

An Easter Tale

All rights reserved

Copyright © 2018

By A. Nation

Published 2018

ASIN:

Acknowledgments

I want to thank those that gave me support and tolerated my persistence in writing my story; they are by first names only as they know who they are:

Yuma Writer's on the Edge,
Shirley, Kam, John

Books by A. Nation

Domino Series:

[Similar But Not the Same](#)

Saga One - 2422

[Deflection A Race Against Time](#)

Saga Two - 2407 A.D.

[CrossRoads A Moment of Decision](#)

Saga Three - 2424 A.D.

[Found-The Lost Ones](#)

Saga Four - 2426 A.D.

[Return There's No Easy Way](#)

Saga Five - 2429

[Desert Shock - Secrets Never Stay Hidden](#)

Saga Six

[Fatal Error – Death by Innocence](#)

Saga Seven

Secrets Series

The Eye of the Matrix – The Stone Map

Quest One – Coming Soon

Urban Series:

[Where Did They Go?](#)

Urban Fantasy 1

[The Pottery Sale - What Lies Beneath](#)

Urban Fantasy 2

[The Cruise – Lost At Sea](#)

Urban Fantasy 3

Watch for ebooks on

[Smashwords](#).

[Amazon](#) or

[Books2Read](#)

For more insights how this story progressed, see my
blog at: [My Blog](#).

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without permission in writing from the publisher.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Spring is in the Air

Ah, that wonderful time in the spring when the snow is gone and the sunshine warms up the countryside. My wet grass was growing and some of my trees were beginning to bud. I already had bought my vegetable seeds at the local store. Now all I wanted to do is head out to my garden and get to work.

My wall phone rang.

"Hello? Hey Sally, what's up? Today? Maybe later. I want to take advantage of this sunny morning. Okay, I'll make up a few eggs for the Easter Hunt. But they won't be ready until later this afternoon. That's fine. I'll see you then," I said and hung up the phone receiver.

Sally is a dear but since she was placed in charge of the Easter Hunt, she gets a little pushy sometimes.

My little poodle dog popped in through the back door flap and ran over to me by the kitchen sink.

"Now where do you suppose I hid my hand spade?" I asked him. He cocked his head as if he tried to understand me.

"Oh, I remember," I said aloud.

I noted my canvas apron that I use for pottery classes hung in the landing between the downstairs and the kitchen on the main floor. As I walked down the stairs to the basement, Mickie raced on ahead of me.

In a tall metal cabinet I plucked my gardening spade and small forked rake from the shelf. Next, to

them, I had hung my large straw hat. At the top of the landing I unhooked the apron and headed outside. My dog followed my heels until I shut the door.

My dog bumped the doggy flap and ran out onto the porch passed me. The sun warmed my cheeks as I positioned my hat against the glare. Down near my flowerbed, I usually plant my garden in the barren space by the chain-link fence. Shovel in hand, I went to work overturning the moist soil one spade full at a time. In my energetic endeavor, I didn't see my neighbor walk over to the other side of my fence.

"Hey, Susan, isn't it still early to plant?" my next door neighbor, Trisha asked.

Mickie ran over to her and jumped up and down on his hind legs while she reached over the fence to pat his head.

I stopped my shoveling and walked over to her.

"I suppose but I'm planting the cool weather seeds such as carrots, peas, and radishes before it gets too hot when they leaf up. What are you up to?"

"Larry wants me to take the car in and get it washed. Want to come?"

"I'd like to, but I don't want to waste a beautiful day."

"Okay, have fun," she said and bounded off to her garage next door.

I finished overturning the black soil after an hour and located my garden rake in my garage. My dog was running around behind me as I smoothed out the soil for planting. When he barked, I looked to see what he found. Maybe he discovered a squirrel to chase. While I watched him, I could see a small rodent running like the

devil in front of his nose. The creature was a tiny cottontail rabbit.

"Mickie, come here," I called. I sure didn't want him to get rabies or something from the little bunny.

That distracted him for a second. He took chase again as the bunny zigzagged back and forth until it disappeared into the tall grass of my lawn. That's when I decided to walk over to the spot where the rabbit disappeared and hope there weren't anymore.

As I approached the bare spot, I tripped. Something hooked on my foot as I saw the grassy lawn rear up into my face.

