

Hi, my name is, . . . Buffy. I know, I know, it's not really the name for a proper magical rabbit. But, it is apparently the name that the magician who bought me decided to choose for me because his 12-year old daughter thought that Buffy rhymed with Fluffy, her old hamster's name. Very, very funny! (I think the opposite) For you, at least, but to me, it sounds short for, well, Buffoon, a fool's name! I will have you know that I am NOT a foolish rabbit. I can say all of my numbers from 10-Z! I bet even you could not do THAT! How I ended up in this situation with such a ridiculous name is, well, a long story but I will try to tell it the best I can.

It all started in Emily's Pet Store. On the most peculiar day of my whole life, a very strange looking man followed by a pretty young girl, who looked to be about 11 or 12 years old, walked into the store. When the man got close to our cage, I could see that his face was a bit scarred, like something had blown up in his face or something, it was really very sad looking. After the man had studied all of us, including me, he said to the girl, "Skylar, go pick out the new magic rabbit for next year's show. Get one that looks reasonably intelligent. We don't have as much time to train one this year so don't get a bunny like the one that we got two years ago. That magic show was a complete disaster." "Can I at least get a cute intelligent bunny?" she asked. She then, walked up to my cage. I thought, magic show + strange man + eleven year old . . . Skylar + scar marks = Bad magician with little daughter who likes magic. Hmmm. . . I wonder what outcome this will have. Good, Skylar is looking at fuzzy wuzzy the bear over there: too fluffy to be a bunny. If she picks me, I am going to be super worried because I think that the man is looking for a bunny to kill in one of his magic tricks. Okay self, look mean and ignorant, mean and ignorant, mean and ignorant, . . . "Daddy this one is perfect!!!" says Skylar. Ha, I feel bad for whatever bunny she chose. Oh gosh, it's me! Oh no, here come the hands! This isn't exactly going to be your everyday fairy tale is it folks?

Hey! Hey! Careful with the feet! If I die, it will be your credit card that pays for my funeral! Oh all right, you're the boss, but a cardboard box, really? Such a disgrace for such a dignified bunny: to be in a box, except that I have no name yet, (lucky, lucky me, if I knew it then). The one good thing about this adventure is that I finally get a name besides him, or the white one, or that bunny over there. Hum, I'm thinking of good names: Henry, Johnny, Edward, Einstein, Winston, all good dignified bunny names that I

would be very happy to acquire. Names that would be insulting to get: Fluffy, Mr. Whiskers, Poof, Fuzzy. Anyway, I am a smart bunny who was put in a box and carried away from my pet store cage. I guess that I will just go to sleep, zzzzzzzz. . .

Okay, time to wake up. Hey, where am I? Oh right, Magician, Skylar la la la. Hmmm this is pretty nice. Wooh, be careful, it's pretty tight in this box! I just, . . . CARROT!!!!!! Oh boy, Give me, Give me! I haven't had a good meal in a while, so give me the food! Hey, don't hold it so high! I am not a jackrabbit! Yes, I got the carrot. Yummy, Yummy, mine, my carrot, all mine. Okay, you can hold me Skylar, but at least don't take my carrot away. Mmm, . . . I am going to go to sleep in this girl's arms. Hmmm, . . . possible outcomes: she drops me and I get hurt, I could live and wake up in a crib with a bonnet on my ears, or I could be just fine. I will give it a shot. Zzzzz. . . Now I am in a crib with a bonnet on my head, I guess that I will be all right. But, yikes, magician, hat, help me! Now I am in a theater, huh? Huh, . . . hat, crib, hat, theater? Hum, possible outcomes UNKNOWN!! At a time like this I use my only defense, sit down, close my eyes, and go to sleep. When I wake up, I say to Skylar, "So, how are you doing Skylar?" "Hum?" she mutters as she puts me down on the table. I question again, "How are you doing?" "Wow! Dad, Buffy talks!!" Skylar exclaims. Buffy? Who's Buffy? Me? This is an outrage! Not fair, not fair....I am too dignified to be called Buffy! Hum . . . CARROT!!!!!! For carrots I'll do anything. Time to sleep now, in my nice fluffy bed. Zzzzzzzzzz. . .

