

Angus is here.
Angus is our dog.
I've seen him sneaking, peeking,
everywhere . . .



A heartfelt story about how things change, and what stays the same, when you're grieving a beloved pet.

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words by
Hadley Dyer

pictures by
Paul Covello

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© 2023 Hadley Dyer (text)
© 2023 Paul Covello (illustrations)

Cover and interior design by Paul Covello

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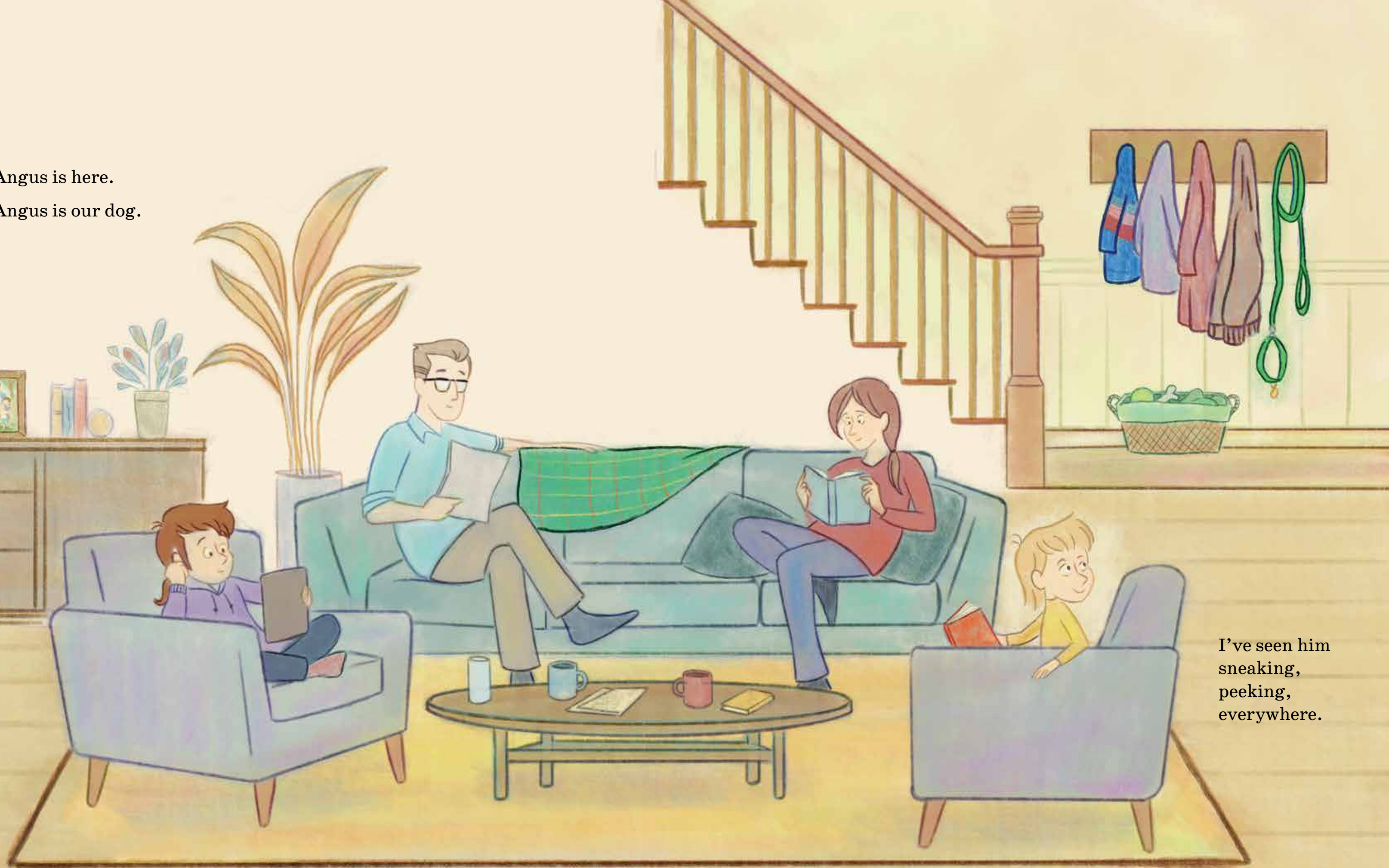
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For Henry, Margot, Kate, James, and Molly. —H.D.

For Eddie, Toby, Maggie, Christina, Murphy, Sally,
Jasper, Leo, and Penny.
—P.C.



Angus is here.
Angus is our dog.



I've seen him
sneaking,
peeking,
everywhere.

I've seen him in my bedroom,
a flicker in the corner of my eye.

When I turn my head,
he disappears.

