**Not a Sound; Not a Stir**

**By Gianna M.**

I glanced over at her, hoping she would magically lift her orange striped eye lids and be alive again. Even using all the magic in the world, I knew I couldn’t possibly make her live again.

 It was an unbearable sight to watch Dr. Ludlo put the orange fluff ball (that always smelled like the litter box in the dark stone basement) to sleep. I couldn’t stand it just like how a kindergartener couldn’t stand getting no candy on Halloween night. I encountered salty tears stinging me as they dripped down my round, puffy cheek. I sat in the dim, gloomy kitchen all alone looking at the grayish tan box that sat in front of me containing pictures of my family and Choe. If you could smell sorrow, that’s how the kitchen smelled. The worst part was to see Choe lying in there, not stirring at all. The silence pierced my ears, making me sob even more.

 Finally, I came back to my senses and could hear my parents digging into the deep dark whole of death on the magic hill in our backyard. That hill was the graveyard. It was hard to think that Choe would be curled up in the ground with my other cat, Milo who had passed away a couple years before.

 I cared about Choe so deeply, and it felt like the cardboard lid to the box weighed 1,000 tons as I lifted it to place the cover on Choe’s box. I slipped a kiss to Choe, knowing that it would be my last time to do that. I was hoping she would always remember me.

 Choe is still on my magic hill today, the same position as she was that dreary night. I will never forget the times I’ve had with Choe, and the stories about her that I’ve heard from my mom.

That night I learned that even though it is hard, death is natural. We still have to face these problems because then we can be stronger when it happens again. We all have to face our fears even if it feels like the darkness is swallowing you up. Once you learn to do that, you’ll take it with you for life.