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Loss of My Best Friend

“You are not going to die on me! You’re too stubborn to die” I said to my dog Nitty, she was 13 and had been a part of my life since I was five. We were rushing to the animal hospital because Nitty had stopped breathing. As I said Niity was a part of my life since I was five, she had been with me through thick and thin, through bad times and good. She was my number one for thirteen years, and here I was hoping she didn’t pass away. We were in the car on the way to the very hospital my mother was driving, and I was in the front seat. “Chris, can you check on her? I unbuckled my seat belt and rushed to the back of the car. Niity didn’t look good, her head was tilted to the side, and her tongue was a different color. I held her in my arms and said to her “You’re not going to die you are too stubborn to die on me.”

When we got to the vet hospital, I immediately jumped out of the passenger side door and opened the trunk to the van. Without thinking, I picked her up like I did many of times, and rushed into the hospital, immediately she has whisked away from me and into a nurse’s arms. I was a nervous and emotional wreck, but my mom stood strong calling my sister since it was her dog, and my dad who was away on business in Detroit. I needed some air, so I walked outside, the trunk was still open, and I had to sit down. And while I was sitting down, I did something I rarely do except on Sundays. I prayed that Niity would be ok and that if this was her time she was allowed to go. While sitting down I called my dad, to talk to him, I needed to hear another voice. And someone to talk to about Niitty and what going to happen to her. When I was done with the conversation with my dad, my mom came out to comfort me. I cried again saying “I don’t want to lose her, I don’t know what I’d do without her. After waiting for twenty minutes my sister Regina and her fiancé Chris pulled up. My sister was a wreck as well, she quietly asked what was going on, and my mom could only say we don’t know yet. When we walked into the vet hospital, we were greeted by the doctor who said. “I want to check to see if there is a tumor involved if that’s ok with you guys. We all agreed that it was fine for the doctor to check for a tumor

.” While we were waiting, I could only think of the memories I had with Niity. Her peeing in the car when she got too excited, and she dove into the foot space of the passenger side seat and looked up at my dad like “I didn’t do anything.” Or when we were on vacation, and my dad stopped suddenly Niitty who was standing on the cooler almost went through the windshield. Or my dad throwing the ball on the beach in the winter, my dad threw it down the beach strand. Niity looked at him like “throw it towards the water dummy I don’t care if its twenty degrees throw it towards the ocean” As I thought the doctor came out. He said he had found a tumor and he had ruptured. You have two options, you can put her down, or we can perform emergency surgery. We as a family choose to put her down, and the doctor said “Ok we will wheel her into a room so you can say your goodbyes Again we had to wait, which was hurting me more because I all wanted to do was see my dog. After five minutes they wheeled her into a room. We walked in Niity didn’t look like the dog she normally was, she had a tube in her throat to keep her breathing, and she looked weak. The room was somber. My sister was the first one to hold her and say her goodbyes. We faced time my dad who was also a blubbering mess. He also said his goodbyes, but he also said “You know Niity you could’ve waited till I got home to do this.’ We all laughed; it was something Niitty was known for, doing something wrong or getting sick at the worst time possible. My dad also said” Niitty you had to go before we went on vacation” Again we laughed, that was another thing racing through my brain vacation. How are we supposed to go to North Carolina without Niitty? That be impossible, that’s me not going without my best friend. North Carolina is where we made a lot of memories with Niitty Then it was my time to say goodbye, I got close to her, told her “You weren’t a bad dog, you were a great dog.” “You’ll get to chase all the tennis balls you want to in heaven,” I said. After those words I left the room, I couldn’t stand seeing my best friend pass away. I walked out of the Vet hospital and sat on the bench outside listening to music. My mom then came out and “She was gone,” I busted into tears again. My mom held me and told me everything would be all right. We had to wait for another ten minutes or so because we had gotten a tribute box with a print of Niittys paw. After we got those, my mom and I got into the car, and the car wouldn’t start. “Niity?” I said you die, and now you do this. Both my mom and I just started laughing because this was Niittys personality something goes wrong and the wrong time. My dad ended up calling Triple-A, which took an hour. During that hour we walked up to a local supermarket because I needed something to drink, and so did my mom. When we got back to our car the triple A guy was there. He fixed the battery and got our car running. We started the car and drove home when we got home it was silent and eerier. I remember saying goodnight to my mom and heading up to bed. That was one of the worst days of my life, I had lost my best friend, but I would have to grow as a person to handle the loss. I would have to learn about the power of remembering. Since Nitty only in my memoire from that point on.