

Curso de Inglês

Volume 2
(letras de músicas e textos)

B. Kägi

Contato: [cumaru\[at\]cumaru-pe.com.br](mailto:cumaru[at]cumaru-pe.com.br)

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Always on my mind I

Maybe I didn't love you
quite as often as I could have.
Maybe I didn't treat you
quite as good as I should have.
If I made you feel the second best,
girl, I'm sorry. I was blind.
You were always on my mind.
You were always on my mind.

Sei que eu estive ausente
quando precisou de mim.
Eu fui tão inconsequente,
Insensível, te perdi assim.
Hoje estou consciente que errei.
De todo mal que te causei
vim aqui para te dizer:
Eu só penso em você.

Tell me, tell me that your
sweet love hasn't died.
Dá para mim uma chance de poder
te compensar e te amar.

Maybe I didn't love you
quite as often as I could have.
Eu não tenho te amado
tanto quanto poderia amar.
If I made you feel the second best,
tente ao menos perdoar.
You are always on my mind.
You are always on my mind.
Vim aqui para te dizer:
Eu só penso em você.

Talvez eu não te amei
tantas vezes como poderia ter.
Talvez eu não te tratasse
tão bem quanto eu deveria ter.
Se eu te fiz sentir como a segunda melhor,
menina, peço desculpa, eu estava cego.
Você estava sempre na minha mente.
Você estava sempre na minha mente.

I know that I wasn't here
when you needed me.
I was so inconsequent,
insensible, I lost you this way.
Today I know that I was wrong.
Of all the pain I caused to you,
I came here to say to you:
You are always on my mind.

Conte-me, conte-me que o seu
doce amor não morreu.
Give me another chance to
make up and love you.

Pode ser que não te amei
tanto quanto eu poderia ter.
I didn't love you
quite as often as I could.
Se eu te fiz sentir-se como a segunda melhor,
try at least to forgive.
Você está sempre na minha mente.
Você está sempre na minha mente.
I came here to say to you:
You are always on my mind.

Always on my mind II (Elvis Presley)

Maybe I didn't treat you
quite as good as I should have.
Maybe I didn't love you
quite as often as I could have.
Little things I should have said and done,
I just never took the time.
You were always on my mind.
You were always on my mind.

Maybe I didn't hold you,
always lonely, lonely time.
And I guess I never told you,
I am so badly that you're mine.
If I made you feel the second best,
girl, I am so sorry, I was blind.
You were always on my mind.
You were always on my mind.

Tell me, tell me that your
sweet love hasn't died.
Give me, give me one more chance
to keep you satisfied, satisfied.

Little things I should have said or done,

Talvez eu não te tivesse tratado
tão bem como deveria ter.
Talvez eu não te tivesse amado
Tantas vezes como poderia ter.
Pequenas coisas que deveria ter dito ou feito,
eu simplesmente nunca gastei o tempo.
Você estava sempre na minha mente.
Você estava sempre na minha mente.

Talvez eu não tivesse te segurado,
sempre solitário, hora solitária.
E acho que nunca te contei,
eu estou tão mau que você é a minha.
Se eu te fiz sentir-se a segunda melhor,
menina, te peço desculpa, eu estava cego.
você estava sempre na minha mente.
você estava sempre na minha mente.

Conte-me, conte-me que o seu
doce amor não morreu.
Me dê, me dê outra chance
para manter você satisfeita, satisfeita.

Coisas pequenas que poderia ter ditas ou feitas

I just never took the time.
You were always on my mind.
You were always on my mind.
You were always on my mind.

Maybe I didn't treat you
quite as good as I should have.
Maybe I didn't love you
quite as often as I could have.
Maybe I didn't hold you,
always lonely, lonely time.
And I guess I never told you,
I'm so badly, and you're right.
Maybe I didn't treat you ...

Eu simplesmente nunca gastei o tempo.
Você estava sempre na minha mente.
Você estava sempre na minha mente.
Você estava sempre na minha mente.

Talvez eu não tivesse te tratado
tão bem como eu poderia ter,
Talvez eu não tinha te amado
tantas vezes como eu poderia ter.
Talvez eu não tivesse te segurado,
sempre solitário, hora solitária.
E acho que nunca te contei,
Eu sou tão mau, e você está certa.
Talvez eu não tivesse te tratado...

Baby, can I hold you tonight? (Tracy Chapman)

"Sorry!" is all that you can say.
He's going by and still.
Words don't come easily
like "sorry", like "sorry".

"Forgive me", is all that you can say.
He's going by and still.
Words don't come easily
like "Forgive me, forgive me".

But you can say: "Baby,
Baby, can I hold you tonight?
Baby, if I told you the right words
at the right time, you'd be mine."

"I love you", is all that you can say.
He's going by and still.
Words don't come easily
like "I love you, I love you."

But you can say: "Baby,
Baby, can I hold you tonight?"
Baby, if I told you the right words,
at the right time, you'll be mine.

Baby, can I hold you tonight?
Baby, if I told you the right words,
at the right time, you'd be mine.

"Desculpe!" é tudo que você pode dizer.
Ele está passando e ainda.
Palavras não vêm facilmente
Como "desculpe", como "desculpe".

"Perdoe", é tudo que você pode dizer
Ele está passando e ainda.
Palavras não vêm facilmente
como "perdoe, perdoe".

Mas você pode dizer: "Querida,
Querida, posso segurar você esta noite?
Querida, se eu te dissesse as palavras certas
no momento certo, você seria a minha."

"Eu te amo" é tudo que você pode dizer.
Ele está passando e ainda.
Palavras não vêm facilmente
Como "eu te amo, te amo".

Mas você pode dizer: "Querida,
Querido, posso segurar você esta noite?"
Querido, se eu lhe dissesse as palavras certas
no momento certo, você seria a minha.

Querida, posso segurar você esta noite?
Querida, se eu lhe dissesse as palavras certas
no momento certo, você seria a minha.

Everything I do, I do it for you (Bryan Adams)

Look into my eyes, you will see
what you mean to me.
Search your heart, search your soul,
and when you find me there,
you'll search no more.
Don't tell me it's not worth trying for,
you can't tell me,
it's not worth dying for.
You know, it's true: Everything I do,
I do it for you.

Look into your heart, you will find
it's nothing there to hide.
Take me as I am, take my life,

Olha nos meus olhos, você vai ver
o que você significa para mim.
Procure seu coração, procure sua alma,
e quando você me acha ali,
você não procurará mais.
Não me conte que não vale a pena tentar,
você não pode contar-me
que não vale a pena morrer para isso.
Você sabe, é verdade: Tudo que faço,
faço para você.

Olha no seu coração, você vai achar
(que) não há nada ali para esconder.
Me aceite como sou, pega minha vida.

I would give it all, I would sacrifice.
Don't tell me it's not worth fighting for.
I can't help it,
there is nothing I want more.
You know, it's true: Everything I do,
I do it for you.

There is no love like your love,
and no other can't give more love.
There is nowhere, unless you're there
all the time, all the way.

You can't tell me, it's not worth trying for.
I can't help it!
There is nothing I want more.
Yeah, I would fight for you, I'd lie for you,
walk the wild for you! yeah I'd die for you.
You know it's true: Everything I do,
I do it for you.

Daria ela toda, me sacrificaria.
Não me diga que não vale a pena lutar.
Não posso de outra maneira,
não há nada que quero mais.
Você sabe, é verdadeiro: Tudo que faço,
eu faço para você.

Não há nenhum amor igual seu amor,
e ninguém mais pode dar mais amor.
Não há nenhum lugar fora aquele onde você está
o tempo inteiro, de qualquer modo.

Você não pode dizer-me que não vale a pena tentar.
Não posso fazer de outra maneira!
Não há nada que quero mais.
Yeah, eu lutaria para você, eu mentiria para você,
andaria no deserto para você! Oh, eu morreria para você
Você sabe que é verdade: Tudo que faço,
Faço para você.

Hey Jude (The Beatles)

Hey Jude, don't make it bad.
Take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her into your heart.
Then you can start to make it better.

Hey Jude, don't be afraid.
You were made to go out and get her.
The minute you let her under your skin,
then you begin to make it better.

And any time you feel the pain,
hey Jude, refrain,
Don't carry the world upon your shoulder.
For well you know that it's a fool
who plays it cool by making
his world a little colder. Na, na, na

Hey Jude, don't let me down.
You have found her, now go and get her.
Remember to let her into your heart.
Then you can start to make it better.

So let it out and let it in, hey Jude, begin,
You're waiting for someone to perform with.
And don't you know that it is just you
Hey Jude, you'll do the movement you need
is on your shoulder.

Hey Jude, don't make it bad.
Take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her under your skin
Then you'll begin to make it better
better, better... yeah!
Na, na, na, na, Hey Jude!

Hey Jude! Não o faça mal.
Pegue uma canção triste e faça-o melhor.
Lembre-se de deixá-la entrar no seu coração,
depois você pode começar fazê-lo melhor.

Hey Jude! Não fique com medo.
Você foi feito para sair e adquiri-la.
O minuto que você a deixa debaixo da sua pele,
Depois você começa fazê-lo melhor.

E em qualquer momento que você sente a dor,
Hey Jude, contenha-se,
Não carregue o mundo no seu ombro.
Ainda bem que você sabe que é um bobo
quem se mostre frio enquanto fazendo tornando
o mundo dele um pouco mais frio.

Hey Jude, não me deixe cair.
Você a achou, agora saia para adquiri-la.
Lembre-se de deixá-la entrar no seu coração,
depois você pode começar de fazê-lo melhor.

Pois o deixa sair e o deixa entrar, Hey Jude, começa,
Você está esperando por alguém para amostrar-se com ela
E você não sabe que é simplesmente você,
Hey Jude, você que vai fazer o movimento que você precisa
está no seu ombro.

