

Diamonds are forever

It was meant to be a fun day. It was the opposite. It was an ordinary hour, of an ordinary day, of an ordinary year but things were far from ordinary, very far.

Yes! Finally, the day had come. The day my best of all friends came around to play. An urge of excitement swept my body, pinching every tense corner until it relaxed. The doorbell rang. However, I couldn't wait to witness the shrill crescendo pierce my ears. I was at the door. Before they even had the chance to get through, I was dragging them into the warm yet somehow isolating garden. "Come and see my Guinea pigs!" I screamed over the urgent bird tweets "You'll love them." I certainly did, I thought they were the best animals alive. I opened the cool hutch door and picked one up. I couldn't tell which yet. Badger or Borris. As I lay him down, I told them it was Badger, his ginger stripe shining as if it were gold. As I picked Borris up, although he was rebelling, I spied his tiny leg poke out, the wrong way. I dismissed the idea of illness until later on. After all he was the healthy one.

As we sat them down on the mat I noticed something else unusual about Borris (or the ninja as we used to call him). He wasn't moving. Neither was Badger, yet he never did. Borris sat there, head down looking mortified, depressed. The usual sparkle that permanently sat in his eye had vanished. Little did I know the night before would be the last time I was ever to see it. Without thinking, we gave them some food and sat them in their run. After the most delicious lunch, my favourite, we walked towards the run, that sat silently, as if it had been deserted. Even before I peered my head around to look in, I could tell something was wrong, very wrong. Badger was impatiently squeaking, almost as if someone had died. And Borris... there was no noise from Borris, not a peep. I opened the cage door to find Borris lying on the ground, motionless. Fear needled itself into my body chasing all elements of hope out. I had none, zero, zilch. I cradled the sacred boy in my arms. I planted a kiss on his head. It was then when I realised he was still breathing; my baby was alive!

We rushed to the vets and left him in the mushroom smelling clinic. I stroked his fur, wondering if it would be the last time. Later, we got the call. The call telling us they had to put him down, that he had a brain tumour. We raced to the vets, and despite the vet's best efforts, barged our way into his room. I had to say good bye. All that came out was. "Goodbye Borris, goodbye my sparkling diamond. Come back. I love you..."