

# Goodbye

By: Lily Owens

Have you ever had to say goodbye? I'm sure you have, but maybe not for good. Saying goodbye is the absolute hardest thing in the world. It was late January, and I had to say goodbye. My best friend, my dog, was leaving me for good.

Cowboy, my dog, and my best friend in the whole wide world, was sick. We didn't know what was wrong with him for the longest time. He was having seizures and seemed lost all the time. He knew me, but he didn't at the same time. He paced the hallway for a long time at night. He didn't know our yard or where to use the bathroom. He could no longer jump up into my bed to sleep. I missed him laying beside till the morning came. The pale film over his old eyes pierced my heart. There was nothing we could do for him. Then we learned it was a brain tumor. That meant we had to put him down.

I felt empty inside. The walls were closing in. The tears ran down my soft cheeks. I could taste the salty teardrops one by one trickling down my face. As I layed on my bed with him, I remembered everything we'd done. I felt the fur that I had brushed so many times, yet, now he didn't even know how to sit for me to do so. I rubbed the ears that had been covered in hair chalk one or twice. I kissed the dry nose that was once wet and cool. I felt his breath, his slow huffs of wind tickled my spine. I couldn't just let my bestfriend go! I knew he'd be better in heaven, but I wouldn't.

Cowboy wouldn't eat or drink, so neither did I. I layed with him, pet him, and walked with him through the occasional bathroom breaks. My dad knew my pain, so he left me alone. Of course he wanted to be with Cowboy too and he did come in a few times, but he knew that I needed Cowboy. I remembered his jealous looks when I had friends over, but we always played with him, so his stern glares were limited. Lots of people have "good dogs" like Cowboy, but they don't have my Cowboy. He is one of a kind, and I was so lucky to have him. He was smart and sweet. He was soft inside and out. If he was a human, he would be a ten times better person than anyone I know.

I will always remember when I picked him out. My dad printed off pictures and he was the only boy, but I picked him. I loved him from the start. I still love him now that he's gone. The molded paw print from the vet keeps me going everyday. The memories of playing in the yard always help me sleep at night. It's not easy to lose them, but don't let that keep you from getting them. I will never be ashamed of having a dog for a best friend.