

My Four-Legged Brother

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Hello, I am very moved to remember this sad, short, but at the same time beautiful story, and I want to share it with you. It is the story of my dog, who more than my pet was my best friend, Toby, my baby, as I used to say. I would like you to read this story while listening to Nathan Wagner's "Don't Forget Me."

I remember it was August 8, 2017. We were washing my dad's car, which by the way was super dirty. I brought more water from a tap that was on the first floor of the building where I live. I was already feeling tired, but I wanted to continue helping my dad, so I ran back with a cup of clean water and put it on the floor. My mind was in another world. Then, I turned to look and a very dirty puppy with dark brown fur from dirt and with flea nests hanging from its legs came and approached the cup of water that I left on the floor. He was very thirsty and began to drink. He looked at me, and I automatically stopped thinking about my fatigue to focus on him, his golden eyes standing out amid the dirt around him. Then, he lay on the floor for a few seconds. Out of nowhere, he got up and went up the stairs to my apartment that was on the third floor. I followed him and was surprised to see that my mom didn't say anything about not dirtying the house. She was very excited, and I asked my mom if he could stay. She miraculously said he could. After that, we bathed him with my dad and my brother. Do you remember the dark brown color of his coat? Well, now it was cream almost white. My family adored him. He was a cocker spaniel, and we named him Toby. We made him a little wooden house. My mother called him "Toby Andrés", and he was very funny, but something I noticed with concern was that he always lowered his head and never let out a bark.



So six months passed, and he was always very wise and shy. Every time they cut his hair he slept with me, secretly of course, because he felt cold. He did not feel much confidence, but he was always loving in his way. The fateful day started with a cold morning and some rays of sunshine, the perfect weather for exercising. So, we went up a hill with my dad, and Toby was very happy. He ran a lot. He went ahead and turned around. He circled us, and I was wallowing everywhere. When we were about to reach the top, Toby finally gave his first bark and that made me very happy. He barked! I almost cried with happiness, but what I did not know was that I was going to cry, but not because of that reason. He started barking very happy and ran off down a path that was not the right one. A very large dog came out of nowhere. I saw in slow motion when he bit his neck in the cruelest way possible and also pierced his ear. Horrified, I saw the scene. It left me cold, and I couldn't move! Toby was left on the floor screaming and barking softly. His eyes looked at me like the first day ... but almost dull, I couldn't stop crying. We went down quickly; we took him to the vet that was a block from my house. Very scared, I heard that they could do almost nothing for him; however, they operated on him and closed his wounds. I waited for what seemed like a century for him to come out of surgery. He staggered out, and I bent down to meet him and burst into tears when he put his little head on my legs. I picked him up and on the way home, he looked very tired. I laid him on my bed and caressed his head and saw how he closed his eyes. His last breath of his was the worst thing I saw in my life. Thus, on a day like today, January 18, Toby died in my arms next to me. I hope I have transmitted to you what I felt when writing this story, I am crying and still three years later, I miss him with all my soul. All of us must value what we have because at any moment we could lose it.

I introduce you to Toby, my Toby...

