

# Thank you, Shadow

by Terri Kelley

with watercolor illustrations  
by Tiffany England







I dedicate this book to all of my friends who have lost a much loved pet. I know how it feels, since through the years I have had several of my dear cats and dogs pass away. It takes a truly loving heart to accept one of these precious lives into your own when you know that their time here on earth is short. Because of each of you, these wonderful pets had happiness, security, comfort, and love in their lives. And because of them, so did we.



Today is one of the worst days of my life. Today  
is the day my **Shadow** passed away.



Shadow is my dog and  
best friend



I am so sad. I feel like  
my heart has fallen  
apart right inside my  
chest. My tears keep  
falling and my eyes are  
swollen and tired.



I keep thinking about **Shadow**. I love him  
with all my heart and now he is gone forever.

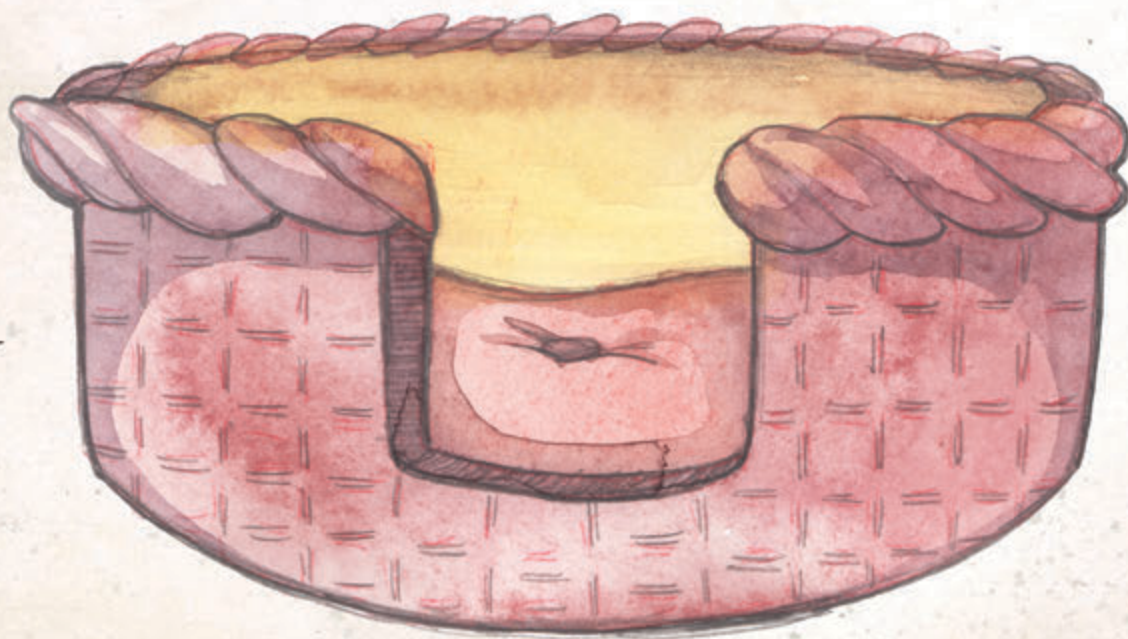


When I woke up this morning, **Shadow**  
didn't come to greet me. I called his name over  
and over again, but he still didn't come.





That never happened before. **Shadow** got his name because he was always by my side. Only this morning he wasn't there.



I went downstairs in my pajamas, even though I was supposed to get dressed first and brush my teeth. I just had to find **Shadow**.



