

KOUKLA, IRMA & TIGER



Peter Spyros Goudas, Sofia Papadimitri
transcribed by Bernadette Scott

Ladies and gentlemen, kids!

To understand the story I'm about to tell you, you have to visualize in your imagination that KOUKLA is a nice French Poodle, all white, with very beautiful sharp eyes.



IRMA on the other hand is the most gentle dog in the whole world; she always has shy, sad eyes, looking you right in the eye, she is black with white paws from the ankle down and the portion of her tail at the end is white.



TIGER is a magnificent cat; he always comes to everybody, always pushing his-self up to say "Hello, I'm here!"



Hello, my name is

KOUKLA

For those of you that don't know what Koukla means, it is the Greek word for 'beautiful'. Eh, these Greek people always call the girls 'Koukla'! Needless to say, I really deserve this name, because I am a real doll!

However, my birth name was Lucky, given to me from my first owner. I am approximately 8 years old now, and I'm still in great shape. My fur is better than ever before; it's like silk. I became a mother twice, all before the age of two.

My previous owner gave me away after my second labor, because I was too old for him. I get along with my present owner; although he is miserable, fussy, rough, and yells at me every once in a while, but deep down I think he loves me. In fact, I



can say he loves animals very much. No wonder why his co-workers call him "The Dog-Man"! I like to stay close to him, almost 24 hours a day; he keeps me all day long in the office, in the chair next to his, he gives me a bath 2-3 times a week, combs my hair, fixes my eyebrows, takes care of my nails, decorates my neck.

Because I have very curly hair, he has to take care of it when combing it. He also puts some liquid underneath my eyes; this is because I sometimes cry when he yells at me after I bark at somebody. But I really like to bark at people, especially people with a uniform, men with shorts, and whoever is showing their legs to me!

Sometimes he yells at me because I bark too much; I like to bark all day long, non-stop!

My owner is like an old gramophone with the needle stuck in the same spot; he keeps saying the same thing to me over and over again: "Stop Koukla, Stop Koukla!" But I still bark at people, I bark at people that I know, and people that I don't know; this is my way of saying "hello" and telling them "I'm here, look how beautiful I am!"

My barking has become very famous since I was on TV, in the Venture program of CBC (Mar of 2001), where you can see me walking beside my owner and barking at the camera. I was also in one of the biggest newspapers of Canada, the Toronto Star (Feb 5th, 2001), with a picture of me in my owner's arms, covering more than half of the page. You can easily say that I am a very popular dog and see how photogenic I am!



I remember once, I was walking along with my owner on the street, where he saw a large monster of a dog and human companion coming toward us. My owner quickly scooped me up and held me tight in his arms.

My owner could sense my teeth clenching harder and harder; and started worrying whether I was going to bite him to release me. When the large dog's master approached, he softly said



to my master, "Do not worry kind sir, my dog is very calm and is not violent." My owner slowly looked back with a small crack of a smile and said, "I was not worried about my dog, I was more worried about your dog if I let Koukla go." I guess my owner knows me too well, where if I were let go, I would waste little time tearing that Goliath to pieces. I may look like a flea on a camels' back to some, but my biting power sometimes grow to epic proportions.

My owner works more than 16 hours per day in the office and I am always with him, sitting in the chair next to him or on his lap.

After work, he always keeps me with him, even if he goes to bed. Most of the times I sleep with one eye open to make sure that he will not leave me alone in this life! If I am very tired, I sleep on his legs, so if he wakes up or tries to move, I also wake up so that he can't leave me!

I remember one time my owner went to the doctor to complain about

feeling something heavy on his chest while he was sleeping. Well, at least that's what he told the doctor. Since that day, I don't sleep on his chest anymore, but he will never know that I was the one who caused this trouble, because I was sleeping on his chest. He sleeps very deep and for very few hours.



I deserve to sleep deep and comfortably too, because I work so hard all day long! The thing is though, that I don't get any vacation, or benefits for my work. This is really a dog life!

