

Life Goes On

by Jonathan Sellars

When I died the first time I came back as a muntjac deer, which was a surprise. I actually started laughing. It was ironic you see, given I'd been swerving to avoid one. Then a dog bit my leg. I bloody hate dogs. The bone stuck out sideways and it hurt like hell. The laughing stopped.

I did worry I wouldn't come back a second time, but I couldn't live as a three-legged muntjac. No one could. My initial plan was to wander down the A52 until someone put me out of my misery. But I didn't. Not because I was scared, I just hated the thought of a driver making the same mistake I had, avoiding the small squidgy deer only to hit the big hard tree. I didn't want the blood of a surgeon rushing to a life-saving operation, or even a slightly irritating estate agent, on my hoofs. Of course, the unlucky driver might have been a corrupt politician or an adulterous bastard, but I reasoned they weren't the swerving type.

Eventually I found a fox who'd do the job. It seemed a no brainer, a free meal plus a couple of days off hunting to do whatever foxes do in their free time. Sex, probably. But the first few I approached were reluctant, didn't agree with the euthanistic nature of my request. That's foxes for you I guess.

Anyway, now I'm a chaffinch and I fly around crapping on dogs all day. Life's great.