

Buster's Bunny Parade

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Buster wakes up late for the Easter Parade, unfortunately he gets trapped into being the Easter Bunny all day.

The Costume Box

2025

Chapter 1

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Buster threw his covers off of him in one hard swoop and kicked his feet off the bed, cursing himself under his breath. He took off for the bathroom knowing he would really only have time to brush his teeth and possibly splash the sleepiness out of his eyes.

“Crap! Where is it!” He shouted now back in his room digging through his closet.

“Looking for something?” He heard and snapped his body around to see his Mom leaning against his doorway. “You aren’t usually up this early on the weekend.”

“I need to be in that stupid Easter Parade, they are already marching outside!” His large bedroom window faced the street and the parade had already started to march past it. “The scouts gave me something to wear but I can’t find it. Here it is!” He pulled out a white drawstring backpack, it had a picture of a bunny printed on it.

He uncinched the top of the bag and dumped the contents onto his bed. A fluffy pink bunny suit flopped onto his bed. “Of course it’s freaking pink!” He whined, he hadn’t checked out the costume since receiving it a couple weeks ago.

He took off his flannel pajama pants and T-Shirt and tossed them on the bed, leaving him in just his white briefs. He snatched up the suit, unzipped it and started pulling his legs

through. The feet had built in shoes covers with elastics underneath. The pink was pastel and the costume had a white tummy. He quickly pulled his arms through the sleeves and discovered the attached mittens, which were also pink with white palms. He grabbed the hood and tossed it over his head and zipped up the front of the outfit, bunny ears stood tall above his head, clearly having some kind of wire to hold them up.

Buster allowed himself a moment to look in a mirror and he looked ridiculous, if he wasn't about to join his scout troupe who were all wearing similar outfits he would never have stepped outside his room wearing such a thing. He looked behind him and groaned at the puffy bunny tail that sat on his butt.

“Well you look adorable!” His mom gushed, with a grin on her face.

“Mom!” He shouted, forgetting she was in the doorway and had seen him strip and put on the bunny suit.

“Don't forget your scout neckerchief.” She said and grabbed it from a hook on his door and tossed it to him. He threw it over his neck and tried to tie it but the mittens were making it difficult, so his Mom stepped in and did it for him.

“I look so stupid!” He groaned looking in the mirror again.

“I could give you some whiskers to complete the look.” His Mom offered.

“There is no time.” He said quickly, blushing and not wanting

his face painted. “I need to go!”

He snuck past her, his puffy tail bouncing as he hopped to put on his shoes. A few moments later he stepped out onto the crowded city street and made his way up the parade. He felt exposed. He heard some giggles and snide remarks from the bystanders but knew if he was much later he would hear worse from his scout master.

There were only a few floats, mostly trucks pulling along advertisements for some business in the area. The scouts were closer to the back of the parade but he knew the parade route started and ended on his street, he wasn't certain of the exact route but knew they should be close.

“Look mom, I think that bunny is lost!” He heard a little girl squeal, causing him to blush. He tried to ignore her as he pushed past them. He finally spotted what he was looking for, a large float with the younger scouts all sitting and waving from their perch, his scout mates should be right behind them.

“There is the last one!” His scoutmaster shouted. “Buster, how are you late to something that is steps away from your own house!” The scoutmaster was wearing his standard uniform, not a shred of Easter's pastel colors on him.

“Sorry sir, I slept in.” Buster squeaked and ran to get in line with his scout mates, all of whom were wearing similar bunny outfits. There were an equal number of pink, yellow and white bunnies and he felt a little less out in the open now that he was sharing a similar fate as his scout mates.

The parade consisted of walking with the other scouts and casually waving to the kids who came to see them. He marched with the others smiling, waving and making small talk with the other scouts adorned as colorful bunnies. He groaned when he heard the cheery chirp on a speaker, he had forgotten about this part, they needed to do the 'Bunny Hop'.

“Okay, bunny scouts. Just like we practised.” His scoutmaster boomed.