A couple of years ago I got very depressed when I heard from someone talking to my boss, that my ex-husband, (Chippy), got his head crushed by black wheels underneath a big and heavy car.

I always used to tell him to never play with a ball in the middle of the street, but he never listened to me! Since that day, I am officially a widow and I don't plan to marry again...

I never had another boyfriend, but I have a very good friend; her name is IRMA and she is a black Irish setter, or some kind of a funny name people sometimes give to dogs. IRMA was with my boss for years before I came in the picture. She is quiet, and doesn't bark at people, welcomes visitors showing very good manners, and keeps herself clean, but has the only



fault of snoring loudly when sleeping. Her fur is black. She looks very silky after a bath.

We have two things in common: we both love our owner very much, and we both go to the washroom at the same time, first IRMA then me.

My owner also has a cat by the name of TIGER, who has a beautiful soft and delicate golden fur coat. Apparently, because of his color and his appearance, he probably is the great-grand-grand-grand son of the cat that Audrey Hepburn owned in the famous movie "Breakfast at Tiffany's".

Tiger spends most of his time on the top of computers and printers, because they are warm and cozy.



He also, sometimes, tries to catch birds outside the office, in which he usually succeeds.



Both TIGER and I, sleep together with all of our legs stretching up in the same sofa, however IRMA sleeps on an area rug in front of the sofa.

Our owner takes us with him in the car whenever he drives somewhere. Tiger never wants to travel, so he stays behind and waits for us.



Although we are supposed to sit in the back of the car, I always sneak slowly, and almost invisibly to the front, and sit on my owner's lap. I make sure to choose the right time



to do that, when he is distracted with traffic, and can't deal with me. To avoid any further conversation with me he says: "Come on KOUKLA, sit down over here and be quiet!" This reminds me of the time, when I was on my owners lap sitting comfortably, when the police stopped us for a spot check. I didn't realize what was happening, but when my boss opened the window, and the police officer spoke,

suddenly, I gave the loudest BARK, which took the policeman by surprise and he is probably still running from that day, without his hat and with his pants wet and smelly.

Our owner takes us everywhere, even to his important meetings. If he can't take us to the meeting, he leaves us in the car for a little while. IRMA sits very comfortably in the car waiting with patience and understanding, but I get very frustrated because people come up close to the car window, and look at me as if they have never seen a such a beautiful dog before.

To show my frustration to my owner, I chew on the dashboard of the car, leaving my beautiful set of teeth marks.

The big difference between my-self and IRMA is that she eats anything, and never stops eating. She even eats grass from the garden! She just doesn't know when to stop eating!

I remember one time our owner took us to a Greek picnic, where they did funny things like roasting lambs;



IRMA was going from table to table and she gave people a sad look like she hadn't eaten for days. So, everybody gave her food, feeding the "poor

hungry dog, that no-one takes care of". At the end of the day, my boss had to carry her to the car because she couldn't even walk from eating too much! What a day that was!!

Once a month our owner takes us to the beauty salon for combing, trimming, bathing, nail cutting and all that. I don't know how much paper, (meaning paper money, specifically that I call French Francs), my owner gives the stylist, but I know that we deserve it!

These are good days because, everybody tells us how beautiful we look after we come back to the office, but they don't really know how rough of a day we had at the beauty salon!

People can't understand how hard it is for a dog to sit down there and have someone trying to cut your nails short, and how painful sometimes it is if they make a mistake.

One day my owner took me to a big fancy place called a restaurant where people sat beside tables and ate from various plates, eating almost like there is no tomorrow.

He took me inside without anybody's notice of my presence, by hiding me in his coat, and then I had to sit quietly on his lap underneath the tablecloth.

I had to be quiet because my owner warned me that any noise would disturb the other patrons.

So, I sat there, not making a sound, watching some boys in white clothes wearing a "Noeud papillion" (which

is French for bow-tie) around their neck. These people are called 'garçon' (French for waiter).

Now how do I know these words? Well, it's very simple; I am a French Poodle after all, and French is my native language.

At the end of that night, I was getting very bored and I started to slowly growl under the table. At some point, one of the garçons was approaching the table with a couple of trays of coffee in both his hands.

