

The Easter Bunny Race



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By Mrs Sproulle and Mr Sproulle

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Reginald, Regina, Rachel and Rex were practising for the annual Easter Bunny Race. They had floppy ears and fluffy tails and cute smiles. And then there was Rambo, all muscles and buck teeth. He was also mean and the other rabbits didn't like him much.

The 5 rabbits were competing to see who would be this year's Easter Bunny and deliver all the Easter eggs to the children in the village. It used to be Peter Rabbit but he was getting tired of the same old hopping and jumping and finding more hiding places for Easter eggs. So they decided to have a contest to see which bunny could jump the highest, run the fastest, look the cutest and deliver eggs in record time.

Rambo thought there shouldn't be a contest at all, that he should be the Easter Bunny.

"No," said Regina, "you'll frighten the children. You're so big and you've got sharp teeth."

"And you got your ear chewed off in that fight with Farmer Flynn's dog," added Rex.

"Humph," snorted Rambo. "You should have seen the dog. He's looking a lot worse."

"See what we mean," insisted Rachel. "Children prefer cute and cuddly bunnies. You are just too mean."

"That's enough now," said Reginald who was taking charge. "We're going to have a race and every rabbit is allowed to take part."

He decided the students at the local school would choose the winner. The rabbits would run around the playing field, jump over obstacles while carrying the Easter eggs in a basket and deposit them in a nest at the finish line.

"How about real eggs?" suggested Rambo. "More of a challenge."

“Real eggs! Are you serious?” shouted Rachel. “What happens if we trip? We’ll break them!”

“Besides,” added Regina, “the chickens won’t like you taking their eggs. And Farmer Flynn certainly won’t. Remember what happened when he caught you sneaking into the hen coop?” She looked at Rambo’s torn ear.

“What’s the matter?” sneered Rambo. “You scared? Besides I’ve got all these eggs here.” He pointed to a basket full of the eggs he’d recently stolen from Farmer Flynn’s hen house.

Reginald thought, well, alright, real eggs would make it more exciting. And they really needed to get this race started if they were going to choose the Easter Bunny in time. Rambo smiled. He had a plan.

The contest was set for Sunday afternoon. All the villagers were invited, the students showed up with their parents and the timer was set.

Reginald was first. He ran like the wind, jumped like a kangaroo, wiggled his ears but just as he reached the finish line he tripped and dropped the eggs.

“Bad luck,” said Rambo. But he was smiling to himself.

Rachel was next. She did her bunny hop, her bunny jump and grinned her cutest grin. But as she neared the finish line, she, too, tripped and smashed her eggs.

Again Rambo said, “Bad luck.” And again he was smiling.

Rex went the same way as the other rabbits: hop, jump and trip. And his eggs were smashed as well.

Regina was next. She was beginning to get suspicious. Three of the village’s best bunnies had fallen at the finish line. That was too much of a coincidence. She would have to investigate.

“We should take a break,” she suggested, “and let the children and their parents have some refreshments.” Rambo protested but the audience cheered and rushed off to the tea tent.

Regina hopped along the hedge, getting closer to the finish line. She noticed something unusual lying just on top of the line. It looked metallic with low loops sticking up. "A trip wire!" she thought. "And I know just who put it there."

She hopped back and told the others what she had found.

"I know Rambo is mean and wants to win but I can't believe he would have done such a despicable thing," said Rachel.

"I can," said Rex who didn't trust him.

"We've got to try to catch him out," said Regina. "Set a trap for him."

"But how?" asked Rex.

"We could cancel the race and start again next Sunday," suggested Reginald.

"Too late," said Regina. "Leave it to me."

The tea break was over and the children and parents gathered again, eager to find out which of the two remaining rabbits would be the winner.

Regina said she wanted to rest her sore paw and Rambo had better go first. He raced off with his basket of eggs, did a huge hop, an enormous jump and finished in record time. He was obviously the winner.

Rambo was excited, smiling broadly, leaping up and down - and then, suddenly, he tripped over his own trip wire!

He'd just spotted Farmer Flynn waiting for him. The farmer looked at all the smashed eggs. He looked at Rambo, then grabbed him by the ears.

"Right," he said to the struggling rabbit. "I know you. You're the one who's been stealing my eggs. Well, you're for the pot!" He looked at the other rabbits. "I assume nobody minds?"

The silence said it all.

“I wonder how Farmer Flynn knew about Rambo and our race,” wondered Reginald. The rabbits all looked at Regina. She smiled but said nothing.

It was decided that Regina would deliver the eggs around the village this Easter. They would be chocolate eggs because children like chocolate. But she would also be delivering toothbrushes. Then the children could brush their teeth afterwards and continue to have lovely, sunny smiles.