Hey Jude, não o faça mal.
Pegue uma canção e faça-o melhor
Lembre-se de deixá-la entrar no seu coração,
depois você vai começar fazê-lo melhor.
melhor, melhor melhor ... yeah!
Na, na, na, na, Hey Jude!

I am sailing

I am sailing, I am sailing,
home again, across the sea.
I am sailing, spacing high clouds,

Estou velejando, estou velejando,
Em casa de novo, através o mar.
Estou velejando, espaçando nuvens altas

to be near you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying
like a bird cross the sky.
I am flying, passing high clouds
to be near you, to be free.

Can you hear me? Can you hear me
Through the dark night, far away?
I am dying, forever crying,
to be near you, to can say.

We are sailing, we are sailing
home again, across the sea.
We are sailing, so be water
To be near you, to be free.

para ficar perto de você, para ficar livre.

Estou voando, estou voando
como um pássaro atravessa o céu.
Estou voando, passando por nuvens altas
para ficar perto de você, para ficar livre.

Você pode escutar-me? Você pode escutar-me,
através da noite escura, muito longe?
Estou morrendo, sempre chorando
para ficar perto de você, para poder dizer.

Estamos velejando, estamos velejando
Em casa de novo, através do mar.
Estamos velejando, assim ser água,
para ficar perto de você, para ficar livres.

I just called to say I love you (Steve Wonder)

No new year's Day, to celebrate,
no chocolate covered candy hearts to give away,
no first of spring,
no song to sing.
In fact, here's just another ordinary day.
No April rain,
No flowers bloom.
No wedding Saturday within the month of June.
But what it is, is something true,
Made up of these three words
that I must say to you:

I just called to say I love you.
I just called to say how much I care.
I just called to say I love you,
And I mean it from the bottom of my heart.

No summer's high, no warm July,
No harvest moon
to light one tender August night,
No autumn breeze, no falling leaves,
Not even time for birds to fly to southern skies.
No Libra sun, no Halloween,
No giving thanks
to all the Christmas joy you bring,
But what it is, so old so new,
To fill your heart like no three words
could ever do:

I Just called to say I love you.
I Just called to say how much I care.
I Just called to say I love you,
and I mean it from the bottom of my heart.

I just called to say I love you.
I just called to say how much I care.
I just called to say I love you,
and I mean it from the bottom of my heart.

Nenhum dia de ano novo para celebrar,
Nenhum coração coberto de chocolate para dar embora,
Nenhum primeiro de primavera,
Nenhuma música para cantar.
De fato, aqui é apenas mais um dia comum.
Nenhuma chuva de abril,
nenhumas flores florescem,
nenhum sábado de casamento no mês de junho.
Mas o que é, é algo verdadeiro,
Feito por estas três palavras
que eu devo dizer para você:

Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer que te amo.
Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer como eu me preocupo.
Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer que te amo
E eu o penso isso do fundo do meu coração.

Nenhuma alta de verão, nenhum julho quente,
Nenhuma lua de safra
para iluminar uma noite tenra de agosto,
Nenhum vento de outono, nenhumas folhas caindo,
Nem tempo para os pássaros voar aos céus do sul.
Nenhum sol de Libra, nenhum Halloween,
Nenhum obrigado dando
a toda a alegria de natal que você traz,
Mas o que é, tão velho, tão novo,
para encher o seu coração como três palavras
nunca podem fazer:

Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer que te amo.
Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer como eu me preocupo.
Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer que te amo,
e penso isso do fundo do meu coração.

Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer que te amo.
Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer como eu me preocupo.
Eu simplesmente chamei para dizer que te amo,
e penso isso do fundo do meu coração.

I started a joke (Bee Gees)

I started a joke
which started the whole world crying,

Eu comecei uma piada
que fez que o mundo inteiro começou a chorar

but I didn't see
that the joke was on me, oh no.

I started to cry
which started the whole world laughing.
Oh if I'd only seen
that the joke was on me!

I looked at the sky,
running my hands over my eyes,
and I fell out of bed
cursing my head from things that I said.

'til I finally died
which started the whole world living.
All we find, all we think
that the joke was on me.

I looked at the sky,
running my hands over my eyes,
and I fell out of bed,
cursing my head from things that I said.

'til I finally died,
which started the whole world living.
All we find, all we think
that the joke was on me.

mas eu não vi
que a piada era sobre mim.

Eu comecei a chorar,
o que fez que o mundo inteiro começou a rir
Oh, se eu só tivesse visto
que a piada era sobre mim!

Eu olhei para o céu,
as minhas mãos correndo por cima dos meus olhos,
e caí da cama,
a minha cabeça rodeando de coisas que falei.

Até que finalmente morri,
o que fez que o mundo inteiro começou a viver.
Tudo que achamos, tudo que pensamos (é)
que a piada era sobre mim.

Eu olhei para o céu,
as minhas mãos correndo por cima dos meus olhos,
e caí da cama
a minha cabeça rodeando de coisas que falei.

Até que finalmente morri,
o que fez que o mundo inteiro começou a viver.
Tudo que achamos, tudo que pensamos (é)
que a piada era sobre mim.

I will always love you (Whitney Houston)

If I should have stayed,
I would all leave in your way,
So I have gone but I know
I think of you every stair by, always,
and I will always love you, will always love you.

You, my darling you, bit of sweet memories,
that is all I'm taking with me.
So good-bye, please don't cry.
We both know, I know what you need.
And I will always love you, I will always love you.

I hope like treat you kind,
and I hope you have all you dreamed of,
and I wish to you joy and happiness,
whatever, always, I wish you love.
And I will always love you, will always love you.
I will always love you. I will always love you.
You, Darling, I love you, I love you.

Se eu devia ter ficado,
eu deixava tudo no seu modo.
Pois eu fui embora, mas eu sei que
penso em você cada passo, sempre,
e sempre vou te amar, sempre vou te amar.

Você, meu querido, uma mordidinha de lembranças doces,
Isso é tudo que levo comigo.
Pois adeus, não chore, por favor,
Ambos sabemos, eu sei o que você precisa.
E eu vou sempre te amar, vou sempre te amar.

Espero que irão tratá-lo bem,
e espero que você tem todo do que você sonhou,
e lhe desejo alegria e felicidade,
seja que for, sempre, eu lhe desejo amor.
E eu vou sempre te amar, vou sempre te amar.
Vou sempre te amar. Eu vou sempre te amar.
Você, querido, eu te amo. Eu te amo.

My heart will go on (Celine Dion)

Every night in my dreams
I see you, I feel you.
There is how I know you, go on.
Far across the distance
and spaces between us,
you have come to show you, go on.

Near, far, wherever you are,
I believe that the heart does go on.
Once more you open the door,
and you're here in my heart,

Cada noite, nos meus sonhos
eu te vejo, eu te sinto.
É como eu conheço você, continue.
Longe através à distância
e espaços entre nós,
você veio para mostrar você, continue.

Perto, longe, em qualquer lugar que você esteja,
eu acredito que o coração vai continuar.
Mais uma vez você abre a porta,
e você está aqui no meu coração,

and my heart will go on and on.

Love can touch us one time
and last for lifetime,
and never let go 'til we're gone.
Love was when I loved you,
one true time, I hold you,
in my life we'll always go on.

Near, far, wherever you are,
I believe that the heart does go on.
Once more, you open the door,
and you're here in my heart,
and my heart will go on and on.

You're here, there's nothing I fear,
and I know that my heart will go on.
We'll stay forever this way,
you are save in my heart,
and my heart will go on and on.

e meu coração vai continuar e continuar.

Amor pode tocar em nós uma única vez
e demorar a vida inteira,
e nunca soltar até que estamos partidos.
Amor era quando eu te amei,
uma única vez verdadeiro, eu o seguro,
na minha vida vamos sempre continuar.

Perto, longe, em qualquer lugar que você esteja
Eu acredito que o coração vai continuar.
Mais uma vez você abre a porta,
e você está aqui no meu coração,
e meu coração vai continuar e continuar.

Você está aqui, não há nada que temo,
e eu sei que o meu coração vai continuar.
Vamos ficar para sempre deste jeito,
e você está guardado no meu coração,
e o meu coração vai continuar e continuar.

Spending my time (Roxette)

What's the time? Seems it's already morning
I see the sky so beautiful and blue
The TV's on, but the only thing showing
is a picture of you

Oh I get up and make myself some coffee.
I try to read a bit, but story is too thin.
I thank the Lord above you are not here
to see me in this shape I'm in.

Spending my time, watching the days go by,
feeling so small, I stare at the wall,
hoping that you think of me, too.
I'm spending my time.

I try to call, but I don't know what to tell you.
I need to kiss on your answering machine.
Oh, help me please! Is there someone
who can make me wake up from this dream?

Spending my time, watching the days go by.
Feeling so small, I stare at the wall,
hoping that you are missing me, too.
I'm spending my time.

Watching the sun go down.
I fall asleep to the sound
of "Tears of a Clown".
A prayer gone blind.
I'm spending my time.

My friends keep telling me: Hey, life will go on!
Time will make sure that I'll be over you.
This silly game of love, you play,
you win only to lose.

I'm spending my time, watching the days go by.
Feeling so small, I stare at the wall,
hoping that you think of me, too.
I'm spending my time.

Que horas são? Parece que já é de manhã
Vejo o céu tão bonito e azul
A TV está ligada, mas a única coisa mostrando
é uma imagem de você.

Oh, eu me levanto e faço café para mim.
Tento de ler um pouco, mas a história é diluída demais.
Agradeço ao Senhor encima que você não está aqui
para ver-me neste estado no qual estou.

Passando meu tempo, observando os dias passar,
Sentindo-me tão pequena, eu encaro a parede,
esperando que você pense em mim também.
Estou passando meu tempo.

Tento de chamar, mas não sei o que contar para você.
Preciso beijar a sua secretária eletrônica.
Oh, me ajude, por favor! Há alguém
Que pode acordar-me deste sonho?