He was getting close to my owner and I thought he was going to attack my owner, so I forgot that I should sit quietly and invisible under that tablecloth, and suddenly barked very loudly at him and scared him. Then, everybody had a nice shower with that brown liquid he was carrying. I was only doing my job, which is to protect my owner! I cannot be blamed!

Because my owner is a boss of a food factory, I thought after he adopted me, I would never worry about food.

But I was wrong; my owner always tries his new products before they are released to the supermarkets, and sometimes he asks me to try them





along with him. In the lifetime that I have spent with him, he has given me terrible stuff to try such as spinach & rice, leeks and rice, lentils soup, cabbage soup, even raw chickpeas (because he tried to see if the product is good for canning)!



Especially lately, with his new canned rice, ready to eat, with all these flavours my owner has been very excited. But I don't know about this flavoured rice... the chicken and beef it was not too bad when I tried it, but some other flavours are not exactly to my taste, like the vegetable with all the celery and all carrots... What does he think; I am a rabbit or



something? I don't really understand why the human beings always buy his products from the supermarket shelves.

It looks so weird to me because they really like them! I don't understand humans and their taste! Personally, I have never seen a dog buying any Mr. Goudas products. Nevertheless, IRMA eats all of his products, even his raw rice. IRMA considers our owner's products to be the best in the whole world.

Yours truly,

Lucky KOUKLA Goudas

I wrote this article at 3 a.m.

on August 20, 2003

with the help of my owner.

Sofia's Note:



Dear Readers: I would like to say a few words, regarding the writing of this article, and what conditions it was

completed under...

One night, around 3am (just like previously mentioned), Mr. Goudas was struck by a feverish inspiration to write Koukla's story. A few minutes later, my phone rang, and while half asleep, I heard my boss's voice, who unable to hold his excitement, was

talking about some idea mentioning Koukla's name, and kept saying repeatedly "Come right away, before the busy morning comes and I lose my inspiration".

The next thing I remember is driving to his office and realizing that I was still wearing my pajamas under my sweater.

Arriving at the factory, I found Mr. Goudas going back and forth outside the main entrance, with an obvious state of eagerness. As soon as he saw me, he once again began talking rapidly about an article regarding Koukla, etc., etc.

So we began to write, until the morning found us still writing and making corrections, filling pages and narrating exciting excerpts from Koukla's story, who sat with us sleepless all night, and gave us her contribution through barking, or rubbing against her owners legs now and then.

When his secretary arrived in the early morning hours, Mr. Goudas told her briskly to cancel all his appointments, making no exceptions, because he did not want any interruptions from anyone. Imagine this, considering that his appointments go one after the other for the whole day, every day, and many businessmen need to book the meeting date quite some time in advance!

Long story short, the writing and completion of this article lasted for 3 days and 3 nights, a marathon that became more and more exciting every time we were engaged in a new

adventure of Koukla, while the writing would become faster and faster, trying to document all the ideas of the moment. We would literally live on coffee and sandwiches.

This gave me the chance to realize that it is really difficult for someone to express all the exciting adventures of such a vibrant and smart dog, like she does, in a human language, since us humans are not capable of understanding the point of view of an animal's life.

I did, however, get to experience the 'dog life', those three days and nights since I truly worked like a dog (according to the expression)!

It looks like Mr. Goudas already knew the meaning of this saying, since he didn't even seem tired, nor did it look like it was the first time he worked this hard and non-stop for days.

I believe this experience was beneficial for me, since I was able to deliver, together with Mr. Goudas, a successful biography for Koukla.

Today, almost five years later, Koukla's article remains a loved one, among animal-lovers that visit the www.goudasfoods.com website. Almost daily we receive congratulatory letters from various fans of Koukla, and each time our hearts are touched.

It looks like there are a lot of people that share my boss's, as well as my love, for animals (I myself have an adorable cat named Charlie), but that also understand the value of inspired work, like the above article.

Mr. Goudas is an avid lover of all types of animals. His love extends even towards creatures that are feared, or that people have a phobia for, like snakes.



