

Living in the Lapin of Luxury

by Matt Potter

George thrust a photograph of a sexy female model in a boxy fur jacket before me.

“Long-haired rabbits. The next big thing in fur.” And he made a balloon with his hands and blew out his cheeks.

I remembered Mum when we were kids, listening to Dad pitch his latest idea that would earn millions, making him a household name.

“No one wears fur in Australia anymore,” I said.

“They do at the opera, Frank.”

I’m a theatre critic, and we attend opera openings. Where old ladies wear furs they bought forty years ago.

“There’s cheap land at Cudlee Creek perfect for breeding long-haired rabbits,” he added. “They can’t jump high so fencing costs are low.”

“But rabbits burrow, George.”

“Not with mesh on the ground.” He held up the photograph. The woman was wearing what looked like fox. “*Free range* long-haired rabbits grow extra long hair too.”

I looked at him squarely. “What about the *Rose D’Amour* jewellery in the garage?” I said. “And the *Gift-O-Life* mini-defibrillators in the shed? And the *Hot-and-Ready Quik-Grow-Rice-in-a-Can* in the spare room?”

“I got really bad advice on all those deals. And the land at Cudlee Creek’s going for a song.”

I shook my head.

He sat, shoulders hunched. “Don’t you want me to be a success?” he said. “Why do you always stand in my way?”

I sighed.

“Okay. Do it.”

George chatted all night about how rich he'd make us. Again.
Sometimes gay men marry men just like their fathers, too.

