



Brownie Price-Williams

May 17, 2017 - February 25, 2026

Brownie was a fighter, a little bunny with an extraordinary spirit who survived what many could likely never imagine - the bitter cold of winter, the suffocating heat of summer, fighting for food with his hutch-mate Obi, while confined to a tiny and filthy space outdoors, unable to stretch, run around, or receive the love he so deserved. His original name, given by his owner, was Bones because he was skin and bones.

I saw Brownie on Craigslist, a month after our beloved bun Captain passed and immediately asked to adopt him. When his owner tried to pull him out of his outdoor hutch, Brownie hid, terrified, in a corner. She grabbed Obi instead. I told her I wanted to adopt both. I couldn't imagine leaving one behind, alone.

Brownie let me cuddle him for hours that first night before he began to explore. Within weeks, he gained weight and his pee-stained fur became a beautiful white and brown. He eventually bonded with Koala, his pink-eyed princess who'd been rescued from a life outside as he had been. Soon after, Duchess joined the two.

The trio fractured when Duchess was struck with head tilt so Brownie would hop from Duchess' room to Koala's room and spend time with both. He was a gentle bun who followed me every time I went into the kitchen. That became our thing. He hopped into the kitchen. I quietly opened the cabinet door and

grabbed a handful of pellets. Sometimes I sang loudly or turned on the water so the others wouldn't hear. Brownie was elderly (12) and frail, and the pellets helped him keep his weight up.

Brownie started to slow down quickly during the winter of 2026 until one night he lost use of his back legs. He stayed by my side from that moment on - sleeping at my bedside and spending days in a makeshift bed with soft blankets on the floor next to me, where Duchess could visit him.

Meds temporarily helped him hop again, and he would hop to Duchess and Obi and, one final time, into the kitchen for pellets.

Obi and Brownie hated each other from their early days in that dilapidated hutch. Obi bit Brownie on the eye years ago, causing blindness, so there was no expectation they'd ever get along...until Brownie's last few weeks. He leaned on Duchess and Obi. Obi and Brownie groomed each other. Brownie wanted so badly to be back to normal and tried to hop until it was no longer possible.

The day before his passing we took him for a ride to pick up meds from the vet. He ate greens, enjoyed the sun, came home and ate more food than he had in a long time.

Because of his rough start in life, Brownie had always been wary. He would grunt, growl, and lunge, which got better over the years as he began to trust us, but cuddling and time with him was always on his terms. He shed any hint of wariness in those last weeks, welcoming pets, accepting cuddles, and offering the sweetest bunny kisses.

His passing, as we held and talked to him, was peaceful and loving. He's free of pain now, and for that we are thankful. But he's left a huge hole in our

family. We love him and will miss him forever.

Brownie leaves behind his bun siblings Duchess, Koala, Obi and Posey, chinchilla Bubbles, and budgies

Tribute Wall



“ *Brownie was the sweetest little bunny! His dachshund cousin Leo thought he was really cute, too. We'll remember you always, Brownie.*



Lynn Robbins - June 05 at 04:18 PM