

Chosen

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Could it be? My eyes burst open like I haven't slept a bit. They are none the less hindered from a good quick blink. *Bam, bam, bam.* There it is again! It's like 3:30 in the morning. Does he even use the front door? I never thought about how he actually got in the house. The chimney had been marked territory for years now. The fat man with the beard and the red suit and toys—he already had dibs. What other way would he use besides the front door? He *is* a 6 foot tall rabbit.

It's Easter morning, the sun has yet to rise, and I have overheard what I believe to be the Easter Bunny, knock on my front door! What greater phenomenon could there ever be for a four-year-old?

Like a beautiful bass line, my old man's footsteps thump to reveal that he is making his way to the summoning knock. I leap out of bed with the intentions to greet Mr. E. Bunny with my old man. But, wait, never would he let me get up this early. And just a few short hours ago he was warning me to be in bed at a good time, or E.B will just pass right on by our house, leaving me not even a morsel of candy. Well, I'm only four—I'll just take a peek and be on my way.

As my dad opens the door, I creep up behind him. I can't believe it. My dad hangs out with the Easter Bunny, what a he-man. I can see pink inner ears encased by white fur hovering over my dad's head. As I peer through my father's legs, an unexpected butterfly flutters in my belly. Suddenly I'm questioning whether I am supposed to see him in the flesh, or fur. Stories of seeing the Easter Bunny face to face have never surfaced in my life time. If I am to lay eyes on him, all that would change. "This feels wrong," I say to myself. He is a secret messenger to us

kids. A representation of philosophy, of life and rebirth. What if he got caught? We can't have this hanging over our messenger's head the rest of his life. Maybe he's never even seen a child before. It could scare him so bad that he runs away—maybe even runs away forever. Another lost down a rabbit hole. "Only adults can see him," I think to myself. "Oh no, what am I doing? I, I gotta to get out of here."

I take off! I bolt back to my room, jump into my bed, and scramble down into my covers. "I'm doing the right thang," I say to myself. "I'm doing the right thang. I'm doing...the right...thang..."

Later that morning, I spring into the living room to join my family. It is clear that they are unaware that I am the first child to ever catch a glimpse of the Easter Bunny in the flesh, or fur. I dare not mention the event.

Lying with my back sunk into the carpet, struggling to block out the cartoons in the background, I try and replay the whole experience in my head. The knock, my dad opens the door, the fur, I freak, I run away. Why me? Suddenly I'm questioning whether it was all a dream. Then: "Of course!" I shout. I pull myself up from the carpet, my mind and heart racing, and I shout out loud, "The carrots!"

I sprint to the coffee table as my head clears. I reach down to grab the remains of the carrots I had left for my candy-egg supplier. I run my fingers over the notches that only teeth could have made. I hold the carrot high as if it were Merlin's sword. "Of course! Carrots!"

This evidence is historical for four-year-olds everywhere. To adults, I am just a kid caught in his own web of imagination, with a couple half-eaten carrots planted by his parents. Adults and their secrets—they leave a bitter taste in my mouth. To us kids though, I am a

prophet. I am the chosen one, the one to have the vision, the one to keep the myth buried deep within. I hold the half eaten carrot up to my nose, “I knew it. Bunny musk...”

Twenty years later, my reflection stares back in the mirror; the shaving cream puffs my face, and I smile at how goofy I have been. Myths—they’re only myths. There are no 6-foot rabbits. There can’t be a 6-foot rabbit. There can’t be...a 6-foot rabbit...