

Rabbit needs a wash...the conclusion.

**Did Rabbit survive the wash?!**

**Are all his limbs still attached?!**

**Does he still smell like a toddler who has rolled in fox crap?!**



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So, once the boys were at school yesterday, I got home and to my utter amazement (after the biblical rainfall that had

flooded half of our town on Wednesday) the sun was shining and there was a gentle breeze in the air.

It was the perfect drying day!

Thank you washing gods!

I told rabbit I was very sorry but that he really did pong and that he had to go to the spa for the day (i.e; for a spin in the washing machine).

He wasn't very happy about it and said he remembered how I almost killed him last time – he never fully recovered from his severe stuffing loss. It's a guilt I will take to my grave...

After some coaxing, and me reading up on the interweb that if I placed rabbit in a material bag he would stand a much better chance of survival, he begrudgingly got into the washing machine.



"Zak's mummy is such a bitch. I swear to god, if my arm comes off again she had better sleep with one eye open tonight..."



“It’s happening...”

I reassured rabbit that after a quick spin in the washing machine he could have some spa treatments, so he eventually agreed and let me put him in the machine just to see what it

was going to be like. I shut the door and I was greeted with his little face peering back at me, all forlorn. I reminded myself that this had to be done (you have to be cruel to be kind sometimes as a parent) and told rabbit it was time to get in the bag. He hopped in and I closed it up. Then I pressed...START.

Click. The door locked. There was no going back now.

I kept my fingers crossed and waited anxiously for the machine to finish, drain of water and for the thing to stop spinning at a rate of 7G's.

After an hour, it had finished and I nervously opened the door and peered into the bag..

What greeted me was...an in tact rabbit!!!!!!!!!!

HE WAS ALIVE!!!!!!!! (and he smelt of Lavender and Jasmine...)

I gave rabbit a high five and he told me that he blacked out through the stress about 5 minutes into the wash. The rest of his time in the machine was a blur (probably just as well really).

I honoured my promise to him and he was given 2 complimentary spa treatments.

He requested a facial and a neck and shoulder massage which I diligently completed...



Time for a facial. I did put carrot on his eyes but he kept eating them so changed to cucumber...



Nothing like a shoulder massage after a spin in the washing machine...

So Rabbit survived, and I placed him outside on the patio to dry off and sunbathe.

Zak was over the moon when he got home and saw rabbit all clean, and smelling like a granny's knicker drawer. He took him upstairs and snuggled him into his bed ready for night time.

And mummy had a cocktail to celebrate not having to attempt to sew anything back together. Hurrah!

The end. For now, anyway.