

Bruce Leigh

My lovely Bruce came into my life purely by chance! We pulled into a shop to buy a drink and there was a note on the board.
I immediately phoned the number and they were only around the corner so we went straight there. As soon as they opened the door I was aware of a small ball of fluff with big paws at the top of the stairs. He then proceeded to launch himself from the top and bounced his way down to greet me.
I knew straight away he was coming home with me.

Well the little boy certainly knew how to make me smile! He would hide in the washing machine, cupboards and under the chair. He would hear the TV music and wait for me to return home by sitting on the window ledge. As he was too little to reach the bed I'd lift him up at night so he could curl at my feet.
When he needed the toilet in the night he would breathe on me to wake me gently.
I still remember the first time he jumped on the sofa on his own and have his baby teeth.

Over the years he made me laugh and cry (sometimes together).
He had an amazing personality and was as mad as a box of frogs.
The vets would laugh as he would stroll in and immediately open the fridge and have a nose inside. He went through sofas like butter and loved to sneak a sip of your drink when you weren't looking. His happiest times were curled up with me and Fred watching a film and eating sweets.

We all aged together and enjoyed many years of love and cuddles. When his legs started to go we were terrified and spent a week sleeping downstairs whilst the medication kicked in. Then he was up and about as normal but I still had to carry him to bed at night.
After Fred left us we spent every moment we could together and lots of cuddles until he wasn't able to stand or walk.

As he was about to go to sleep I gave him a square of chocolate, cuddles and told him to go play with Fred. I held him tight until he breathed his last breath.

My dearest darling Bruce not a day goes by when I don't miss your loving and mischievous ways.
xxxx