The next morning I say, "Hi Mr. Magician, how's your magic going?" "Ugh, I must still be half asleep," croaked Mr. Magician. "Good morning Dad." says Skylar. "Hi Mr. Magician, is it good tea?" I say. "Huh, Sky please pinch me. I think the rabbit is talking to me in my head again", exclaimed the magician! "Hum, . . . it must be in my head too Dad", Skylar adds. "Hey Sky how's your morning so far? By the way can I have a new name, like Einstein or Winston?" I ask. "No, silly Buffy! What's wrong with your name?" Skylar giggles. Nothing! I was just wondering, . . . "Buffy, do you want to get some breakfast, I'll have some toasted flakes and you can have some carrot slices and lettuce leaves. Sound okay?" Skylar asks. "You've got it Skylar, my friend. Can I have a sweet sugar cube too?" I chime in. "Ok Buffy, you deserve it you are the easiest bunny to train ever!!" she says. That's how life has been for the past few weeks, just training and

talking to Skylar. I don't even have to stay in a cage. I have a pretty good life in my opinion.

The next day, I wake up hearing Skylar singing, "Wake up in the morning and we are ready, yes, we are going have the best show-ow-ow-ow. No matter what sound the crowd makes, a laugh or a roar, we will have a great show. That's what it's all about! Ta-da! Do you like it Buffy?" Skylar asks. It seems as if Sky is pumping herself for the show and, what? Is it today? Yikes! No! Okay now, I am calm. "Sky, what is the order of the show?" I inquire. Skylar replies, "Hum, I think that Dad does some tricks with the wand and the hat and stuff. Then you jump through the hat over on the side of the stage and crawl up to his hat and let him pull you out. Next, you do your fancy stuff and we go off stage with Dad's big end trick where he makes himself disappear." "Will you be on stage Sky?" I ask. "Yes! I work with you!" says Skylar. "Skylar, help me!" cried Dad. "Huh? Dad?" Skylar says in bewilderment. "Skylar help me, please!" yells Dad. "Come on Sky, hop to it!" I shout.

Wow, Mr. Magician picked up a truck and now it is on top of him. Possible outcomes: He can't perform and Sky and I have to do the show alone, or I am the ringmaster and Sky is the bunny. Probably option one. Now, how do a little girl and a bunny get a truck off of a grown man? I'll ask Skylar! "Sky, how do we get the truck off of your Dad?" "I don't know but, Buffy, I'm scared for Daddy. Please help him Buffy, please!" Skylar pleads. "Skylar, use the wand, and say the spell, To pick up a magic car turn to the left and wish real hard. Hurry, I can't, breath any longer, . . ." Mr. Magician gasps. Skylar blurts, "Buffy, come on say the spell with me, To pick up a magic car turn to the left, and wish real hard." I imagine, lift up truck, fly, get off of Skylar's dad, get off, Wow! "Wow is right, the truck is flying! Daddy, you said that magic wasn't real! Daddy you fibbed!" exclaimed Skylar. "No Sky, I didn't know that the spell would work, I just tried it today," says Mr. Magician. "Now that the truck is off of you Dad, we can get ready for the show, Skylar stated.

But, Mr. Magician responds, "Skylar, I think that my collar bone fractured when the car was sitting on top of me. I can't perform. I must go to the hospital. You know the show, be me Sky, be the magician." "Really dad?" asks Skylar. "Yes Sky, but hurry! The suit, hat, and Buffy's clothes are in the closet. I already set up the stage. Bye sweetie. I

have to go. I am sure that you will do just fine. Go on!” stated Mr. Magician. “Come on Buffy, get on your bow-tie and hat. How do I look?” says Skylar. I utter, “Like a real magician, Sky, now hurry up it is, umm, 9:35? And, the show starts at 9:30, so we are five minutes late!” In a calming voice, Skylar says, “Okay, slow down Buffy. The clock says 9:25, but you’re right, let’s go.”

