

The vet calmly goes through the next steps with us. I see that my owner walks to the kitchen and starts talking softly into the phone.

Yes, that's good, I heard him say.

I see you after a half hour.

The silence that followed was palpable for a moment. After a while the vet said goodbye and he promised to keep in contact with us.

Slowly I got up. I pressed my nose against Ozzie's. The dryness of it sent a shiver through my whole body.

I also did not detect any movement of air.

Now it started to sink in.....Ozzie had left us.

I retreated back to my own basket.

The doorbell rang again. A strange man entered.

He introduced himself and started talking to my owners.

After a while he got up and went out.

I looked up and was surprised that he got back.

In his hand he carried a large shelf with handles and a blanket attached to it.