

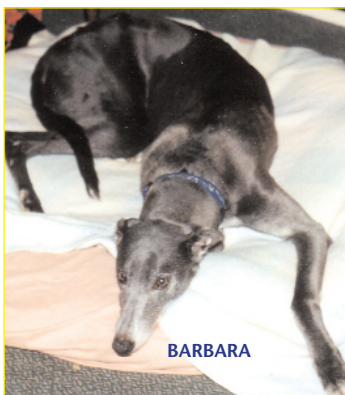
LOOKING BACK

Last year was a very difficult one at *Tailends*. We had to bid farewell to so many wonderful dogs who tragically lost their battle to live a few more months in a loving and caring environment.

BILLY so desperately wanted to stay and fought so hard against his illness. He loved his walks and would stand on the dunes just gazing at the views. The day before he died he insisted on having just one last glimpse of the sea.

The poor boy was just six years old and had been treated so badly both during and after his racing career. He was like a little skeleton when he arrived and despite our efforts and his determined spirit, his pathetic body would not heal.

WENDY collapsed and died on her beloved beach while playing with her friends. **BARBARA** loved *Tailends* so much that she thought she was a



puppy again. Sadly her old body was so arthritic and damaged that she had just three months here.

KENNY was another character who was just happy to be here and asked for so little. He was suffering from severe kidney failure and was such an

old chap but still took pleasure in his strolls along the footpaths and a warm comfy bed to curl up in. We had hoped to be able to buy him a little time by regular drip treatment to cleanse his blood but tragically it was found that he also had advanced cancer so all we could do was to make him as comfortable as possible until he became ill and we had to make that final decision for him.

AMBROSE was such an old man! A wonderful shaggy collie with a great personality and a lovely face! He had been living rough on the streets and was a bit incontinent and very wobbly on his legs. He had seven months at *Tailends* and was adored by everybody. He died peacefully in June.

LLOYD was here for just eight weeks. He had been badly neglected and was very ill when he arrived and totally blind. If I had not heard about his plight he would have died a long slow agonising death in a grim kennel without any treatment or pain relief. I cannot tell you how grateful the poor boy was for the love and care I provided. He was devoted to me as I was to him and he trusted me totally to do the best for him. I still grieve for him and the miserable life he had to endure. I make no apologies for printing his story again.