

Harry's Dilemma

Tindersticks

Harry was a contented dog. but he awoke this morning and something was very wrong. he couldn't be bothered to beg for mid-morning biscuits. he couldn't be bothered to roll over and rub his back

rough floor. he couldn't be bothered to scratch at anything that might be nibbling away at him. he just lay on top of his kennel feeling thoroughly depressed. even his tail wouldn't wag. Four months earlier, his owner (an elderly gentleman whom Harry had been devoted to ever since he was a puppy) had been temporarily forced to leave the country, leaving Harry with a trustworthy, caring couple who lived around the corner. things hadn't been so bad at first: long walks, hearty dinners; even his kennel was in the same spot in their yard -- just to the right of the back door.

This is the same kennel that Harry had now been moping on top of for three days. despite the best efforts of the young, caring couple to cheer him up -- offers of chicken and an endless stream of un-fetched balls sent rolling down the yard -- nothing could coax Harry from his gloom. so, it was decided to send him to the vet.

Harry was a large dog and heavy-withered, and he was in no mood to climb down from his kennel and trot to the waiting car to travel two miles to the surgery. eventually, he was lifted, with the aid of a neighbor, onto a blanket and hobbled from kennel to car; from the car to the vet's. when, once, Harry would have put up a fight before going within 500 yards of this place, during the whole journey, he never raised an eyebrow. of course, the vet could find nothing wrong with Harry; mentioned depression; suggested chicken and balls; sent Harry home to rest, still wrapped in the blanket. took seven days for the notification to come through. the owner had died in his sleep, leaving specific instructions for Harry to be put down. Harry was a dead dog.