

My Little Boop

By Sandy King

I am not really a bunny person.

Sure, I've always found them adorable, and as a kid I briefly had one named Amy. I remember that I loved her but I also knew even at that early an age that bunnies didn't last long and that you'd never really bring them to the vet for care.

Years and years went by.

My sister Kathy has had rabbits for years, and when she became involved with rescues I was thrilled. I belonged to a parrot rescue and it seems that we were content doing our thing. I was caring for parrots and she was homing as many bunnies as she could. This would include sending me pictures of adorable buns every so often just in case I was ever interested. Many a bunny came to my attention, and I always thought they were super cute and I admired them – but then thought no more about them.

One day, she sent me a link to Groovy, or, as he would later be known, Boop. He was a tiny brown grey dwarf bun of such adorableness that I was smitten. The information said that he was old and that he had testicular cancer.

Even knowing that his life span would not be long, I agreed to go with my sister

to see Boop. It was love at first sight and as he was lifted out of his pen I saw IT.

The bunny was 2 lbs and one of his testicles was the size of a date. I knew it would be enlarged but I had no idea it would be this huge. This poor bunny! It affected his ability to hop and to clean himself. I could not believe that the previous owner could have let this get to such a condition on such a lovely creature. Boop's nature was sweet and loving and I knew I had to take him home and get him the neuter/cancer surgery he so badly needed.

So began life with Boop. A happy bunny, he was always willing to be patted and



Boop's tumor

had the appetite of three large buns. Litter trained and sweet, he became an instant love of my husband as well (who was stubbornly trying to stay detached). Shortly after we adopted Boop, he had his surgery (he was estimated to be 12-15 years old and even though neuters are usually not advised at that age, the threat of the cancer spreading made it necessary) and he came through it with flying colors. While recovering he moved

so much better and enjoyed playing in his pen. I loved this little bunny and spent most evenings with him on my lap giving ear rubs. I loved his face, ears, smell, everything!

Sadly, one evening after a long lap session I put him in his pen and gave him his evening treat of pellets. He ate them but not with gusto and I figured he just wasn't as hungry. The next morning he wasn't well and we took Boop to the vet. The prognosis wasn't good and the vet said that the cancer had probably spread and that he was a very old bunny. If only

he had been neutered when he was younger... I was so upset. We had to put Boop to sleep that morning. There was no real hope of recovery and to this day I miss my Boop so much. But I am so grateful for the two months I had with the sweetest creature on Earth.



My little Boop.