The sides of the hole grew larger and engulfed me until I slipped down through the black wetness. I fell a few feet down and had landed on a bed of leaves. Dusting the dry crispy flora off of my clothes I looked above at the sunlight through the hole I had fell.

"Help," I called for a few times. Receiving no answer, I began walking into the darkness. Maybe this tunnel will lead to my friend's fairyland or just to the surface.

Feeling the sides of the cavern, I began to notice a glow up ahead. The dirt floor turned into stone as my shoes made a tapping sound. That's when I saw the door.

My hand felt the door's wood paneling. I could tell there was some type of carving raised on its surface. Bending down, I turned a cold metal knob and peered through the crack in the open doorway. The aperture was small enough for me to walk through as long as I crouched.

The first thing I noticed was the air was warmer as I stepped inside and straightened up my posture. I could hear voices singing as I pressed on to see who was there.

The high-pitched chatter sounded like children, but *"Why would they be down here?"* I asked myself.

I followed the singing and through an archway, I saw almost a hundred elves or Nissers as they preferred to be called when my friend, Hobnobby, introduced them to me in fairyland. One I recognized strolled up to me.

"Susan, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Tiko, I just fell in and was—Say, what are all of you doing here anyway? I thought you'd have some time off after helping Santa during Christmas."

"We do, but we like keeping busy. We all have volunteered to help out Peter Hare for Easter."

"You mean Peter Rabbit, don't you?"

"Hare, Rabbit, Capon, whatever."

Well it didn't matter to me as I walked over to one of the worktables and noticed the Nissers painting eggs. Some had zigzags and others had dots. After each one was finished, the little guys placed them into a woven basket with fresh grass clippings. As soon as four eggs were in a basket, they attached a colorful ribbon to the top of the basket handle and placed them into a large box.

"They are beautiful. Hobs, I didn't know you were so industrious."

He finished decorating his egg and placed it into the drying rack.

"I can't sit idle all day. What brings you here?" he asked.

"I fell through a hole. But I need to return to topside. Can you show me the way?" I asked him.

Before Hobnobby could answer Tiko spoke up.

"I'll show you, but beware of Peter's cousin, Landfort. That one wants to eat all of our decorated eggs and chase the children away on Easter morning at the football field."

"I don't remember a Landfort in the story."

"Oh he wasn't mentioned—he was a third cousin," Tiko said.

"All right, but why would he do that?" I asked.

"I guess he didn't get much sleep this last winter. All the children played in the snow over his home under topside. He wants revenge. If he sees you, hide," Tiko explained.

"Well, I'm not going to run from a little bunny. Just show me the way out."

"Hmm, he's not so little. Oh, here comes Peter now."

Expecting to look at who entered toward the floor of the archway, my widening eyes raised up to Peter's full height of five feet.

"So, Landfort is that tall?" I asked.

"Yes," squeaked the skinny elf.

"Say what is that human doing in my egg shop? Tiko, you should be working," bellowed the five foot rabbit dressed in a blue westcoat.

"I'm sorry. It's not his fault," I said. "I'll leave right now."

His gaze followed me as I edged passed the large furry animal.

"I remember you, but you were little Susan years ago," he exclaimed.

"Yes, I remember racing with the other children on the church lawn."

"Be sure to take the walkway to your left," he said.

I nodded and trotted back through the wooden door. As soon as I walked through the doorway, I heard the latch snap shut behind me.

I stumbled along in the darkened cavern when I realized my shoes were wet from water on the floor. Then I came to a 'Y' in the pathway. I sure don't remember passing that. Both ways had some light at the end. "*Now which way did Peter tell me to go?*" Not sure I headed straight ahead.

Within a few minutes, I heard a growl.

"Who's entering my lair," grumbled a rough voice.

I hid in a rock recess and flattened myself against the side of the tunnel. Then I smelled the strong musky smell of a wet rabbit. The hairy beast lumbered by me, sniffing the air.

"I smell an Uman. I would love to eat one of those," he said. I held my breath and waited until he stopped a few feet away from me.

Then I ran.

"Huh? Hey you, come back here," he roared.

I ran as fast as my legs would take me. I could hear his feet splash in the puddles collecting on the ground. I ran and ran until I could see the hole above me. I could hear my friends calling my name. I jumped and couldn't reach the edge.

"Susan, Susan."

"Down here," I yelled, clawing my way up toward the surface.

