

# THE TALE OF LLOYD

## A BELOVED FRIEND

It was Wednesday, 2nd June 2004 and we were eagerly awaiting the arrival of another 'Golden Oldie' at *Tailends*...

**BOBBY** arrived around lunchtime after his long journey from Kent. The **Retired Greyhound Trust** had again enlisted the help of Nigel Woods to move this old chap from his kennel to a proper home at last. It was while we were chatting to Nigel that he mentioned another old dog, called **LLOYD**, who was still at the same kennel which Bobby had come from but was not owned by the RGT but by Ladbrokes – the well-known bookmaker.

Nigel said it was such a shame he could not have the chance of a home too, as he was very old and not very well. When Nigel had set off on the long journey back to St Albans and we had made Bobby comfortable, I decided to make a few phone calls and seek advice on getting Lloyd out of his kennel and into our care. We were desperate for him to receive veterinary attention as soon as possible.

We knew he was quite ill and maybe would not have long to live. It was essential that he did not die friendless and maybe in pain surrounded by the bleak walls of a kennel. Mandy Hooker (who runs **Northants Greyhound Rescue**)

wasted no time in arranging with the RGT office for Lloyd to be released by Ladbrokes into my care.

It was a very hot day on 15th June 2004 and this was the day when Nigel was to bring Lloyd down to Devon.

We spent anxious hours waiting



and hoping that Lloyd would cope with the journey alright. He finally arrived at around 5pm and we were so relieved to see him. He was a large frail brown and white boy with a wonderful face

and two huge, sightless cloudy eyes. The poor chap probably wondered what was happening to him. He had never known anything but life in a kennel for the whole of his 13 years.

Lloyd's poor mouth was green, foul smelling and full of infection and rotten teeth. He was painfully thin with his ribs protruding out from his chest. He was passing a black, tarry liquid stool and we were very glad that we had booked him into the vet the following morning. He did not want any food, though we tried to tempt him, but this did not surprise us, considering what he had been through and the state of his mouth.

Next day Lloyd was given a thorough examination by the vet and