



A Warm September Morning.

It was not rainy like it should've been that day. It seemed kind of ironic. In fact, it was sunny that warm September morning. My dog was named Bahgeera, Baggy for short. He was named after the panther from the Jungle Book. In that book, Bagheera is fierce. Baggy used to be fierce. One time Baggy did something incredible. He saved a two year old from drowning. He just pulled him up from out of the water and brought him to his parents. They were complete strangers but somehow he knew who to go to. Baggy didn't look so fierce those last weeks. He didn't have as much energy as he used to have. Before he would run around the campsite we lived on and steal strangers hot dog right off their picnic table. Now, He was seventeen, in other words, old. We assumed he was blind by now. He would pace at night as if he was nervous. He fell down the stairs too many times. So, that warm September morning, we knew it was time.

At the vet my mom said to come into the back room. The room where I would see him for the last time. The room where the vets would put him to sleep. No. I just couldn't. So I hugged him for the last time and sat in the lobby. It smelled like sickness, tears, and too many broken hearts. I didn't cry yet though because my heart is tough and scarred. I was unbreakable, or so I thought. Then the vets walk into the cold room with shots. I knew what was about to happen and I held my breath like I was under

water. I felt like I was drowning. All noises were in the background and then the vets walked out. Silence like a sinister omen. I heard my brother scream as if his heart had been squashed like an over ripe strawberry. That's when the tears start rolling and they don't stop. They taste like the ocean that I was still sinking in. I was sobbing uncontrollably and I felt everyone looking at me like they understood. But did they? Did they grow up with him and see how happy he was when the lake unfroze?

Then as I'm bawling, a man walked up to me. He said he's sorry for my loss and gave me a rose. It was bright red and smelt like something sweet. I couldn't say thanks because I was crying too hard. At that very moment I understood why it was warm outside. It was sunny because God was telling me that my dog was in a better place. He was happy and swimming in lakes, and eating all the hot dogs he wanted. And he longed for my family to feel the joy in heaven that he was experiencing right that very moment. At that moment, I thanked God for that warm September morning.

