

## George

I can't remember exactly when George came into my life. I was seven or eight (minor details), but I do remember running to see him everyday after school. The bus would drop me off and I'd tear through the house like a tornado, with pieces of debris falling behind me; a Reeses candy wrapper, a broken pencil and my half open backpack barely holding in the rest of its contents. Everything was strewn to the floor as I made my way to the back of the house and into the yard. In the corner of the lot, we had a swing set and monkey bars. I'd sit underneath the monkey bars and softly call out his name. My eyes darted back and forth across the ground until I could see movement in the dirt. After minutes of searching, I'd triumphantly hold him in the palm of my hand inspecting his body, although unsure of which end I was looking at.

His name was George and he was my pet worm. I'd carry him around the yard and we'd look for other creatures. One day, I came home and George was gone. My older brother said he'd died. The details of his death were a bit suspicious, but as a seven or eight year old, I didn't think too much of it. I did like any other kid would do and had a burial for him, said a few words and placed a stick in the ground to mark his grave. Looking back on it now, it was probably a different worm everyday, but eh, what did I know?