

To this day I still don't know how it happened or why. I think about her everyday, I never pass a day not thinking about her. My dog and I fell asleep in my parent's bedroom on a Sunday night. While being knocked out some peculiar noise woke me up. It was the sound of my dog throwing up yellow bile. My mom woke up also staring at Lyla. Seconds after she threw up, she did something that is still terrifying to me to this day. We heard her create a loud howling sound and watched her neck slowly going back. I couldn't help but to look away. After she was done doing that, her head slowly reached the plaid blanket. It looked as if she was just going to fall asleep again, but no. I called her name, "Lyla...Lyla.?" As I called her name she wouldn't pick up so I decided to tap her, still nothing. I had a feeling it was her time. My dad picked her up, up to his chest, and her body still like water. Her feet dangled and her tongue stuck out as he carried her. At this point I rush out of the room, crying. The first thing that pops up in my head is to notify my sister, so I did. "Dianne, Lyla died." She got up shocked. My sister rapidly got up from her bed and headed toward the hallway. As soon as she had exited her room, my dad had also left his room with Lyla in his hands. In the middle of the hallway he set her down. She was still and her purple tongue stuck out because of the lack of air she had not received. After my dad set Lyla down he went to go notify my other sister whom still was asleep. I went to go look back at my best friend and stared with a straight face. My other sister Darlene came out of her room bursting into tears. Darlene decided that we should call the vet so we did. There was a vet all the way in Sherman Oaks that was open for 24 hours so we went to that one. They told us to come quick because there still might of been time to save her. We put Lyla in a plastic bag and carried her downstairs. We put her in the trunk because everybody was sad to carry her and not see her move. After that my dad drove to the Sherman Oaks Veterinary Hospital as fast as he could. We arrived at the hospital and the streets were empty, it reminded me of The Purge. The door was locked so I rung the buzzer so that the vets who were inside were notified of our presence. We saw 2 vets who were males and seemed to be around the age of 30 years old or younger. They opened the door and we entered. My dad brought Lyla up to the counter and the vets checked her to see if there was a pulse. No luck..there wasn't a single pulse. The vets told us "Sorry but she has passed away." As those words entered my ears a tear fell across my face. Everybody broke down. The vet told us that he could give us a room to spend our last minutes or hours with her physical body, one last time. We entered the room and the vet put Lyla on the cold metal counter. We had brought a blanket with paw prints so that Lyla wouldn't be cold. We wrapped Lyla with the blanket and sobbed. With our last moments with her we talked about our best and most funniest memories we remembered. There was too many to list. We prayed to God and asked if he would take care of her and make him one of his angels as she was to us. Everybody cried because she was a big part of everyone's life. After 3 final hours with her, we then left the hospital, sad and in denial. On the way back home I stared into the window and saw my reflection. I looked at myself and told myself "is this a dream". It felt like a dream, I wish it was. I wondered how life would be without her, everyday coming home from school was so exciting because I got to see her. It wasn't going to be like that anymore. I knew that for a period of time I would mentally be depressed. That day I didn't go to school because of how sad I was. I wasn't ready for people to ask me "what happened, you look sad" cause I know that I would just burst into tears.

That day which was a Monday I thought of a lot of things. Things that shape me on how I look at myself and my perspective on life. I thought to myself that Lyla really shaped me into who I am today. She made me more responsible, happier, and made me realize that we can't take our life for granted because we only have one. She also made me a positive and motivating person towards others. To this day when a person is down and feels really low about themselves I try to be the light and lighten their day. I learned that being negative will never do anything good for you, it will just be your demon and bring you down, but if you're positive you could really pull yourself together, which will motivate you to do your best. One thing I will never forget that I learned from her is that you can't worry about your insecurities because it'll stop from what you really want to do. Her death has made me a stronger person both mentally and physically and I really want to thank her for that. I'm still in denial of her death but I know she's finally at peace. She leaves little signs here and there like pennies and shadows which I enjoy encountering. I miss you a lot and hopefully you come back in a new form stronger.