

One Foot In The Grave

By A. Boler

In the grassy savannah, a rabbit spent his days bounding to his heart's content. On one particular day of hopping, his hind leg clipped a log hidden by the long grass. He tumbled onto the ground and felt a sharp pain in his back limb. When he tried to stand, he couldn't bare to put weight on it, let alone move it. He decided to drag himself and rest so his leg could heal.

A week passed by and he tried to run, but fell immediately once he tried to bound with his hind leg. Downfallen, the rabbit planned to wait a month to see if his foot would improve. Yet when the time came, it exhibited a slightly less but still intense pain. He waited and waited but it never healed correctly. It eventually stopped searing everytime he put pressure on it but it still hurt with each step he took. The movement in his foot was limited and his gait was awkward and uncomfortable.

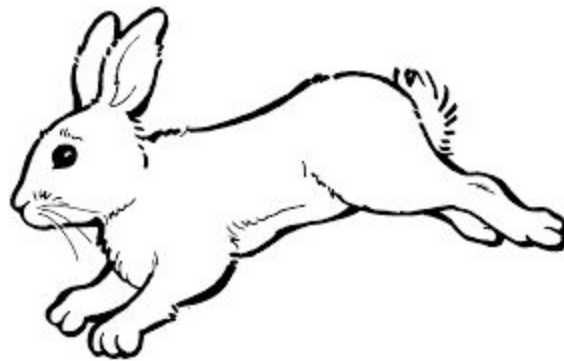
Instead of running, he laid around more than he used to, only moving when he absolutely had to. He longed for the days when he could jump among the hills until the sun disappeared into the horizon. He was looking back on one of these moments when a passing Jaguar noticed the rabbit sadly regarding his surroundings. He padded over and asked why he wasn't leaping across the savannah.

"I tripped on a log while I was running and I hurt my leg." He weeped. "It hasn't been the same since. Now, I can barely even walk. I have to favor my other legs if I wish to move. Its too much work to keep my foot out of the way whenever I want to run so I decided to give up." The jaguar pondered for a moment.

"What if we removed your foot?" He offered. "I could bite it off and once it heals, you can run without having to focus on holding your foot off the ground." The rabbit hesitated, considering how much easier it would be to run.

"Don't do this, rabbit." An armadillo hurried as she raced over. "I overheard your plan when I was walking by." She explained. "This can be very dangerous. Think of everything the can go wrong, all of the things you will risk." The rabbit quickly shook his head.

"Think of how this can help me, Armadillo." He reasoned. "And besides; nothing can be worse than not running." He nodded at the jaguar who walked over. The rabbit held out his leg and the jaguar grabbed it. Then, with a snap of his jaws, he severed his leg. The rabbit wailed from the sudden pain. Red began to pool around him as he sobbed. Panicking, the other animals tried to help him. But it was too late. His screams had faded into silence, leaving the others to stare at their now still friend.



Moral: Avoid a remedy that is worse than the disease.