Man’s Best Friend

When I am asked the question, “If you could ensure that your children would never have/or have one experience that you have had, what would it be?” I can’t help but have my mind drift back to the fateful autumn night that changed my life in ways I will never forget. The year was 1976; the evening wind was flowing through my rather long hair as I strolled through the park with my Norwegian Lundehund, Garish. The dry, off-colored leaves scattered around the ground below my feet, as if they were running away from something. I could hear the animals of the woods taking care of any business they had to attend to before the lurking darkness covered the land. A squirrel crossed our path and got the attention of Garish. Garish bounded after the squirrel and ripped his leash right out of my hand. I dove after him but it was too late, Garish vanished into the woods following his prey. I was left alone, kneeling on the cold ground trying to think of what to do. Suddenly the wind stopped, all I heard was silence for about ten seconds. That was until I heard a vicious howl come from the woods. It was the sound of pure, concentrated pain. Millions of visions shot through my head of what could be happening to Garish. I fell prostrate on the ground and cried. I didn’t know what happened, nor what was going to happen. That’s right about when I heard footsteps. They were soft quiet ones, not like those of a human. I looked up and saw Garish walking toward me through my tears. My tears of sadness turned into tears of joy. I jumped up and ran to him. I was so happy I didn’t question anything and took him home right away. I fed Garish and went to bed as soon as I got home. Midway through the night I awoke do to disturbing noises coming from another room in the house. I grabbed my flashlight and got out of bed to find the cause of the sound. I checked the living room and found nothing. I checked the guest room and found nothing. I checked the kitchen and found nothing. Then I walked out to the garage, opened the door and closed it behind me. I heard a whimpering coming from the corner of the room. Right then my flashlight went out. I shook it some to try to get it to work but all I heard was the rattling of batteries. I decided the cause wasn’t so important so I walked back to the door. It was open, not like I had left it. I shook it off and walked to my room. I turned on the light and saw Garish sitting next to me. He was shaking and quivering in weird ways. I turned him toward me and saw a giant bite mark on his stomach. I looked up to his face and saw that it was strained and mutated. His teeth were longer and sharper than before and blood was running from his mouth. His eyes were blood shot and dilated. I was paralyzed with fear. I muttered softly, “Garish?” But with no loving response like before he leaped at my neck and ended everything I had left.

