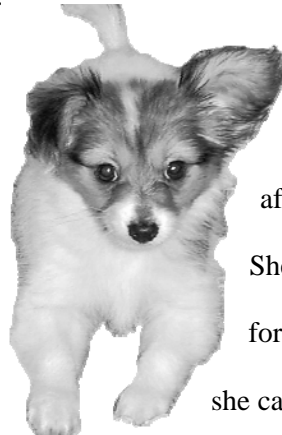


SHE ALMOST DIED

I gave my wife the promise of a Papillon puppy for Christmas. It was temporary insanity. Gail had been after me for a longtime to get a new dog. Our American Eskimo, Roxanne, had died at age 16, two and a half years before. I kept saying no because I didn't want to go through losing a dog again and did not look forward to the year or so training period. She saw a Papillon (pronounced Pappy Yon) while we were out one day and she loved the cute face and big ears. I told her I had a cute face and big ears. I didn't even get a chuckle. So, as they say, we compromised and got a dog. She was born on January sixth of this year and we couldn't get her until eight weeks later. She was bred by a woman in Billings, Montana who raises Papillon's for show. My grand-daughter Kara named her Chloe before we even had her. Constant updates and pictures were emailed for the entire eight weeks between Gail and the breeder, Vickie, who became fast friends and correspondents.

After much communication about schedules between Billings and set. We picked her up late Wednesday Airport in the Delta freight terminal. scared. We stayed in the parking lot her and gave her water and love. When and Gail held her the whole way. She was so adorable and cuddly (the puppy).



weather, temperature and flight Newark Airport the flight was afternoon, March 14th at Newark She was in a puppy crate and very for half an hour and held her and fed she calmed down we headed for home

Chloe took to us and our home immediately and didn't seem to miss her mother and siblings. I wanted to train her to go in a puppy litter box so Gail wouldn't have to let her out but she would have none of that and went outside to do her business right away. She curled up and slept in the litter box though when she wasn't in her crate. So I removed it and went for a few more bucks and bought a nice bed. We had her to the Vet where she was pronounced sound and healthy and was given another puppy booster shot. A few more bucks. All our friends and family came to

visit her and fell in love with her. I had to tell my grandchildren to put her down occasionally or her legs might fall off.

Wednesday, March 28th was our second week anniversary with Chloe.

Gail did the medicines for her and me and put the pills in the weekly boxes. She went to put her pills in the bathroom and as she was maneuvering her motorized wheel chair she went to avoid a dog bone on the floor and hit the dining room chair with her pill box that was in a compartment on the side of her chair. We heard a snap and couldn't figure out what it was. We thought she ran over something so I went to look and found a pill on the floor. She said to check her pill box and I found it open. I picked the pill up and looked around but didn't see anything else so I put it back in the box and closed it. Ten minutes later our ten week old Papillion was falling down as though she was drunk.

I told Gail we had a problem and right away she double checked her box and found out that one of her Multiple Sclerosis pills that relaxes her muscles for spasticity was missing. She immediately called our Veterinarian and we were referred to the Garden State Veterinary Specialists in Tinton Falls.

They told us to bring her up immediately while they called the Poison Control Center. By now the poor dog had no muscle control and was yelping and salivating. Driving up she fell right through my lap like a wet rag or a hunk of Jell-O. I was very, very upset and was driving pretty fast. It was getting dark and I didn't know where I was going but I got Gail on the car phone and she read off the directions turn by turn as I drove. I got to the hospital and rushed right in.

Immediately they called for a Tech to triage. I was impressed but scared. A Tech came out right away and took her from me. I guess a Tech would be the equivalent of a nurse if it was a hospital for humans. Humans should get this service, warmth and care! After awhile they put me in a consultation room where I waited for what seemed like hours but was probably only 20 minutes. Doctor Hone, a youngish, pleasant woman finally came in and told me the dose that she ate, according to poison control, was fatal for a dog of her weight, two and a half pounds.

Will she make it I asked?

She said she was strong, her heart was good but she had only a slight chance because she was so little. I really didn't like hearing this.

I had to sign for \$3000 and they told me she was only breathing two to three time a minute and might have to be put on a ventilator. That would be approximately another \$5000.

Doctor Hone asked me what I wanted to do. Well, I had always wondered why people spent \$2000 or so for an operation for a dog and said I would never do that. Guess what, I was wrong. I signed.

They took me into see her before I left. She was laid out flat and didn't know anyone or what was going on. She couldn't see. The pill went right past the blood barrier and into her brain. She had monitors on all paws and intravenous on one leg. They didn't give her much of a chance. I left in a very depressed and upset state.

They called at 10:30 that night to tell us she was still breathing on her own but only 3 to 4 times a minute and they had the ventilator Doctor on standby. At about 2:00 am Gail called the hospital and they told us she appeared to be breathing on her own even though still slowly so they canceled the ventilator. She was still critical though and was still in the Intensive Care Unit. In the morning Doctor Oberly (another great young woman Doctor with compassion and communication skills) called us and said she was still in ICU but appeared to be coming around. She had stood up and turned around once but still could not see.

Thursday night I went to visit her (visiting hours are 6 to 10). They brought her into a consultation room for me and she was still crying and really didn't know what was going on. I held her and she licked me twice when I talked to her and said her name but she was still very sick. I walked into the hospital hallway holding Chloe and all the staff, as they went by would stop and say hello to her. They called her the "miracle puppy" because she had pulled through so far. Everyone knew her or of her. Doctor Hone was on and she came in tell me that things were looking up but Chloe was not out of the woods yet.

On Friday I visited her again and I could see a marked improvement. She knew who I was and kept trying to stand up. She was kissing me and kissing me.

I found out the techs were holding her even on their breaks because they felt so bad for her and she was so cute and vulnerable. The staff at this place was great.

Doctor Oberly came in that Friday night and told me she would not only make it but she would have no permanent damage. She also told me we could take her home the following afternoon.

Well, Gail and I went up the following morning and announced ourselves. Quite a few of the people in the waiting room remembered Chloe and asked how she was doing. It was like old home week except I didn't remember anyone but they remembered me and Chloe because I was so upset and she was so sick when I brought her in.

We had a consultation with Doctor Oberly and she told us that Chloe would be fine and that there was no permanent damage. Chloe was all excited to see us and Gail was so excited to see her. It took us a long time to get out of the waiting room as everyone wanted to know the story and hold her and kiss her. Then of course we had to hear the story about their dog or cat. And believe me there were a lot of stories. Everyone was very satisfied with this Garden State Veterinary Center. We were just happy to have her back and alive, she almost died.