



Spartacus Adams

November 1, 2022

I went to a shelter to adopt two puppies from the same litter. I'd already decided on the only girl left and had to choose between the two boys remaining. I was going to choose the other boy when Spartacus plopped onto my lap and sat completely still. He had picked me, I was his person, and that was that.

Spartacus grew from a tiny puppy to a horse with a deadly tail, long and thin. No one was safe from a painful whack. As my nephew said with a laugh as he picked himself up from a painful whack to the face, "He's just so happy." And he was.

He counter surfed if I turned my back; no food was safe. He loved giving kisses but if you opened your mouth close enough to him to receive a kiss, you got a sneaky tongue kiss instead. He loved chasing and "bear fighting" his sister Nyx and playing in the snow, though being snowed on offended him. His favorite game was when I would take a kickball and slam it into the ground so it went high in the air. When it came down close enough he'd jump up and bonk it with his nose, giving chase and biting it when he caught up with it. I had to laugh, he was such a goofball but he had the biggest, sweetest heart of any dog I've ever met.

He developed arthritis as he got older, then we lost his sister to cancer last

year. He slowed down but was usually upbeat and sweet. He watched Scooby Doo, played hide and seek with "his" Doris, went on grand adventures in the car, and got so excited when "his kids" came over to visit.

His loss has left a ragged hole in our lives but I am relieved the cancer can no longer hurt him and that he's with his sister now. I know their souls found each other, that Nyx was overjoyed to be with her big brother again. One day my soul will rejoin theirs and we'll be a family again. Now I mourn their loss and celebrate their lives. Where would I be if Spartacus hadn't picked me that day? My life and heart would not have been as full of love and joy. We miss you, Sweet Boy.