Passando meu tempo, observando os dias passar,
sentindo-me tão pequena, eu encaro a parede,
esperando que você sentasse falta de mim, também.
Estou passando meu tempo.

Observando o por do sol.
Adormeço com a música
de "Tears of a Clown".
Uma oração cega.
Estou passando meu tempo.

Meus amigos continuam contando: Hey, a vida vai continuar!
O tempo vai conferir que eu estarei acima de você.
Este jogo louco de amor que você brinca,
Você ganha apenas para perder.

Estou passando meu tempo, observando os dias passar.
Me sentindo tão pequena, encaro a parede,
Esperando que você pensasse em mim, também.
Estou passando meu tempo.

Spending my time, watching the sun go down.
I sleep to the sound "Tears of a Clown".
A prayer gone blind.
I'm spending my time.

I can't live without your love.
Spending my time.
I'm spending my time, my time.

Passando meu tempo, observando o por do sol.
Eu durmo com a música "Tears of a Clown".
Uma oração cega.
Estou passando meu tempo.

Não posso viver sem seu amor.
Passando meu tempo.
Estou passando meu tempo, meu tempo.

Sunshine on my sholder (John Denver)

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy.
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry.
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely.
Sunshine almost always makes me high.
If I had a day that I could give you,
I'd give to you a day just like today.
If I had a song I could sing for you,
I'd sing a song to make you feel this way.

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy.
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry.
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely.
Sunshine almost always makes me high.
If I had a tale that I could tell you,
I'd tell a tale sure to make you smile.
If I had a wish that I could wish for you,
I'd make a wish the sunshine all a while.

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy.
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry.
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely.
Sunshine almost always makes me high.
Sunshine almost all the time makes me high.
Sunshine almost always.

Brilho do sol nos meus ombros me faz feliz.
Brilho do sol nos meus olhos pode fazer-me chorar
Brilho do sol encima da água parece tão amável
Brilho do sol quase sempre me faz feliz.
Se eu tivesse um dia que posso dar-lhe
Eu lhe daria um dia como o de hoje.
Se eu tivesse uma canção que posso cantar para você
Eu cantaria uma canção que faz você sentir deste jeito.

Brilho do sol nos meus ombros me faz feliz
Brilho do sol nos meus olhos pode fazer-me chorar
Brilho do sol encima da água parece tão amável
Brilho do sol quase sempre me faz feliz.
Se eu tivesse um conto que pudesse contar para você,
eu contaria um conto que certamente faria você sorrir.
Se eu tivesse um desejo que pudesse desejar para você,
eu desejaria o brilho do sol para um bom tempo.

Brilho do sol nos meus ombros me faz feliz.
Brilho do sol nos meus olhos pode fazer-me chorar
Brilho do sol encima da água parece tão amável
Brilho do sol quase sempre me faz feliz.
Brilho do sol quase o tempo inteiro me faz feliz.
Brilho do sol quase sempre.

Take a look at me now (Phil Collins)

How can I just let you walk away,
just let you leave without a trace?
When I stand here, taking every breath
with you, uh you're the only one
who really knew me at all.

How can you just walk away from me,
when all I can do is watch you leave
'Cause we've shared the laughter and the pain
and even shared the tears. You're the only one
who really knew me at all.

So take a look at me now,
there is just an empty space,
and there's nothing left here to remind me,
just the memory of your face.
Who will take a look at me now?
Who has just an empty space?
And you coming back to me is against the odds
and that's what I've got to face.

I wish I could just make you turn around,
turn around to see me cry.

Como posso simplesmente deixar você ir embora,
Simplesmente deixar você sair sem traço?
Quando estou em pé aqui, pegar cada respiro
Com você, uh, você é a única pessoa
que me conheceu realmente.

Como você pode andar embora de mim
quando tudo que posso fazer é observar a sua partida?
Porque dividimos os risos e a dor
E dividimos até as lágrimas. Você é a única pessoa
Que me conheceu realmente.

Pois olha para mim agora,
Há simplesmente um espaço vazio,
e não sobrou nada aqui para lembrar-me,
apenas a memória do seu rosto.
Quem vai olhar para mim?
Quem tem apenas um espaço vazio?
E a sua volta para mim é contra a desigualdade,
e é isso que tenho de enfrentar.

Eu desejo que posso fazer você voltar,
Voltar e ver-me chorar.

There's so much I need to say to you,
so many reasons why you're the only one
who really knew me at all.

So take a look at me now,
there is just an empty space,
And there's nothing left here to remind me,
just the memory of your face.
Now take a look at me now.
There's just an empty space.
But to wait for you is all I can do
and that's what I've gotta face.
Take a good look at me now,
just you'll be standing here
And you coming back to me is against all odds
It's the chance I've gotta take.

Take a look at me now

Há tantas coisas que preciso dizer para você,
Tantos motivos porque você é a única pessoa
que realmente me conheceu.

Pois olha para mim agora,
Há apenas um espaço vazio,
E não sobrou nada aqui para lembrar-me,
Apenas a memória do seu rosto.
Agora olhe para mim.
Há apenas um espaço vazio.
Mas esperar por você é tudo que posso fazer,
e isso é o que tenho de encarar.
Olhe para mim agora,
Você está simplesmente em pé aqui,
E voltando para mim é contra a desigualdade
É a chance que tenho de pegar.

Olha para mim agora.

Tears in Heaven (Eric Clapton)

Would you know my name
if I saw you in Heaven?
Would it be the same
if I saw you in Heaven?
I must be strong and carry on,
'cause I know I don't belong here in Heaven.

Would you hold my hand
if I saw you in Heaven?
Would you help me stand
if I saw you in Heaven?
I'll find my way through night and day,
'cause I know I just can't stay here in Heaven.

Time can bring you down;
time can bend your knees.
Time can break your heart,
have your begging please, begging please.
Beyond the door there's peace I'm sure,
And I know there'll be no more tears in Heaven.

Would you know my name
if I saw you in Heaven?
Would it be the same
if I saw you in Heaven?
I must be strong and carry on,
'cause I know I don't belong here in Heaven.
'cause I know I don't belong here in Heaven.

Você saberia o meu nome
se eu lhe visse no céu?
Você seria a mesma
Se eu lhe visse no céu?
Tenho de ser forte e continuar carregando
Porque eu sei que não pertenço aqui ao céu.

Você segurava minha mão
se eu lhe visse no céu?
Você me ajudava ficar em pé
se eu lhe visse no céu?
Acharei meu caminho durante noite e dia,
porque sei que não posso ficar aqui no céu.

Tempo pode trazer você para baixo;
Tempo pode dobrar seus joelhos.
Tempo pode quebrar seu coração,
Faça seu pedido, por favor, pedido, por favor.
Do outro lado da porta há paz, tenho certeza,
e sei que não haverá mais lágrimas no céu.

Você sabia o meu nome
se eu lhe visse no céu?
Você seria a mesma
se eu lhe visse no céu?
Tenho de ser forte e continuar carregando,
porque sei que não pertenço aqui ao céu.
porque sei que não pertenço aqui ao céu.

The Winner takes it all (The Abba)

I don't want to talk
about things we've gone through,
though it's hurting me, now it's history.
I played all my cards,
and that's what you've done, too.
Nothing more to say, no more ace to play.
The winner takes it all,
the loser is standing small
beside the victory, that's our destiny.

Eu não quero falar
sobre as coisas pelos quais passamos,
embora que isso está me ferindo, agora é passado.
Eu joguei todas as minhas cartas,
e é isso que você fez também.
Nada mais para dizer, nenhum ás para jogar.
O vencedor leva tudo,
o perdedor está pequeno em pé
ao lado da vitória, este é o nosso destino.

I was in your arms,
thinking I belonged there.
I think it made sense
building me a fence,
building me a home,
thinking I'd be strong there.
But I was a fool
playing by the rules.
The gods may throw a dice,
their minds as cold as ice,
and someone way down here
loses someone dear.
The winner takes it all,
the loser has to fall.
It's simple and it's pain.
Why should I complain?

But tell me: Does she kiss
like I used to kiss you?
Does it feel the same
when she calls your name?
Somewhere deep inside
you must know I miss you,
but what can I say?
Rules must be obeyed.
The judges will decide
the likes of me abide
Spectators of the show
always staying low.
The game is on again,
a lover or a friend,
a big thing or a small,
the winner takes it all.

I don't want to talk
if it makes you feel sad,
and I understand
you've come to shake my hand.
I apologize if it makes me feel bad
Seeing me so tense,
no self-confidence. I just say:
The winner takes it all,
the winner takes it all.

Oh, thinking about on our younger years.
There was only you and me.
We were young and wild and free.
Now, nothing can take you away from me.
We came down and roam before.
That's over now.

Keep me coming that from all
and maybe you're all that I want.
When you're lying here in my arms,
I'm finally hard to believe:
We are in heaven.

Love is all that I need,

Eu estava nos seus braços,
pensando que eu pertencço a eles.
Eu acho que fez sentido
construindo a minha cerca,
construindo uma casa para mim,
pensando que eu seria forte ali.
Mas eu era um bobo
Jogando pelas regras.
Os deuses podem lançar um dado
as mentes deles tão frio quanto gelo,
e algum modo abaixo aqui
perde alguém querido.
O vencedor leva tudo,
o perdedor tem de cair.
É simples e é dor
Por que eu deveria reclamar?

Mas me diga: Ela beija
como eu tinha o costume de beijar-te?
Isto dá a mesma sensação
quando ela chama seu nome?
Em algum lugar bem no fundo
você tem que saber que eu sinto falta de você,
mas o que posso dizer?
Regras devem ser obedecidas.
Os juizes decidirão
Meus desejos me suportam
Espectadores do espetáculo
Sempre ficando baixo
O jogo começa de novo,
um amante ou um amigo,
uma coisa grande ou pequena,
o vencedor leva tudo.

