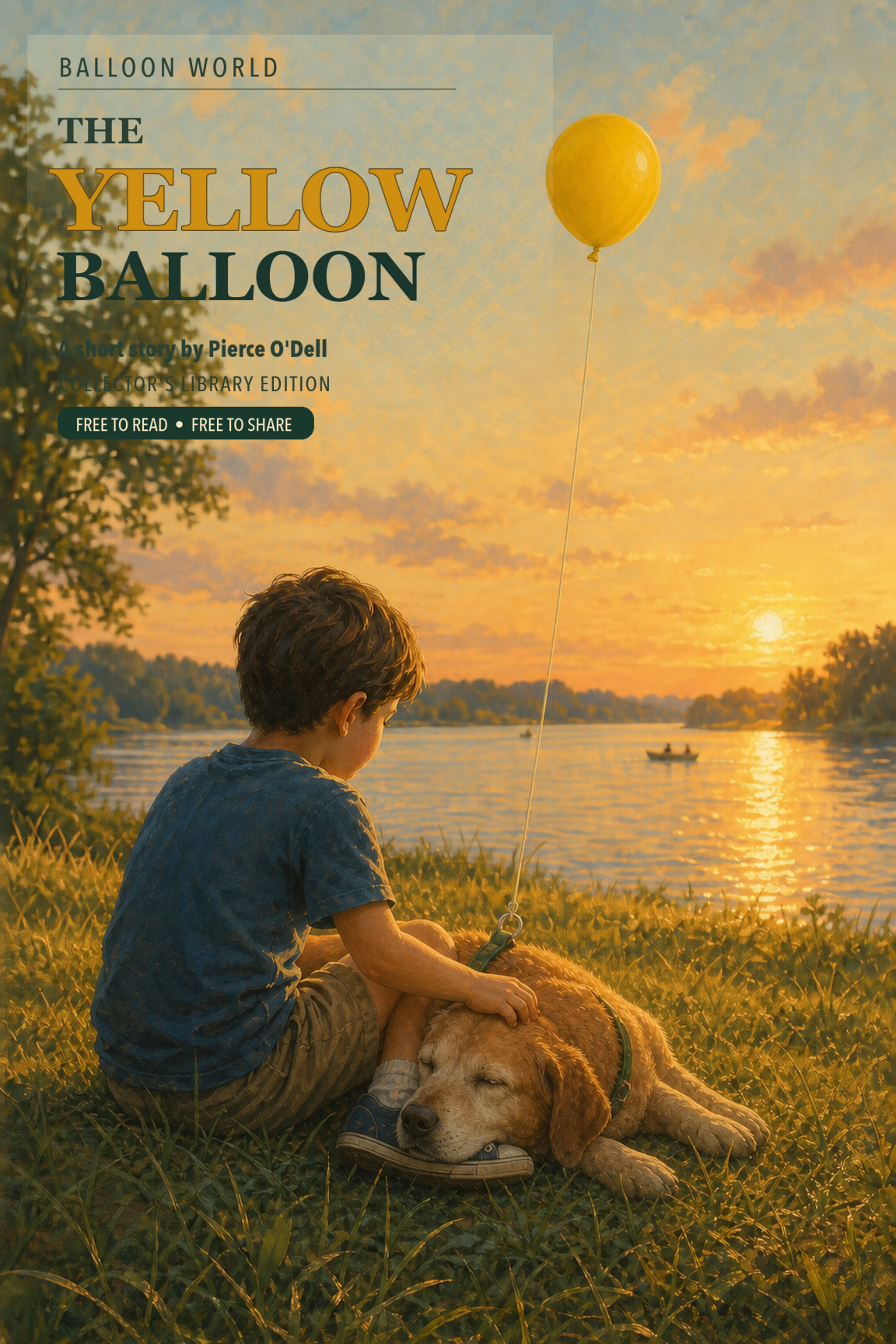
BALLOON WORLD

THE YELLOW BALLOON

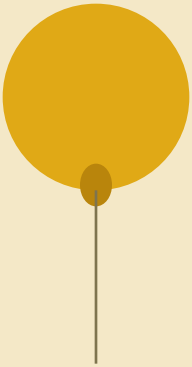
