

Out For a Walk
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As I walk down the streets of a desolate town, I approach an intersection and I could feel eyes on me. It was perhaps just a stray animal or another human, either way, both could be possible threats these days, especially after the epidemic. The epidemic left much of the world to be a wasteland.

The further north I travel the fewer survivors I come across. Being alone has its pros, I can do and go where I want and I have less to worry about. I prefer solitude, besides, getting close to people never ends well. That could be a reason why I insist on pushing myself northward, less chance of getting close to anyone.

I stay on the road towards the northbound highway, but I still can't shake the feeling of being watched. As I get this feeling, a dog cautiously appears from behind a broken-down useless blue car. He actually seems harmless and wants to approach me, but I raise my arms to shoo him away. Before the epidemic, like a lot of people, I had dogs, just now times are different, I can't have another life to look after. I make another attempt to scare the dog away and succeed.

About a block further down, I can see the highway, but at that instance, I can hear barking and human laughter and shouting. I stop my approach towards the highway and think if I should keep moving or go back? I know what people would want with a dog in these pressing times, and it's not for a pet. I reach in my pack and pull out a gun. Because of the scarcity of bullets, I try to not use it ever. Is a dog's life worth a bullet or perhaps my life?

As I approach the alley where the noise echoed from, I see two men with bats cornering the same dog that approached me earlier. I know their type, they were trouble. As I approached them, I yelled, and they both turned to look and immediately caught a glimpse of my gun. I said calmly, "It would be wise for you two to leave". They both started backing their way out of the alley then finally sprinted off.

The dog stood still against the wall, as I reached in my pack and pulled out a can of tuna. I opened it up and laid it on the ground for the dog to feast on. By the way he downed the food, it was no doubt the first time he's eaten in a long while.

After he finished, he came up to me and I patted him on the neck. I felt a collar and then I realized that he was someone's dog before the epidemic. Like me, he has perhaps, been on his own for the past three years. Our paths through this new world paralleled each other's, and seeing him and feeling his fur, I realized we all need something to live for.

I stood up, and started to walk off, then glanced back and said, "Come on boy, let's go, I could use a friend."

