

KOUKLA, IRMA & TIGER

SPANISH



Peter Spyros Goudas, Sofia Papadimitri
transcribed by Bernadette Scott

Damas y Caballeros y Niños!

Para entender la historia que voy a contarles, tienen que visualizar en su



imaginación que Koukla es una Poodle francés muy bonita, toda blanca con unos hermosos y penetrantes ojos.

Por otro lado, IRMA es la perra más gentil en todo el mundo, siempre es tímida, con ojos tristes, mira directo a los ojos. Ella es negra con patas blancas desde los tobillos hacia abajo y la mitad de su cola hasta el extremo es blanca.



TIGRE es un gatomagnífico, él siempre se acerca a todo el mundo, levantándose como para decir “Hola, estoy aquí”



HOLA MI NOMBRE ES KOUKLA!

Para aquellos de ustedes que no sepan cual es el significado de

KOUKLA, es la palabra griega que significa Belleza. Si! Esa gente griega siempre llama a las mujeres “Koukla”. Enredada de pronunciar. En serio me merezco este nombre, porque en serio lo soy. De cualquier manera mi nombre de nacimiento era Suertuda, dado por mi primer dueño.

Tengo aproximadamente 8 años ahora, y todavía estoy en buena forma. Mi piel esta mejor que nunca, es como seda!. He sido madre dos veces, ambas antes de tener dos años.

Mi anterior dueño me regaló después de mi segundo parto porque era muy vieja para él. Me la llevo bien con mi actual dueño, aunque es inconforme, se queja mucho y me grita de vez en cuando, pero muy en el fondo yo creo que él me ama.

De hecho puedo decir que ama mucho los animales. Sin importar porque le llaman el “hombre perro”. Me gusta estar cerca de él, casi las 24 horas del día.

El me mantiene todo el día en la oficina, en la silla al lado de él. Me baña de 2 a 3 veces a la semana, me peina, arregla mis cejas, cuida mis uñas, y decora mi cuello.

Como tengo el pelo crespo tienen que tener cuidado cuando me peina. También me pone gotas en mis ojos, esto porque a veces lloro cuando me grita después de ladrarle a alguien. Pero a mi me gusta ladrarle a la gente, especialmente a la gente con uniformes, hombres con shorts

y cualquiera que me muestre las piernas!.

A veces me grita porque ladro mucho. Me gusta ladrar todo el día sin parar. Mi dueño es como una vieja radiola con la aguja estancada en la misma estación. El sigue diciendome lo mismo una y otra vez, "Para Koukla, Para Koukla".

Pero yo sigo ladrándole a la gente. Le ladro a la gente que conozco y que no conozco, esta es mi manera de decirles ¡Hola! y decirles ¡Estoy acá, miren lo bella que soy!.

Mi ladrido se ha vuelto muy famoso desde que aparecí en Televisión, en el Venture Program of CBC (Marzo/01) donde me pueden ver caminando al lado de mi dueño y ladrándole a la cámara. También estuve en uno de los más grandes periódicos de Canadá, "The Toronto Star" (Febrero 5/01) con una foto mía en los brazos de mi dueño, cubriendo más de media página. Fácilmente pueden decir que



soy una perra muy popular y ven cuan fotogénica soy!.

Me acuerdo una vez que estaba caminando con mi dueño en la calle, donde vi un gran monstruo de perro y un hombre viniendo hacia nosotros. Mi dueño rápidamente me levantó y me abrazó fuertemente entre sus brazos. Mi dueño podía sentir mis dientes rechinando fuerte y mas fuerte, y se comenzó a preocuparse por si lo

iba a morder a él para que me soltara.

Cuando el dueño del otro perro se acercó le dijo a mi dueño y maestro suavemente "No se preocupe amable señor, mi perro es muy tranquilo y no es violento".



Creo que mi dueño me conoce muy bien, donde me hubiera soltado, yo hubiera podido despedazar a ese Goliath en poco tiempo. Debo parecer como un insecto en la espalda de algún camello pero el poder de mi ladrido algunas veces puede crecer en proporciones épicas.

Mi dueño trabaja más de 16 horas al día en la oficina y yo siempre estoy con él, sentada en la silla de al lado o en sus muslos. Después del trabajo, siempre me mantiene con él, aunque sea para irse a la cama.

La mayoría del tiempo duermo con un ojo abierto para asegurarme de que no me deje sola nunca en la vida!. Si estoy muy cansado, duermo sobre sus piernas, así, si se levanta o trata de moverse, yo también me levanto para que no me deje.

Recuerdo alguna vez que mi dueño fue al doctor par quejarse de un peso que sentía en su pecho mientras dormía. Bueno al menos eso fue lo que le dijo al doctor. Desde ese día,

no duermo más sobre su pecho, pero él nunca sabra que yo era la que le causaba ese problema porque yo era la que dormía sobre su pecho. El duerme muy profundo y por muy pocas horas.

