

Doc

As a highly-trained and regarded psychotherapist, I have had many strange individuals come in my office for treatment. There was once a man who thought he was the reincarnated spirit of George Washington, a woman who thought she could move things with her mind, even once a mad fellow who just kept repeating “The end is nigh. The end is nigh.” over and over again as he lay on the couch for my patients. I write now about a case that has me questioning everything I once knew, including the very nature of reality itself. The case of Mr. Elmer J. Fudd.

When I first saw Mr. Fudd, I could tell this was going to be a unique counseling session. For one thing, Mr. Fudd, despite being a bald, middle-aged man, was only about three feet tall. I checked his file, but there was no known physical cause for him to be this short. When I asked about it, he simply said “I suppose I was just dwawn that way.”

“Now, what do you mean by that?” I inquired as Mr. Fudd took a seat on the couch in my office.

“Well, doctor, you may think this cwazy of me, but... I believe-- No. I *know* I am living inside a cawtoon.”

“Would you care to elaborate?”

He nodded. “You see doctor, I’m a vewy successful man. Made my first miwvion by age 30, made my second at 35. And, like most men of such high calibah, I take joy in the spowt of hunting. Now, most people would think that hunting is a vewy peaceful entehpwise, but not for me.”

“And why is that?” I asked.

This question seemed to strike a nerve. Mr. Fudd sat up, fists balled, and exclaimed “It’s because of that dawn, scwewy wabbit!”

“A rabbit?” I was puzzled. Rabbits were such docile creatures. How could all of this man’s troubles be because of a small, little bunny?

“Yes, a wabbit!” Mr. Fudd went on. “But this is no owdinawy wabbit! This wabbit... He must have a... A powah of some sort!”

“A power?”

“Yes! This wabbit! He can talk! Evwy time I see him, he always asks me the same inane question. He munches on a cawwot and says “Eh, what’s up, doc?”

I made a note to prescribe Mr. Fudd a heavy dosage of anti-psychotics when this appointment was done, but allowed the man to continue on his tirade. “I twy to shoot the wabbit, but my buwwets don’t do anything! Even if I am able to hit him, all they do is cause him some mild pain! No lasting injuwies whatsoeva! And that’s only if I *can* shoot him! Most times, he’ll tie my wifle up in a knot, or he’ll just plug the holes with his fingahs to make the gun expwode in my face!”

I was truly beginning to think this Elmer J. Fudd was a madman. A rabbit that could do all these things? Absolutely ridiculous. I was close to calling some aides to my office to take Mr. Fudd to the psychiatric ward of the hospital for more intensive treatment, but he wasn't finished with his rant yet.

"And if he's not messing with my gun, it's something else! He'll twick me into holding sticks of dynamite until they bwow up! He'll make me chase him through tunnels that cause me to fall off cwiffs!"

"But, Mr. Fudd, surely you must see that these things are not possible." I calmly told him. "If you were to hold an exploding dynamite stick, you would obviously die. Or, at the very least, your hand would be blown off."

"That's just it!" Mr. Fudd went on. "I don't die! I am forced to endure this excwutiating pain ovah and ovah as I keep chasing this wabbit despite me knowing it will onwy end in my suffewing! I don't know if this wabbit is God, or more likely the devil, but what I do know is that these things would nevah be possible unwess I was living--"

"In a cartoon." I finished his sentence for him. "Right. Mr. Fudd, would you please wait for a moment while I go get the nurse?"

I got up to leave, hoping that the doctors in the psych ward could better help this man than I ever could. As I left my office to find the nurse, I saw a man in a very baggy delivery uniform standing with a parcel of some kind in the hallway. This man looked rather strange too. He was about the same height as Mr. Fudd, he wore a hairpiece, and had a thick mustache, glasses, and buck teeth. This delivery man spoke with a thick Brooklyn accent when he said "Excuse me there, my good man. I got a package here for a Mr. Elmer J. Fudd. Where might I find him?"

I was wondering how this man even got back here to begin with. Visitors of any kind weren't allowed back here, even to deliver a package. But I assumed, if the nurses at the front allowed him to come on back, it must be a very important package. "I can take that to Mr. Fudd, sir." I said, accepting the parcel.

"Okay. Just make sure he gets it quick, mac." The delivery man said. "You'll want to get this thing off your person real fast."

That was certainly an odd thing to say. I went to go back to my office to hand off the package to Mr. Fudd, but then I heard something. *Tick tick tick tick tick tick tick...* And it was coming from inside the box. I don't know what strange instinct caused me to do so, but I opened the box, and inside was a time bomb. As the timer hit zero, I found myself caught in a fiery explosion as the bomb went off. Pain radiated through my body as if every one of my nerves was filled with hot lead. I only wished for the pain to end so I could perish in the explosion, as I was sure I would.

But then the fire stopped. I opened my eyes, and I was still in the hallway outside my office. My skin was charred, and my suit had been blown to smithereens, and, though I was still a bit sore, I was otherwise all right.

“Oop! Sorry, doc. That wasn’t meant for you.” The strange delivery man said.

“What in the hell just-- Wait.” Something felt off about this. It felt almost exactly as Mr. Fudd had described to me, right down to this strange, little man calling me “doc.”

I took a closer look at this delivery man. His skin was fuzzy and grey, which I at first suspected was from a beard, but quickly deduced that wasn’t the case. His mustache was fake, as was his hairpiece, and behind his glasses I could see a pair of very beady eyes. I yanked off his mustache, glasses, and hair only for a long, grey pair of ears to poke out from the top of his head. I was looking at a rabbit, standing here in my office. The rabbit pulled a carrot, seemingly out of nowhere, took a bite of it, and proceeded to say “Eh, what’s up, doc?”

After that, I proceeded to walk back to my office and let Mr. Fudd go. I didn’t even charge him for his appointment. I could see there was no curing him, because he was right. I still don’t know what sort of being that rabbit in the hallway had been, but I could see that Mr. Fudd had been telling the truth.

As I write this, I am sitting in the recreation room of the hospital’s psych ward. I don’t intend to cure myself of my insanity, because it is not insanity. I intend to forget any of this ever happened, either through hypnotherapy, electroshock, an exceptionally large dose of drugs, or, if all else fails, a lobotomy. If anyone outside this hospital reads this story someday, be warned. We live in an animated world of hijinks and hilarity, but we aren’t the ones laughing. We are merely the victims of an unjust god. A god in the form of a little grey rabbit. Do not seek to challenge him, as you will fail. There is no defeating a god. No matter how looney he may be.