

Stosh's Story

Stosh is a 2 years old miniature poodle. He is a very devoted dog who has always loved to go everywhere I go. When he was about 6 months old he was with me while I was feeding my horse. As with curious pups, unaware of the dangers of what a big animal a horse is, he was checking out all those delicious piles. He was too busy with that lovely smell when out of nowhere came this big hoof and although he tried to get away it was too late. The horse stepped back and a hind hoof caught his left front leg. The ground was frozen with lots of lumps and bumps so the horse didn't even realize what had happened. She was interested in those chunks of hay coming her way. She pivoted on that same hind leg, and Stosh yelped in pain.

I made a call to Doc Rice who told us to bring him right in. After x-rays we found that in fact it was broken. Doc Rice told me that he felt that an external skeletal fixator would be our best option, but these little dogs don't always heal well. With a sigh and a tiny tear, I told him we had to try. I left him in Doc Rice's hands and went home without my puppy.

Stosh had come through the surgery and was all set to come home. He didn't have a cast like I had expected but this thing that looked like a tinker toy attached to the inside of his leg. He had pins into his leg in four places with a bar between them. I left with the instructions for care in hand, and my precious pup in my arms.

The next 6 weeks were quite a challenge. He wasn't supposed to jump off anything. He wasn't supposed to go for walks. Wow, a pup not jump! You have to be kidding. Well, I set out to do the best that I could. When I was not in the room I would put blankets and pillows on the floor so that he wouldn't have to jump off the couch or our favorite chair. Other times I put kitchen chairs on the couch to keep him off them.

Then there was chore time. He still wanted to go with me so I would put him on a leash set him atop the hay bale and he would ride in the wheel borrow to feed horse. He didn't get to go check out those smells any more but he didn't seem to care. He got to go with me.

We had about a block to go to feed the goats. So I strapped on the baby backpack and put him on my back with his leg cushioned and away we went. A few times he even got to ride in the stroller with my grand daughter. He was always very willing to be strapped, tied and snuggled into whatever device I came up with to take him. He even rode in the basket of my bike and seemed to take it all in stride. He never tried to jump out or off any of the things I came up with.

When the pins came out he had healed just fine. Doc Rice had chose the right option for him. Today he does not limp and the only sign of his injury is 2 little white spots in his black leg where the pins were. His almost favorite thing is go for a run while I ride my bike. We go on a 40 to 60 minute run and he just lopes along beside me ears flapping in the wind just as happy as can be.

Thanks Doc Rice for a job well done. – Marlene