

marsha and the white rabbit

by Beatrice Louise

“i haven't done that in a while.”

marsha held the spray end of a garden hose in her hand. mud oozed between her toes. she shut off the spray and squinted into the sun, which was about to set above faraway trees at the edge of the field.

“as a matter of fact i ... hardly remember where i am.”

“well of course as a matter of fact well certainly a certain way you say you have a certain way you say well how do you do?”

marsha looked down. a white rabbit with a dirty monocle and a straw hat regarded marsha from the grass at the edge of the mud. marsha squinched her nose. her stomach felt like a bag of baby carrots being jostled by a toddler.

“well a certain fine how do you do. well certainly you are certainly rude. a fine fact.”

the white rabbit turned up its nose and pawed its whiskers.

“ah,” marsha said and dropped the garden hose. mud splashed marsha's legs and the white rabbit's legs. the white rabbit kicked out one leg and wiped it with a front paw.

“certainly well certainly as a factual matter you fine rude certain boob. certainly you have splashed mud on me certainly.”

the white rabbit folded in its leg and kicked out its other leg and pawed it. marsha shifted on her feet and chewed her lip. the bag of carrots in marsha's stomach hardened into heavy metals.

“i'm sorry. i didn't mean to.”

the white rabbit folded in its other leg.

“fine fine certainly fine a certainly fine mean how do you do. pft.”

marsha scowled at the white rabbit and thought about kicking it.

“you surprised me.”

the white rabbit stood up.

“surprise! fine.”

the white rabbit stepped daintily onto the mud in front of marsha. it bent over, looked at its feet and felt pleased that no mud splashed from its dainty steps. marsha squinched her toes in the mud.

the white rabbit squatted and stared at marsha. marsha coughed and shifted uncomfortably. the white rabbit shat a gold egg in the mud.

“have a nice life. rude mean brat. certainly a fine fact.”

the white rabbit turned tail, hopped out of the mud, raced across the field and vanished into the faraway trees faster than anything marsha had ever seen. above the trees the sun had just begun to set.

marsha blinked and looked down at the gold egg laying in the mud, lit by the last sunbeams of the day.

“ah,” marsha said, gazing at the egg. she squatted down and picked it up. the egg was warm and heavy with a dollop of cool mud on one side. she turned the egg over in her hands and the dollop smeared across her palm. she held the egg up to her nose and peered at its smooth surface. she touched her tongue to the egg. she bared her teeth and lightly bit it. the egg was golden.marsha's stomach glittered and her eyes fluttered. marsha said, “ah ah ah...”