Eu não quero falar
se isso faz você sentir triste,
e eu entendo
você veio para dar-me um aperto de mão.
Eu me desculpo se isso me faz sentir ruim
Vendo-me tão tensa,
Sem auto-confiança. Eu simplesmente digo:
O vencedor leva tudo,
O vencedor leva tudo.

We are in Heaven

Oh, pensando nos nossos anos mais novos.
Havia apenas você e eu.
Estávamos novos e rebeldes e livres.
Agora nada pode tirar você de mim.
Nós descemos e vagamos antes.
Isto acabou agora.

Livre-me de vir de tudo isso,
e talvez você seja tudo que quero.
Quando você está deitada aqui nos meus braços,
finalmente para mim é difícil acreditar:
Estamos no céu.

Amor é tudo do que preciso

and I found it there in your heart.
It isn't too hard to see:
We are in heaven.
Oh, what's in your life?
You found someone?
Who will tell the world around,
bring you up when you're feeling down?
Now, nothing can change what you mean to me
All is not that I can say.
Just hold me now.
So lover laid the way.

Baby, you're all that I want
When you're lying here in my arms
I'm finally hard to believe:
We are in heaven.

Love is all that I need,
And I found it there in your heart.
It isn't too hard to see:
We are in heaven.

And we waited for so long
to set them to right,
through love, to come along.
Now my dreams are coming true
to get them, little baby.
I am standing nearby you.

Did I all that you want
when you are lying here in my arms?
I am finally hard to believe:
We are in heaven.

And love is all that I need,
And I found it there in your heart.
It isn't too hard to see:
We are in heaven. Heaven!

Give all that I want!
Give all that I need!

e o achei no seu coração.
Não é difícil demais para ver:
Estamos no céu.
Oh, o que há na sua vida?
Você achou alguém?
Quem vai contar ao mundo,
levantar você quando você se sente deprimida?
Agora, nada pode mudar o que você significa para mim
Tudo não é o que posso dizer.
Simplesmente me segure agora.
Assim o amante pôs o modo.

Baby, você é tudo que quero.
Quando você está deitada aqui nos meus braços.
Finalmente para mim é difícil acreditar:
Estamos no céu.

Amor é tudo que preciso,
e o achei ali no seu coração.
Não é difícil demais para ver:
Estamos no céu.

E esperamos tanto tempo
para ajeitá-los,
através do amor, para conseguir.
Agora os meus sonhos se realizam
para pegá-los, pequeno baby.
Eu estou em pé perto de você.

Fiz tudo que você quer
quando você está deitada nos meus braços?
Finalmente para mim é difícil acreditar:
Estamos no céu.

E amor é tudo que preciso,
e o achei ali no seu coração.
Não é difícil demais para ver:
Estamos no céu. Céu!

Dê tudo que quero!
Dê tudo que preciso!

We are the world (Michael Jackson/Lionel Richie)

There comes a time,
when we heed a certain call
when the world must come together as one.
There are people dying,
and it's time to lend a hand to life,
the greatest gift of all.

We can't go on pretending day by day
that someone, somehow
will soon make a change.
We are all a part of God's great big family,
and the truth, you know, love is all we need.

We are the world, we are the children,
we are the ones who will make a brighter day.
So let's start giving.
There's a choice we're making.

Chega um momento,
quando atendemos uma certa chamada
quando o mundo deve reunir-se.
Há pessoas morrendo,
e está na hora de dar uma mão à vida,
o maior presente de todos.

Não podemos continuar fingindo cada dia
que alguém, de algum jeito
vai logo mudar algo em breve.
Todos nós somos parte da grande família de Deus,
e a verdade, você sabe, amor é tudo que precisamos.

Somos o mundo, somos as crianças,
somos aqueles que faremos um dia mais brilhante.
Pois começemos a dar.
Há uma escolha que estamos fazendo.

We're saving our own lives.
It's true we'll make a better day,
just you and me.

Send them your hearts, so they'll know
that someone cares,
and their lives will be stronger and free.
As God has shown us
by turning stones to bread,
so we all must lend a helping hand

When you're down and out,
there seems no hope at all.
But if you just believe,
there's no way we can fall.
Let's realize that a change can only come
when we stand together as one.

Estamos salvando nossas próprias vidas.
É verdadeiro que nós faremos um dia melhor,
só você e eu.

Envie-lhes seus corações, então eles saberão
que alguém se preocupa,
e as vidas deles serão mais fortes e livres.
Do jeito como Deus nos mostrou
transformando pedras em pão,
pois nós temos que emprestar uma mão amiga.

Quando você está deprimido e fora (do eixo),
parece não ter esperança nenhuma.
Mas se você simplesmente acredita,
não há modo nenhum que nos faça cair.
Deixe-nos perceber que uma mudança só pode vir
quando ficamos reunidos igual uma pessoa.

When you came into my life (Scorpions)

You give me your smile, a piece of your heart.
You give me the feel I've been looking for.
You give me your soul, your innocent love.
You are the one I've been waiting for,
I've been waiting for.

We're lost in a kiss, a moment in time,
forever young, just forever,
just forever in love.

When you came into my life,
it takes my breath away.
It was a love at first sight, all the way.
When you came into my life,
the world was not the same, oh no!
Because your love has found his way
into my heart, oh yes!

You make me dream by the look in your eyes.
You give me the feeling I've been loving for,
I've been loving for, so long!
When you came into my life,
you take my breath away.
You set my heart in fire all the way.
When you came into my life,
the world was not the same, oh no!
Because your love has found his way
into my heart. Just for ever in love.

When you came into my life,
it hurt my breath away.
It was love at first sight, all the way.
When you came into my life,
it take my breath away.
you set my heart in fire, I live a

When you came into my life,
world was not the same, oh no!
Because your love has found his way
into my heart, when you came into my life.

Você me dá seu sorriso, um pedaço de seu coração.
Você me dá o sentimento que eu estava procurando.
Você me dá sua alma, seu amor inocente.
Você é aquela que eu estava esperando,
que estava esperando.

Estamos perdidos num beijo, um momento no tempo,
para sempre jovens, simplesmente para sempre,
simplesmente para sempre apaixonados.

Quando você entrou na minha vida,
Isso toma minha respiração.
Era amor a primeira vista, de todo jeito.
Quando você entrou na minha vida,
o mundo não foi mais o mesmo, oh não!
Porque seu amor achou o seu caminho
no meu coração, oh sim!

Você me faz sonhar pelo olhar nos seus olhos.
Você me dá o sentimento pelo qual eu estava amando,
pelo qual eu estava amando tanto tempo!
Quando você entrou na minha vida,
você toma minha respiração.
Você colocou fogo em meu coração de todo jeito.
Quando você entrou na minha vida,
o mundo não foi mais o mesmo, oh não!
Porque seu amor achou o caminho
no meu coração. Simplesmente para sempre apaixonados.

Quando você entrou na minha vida,
isso bateu na minha respiração.
Era amor à primeira vista, de todo jeito.
Quando você entrou na minha vida,
isso toma a minha respiração.
Você colocou fogo no meu coração, eu vivo um.....

Quando você entrou na minha vida,
o mundo não foi o mesmo, oh não!
Porque o seu amor achou o caminho
no meu coração, quando você entrou na minha vida.

Without you (Harry Nilsson)

No, I can't forget this evening
or your face as you were leaving,
but I guess that's just the way the story goes.
You always smile but in your eyes
your sorrow shows, yes, it shows ...

No, I can't forget tomorrow,
when I think of all my sorrow,
when I had you there, but then I let you go,
and now it's only fair that I should let you know,
what you should know, know ...

I can't live if living is without you.
I can't live, I can't give any more.
I can't live if living is without you.
I can't give, I can't give any more.

No, I can't forget this evening,
or your face as you were leaving,
but I guess that's just the way the story goes.
You always smile but in your eyes
your sorrow shows, yes, it shows ...

I can't live if living is without you.
I can't live, I can't give anymore.
I can't live if living is without you.
I can't live, I can't give anymore.

Não, eu não consigo esquecer esta noite
ou seu rosto quando você saiu daqui,
mas acho que é simplesmente como a história anda.
Você sempre sorri, mas nos seus olhos
a sua preocupação mostra, sim, mostra ...

Não, não consigo esquecer o amanhã,
quando eu penso em toda minha preocupação,
quando eu tive você ali, mais deixei você sair,
e agora é apenas justo que eu deveria informar você
sobre o que você deveria saber, saber ...

Não posso viver se viver é sem você.
Não posso viver, não posso dar mais.
Não posso viver se viver é sem você.
Não posso dar, não posso dar mais.

Não, eu não consigo esquecer esta noite
ou seu rosto quando você saiu daqui,
mas acho que é simplesmente como a história anda.
Você sempre sorri, mas nos seus olhos
a sua preocupação mostra, sim, mostra ...

Não posso viver se viver é sem você.
Não posso viver, não posso dar mais.
Não posso viver se viver é sem você.
Não posso viver, não posso dar mais.

Red Dog

(Louis de Bernières, retold by Jennifer Bassett)

This is a true story about a dog in Western Australia in the 1970s. There is a life-sized statue of him in the town of Dampier, put there by his friends after his death. People in the north-west still remember him, and tell stories about him ... and smile.

Red Dog had many names. At different times he was called Tally Ho, Bluey, the Dog of the North-West, but mostly he was called Red Dog, or just Red. Everybody in the north-west knew Red. He never really belonged to anyone, but he had many friends. He was never without a place to sleep, or a good meal, before he moved on – because he was also a great traveler. It is a hard, hot country, up in the Pilbara region, but Red knew how to get around. He rode¹ on buses and trucks², in people’s cars, and on trains. If people saw Red Dog on the road, they always stopped and gave him a ride. But there was one thing about Red Dog. You really, really didn’t want to travel with him in a car with the windows closed.

From Tally Ho to Red Dog

‘Strewth³!’ Said Jack Collins. ‘He’s done it again. It’s a terrible smell – a real stink⁴! How can that dog live with himself? When he breaks wind⁵, I want to run out of the room.’

