Do it for him

William Z.

We came back from our cruise and not everything was how we left it. When we came back, Buddy our cat wasn’t doing so well. He had almost no appetite and laid in the same spot the entire day. After a few days, my parents knew it was time.

The next night my dad told me and my brother Nick it was time to put him down. The next morning was the most depressing morning of my life, I felt like the world had just abandoned me to let me starve I kept sobbing like a baby without food. It was the last few hours of Buddy’s life, and at 11:30 we would have an appointment with the vet.

At 11:00 our grandmother came over to originally watch Nick and I, but instead we decided to come along. After what felt like a three hour drive, it was finally time to put him down. As I stepped inside, a rush of air hit me with the scent of wet animal fur. The air was hairy and dusty. When they called our name, a welt of mixed emotions swelled up inside of my throat. I kept coming to the thought that it would be better if he wasn’t suffering.

We said our final good byes before they took him back to get the tube in his paw. When the vet came back, there was a cast on his arm with a tube leading inside. Nick, our grandmother my mom, and I told him it would be okay, then Nick, our grandmother and I left. As we waited in the waiting room, we were approached by a dog surprisingly named Buddy. We were able to feed him treats, but he wasn’t too fond of the flavor.

When my mom came out, she was carrying a box decorated with lace and a heart. We left knowingly that buddy was safer and feeling better in heaven.