



Saying Goodbye to Mango



A story for Maya



For Maya, and for Mango,
who loved him so very much.



Once, in a home full of love, there lived a dog named Mango. Mango was a fawn pug with a black mask over his muzzle, deep velvety wrinkles, big dark round eyes, and a tightly curled tail. And he always knew, somehow, when you needed a friend.



Mango loved Maya more than anything in the whole world.
And Maya loved Mango right back.



Every day was an adventure together.

Mango's favorite thing in the world was waddling beside you on slow evening walks around the park.



And when the day was done, he would curl up snuggled into the cushions at the foot of your bed, where it was warm and safe.

That was Mango's favorite place to dream.



There was one day Maya will always remember.

The evening you two sat together on the low wall by the park fence, your hand resting on his back, both of you watching the world go by until the light turned golden.

That was the kind of love Mango and Maya shared.



But every living thing has a beginning, a middle, and an end.
Even the ones we love most.

Mango's body got tired.

And then, very gently, his body stopped working. That is
what "died" means.



This might make Maya feel a lot of things.
Sad. Maybe angry. Maybe like nothing feels right anymore.
Maybe like crying. Maybe like not crying at all.
All of these feelings are okay.
They mean Maya loved Mango very, very much.



Some people say there is a place called the Rainbow Bridge.
A sunny meadow where pets run free, where bodies don't get
tired anymore.

Where Mango is free to spend his days waddling beside you on
slow evening walks around the park.

Here is the most important thing of all.

*The love between Maya and Mango did not stop
when Mango died.
Love does not work that way.*

It stays. It always stays.



When Maya misses Mango — and that will happen many times — there are things Maya can do.

Look at a picture and remember a happy day.

Tell a story about Mango to someone who will listen.

Say Mango's name out loud — names are meant to be said.

And know that, wherever Mango is, he is loved.



Mango was a good boy.
Mango was Maya's dog.
And Mango will always, always be loved.

– end –

A place to write a memory of Mango

The day Mango came home: _____

Mango's favorite sound: _____

The funniest thing Mango ever did: _____

One thing Mango taught me: _____

