Rásimok the First

This is a photo of our Rásimok, who passed away 16 years ago. Even though I was so small, I remember him well. Me and my sister used to play hide and seek with him every time we were at grandma’s. He was the coolest dog you could imagine, he would play football with you all day or let me sleep on his belly, even though it might have been uncomfortable for him. My mom always tells me a story. When I was asleep next to him and she wanted to carry me to bed, but he didn’t let her, he would growl sooner than she could even touch me. As I remember he was around 10 when he died, he was too heavy for his paws, so in his last days, he would only sit next to granny. But he was happy and kind. Rásimok.

