

(except Scottie-Robbie), that for some time he had been having pain in his legs, too. The time had come to go for a check-up himself. Scottie-Robbie had been as attentive as he could be in his own predicament, but it was hard to follow his master around as he wished to do. He seemed to know that something was wrong, and tried to alert his people. But they were thinking only of *his* convalescence, and didn't understand what he was trying to tell them.

Mr. Macphee went for a check-up. The result was more bad news. Mr. Macphee had a disease that couldn't be cured. Six months later, Scottie-Robbie had to say goodbye to another "Dad." In less than a year, he had two major surgeries, and lost his master again. Now it was just his "Mom" and himself left to maintain a home for themselves. He tried to be good comfort for her, but couldn't help being sad. He knew his "Mom" was sad, too, and sometimes, they just sat together quietly. Mrs. Macphee cried softly, and laid her head on Scottie-Robbie's furry shoulder. Scottie-Robbie licked the tears off her cheek, and nuzzled his muzzle in her hand. His big brown expressive eyes were full of understanding. He became very concerned for Mrs. Macphee, and stayed close to her much of the time. Together they got through the first few weeks without Mr. Macphee, and the season changed from summer to Fall. Mrs. Macphee had to attend to many jobs around the house and yard to prepare for winter.