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One Last Breath

That distinct yelp from my best friend. I still cannot forget that piercing last yelp from her. It still haunts me. As soon as the sound jumped off the walls, the feeling of vulnerability and guilt took place. I stepped outside into the humid night of August. While it had rained earlier, rather down-pour, it was only misty now. The time had to be close to midnight because the sun no longer illuminated the sky, but the summer air remained. The garage door creaked open and my heart was in my throat. A nightmare had occurred, a baby blue pickup truck towering over my lifeless dog.

Then time stopped. Everything kept moving around me, but my heart rate slowed, my movement slowed, and my brain slowed. As I moved towards the truck, the boy began to apologize frantically. What was apologizing going to do? It wouldn't bring her back. I moved past him, peeking into his truck. Then, time caught up. An empty Coors Lite bottle near an open smartphone. Texting and driving while drunk. He hit her in cold blood and can only muster a simple "I'm so sorry." The first thought was irritation and the animosity surrounded me. Hands tightened to fists but the courage never built up to do something that I would regret. In the midst of all this, I knelt next to my best friend.

Nova, based off of a supernova. She was the most beautiful thing to ever exist. Only now, she was not there to comfort me. I looked her over, watching blood begin to leak from the abdomen. Red became more apparent than the black asphalt. There was so much to say to her,

but rubbing her head was all I did. Sulking in that final feel. He kept apologizing, but it still felt empty. Walking away from the scene, I went inside to inform my parents but before speaking, the tears burst out. An organized sentence wouldn't form.

My father was the first to see her. His movements hollow as he moved Nova from the road. Tears were yet to fall from his face. After he moved her, he went to talk to the boy. The poor boy could stand there astonished. A mess of incoherency escaped his lips as he tried to explain what happened to Nova. My father brushed past him too, seeing the inside of his truck. He took one glance and understood everything.

Nova, my poor Nova. Was she terrified? Being glared at by bright yellow lights. Did she freeze like I had once seeing her? Nova must have been so stiff at that moment. The feeling of loneliness must have surrounded her in her last few seconds. She was always there during my darkest times, licking my face, but I let her die alone. That truck was not supposed to pass my road at exactly that time.

To this day, I have not recovered from it. I still long for my furry friend. She was my rock, everything I could possibly ask for. In an instant, she was gone. She could not comfort me anymore. And to this day, I still wonder how much differently things could have gone. What if I walked her instead of using the tie out? What if I went to retrieve her just a minute or two earlier? However, the question that burns me the most; what if that boy was not driving whilst distracted? Nova would still be trotting around the house. She would be nudging my hand, demanding to be pet. The answer to that question will never come.