WHY DOGS STOPPED FLYING

Before humans, dogs flew everywhere. Their wings of silky fur wrapped hollow bones. Their tails wagged like rudders through wind, their stomachs bare to the sullen earth.

Out of sorrow for the first humans—stumbling, crawling, helpless and cold—dogs folded their great wings into paws soft enough to walk beside us forever.

They still weep for us, pity our small noses, our unfortunate eyes, our dull teeth. They lick our faces clean, keep us warm at night. Sometimes they remember flying and bite our ugly hands.