They are acquainted with the traffic the visitors create where it no longer distracts them.

We recall that the only thing that bothered them was Tiger the cat, whom we tried to prevent from getting outside during the daytime. In fact, Tiger viewed so many birds, that he tried to plan an attack only to be foiled by the glass window in Mr. Goudas' office. Tiger sometimes suffered minor concussions, but nevertheless, a few minutes later, he would repeat the same thing.

In Canada, Mr. Goudas got his first dog, in the spring of 1968. A wonderful German Shepherd named Doukie who was his companion for nineteen years but later died at an old age.

He also has birds that visit the front of the company's building daily. On their daily visits, Mr. Goudas has seen an enormous variety of birds, including blue birds, and canaries.



The following are recollections of how his other wonderful pets entered his life. They are all very touching and beautiful stories about truly obedient and loving animals.

Written by Bernadette.



On the evening of March 15, 1992, Mr. G o u d a s was parked near Trenton, Ontario, for a

little while, leaving his car windows open. When he returned to his car and started driving, he eventually realized he had a guest sitting comfortably on the back seat. It was too late to return to Trenton as he was almost home. A few days later he returned with his guest to the same area and asked neighbours and local shopkeepers if they knew her; it seemed like no one knew anything. Additionally, he let her roam free for a few hours in case she found someone familiar. By the end of the day, he had exhausted all the possibilities of finding her owner. He then realized the dog was homeless, and thought of adopting her.

He named her Irma, in memory of his childhood dog in Greece.

The full breed of Irma is unknown, she seemed to be mixed with some kind of an Irish setter, and she was very polite and well mannered. She welcomed all visitors and up until her accident, she had always been in good health. Irma loved to jump into Mr. Goudas' car straight through the window every time he left it open.

In September of 2003, Irma had a serious car accident. Even though

she survived the accident, and underwent an obvious improvement in the following 2 years, she never recovered from the damage on her hips, so she was never able to jump in her boss's car again.

On February 9 of 2006, at 11:55 p.m. Irma left us, after a continuous battle with death, which her aged body could no longer withstand.

She finally surrendered, after fighting for over 2 years.



Irma's Last Moments

Her strength and determination, has been an inspiration to all of us.

The whole staff in the factory gathered to say their farewell to lovely Irma. The sadness of her death is reflected on the faces of those in attendance at her burial. On that same day, we wrote a special article on her memory, in the Mr. Goudas website.





her passing when Irma summoned up the strength, while we sat speechless, watching her walk around the square in front of the factory 3 or 4 times.

It was as if she was trying to have us remember her the way she was, lively and vibrant, before the accident.

(It was an amazing sight because IRMA was unable to walk on all four paws. We will treasure that memory of her forever.)

She was truly adorable and will be greatly missed.

The next article relates to KOUKLA and the circumstances which brought her into Mr.Goudas' life.

We refer to her as his little "body-guard" because she is always one step behind him.

For some time now I have wanted to ask Mr. Goudas how he acquired his little bodyguard, Koukla, the French Poodle, who is always at his side. She sits on his lap when he is driving; she lies on the sofa in his office while he is working. And best of all, once she sits up and begins to bark loudly, it means that someone is entering the establishment. And yes, she lets you know in her own way when she needs to go "potty".



Irma will be missed from all of us, but mostly from her loving boss, and her best friends Koukla and Tiger. We will always remember her kind presence, her calm and friendly nature, and most of all, her amazing sense of smell. Irma had a fantastic sense of smell; she could smell food a mile away and would follow her nose directly to the source.

She would always pretend like she was so sad and hungry, giving the impression that Mr. Goudas is starving her to death.

No-one could resist the sad look in her eyes, so we would always feed her thinking she was starving, until a few minutes later we would find her laying on the floor, looking stuffed, where she would remain for the next few hours, unable to move and trying to digest.

