



# *A Letter to Biscuit*

*from Margaret*

Autumn 2009 – May 2025

Dear Biscuit,

There are things I never said to you. Not because I didn't feel them — I felt all of them, every day — but because you were a dog, and I thought we had more time, and some things you only learn to say once it's too late to be heard.

So I'm saying them now. To you. Wherever the saying lands.

You died. I keep having to write that down to believe it. The house is the wrong kind of quiet, and my hands keep reaching for things that aren't there anymore — the leash, the door, the warm weight of you.

But you were here. You were so completely here. And before anything else, I want you to know I noticed.

So, thank you.

Thank you for the slow loop around the block after dinner, you setting the pace, me letting you. It was the best part of the day, and I didn't always say so, and I'm saying so now: it was the best part of the day.

Thank you for the way you turned your whole body to look at me, not just your head, like I deserved the full effort. I would give anything to see it one more time.

Thank you for the small ordinary things that I thought would last forever – for being at the door, for the worn patch of carpet by the radiator, and the bottom step where you waited for me every evening, for the sound you made that meant you were happy. You made an ordinary life feel like enough. That was you. That was your whole quiet gift.

And thank you for the last warm afternoon, when you found a sunbeam on the kitchen floor and slept in it for hours while I worked beside you.

You were a good dog. The best one. Mine.

There is something I have to say, and it's the hardest part of this letter.

I made a choice for you at the end. I have carried it every day since — the question of whether it was too soon, or not soon enough, whether I should have done something differently. I need to put it down now, and I need you to help me.

It was the kindest thing I have ever done, and the hardest. I chose it because I loved you — because staying would have meant hurting, and I could not let you hurt. Letting you go was not me giving up on you. It was the last act of love I had left to give. You were not alone. You were held, and warm, and known, right to the end. It wasn't your fault, and it wasn't mine. It was just love, doing the bravest thing love can do.

So where are you now?

I believe you are somewhere good — somewhere your body isn't tired anymore, where the sun is warm on your back and there is always the worn patch of carpet by the radiator, and the bottom step where you waited for me every evening. I believe you are at peace, and I believe, when it is my time, there is a room there with you in it.

And here, until then, I'm keeping your frayed red collar on the hook by the door, and the soft dent your weight left in the old armchair. I'm keeping the route of the slow loop around the block after dinner, you setting the pace, me letting you. I'm keeping your name, which I will say out loud, because names are meant to be said.



Here is what I want you to know, if any of it reaches you.

You were loved. Not a little. Not in the ordinary way people love the ordinary things in their lives — you were loved the whole way down, every day you were here, including the last one.

I don't know how to be in this house without you yet. I'm learning. Some days I do alright and some days I don't, and on the days I don't, I'm going to do the thing you'd want: I'm going to go outside, and notice the things you taught me to notice — the grass after rain, the light in the late afternoon, the dog two houses down who barks at nothing. I'm going to say your name to people who will listen. I'm going to keep you in the telling.

I will carry you. I will carry you everywhere, for the rest of my life, and it will not be a weight. It will be the opposite of a weight.

Thank you for being mine.

*With all my love, always,*

Margaret

*for Biscuit — Biscuit, Bisky, the old girl*

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