

Goodbye Paws

I consider myself to be a master of procrastination. Take last Friday for instance, I had an assignment due at 8:00 pm. At 4:00 pm my mother reminded me about it. I dismissed her with, "I'll do it later." I finished on time, with one minute to spare. I could go on and on about this, but I just don't have the time.

"Daniel, you're going to miss the bus!" my mother said. Oh yeah, my name is Daniel. "One second mom," I said back, changing into my attire.

When I came downstairs, my mother asked "Did you feed Paws?" "Uh, no" I said. "Well, feed him before you leave, Daniel."

I ran to Paw's meal dish. Paw's was already there, like most days. I squatted to rub his belly, but then he bit me on the hand. "Ow Paws!" I said, startled. I didn't have time to dwell on it though, because I was going to be late. So I filled up the dish and ran out the door.

I caught the bus just in time, as usual. Fifteen minutes later I was at Paul Revere Middle School, ready to start the day. First, the homeroom. You don't do that much stuff in the homeroom, so it goes by slowly. I thought about what happened with Paws, but then the bell rang signaling the start of period one, Math.

I was working on a word problem when, "Daniel Herdirera, please report to the office" boomed on the loudspeakers. "Ooo, someone's in trouble," my friends said mockingly. I didn't say a word, and just walked out of the room, scowling.

At the office, the principal was there, along with someone unexpected... my mom. "Mom, what are you doing here?" I asked, confused. "Paws just threw up and then lost consciousness," she said, "We are going to take him to the vet immediately."

What happened in the morning came rushing back to me, when Paws bit my hand. It didn't make much sense then, but it sure did now, Paws was feeling ill, so he didn't want his belly to be scratched.

We got into the car as fast as we ever have. Paws was in the back, and I went to hug him. "It's going to be ok, Paws," I said.

We drove to the vet. The speedometer never dropped below seventy the entire way there. When we got there we rushed to the emergency room. There were already vets on the case with state-of-the-art equipment, but that didn't reassure me.

We waited for hours in the waiting room, ears up to hear any possible news. Finally the vets came out, "It seems like we have to keep your dog for a couple of days for observation and to run tests." "That's ok," my mom said. I, however, couldn't even say a word.

My mom and I drove home since there was no point in going back to school. When we got home I thought I needed to feed Paws, but I remembered that he was at the vet. After that I couldn't stop thinking about Paws.

Even when I was about to go to bed I was thinking about Paws. Heck, even my dreams were about him. You could say that I was worried sick about him.

I woke up the next morning with a bad stomach ache. "Mom, I don't feel that great. Can I stay home today?" "Sure Daniel," my mom said softly. Usually she would've checked my temperature to see if I was lying, but I think she understood without me even telling her.

My mom went to work and I just laid in my bed thinking about Paws. After I had lunch the phone rang. "Hello?" I asked. "This is the Vets Association, is Mrs. Herdirera

home?" "No," I answered. "She will be there in about 2 hours." The lady on the phone said she would call back.

Right after my mom came home the phone rang to tell my mom the news. By the look on her face, I knew that it wasn't good. "Ok bye," my mother said in a sad tone. "What is it?" I asked, worried. "Paws died a couple of hours ago, we have to go to the vet." I couldn't move. I couldn't even say a thing. Then the tears welled up in my eyes. I faintly was aware of my mom putting her arms around me, trying to comfort me. When the crying stopped, we went in the car and drove to the vet, this time very slowly.

When we got there my mom talked to the vet. I overheard something about an illness. My mom told me to go to the other room so they could talk about private stuff. I obeyed. When I came out, my mom was there waiting for me. Strangely enough, she looked excited. "We're adopting another dog!" my mom said ecstatically.

"Mom, you know that no dog could ever replace Paws," I said in a mournful tone. "This isn't just any dog," she said. Then she told me how this young puppy was brought in yesterday abandoned and comforted Paws in his last moments, bringing him peace.

Then she told me in a softer tone, "Remember, whenever you feel down, surround yourself with people and things you love." There it was, the family motto, passed down through generations. I thought that it was just something old people say, but now I see it is a way to bounce back from any situation.

It didn't take long for Biscuit to become part of the family. And he has an uncanny sense of time. He helps me not procrastinate and it has really improved my grades and my mom yells at me less! We will never forget Paws. I feel like in his last moments, he was able to tell Biscuit exactly what I needed... love, and a personal alarm clock!