Every time I gained a few inches, the dirt gave way and I slipped down. I could see Landfort coming behind me with his two sharp teeth protruding from his jaw.

"Susan, wake up."

"Huh? Oh, don't let him get me," I muttered.

"Let who get you?" my neighbor, Trisha asked.

I found myself lying on top of my lawn with my foot still in the hole. Trisha pulled it out and her husband, Larry helped me stand.

"Are you all right? We were scared when I saw you fall down," she said.

"How—how long ago was that?" I asked, getting my bearings.

"Just a couple of minutes ago. I just returned from the car wash and saw you fall. Can you walk?" she asked.

"I think so. I just need a little help to get inside the house."

I rested my left arm on Larry's shoulder and Trisha held my right hand as we walked up the porch steps and into my home. My dog followed us close behind.

"I think I'm okay. I had a terrible dream that Peter Hare's cousin was chasing me."

Trisha looked at me. "Peter Hare?" she asked. "Larry, get her a drink of water. Come in here and rest a moment," she said, leading me into the living room.

I stopped.

"What is it?" Trisha asked.

"Those Easter baskets—Where did they come from?"

Much to my surprise, four colorful baskets sat on my coffee table with decorated eggs and a ribbon on the handle.

"You didn't make them? Here's your water."

"I think I'll sit down here for a moment," I replied and edged onto the sofa. Taking the glass of water from her hands, I drank a few gulps. Then the doorbell rang.

Trisha motioned me not to stand while she answered the door. Larry remained in the archway to the kitchen.

"Hello, Sally," I heard my friend say when she opened the front door. "What brings you by here?"

"I'm here to pick up the Easter baskets. I know I'm a little early but—They're are ready, aren't they?" she asked noticing that everyone was looking at her.

I pointed to the Easter baskets and Larry scooped them up and handed them to Sally.

"Oh, these are beautiful. I know they will be great for the Easter hunt," She said.

I jumped off the sofa and stood behind Trisha.

"Where are the children going for the Easter hunt?" I asked.

"Over to the high school football field," Sally replied.

"Oh, please don't go there, uh, I just found out the ground is littered with rabbit holes. You wouldn't some poor child to fall in and cost you liability would you?"

"Oh, dear. Where would we go then?"

"Call the reverend. There's a large grassy area behind the church I'm sure he'll let you use it."

"Okay, thanks," Sally said and waved goodbye.

Trisha closed the door.

"Rabbit holes in the football field? Are you sure you are all right?"

"Yes, I think so. Let's say it's a gut feeling," I replied.

"Okay, how did those baskets get here?" she asked.

"Don't look at me," I said.

"Well, if you think you're okay, we should head back home," Larry said.

"Oh yes, I'm fine."

They left through the front door. As soon as I could tell they were gone, I called out.

"Tiko, are you here?"

I heard nothing. My dog came over to see if I called him.

"I don't suppose you know anything, do you?" I asked rubbing his ears in my hands.

"Arf," he barked.

Then Tiko materialized near the fireplace.

"Did you leave the Easter baskets?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm glad you escaped. Can we watch a movie tonight with popcorn?" he squeaked.

I decided not to argue details about my adventure.

"Sure, I guess I can hobble downstairs."

"I'll carry the popcorn," he said as we headed into the kitchen.

I made the popcorn and retrieved an orange soda from the refrigerator. I handed the bowl over to Tiko. With my dog in the rear, we headed downstairs.

"Tiko, can you do me a huge favor?"

"If I can."

"Can you convince Peter Hare to keep his family out of my yard. Tell him I'll leave a food bowl in the alley," I said, taking a seat on the couch.

“Sure, I’m sure he’ll like that. What movie can we watch,” he said, taking a handful of popcorn from the bowl.

“You’re in luck,” I said, looking over the TV schedule. “Beauty and the Beast is playing.”

I turned on the TV and switched to the channel. Then I grabbed a handful of popcorn.

About the Author

A. Nation travels the west with her husband. I decided to write in a futuristic fashion creating interesting adventure stories that have a moral realization. Whether from prejudice, political crime, retribution, or enslavement, the sagas shall continue.



For more insights how this story progressed, see my blog at: [My Blog](#).

To participate in National Writing month go to: nanowrimo.org

You can purchase my ebooks through Amazon, Barnes & Noble, iTunes, and others through:

[My Webpage](#)