

Remembering Delilah

By Sidney

I sprinted home from the bus stop. I couldn't wait to see my dog Delilah. Delilah had been at the vet for 2 days and she got to come home today. I just wanted to see her and her wagging tail waiting for me at the front door.

But she wasn't there. I stopped dead in my tracks and slowly made my way to the house. I opened the door and walked inside. I dumped my backpack and coat off at the front door. I cautiously followed the sniffles coming from the living room.

"Mom? Dad? What's going on?" I asked.

"Jonathan dear come here," Mom sniffed waving me over to take a seat next to her. This was weird my parents never called me by my full name.

"Mom?" I asked worry filling my words. Mom grabbed my hands and held them tightly in hers.

"Oh dear this is so hard to tell you, but Delilah died last night at the vet," Mom cried pulling me into a tight hug. I tried to speak but no words came out of my mouth the only thing I could choke out was a sob. Tears welled at the corners of my eyes threatening to spill all over my face.

"How about we make this a happy time remembering her life not mourning her life?" Dad suggested.

"Sure," I sniffed wiping my eyes.

"Okay I'll start do you remember that time when Delilah was a puppy and she was running and did a somersault?" Dad asked. I nodded before my mind swept me back to the memory.

"Come on Delilah you can do it!" I yelled as Delilah tried to run across the wood hallway. I had a treat in my hands and she was determined to get it. Her little husky paws kept

sliding across the slippery wood. Then all of the sudden her head went down and her hind legs came over her head. Delilah just did a somersault! I started laughing really hard. I laughed so hard the treat slipped out of my hand and slid across the floor to Delilah.

“That was pretty great,” I smiled.

“Okay do remember the time when she ran after a squirrel but rammed into a tree instead!” Mom laughed. Another memory overcame me.

“Delilah you’re not supposed to chase squirrels,” I whined as she started glassy eyed at them. But it was too late, Delilah had already taken off after the squirrel. She chased after it in circles around a tree. The squirrel finally realized that it could go up the tree and zoomed up the tree. Delilah realized that the squirrel went up the tree and tried to run up the tree like the squirrel did. But instead she rammed straight into the tree. She fell backwards and looked around a couple of times. Finally, she started barking up the tree again. By this time I was on the ground laughing hysterically.

“That was one of my favorite walks with her,” I said. Delilah had always liked walks and every time something new and exciting happened. Every walk was always different from the last.

“My favorite memory of Delilah was when we first got her,” I added. Then the memory swept me away.

My mom grabbed my hand as we walked up the sidewalk towards the house where 5 tiny puppies were waiting to meet us. We got to the door and mom rang the doorbell. A woman opened the door and had a bright smile on her face.

“Hi my name is Melinda,” the smiley lady said.

“Hi Melinda I’m Linda Connors nice to meet you,” my mom replied holding out her hand to shake Melinda’s hand. Melinda gladly took it and gave my mom’s hand a firm shake.

“You must be little Jonny,” Melinda said sticking her hand out for me to shake. I took it and gave it a quick shake. Melinda let us inside the house and directed us towards the room where the little puppies were. All of them were wrestling with each other and having fun. When we walked into the room all of the puppies stopped what they were doing and looked at us. Only one was brave enough to come over to us. She started rubbing her head on my legs and she let out small barks.

“That’s little Delilah, she is the sweetest little dog!” Melinda told us.

“Mommy I want her,” I smiled petting Delilah on the head.

“Then it’s done with. Melinda we would like Delilah,” Mom announced.

“Okay then it’s done, Delilah is all yours,” Melinda told us. My smile stretched from cheek to cheek. I picked up Delilah and stroked her head. She was mine, and mine forever.

“I think we can all say something, Delilah will always be in our hearts and never once will her spot be taken by something else.” I smiled. We hugged, realizing that Delilah’s memory would always live on in our hearts.