

Dear Auntie Sybil,

I know I was usually as daft as a brush,
But that was my nature – you knew me as such.
There was always much love from my very friendly face
Of a snarl and a growl, there was never a trace.

My tail was always wagging,
My tongue hanging out,
Across muddy fields I'd run
And did Sydney shout!

We'd jump in the shower,
The girls jumping with glee,
Seeing dog and their daddy
Both wet and muddy.



And then we'd go down to the fire for our tea,
Now dry and warm, me and my Uncle Sydney
And after our supper, if we were both good,
He'd eat my choc drops, as my best chum should!

Those cold winter days,
I remember you see
Lying before lovely log fires
With my friend Mickey.

You looked after me royally,
None was too much trouble,
Though lots of your garden
I reduced to rubble.

So thank you, Auntie Sybil for your loving care,
They made my days with you full of fun, with no glares.
I'm looking from far right down on you now
And wishing you Happy Birthday – Woof, Woof, and Caiol!

Tammy