

Redeye Rabbit

by Dorothee Lang

I knew it was just a matter of time. And sure enough, one March morning, I woke up sneezing again, stumbled into the bathroom and roamed the shelf. No allergy pills left.

The pharmacy was still closed, so I went to the bakery. The woman behind the counter looked just like me: Redeyed and sneezing.

“Two croissants”, I said, and pulled out a fiver.

“I don't have change,” she cautioned. “It's one crap morning. I need to go to the bank, but I am alone.”

Then she looked at me. Our red eyes were meeting.

“I could go,” I offered. Still not sure where that came from, but there I was, all hard-shell, soft-core boyscout.

She handed me a fifty.

I walked away. She doesn't even know my name, I realized. Not that the fifty would get me anywhere. That thought in mind, I entered the bank.

My vision was kind of blurred - I didn't notice the big rabbit with the gun until I queued behind it.

“One hundred,” the rabbit said to the cashier.

“Euro, Dollar or Yen?”

The rabbit scratched his big ears. “How would I know?”

I looked at the fifty in my hand, poked the rabbit, and handed him the note. In exchange, I took his gun, and robbed the bank for good.

“And now?” asked the rabbit once I was done.

“Now we'll walk out of this sorry day,” I told him.

And so we went, sneezing.

