

## **TUBBIE**

Tubbie was a gorgeous little boy who loved only two things in life to make him happy, food and affection. His heart of gold would befriend every ferret, person and animal no matter how big or small. Nothing would startle him, even the Mynas swooping down on him in the back yard intrigued him and would waddle up to them as if to sniff and say hello. He placed instant trust in whoever he met & held him, he believed no one would ever want to harm him. I have never seen him in a frightened or defensive state. Tubbie had the whole house and backyard at his own will. A gentle, kind & beautiful boy that was always happy. It's amazing that such a lovely little animal exists. It has been 6 years of;

Every morning at 6am pushing the bedroom door open, climb up on my bed to lick my face once and then waddle off to the kitchen waiting for microwaved milk, impatiently drinking it out of the jug as it poured into your bowl.

Leaving the bathroom door ajar, so once you listen for the shower taps turn off you run in to lick the water of my ankles.

Running to the front door when you hear the keys being picked up and stare at the handle.

Pretending to poo in the wrong corner to get my attention until I let you out in the backyard.

Lying down on your back and opening the kitchen cupboards.

That very cheeky sprint up to me in the backyard and then dancing away at the last second when I'm about to pick you up. Pretending to bite me gently when playing.

Staring at your food waiting to be picked up & hand fed, knowing that its my finger underneath the food. Curling up in my jacket on the back seat when travelling in the car.

Placing one paw on my foot while I cut some food for you in the kitchen.

Tipping over the paper waste basket so you can sit inside & rock it side to side on your own, & only when I'm in the room with you.

Picking the cherry tomatoes from the backyard and bringing them inside.

Walking in on you eating kibble, you would stop & follow me until I gave you something nicer, like a bowl of cream.

Constantly following me around the house and then staying in the same room with me doing your own thing. Keeping me company. Being my best friend.

I would always look forward to coming home. If I was leaving and you wanted to play, I would put the keys down to do so & be late to where I was going. I was happy to give you the time, because you were happy to give me all of the little time you had. You provided comfort through difficult times with your constant happiness & whenever I'd place you on my shoulder, you would lick my nose and ear just once to say "Here I am". I understood you little buddy, just as you understood me.

Your lives are short, I promised and did my best to give you a good life. I'm sure you're playing and dancing with your friends Cougar and little Pancake, drinking lots of milk and giving each other cuddles. You will be missed by your mum that loved you dearly, and best friend little Lola.

See you on the other side my best friend,

Pat

Little Tubbie showed signs of adrenal disease with hair loss, a little lethargy after playtime but nothing else noticeable & apart from that he was fast, energetic and very playful and extremely social with people. I opted to go with surgery as it was the non complicated side that the adrenal gland was enlarged on and he has never had any issues under anaesthesia. Unfortunately, during the procedure his tiny yet enormous beautiful heart stopped beating and the little ball of life could not be resuscitated. An attempt to help ended in a loss, but he will be in our hearts forever.