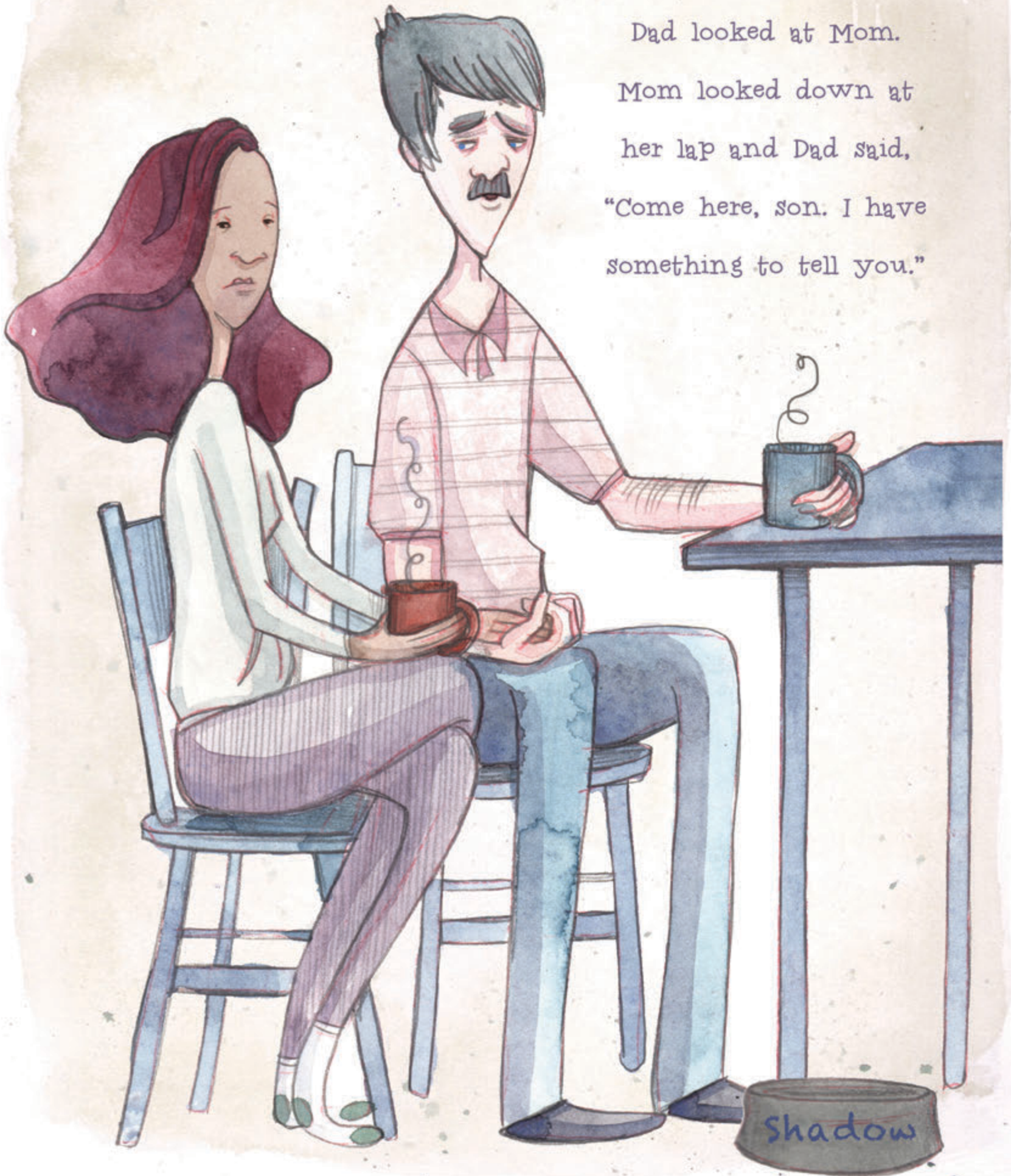
When I went into the kitchen,  
Mom and Dad were sitting at  
the table. Both of them looked  
different, their eyes were red  
and they looked so sad. No  
one was smiling or saying  
“good morning”.



"Hello Mom and Dad," I said. "Have you seen  
**Shadow?** He wasn't in my bed this morning."



Dad looked at Mom.  
Mom looked down at  
her lap and Dad said,  
"Come here, son. I have  
something to tell you."





"Shadow isn't here. He won't be here anymore," Dad said. He pulled me up to his lap. He hugged me tight.

“What do you mean?” I asked. My heart beat faster and faster in my chest. My stomach started to hurt and I could feel the tears in my eyes. “Where is he? Did he run away? Who took him?” I asked my questions quickly.

Everything was so confusing.



"No son," Dad said as he shook his head sadly.

"Shadow" did not run away and he was not taken by anyone. He got very sick last night while you were asleep. I took him to the vet's office.





They told me that he was in a lot of pain.  
They said that he wouldn't get any better.  
So they helped him to stop hurting and then  
**Shadow** left us."



"Left us? **Shadow** wouldn't leave me! Where did he go?"

I asked my dad. "He has gone to be with other pets who  
have died," my dad answered.



"No!" I kept shaking my head and jumped off of my dad's lap. "Shadow wasn't sick! Shadow isn't dead. I want Shadow!" My voice was getting very loud. I had never yelled at my dad before. I couldn't help it, though. I just wanted my Shadow back.



My mom reached out and touched my arm.



She wiped her tears and said, "We didn't know **Shadow** was sick. He loved us so much that he didn't want us to worry. So, he stayed with us as long as he could. But last night he finally gave up. He isn't sick anymore".

