

## **More like a sister**

by Robert Maslen

I'm at Len's house getting a tenth and he goes, 'Sal, you want this?' and it's this huge fuck-off rabbit, like a cat, sat on newspaper behind his sofa. I know the kids'll love it, so I go, 'Yeah'. I'm more like a sister to 'em, really.

I drop it twice, and it pisses all over my t-shirt, but I get it back to the flat, dead excited. And the little cows aren't even in! And they know I'm in trouble if the social woman comes and I don't know where they are. But I have a smoke and it dawns on me they'll be down the swings. So I get the lead for the dog they took off us and spend five minutes tying it round this fucking great rabbit, and there's shit and whatnot on the carpet. Anyway, I set off down the swings with the rabbit on its lead. And I'm giggling, thinking what the girls'll say.

But outside it's shit scared, like just sniffing and trying to hide. So I drag it, yeah? And then this woman I don't even know stops and says, 'That's not right, that.' And I shout, 'What do you fucking know about it? Are you a...?' But I can't think of the word like farmer for rabbits. She watches me yank it round the corner, shaking her head, and I say, 'Whatever, love.' When she goes I get the lead off and leave the fucking thing on a wall.