Over the floating logs, near wrecked debris, stumbles a half-drowned Boy, hugging to his chest Puppy, in his soft protective arms. He carried her to his barn where he tried to clear her throat of dirty water. But Puppy turned her head away.

“I will never again be able to howl with my family,” she coughed.

“It’s alright,” says Boy. He scratches his chin in thought. “I’ve been bullied at school a lot, but I can still have fun with my brothers and sisters.”

After the waters have stopped gushing, when people were wandering in sodden gardens, a Wolf stalks into the barn. Wolf with his eyes of red, his fangs like sharpened knives. He prowls through the water like a hunter. Puppy whimpers in fear.