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Instructor's Name

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Date

### Dead Rabbit

One summer night of 1999 my mother received a phone call from my Aunt Amalia in Mexico. Immediately we suspected she had some bad news because she never calls unless it is a real emergency. She told my mother that my grandmother had had a heart attack and was in critical condition. Right away we started making plans to leave for Mexico and left the next day. Since we had to take the bus, it took us three days to get there. Those were the three longest days I had ever had.

We finally arrived in town at three in the morning on a Tuesday. We took a taxi to my aunt's house, and when we got there, she was sitting on the porch as if waiting for something to happen. It surprised her to see us because she had no idea when we were arriving. She said she had a premonition and that she could not sleep. She took us inside to her bedroom, where my grandmother was lying. My grandmother looked tiny and fragile on the king-size bed. She awoke when she felt all of us looking at her and told us that she was really surprised to see us. We were a little scared to let her see us because we did not want her to get too emotional, which would have affected her health. She pretended to be fine and even attempted to get up, but her frailty defeated her. She had always been the type of person who puts up with pain and suffering to keep from worrying anyone, so even though we saw her fading, she did not want to tell us how bad she felt.

The sun was visible on the horizon, and almost everyone in the house was awake;

perhaps we were afraid to sleep and wake up to sad news. Fatigue finally beat us all, and we all went to sleep or at least attempted to sleep. It was hard to sleep late because the neighbors were up and going at sunrise. The sounds of the roosters crowing; the neighbors sweeping their patios; boys playing soccer in the street; and the horns of the water, gas, and trash trucks blaring all interrupted our sleep. I woke up to a hot, sunny morning, and noticing that the front door was open, I went outside.

My aunt was lying on the hammock with a sad look on her face. I expected bad news from her and was afraid to ask her. As I walked closer to her and to the almond tree from which the hammock hung, I noticed a dead rabbit. I asked my aunt about it. She said she did not know why it died because it had been fine the day before and had enough food and water in its cage. She went to pick it up to put it in a bag to throw it away when the trash truck came.

As she was putting it in the bag, an indigenous lady who sold ceramic art passed by and saw my aunt with the dead rabbit in her hand. She asked my aunt why it had died, and my aunt said she did not know but that it had been fine the day before. The lady asked her if there was somebody in the house who was sick, and my aunt told her about my grandmother. The lady said it was a miracle that the rabbit died so that my grandmother could live longer. My aunt looked at her in disbelief and told her that she wished there was a miracle that could save my grandmother. Before the lady left, she told my aunt to not throw the rabbit away like that. She should bury it.

A couple of minutes later my grandmother came walking out the door as my aunt and I watched in disbelief at how well she looked. She said she felt much better and did not want help to walk.

From that day on, my grandmother was doing most of her regular chores, and every once

in a while, she walked to the store down the street as if she had never been sick. It did not take me long after that to realize that miracles do exist and that I had witnessed one.