

## INSIDE AURORA: Easter Egg-spectations

By **Scott Johnston**

It was a nice spring day in late March and I was walking in the Arboretum near Town Hall, when I came across the Easter Bunny. He seemed a bit stressed, sitting hunched over on a bench with his paws fidgeting in his lap. I'd run into him many times over the years in Aurora, and he always seemed to be dealing with some last-minute crisis as he readied himself for the big weekend.

"So, are you all ready for Easter?" I asked, with some trepidation, taking a seat beside him.

"Yes," he sighed. "Absolutely. All prepped and ready to go. No issues."

Based on his appearance, it wasn't the answer I was expecting. But I smiled at his response, and we sat in silence for a while, watching a robin hopping along on the other side of the path.

But he continued to seem in some distress, so eventually, although I hated to bring it up, I just had to say it.

"You realize," I noted quietly, "every year there's always an issue."

His demeanour completely changed, and he broke down sobbing. "I know!"

Looking over with red-rimmed eyes he continued, "You're right. There always is, isn't there? No matter how well I plan things, something always seems to go wrong."

"Remember the year I got the dates mixed up? And the time when I hid the eggs in the wrong place?"

He continued counting off on one paw.

"And what about when I had too many eggs ready too soon, and couldn't store them anywhere? Or when I set my clock backwards instead of forwards at daylight savings and nearly missed my own egg hunt?"

"And then," I reminded him, "there was the suggestion following the Jazz Fest in Town Park that Aurora was opening to competition the running of all civic events, and you thought you'd be replaced in coordinating Easter?"

"That was awful," he agreed, with a shudder, and stared off into the distance for a minute.

"I just can't think of what I've missed this year," he cried eventually, pounding his little fists on the bench in frustration. "It's killing me!"

"But I was just reading in The Auroran last week how organized you are this time," I said. "You've ordered all the eggs, prizes and supplies, and have them at the right venue, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And all the games and events are planned? And the baby chicks and bunnies safely on hand?"

Another nod.

"The Girl Guides and other volunteers are ready to help out, and the Optimists are lined up for the pancake breakfast?"

"I've taken care of all that," he sighed.

He seemed to have everything under control. However, with his track record, I couldn't blame him for worrying.

"Maybe this is the year you turn the corner and start fresh with an issue-free event," I said, with as much encouragement as I could muster. "After all, with all your experience and hard work, it was bound to happen."

"Maybe," he conceded. "But I'm going to take another look, and make sure I haven't missed anything."

With that, he hopped off the bench and headed off in the direction of the Seniors' Centre.

It would be great for him to have a successful day, but at the very least his being stressed out was an Aurora Easter tradition that seemed to be continuing for another year.

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