



Pound Pup

By Alex Hammond

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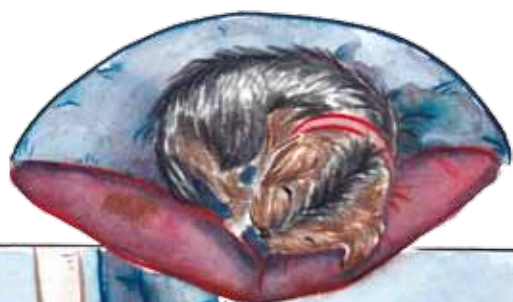


















We used to joke with Marcel,
He'll never die, he's got years left! How will the house survive? How
will we?

It seemed like he would live forever.

Then it was like someone had flicked a switch or reminded him that he
wasn't young anymore, like the road runner he had been suspended in
the air without a care in the world. An old dog acting young.

Then he started to walk strangely, as though every step was an effort.

Not all the time, mind you, sometimes he was a pup...other times he
seemed to hunch over...to limp.

Now it seems less a question of if but when. I always knew the dog
would die but...watching it happen is...strange.

Melancholic.

Watching him is like watching a human on fast forward. Youth to old
age seems to go in a blink.

It's a solemn reminder.

He's not dead yet but it's only a matter of time.

I can no longer ignore that, ignore the spectre of death.

So that's why I wrote pound pup. I used a lot of creative license. It isn't
Marcel and I but making art about it does help process the feelings.

The ending is inevitable but still while he is here I'll enjoy his love and
wonder.

It's special.

It's limited.



This is a bittersweet story of love, death and the passage of time. It's the story of a girl who grew up with a dog, as bright, loud and quirky as can be. But all too soon thoughts start to rise
Is he slower than before?

Has he always slept that much?

The claws of age dig in a beloved pet becomes a constant reminder of mortality. For the first time in her young life she must face the sting of old age and mortality.



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