

Freya Schroeder

December 13, 2025

Freya Schroeder, affectionately known as Squishie, Bertha, or simply Babygirl, was born in July of 2016 and adopted on March 26, 2017, a day that marked the beginning of a very loud, very loving, and very slobbery chapter in her family's life. She passed away on December 13, 2025, at the age of 9, leaving behind a well-worn, eternally damp spot on the couch where she licked incessantly, as if moisturizing the furniture was her sacred duty.

Freya was the treasured daughter of Eric Schroeder and a fiercely devoted sister to her human siblings—Whisper, Ravynn, Alek, and Jordan. She was also a beloved pet sister to Luna, who remains, and Anubis, who passed before her and surely greeted Freya on the other side with familiar patience and a surrendered toy. Her circle of admirers extended to Tanner and Nemesis Fetz, her doggie nephew Virgil, and anyone holding her favorite delicacy: tomato treats, lovingly referred to as “-mato bites.”

A bulldog of exquisite taste, Freya adored bath time (a shocking fact to most dogs), watching Bluey like the sophisticated viewer she was, vet visits for the attention alone, playing in the snow, and cruising the neighborhood in her stroller as though she were greeting loyal subjects. Her most cherished possession was her hedgehog stuffie, inherited from Anubis, which she guarded with deep emotional attachment and occasional drool. Her least favorite activity was getting her ears cleaned—a process that inspired

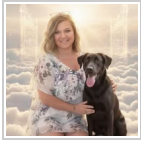
dramatic bulldog gurgling, low growls, and the unmistakable belief that she was being profoundly wronged.

Her favorite place to sleep was her carefully curated “butt spot” on the couch, a space molded perfectly to her shape and defended with determination. Among Freya’s most legendary moments was earning herself a permanent blacklist at PetSmart and publicly embarrassing her sister Whisper at a gas station in the middle of nowhere in Ohio—proving that chaos does not require an audience, only commitment.

Freya was tender, stubborn, expressive, and deeply adored. She taught her family about devotion, humor, and the quiet comfort of sharing space with someone who simply wanted to be close, preferably on the couch. Though her gurgles have dissolved into memory and her stroller rides have come to an end, her spirit remains stitched into daily life, into laughter, and into every place she ever claimed as her own.

Rest easy, Freya. May there be endless snow, unlimited -mato bites, and a couch with the perfect butt spot waiting just for you.

Tribute Wall



“ *Brandy Delaplane-Kidd lit a candle in memory of Freya Schroeder*



Brandy Delaplane-Kidd - December 31, 2025 at 03:35 PM

RA

“ *4 files added to the tribute wall*



Ravynn - December 31, 2025 at 01:38 PM

WH

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



whisper - December 31, 2025 at 12:23 PM

JO

“ 5 files added to the album Freya



Jordan - December 31, 2025 at 11:52 AM