

spotted in wimbledon village costa : girl with a whopping suitcase.

"Oh Boo, where is he?"

Boo wound a finger into her skirt as she clamped the receiver to her ear.

"In the basket, cold as a stone."

You could hear the air suck down the phone line as if it was a drinking straw. Boo turned to look at the poor thing, and her lip quivered all on its own. She had only one responsibility, to look after Danny the dog. This broke down into a few instructions, which Mrs Robinson had written in beautiful biro on a sheet of headed paper on the kitchen table. *He eats like a horse. Don't feed him outside of mealtimes - he can have an apple if he's hungry. Make sure you fill his water bowl to the second line, especially in this heat.*

"Are you sure he's d...?"

Mrs Robinson couldn't bring herself to say the word.

"I'm so sorry," Boo said, "I really am."

Mrs Robinson asked if she could take him to the vet. Boo asked politely if the vet could pick him up, but Mrs Robinson said they didn't have a collection service. She'd have to use the Tube.

So Boo took down the big brown suitcase from the wardrobe in the master bedroom, flipped open the lid and tried to heave him up. At first she tried to pull up his front legs, but whilst she could get the head and chest off the ground, she couldn't pick up the hind. His paws lolloped over the lip of the suitcase. She skirted round the back and slipped her fingers under. What possesses anyone to get a Great Dane in the first place?