

## My best friend.

He stayed behind when we went off to New Zealand,  
He wanted to be with us but he had a great fear of flying.  
On that first visit we stayed for nearly two months.

On our return, and for a long time afterwards, he was very quiet, withdrawn.

He never complained, and always listened to me with great patience as

I told people of our wonderful holiday.

Over and over I told them my stories, of

How it was a country that we had enjoyed so much.

"I really, really like New Zealand; I would love to go and live there someday."

I said this over and over: in his hearing. I know I did: but I can't help myself,

This passion for storytelling is part of my character.

He did not say anything, not a word, not even once: he listened to me in silence.

Before we went to New Zealand for the second time

He began acting strangely, like a youngster again, playing the fool.

I thought that he was happy for me.

Our second holiday was even better than our first.

With lots of new and exciting discoveries, many interesting experiences.

We met lots of people, and, as we travelled around,

## My best friend.

---

I was saving up my new stories to tell him.

I had millions of them, for him, for my other friends, for everyone.

When, eventually, after three months,

We arrived back at our house, he wasn't there!

He had died three days before.

Perhaps his heart had broken, as my heart was broken.

Years have flown.

Every day he comes to visit me, in my head, in my heart.

Every day I miss him anew.

Every day after every day.

Fleco,

*Un Border Collie straordinario!*

*Grazie for ten great years,*

*Grazie for your life,*

*Grazie for my memory of you.*

*You are still my best friend,*

*Il mio migliore amico!*

