

The dog who waited on the doorstep.

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The story of a dog who always waited for his owner to come back but who never did.

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I, Damien Evans, remember that dog. Theo was his name. I used to see him everyday after school. I'd leave a piece of my lunch on purpose, then I'd give it to him. Theo used to stay on his house's doorstep. His master, Raphael, used to walk him to and from church everyday. Then I wouldn't see them again after three o'clock in the afternoon the next day. One time I had heard an ambulance. It passed from my street and kept on going till the meadows where Raphael lived. I didn't really think something bad had happened to Raphael. He was only in his early fourteens and he was a rather healthy man. The next day when the school bell rang I rushed out of school and to the street where Raphael lived. I saw Theo sitting on the doorstep as usual. But this time he licked my hand and wanted me to pat him. I did and I also gave him my lunch which he ate. Then I went home to do my homework and finish off my day as usual. I tried not to think much about the whole thing. That night while I was reading some school stuff I heard the doorbell. I didn't go downstairs but I opened the bedroom window which lead to the porch and the front yard. I saw my father speaking to a lady wearing a brown coat and big black boots. They spoke for about half an hour and then they saluted each other and the lady went. I didn't think it was a big deal at all until my parents called me downstairs. They asked me to sit down and so I did. My mother spoke and said, " Damien you do know Master Raphael of the meadows, don't you ? " I quietly nodded and she continued , " Well something happened last night. A loss of a person. Master Raphael had been suffering heart problems for at least two years. Yesterday he got a heart attack and was taken to hospital immediately. This morning he woke up in a much better state but for about ten o'clock he got another heart attack and this time nothing could be done to save the poor soul. I know you were close to Master's Raphael dog Theo. That lady who had just payed us a visit was a friend of Master Raphael's and he had told her that he saw you feed him after school. Before he died he asked if you could keep the same routine with Theo. I'm sorry Damien..." I was red and tears were streaming down my face and on my cheeks. I was left open mouthed. I said nothing else and went up to my room crying a river of sad tears. The next day I took an extra lunch with me and as I passed Theo I gave him the bread and he ate it. Then I patted him, looked at the house door, turned and started walking to my house. I took a last glimpse of Theo before I turned round the corner. And he stood there looking at the other corner of the street. Waiting, waiting , waiting.

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