To this day we still remember that Sunday afternoon a few days before



A special note must be made here. Mr. Goudas never, and I mean never goes away. However, a few months ago, for the first time in Koukla's life, he went away for a few days to give a speech in Costa Rica at the Cacia organization. Koukla did not eat or bark. She was very sad and lonely, and sat constantly looking out, and always in one position waiting for her master to appear.



Finally, one Sunday afternoon (yes Sunday), one of his quieter days, I asked him and the following was his response:

Nine or ten years ago Mr. Goudas went to a friend's house for dinner, when another neighbour arrived and engaged in the discussion that he had a dog named Lucky, approximately two years old, who had been a mother twice and whom the owner no longer wanted, because he had four puppies exactly like her and because, in his opinion, she was too old for him.

Mr. Goudas told him that he was interested in the dog since he already had another one, Irma. Yet, he needed some time to make up his mind

because he had to mentally prepare himself before he took the responsibility of the possession of another animal.

The neighbour then brought the dog over for Mr. Goudas to see and when he saw her, he immediately thought that he would indeed like to have her. He kept a mental picture of this dog in his mind for a whole week, and then he finally made a decision and told the fellow that he would be over on the weekend to pick her up.

The dog was so much on his mind that once, during an important business discussion on the telephone (long distance to Thailand arranging the shipment of 50 containers of pineapple) he was so preoccupied thinking about "Lucky" that he had to interrupt the discussion and asked the gentleman on the other line to repeat what he had said.

In the meantime he prepared a place for her to stay, purchased additional food, bowls for her food and water, comb, shampoo, leash, collar, etc., eagerly awaiting the day that he would take possession of her. He even told Irma that she had a new friend coming and that she was to be good to her.

Mr. Goudas finally arrived at the place where he had to pick up "Lucky". The neighbour was there with the dog in his arms and promptly proceeded to tell Mr. Goudas that he had changed his mind and was keeping her, no longer willing to give her away. Mr. Goudas then asked him if he had the Internet, and if so,

he should use it to find out if there were any individuals in prison who had murdered the owner of an animal, which was promised to them, but the owner had changed his mind about it.

Because, if there were no such individuals, he (Mr. Goudas) would be the first to commit this crime and before the owner could respond, Mr. Goudas grabbed "Lucky" and left. The owner stood with his mouth open in disbelief finally uttering, "You dog snatcher!" as Mr. Goudas was leaving. (Mr. Goudas the dog-napper!!! You heard it here first on www.goudasfoods.com.) Mr. Goudas turned to him and said, "I have two words to say to you sir, and those words are not happy birthday.

to everyone who visits Mr. Goudas. She is never any further than two feet away from her master, at any time of the day or night.

Over the years she has appeared in the *Toronto Star*, and on the CBC



twice: on the program called *Venture* which related how Mr. Goudas lost a quarter of a million dollars due to the corned beef issue; and *Culture Shock*, a program with Lana Starchuk, who called Mr. Goudas the "Emperor of Ethnic Foods".

The next article relates to TIGER and the circumstances which brought him into Mr. Goudas' life. TIGER, the cat, was obtained under peculiar circumstances in the year 2,000.

One evening, after having dinner at a friend's house, Mr. Goudas approached his car to find a ginger-coloured cat sitting on top of the roof of his car. He laughed at the sight and asked his friend whose cat it was.

He was told that the cat's name is Tiger and that he loves to sit on the roof of cars. However, owners of

So, get lost, you *****!"

He took "Lucky" to the car who all the while was telling Mr. Goudas her whole story, the good and the bad times she had had all in her barking format. He brought her home and introduced her to Irma, "Lucky" it seems also continued to relay her story to Irma.

Mr. Goudas then changed her name to "Koukla" which in Greek means beautiful. She immediately responded to the name as if she knew what it meant.

The time went by and she adapted well to the home and office environments and even became friends with the cat, Tiger. The barking story-telling habits never went away. Even to this day she still barks her stories

cars which had a vinyl roof were not too happy with Tiger though, and his owner wanted to give him away.

He had received too many complaints about Tiger scratching the vinyl roofs with his sharp nails.

