

The Best Birthday Ever

by Rashmi Sirdeshpande

One sunny Monday afternoon, Big and Little were out for a walk in the woods. Now, every bunny knows Monday's a FUN day, but this Monday was especially fun because it was Big's birthday.

'This is going to be the best birthday EVER,' said Little, opening up a basket full of goodies.

'Aww thank you, Little,' said Big. 'You shouldn't have...'

'Look!' said Little. 'We've got doughnuts! Do you want Scrumptious Strawberry or Seriously Chocolatey Chocolate? That one's got chocolate in the middle AND on top!'

Big paused for a second. 'Strawberry, I guess...'

'Or BOTH!' said Little. 'It's your birthday after all.'

'I know, but I'm not too keen on chocolate...'

'There you go!' said Little, serving up two giant chocolate doughnuts and one strawberry one.

'But, Little -'

'No buts, Big. Today's your special day. I've got it all planned out. First, we'll go bowling. Then go-karting. And then we'll make mud pies and water balloons...'

'Well, actually I'd quite like to just -'

'You know what,' interrupted Little, bouncing around. 'When we get back, we could even build a DEN!'

Big didn't look too sure. 'But, Little,' he said, 'I don't really feel like -'

'Is that the time?!' said Little, frowning at her pocket-watch. 'You better eat up! The bowling alley's all booked and you know what they're like when people show up late over there -'

'LITTLE!' shouted Big. 'STOP.'

Little froze, her eyes wide open.

'YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME. I DON'T WANT TO GO BOWLING OR GO-KARTING. I DON'T WANT TO MAKE MUD PIES OR WATER BALLOONS. I DON'T WANT TO BUILD A DEN. AND I DO NOT LIKE CHOCOLATE!'

With that, Big threw his doughnuts into a bin and stormed off, leaving Little all alone. Her bunny ears drooped down. Little couldn't remember the last time Big shouted like that. She felt a knot in a tummy just thinking about it. All she wanted to do was make Big's day special. Was that so wrong? Was that so bad? And where was Big anyway?

After a lot of stomping about (which didn't really help anyway), Little finally followed Big's pawprints all the way to their favourite log. And there he was, slumped down against it. Little shuffled up next to him. Before she could say anything, Big put his paw on hers and the knot in her tummy started to loosen up.

'I'm sorry I yelled at you,' he said. 'You were just excited...'

'I'm sorry too,' said Little. 'I wanted your birthday to be perfect but I didn't stop to think about what would make it perfect for you. Now I've ruined everything.'

'You haven't,' said Big. 'Today is perfect. Look!'

Little followed his gaze to a sea of wildflowers. The sun was setting and the sky was painted orange, pink and yellow. They watched it together, paw on paw, breathing in the cool evening air. And you know what? It really did feel like the best birthday ever.

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