

# Lucky

“Psst! Psst! Clover, Coco” said a voice in my ear. I opened my eyes to see Autumn’s face staring at me. I turned around looking at Coco slowly waking up. A bright ray of sunlight from above struck our hutch. As usual, Autumn opened the roof of our hutch, which made me extremely annoyed. I just wanted to sleep for rabbit's sake! That reminds me, I haven’t introduced myself yet.

I’m Clover Harmon... Well technically *I’m* not a Harmon, I’m a bunny, I got adopted by the Harmon’s, Autumn, Alyssa, and Oliver. Coco has become my adopted sister. As much as I want to stay with my parents, I consider myself lucky, especially since I heard that some bunnies get turned into stew, whatever that is. Anyways I’ve gotten used to it... Sort of. I have brown-tan fur, and Coco has more blond fur. I'm currently living in my hutch with Coco, in the backyard of 23 Blossom Avenue, Orange Hills, don’t worry the hills aren’t orange.

I went downstairs to eat some food, pellets, carrots, and parsley are my favourite. Once Autumn made me a Parsley food toy, it was scrumptious, and it was only made of something called a toilet paper roll. I have no idea what that is. After I nourished myself, Autumn flicked back her brunette hair behind her back and opened the cage door. She picked me up lightly and placed me in the playpen. She did the same to Coco. Then she sat down and watched us play, while she answered a phone call...That’s what it’s called right? All I could hear was “Bad news” ...” Tomorrow” ...” Bunnies” ...” Sad”

“Did you hear that?” asked a soft and squeaky voice. I turned around to look at Coco’s curious face. I nodded. “What do you think the bad news is?” I asked her curiously. “I don’t know, the Harmon’s always give us great surprises, so if Autumn says it’s bad news, then it must be pretty bad,” she replied. I sighed and continued to peel off the old bit of parsley stuck on my parsley toy.

I felt a drop of delicate water touch my back and felt it soak into my fur. I looked up at the clouds that were like soaked towels. As usual Autumn picked us up and placed us both in the hutch though I didn't want to. Alyssa always makes Autumn put us in our hutch whenever it's raining, for some illness reason. Then she went back inside, forgetting to close the window.

Coco and I waited for a long time and talked about our assumptions. Then we heard Autumn's dad, Oliver from the open window in the living room. He was talking on his phone loudly, he sounded stressed. We heard him say "Oh, I know I owe you Jacquie, we have bunnies. How many times do I have to tell you, getting a dog in this house won't end well...but can't I do something else? Fine, but if something bad happens you're paying," then he turned off his phone and sighed.

I felt my heart beating rapidly, I couldn't believe it. A ferocious creature coming to our house, which is obviously going to hurt us! As I was angrily eating carrots, I heard someone muttering something that I couldn't hear. I turned around to see Coco, who was a frozen statue. "I can't believe they would bring a dog here," she muttered softly and squeakily, hardly loud enough for me to hear. Mum and Dad had always taught me that Dogs were our fiercest enemies.

The next day, Autumn, Oliver and Alyssa came outside, after them an old, middle-aged, crinkly-faced woman who was short and stubby followed them. She had pale skin, short brown hair, and a thick layer of makeup on. She wore a pink and brown striped skirt with a matching blazer. She had a white polo shirt and a silver pearl beaded necklace and worst of all, she was holding a chocolate brown dog in her hands.

"Thanks for taking care of Rosie, over the weekend" said the woman in a deep voice as she tied Rosie's leash to a try. No one said anything, not even the barking creature. Coco made a soft whimpering noise. The old woman turned around, squinting at Coco and me. Then she slowly and steadily walked over to

us. "I didn't know you kept mice in a cage," she said in an annoying voice. I can't believe this woman, first she brought her dog to our home and now she called Coco and I mice.

"Actually, Jacquie, they're bunnies, not mice," explained Oliver wearily as he rushed over to us. "Th-this is Coco...and this is Clover," he explained, pointing to each of us. After a few minutes of chatting the women abruptly left the house.

I felt a stab of fear. A large lump had formed inside my throat. I had to leave the house; it was way too dangerous with the dog here. I ignored Autumn trying to apologise and wishing she could've done something about this obvious big dilemma. I briefly summed up a plan to escape. It included hay, running, jumping, squeezing through things, and persuading the neighbours bunny Zuzu to let us stay with her but in hiding. It was a lot for one small bunny brain to process, so I decided to let Coco in on the plan. She was a bit hesitant at first, but then finally agreed. We were lucky that the neighbours had a bunny, or we would have nowhere to go. Now we have to hope our plan works and that the Harmon's don't find us at the neighbour's home.

At dusk, I moved a bit of hay from the litter box and stuck it in the entry of the gate so it couldn't be closed. I sat on the hay so Autumn wouldn't be able to take it out. Autumn just assumed I was tired and after all it was almost her rest time, so she just left it. Once we were completely sure that their family was inside and sleeping, except for Oliver who always stays up at night watching tv. I saw it once, he was watching sweaty, wet people shouting and kicking around a giant tomato instead of eating it. I tried playing that game once, but my hunger temptation took over.

That's when I saw Rosie the dog staring with her bright green eyes right at us. It was creepy, then she barked at us quietly. Coco shivered, Rosie said "Don't escape tonight, it's too dangerous," ...Well that's what I thought I heard, she was probably just speaking dog language and saying something like

“I’m going to attack you tonight” or “Beware, I shall attack”. I ignored her and shuffled over and off the piece of hay. Coco and I bit it together and we pulled out the hay letting the door swing open ajar. I carefully and slowly pushed open the gate, careful not to make a sound. Coco and I tiptoed outside. I wanted to celebrate being free for once, but we didn’t have much time. I hadn’t realised how late it had gotten.

Coco and I rushed to the main gate, and carefully slipped under the door, luckily it was big enough for us to fit in. We were so excited that it worked, we started to run around and jump until we realised that we were lost and found ourselves in the middle of a road. Just then a big, black object with four wheels and humans sitting inside, was heading straight towards us! I panicked until I heard a familiar voice “Get on my back. Quick!” I turned around to see Rosie. Right now, I didn’t care that she could possibly hurt us, so I jumped on to her back and pulled Coco on too. Then I felt a puff of smoke fill the air around me. Rosie had just run to the foot path with us on her back. She was amazing. “Thank you so much Rosie” I said gratefully as I hopped off her back. “No problem” she replied with a comforting voice. “But why did you do that?” asked Coco inquisitively. I also wanted to know why she saved us. I mean she’s a dog and we’re bunnies. “Well, you guys seemed really nice...and just because we’re different animals doesn’t mean we can’t be friends, right?” Rosie explained. Now I finally understood her, she was just trying to be nice.

Rosie helped Coco and I find our way back home. Once we reached the house, she said “Umm...You know since we’re like friends now I was wondering if we could play games together tomorrow so then our owners could let us play together more often”. I was shocked “Of course!” Coco and I yelled together. Even though our things didn’t go according to plan, we were Lucky!