

The Lady and the Dog

A chilling autumn breeze wisped through the stiffened old lady's blinding white hair as she paced nonchalantly along the cool bronze sand. Although she appeared at ease she was fighting against a hunch in her back with the dignity that was found in years of grace. Her muted brown wool overcoat weighed her down even closer to the ground than she already was but protected her from the bitter cold air as Jack Frost's icy hands stroked her pale white skin.

Despite the absence of heat, she did not turn down the opportunity to enjoy the crimson sky as the glowing sun set over the serene beach. Lighting the rugged ocean with beautiful colors of yellow, red, and orange while the fierce waves crashed onto the shore erasing the evidence of her being that her beige Velcro shoes had left in the sand moments ago. Unfortunately, this delicate view was enjoyed by her lonesome. She did not long for a companion. She was enjoying the peacefulness. That is until she inhaled the foul stench of what smelt like burning garbage with sour milk used to extinguish its raging flames. And then she saw it. The bearing, rotting teeth of a massive jet black German Sheppard. His fur was wire-like and covered in a greasy film like the hair of a nineteen sixties greaser.

The lady was frightened. She could hear a loud roar coming from the dog that sounded like a volcanic eruption. The dog began to approach toward lady who was petrified by fear and did not move her feet to run. The German Sheppard crept up to her slowly moving like sand through an hourglass, walking so slow seconds seemed like hours. But by the time he was only few feet away the terror in

the woman's pearly blue eyes was starting to melt away. This was not a dog. This was a walking skeleton with the face of a dog. He appeared as though he had not eaten in months. His rib cage was visible through the black fur and his legs shaking like the leaves of a tree under a gust of wind.

The lady was in shock. She felt so much sorrow for the half-living animal she reached into the tiny pocket of her brown wool overcoat and reached for a the granola bar she had been saving for later. The woman extended her hand to offer the smelly beast the food, shaking almost as much as the dog was out of nervousness. The German Sheppard sniffed it with his soft wet nose. But did not take it. instead he growled and bared his teeth at the lady.

Before she had any time to react the dog pounced on her biting and scratching her while she screamed like a 6 year old lost in an amusement park. Her pale flesh getting stuck in between the dogs rotting teeth while he ripped chunks of her thin torso to shreds. He feasted on her liver and intestines as she watched the parts that once was her be consumed by the beast. The dog kept chewing on her in a bloody massacre. The jet black dog was now blinding red and the woman's blue eyes were lifeless.