



## Murray

November 4, 2025

Murray was my companion for nearly twelve years—a black-and-white cow cat who was there through some of the hardest and most important parts of my life. For a long time, it was just the two of us in a small apartment, and we took care of each other in our own way.

He wasn't loud or demanding. He showed up quietly—waiting by the door when I got home, stretching in front of me, or resting his head on my foot while I slept. He had his routines, his favorite spots, and a steady presence that made a place feel like home.

In his later years, he slowed down, spending more time resting and less time at the window he used to watch. Nothing about it seemed urgent—just the normal signs of getting older.

On October 18, 2025, I took him to the emergency vet after he suddenly vomited and seemed disoriented. His bloodwork came back normal, and he was sent home. A couple of weeks later, on November 4, he collapsed at home while I was gone. He made his way to the bedroom and passed under the bed, the place closest to where I sleep.

What likely took him was an undetected heart condition that can exist silently in cats for years and appear without warning.

He died quickly, in a place that felt safe to him.

Murray wasn't just a pet. He was a constant—through stress, change, and long stretches of life where he was the only one there. He stayed.

That's what I'll remember most.