

Tabitha

Tabitha is an excellent name for a child you'd treat like a dog if you'd treat a dog poorly. This dog, this Tabitha, you'd let her wander off, for it is the kind of name that is good for a child that would wander off when her parent was not looking, and it's the kind of name for a child whose parents would not look for her when she would wander off. This name is the perfect name for a child you'd never hug, or consider at all when remarrying after her mother or father died mysteriously. Tabitha is the kind of child you'd starve of all kinds of things; attention would hardly be the most immediate.

Tabitha is an excellent name for a child you'd treat like a dog if you'd treat a dog poorly. Tabitha is the kind of name for a child that would wander into the woods, thinking: Tabitha, you really ought to get some food to stop the low grumbling in your stomach from becoming a much louder and deeper grumbling. And just at that moment, for fortune is this way, a crow would come to hear the chorus of gasses shifting round her gut. A Tabitha would scratch behind her ears, the left and the right, and the crow would look on, taking in the scene before calling down from her own high perch and asking if Tabitha needed something to eat. A Tabitha in this situation may have many responses: no, for my neglectful parents should at any moment realize that I am not around, and this might trigger for them an overwhelming set of feelings that they only can realize they have for me through this kind of loss. Or a Tabitha might say: yes, but I am afraid of what you may lead me to, so would you mind introducing yourself to me, crow, before you offer to help? Or, a Tabitha might say: I am so sorry, but I don't speak crow. But far more likely, a Tabitha would say, yes, I am so very hungry and I don't know when it is appropriate to trust strangers yet for I have no one in my life that one should properly trust so a strange bird is good enough.

A child named Tabitha, a child who'd be treated poorly, would also be the kind of child to be led by a crow to the city. The city would be the kind of place children go to be treated like dogs if one is inclined to treat dogs poorly; the city would be a perfect place for Tabithas. And crows know all about the city; they have worked out how directional lanes work and how stoplights work and how right-of-ways and crosswalks work, so they are in a sense the best kind of guide Tabithas could hope for when being led through a new place like the city. And the crow would lead a Tabitha to a supermarket, preferably a chain even, where there are loaves of bread breathing out their yeasty breaths into the street from where they rest on large baker's racks in front windows, windows displaying signs prohibiting solicitations. And the crow would land on the large, illuminated letters spelling out the name of the chain of markets as they hang over the automated front doors and caw to its Tabitha charge: do you want to eat a loaf of this bread? and the child who would whimper as earnestly as she could muster: yes, please, for love's sake, yes, I would like something to eat before I waste away—this child is the kind of child to be named Tabitha, for only a Tabitha would want to eat warm bread on these terms.

And a crow who'd take time out of a busy day of dropping walnuts in crosswalks so that cars crack them easier than the crow could on its own is the same kind of crow who'd fly into a supermarket as a customer with an abominably large hat would slither in, slumping their long, scaly body to duck under the sensor of the automatic door to avoid creasing the long feathers tucked into the band of their large hat—all these details would accommodate the dodge in flight that the crow would make to swoop in and claim a loaf of bread from the bakery section of the big-chain supermarket and swiftly fly out as the serpentine spectacle of a patron tried to enter the shop. A crow like this crow would have to be the kind of crow to drop the loaf of bread on the ground and the Tabitha would, because of this, be the kind of child that'd quickly leave her

station at the side of the door, next to the prohibitions regarding solicitations, to scoop up the loaf from the sidewalk, then dodge herself to the back of the parking lot, whether it be in the front of the store or the back to scarf the bread as fast as the crust of the loaf allowed.

The kind of child that would be treated poorly as a result of her being given a name for a dog's life, would cover herself in crumbs, as this is an action typical to a Tabitha, typical for a dog you'd let wander off without searching for her later, her crow companion would be the kind to ask if she wanted some more bread and the Tabitha, depending on age and appetite, may say yes and the scene would repeat with a figure cloaked in black velvet punctured only by long, crooked fingers, or a ghost fisherman trailed by a tangle of spectral line in the place of the scaly customer, or with any mark that could trigger the doors to open. That would be, until the Tabitha says: no.

Then, a crow like this would ask if, after eating so much bread, would she not like to taste some meat, and the Tabitha may say no, but usually a child who'd eat pilfered loaves off the street because she is treated like a dog if you were inclined to treat dogs poorly, this is the kind of child that makes a Tabitha, this is the kind of Tabitha that would think that they might like to try meat now that there seems to be an uptick in their luck.