Skylar and I hear the Master of Ceremonies saying, “Ladies and Gentlemen, let’s give it up for Mr. . . . What? Oh, Okay, let’s give it up for Skylar and her bunny, Buffy!” “Alright Buffy, here we go, get into your box and remember, No talking.” instructs Skylar. I say, “You’ve got it Sky, I am a silent stealth bunny who. . .” Oh, and now, the curtain goes up. Actually, I have never seen any of Mr. Magician’s tricks, so I am interested to hear some new words. Skylar begins by saying, “Hi everybody! I am Skylar and for my first trick I will need a volunteer. You, in the pink dress, what’s your name?” “Nani.” says the shy looking girl approaching the stage. “So Nani, will you be willing to hold this flower behind your back and say, Flower, flower, behind my back turn into a wand but don’t turn back?” asks Skylar. “Sure!” says Nani and she repeats, “Flower, flower, behind my back turn into a wand but don’t turn back.” Then Skylar says, “Nani, please show the audience your flower.” “Oh! It became a wand, just like I told it to.” cried Nani with excitement. “Well, look what has shown up everybody, it is my special wand. No wonder I couldn’t find it today. It was hiding, waiting to come out!” exclaimed Skylar. The audience roars.

Wow, Skylar is good at all of this. I can see through the hole between the doors of my box. My opening trick is that I am in this special box. Sky will show me to the audience, then say some magic words, walk to the back of the box, pull a lever that opens a hole for me to escape. Then she shows to the audience that I have vanished. It’s pretty cool. Oh, it is almost my turn. Okay self, look cute and intelligent. “Hi Sky!” I utter with excitement. Skylar mutters, “Shush up Buffy. Remember, no talking!” She turns to the audience. “So everyone, I shall now make my friend, Buffy the bunny, disappear!” Hmm, I hear music. Is it only for this trick? I must be really special. Here she comes. I think, remember self, land softly and yikes! Ugh, a little warning might be nice Sky. “And Buffy has vanished everyone!” exclaims Skylar. All right, now I scamper into the hat without being seen. Here goes nothing. Run! In a cutesy voice, Skylar says, “Oh here you

are little fellow, in my hat. You silly little bunny!” Phew! That was close. I made it. “Sky how are you going to make us disappear?” I question. “Shush!” Skylar scolds. “Now, everyone, I will need my friend, Nani, for this last trick. Nani, please come up here on the stage.” Skylar instructs. “Hi, how can I help?” asks Nani. “You hold Buffy and don’t let him run away. I will do the trick while you say, Disappear, reappear, everybody never fear, we will go, then we will come, la la rum de da de dum.” Skylar directs. “Disappear, reappear, everybody never fear, we will go then we will come, la la rum de da de dum.” Nani repeats. And, poof, the stage is empty.

Well folks, I must say that having magic actually worked on me is quite a peculiar experience. At first it was just a blur, but then the most amazing blend of color, then a dizzy feeling, and then I was back on the ground. Instead of being on the stage I was at the back of the theater. The only thing that the average eye could see that was different about me was that I had a pink star engraved in my right ear. All that I know to this day is that there was something very special about Nani and Skylar together. It was almost like a visible bond; a sisterly bond. I can never be quite sure though. That moment, when I was in magic, I felt like I was part of it, it was part of me, we were one. I won’t ever forget that wonderful feeling. Nani comes over to my and Skylar’s house sometimes and I always get that blurry and dizzy sensation. I am going to begin training with Mr. Magician again, after he fully recovers. This year has been the most astonishing and outlandish experience of any bunny. Before I met my family, I was just an ordinary animal. Just look at me now. My mind is clear, open to the new, ready for more. Out of the pet store and into my mystical life with Skylar and the magician.

THE END