

Bailey Is Gone

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It was a nice sunny day, I felt on top of the world, that nothing could go wrong. I thought. My brother and I walked up the steps with my mom trailing behind us with her head down. I didn't know why, but I didn't really care. Why is mom walking so slow, I thought she looks depressed. We walked inside.

"Boys come here" she murmured, We followed her into the living room, why I thought? "Boys...today...Bailey...died" she whined. I stopped putting my bag away. I looked over at my brother who had the same face as me, shocked. I didn't hear her right.

"What? She was just here this morning". But when I saw my mom's face I knew she wasn't lying. My heart stopped, I remembered this morning petting her soft fur but now she was gone.

I grabbed my iPod and sprinted into my room. I pulled up my one and only picture of her. I felt a tear, a little drip of water fall down my cheek and onto the picture. "why did she have to die" I whispered "WHY... WHY... WHY" I yelled. It's amazing how your life can change in less than 15 minutes. I felt lonely, nothing to pet, nothing that moves, nothing to cheer me up. I wish I could go back in time and play with her more, love her more but deep, deep down I knew she was gone.

That same day I remembered that I had a birthday party that I wanted to go to, But now I wasn't feeling it. I still got packed up and ready to go. It was hard to come home and know my dog wasn't there personally. But I knew she was still here, her spirit at least. I felt happier knowing she would always be there for me. In memory of her I wrote a B in sharpie on my baseball glove, so every time I look down at my glove while I am playing 2nd base I know she will help me field grounders and play better.