A short story by Pierce O'Dell

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BALLOON WORLD



THE YELLOW BALLOON

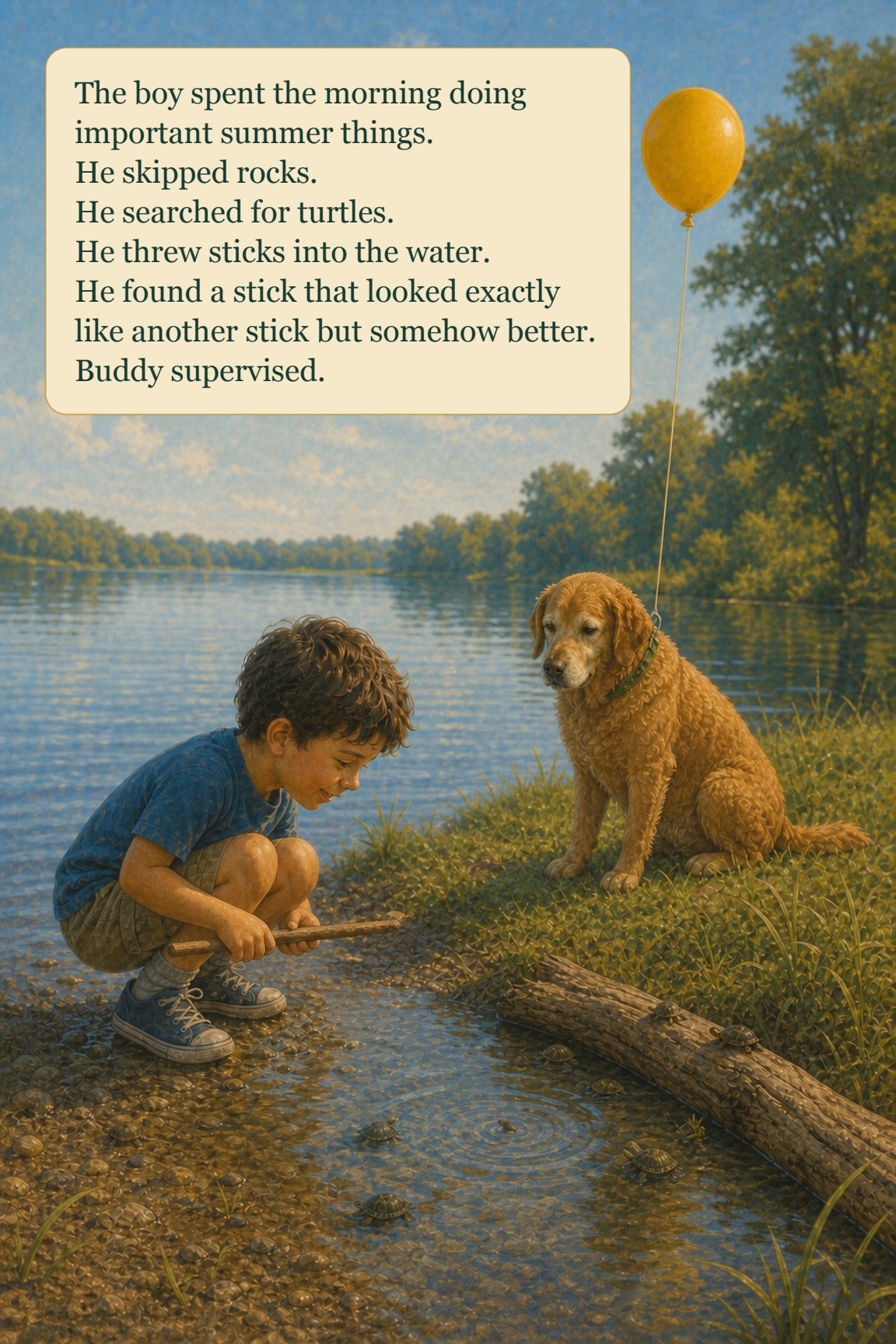
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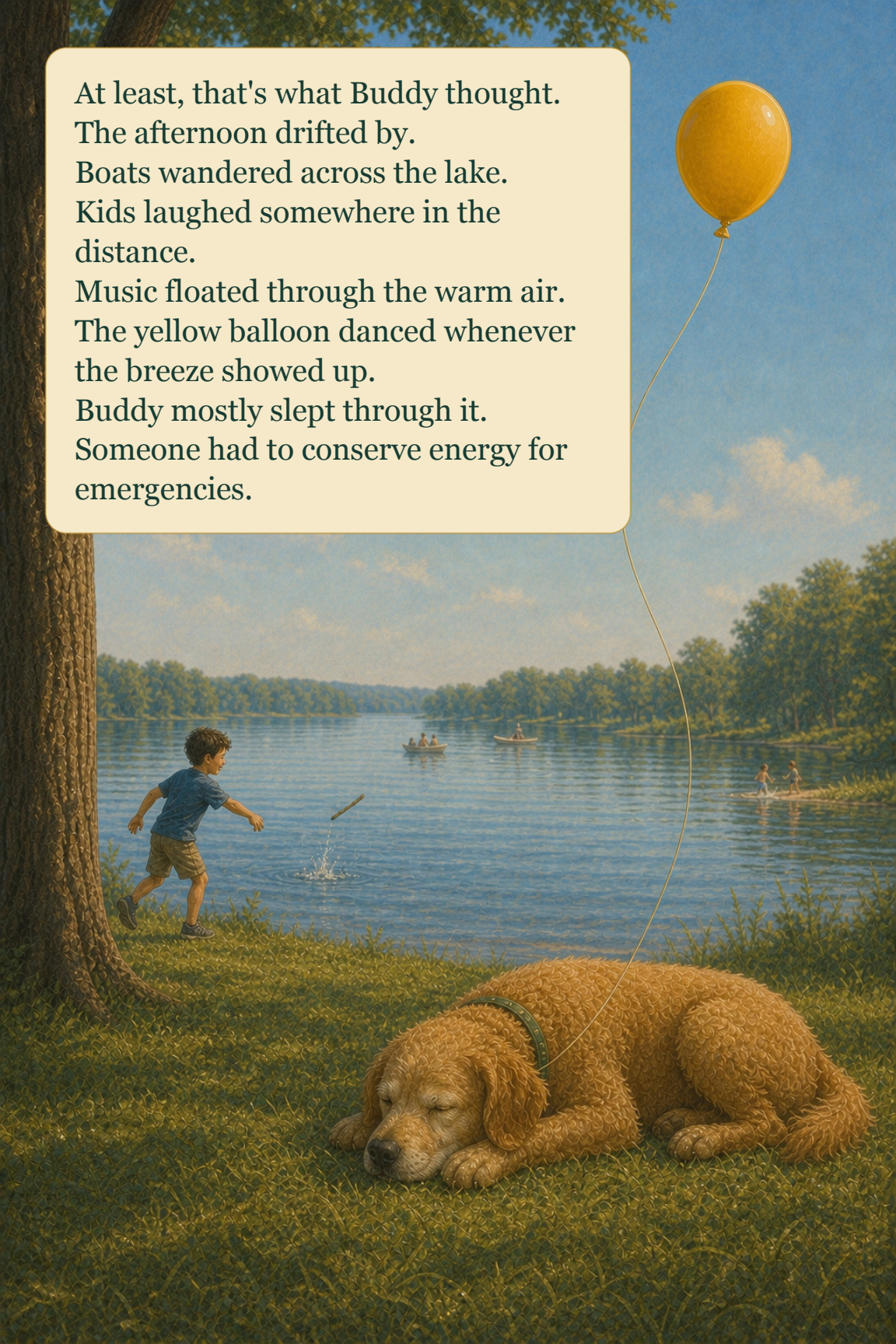

