

To my dear Mole,
As the sun settled
down onto the dear horizon, I
saw you from a distance as you
gazed up to the pearly white clouds
mumbling "Thank you"

Since my journey down the long
dark tunnels, I have heard our
friends and you reminiscing about
me, telling each other stories when
I was once alive. Each bead
of tears which ran down
your sunny cheeks I have watched.

Each and every memory gifts me
with joy. Of course I remember
your delighted face when a gill
chain of paper notes was made
by you! Fox's cute face - as his
eyes widened with excitement when
I taught him how to tie a
tie. It was as if he found out
his birthday was the next day!

Leaving the world giving you
very little is what I knew
I had to do. Up here, I

have many more friends who
have taught me about other
religions such as Hinduism. They
have taught me about reincarnation
and it is believed that through
actions in life, we are given good
or bad karma will lead to
something known as Moksha.

When I am alive and well,
I will not look the same,
but know that I am still
me inside. I could be the
rain falling on the Earth. I
could be the array of sunshine
which grants warmth on everybody,
you never know.

Until we meet,
Love, Bridger.