

I walked in the front door from school to hear my eighty year old grandmother screaming, "Help me Aislyn! Come here, you have to help me!" My heart started to race as I wasn't expecting an entire scene after walking through the door. I could hear something terrifying to me, her crying. I knew something seriously wrong was beginning to play out. She did not cry or show her emotions ever, even at her husband and son's funerals. I have seen her cry three times in my entire life.

Her screaming came from the downstairs living room. I immediately tore my headphones out and threw my bag by the door as I ran down the steps. "Are you okay!? What's Wrong?" I shouted, even though I would see for myself in mere seconds. Looking back on it now, of course something crazy was happening the day my brother didn't come home with me. My eyes jumped to her laying on the floor and I thought the worst. She must have fell this can't be happening I thought. Am I going to have to call an ambulance? I don't know how this works. Then my eyes landed on my lifeless dog next to her and I began to understand the situation at hand. Let me take a step back to explain myself.

My dog, Sonny had been sick for quite sometime now. She had a fatty tumor on her back for the past two years that kept growing and growing but, we could not afford to get it removed and the doctors said it did not hinder her walking or cause her pain. She also had lost her eye as a puppy before she was in our care. So she was pretty much a bad bitch if I do say so myself. She went through alot and was still the happiest baby beanpod I have ever seen in my life. She had a rough time but the last month was the worst. She had begun to get extremely sick. She wouldn't eat anything, I don't think she would have eaten a filet mignon if I placed it in front of her. I offered her all sorts of food even human food to try to get her to eat anything. Anything she did

manage to get down she would throw right back up. She began to pee on the floor even though I sat outside with her every hour to give her a chance to go to the bathroom. It made me think she just did not have the energy to stand by the door or make it up the steps to let us know that she needed to go out. Overall, I had never seen her look so sad as I did in the last month, her paws over her nose when she laid on the couch, crying in her sleep. We took her to the vet and they ran some tests and prescribed her antibiotics but, I had a bad feeling about the entire situation. It was only a few days later when I walked in the house to see my worst nightmare play out before my eyes.

“Sonny just passed away.” My grandmother said. She was still petting my dog; tears were running down her face. I began to cry as well, which was honestly unexpected to me. I always figured that losing a pet would be a sad experience but, I didn't think it would feel like losing a person. I crouched down and put my hand on her head, it was still warm which only made me cry harder. I felt bad that we did not do enough to keep her in our lives and I realized she must have been in so much pain this last week without us realizing the full extent. My grandma looked up at me, “We were laying on the couch watching our show and all of a sudden she just jumped on the couch and laid on the floor. I could hear her breathing began to flutter and I knew it was time.”

My grandmother and dog had an indescribable bond. She spent more time with that dog than anyone on the planet. She took her for walks every morning, they watched all their tv shows together on the living room couch. My grandma would even stay home from family trips because she didn't want to be away from our dog for that long. She loved that dog more than anything on

the planet; it was absolutely heartbreaking to see her cry over my dog. I didn't know how to console her, considering I'm bad with handling emotions and my family isn't very lovey-dovey.

I picked up our dog and put her in her bed and called my brother to tell him to get home as soon as possible. When he got home we ended up burying her in my backyard. I didn't want to do anything else. I wanted her to be as close to us as possible even though she wasn't with us anymore. Sonny slept in my room every single night in the dog bed that I got her and having her. My brother and my neighbor ended up digging a huge hole and we all said our last goodbyes. I don't think I have ever cried like that in front of other people before. To this day I still cry when I see dog videos and wish that we could get a new dog. I know that no dog will ever replace my sonny bunny though.