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Faithfull Old Yeller

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The house is empty. Silence encompasses the room. The water is stagnant in his bowl. The food is stale. I pour my bowl of cereal. There is no one begging for scraps. I look out the window. The sky is tranquil, although I can’t see any shapes in the clouds. The ice-cream truck passes. I hear no familiar recorded tune. The wind refuses to whisper its secrets to me. The stuffed rabbit has ceased to squeak. Something is different about his gaze. Lately it has been vacant. Staring into nothingness. His nose is pale. The color of a newly formed snowflake. His fur the color of melting snow. He can barely lift his head. I am wondering if I should help him. I wait until the seventh day. Hoping, waiting, wishing, thinking. I lift him up into the passenger seat, dreading every nano-second that slips through my loose grip. I lay before him his favorite stuffed rabbit and a chew bone, out of respect. We drive, our breaths are in unison. Then slowly fading, only one breath is audible. The grass seems less green; the sky has lost its blueness.