

KREMSKI
By Caroline Gilbert

It was just at one sip of coffee—7am—on a cold winter day when the phone rang. The caller explained: “Tim and I are at a site to repossess a mobile home and as usual we’ve discovered animals left behind. There’s a rabbit in the mix. Can you take it?”

The call was from Michelle Langston. She and her husband Tim own and operate Langston Mobile Home & Transport of South Carolina. They are kind people; and if they are unable to take the abandoned animals themselves, they summon Animal Control. Over the years they have rescued enough chickens to have a large flock and one rooster who Michelle says “had been fought.” They have rescued one pig, two goats, six horses, about twenty-eight cats and one dog. All live on the Langston’s farm.

The little rabbit is cream colored, male and about nine months old. I’ve never met a rabbit who was so completely terrified. I set him up in a corral in the bunny health care building.

If he could run, he would run. If cornered, he would squint his eyes shut, flatten himself like a pancake and try with all his might to become invisible. Upon being picked up he cringed and his little body became stiff as a board. He was certain that I was going to harm him—even kill him. Clearly, this poor little rabbit’s previous experience with people had been very, very bad—and that is all I want to think about that!

For me to try to win this little rabbit’s trust and make him feel safe would take a very long time—if ever! So, I called upon Patches for help. She is eleven years old, a wise old granny rabbit living in the health care building due to her age and arthritis. She could teach the scared little rabbit. After all, who better than a rabbit to mentor another rabbit?

Granny Patches slowly hopped from corral to corral. Kremski, as we call the little rabbit, followed. He would squeeze his face through the slots of the corrals to touch noses with and introduce himself to each rabbit resident. He explored the large, sunny room, even onto the screened porch. It turns out that he is quite a friendly little rabbit and very curious. Old Granny Patches returned to her corral. She had had enough exercise.

Although Kremski was getting comfortable and making rabbit friends, he still feared me. As days passed, Kremski observed as Patches and ALL the rabbits enjoyed getting love pats on their heads and accepting treats from me. About a week or so later, Kremski, with utmost caution, accepted a treat from me—a raisin. He had never tasted anything so delicious! Next, he accepted a pat on his head—AT LAST!

Then one day there was an extra corral in the room. In it, a new beautiful brown rabbit with fabulously long ears and gorgeous big brown eyes. It was Willoby. She had just arrived from Oregon. Kremski was smitten.

Kremski and Willoby became friends in the health building when their corrals were placed side by side, which made their subsequent bonding quick and easy. They are now living happily together in Rabbitat I.