

The Rabbit Tamer

Yilin

Hello! My name is Clarabelle Andersen and my favourite animal is the arctic rabbit. I live in a cozy igloo in Nunavut with my mom, three brothers and a family of arctic rabbits . I learned to be a fantastic rabbit tamer when I was eleven. Farmers from all over the world shipped all their annoying rabbits to me so I could tame the rabbits to not eat their carrots and help the farmers instead. This is how I became a rabbit tamer.

It all started when my dad got killed in a car crash last summer. My mom gave me my dad's yellow, bamboo walking stick. After that, I found a family of twelve small arctic rabbits hiding under a shrub during a hike. They all looked like they haven't eaten for days. They had thick, pure white fur and pink, rosy cheeks with perked up ears. Their noses sniffing the cold crisp air and their warm brown eyes were looking at me, wondering who I am. I took the starving rabbits to my igloo to heat up some warm milk for them. I lead them there using my dad's old yellow bamboo walking stick. After they were done drinking their milk, I used the walking stick to guide them to my neat room. I had just cleaned it this morning and it was still very tidy. My ice walls were painted turquoise and lilac, both are my favourite colours. I quickly made a temporary bed for the rabbits out of a huge straw basket (the bed), twelve tiny striped handkerchiefs (the blankets) and a orange rectangular sponge (the pillow). They started to get used my family and me day by day. I also tamed them using my dad's walking stick. I waved the walking stick to demonstrate the moves or things

that I want them to learn. Over the last 6 months, they learned how to: cook delicious dishes, dance to wonderful music, write neatly, read very fluently, help people in need, talk in a delightful voice, run as fast as lightning, and walk without stumbling or tripping over their feet. Wow, I thought, they are smart rabbits.

One day, I took them out to train them by telling them to do running long jumps in the Avaya Forest. The Avaya Forest is a forest with many logs everywhere. The scent of the light crisp morning air filled my nostrils. The rabbits are already good at jumping so now I want them to do running long jumps. Their goal is to jump over at least two logs in a row five times starting by running one hundred meters. Only six rabbits completed the challenge in one try. The last six rabbits had to do it until they finished! I didn't notice that during each jump, we were going deeper and deeper into the Avaya Forest. Once the last rabbit finished, I realized that we were in the exact middle of the forest. I ran all around, calling for help but I lost two of my favourite rabbits. My rabbits and I raced after them, following their paw-prints and at last, the paw-prints trailed off leading us to the lost rabbits and two girls alone in the snow-capped valley. The taller girl came to me and said, "Hello, my name is Jessie and this is my sister, Valerie. Our school bus crashed into a tree and we don't know our way home." Just then, a ear-piercing hoot came somewhere over the thick canopy of trees and grew louder and louder until out came a snowy owl! It was Pines, my brother's snowy owl. He dropped a white braided wreath onto Jessie's head. She instantly remembered the way home! She took off the wreath, held Valerie's hand, said bye and walked away. "Where did you find the wreath?", I asked Pines. Pines pointed his beak to the understory of the forest. "You found it there?.", I said.

He nodded happily and soared down to snatch the wreath again. He put it on my head and I walked like a robot through the forest. The braided wreath seemed to guide my body. Once we got to our igloo, my mom said that she was very worried about me for being away for so long. I fed the tired little rabbits some bright orange carrots freshly shipped to us. I ate one too. It was sweet, crispy and a great snack after our adventure in the forest today.

An hour later, as we were sipping savoury carrot soup, a dirty gray delivery truck came to our igloo and dropped off a cage with a note on it. The note explained that the cage contained a black-and-white rabbit shipped from Ireland. The rabbit is very naughty and the owner wants it to stop eating his carrots. The owner wanted a helper so I agreed to train the rabbit to help him out. After training the black-and-white rabbit for two months, I shipped it back to the owner in Ireland.

Soon after hearing how successful I was at taming that Irish rabbit, many farmers sent their mischievous rabbits to me, Clarabelle Andersen, the famous rabbit-tamer from Nunavut, Canada.

By : Yilin