Yo me merezco dormir profundo y cómodamente también porque yo trabajo muy duro todo el día. La cosa es pesada porque no tengo vacaciones, ni beneficios por mi trabajo. Esta es una verdadera vida de perro!.

Hace un par de años me deprimí mucho cuando oí a alguien contándole a mi dueño que a mi ex-marido lo había atropellado un camión muy pesado, suprimiéndole la cabeza con sus llantas contra el piso.

Siempre solía decirle que no jugará con la pelota en la mitad de la calle pero nunca me escuchó. Desde ese día soy oficialmente viuda y no tengo planeado casarme de nuevo...

Nunca tuve otro novio, pero tengo una muy buena amiga, su nombre es IRMA, y ella es una Irish Setter negra, o algún tipo de nombre chistoso que los humanos suelen ponerle a los perros. IRMA estuvo con mi dueño, varios años antes de que yo apareciera en la foto.

Ella es tranquila, no le ladra a la gente, le da la bienvenida a los visitantes mostrándoles buenos modales, y manteniéndose limpia, pero tiene el único problema de que ronca muy fuerte mientras duerme. Su pelo es negro. Ella luce muy suave después del baño. Tenemos dos cosas en común: las dos amamos a nuestro

dueño, y las dos vamos al baño al mismo tiempo, primero Irma y luego yo.

Mi dueño también tiene un gato llamado TIGRE, que tiene un hermoso, suave y delicado abrigo de piel dorada. Aparentemente por su color y su apariencia probablemente es el biznieto de la gata que Audrey Hepburn tenía en la famosa película "Breakfast at Tiffany's".

Tigre se la pasa la mayoría del tiempo encima de los computadores o en las impresoras, porque son calientes y cómodas. A veces, él también trata de atrapar gatos afuera de la oficina, en lo cual usualmente tiene éxito.



Ambos, Tigre y yo, dormimos juntos con nuestras patas estiradas en el mismo sofá,

como sea Irma duerme en un pedazo de tapete al frente del sofá.

Nuestro dueño nos lleva consigo cuando quiera que maneja a algún lugar. Tigre nunca quiere viajar, entonces él siempre se queda atrás y espera por nosotros.

Aunque se supone que debemos ir en la parte trasera, yo siempre me deslizo despacio, y casi invisiblemente a la parte delantera y me siento en las piernas de mi dueño.

Yo escojo el momento preciso para



hacerlo, cuando él esta distraido con el tráfico y no puede pelear conmigo. Para evitar cualquier futura conversación conmigo el dice: "Ven acá Koukla, siéntate acá y quedate quieta!". Esto me acuerda de una vez que yo estaba en las piernas de mi dueño c ó m o d a m e n t e cuando un oficial de policia nos paró para una requisita. Yo no me di cuenta



de lo que estaba pasando, pero cuando mi jefe abrió la ventana, y el policia habló, de repente ladré tan fuerte, que lo tomó por sorpresa y probablemente seguí corriendo desde ese día, sin su sombrero y con sus pantalones mojados y olorosos.



Nuestro dueño nos lleva a donde sea, incluso a sus reuniones importantes. Si no puede llevarnos a su reunión, nos deja en el carro por un rato. Irma se sienta muy cómodamente en el carro esperando con paciencia y entiende, pero yo me frustro mucho porque la gente se acerca a la ventana del carro y me miran como si no hubieran visto nunca antes una perra tan linda como yo. Para mostrar mi frustración a mi dueño, muerdo la consola del carro, dejando mis lindos dientes marcados.

La gran diferencia entre Irma y Yo es que cuando ella se come cualquier cosa, nunca para de comer. Ella

come hasta pasto del jardín. Ella ni siquiera sabe cuando parar de comer. Me acuerdo que una vez nuestro dueño nos llevo a un picnic Griego, donde ellos hacían cosas chistosas como asar cordero; Irma iba de mesa en mesa, y le hacía cara de triste a la gente como si no hubiera comido en muchos días. Entonces todo el mundo le daba comida , alimentado al "pobre hambrienta perrita, de la que nadie cuida". Al final, mi dueño tuvo que cargarla hasta el carro, porque ella no era capaz de caminar después de haber comido tanto. Que día!

Nuestro dueño nos lleva una vez al mes a la sala de belleza para peinado, corte, baño, corte de uñas y todo eso. No se cuántos papeles (refiriéndome a papel moneda, lo que específicamente llamo francos franceses), le dará al estilista mi dueño, pero se que nos lo merecemos. Esos son buenos días porque todo el mundo nos dice lo bien que lucimos cuando volvemos a la oficina, pero ellos no saben verdaderamente el día tan pesado que pasamos en el salón de belleza! La gente no sabe lo difícil



qu ees para un perro sentarse allá y tener a alguien tratando de cortarle las uñas pequeñas y cuan doloroso

puede ser si se equivocan.

