The Spirited Body

by Lindsey C.

“I wonder what’s wrong with him…” I thought to myself as I stared in the one week old chick’s beady eyes while he was lying on the soggy wood chips. “Maybe he’s tired?” I carefully, slowly picked up the fragile body which shivered with every breath he made. Hushed, I blew warm air into my hands to warm him. Worry started to bubble up in me like a coke bottle was being shaken rapidly. “Mom?” I choked out when opening the door, “I think something’s wrong.” Tears started to come out. My mom glanced at me then to the chick-she looked worried. Tears came out faster when I looked down to see the chick nuzzle his beak in-between my fingers-then-gone. I couldn’t feel to the little thumping of his heart. I fell to the ground clutching the cold body of his as I cry a river. My mom rushed over and tried to calm me down, but all I can think is “No, no, no, this can’t be happening.” I hugged the chick and thought of how just minutes ago I was picking it up from the ground. That was my most favorite, tiniest chick-and he died in my hands.