

One lives twice: the first time in reality, the second time in memory -Honoré de Balzac

Unfortunately, the sad news never stops. Florian, affectionately called Flori by everyone, followed his brother just a few days later. He also passed away gently. That remains the only consolation. For all of us, and especially for our dear Didi, this is a painful loss.

Like his siblings, Flori was lucky enough to be able to enjoy most of his life in the shelter. Away from all the dangers of the streets. He gave us the feeling that he always felt at home at the shelter and enjoyed going for walks on the mountain with the people he knew and his sister Didi.

Now he has gone for his last walk. Now he is reunited with Simson.