I've seen his tail wagging under the table
when we're having dinner.

When I feel for him with my feet, I find nothing but air.

Angus is fast for an old dog.

I've heard his hopeful sniff when I'm making a snack, his nails clicking on the floor when I'm by the hooks where we keep his leash.

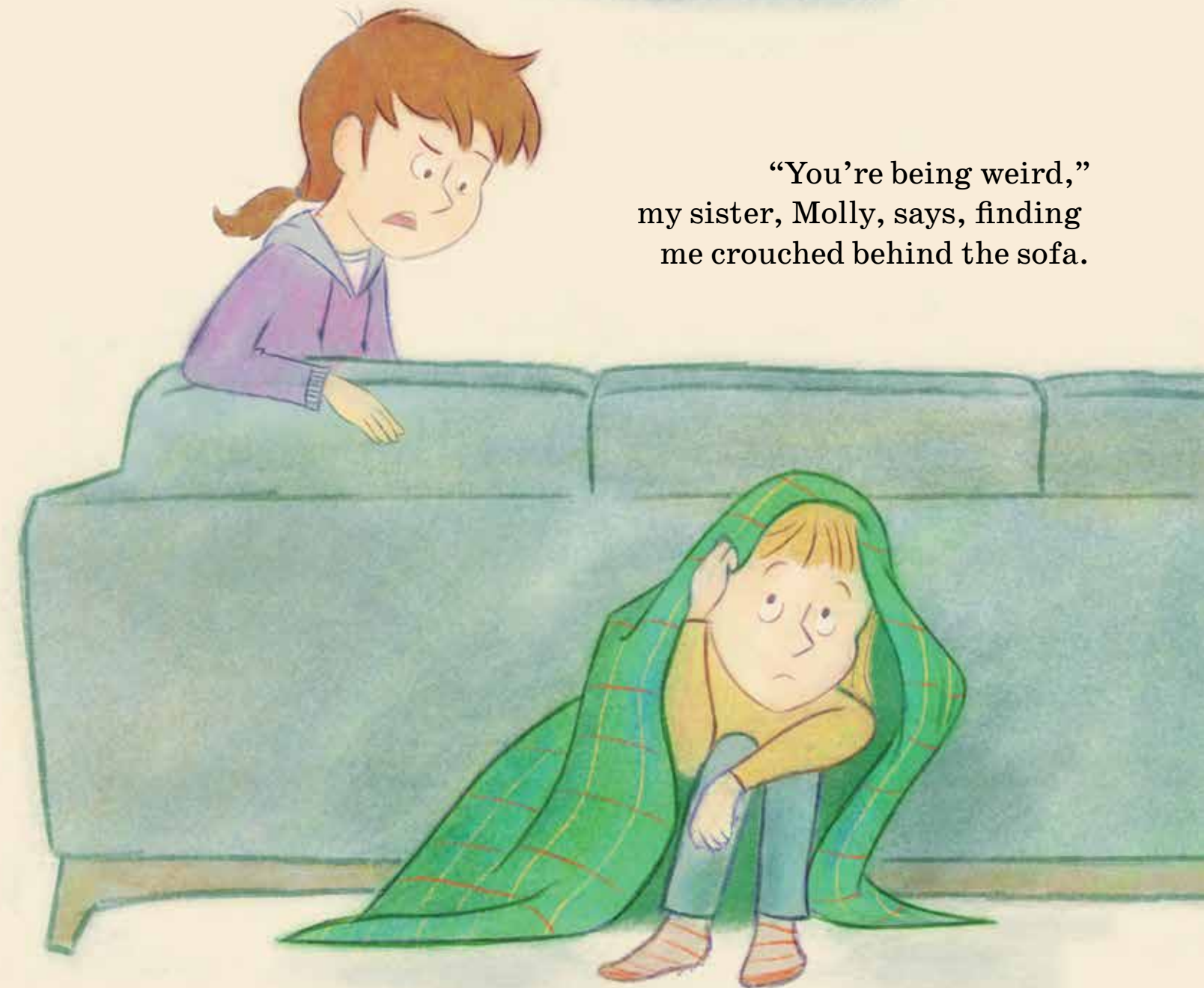


One second he's there,
the next he's not.

I've even hidden,
waiting for him to appear.
But he only seems to turn
up when I'm not looking.



"You're being weird,"
my sister, Molly, says, finding
me crouched behind the sofa.



One night in bed, I feel his warm body on my feet.

I hear his old-dog snoring, the little whimper
that means he's chasing rabbits in his dreams.

I smell his fur. It smells like crackers,
like it always did.



I tell my parents in the morning.

“It was just a dream,” Dad says.

“Do you remember what we said about death?” Mum asks.