

The Visit

By Pat the Fox

A twinkle erupted from the grey overcast sky. It fluttered and spiralled downwards illuminated by the street lamps. Its winding path eventually landed it on the coal black surface of the young red fox's nose. He blinked and recoiled a bit at the cool feeling of the snowflake; awakened from his trancelike stare towards the sky. He smiled as he watched the white crystal melt upon his skin before gazing back up at the sky, his ears flickering a bit. He smiled even more as he noticed more white specks covering his field of view from the bench in the park where he sat. In a few minutes the path and ground was covered in a light white blanket while he remained staring at the sky in a trance. He shook his head, causing the snow to fluff off of him in a slight aura, gently falling to his sides and joining the rest on the bench.

A slight crunching caused one of the young fox's ears to instinctively direct itself at the approaching noise but the young fox kept his face transfixed upon the falling sky. The crunching continued and finally stopped as a figure loomed over the bench, staring down at the young fox. A white paw swept across the bench, clearing the inch of snow that had accumulated there and creating a clear space. The figure then took a seat beside the young one and looked at him with intent. The figure smiled and then with a low booming voice inquired "Why are you out here in this cold young one?"

The fox blinked and shook his head again, causing quite a bit of snow to fall from it along with his shoulders. He gazed up at the figure, which he now determined to be a polar bear and gave a small smile "I'm sorry, I didn't hear the question."

"I was wondering what a young fox like yourself was doing out here in the cold" He smiled as he then glanced down at the fox brushing his pants off of the large amount of snow on his pants and smiled again "Especially one with an unbuttoned coat. It looks like you've been here a while"

"I guess I have" He mumbled as he stood up and began brushing his pants and sweater off, getting off as much snow as possible "I sometimes lose track of time when I'm out here"

"Don't we all" smirked the bear as he looked up at the sky, waiting till the fox took his seat again before turning to him, noticing the same far away look in his eyes "Something on your mind kit?"

"Huh...oh...yeah...I guess..." sighed the young fox as he now looked at the ground, gently scraping at the snow with his foot, clawing at the snow on the bench "I'm not sure if I want to tell a complete stranger"

"That can be fixed" the bear chuckled as his huge paw was extended to the fox "The name is Paul"

The fox blinked and looked at the paw as if it were something he had never seen before. Gingerly taking his own paw he placed it against the huge paw of the bear and lightly shook it, looking up at the figure and stammered "I'm Pat."

The Visit

“Well nice to meet you Pat” He smiled as he firmly shook the young fox’s paw. He then released it and rubbed the snow off the young one’s head “Now are you going to tell me what is so important and distracting that it keeps you out here in the driving snow to think about it?”

“Well...” Pat sighed as he looked down at the snow again, not seeing any escape from the one who was beside him. He was deeply confident about his personal life, only telling very discreet people about himself. He sighed again and looked up at the white bear, something about this man made him just want to blurt everything inside him “I was remembering my past and thinking about everything I’ve done.”

“Ah a nostalgia session” He smiled as he rubbed the young foxes head “Are we pleased with our past?”

“No...not at all” He whimpered a bit as he hung his head “I hate what I’ve done...what I’ve become. I’ve done too much stupid crap to be named. Everything I can remember turns my stomach. I hate it all and wish it would go away”

“My boy...” The bear sighed as he shook his head. “You still do not see the lesson that each one of those events had to teach”

“But why are they so painful” He sobbed lightly as he placed his face in his paws “Why do I dread every time I think about them”

“It’s because you know you have done wrong” The bear smiled as he rubbed the fox’s back “Your mind knows that you have messed up and is letting you know never to do that again.”

“Are you sure?” whimpered Pat, looking up at him, tears in his eyes.

“I am sure.” smiled the Paul as he whipped his paw across the little fox’s face “Someday you will see all those events as lessons and then they won’t hurt as much. But until then they will hurt as a reminder that you should never do them again.”

“I guess.” whimpered Pat as he looked at the ground making small circles with his foot. “It’s just what do I do now?”

“Deal with it.” the bear chuckled as he rubbed Pat’s shoulder “It’s the only thing you can do.”

“Thanks a lot.” muttered Pat as he continued staring the ground

“Ah you are still young and don’t understand” smiled the bear as he placed his paws on his lap. “Dealing with it is also part of the learning experience. When you are finally able to deal with the pain you can concentrate on other things such as figuring out the lessons

The Visit

of your past. Nothing in this life is straight forward. You may think it is but then there will always be that small twist to throw you completely off.”

“But why?” whispered the fox as he stared at the snow “Why does this whole life have to be a riddle?”

“If it was not a riddle then life would not be worth living anymore.” The bear smiled as he rubbed the foxes head and gave him a slight hug “The beauty of life is trying to figure out what it’s all for. If you can already see the end then what is the point of taking the long way around? The long way is filled with mystery and adventure but if given the short path most will follow it and not see the path worth taking. Life will no longer be life; it will be a mindless walk down a straight path to your death.”

Pat cringed as the bear seemed to glow with anger, emphasizing the last point before the bear sighed and whipped his face, turning to him and smiling “Be happy you have so many twists and turns. It will make you a wise man when you are done”

“Thanks... I mean it this time” Pat whispered as he continued to paw at the ground “That helped”

“You’re welcome child” smiled the bear when his watch beeped. He patted Pat on the back and whispered “Looks like it’s time for me to go. Have fun kid”

“I’ll try.” he sighed as he looked at the ground. He took a deep breath and began to look up, getting the guts to ask the bear a question “Hey is there anyway th.....”

He blinked as he looked around in the falling snow not seeing anyone anywhere. He got up and looked down at the ground, not seeing any tracks leaving the bench. Blinking he tried to piece together what had happened. Sitting back down on the bench he looked over to where the bear had sat and noticed a folded piece of paper. Opening it carefully he saw a written message:

Just another one of those fun twists in life

Paul