‘Everyone likes their own smells,’ said Mrs Collins.

‘Oh yes?’ said her husband. ‘Well, it’s too much for me, Maureen. Tally will have to live outside the house.’

‘It’s because of what he eats,’ said Maureen. ‘It’s going to make smells. And he eats so fast too.’

‘You know what?’ Jack said. ‘We’ll give him to the army. They can send him to the enemy, and they’ll all run, to get away from the stink.’

‘Oh, he’s done it again,’ said Maureen, holding her nose. ‘Tally, you’re a bad dog.’

Tally Ho looked up at her with one yellow eye, and wagged⁶ his tail a few times. Her voice was friendly, and he thought that she was saying nice things about him. He closed his eye again, and went on thinking about food.

Tally Ho was only a year old, but already he was famous for eating. He ate everything. People gave him all kinds of things to eat – paper bags, sticks, small dead animals, apples, eggshells⁷ – and Tally Ho tried it all. He didn’t like sticks much, but eggshells were all right, if they still had bits of egg inside. He ate the same food as the family ate too – meat and potatoes and vegetables.

‘I’m going to take him out,’ said Jack. ‘He can have a run, and get some of that wind out.’ He stood up and went to the door. ‘Run time, Tally,’ he said.

Tally Ho began to jump up and down excitedly. The floor shook⁸ under his feet.

‘Get him out before he shakes the place down,’ said Maureen. Jack opened the door. Tally ran outside, and began to jump up and down by the car.

Jack opened the back door, and said, ‘Jump in.’

¹ to ride = to travel

² truck = a big vehicle for carrying heavy things

³ strewth (*Australian English*) = a word used to express surprise, etc.

⁴ stink = a very bad smell

⁵ to break wind = to let gas out of the body through the bottom

⁶ to wag (of a dog’s tail) = to move from side to side

⁷ eggshell = the hard material that covers an egg

⁸ to shake = to move up and down

Tally Ho jumped onto the back seat, then at once jumped over and sat in the front seat.

Jack opened the front passenger door. 'Out!' he said.

Tally looked at him, then looked away, and found something very interesting to watch down the street.

Jack didn't like this. He was an army man, and an order⁹ was an order. He picked Tally up, and moved him onto the back seat. 'Stay!' he said.

Tally waited. When the car was moving, he jumped into the front seat again. He put his head out of the open window. That way he couldn't hear any orders.

Jack shook his head. 'That dog just does what he wants,' he said. 'He thinks he's a person, I'm sure of it.'

At the airport Jack let Tally out of the car, and Tally ran the seven kilometers home, chasing the car through the hot afternoon, and loving every minute of it. When he arrived home, he drank about a liter of water, then went outside and lay down under a tree. That evening he ate 700 grams of dog food in just over ten seconds.

'That's one hungry dog!' said Jack.

When Tally was sure there was no more food, he went outside again. He had a little sleep, woke up, and thought about going walkabout¹⁰, maybe chasing a wallaby¹¹. There were so many interesting smells out there in the dark! He got to his feet and set off¹² into the night.

In the morning Jack Collins said, 'I think Tally's gone walkabout again.'

'One day he won't come back,' said Maureen.

'He always comes back in the end,' said her husband.

Three days later, Tally walked in, just in time for supper. His coat¹³ was dirty, his stomach was nice and full, and he looked very pleased with himself.

Maureen and Jack Collins had to move from Paraburdoo to Dampier. It was a long hot journey of about 350 kilometers, along a difficult road, full of holes.

They set off early before the sun got too hot. But after fifteen kilometers, Tally's stomach began to work on his breakfast, and a terrible stink filled the car. Then he broke wind again, even worse than before.

'Strewth!'

'Bad dog!'

Jack had to stop the car. He got out, pulled Tally out of the car, and put him into the trailer¹⁴ with all the chairs and tables and boxes.

'Sorry, mate¹⁵, but if you can't hold it in, you're not coming with us. You'll have to ride in the trailer.'

Tally made himself comfortable between the legs of a chair. He loved travelling from place to place, watching the world go by, seeing new places, making new friends.

⁹ order = words that tell somebody to do something

¹⁰ walkabout (to go walkabout) (*Australian English*) = disappearing into wild country to travel around and live off the land

¹¹ wallaby = an Australian animal like a small kangaroo

¹² to set off = to start a journey

¹³ coat = the hair or fur that covers an animal

¹⁴ trailer = a container with wheels that a car pulls along

¹⁵ mate (*informal*) = a friend

In Dampier he lived with Jack and Maureen most of the time, but he often went walkabout for days at a time. One evening Jack took him out for a run on the beach. There were lots of families there, having barbecues¹⁶, and Tally soon got the wonderful rich smell of meat cooking over fires. Jack took hold of Tally's collar¹⁷, to stop him running up to the barbecues. He didn't know any of the people on the beach, but to his great surprise, many people knew Tally.

'Look, there's Red Dog!' called one man.

Another man came and patted¹⁸ Red Dog on the head. 'Hello, Bluey, howya¹⁹ going? Welcome to the Barbie.'

Soon Tally escaped from Jack's hold and ran away. A minute later Jack heard a cry.

'Hey! My steak²⁰ – where is it? I put it down on my plate, and now it's gone!'

Then came a second shout. 'Who's taken my burgers?'

Jack hurried away. He knew Tally could find his way home, and he didn't want to talk to angry men about his dog stealing²¹ their dinners.

Red Dog, John, and Nancy

'I don't think he's coming back,' said Maureen. 'Yes, this time he's been away a long time,' Jack said, shaking his head.

They both knew that Tally was no longer their dog. He was moving on, spending more and more time away.

'He'll be all right,' said Jack. 'He knows how to find tucker²². He never goes hungry, that's for sure.'

Tally found life too interesting to stay in one place. He always wanted to know what was going on round the next corner. He liked people, he liked Jack and Maureen, but he didn't love anybody. Sometimes a dog really loves somebody, and that person is their true friend. But Tally didn't have that one special friend.

It was lucky for him that Dampier was full of lonely²³ men. There was a lot of building going on – new roads, a new railway, a new airport, new houses for the workers. And hundreds of men were now living in the town to do this work. They came from Poland, Italy, New Zealand, Ireland, Greece, England ... and most of them had no wives or family with them. These hard, strong men liked Tally. It was good to have a dog to stroke²⁴, to have playfights with, to talk to – a dog who was always pleased to see you. Tally liked them, too. They played with him, they gave him food, they bought special meat for him. There was always a meal waiting for him when he came back from his travels.

No one knew his real name, and soon he was just called 'Red Dog', or just 'Red'. And Tally was in fact a red dog. He was a Red Cloud kelpie, a fine old Australian sheepdog²⁵, a very clever dog. He was a lovely dark red-brown colour, with golden-yellow eyes. His body was strong, and he was surprisingly heavy.

The men of the Hamersley Iron Company got to know Red Dog very well, because of John, one of their bus drivers.

¹⁶ barbecue = a party outside, with food cooked on a fire

¹⁷ collar = a band that you put round the neck of a dog or a cat

¹⁸ to pat = to touch somebody or something lightly with your hand

¹⁹ howya (*Australian English*) = how are you

²⁰ steak = a wide flat piece of meat (usually meat from a cow)

²¹ to steal = to take away without paying and without permission

²² tucker (*Australian English*) = food

²³ lonely = feeling alone, missing friends and family

²⁴ to stroke = to move your hand gently over something to show love

²⁵ sheepdog = a dog that is trained to help control sheep on a farm

John was half Maori²⁶, and people said that he was a friend to everyone. He was small, and young, and he loved animals more than anything. One day he was in Dampier, standing by his bus, waiting for his passengers, when he saw Red Dog in the street. He smiled, and went down on one knee, calling out, 'Hey, boy! Here!'

Red Dog stopped and looked at him.

'Come on, mate,' said John. Come and say g'day²⁷.'

Red Dog wagged his tail. He came over, and John took hold of his right paw²⁸ and shook it.

'Pleased to meet you, mate,' he said. Then he took Red Dog's head in both hands and looked into his eyes.

'Hey, you're a beauty,' he said. And from that moment Red Dog knew that his life would be different.

When the men arrived to take their bus to work, they found John sitting in the driver's seat, and Red dog sitting in the seat behind him. After that, Red Dog travelled everywhere on the Hamersley Iron buses, and he always had the seat behind the driver.

One day a stranger got on the bus. Nancy Grey was new in town. She was a secretary at Hamersley Iron, and she didn't know about Red Dog. The bus was full of workers, and there were no empty seats. There was just a seat behind the driver, which had a dog in it.

The men all sat there, watching and smiling. They wanted to see what would happen.

'Down!' said Nancy.

Red Dog looked up at her, then looked away again. He did not move, and showed that he had no plans to move out of his seat.

'Bad dog!' said Nancy, and Red Dog showed his teeth to her, just a little. Nancy was a bit surprised.

The men in the bus began to laugh at her. 'You'll never get him out of there,' said one man. 'That's his seat. No one sits there when Red wants it.'

Nancy did not like losing. She wanted to show these men and this dog that she wasn't going to run away. She sat down very carefully on the edge of Red Dog's seat. Red dog showed his teeth again.

Well, aren't you a nice friendly dog!' Nancy said.

Showing teeth didn't make Nancy move, so Red dog decided to push her off the seat. He put his nose under her leg, and pushed. But Nancy wasn't leaving now.

'I'm not moving,' she told the dog quietly, 'so you'll just have to sit next to me, and like it.'

Red Dog pushed again, and again, then decided to leave her sitting uncomfortably on the edge of the seat.

The next morning Nancy got on the bus, and again, there was Red Dog, sitting behind the driver's seat.

