

Sunday August 29th, 2010 was a very disturbing day for me. It started out that my Westie-Pooh (Pooh) would not eat her breakfast (the first meal she missed in 13 years). I was concerned and then would not even look at her dinner in the evening, 8:00 comes around and she always goes crazy for her treats but nothing. I was keeping a close watch on her and could not sleep, At 1:30 Monday morning she went outside so I followed her. She didn't make it off the patio and I saw diarrhea, then around 3:00am she went outside again and I turned on the lights and saw that both puddles were blood soaked. I was scared and called the emergency Vet at Yorba Regional where I had been taking them for years, they said if it happens again bring her in or wait until the morning when it would be regular hours. I took her in the morning and saw the Vet and they recommended taking a Urine analysis and a blood panel to see what was going on. I agreed and left her to have the blood drawn and the urine. I went to get something to eat and came back to disturbing news. They said that things were not normal and there were keytones in the blood and urine along with high glucose readings. They suggested taking an x-ray to further see what may be wrong. I left her there to have the x-rays because they said it would be a couple hours. I received the phone call and went back to the office and the vet said it was not good and she recommended putting Pooh down. She said she saw an abnormal liver and spleen and a large dark area she said was a tumor, also could not see the intestines like they were one big blob. She said she was in pain and I asked if she would make it another day so my wife could say her goodbyes when she got back into town. The vet said "IT IS NOT ABOUT YOU, IT IS ABOUT THE QUALITY OF LIFE FOUR YOUR PET" that she probably would not make it through the night. That was pretty harsh when I was already crying about the prognosis. I said I needed to thing a little and called my wife and discussed with her and we decided to have her put to sleep if that was the humane thing to do after all we did have her for 13 wonderful years. I called the vet back and told her our decision and said that I wanted to come back in and say my goodbyes. When they brought her in to me Pooh gave me kisses and we laid on the floor for around 20 minutes with me holding her and petting her and telling her how much she was loved and we will never forget her. Tears running down my face I was waiting for the door to open. I opened the door and called the vet into the room and she asked if I was ready and I told her that I think I was going to bring her home to die. She would be happier to die at home than on a metal table. The vet did not agree with that but she had no choice.

After I got home I decided to call the hospital back and request the lab and x-rays to take to my Holistic vet Dr. Dodds to see if I could give her some food and make her comfortable the last day(s).

Monday night my daughter and grandson came by to say their goodbyes. Jax (my 18 month grandson) loves to feed and give treats to the dogs and the dogs love him. I decided to try a little peanut butter on Jas's little finger and Pooh came over immediately

to lick his finger, I was so excited I almost pushed Jax's hand into the peanut butter to get more. Pooh just kept licking. I stopped and bought baby food on the way home from the vet for Pooh and I opened up a jar and let Jax spoon feed her. She ate about 3 oz. and I was elated. She even had a treat later in the evening from Jax.

During the evening after Amy and Jax left we were all just relaxing and Pooh passes gas really bad as she sometimes does. She can really clear a room. And I thought her insides were coming out it was that bad. It happened a couple more times and I was hoping she would make it thru the night. It was another sleepless night watching her all night.

Tuesday morning she was her normal self and she really wanted her breakfast, she ate really good. I went to Yorba Regional and picked up the tests and drove to Dr. Dodds office in Garden Grove to give her the results to look at and explained to her the situation and she would look over the results and get back with me. Dr. Dodds called me at 6:00 Tuesday evening and told me that the blood work looked a little high and the glucose readings were because she was in stress, the ketones were a result of the glucose being high. She said the liver was a little large but not really a concern. The dark area she say was a GAS BUBBLE in her intestines, and not a tumor. I was totally elated with her findings and thinking about the night before with Pooh passing gas it all made sense.

Just think that the vet at Yorba Regional made me feel like a piece of crap if I did not put Pooh down and all it is was gas. I even called my regular vet at Yorba Regional and asked her for her opinion on the labs and x-ray and she concurred with the other vet. Both vets missed the diagnosis. Over the years I was convinced that Yorba Regional is only about the money and not the pets solidified MY thoughts on Yorba Regional.

Those were the worst 3 days of my life, I was very sad now I am very angry after spending \$500.10 on a very wrong diagnosis that could have cost Pooh her life. I am so glad I thought with my heart and not my head. Pooh will have to wait a little longer to play with Katie and Mozart in doggie heaven. I think the only right thing for Yorba Regional to do is refund my \$500.10 for their negligent error, but that probably will not happen as it is about the money and not the pet.

I have been cooking homemade food for my dogs for 7 years now and all I ever got from Yorba Regional is to feed them their commercial food, I always told them never will I feed commercial food again. They always tried to talk me into the profit laden products they offer.