As the music played the scouts all hopped in unison, much to the delight of the audience as there were laughs, claps and giggles from the small children. Buster thought the whole affair was utterly ridiculous and tried to avoid the prying eyes of the younger scouts sitting happily on their float watching the events unfold. There were three bunny hop songs that they timed their jumps to with long breaks of just walking and waving.

Buster felt a little concerned that the parade route had gone pretty far from his house. “When do we turn?” He asked the bunny beside him.

“What do you mean, the route is just the street and we end at the square downtown.” The boy replied to him.

“I thought it was a loop and ended back where we started.” He said.

“Nope, it’s downtown and we can go home from there.” He confirmed for him.

Buster got anxious now, he would need to backtrack back

home in his pink bunny suit. He remained calm knowing he could at least stick with some of the other scouts and it would be less embarrassing in numbers.

The herd of bunny scouts finally stepped past the parade finish line, there were some relieved sighs from the boys. The bunnies made a circle around the scoutmaster waiting for a debrief of their latest adventure.

“Good work today scouts, you are free to head home from here.” He said dismissing them.

“Finally I can take this blasted thing off!” Jake whined as he quickly unzipped his white bunny outfit revealing a pair of jeans and a T-Shirt he was wearing underneath the costume. Buster watched him with envy, it made the bunny suit feel extra fluffy against his bare chest and legs.

Buster watched as the rest of the scouts started pulling off their own bunny costumes, some had decided to wear the scout uniform while others were in plain clothes. All of them were wearing the drawstring backpack the costume came in and proceeded to stuff it back in the bag.

“Hey Buster are you going to take off the suit, or just wear it the rest of the day!” Elijah snickered at him.

“I’m not wearing anything underneath.” He whispered to him, hoping he wouldn’t draw any more attention. He looked around and it’s almost as if Easter around him was disappearing, floats getting covered in tarps, people taking off outfits. He seemed to be the most festive one in the crowd.

“What do you mean? That’s why the suit came in a backpack.” Elijah helpfully added through his teeth as he patted his stuffed bag.

“I forgot, I was in such a hurry this morning.” Buster pouted and looked around, he didn’t even know where he was. “I’ll just go home and change.” The other boys laughed at him, they were now surrounding him in their street clothes. He started feeling anxious and shifted his weight back and forth. He marched past them and out of the square trying to get his bearings.

Leaving the other boys behind he saw that the parade had finished up and the street he had walked down was absolutely packed with people, a lot of kids screaming and parents clogging up the sidewalks. If he trotted back down the parade route he knew he would be in for a walk home of finger pointing, picture taking and entertaining more children.

Buster looked for an alternative route and chose to walk up a couple of the side streets that he assumed ran parallel to the main street that his house sat on; he took a few twists and turns but were much more sparsely packed. Occasionally he would be asked by a bystander what the deal with the costume was and he would grumble something quickly about Easter before trying to cut through a park.

He stepped through what he thought was an empty park but as came over a hill there was a herd of children, the youngsters were running all over the place carrying easter baskets with colorful plastic eggs inside. “It’s the Easter

bunny!” he heard a young girl squeal, which caused the other kids to look around until all eyes were on him.

The kids easily lost attention in their egg hunt and made their way toward him, he started to blush being mistaken for the chocolate giving rodent. “I’m just passing through, don’t mind me.” He tried to tell them as they got closer.

“Do bunnies lay eggs?” one of the young boys asked.

“I thought chocolate came from plants!” A girl piped up.

“Where did you hide all the eggs?” a boy with a basket brimming with colorful eggs asked.

“Since when does the Easter bunny wear a scarf?” A slightly older boy questioned.

Buster was getting flustered and felt absolutely surrounded. “I’m just on my way home, where are your parents?” He asked the group of about a dozen kids half his age. He didn’t need to wait for an answer as a woman in her late teens came rushing over the hill frantically.

“Sorry, I looked away for one second.” She called out trying to corral the kids to little avail as they were all too interested in the bunny clad boy. She did a double take at the boy. “Who are you and why are you dressed as a bunny?” She looked at him with more intensity.