Un día mi dueño me llevó a un lugar muy lujoso llamado restaurante donde la gente se sienta al lado de las mesas y comen de varios platos. Comiendo como si no hubiera un mañana.

Me entró sin que nadie se diera cuenta, escondiéndome bajo su abrigo, y luego tuve que sentarme calladamente en sus piernas detrás del mantel. Tuve que ser silenciosa pues mi dueño me advirtió que cualquier ruido podría asustar a los otros señores. Entonces me senté, sin hacer ningún ruido, mirando algunos señores usando ropa blanca con un “papillion” (palabra francesa para corbatín) alrededor de su cuello.

Esta gente es llamada “garcon” (palabra francesa para mesero). ¿Ahora que cómo sé todas estas palabras? Bien, es muy simple; soy un perro frances “french poodle”, después de todo, el francés es mi lengua nativa.

Al final de esa noche, yo me estaba aburriendo mucho y entonces comencé a escurrirme debajo de la mesa.

En algún momento, uno de los meseros se estaba acercando a la mesa con un par de tazas de café en ambas manos. El se estaba acercando mucho a mi dueño y yo pensé que lo iba a atacar, entonces olvidé aquello de quedarme callada, sentada e invisible detrás del mantel, y de repente le ladré muy duro y lo asusté.

Entonces todo el mundo tuvo una buena ducha del líquido café que el mesero iba cargando. Yo solo estaba haciendo mi trabajo, que es proteger a mi dueño, no puedo ser culpada por eso.

Como mi dueño es el jefe de una fábrica de comida, pensé que después de que me adoptó no me tendría que preocupar por comida.

Pero me equivoqué; mi dueño siempre prueba sus productos antes de que sean lanzados en los supermercados, y algunas veces me pide que los pruebe yo también.

En el tiempo de vida que he pasado con él me ha dado cosas terribles a probar como espinaca y arroz, sopa de lentejas, arroz con puerro, sopa de repollo, incluso alvejas y pollo crudo (porque el trata de ver si el producto es bueno para perros)!

Especialmente ahora, con su nuevo arroz canino, listo para comer, con todos esos sabores con los cuales mi dueño ha estado muy emocionado. Pero yo no se, acerca de este arroz sazonado, el de pollo y el de carne no estuvieron tan mal cuando los probé, pero algunos otros sabores no son del todo mi agrado, como el de vegetales con apio y zanahoria.





? Que piensa él, que soy un conejo o algo así?. Yo en serio no entiendo porque los humanos siempre compran sus productos de los estantes de los supermercados.

Es muy raro para mí pues al parecer en serio les gustan. No entiendo a



los humanos y sus gustos!. Personalmente no he visto nunca a un perro comprando ningún producto de Mr. Goudas. Sin importar que, Irma come todos sus productos incluso su arroz crudo, considerando que los productos de nuestro dueño son los mejores en el mundo.

Con cariño.

Lucky KOUKLA Goudas.



(Escribí este artículo a las 3 a.m en Agosto 20 de 2003 con la ayuda de mi dueño). Señoras, Señores y Niños! Mr. Goudas siempre ha tenido perros y gatos en su vida, un verdadero ser humano, caritativo, luchador!

Como lo mencioné anteriormente Mr. Goudas escribió este artículo a las 3 a.m. Obviamente no es un artículo de negocios pero para mi es uno de los mejores que haya leído.

Demuestra la belleza, calor humano, amabilidad, compasión, humor y otras cualidades que son inhatas en Mr. Goudas. Mr. Goudas podría ser un escritor algún día si él quisiera ir en esa dirección. Quien sabe que pueda pasar a otras 3 a.m.

Este artículo apareció en el Periódico "Ebdomada", primera semana de Septiembre 2003.

Esta historia fue traducida del lenguaje del perro al lenguaje humano por Mr. Goudas, y fue puesto en papel y editado por Sofia Papadimitri.

Esta es un bonita historia. Es importante saber el español, mas si vive en Canada. El señor Goudas piensa que la poblacion hispana debe estar orgullosa de su idioma y su cultura.

Y el espera aprender el espanol lo mas pronto possible.

The Spanish by Alex Alvarez from Nicaragua, Rafael Onofre from Mexico, and Milagro Franco, from El Salvador



Sofia's Note: through barking, or rubbing against her owners legs now and then.

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

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.

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.

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.

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. Goudas 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.



Irma's Last Moments

She finally surrendered, after fighting for over 2 years.

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.





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

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".



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 narration 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.!”



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

Publication Information

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