

milo's discovery

by Brigitte Kearns

The pitter patter of the rain grew into a deep roar. Screams of thunder and shots of lightning infiltrated the evening sky. Milo timidly peeked out the window, as his hind legs quivered. Thunderstorms had always frightened Milo, and tonight was no exception. Milo sat shaking and whimpering, as the loud crashes reverberated in Milo's head. Flashbacks of the rain, drenching and drowning him, came flooding back. When Milo was only a puppy he'd been trapped outside in a thunderstorm for hours and hours. His owner had forgotten to check if Milo had come back inside from playing in the yard. This was before his owner had had children. Milo knew his owner's children, Charlie and Maya, would never let that happen to him now, but he still feared the storms anyway.

Milo could hear the thunder roaring; The storm was getting closer. The weather left an eerie feeling about the room, and Milo began to whimper. He absolutely hated this feeling, so he just curled himself up under the only piece of furniture in the breezeway, a plastic folding chair. He debated going into the living room and sitting by the sofa, but he was too afraid to move. He simply huddled himself into a ball and waited for the storm to pass.

A jolt of sudden panic hit Milo. e realized he never saw Charlie and Maya return from playing outside. "Oh No! What will become of them?" "I have betrayed my family!" "They are probably stuck on a patch of muddy, wet land calling for me to help them!" Milo's thoughts began racing, and he knew he had to save Charlie and Maya. Milo crashed through the half open door and entered into the ferocious, soaking wet world he had so deeply feared. Fear, however, was the last thing on his mind as he began to scream and howl at the moon, which had just barely sprung up from its day long nap. He ran around wildly not knowing where to look for them. "Maybe near the willow tree, they loved to play there." "Or by the playground up the road." All of the sudden something rustled the leaves of the pyracantha bush. He ran with fervor to the kids; he knew that it had to be them. He looked inside the bush with a great big smile on his face. "I have found them," he thought, but as he looked around his smile began to dwindle. All he saw was a bushy-tailed squirrel who was quivering under a branch. Milo's best friends in the entire world were nowhere to be found.

Guilt began to sink in as Milo slumped back into the breezeway. Rain streamed down his face which masked the tears that began to fall from his eyes. "Charlie and Maya had always been so good to me, always making sure I had food to eat, and always making sure I was safe and sound. I had failed the two people that sacrificed so much for me. I deserve to never be fed again! I am a failure."

Milo came back to the spot he was resting in all day, and just as he was about to fall apart he decided he needed to get the courage to talk to his master about Charlie and Maya. He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. He walked through the front door and took reluctant steps toward his master's bedroom. Milo thought about how he would break the news, but he couldn't bear to think about Charlie and Maya. Every time he thought about it, his entire body felt like it was burning and his stomach turned inside out. Milo walked slowly, with cautious steps, as he passed the living room. He continued walking and was stunned by his master who was standing in front of the kitchen sink, drinking a glass of water. Milo was about to speak of Charlie and Maya when tears flooded his eyes, and his voice grew shaky.

Milo sat on the cold stone floor of the kitchen for what felt like forever. Time seemed to stand still. He didn't move, and he hardly made any noise. His mind was blank, and he knew nothing in the world mattered now that Charlie and Maya weren't a part of it. Milo raised his muzzle from the floor and noticed that his Master was long gone, asleep in his bed, completely unaware of Charlie and Maya's absence. Milo knew his master deserved to hear about it, even if it was rotten. So Milo drearily stood up and made his way through the rest of his house. He was about to pass Charlie and Maya's room, but he struggled to continue. The memories of jovial laughs and innocent smiles filled his mind. Oh how he missed them so much. It had only been three hours since he had last seen them, and he could barely function. How was he supposed to live the rest of his life without them? He thought to himself, "Maybe if I had something around that was a constant reminder of all the good times we had, I would feel better"

Milo, hesitant but determined, entered Charlie and Maya's room. He opened the creaky door, and as his eyes gazed about the magenta and teal room he noticed something in Charlie and Maya's beds. He noticed what looked like hair and maybe a hand. Who could possibly be sleeping in their beds? Was it his master? All of the sudden he saw one of the faces, and as soon as he saw it, he knew. It was Charlie and Maya! They weren't stuck in the thunderstorm, drenched and cold. They were safe and sound in their beds, dry and asleep. Oh how he wanted to run to them, to hug and kiss them, but he knew that would disturb their much needed sleep, so he simply stared at them, joyfully, as he slowly, but happily, returned to the breezeway.