The cat did not move an inch as Mr. Goudas entered the car. It was as if he felt at home. When Mr. Goudas started the engine, Tiger finally jumped off the car.

He stood and stared at Mr. Goudas for the longest while. Mr. Goudas felt a tug in his heart and decided then and there that he will adopt him. After all, Tiger needed a new home.

However, Tiger was unwilling to enter the car of a stranger. The owner suggested that he would deliver him to Mr. Goudas the following day.

When that day arrived Tiger was brought to Mr. Goudas' office fully equipped with food, a bed, a litter box and scoop.

The introduction to Koukla and Irma was eventful. Tiger immediately showed who was the boss by growling and flashing his nails. He quickly surveyed his surroundings and strolled around the office familiarizing himself.

With respect to going to the bathroom, he simply went outdoors. The litter box was not necessary.

The food situation was a comedy of errors, Tiger loved dog food and Koukla and Irma developed a taste for cat food. It was a funny sight to

see... mix and match and all the pets eating from the same bowl. As time passed by they even slept together.



Tiger found that the top of the filing cabinets was the best location to observe everything and everyone. He loved being on top of the printer too.

There was an older car with a vinyl roof which was always sitting in the driveway, so Tiger became very comfortable and went back to his vinyl scratching habits. No one complained. Ever so often Tiger disappeared for a day or two, so her occasional absence was not of any concern. There is a lot of territory for him to explore around here. However, one day shortly after Irma's passing, Tiger never returned. We do not know what became of him, and to this day, Mr. Goudas' heart is overwhelmed at his disappearance and he still hopes that one day TIGER will come home. I hope he does come home too.

Mr. Goudas found himself so inspired by Irma, her "best friend" Koukla, and Tiger the cat, that he decided to write a story about them at 3:00 a.m. on August 20, 2003.

The story has been translated into many different languages, such as English, Greek, Italian, French, Chinese, Spanish, Sri Lankan, and Ko-

rean. It is also available in 4 audio formats: English, Greek, Spanish and Italian.

The English narration is by Jesse MacDonald. The Greek version is narrated by Basilis Diamadopoulos from the CHIR broadcasting company. The Italian translation and narration were done by Antonio Figola. The Spanish narration by Jairo Rios. The Chinese translation by Henry Ching Lee. The French by Karine Giroux. The Korean by Dr. Youngsoo Kim. The Spanish by Alex Alvarez from Nicaragua, Rafael Onofre from Mexico, and Milagro Franco, from El Salvador. The Greek by Sofia Papadimitri. The Sri Lankan by Chandraleela Kana

The Koukla, Irma and Tiger story is the subject of animal lovers, humane society members, and people who plan to adopt a dog or cat and want to know more about the animal. It is a wonderful Christmas gift for children, and Mr. Goudas has generously donated various versions in C.D. format as Christmas presents to children. Their story is also available on the Internet at www.goudasfoods.com, and on one of the finest websites in the world, www.flyermall.com and on the Google search engine under Koukla Goudas.

The English version is superbly narrated by Jesse MacDonald, one of the finest, most gifted voices in the world today and a personal friend of Mr. Goudas.

Although the following is not part of the script, at the end of his narra-

tion made this statement:

“Ladies and gentlemen, kids! Mr. Goudas has always had dogs and cats in his life; a true humanitarian! As mentioned before, Mr. Goudas wrote this article at 3 a.m. It is obviously not a business article, but to me it’s one of the nicest articles I’ve ever read.

It characterizes beauty, warmth, love, kindness, compassion, humour, and many other qualities that are inherent in Mr. Goudas.

Mr. Goudas could be a writer one day if he chooses to go in that direction.

Who knows what will happen at another 3 a.m.!”

Above you read the delightful story of these three animals.

To the non animal lover this booklet is of no significance.

It may have been pleasant reading but did not evoke any deep feelings or emotions.

To animal lovers, on the other hand, this booklet speaks directly to their hearts.

There are millions of people who treat animals as a part of their family and their love for these animals flows deep within them.

