

Steve
WILLEY

Playboy bunny

My pet rabbit was the image of immorality

Recently, at my house just off Vine Street, I've been noticing a family of rabbits foraging through the damp beer cans and rusty lawn mowers outside.



I can only assume they're searching for whatever it is rabbits forage for nowadays, probably cattle. Needless to say, I'm not particularly fond of this notion of

rabbits in my backyard. You see, I've had an inherent fear of rabbits since my early childhood.

It all stems from an Easter gift I got when I was 9. That year, I desperately wanted colored baby chickens that, at the time, were famous for their ability to survive for more than three hours without the aid of an artificial respirator.

I thought I had a fairly good shot at getting the chicks, because they could be purchased cheaply from a man in my hometown. The only problem was that the same man was missing all of his teeth, suffered from not-so-simple chronic halitosis and called everyone "Cletus."

It must have been enough to discourage my parents, because what I got was not a colored chicken but a snow-white rabbit with fire-red eyes. (Author's note: They are properly referred to as "Albanian Rabbits.") I named him "Bun-Bun."

As a baby, Bun-Bun was the

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cutest little creature. He hopped around and munched carrots from my hand. And when I stapled him to the blades of a moving ceiling fan, he would make the most adorable little noises.

But as Bun-Bun approached puberty, he began to horribly mutate. Now, for all of God's creatures, puberty marks the physical change of the adolescent body into adulthood. During this time, human males, for example, will experience a lowering of the voice and are likely to become sexually aroused every time someone slams a car door too hard.

Male rabbits, however, deal with puberty differently. For example, Bun-Bun chose to deal with his body's changes by mating with everything in his path. This rabbit would mate with EVERYTHING, completely disregarding gender, species and whether or not the object of his affections was plugged into an electrical outlet. This animal was the rodential equivalent of Joey Buttafuoco.

Seventeen times my family and I watched in horror as Bun-Bun attempted to conquer our Golden Retriever, Skippy. (I'm sad to say Bun-Bun was successful most of the time. To this day, Skippy still won't

put down the shotgun he stole from our house.)

My father always tells a story that has become legend in the Willey household. I'll include it because I think it exemplifies Bun-Bun's obsession with sex.

Legend has it that one morning my father was greeting the day like he did every morning: in the nude, on the rooftop and doing his "Donkey Yell." High atop my family's home, he could see for miles. In the distance, Dad noticed the outline of a white rabbit lying stiff in the grass. Taking the rabbit for dead, my father skipped — as he always did when he was nude — over to the lifeless body. "Awww," Dad said in mock anguish. "Dumb rabbit was too horny for his own good!"

When Dad arrived however, Bun-Bun sprang to his feet. He shot Dad a disgusted look and hopped away, all the while mumbling about how Dad had scared away the buzzards. (Get it! He was gonna SCREW the ... AWWWWW, forget it.)

Now if being horny was Bun-Bun's only fault, I'd have no problems with the animal. After all, I've been labeled as "a perpetually horny human" by several Supreme Court justices. How could I blame him for

that? But Bun-Bun had other problems. Anyone who has ever owned a male rabbit can back me up on this one: Male rabbits really, and I mean REALLY, enjoy urinating on things.

At first, I thought it was just a means of marking territory: "I claim Steve's nose and all it's subsidiary rights, in the name of Bun-Bun!"

But later I found out that this is actually how male rabbits show affection. It's true! Ask any veterinarian.

Needless to say, Bun-Bun luuuuuuuved our family — especially my father. It is because of Bun-Bun's frequent drenches, that my father still drives 132 miles to dump the family's trash on the front steps of PETA's main offices.

I will forever remember my father prying open the latch to Bun-Bun's cage with a pool cue and running so frantically that he looked more like a human tornado than a father or husband. "You lousy, rotten BASTARD," he'd scream while heaving himself through a closed window.

As you can no doubt see, living with Bun-Bun has given me a strange fear of all rabbits. I'm still not quite sure what to do with the family residing in my backyard.

Hiding behind the curtains in my room doesn't seem to be working as well as I had initially thought.

But it sure beats the hell out of confronting Satan.

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