

Let

by

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Sam looked out the window at the small postage stamp yard in front of his house. A sign planted there proclaimed the property was for rent. “Once upon a time,” he said, “It was me walking up that walk for the first time.” His voice echoed in the empty room. Per the usual of such things, the house had been completely cleaned and all the walls painted a stark white as an invitation to ‘anyone’ coming through the front door to change the colors as they wished.

“How long did you live here?” asked the person with him.

“Oh, somewhere around sixty years I suppose. Who counts those things? You live... the time passes... and then it’s suddenly years later. Like it or not that’s what happens. I was a fixture of this neighborhood just like the house. I never thought for a moment I might leave.” His nose was close to the window but oddly the old Dog’s breath didn’t fog the glass.

“You do know you’ve passed on?”

Sam turned to look at Death. So far the angel branded iniquitous for the job he had to do had been very patient. “We’ve covered that so of course I know it. You don’t clutch your chest and fall to the floor in pain without knowing your time has come.”

“Compared to most your pain was not so much.”

“Maybe not to you.”

“Every death I come for, I am forced to undergo what they feel. I can honestly say that your pain was very small compared to the many I have witnessed. It is a part of the process from which no one escapes.”

“You don’t have much fun in your life do you?”

The angel changed shape from a male Dog similar to Sam to a beautiful young Rabbit in a simple day dress. “Not really,” she told him. “I suppose that comes with the territory.”

“You didn’t sign up for this job did you?”

“I can’t remember. Are you ready to go yet?”

“No.”

“I can’t wait forever.”

“I didn’t as for forever,” Sam replied softly. He thought about it and then told her, “I’ll make you a deal. If I can make you smile through the telling of how I found this place you’ll find a little patience in your pocket that you might apply to this here situation. I’m waiting for something.”

The Doe nodded and move to the window to stand next to her charge.

“I had just come to this town as a salesman for a large corporation selling children’s squeaky toys. They were all the rage so getting large orders from the local stores was hardly a chore. Well... I got lost looking for the local hotel and wouldn’t ya know nature struck my gut with a hammer. Suddenly I needed to take care of matters in the worse possible way. Seeing the sign in the front yard of this house I ran up to the door and pounded on it, yelling that I really needed to use the To Let. The lady of the house was kind. Opening the door she let me in and never once mentioned my mistake with the sign. It wasn’t long after that we married. I settled down here and never again left.”

Turning he looked at death and found the angel had again changed to mirror the Dog’s late wife. The angel was indeed smiling. Reaching out, she took his paws and held them. “I have found that patience you spoke of,” she told him.

As she said this, a young Wolf ran up the short walk clutching his stomach. After a moment of pounding on the door, it was answered by the pretty young real estate agent tasked with showing the property. After a very brief explanation she showed him to the ½ bath located under the hallway staircase.

Sam, seeing this, turned to the angel and smiled. “Thank you... I’m ready now.”