

Death Has Long Ears (Part 2)

A soul had called to me.

I let the soft tide of the lake swirl me around in unknown directions. The sun beat down on my fur as I rose on the water, standing with my large feet paws on the surface. It barely tensed against my almost nonexistent weight.

Death has been called.

An easy ripple was left behind as I was gone, high above the top of the city. I was guided from the bustling cars underneath to a simpler setting. The countryside. The hazy fields of crops and flowers brought a range of colors to the ground as a million paint cans fell from the sky! The houses had become spaced out to a point the neighbors would be a car journey away to get that cup of sugar. My heart started to race, I felt the wave of energy releasing into the world.

That was my soul to collect.

I landed softly on the rooftop of the old barn as I watched over a young boy. He gripped an old dog tightly in his hands and sobbed softly as the afternoon drew away. There was anguish, he screamed as the energy began to finish its release and the soul of the pup bound away from its owner's arms. I jumped down, my tall ears jiggling as I landed. The old dog barked and growled, this good boy knew a rabbit when he saw one.

"Calm down boy," I kneeled down to the large dog. I took a chance and reached my paw out, holding it in place as the pup surveyed me, "Come here," I spoke as softly as I could. He was scared and anxious over the emotions of his owner. With time, he slowly walked over to me, careful of me at first even still.

I pet his ears. The dog calmed but kept his eyes over to his owner.

“He’ll be okay I promise,” I pet his fur, reassuring him of the future. I had no idea if he could understand me, but I hoped mutually he knew what I meant as a fellow animal, “You did good, now it’s your time to tell him goodbye. It is your time to rest, you’ve been a good boy,” His tail tucked between his legs as he made his final circle around his owner.

Love this pure is hard to find, and sad to see end...

He nuzzled at his hands with a small lick of farewell before coming back to me. My heart felt heavy, a lump welled in my throat, some of the souls really weighed on me.

This was one of them...

The boy had stood up and walked into the treeline behind his barn with a shovel. He would grieve for a long time to come. I went through a smooth motion with my hands to summon my scythe. The dog sat in front of me then laid down when he realized it was his time to move on.

“You were a good boy and a best friend, may your soul find peace in the next life. Farewell,” I gave him one last pet on his body before tapping him with the tip of my blade.

The air fell still.

That was my job done, and after this one, I think I’m spending some time in the lake again. Sometimes you need to feel weightless after heavy situations!