Sometimes you may see an elderly lady holding a dog close to her chest or a gentleman walking the dog

around the block late in the evening, or the macho men with their pit bulls or a young kid with a lassie look alike collie. Regardless of the nationality, color or religion, when it comes to their animals the international language is Love!

Each one of these people place priority on the safety, protection and health of their pet.

Life continues and as long as the pet has you and you have them, everything is fine and dandy. However, as in Greek mythology, everything good comes to an end, and, the life span of the pet eventually comes to an end.

There are hundreds of stories related to the loss of an animal, either by accident or natural causes. Nevertheless, the ending is always a sad story. Each individual reacts differently.

One thing they all have in common is the pain and grief that the loss leaves inside.

The original booklet was printed some time ago, and we were just about ready to reprint with additional information.

However, this information is not pleasant because we are about to announce the passing of our Beloved Koukla.

The void she has left is incredible. Each moment we expect to hear the clinging of the bell which precedes her arrival, or turn to the left or to-right and see her there!

On Friday morning, Koukla showed signs of dizziness and was unable to walk straight. Consequently, she spent most of the day in the arms of her master.

The next day, wanting to make her feel better Mr. Goudas placed her in her basket and took her outside for a day in the sunshine.

The new addition to the family, Miss Mon Amour, the Siamese princess, was present since she and Koukla had become fast friends. Amazingly, with some kind of cat wisdom and knowledge, Mon Amour kept walking around Koukla, continually smelling her breath to ensure that Koukla was still breathing.

Mr. Goudas was advised by the veterinarian that the inevitable was apparent since Koukla was already 16 years old.

As you may see in the pictures, Mr. Goudas spent more than 2 hours coming to terms with the situation, until Koukla took her final breath Saturday, June 12, 2010 at 3:24 p.m. He was overcome with grief and held her lovingly in his arms, stroking her still beautiful coat of fur for an extraordinarily long period of time.

His beloved Koukla was gone, his heart filled with pain and love, eyes overflowing with tears of grief.

Time and life seemed to stand still. Animal lovers will understand at this particular moment that we

*do not have any words to describe
this feeling!*

*Finally composing himself,
Mr. Goudas began to perform all
the acts necessary at a time like this.*

*He informed those close to him of
Koukla's passing and tried to find a
place where her remains could
be kept until Monday morning.*

*He called the Humane Society and
the individual who answered the
telephone knew the Koukla Story and
Mr. Goudas and recommended a
Veterinary Clinic in Richmond Hill.*

*Thankfully, and to his amazement,
they actually knew who Koukla was.
He was grateful and also humbled
by this experience.*

The legacy of Koukla will live on.

*We miss her, we love her,
and we always will.*

*On the Monday following her pass-
ing, Mr. Goudas and staff of the main
office said their farewells and
she was interred next to Irma.*

Goodbye, Koukla.

*It is very strange, but each moment
we seem to expect your presence.*

*You are gone but you will
never be forgotten.*

*The following pictures are not really
a pretty sight but they show the
emotions involved in losing
a beloved animal.*





Life Continues

There is a new addition.

Mon Amour, a beautiful, blue eyed, Siamese Cat was given to Mr. Goudas as a Christmas present, in 2009.

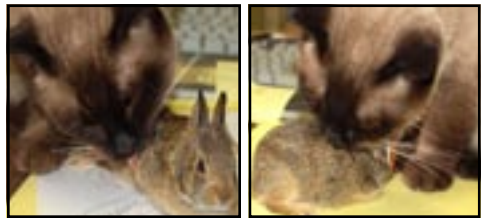
She became acquainted very quickly with the environment and stuck like glue next to Mr. Goudas.

One night, she went outdoors to hunt and returned with a squaking rabbit in her mouth.

She thought it was a mouse.

When Mr. Goudas pried the animal out of her mouth, he told her it was not a rat but a rabbit, she appeared to feel sad and proceed to correct the situation by lovingly licking the rabbit, and began acting like a mother.

The following pictures are worth a thousand words.



We hope this booklet brings some smiles, or maybe a few tears

If you have any comment about this booklet please sent it to cnn@cnnads.com



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