

## **Michael Morgan- Paley's kingdom**

It wasn't my kingdom. It never was.  
It was Paley's kingdom. It always was.  
Paley. The family Labrador. My friend.

He would always land somewhere in the dinghy. On all fours.  
Scrambling to the front, he would plant his back feet firmly on the bottom of the boat. His front feet would be equally firmly planted on the gunnels facing forward. Off we would go, into the wind, into the spray, into the waves and into his kingdom.

Paley never lost his balance. He never moved. He was too intent on just one thing. The wind. The wind that hit Paley's nose was full of smells. Delicious, mouth watering smells. The wind that hit my nose was mostly empty of them. This was Paley's world. Paley's kingdom. It was a world of scents and smells that didn't exist for me.

His head would point forward, his ears lifted by the wind. His nose would twitch, his head would turn, his tail would wag, as he smelt things on the wind that were truly magic. He would breathe in and in and in. I don't think he ever breathed out. He savoured every scent. How far the smells had travelled, where they came from, what they were, I had no idea. That was his world. His kingdom.

To me, Paley was a PLP, a Proper Living Person. We grew up together. For 15 years we shared everything, well, almost everything.