

“I’m afraid the tumor has come back,” the surgeon told Mrs. Macphee sadly. “We knew it would sooner or later. Scottie-Robbie has had a good 14 months since his operation. That’s much longer than I expected. He is truly an amazing dog. I know you’re very proud of him. He has put up a great fight, and he will tell you when he’s ready to quit. I wish there were something more we could do for him. At least we know you’ve done everything possible to help him.”

Mrs. Macphee fought back the tears as she thanked the doctor. She knew she was going to lose her beloved dog soon. She had never had a dog quite like him, and she would always have a Scottie-Robbie size hole in her heart when he was gone. Even so, she would also remember how much joy and happiness he brought to her. He had come at just the right time, and he had made her being a widow much easier to bear.

One morning, Scottie-Robbie didn’t get up as usual. He was hurting, and for the first time, he told Mrs. Macphee he was hurting. She knew he was telling her he had to go away now. Somehow, Mandy knew, too, and sat quietly at a distance. Mrs. Macphee held Scottie-Robbie’s beautiful head in her lap for awhile to make sure she understood what he wanted to do. She told him how much she loved him. She promised him she would write a book about him, and thanked him for coming to be her dog. Then it was time to call his doctor and make the last trip to the veterinary clinic with him.