

The frail old dog limped up the hill towards his destination, the old willow tree standing watch on top of the hill over the desolate fields. There were other trees on the small hill but none were as large or old as the willow and the dog had his reasons for going to the willow specifically. By the time the dog reached the top of the hill his energy was nearly gone, unlike when he used to climb this hill with his master every day to sit under the tree and appreciate life. Back then he could run up the hill in mere seconds, now it took him all he had to limp up the hill. The base of the willow tree came into sight, it was surrounded by a thick carpet of lush green grass, except for one strip about six feet long and three feet wide where there was a mound of dirt. Right under the same branch the dog's master used to sit under. He solemnly lowered his head missing his old friend but knowing he would see him soon he approached the mound of dirt as he would a friend. He laid down next to the mound and set his head down atop the dirt. He remembered how his friend would smile and pat his head whenever he did that. Now that the dog was with his friend again he could rest in peace and be reunited, he closed his eyes, and let out his last breath.