The yellow balloon was tied to Buddy's collar.
Buddy was an old dog.
Not ancient.
Just old enough to consider sitting down a hobby.
Which is exactly what he was doing.
The lake stretched out in front of him.
The sun was warm.
The grass was still cool.
Buddy had no complaints.


A little boy ran up carrying a dog treat.
Buddy stood up immediately.
Some things are worth the effort.
The boy giggled.
Buddy accepted the treat.
Then returned to his very important responsibility for the day.
Making sure nobody took his spot.
The yellow balloon bobbed gently above him.


The boy spent the morning doing important summer things.
He skipped rocks.
He searched for turtles.
He threw sticks into the water.
He found a stick that looked exactly like another stick but somehow better.
Buddy supervised.

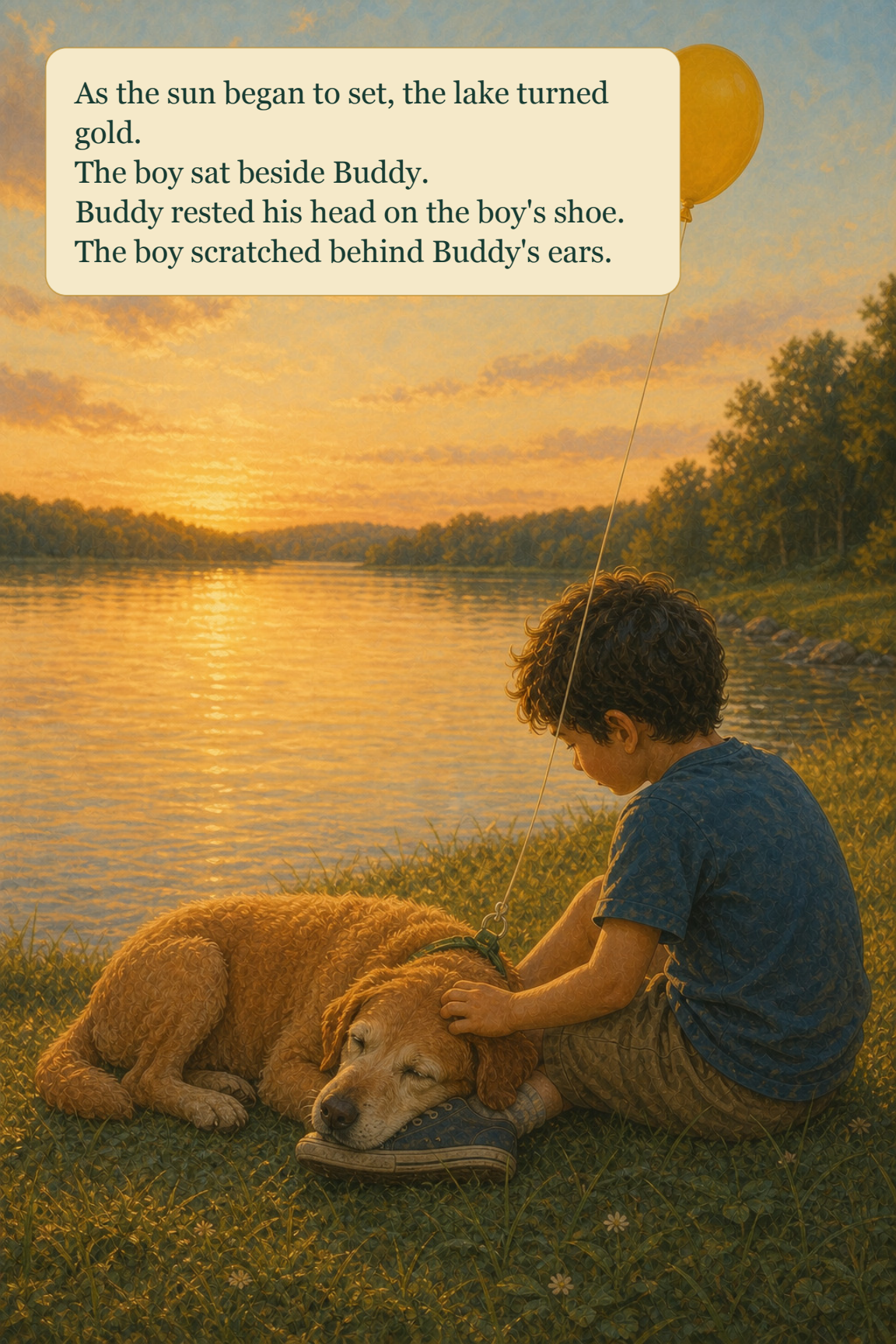


A squirrel appeared shortly before lunch.
Buddy barked once.
The squirrel retreated.
The park was safe once more.
The yellow balloon swayed proudly above him.
The boy gave Buddy another treat.
The boy ate his treat.
Buddy also sampled the boy's.
The arrangement seemed fair to both parties.


At least, that's what Buddy thought.
The afternoon drifted by.
Boats wandered across the lake.
Kids laughed somewhere in the distance.
Music floated through the warm air.
The yellow balloon danced whenever the breeze showed up.
Buddy mostly slept through it.
Someone had to conserve energy for emergencies.


Later, the boy tripped while running through the grass.
Buddy rushed over.
Slowly.
He may have stopped to sniff something along the way.


By the time Buddy heroically arrived at the scene, the boy was already sitting up laughing.
Buddy nudged him with his nose.
Just to make sure.
Buddy considered the rescue a success.
The yellow balloon had witnessed the entire event.
Its report would have been slightly different.


As the sun began to set, the lake turned gold.
The boy sat beside Buddy.
Buddy rested his head on the boy's shoe.
The boy scratched behind Buddy's ears.


Buddy closed his eyes.
The yellow balloon swayed gently in the evening breeze.
For a while, neither of them said anything.


Then the boy looked out across the lake.
"Buddy?"


Buddy opened one eye.


"Can we come back tomorrow?"



Stories are more fun when they're shared.

WRITTEN WITH CURIOSITY

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Small stories. Big feelings.

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