

2025-07-27

My week was devastating. When you died yesterday, Yellow, my sweet boy. A part of me died with you too. I was starting to think that it would have been the best week this month so far. School was suspended for 10 days, I was relaxing at home. I watched Netflix, made a review about KDH. I bought my sister a sweater, and I bought myself that cat PFP decor in Discord. I even bought candy for myself and did my homework on time. And yesterday in the morning when I woke up, I was so excited 'cause I would go to Robinson and SM malls. I ate ramen, onigiri, and tempura, even drank some Coke. I thought to myself, "This feels like a last meal, I have an intuition," but... I didn't mean it to be that way.

Me and my sister went to the mall together. We walked around and window-shopped in Miniso, and I even bought a sketchbook and some highlighters. I took pictures of random BL mangas I found in the bookstore. Then we went to order donuts, as well as caramel coffee. I thought to myself, "This is the best week I've had so far." Not until I saw you under that chair, so sick. I thought you were recovering from your limp, but you were there, drooling excessively. I cried a lot, prayed. I love you so much and I miss you. If I could, I would have done anything to save you, but it was too late. You were dying.

So I sat next to you and spoke for hours, till the sky went black. I think I went through all five stages of grief today. It still hurts so much. I remember everything, how weak you were, the scent of everything was like Dewberry, how your fur felt, full of drool, how the damp towel felt when I wiped the drool off you, and the dampness of your fur. How you were too weak to even meow back at me. How your big yellow-black eyes looked at me. How you nuzzled your head into my hands when I pet you. How you used your strength to crawl towards me in your last hours. How you laid your head on my feet. The cold floor. I still feel the itchiness of the last scratch you gave me, i hope it never leaves. The sight of your dead open eyes. How you were breathing slowly. The twitching during your last moments. How you bit the air. Your last reflexes when you were unconscious. The time on the clock when you died, 9:51 p.m. The blue sky turning pitch black. The way I'd speak gently to you for hours, talking about the good moments, your favorite things, telling you how much I loved you. I remember it all, and that love will never fade. I remember covering your body with a shirt. The last time I saw you was when I closed the door, my sweetness.

I miss you so much, and this is the hardest I've cried this year. I took a shower, wrapped myself up in a blanket, and went to sleep. I told my friends about it and they offered kind words, but nothing comforted me, other than a Bible verse about grief... I guess they tried, but honey, nothing could cure this pain.

I made you a playlist, you know. I even wrote you a letter, three, four, I don't know. I love you. I miss you, more than anything. You're my best friend, always. I'll always love you for the rest of my life... Yellowfinn.

I know I keep repeating this again and again, but you were always there for me. You never judged me, even during the darkest times of my life. And no words can express just how much you mean to me. Until we meet again, sweetness.

I love you.