'Oh no,' thought Nancy. She now knew all about Red Dog from the people in the office. She sat down on his seat, a little closer than yesterday. Red Dog put his nose under her leg, and once again tried to push her off. But she wouldn't move. So Red Dog sat up, turned his back to her, and looked out of the window.

The next day Red Dog was waiting for Nancy to sit next to him, and he forgot to try to push her off the seat. And when Nancy said, 'Hi, Red!' and patted him on the head, he wagged his tail. But only once, and then he went back to looking out of the window. He didn't want to be too friendly, too quickly.

But from that moment, Red Dog and Nancy were friends. Not many people could sit next to Red Dog, but Nancy was one of them.

²⁶ Maori = a member of a race of people who were the original people living in New Zealand

²⁷ g'day (Australian English) = hello

²⁸ paw = an animal's foot

A night at the cinema

There were not many unmarried women in Dampier in those days, so a lot of the men were interested in Nancy. John liked her too, and because Nancy sat with Red Dog in the seat behind the driver, he sometimes got to talk to her. One day Red Dog broke wind in the bus. The stink was terrible and everybody had to get out of the bus and wait for the smell to go. Red Dog wagged his tail, and walked around, being friendly with everyone.

John smiled at Nancy, and she smiled back. They both tried to stroke Red Dog at the same time, and their hands touched. They both laughed a little, and John said, 'Did you hear what happened yesterday on the bus?'

They began to tell Red Dog stories to one another, then after a time John said, 'There's a new film on at the Open Air cinema. Would you like to come and see it?'

'What is it?' asked Nancy.

'Can't remember,' said John. 'But they say it's good.'

'All right then,' said Nancy. 'We'll try it.'

That evening John cleaned his car, washed his hair, put on a new shirt ... and tried to hide from Red Dog. This was difficult, because Red Dog loved him and followed him nearly all the time. But John didn't want Red Dog around on his night out with Nancy.

Everything was fine at first. He drove Nancy to the Open Air cinema at Karratha, opened the sunroof on the car, and the film began. It was a lovely warm evening, and the stars were bright in the sky above. John began to plan how to kiss Nancy. He put his arm around her, and waited for a good moment in the film. Nancy moved her head a little nearer to John's, and John put a small kiss on the side of her head. Things were going well. Then there was a sudden scratching²⁹ noise on the car door.

'Oh no,' John said.

'What was that?' asked Nancy.

'It's Red,' said John. 'He's found us.'

Red Dog scratched again, and John looked unhappy.

'Aren't you going to let him in?' asked Nancy.

'No. You know what he's like.'

'Oh, don't be unkind, John. Let him in.'

'He comes to see all the films,' said John. 'But why doesn't he sit with the people who brought him?'

'I'll let him in,' said Nancy. She opened the back door, and Red Dog jumped in, his tail wagging happily.

'Oh, Nance!' said John. 'Why did you do that?'

For a time, all was well. Red dog watched the film, and John quietly put his arm around Nancy again. He gave the side of her head another little kiss, and at once Red Dog put his feet up on the back of the front seats, and pushed his head in between them.

Nancy laughed, and John said, 'Get down, Red, and be quiet!'

The love story in the film was getting interesting, and John decided it was a good moment for his first, real kiss with Nancy. But when he moved closer to her, the most terrible stink suddenly came from the back seat.

'Strewth!' said John, and Nancy opened the door and jumped out. 'Red,' said John, sounding tired, 'you really are a terrible dog.'

²⁹ to scratch (of a dog, a cat) = to move the claws across something

Red Dog looked pleased with himself, and John and Nancy never did have that kiss. John said that with Red Dog in his life, it wasn't possible to have a girlfriend.

An expensive day for a dog's friends

One morning Nancy telephoned the bus driver's office at Hamersley Iron. 'Is John there?' she asked. 'It's really important.' Luckily, the men were having smoko³⁰, and John came to the phone at once.

'It's about Red,' said Nancy. 'Look, John, it's bad news. Somebody's shot him.'

'Someone's shot Red? What d'you mean, shot?'

'I found him, just now, when I was driving along the road near Seven Mile Creek,' Nancy said. 'My friend Patsy is with me, and she stayed with him while I came to phone. I'll be back there and wait for you, OK?'

John put down the phone. White-faced, worried, and angry, he turned to the other bus drivers. 'Where's the nearest vet³¹?' he asked.

'Port Hedland,' said Jocko. He was from Scotland. No one knew his real name; everyone just called him Jocko.

'Strewth, that's four hours' drive,' said John. 'Red could die before we get there.'

'I'll come with you, mate,' said Jocko. 'I'll do the first aid³².' Jocko was good at first aid.

'I'll come too,' said Giovanni, who was called Vanno.

'And me,' said Piotr, who was called Peeto.

John went to walk to their boss³³, who said they could go. That was the good news. The bad news was that they would all lose a day's pay.

But they still wanted to go. Red Dog was special. He was John's dog, but he rode around on all their buses, and they all loved him.

They drove away fast in John's car, and at Seven Mile Creek they found Nancy and Patsy, and Red Dog. He was lying still at the side of the road. John put his hand on Red Dog's head. 'Hello, mate,' he said.

Red Dog wagged his tail, just a little, at the sound of John's voice. He put his head on the ground. He felt tired, so tired, and his leg hurt like fire.

Jocko opened the first aid box, and got to work.

'There,' he said at last. 'He's lost a lot of blood, but I've stopped it now. Let's get him to the vet!'

'You drive, mate,' John said to Peeto. 'I'm going in the back with Red.'

Nancy and Patsy went home, and the four men set off for Port Hedland. While they drove, they talked about people who shoot dogs.

'I'd like to drive my bus over that man,' said Peeto.

'I'd like to hit him in the face,' said Jocko.

John just looked down at Red Dog, lying in his arms, and he said, 'Don't die, you terrible dog, don't die.'

After four hours' hard driving they arrived in Port Hedland, found the vet's place, and carried Red Dog inside. The vet told John to lay the dog on the table, and he began to look at the leg, now dark with dried blood.

'Nice first aid work,' said the vet. 'Who did that?'

³⁰ smoko (*Australian English*) = a tea-break (a time of rest at work)

³¹ vet = a doctor for animals

³² first aid = medical help given to someone before a doctor arrives

³³ boss = a person at work who tells other people what they must do

'It was me, mate,' said Jocko, looking pleased.

'Will he be all right?' asked John.

'Too early to say,' said the vet. 'I'll have to get those bullets³⁴ out.' He looked at the animal more closely, and said, 'Well, what d'you know? It's Red Dog, isn't it?'

Strewth,' said Peeto. 'How did you know that?'

'Everyone knows this dog,' said the vet. 'The first time I met him was at a barbie. Red Dog stole my burgers and four chicken legs. Everyone knows Red Dog. I think he's got some girlfriends around here, because I've seen some young dogs that look very like him.'

'Good boy,' said Jocko, patting Red Dog's head.

The men sat outside in the waiting room while the vet and his nurse took the bullets out of Red Dog's leg. It was a long, worrying time for them, but after half an hour the vet came out.

'I think he'll be fine,' he said. 'Lucky for him, the bullets didn't hit anything important. Give him some time to wake up, and we'll see how he is.'

They came back in a while, and found Red Dog not moving, but awake, and very pleased to see them.

'I need to keep him another hour or two,' said the vet. 'So why don't you all get something to eat?'

'Yes, I think it is tucker time,' said John.

The four men found a café, ate a big meal, and then decided to go for a drink. They felt happy – Red Dog was fine, and all was well. So they had a beer, and then another one, and another...

After an hour they went back to the vet's, ready to take Red Dog home. He was full of life, but the vet's bill was not good news. They looked at it unhappily.

'We haven't got this much money,' said Peeto.

'Could we pay you later?' asked John. 'The boys back home will help us out.'

The vet looked at their worried faces. 'OK,' he said. 'But you've had too many beers to drive home tonight.'

This was true, but they set off for home anyway. Somewhere near Sherlock River bridge, a fast car came up behind them, with a blue light.

'Oh strewth,' said Peeto. 'It's the police.'

'We'll help you pay the fine³⁵,' said Vanno, laughing.

Peeto stopped the car and got out. The policeman got out of his car and came up with his notebook.

'Hello Bill,' said Peeto.

'I'm not Bill when I'm working, mate,' said the policeman, who lived in the same street as Peeto.

'And when you're working, I'm not "mate". I'm "sir",' said Peeto, smiling.

That was Peeto's big mistake. It is not a good plan to be clever with a traffic policeman when you are full of beer and driving a car.

The next day during smoko they worked out the cost of Red Dog's shooting. They lost a day's pay, there was the cost of petrol for the long drive, the cost of the meal and the beer, the vet's bill, and the police fine.

'Hey,' said Vanno unhappily. 'What say the next time we buy a plane and fly the vet in? It's gotta be cheaper than this.'

³⁴ bullet = a small piece of metal that comes out of a gun

³⁵ fine = money that people must pay because they have done something wrong

Where is John?

John bought a big motorbike³⁶ because on hot days he liked riding around with the wind in his face. He tried putting Red Dog on the seat in front of him, but Red Dog preferred the comfortable seats of cars and buses. When John went out in his car, Red always wanted to go too, but when John got on his bike, Red stayed at home, or went visiting his friends to get a meal.

One night John went to have a meal at the house of some friends, and he took the bike. It was July, and the nights were very cold. Red Dog was out, looking for other dogs to fight, and wallabies to chase³⁷.

What happened that night will always be a mystery.

John had some beers, but not too many, and he left his friends after a happy evening and a good meal.

On the road coming into Dampier, there is a sudden bend³⁸, and on both sides of the road there are great red rocks. Perhaps John was going a bit too fast, perhaps there was something wrong with his bike, perhaps there was a stone on the road.

But something went wrong, and John hit the side of the road and went flying through the air. He came down on one of the great rocks. No one knows how long John lay dying. He tried to get back to the road, but he was too badly hurt. And after a while that kind, animal-loving man, who was a friend to everyone, died alone in the rocks by the road. Perhaps he thought about Red Dog while he slowly fell into that long last sleep, on that cold and starry night.