The crow would, if inclined, take the Tabitha to another supermarket, cautious of traffic and corners and right-of-way and lights, would take her right to the front of the store, right through to the meat counter, and there would coo into the ears of this Tabitha who would eat meat after eating however much bread they would have scarfed down already, would coo so gently as to entice her appetite even more: would you like a prime cut or two? and the Tabitha may stand there for a minute or two, but a child who would be treated like a dog if you treated a dog poorly, and a child who would make it here, all the way from where they started, this child

would have no choice but to act like a dog, to salivate at the raw muscle kept from her by a thin layer of saran wrap, this child would have no choice but to seize a steak or two under her ratty lilac shirt and run out the store as a teen or two working the checkout line chase after her until they decide that the steaks aren't worth the pursuit. A child you'd treat like a dog if you were inclined to treat a dog poorly would tear at the saran wrap with teeth and clawed fingers until the bloody muscle was released, then such a Tabitha would lap up the iron-rich vital fluids that would leak from the package, eagerly, as the crow would watch on. The Tabitha would chew the tissue raw as it was, gnawing on the bones if there were any, and then she'd likely discover herself sleepy, exhausted and overwhelmed from the events of the day.

This kind of crow, this kind of kindly creature and the only living thing that would look after a child like this, a child whose parents would not go in search of her when she wandered off, a Tabitha, this kind of crow would lead her to a park of some kind, to a shady corner underneath a large tree. There, a child who shares a name with the dogs treated poorly might sleep.

This kind of crow may rest in the tree, napping herself a wink or two, then would startle awake when she may hear the screech of tires as they swerve recklessly through the city. The car may roll a stop, roll right through the stop sign but come to a screeching halt on the curb, or not, may instead plow right into the park, wrapping its aluminum body around the trunk of a tree, a tree that hides under its canopy a sleeping Tabitha, tucks a Tabitha asleep under its branches in an expensive metal blanket for eternal slumber.

Tabitha is the kind of name you give a child if you'd be inclined to treat that child like a dog and you'd treat a dog like that poorly. And a driver like this would of course be the sole survivor of a crash like this, and would, after wrapping his red sports car around the trunk of a

tree, see the lifeless body of the Tabitha at the roots, pinned under a tire, her body pierced by a bent fender. A child like this, a child who'd be named Tabitha, she would pass away instantly, mercifully, though a crow like this would not know it and the crow who may have been escorting her may panic and the driver may panic. The driver may call with a cellphone a friendly confidant and, in a shaky voice, may say: I—I think I may have hit something. I think I may have hit something, the shaky voice may croak out, and the voice on the phone will sound like tin to the crow, who would be flapping its wings and crying out the name of the child as a child who'd be pierced by a bent fender would sleep her lasting sleep like the dog who'd be treated poorly.

A crow who'd befriend a child who'd be treated poorly, poorly like a dog named Tabitha, this crow, a crow like this, would follow the driver of the car, follow them all the way home, to the place where their lover would stand on the front stoop, arms crossed, and looking into the opposite end of the sky from the sunset that would be behind their heads, for one can only look to loss in times of loss.

You think that a child named Tabitha, she'd hardly be a child at this point, that she'd be an angel, for suffering is the price of love, but this is not always the case, and in fact, a child like this, a Tabitha, would inspire the most inspired revenge in a crow who'd lead a child all day because to treat anything as poor as a poorly treated dog is treated is insufferable. You'd think it'd feel more profound to do so when the subject is a dog you'd treat like a child named Tabitha.

Tabitha, a child you'd treat poorly by virtue of her name, would likely be avenged by a crow who'd take care of the child for even the briefest moment before losing her. And a crow like this would fly into a cracked window as a horrible driver slept, would, as he slept, pluck out his eyes, one at a time, would take the right or left out, would escape out the cracked window, fly all the way to the park, would leave the eye at the scene of the crime, and would fly back, fly

through the cracked window, would pluck out the left or the right eye of the sleeping driver, and fly to the park, would leave the eye next to the first, for an eye for an eye doubles when the light of both are struck out, then would return to the driver's home, would steal away with a candle, a bronze candlestick, and the memory of the events as they transpired.