

INTERVIEW



A taste for death:
P D James
by
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The Sun REV

The complaint of an abandoned dog

At the back of the old shelter
In a wooden kennel
For two years I have paid
For having believed in you too much
Certain that you will come
Every night I go to sleep
And you are not there
What can have happened
Since on June 16
I well remember
How happy you were
You whistled you sang
While fastening the suitcases
And you left me tied up
There in front of the church
Your absence weighs on me
And the days are so long
My body is exhausted
And my heart breaks.
I have no taste for anything
And I become so ugly
That no one ever
Would want to adopt me.
You put me on a chain
Where you locked me in
You left me for days
With nothing to eat or drink
I have slept so often
In my kennel without you
Paralysed, rigid
I was so cold.
However if you come back
We will leave together
In good heart through the door
That is like that of a prison
Where I was so miserable
And that I never want to see again.
But there, my dream is over
For I see the caretaker
Then the nurse
And vet in the distance
They are coming into the enclosure
Their faces show to what they will lead us.
I am happy you know
For in a few seconds
I am going to forget everything
And, like two years ago,
I shall sleep on you
My great and only friend
I shall sleep forever
Thanks to euthanasia
To all you humans
I address a prayer
Kill me when I am little
Take me from my mother
It would be much better
For then you would not
Have to do it today.



new course: Brigitte Bardot at St-Tropez with some of her 100 pet

BARDOT'S A

In her first interview for many years with a British newspaper, Brigitte Bardot explains why she has emerged from isolation to champion the cause of animal rights, a crusade which this week sees her World Festival for