The next morning John did not come in to work, and his friends were worried.

'I got a bad feeling,' said Vanno, shaking his head.

'It's not like John,' said Peeto. 'He phones in if he's not coming.'

'Let's give him until smoko,' said Jocko, 'and if he's still not here by then, I'll go out and look for him.'

John was not there by breaktime, so Jocko went round to John's little house. He found Red Dog waiting outside the door. The dog got to his feet and wagged his tail.

'Where's your mate?' asked Jocko. He knocked on the door, but he knew there would be no answer. John never left Red outside if he was at home. John's car was there, but not his motorbike, and Jocko remembered about the dinner with friends. Jocko went back to the bus station and phoned the friends.

'When John left you last night, was he on his bike?'

'Yes. Why? What's up?'

'He never got home.'

Jocko borrowed a car and drove along the road from the friends' house. He was a motorbike rider himself, and he knew which places were dangerous for a bike rider. When he came to the bend near Dampier, he stopped the car and got out. He walked across the road, and looked down over the red rocks.

Dampier was a small place back then, and everyone knew John and liked him. His death made everyone unhappy. He was too young, much too young, to die so suddenly. He died with all his life in front of him, leaving behind some good friends, and a dog who loved him.

When someone dies, there is a lot to do. Three days later, someone remembered Red Dog, and found him still waiting outside John's house. John's friends brought food, and Red Dog ate it, then lay down again outside the door. He slept there through the cold nights, waiting, waiting, waiting ... for John to come home.

³⁶ motorbike = a vehicle with two wheels and an engine

³⁷ to chase = to run behind somebody or something and try to catch it

³⁸ bend = a part of a road that is not straight

After three weeks he went to the bus station, and spent half his time there with his friends the bus drivers, and half his time outside John's house. What goes on in a dog's head? No one knows how much language a dog has, or how they think. But there was surely one big question in Red Dog's head:

'Where is John?'

If you are a dog, and you lose your master, your one special friend, it is a terrible thing. Red Dog had only one plan. He went to every place that John knew, looking in every corner for him, hoping and hoping to find him.

From this time Red Dog became the Dog of the North-West. He belonged to everyone because he could never find John again, and there was no one who could take his place.

The Dog of the North-West

Red Dog had his greatest adventures after John's death. He always liked travelling, but when John was alive, Red Dog liked to be with him. Now he was free, and answered to nobody.

He was well known and loved in the North-West, and every week somebody tried to give him a home, make him comfortable, give him good meals. Red Dog liked all these people, and he often stayed a while, but he always moved on sooner or later. Then, months later, there he was, scratching at the door, back again for a short visit and a good meal.

He travelled as usual on the Hamersley Iron buses, and in the train to Mount Tom Price. He watched people's faces carefully, still looking for John. He travelled 900 kilometers to Broome with a road train, and stayed for two weeks, eating every night at the town's hotel. He looked everywhere, but couldn't find John, so he came back in an old car with a large family.

One day he was outside Nancy's caravan³⁹ on a terribly hot summer day. Nancy and Patsy, with another friend called Ellen, were getting ready to go on holiday. They were planning to drive to Perth, 1,500 kilometers to the south, where it was much less hot.

'Hello, Red,' said Patsy. 'Got nothing to do?'

'Why don't we take him with us?' said Ellen. 'He'll enjoy the ride.'

'Want to come to Perth?' asked Nancy. She patted the seat beside her, and the dog jumped into the back. Women smelled nice, and often gave you sweet things to eat, like chocolate. So Red Dog decided to go with them.

The three women soon remembered why it was a mistake to travel with Red Dog in a small car. They spent the two days' drive saying, 'Pooee! Pooee!' and 'Oh no, not again, Red!' But Red Dog usually had his head out of the window, and so did not hear them.

Patsy, Ellen, and Nancy went swimming, and lay on the beach in the sunshine. Red Dog enjoyed swimming too, and ran away with the ball, and people had to chase him up the beach to get it back.

One day Patsy said, 'Let's go to Rottnest tomorrow.'

'You can't take a dog over to Rottnest Island, can you?' said Nancy. 'What'll we do with Red?'

'Where is Red, anyway?' said Ellen, sitting up.

They looked up and down the beach, they called and shouted, they went to the hotels and cafés, they looked through the park, Red Dog was nowhere.

'You know what we've done?' said Patsy. 'We've lost the most famous dog in Western Australia.'

³⁹ caravan = a kind of house on wheels that is pulled by a car

‘When we get home, they’re going to kill us,’ said Nancy. ‘What are we going to do?’

‘Just think,’ said Ellen unhappily, ‘what Jocko and Peeto and Vanno will say.’

That was the end of their holiday. They went to the best fish restaurants, but they couldn’t eat. They went shopping, but they couldn’t find anything to buy. So they went home, worrying about Red Dog all the way.

When at last they got home, late at night, they found Red Dog waiting for them outside Patsy’s caravan. He didn’t like Perth very much, and he couldn’t find John on the beach, so he found a truck-driver to give him a ride home. The three women were really pleased to see him, and gave him a big meal.

‘But you’re a bad boy, Red,’ said Patsy. ‘Look what you did to our holiday!’

‘We’ve still got a few days holiday, so why don’t we go down to Exmouth?’ Nancy said.

‘Yeah, why not?’ said the other two. They all looked at Red Dog, and Ellen said, ‘Are we taking Red?’

‘Not on your life!’ said Nancy and Patsy.

Red Dog went to visit Jocko, Peeto, and Vanno at Hamersley Iron, and then he went and stayed for a night at the Walkabout Hotel in Karratha. The cook there was a friend of his, and always gave him a good meal. Three days later he gave the three women a very great surprise when he walked past their café in Exmouth. He was pleased to see them, but by the next morning he was on his way to Onslow with another truck-driver friend.

Nancy, Patsy, and Ellen all lived in caravans in the caravan park⁴⁰. Many people were living there while they waited for the builders to finish the new houses. The park was a nice place, with flowers everywhere – but there were two things wrong with it.

One thing was a rule⁴¹ which said NO DOGS, and the other thing was a caretaker⁴² who liked rules, and who did not like dogs. His name was Mr Cribbage and every time he saw Red Dog, he tried to chase him away.

There was also a cat who lived in the caravan park, called Red Cat. He liked the rule about NO DOGS because he hated dogs. He was a big cat, with orange-red fur⁴³, green eyes, and great paws⁴⁴, which hid⁴⁵ long dangerous claws⁴⁶. Red Cat never lost a fight.

Red Dog liked chasing cats. He was a cleverer dog than most, but like most dogs he did not understand cats. He met Red Cat one day behind Nancy’s caravan. At once he jumped forward to begin the chase – and then stopped, because Red Cat did not run. He sat still, opened his mouth, and hissed⁴⁷. Red Dog jumped again, but still Red Cat did not run. He hissed again, even louder, and his fur stood up all along his back.

Red Dog began to feel less sure of himself, but he still wanted to chase. He tried again, but Red Cat hit out with his claws, and blood began to run from Red Dog’s nose. Red Dog showed his teeth and growled⁴⁸. Red Cat showed his teeth and hissed. Nose to nose, growling and hissing, the two animals moved slowly round in a circle. Red Cat scratched Red Dog again. Red Dog tried to use his teeth, but was too slow. Then Nancy came round the corner and stopped the fight.

There was now a new vet in Roebourne, which was much nearer than Port Hedland, and Nancy took Red Dog there.

⁴⁰ caravan park = a place where many caravans can be parked together

⁴¹ rule = something that tells you what you must or must not do

⁴² caretaker = a person whose job is to look after a caravan park, etc.

⁴³ fur = soft thick hair that covers the bodies of some animals

⁴⁴ paw = an animal’s foot

⁴⁵ to hide = to put out of sight

⁴⁶ claw = one of the hard pointed parts on an animal’s or a bird’s foot

⁴⁷ to hiss = to make a noise like a very long ‘s’

⁴⁸ to growl (of a dog) = to make a low angry sound

The young vet cleaned the scratches on Red Dog's nose, and said, 'I saw a dog just like this last week. But he had a different owner. And the week before, another man brought in a dog just like this. Why are there so many dogs round here that look the same?'

Nancy smiled to herself. Red Dog was everybody's dog now, and when Red Dog needed to go to the vet, one of his many friends took him. One day soon the vet would understand the mystery.

When Red Dog went back to the caravan park, he looked for the Red Cat. They began hissing and growling again, but the fight never happened. And one day people saw something very surprising. Red Dog and Red Cat were sitting together, side by side, watching the sun go down, just like two old people sitting in their garden.

They were strange friends, it's true, but friends they were. Red Cat still hated dogs, but not Red Dog. Red Dog still chased cats, but not Red Cat. One day Nancy took a picture of Red Dog sleeping, with Red Cat sleeping on top of him. She made two copies, sent one to a newspaper, and put the other copy on her wall.

Red Dog and his friends

During the years after John's death Red Dog travelled all over the North-West. He had many adventures and accidents, and made many new friends. Once he fell off a trailer and hurt his leg. A man called Don, who worked at Dampier Salt Company, found him and took him to the vet in Roebourne. The vet knew all about Red Dog now.

'He stayed with me once for a few days,' the vet told Don. 'Then he went off again. You know what he does? He knows which cars come from Dampier. So he looks for one, then goes and sits next to it until the driver comes back. Then he gets a ride back home.'

Vets cost money, of course, and who was going to pay the vet's bills for Red Dog? This is what the men of Dampier Salt Company did. They opened a bank account⁴⁹ for him at the Wales Bank, under the name 'Red Dog', and everybody put a little money in.

He was a dog who belonged to everybody in that part of Australia, and he was often called 'The Dog of the North-West'. But he had a third name too. In Australia anyone with red hair is called 'Bluey', and some people called him that.

