

The time we spent together was great; the cuddling that we had was unbelievable, but the scratching, biting, and eating my things wasn't so great. I've put up with this way too long and it's time for you to go.

It hurts me to say this to you, and watching you laying down on my bed makes me regret letting you go, even though it's the right thing to do. The great moments that we had together will always be with me and the bad moments will still be with me too, cause those moments make me think of how good of a cat you where and how bad you where. You made me mad in so many ways, I didn't even know that they existed. Even though you hurt me by the things you did, I still would care for you no matter what. You and I went through thick and thin.

Not only were you my first cat, but you were my best friend. The best friend that I count on when I was down. You made me happy. Playing with you made me peaceful, you would never let me do my work or clean; you always wanted to play no matter what I was doing. That part of you made me love you even more. Knowing that I had someone that cared for me. Scratching on my bedroom door so I can let you in when I'm sleeping, waiting for me to come home at the front door. Meowing so I can scratch you, refilling your food up and cleaning your litter box. My first pet, you were amazing to me, and I was amazing to you.

Now that this has been covered, you were the best cat a person can have. I will miss coming home and not seeing you waiting for me to walk in. I will miss the scratching noses you made so I can let you in. But, I will not miss the marks you left everywhere around the house. I will always think of you no matter what and I wouldn't replace you with another cat. My first cat, my best friend and family, you will be missed.

ethos pathos logos euphemism