

The Life and Times of Roy Read



First Day in Devon

Born 25 April 2008

To Rest 3rd May 2012

Roy came to me by chance when, having decided to get a dog, I started to look around at the RSPCA and other organisations. They were all so strict, and I kept missing likely dogs. I had set my heart on a collie, faithful, not so big, and no dribbling!

I started googling, and found Roy by chance on a site advertised in Wales, at Neath. His owner had died and he was on the sheep farm of Marie and Rhodri, but because he had been trained not to bother sheep, was no good on a working farm. I contacted the farm, and spoke to Marie, who assured me he was a well trained dog, so I arranged to visit and meet him. I went in my camper van, with the intention of taking him to Devon for a few days and getting to know him.

On the 9th November 2011 I arrived at the farm, and met Roy, who was quite a surprise, he was a lovely looking dog, but very big for a collie, much bigger in fact than I had expected. He also growled at the other dogs, including a little bitch named Missy, who I soon felt sorry for and also wanted to adopt. However he felt right in so many ways, in spite of scaring a friend who had gone with me, that I decided he was te dog for me, and so after staying the night, we left next morning for Devon. The photo on the front is one of several taken that visit, and Roy and I were firmly attached right from the start.



His Masters Boy

In those first days Roy was great, he behaved in the pub when we ate, walked off the lead, and came to heel etc whenever told. He proved he loved to play ball, and enjoyed the rivers. The following photos were taken in those days.



Once we arrived home Roy settled in easily and was it was as if he had been with me for ages, he loved Frisbee and was adept at catching it mid air, and over and over again proved how well trained he was. He was almost the perfect dog, friendly, loving and playful.

Then over Xmas came the problems, I had noticed he had a swelling under the neck, and it was worse by New Years Day, Roy was also a bit down. I suspected the worst, and on the 2nd took him to the vets, who did a biopsy and confirmed it was cancer, not only that but lymphoma, the worst sort as it spreads quickly around the body. Steroids helped reduce the swelling, but he was given only 3-9 months. I was heartbroken.

Very soon I found that because of the drugs etc, any injury did not heal well, and Roy had several infections which cause him some distress, but he still carried on trying to play and be normal. That period was expensive, but I don't grudge at all what it took to give him the best I could. He bounced back every time, and still did his strange running in circles growling loudly every time you let him out the back door to toilet in the garden.

I told Marie, and she offered me a puppy from a litter she just had, which I decided to take as I thought it might encourage Roy a bit having a young friend. I collected the puppy, Merlin, in February. Roy was great and tolerated little Merlin well, even playing with him at times, and through this period most of the time it was hard to believe Roy was ill, except for the odd emergency. Photos's taken then mostly show him playing and having fun.



I could not have wanted a better friend than Roy, but sadly on the night of the 2nd May his wounds and the cancer got the better of him, he walked and tried to play Frisbee, but fell hurting an already open wound on his leg. I carried him home, and decided later that night that as his breathing was getting worse that I would have to put him to rest the next day. However that night at around 11.00pm he suddenly nosedived, and though he did still try to play as I let him out, he fell again, and couldn't get up. I tried to sleep at his side, but by 2.00am he was so bad I decided to call the emergency vet out, and end his pain. At 4.15am he was at peace, and I felt so sad, at losing him yes, but more I felt bad for him, as he had suffered so much.

I decided to cremate Roy, and I took his ashes back to Devon and scattered them under the tree in the field by the river at Millslade campsite, where I first took him after I got him. He was as much a part of my family as anyone including my sons has ever been. I miss him lot.



Roy as a pup

Goodbye Roy.