To Mr and Mrs Cribbage, Red Dog did not have a name. He was just 'that dog'. Red Dog often visited his friends in the caravan park, and one day Mrs Cribbage saw him when he was scratching at Patsy's door.

She ran up to him shouting, 'Hey, you! Off! Away!'

Red Dog looked at this strange fat woman, and scratched again on Patsy's door. Patsy opened the door.

'What's up?' she asked Mrs Cribbage.

'NO DOGS!' said Mrs Cribbage.

Patsy looked at her. 'You don't understand. This isn't just any dog. This is Red Dog.'

'A dog is a dog,' said Mrs Cribbage. 'It doesn't matter if it's the Queen of England's dog. This is a dog, and that's that. NO DOGS!'

'Red Dog's special,' Patsy said. 'Everyone knows that.'

'Get that dog out of here,' said Mrs Cribbage. 'I'm telling you. If you don't, we'll shoot it, and we'll get you and your caravan out of the park too.'

Mrs Cribbage walked away, feeling pleased. Rules were rules, and she and her husband were the bosses in this caravan park. The next day she and Mr Cribbage made a lot of new notices that said NO DOGS. They went round the park and put a notice up on every tree.

⁴⁹ bank account: People put their money into a bank account, and the bank keeps the money safe for them

The people in the park shook their heads. They agreed a plan to stop Mr and Mrs Cribbage catching Red Dog.

'If anyone sees the Cribbages when Red Dog is visiting,' said Nancy, 'just shout "Cats" loudly. Then we'll hide Red Dog and the Cribbages won't see him.'

Mr and Mrs Cribbage never understood why people in the park went around shouting 'Cats' all the time.

Now, it happened that both Patsy and Nancy were afraid of the dark. And at night there were no lights in the park. So if they had to go out of their caravans to the dunny (that was the toilet), they didn't like it.

Red Dog could smell his way around in the dark, but he understood that Nancy and Patsy were afraid. It was a strange thing, but when they needed to go to the dunny at night, there was Red Dog. He walked with them to the dunny, and then walked back again to the caravan. He had lots of nice little meals to thank him for this.

But one night Mrs Cribbage came out of the dunny at the same time as Patsy ... and saw Red Dog.

'What did I tell you about that dog?' she cried. 'You're out, girl! I told you. You'll have to leave this park!'

Patsy felt angry with the Cribbages and their stupid NO DOGS rule. 'Aw, get lost, why don't you?' she said.

'You wait!' shouted Mrs Cribbage. 'You just wait!'

Patsy turned and walked away. 'Come on, Red, let's go back to bed.'

The next morning somebody pushed a letter under her door. It said:

There is a rule in the park about dogs – NO DOGS. You are keeping a dog and we have told you not to, many times. You must now leave this park. Tomorrow morning at 9.30 we will take your caravan out.

Mr. and Mrs Cribbage

Patsy went round to Nancy's 'What am I going to do?' she said. 'Where am I going to live? This is terrible. They're taking my home away, just because of a dog!'

Nancy put her hand on Patsy's arm. 'Don't you worry,' she said. 'And don't start packing. I know what to do.' She took the letter and went from caravan to caravan, showing it to everyone.

The next morning, at 9.20, Mr Cribbage picked up the keys of his truck from the table.

'There's a lot of people driving around this morning,' said Mrs Cribbage, looking out of the window. 'What are they all doing?'

When Mr Cribbage went outside, he understood. There were cars everywhere – in a circle all around his truck, and across all the roads in the park. He couldn't go anywhere. Nobody could go anywhere.

He was too angry to speak. And what was worse, all the people in the park stood around, watching him, smiling, calling out:

'Going to take Patsy's caravan away, were you?'

'Want any help?'

'Looks a bit difficult to me.'

Mr Cribbage found his voice. 'That dog has to go. It doesn't belong to anyone. I'm calling the police.'

'That's no good,' someone shouted. 'Red's a friend of Bill's. And Red belongs to everybody.'

Mr Cribbage stood for a moment, then turned and went back into his office. He came out with a gun in his hands. He put two bullets into the gun, put the gun under his left arm, and patted it with his right hand.

'When I see that dog,' he called out, 'he's getting this.'

He turned round and went back inside.

Outside, things happened very quickly. 'He can't do that,' people said. 'He's mad! He can't shoot Red Dog.'

'I'm calling the RSPCA⁵⁰,' said Patsy.

'I'm calling the boys at Hamersley Iron,' said Nancy.

The RSPCA man arrived and told the Cribbages that they couldn't just shoot a dog. Later, a yellow bus arrived from Hamersley Iron. The workers were strong, hard men, and they were tired after their day's work, tired and angry. They pushed into Mr Cribbage's office and all crowded around his desk. Jocko put his hands on the desk and looked down at Mr Cribbage.

'Now, are you the little piece of dirt that wants to shoot Red Dog?'

Next morning, very early, Patsy knocked on Nancy's caravan door. 'Nance – look! They've gone!'

It was true. The Cribbages were no longer there. Their caravan was gone, they were gone – everything was gone. No one ever saw them again.

'I feel terrible,' said Patsy, later. 'We've run them out of town. It's not a very nice thing to do, is it?'

'Too late now,' said Nancy. 'And who's sorry that they've gone?'

No one knows what Red Dog thought. He went looking for John one more time, riding all the way down to sweet Adelaide on a trailer. He came back two months later on a road train. By the time he next scratched on Nancy's door, there were new caretakers and new rules.

The last journey

For all of us there comes a time when our luck ends. Some of us die alone, and some not, but everyone goes alone through that last dark door at the end of life.

Red Dog was only eight years old, but he was getting tired. He rode all over Western Australia looking for John, he got into fights, sometimes he ate too much, sometimes too little. People shot at him, he fell off trucks and trailers; he was cold at night and too hot by day.

One day Nancy was brushing his coat when she found bullet holes in his ears. That was a lucky escape, but one Saturday in November Peeto was driving in his truck from Karratha to Dampier. He saw something dark red at the side of the road. He stopped and got out.

Red Dog was in convulsions⁵¹. His legs, his head, - every part of his body was shaking, trying to break itself to bits. It was terrible to watch. Peeto tried to lift him into the truck, but he couldn't get a hold on him. Luckily, Bill the policeman came past, and stopped to help. People always stop to help when someone is in trouble on the road. Between them, they got him into the truck.

'What is it? Said Peeto. 'What's the matter with him?'

'It's poison⁵²,' said Bill. 'I've seen it before. They get these convulsions that last for hours, and then they die.'

They drove to the police station, and called the vet in Roebourne. But the vet was away, and not back until the next day.

'We can't let it go on like this,' said Peeto. 'Look at him, the poor old dog. It's terrible. We've got to stop it.'

'You're right,' said Bill, but I don't want to.'

'You've got to, mate,' said Peeto softly. 'If he goes on like this, he'll break all his bones.'

They carried Red Dog outside. The convulsions were still terrible, but Peeto held him down, and Bill put his gun to the dog's head. Birds sang in the trees above, Peeto closed his eyes, and waited. Nothing happened.

⁵⁰ RSPCA = Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

⁵¹ convulsion = a sudden shaking movement of the body that cannot be stopped

⁵² poison = something that will kill you or make you ill if you eat it

‘I’m sorry,’ said Bill. He put his gun down. ‘I can’t do it, I just can’t do it.’

They called up all Red Dog’s friends, and they came round to the little police station. One after another they held Red Dog while the convulsions went on, and they waited for the vet. They knew Red was dying. They drank tea, and told again all the stories about their old friend ... the journeys ... the terrible stink when he broke wind ... finding him by their cars, asking for a ride ... arriving at their doors, looking for a meal ...

‘Everyone’s got a Red Dog story,’ said Jocko. ‘Someone must write them all down.’

The vet arrived the next morning. ‘Yes, it’s poison,’ he said. ‘But he’s a strong dog. Let’s try and save his life. Hold him down for me while I give him an injection⁵³.’

He gave Red Dog an injection to stop the convulsions, and slowly Red Dog’s body stopped shaking and lay still.

For two days Red Dog lay still, then he woke up. Wagged his tail, and ate a meal. Everybody was so excited and happy.

But the vet had a bad feeling about it. A day or two later Red Dog began to walk into things, and fall down.

‘It’s no good,’ the vet said. ‘He can’t see, and he can’t walk. He’s not himself. The light in his eyes has gone out. We tried, but now it’s time to finish. I’m sorry.’

Patsy, Ellen, Nancy, Bill the policeman, and the boys from Hamersley Iron and Dampier Salt all called in to say goodbye. The men patted Red Dog on the head, they stroked his back, they pulled his ears. Silently they came in, and silently they went out, trying not to cry, because Aussie men are big strong men, and big strong Aussie men don’t cry. The women kissed Red Dog on the top of his head, and they stroked his neck. They put their arms around him and held him, and they cried.

When everyone was gone, the vet said his goodbye to Red Dog too. He stroked Red Dog’s head softly.

‘Time to go, old mate, time to go.’

Then he did what he had to do.

Who knows what Red Dog thought about while he lay dying? Perhaps he remembered the good times – going walkabout, chasing wallabies, sitting with Red Cat in the caravan park, riding across the North-West in the trucks and trailers of his many friends. And perhaps in that last sleep, after years of looking, he found John again.

They buried⁵⁴ Red Dog in stony red ground between⁵⁴ Roebourne and Cossack. No one remembers the place now. His friends put up a monument⁵⁵ to him in Dampier, and that is the only thing left of Red Dog. That, and the stories about him, and his collar with its tag, which on one side reads: *Red Dog – Bluey*, and on the other side: *I’ve been everywhere, mate*.

⁵³ injection = putting a drug into the body using a special needle

⁵⁴ to bury = to put a dead body in the ground

⁵⁵ monument = something that is built to help people remember a person, an event, etc.