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ENG 100

Formal Assignment #2: Loss

25FEB2019

Loss

It was the week of our yearly family vacation. Everyone, including my dog Brutus, piled into the dark blue Nissan Armada and we headed to Rehoboth beach in Delaware. I was seated in the third row with my rottweiler dog named Brutus he had his head on my lap for majority of the ride.

I woke up the first morning of the vacation with a smile on my face; this was going to be my first day at the beach all summer. I rolled out of bed and walked toward the kitchen, walking through the living room I passed my parents who sat on the couch. Brutus rested on the floor at their feet. He was very still and his breathing was slow, I could tell he was uncomfortable. Once I finally reached the kitchen I saw my grandpa walk in through the back door.

“It’s starting to rain,” he stated.

“Ashley why don’t you take out Brutus before it starts to rain too much and he’ll get all wet?” my mom asked.

“Come on Brutus, let’s go out!”

Brutus stayed on the floor where he was. He didn’t even lift his head when he heard his name. I walked over to Brutus to help him get up so that he could go out. Once Brutus was on his feet his legs started to shake. I picked him up with ease; he was light because he lost so much weight from being sick. As I placed Brutus down in the front yard he just layed in the grass and

whimpered a little. Looking down at him I felt bad. This wasn't fair. He was in pain and shouldn't have to suffer. Picking Brutus back up in my arms I carried him through the front door and placed him down on the carpet where he was laying previously.

In the spring of 2014, Brutus was diagnosed with stomach cancer. He wasn't acting like his normal energetic self. Brutus would always be running around the house with a toy in his mouth or jumping at the front door anytime a car drove by. But he slowly became less energetic and would refuse to eat. We decided to take Brutus to the vet because he wasn't acting like his normal self. The vet came into the room and performed an exam and a few tests. She patted Brutus on the head and said "I'll be back in a few minutes with the test results." Sitting in the room waiting to hear the results felt like forever. Finally a knock on the door "come in" my dad said. The vet looked defeated, her shoulders were slumped her mouth was a straight line.

"The test shows that Brutus has a mass in his stomach. The mass is small so there are a few potential options. We can start him on medication to help ease the discomfort that he is feeling from the mass pressing on his organs, or we can perform surgery to remove the mass."

"I think starting him on medication will be the best option girls. He is 12 years old. We want him to be comfortable. Surgery seems like it would cause him more unnecessary pain" my dad said.

"I agree surgery is invasive and includes cutting him open. He is older it wouldn't be fair to put him through surgery" my mom stated.

Turning to face the vet my dad said "we would like to start him on a medication regimen and see if that will help him and the pain he is in."

The vet prescribed some medications to help relieve Brutus' pain and he was back to his normal energetic self in less than a week. He was his normal self again up until the next summer when we went on our family vacation.

My dad was seated at the head of the table my mom to his right. My mom's face was red and she wasn't smiling. "Girls please come to the table I need to talk to you" said my dad.

Lauren, Courtney, Jocelyn, and I sat around the table looking at my parents.

My dad began to speak, "Girls I think this is the end for Brutus. He is in a lot of pain and this is not fair for him."

"I know this is going to be hard to do. But it's the right decision. We can't leave Brutus in his suffering because we don't want to say goodbye," said my mom

Silence fell around the table as everybody processed what my parents just suggested. Turning my head away from the table my brown hair covered the side of my face as tears began to fall down my cheek. I couldn't believe it was actually time to say goodbye to Brutus. He was our family dog for the past thirteen years, more than three quarters of my life. He was with my family through so much. He'd been on every family vacation, he would go to all of my softball tournaments on the weekends and he was always in the front yard running back and forth while my sisters and I had a catch. The thought of walking through the front door of my house and not seeing him sitting there waiting to greet me made the tears fall faster.

Trying to lighten the mood Courtney said, "Remember that time we found him sitting on the dining room table eating the pasta?" this made everyone laugh.

"Or when he put himself in mom's pajama shirt," I chimed in.

I smiled thinking about all of the good times we were able to enjoy in the past thirteen years that we had Brutus. Sitting in my chair watching as each family member said their goodbyes to Brutus. I was the last of my siblings to say my goodbyes since Brutus was technically my dog. My parents bought me him for my fourth birthday.

Walking over to Brutus, I stopped and knelt down next to him giving him a soft kiss on his head. I rubbed his belly one last time because that was his favorite place to be scratched. He would always shake his leg when you scratched his belly, he didn't shake his leg today. Feeling the tears starting to form in my eyes again. I bent down so I that I was closer to his head and whispered in his ear.

“You are a good boy. I'll see you again one day. Hopefully not too soon. Once you get to heaven you will be pain free and will be able to run around and play again. Thank you for the past thirteen years.”

Taking a step back my dad reached down and picked Brutus up. I stood with my three sisters watching my parents and Brutus walk out the front door, we followed them onto the porch. Watching as my dad put Brutus in the truck. My dad held up Brutus' front paw to wave towards us and said, “Say bye bud, we love you.”

We watched them pull out of the driveway and down the road towards Brutus' new life.