Begining Again

Vixyy Fox

'Once upon a time', which are four words I did not have to use, there was a Dog who wanted to fly. Mind; this was in a time when the Earth was dying. There was nothing left of her old life. Nor were there any other Dogs... he was the last. If he could fly, he reasoned, then he could join his master, who'd perished. The world, as a living creature, had displayed her wrath, regurgitating lava, and ash upon everything that overran her grandeur with incestial breeding beliefs that left no hole unpoked.

Man was gone and any evidence of him was quickly fading.

Everything else was also gone; Death being an indiscriminate reaper.

The Dog, not understanding, wished but to fly. Trying to get closer to the sky, he stood upon his back legs, teetering precariously.

'If only I had wings,' he thought, 'I could find my master.'

"But you do not have wings," a voice told him.

His happy eyes followed, finding another Dog sitting watching him.

"How did you know what I was thinking?" he asked her, "Are you human?"

She laughed at this question, and, standing upon her rear legs, walked towards him, paws outstretched. These appendages became fingered hands with which she held his paws; and they too became hands. Wings then grew from her back as they did his. In a few quick strokes, the pair was dancing in the air feet above the rocky ground.

"Will you always love me?" she asked as they danced.

"I have always loved you," he replied with dreamy eyes. "You are the Earth and you give Dog fields in which to run and play."

"But you wish to leave," she whispered, holding him close to bond their love.

"I must find my master," he whispered back, "I think he is now the sun and I must go to him."

"Then be free," she allowed, relinquishing her grip upon his paws.

On new wings he rose to the sky higher and higher, becoming the pale daytime moon who forever chases the sun.

The Earth, now pregnant with his seed, brought forth new life; always watching after the one who truly loved her.