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English III 4th period

Ms. Feher

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The Day You Left

The day you left; I will never forget. 5th and 6th grade were the worst. I was struggling with my sexuality and emotions. I had no one to talk about it with since my parents were very religious and would just tell me it was a test given to me by God to see if I was a loyal servant. I couldn't tell my friends since I figured they would just tell everyone else and I would be made fun of.

Depression fell upon me, but then you came along. My aunt was about to give birth and the doctors recommended she have no pets at the house. So, I took you in gladly.

The first week you were very shy and didn't do much. I named you Tokyo because I knew that you were going to be as active as the city. You were a matt black chihuahua. I fell in love with you at first sight.

You became much more comfortable with me and your new house after a couple of months. After that you became the life to that once quiet lonely house and became the light in my darkness.

I don't know exactly why but I began telling you how my life was going. I told you how I felt and how my days were going. You would just listen to me and after every story you would

run in circles and lick my hand. Life for me became something I wanted to try. You were the reason I had strength to keep going.

Every day the bus would drop me off at the corner of the house. You would be waiting there with the biggest smile on your face ready to listen to my stories. We would walk down the driveway and I would tell you everything that happened throughout the day, but that would all change that one cursed day.

I still remember the details vividly. It was November 3rd and the cold breeze had no intention of letting up. We waited for the bus together and you watched as the bus drove away. Everything was the same except no one had a single negative thing to say about me. At lunch they had mashed potatoes which are my favorite. I passed my math quiz and my reading teacher complimented my writing skills. I was so excited to tell you about the amazing day I had. 3:15 came around and I ran to the bus with my big red jacket.

That day we got a little delayed because there was an accident on the way home, and for some reason my heart felt heavy.

I finally got home at 4:30. I ran off with a smile on my face and I couldn't wait to tell you about my day. I ran around the bus with much excitement just to notice that you weren't there. I saw that my cousin's little white car and my brother's big red truck parked in the driveway so I figured that you got caught up with them and didn't hear the bus pull up, but for some reason I couldn't hope but feel that something was wrong.

I began walking down our driveway and I got the attention of my cousin who quickly ran up to me and stopped me dead in my tracks. He told me that I had to go in through the front door because they were painting a car in the back. I told him no and explained that I had to see you

and feed you. I tried to get around him, but he picked me up and took me inside. I then realized that something was very wrong. Once inside my cousin blocked the back door. I tried running outside but my body mass compared to his wasn't going to be enough to get him out the way.

At that moment I felt as if my stomach was turned upside down and as if a large piece of ice was stabbed into my heart.

I ran into the kitchen and picked up a knife then ran to the door. I looked at my cousin in the eyes and told him he could either move or the knife in my hand could be in his abdomen. He then realized that I wasn't messing around and he moved out the way. I ran outside where my brother was standing in front of Tokyo's cage. My brother turned around and tears were rolling down his face. I let go of the knife and ran to see what he was crying about.

When I arrived to see what was causing my big, strong, manly brother to cry my world stopped spinning.

I felt as if someone had shot me in the heart. I immediately fell to the floor and began to cry. There on the cage floor laid Tokyo in so much pain and agony.

I looked up at my brother and asked him what had happened. He said "I'm so sorry Carlos, I didn't mean to, he just got in my way, he is so little and I have such a big truck, and I was mad at my mom, I was driving too fast I couldn't stop, I'm so sorry." In that moment I felt so much anger towards him I just wanted to run him over too. I ran to the knife that was laying three steps away and turned to him. As I was about to drive the knife into my brother's side my dad showed up and told me to stop. I let go of the knife and my dad then told us to get Tokyo because we were going to take him to the vet. I picked Tokyo off the cage floor and got in the car.

On the way to the vet all Tokyo could do was lick my hand and cry. I began to cry as if a water faucet was left running in my eyes. It felt as if the car stopped moving and I told Tokyo how amazing my day was, and how it would be even better when they fix him up. My brother after hearing this began to cry as well. It felt as if only five minutes had passed before, we arrived at the vet clinic.

I ran in and told the lady in the front counter to fix him because we needed to finish a conversation we had pending at home. She took him away and sat my dad and brother in a room. I still remember that damned room, room number 27. I was told to sit in the lobby since the room was too small. 30 minutes passed before my dad stepped out and told me to come in.

I walked in and they had Tokyo laying on the hard metal table. I began to cry after seeing that he couldn't keep his eyes open. I ran and wrapped my arms around him to try give him some of my body heat since he was shaking.

A couple of minutes passed, and a veterinarian walked in and asked if we had made our decision and I looked at her in much confusion. I then stood up off the metal table and asked her to tell us the options. The following words hurt more than any rude and insensitive things people had said to me, she said we could either put him down or let him live his last two and a half hour in pain. At that moment it felt as if two shots were fired into my heart and I fell to the floor. The veterinarian began to cry and walked out the room. Another lady walked in and apologized for the other one. She asked again and my dad said that we would put him down. The words flowed from one side of my brain to the other. She then said that she would let us say our goodbyes and left us.

My dad was the first to walk up. He told him he was a good dog and he kissed him. Then I got up and told him that one day in a distant place I would finish the story I had started. My older brother walked up, but I stopped him and told him Tokyo didn't want to see him. My dad told me to shut up and sit down. I turned around and saw that my dad was crying. To this day that was one of the very few times I have seen him cry. My brother said his goodbyes and then I stood with Tokyo. He licked my hand and looked at me in a way that I felt as if he was saying his goodbyes as well.

The lady walked in and took you away. I had no more tears at that point. 30 minutes after words she came in and handed me a blanket. Little did I know that your body was wrapped in there. We drove home in silence, and I shed a few tears I had left. I dug you a hole in the exact place that you would always stand and wait for me.

You were truly gone. The stage lights clicked off and the curtains fell, and I had to walk out of the theater without an encore. "Goodbye audience I hope to see you all next time," that is what I thought you would say if you could speak. I walked away from the place we put you and deep down I still wait for the day I get to finish the story I started. I wait for the day that you run around in circles again and lick my hand. Somewhere in some distant place you will, but for now you are truly gone. e