



# Thunder Andrzejewski

April 8, 2026

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# Tribute Wall

NA

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**Nina Andrzejewski** - April 19 at 06:50 PM

## “ Thunder

*I'd come home, and you'd meet me at the top of the stairs. Your eyes would say, "Man, it's good to see you. What took you so long? I don't care what we do, let's just hang out. Also, when's supper?" Every day. Same look. Every day. Same look. Every day.*

*I'm a creature of habit. So were you. That's prolly why we were best friends.*

*You knew what I was going to do. I knew what you were going to do. Most times we did it together.*

*I'd tap my chest with both hands. You'd rare up on those hind legs with your front paws even with my chin. I'd tap both of your shoulders with my hands. That was our chest bump. Our secret handshake. Storm and Waffle never caught on. That was just you and me.*

*The only time you ever got hacked off at was when I'd blow on the backs of your ears. You hated it. That's why I only did a few times. I didn't like it when you were mad at me. Even for a minute.*

*We rescued you from that farm east of Lisbon. We drove three hours to pick you up one night on a complete whim. I wanted your brother because he was bigger and redder than you. Dude, I'm so glad I let Momma pick you. Your brother had an "outie" and Momma said, "Let's get him instead." You smelled like manure for two days and a handful of baths.*

*If you ever barked, something was up. Bad wrong. The older and ornerier you got, you got more used to snapping, "Pipe down." Remember that time that I took your little sister, Storm on patrol first. You stood and watched us through the bay window the entire time. Once we got back to the bottom of the hill and you could see us, you howled like teenager who just got his heart broken. You could*

*be a diva.*

*I know that you know this, but you were bred to hunt lions in Africa. Unmatched athleticism. Courage that comes out when it's time. Uncanny judges of character. Fiercely loyal. That was you. You embodied that unmistakable Ridgeback stoicism. You didn't kill lions. If you could, you would have hunted them in packs, cornered them, and kept them at bay until the hunter came to finish the job.*

*We used to run along the edge of the Atlantic Ocean. For miles. I'd collapse, exhausted. You'd ask, "Is that all you've got? When's supper?"*

*Sometimes after the move to the States we'd ride to Lowe's. Two chicken biscuits from Jack's. You'd have his eaten before I could unwrap mine. At Lowe's half the people would scurry the other way. Half would want to pet you. If you thought they smelled funny, you'd turn your head and say, "Nope. Not doing it."*

*I kept something from you for your whole life though. We never told you that Ridgebacks don't play fetch. Right about now, you prolly want to give me that look like I just blew on your ears. The only thing that stopped you from playing ball was eating. When you were little, dog treats weren't really a thing. Instead, we started sharing those British digestive cookies. You thought those were the best. We brought you to America, and we couldn't find those for a long time. You remember the first time we did find them? I slit the package open, and you said, "Those smell like home." Yeah, buddy.*

*They did.*

*We're going back home today. I wish you could come with us. I wish we had another twenty years together.*

*Some people think that dogs won't be in heaven. Those people don't really matter. I'll see you in a little while, dude. Stormy says*

*hey.*

*Waffle wants to know if he can sleep in your bed.*

*No. I'm not going down that road. There's no replacing you.*

*I'm sorry I never bought that property so we could just roam for hours in the woods.*

*I'm sorry that we went on those trips and you couldn't go. I appreciate you watching the house while we were gone though.*

*I'm sorry that I didn't know that you were hurting these last few days. I wish you would have said something.*

*Thanks for being my friend. Thanks for letting me be yours.*

*I love you.*

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**Nina Andrzejewski** - April 19 at 06:42 PM