

## The Easter Bunny Discovered

Has the Easter Bunny come yet? It's still dark, but I know he comes at night. I lie in bed thinking about it for quite a while. Does he know we live in Kansas now, in this tiny little house?

Finally, curiosity gets the best of me. I quietly slide out of the double bed Robin and I share and tiptoe into the living room, down to the table at the end where we eat.

I'm trying to be quiet as a baby mouse,

because Mother and Daddy are asleep on the studio couch. I sneak up to the table. It's black as pitch in that room. I can't see a thing, so I begin feeling around the table, ever so carefully. He always leaves our baskets on the table, so I know that's where I'll find them.

Suddenly, to my horror, my hand hits something and that something tumbles to the floor. I hear jelly beans rolling all over the room. I'm dead! I figure I'll never get out of trouble for spilling the beans! Sure enough, Mother and Daddy spring up like a shot.

"What's that!?" demands Mother.

"It's just me," I quaver.

"What are you doing?"

"I had to go to the bathroom."

"Well, that's not where the bathroom is. What happened?"

"I just wanted to see if the Easter Bunny came."

"Get back in bed!"



I don't need to be told twice. I make a dash for bed. Mother shuts the door and I see light underneath. I hear jelly beans being picked up off the floor. She and Daddy are murmuring to each other. Do I really hear a giggle? The light doesn't stay on long, and soon it's quiet again. I go back to sleep.

The next morning I'm not in a hurry to get up. Usually I'd be nudging Robin awake at the crack of dawn, but today I just lie there. I don't want to go face the music I'm sure will be playing. Finally Robin wakes up and we get up. Mother and Daddy are already awake, so we run to the table.

"Umbrellas!" Robin shouts with glee.

So that's what it was! The Easter Bunny didn't bring baskets this year. He put our eggs and candy in parasols, and each stands upside down in a bowl for support. My hand had slid underneath in the dark, and I tipped it over when I lifted my hand. The parasol doesn't look any the worse for wear. Nobody says anything about last night. I'm not about to bring it up.

"Just one piece before breakfast," Mother tells us. She says that every year and we always eat several pieces anyway.

While I'm dressing I get to thinking. I heard some kids talking at school last winter about Santa Claus. Suddenly it dawns on me. The Easter Bunny is just the same as Santa Claus! I go in the kitchen and ask Mother.

"Yes," she tells me, "that's right. Daddy and I are the Easter Bunny. How did you know?"

"Oh, I just figured it out. It's the same with Santa Claus, isn't it?" I figure this is a good time to let her know I'm in on that secret too.

"Yes, it is. But don't tell Robin. She still has fun thinking there really is a Santa Claus and Easter Bunny. You're big enough now to know the secret, but that means you're big enough to keep it too. Okay?"

"Okay." I like knowing a secret that big people know and getting to keep it from little kids.

"Don't tell your friends at school either. Let them figure it out for themselves."

“Okay.” This is a really great secret. I like having secrets! I couldn’t tell my friends anyway, because they already know.

She ties the sash on my new yellow organdy dress with its ribbon-filled eyelet trim. I carry my new parasol to church, and on the way we sing the song, IN YOUR EASTER BONNET. The sun is shining bright and warm, and I know a secret, and I love Easter.