Buster was at a loss for words, how does he explain he was wearing the bunny suit for the parade. “Well you, well you see.” He stammered, causing his face to flush.

“Buster?” She said with a questioning tone. “Is that you?”

Buster’s eyes went wide at the mention of his name, how had he been recognized so immediately? He looked around, he wasn’t familiar with this part of the city and didn’t even recognize the park he was in. “Y-Yeah.” He sputtered, giving the woman the confirmation she needed.

She grinned at the flustered boy. “Do you remember who I am?” she questioned.

Buster’s mind raced for some type of answer, trying to remember who this woman was. He looked at her dark brown hair and green eyes, she wasn’t related to him that much he knew. His eyes darted to the impatient children who had started to poke him, thinking he had chocolate on him.

“Her name is Sammy!” One of the small children helpfully offered.

The name sparked vivid memories in his mind from when he was younger, there was only ever one girl named Samantha he knew. “You’re Samantha.” He swallowed before continuing. “My babysitter.”

She giggled a little. “You got it! Although I suppose you don’t need a babysitter anymore, I must have been your age when I used to watch you.” She eyed him up and down again taking in the pink bunny outfit. She told the kids to go back to finding eggs while she spoke with the Easter bunny.

“So what’s with the bunny get up?” She asked him.

He took a deep breath and explained the parade and how he was a little lost and trying to get back to his house.

“Tell you what, help me out here and I’ll take you home after the egg hunt.” She told him.

“Okay.” He sighed a little relieved now that he stumbled into someone he knew. “What do you want me to do?”

“Oh you know, standard Easter bunny stuff.” She smirked at him, she had teased him when he was his babysitter too.

Samantha led Buster over to where the main egg hunt was happening, once over the hill he saw a bunch of Easter activities taking place and more women Samantha’s age helping with the children.

Buster followed Samantha to a photo booth that had been setup with a chair and some Easter props. “Why don’t you just take some pictures with the kids for now?” She asked him.

Buster got a little anxious. “I don’t really want to have my picture taken with a bunch of kids.” He told her.

“Come on, it will be fun and the kids will love it.” She insisted and patted the seat of the chair.

Buster looked around and eventually submitted, he was still lost and this would be fairly easy to do. He sat in the chair and Samantha started to bring the youngest to him and place them in his lap. One giggling child after another kept asking him annoying questions about the Easter bunny while

pictures seemed to be endlessly taken. By the time they were finished with the pictures Buster was beat red from all the questions, poking and prodding.

“Uh, Samantha, is that all I need to do?” He asked his old babysitter.

“Well it looks like some of the kids are a little nervous about getting their faces painted.” She told him.

“Okay, what do you want me to do about that?” He inquired.

“I was thinking you could get yours painted first, it would encourage the others to see the Easter bunny go first.” She said with a smile.

Buster felt a well of anxiety again, he didn't want his face painted and had already refused his mother earlier in the day. “I'm not sure about that.”

Samantha grabbed his gloved hand and led him to a booth where facepainting had been set up and sat him down in a chair. She pulled down his hood and pulled out some paint. “I'll make it look good.” She promised him.

Samantha was quick to paint a face. He was a little worried it would look sloppy but it ended up making him look even cuter. Big Teeth had been painted down his chin. The end of his nose was painted pink and from his eye to his cheeks were all white. Some black whiskers were added as well. He blushed at the new look, he looked more like the Easter bunny than before.

Now that Buster had been painted he played with the kids in the park for a couple more hours while all the kids' faces slowly turned into bunnies. Eventually all the children's parents collected their kids and Samantha was finally able to lead him back to his house. By now most of the parade watchers had left.

“Thanks Samantha.” He told her.

She pinched his cheek. “Thank you for turning up like you did.” She told him.

His Mom let him in and gave him a look when she saw the face paint. “It’s a long story.” He told her.

She took a picture of her own before he was finally allowed to go change and wash off all the face paint. He knew he was going to be discovering pictures of him as a bunny the next time he went to school.