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A World Lost

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Lily Bartle

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A World Lost

I walk through the streets that I used to know so well, we would walk this route almost every day. Now the streets are overgrown with vines and shrubs, unkempt trees and flooded buildings. I was so young when my friend left, I barely remember his scent. I was lucky to find others like me, lost and confused. At first we didn't know what to do, we tried looking for our friends, the ones who would feed and love us, but there was no one. We ate from the discarded food for a bit, but others came who were much stronger than us. We had no choice but to leave the only area we had ever known.

We wandered through the city, finding others who would either fight us, or run from us. We had to learn to hunt. It was difficult at first, but after a few failed attempts and some teachings from those more skilled than us, we adapted. We decided to leave the city after it became clear that there wouldn't be enough food or hunting space for everyone. It was difficult leaving, but I understood that it was necessary. A few of my friends chose to stay, to keep looking for those they'd lost, I don't know if they were ever successful. I hope they were.

We found a suburb a couple of days walk from the city. A forest and hiking trail connected to the playground, that's where we've established a home. Sometimes others would try to take our home from us, but we've been successful so far in defending it. One of the bitches had a litter a few months ago. I wish them luck in this new world. I left home to go hunting a couple of days ago, and found a large lake that smelled bad. I'm worried it will make the river connected to it turn bad as well. We might need to leave.

I'm back where it had all begun, the fence has rotten away and the roof is collapsing from water damage. I can't smell anything that might remind me of my past. I found a small stuffed rabbit half buried in the yard, I think I used to play with it before the change. I don't stay long, I don't like the reminder of the before.