May 29, 2017

Dear Diary,

I am absolutely beside myself with grief and horror. Our dog, Rusty is gone and it is entirely my fault. I should have stopped my husband, but instead I simply “froze in the moment” and let him pull Rusty into the car and bring him to the vet to have him put down! Silly me, rather than stop him I went into autopilot and did what I thought was the best thing in the moment; I washed the dead little rabbit and tried to make it look alive. I fluffed up the rabbit’s fur and placed it back in its cage with a carrot hanging out of his mouth. Of course, I was in shock and panicked. In hindsight, I realize that what I did was wrong and I do not know how to repair the damage that has been done. On so many levels I made morally wrong decisions and I can’t change it or turn it around. My son, Daniel is supremely mad at me for allowing it to get this far and also uber sad as he has lost his best friend. I have to think of ways to apologize to Daniel.

I certainly should have realized instantly that Rusty could never have done something like this, kill a rabbit! True, Rusty was not the smartest dog. I know he was a bit unruly and liked to dig holes in the yard. I also know at any opportunity he always tried to escape and get out of the yard, but none of that meant that he would kill a little animal. He was just behaving like any dog would; at least any dog that had not been really well trained.

The Unruhs should have told us that their rabbit had died. It is sort of weird that we, over a three-day period did not notice even once, that the rabbit wasn’t in its cage. I do wonder how it is that this didn’t cross our mind to feed her or take any mind of her. It doesn’t bode well for us, that’s for sure.

I will talk to Daniel and ask him if he would like to get another dog. He isn’t really speaking to me at the moment. It will take some time for him to find a way to forgive both his father and me. I wonder if he will tell the Unruhs what really happened.

Regretful mom,

Sheila