the slowly untangling heap. “I’m waiting!”

“Sorry, Sam, really, we didn’t know where we were going. We’re just following the trail.”

“What trail?”

“The one Dell’s crashin’ through the van after that rabbit or whatever it is. An’ we’re gonna be losin’ it if’n we don’t hurry.”

“You’re right. Sorry, Sam, for interrupting, and, well, sorry. We’ll explain later, promise, but we really do need to make tracks.” The human convoy vanishes into the wall, Zil’s giggling following them.

“Oh, no you don’t. I’m not letting this go that easily.” She pulls her lingerie back into place, dragging Marcel after her through the wall as he vainly struggles to pull his shorts up.

Elsewhere, last time, Dell’s hands grab hold of Harvey, lifting him up, “Got you!” she looks up at the red star on the door, “And even better, you get to be Anne’s problem now.”

“Dell. What is going on?”

“Oh, Boss, well, you see, I got Harvey and he jumped out of my arms and just ran through the door and...”

“He just ran through the door? Why didn’t you shut it?”

Dell rolls her eyes, “No, Petra, not like that. Actually through the door. And I was chasing him.”

“So he was warping through the van? All by himself?”

Dell nods.

“That’s, well, that’s interesting.”

“Ye mean that in the Chinese way, don’t ye?”

“Maybe. But why did you get him in the first place?”

“Oh, well, I was sort of chilling and heard Anne say her rabbit had died and...”

“Did ah hear mah name taken in vain?” Dell turns, holding Harvey tightly to her.

“Oh, Anne! Hi. Uhm, I heard your rabbit died and I thought I’d get you another one and then he escaped and went all over the place and here.” She holds Harvey out, “His name’s Harvey.”

Anne looks down into Harvey’s pink eyes and twitching nose, his ears flicking as he squirms. And bursts out laughing.

“Oh, that is soooo nice of ya, Dell.” She replies, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes, “But it wasn’t that kinda rabbit. An’ it just needed some new batteries.”



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