



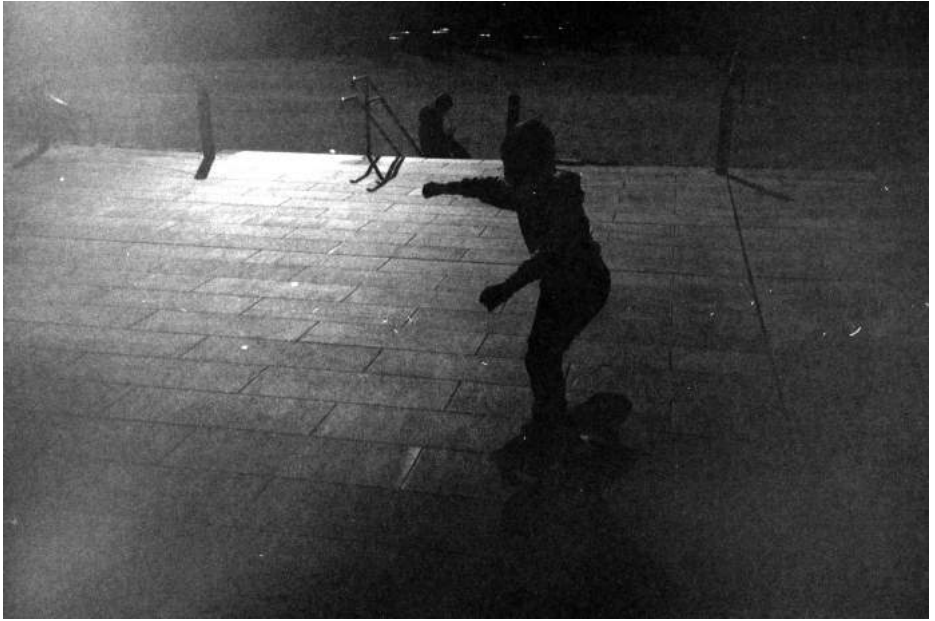
lulalu life 2

























Despite the recently cold weather, she had been returning to this spot every afternoon. It was one of her favorite places; a quiet western-facing wall parallel to the highway, just far enough from the monsters and their vehicles to feel safe.

Garbage had piled up over the years, discarded items slowly disintegrating at different speeds, their original purpose a permanent mystery to her. She was alone, like usual, but breathed a sigh of relief anyway as she limped towards the once-white styrofoam box.

It smelled vaguely of someone else—in the past she would have been annoyed but in the moment just felt grateful for a chance to rest.

The days were becoming shorter and she was aware of this uneasy fact. A strange liquid was oozing from her left eye but she had given up long ago trying to tame it. She can't remember the last time she wasn't hungry.

A cold rain had come and gone suddenly last night, leaving her soaked and shivering for most of the morning. She also can't remember the last time she was truly warm.

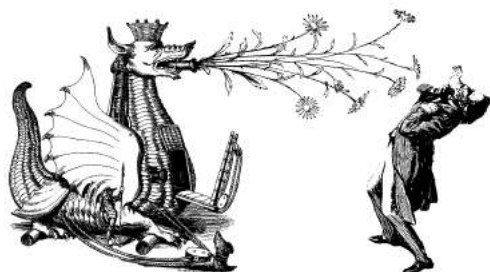
She watched these thoughts appear and fade into her unconsciousness as she lay her head to rest on the box. The sun was reaching out to her—just her, as it enveloped and heated her frail body.

The hum of the vehicles on the highway and the occasional rumbling of a large truck passing felt pleasant on her belly. A soft sound began to emanate from somewhere deep inside her; although she wasn't aware of it, she was purring.

She drifted deeper into the familiar comforts of sleep and began to dream but the images were jumbled and abstract—vague smells and feelings of something gentle and secure, being held tight and knowing she was loved.

The rays of the setting sun illuminated the passing vehicles, casting large flickering shadows on her white fur as her heart beat for the last time.





photos & words by w.  
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