

Our real honey

I have always been a dog lover; however, Mum was never keen.

One evening, Mum received a call from Elizabeth asking if we could keep a Pomeranian as it appeared homeless. The next morning, I was pleasantly surprised to see Mum welcoming the dog at our door, and we named it Honey because of its golden fur.

During Uncle William's visit, he recognized Honey as the missing pet of his neighbor. Although we were in tears, knowing returning Honey was the right thing to do.



Honey was returned but Mum adopted another dog which of course became our real honey.