

blood tests were done. It was decided that his mouth was so bad that he needed immediate dental treatment. Infection from his mouth could well be travelling to other parts of his body and causing all sorts of problems. He had to have all his teeth out and was then put on a drip overnight. His blood test showed that one of his liver enzymes was raised and also – more worryingly – that his protein levels were dangerously low.

It was decided to let Lloyd come home the following afternoon and that we would continue to closely monitor the situation. That evening he ate some chicken and rice – his first meal with us. His mouth was still sore after losing all his teeth but he seemed to feel so much better without all that poison in his mouth. It began to worry me that Lloyd did not seem interested in drinking water. I tried different containers but he just would not touch it despite the warm weather.

We fed Lloyd on simple foods such as chicken, rice and scrambled eggs in an effort to resolve the problem of his faeces being so black and liquefied. I made sure he had plenty of chicken broth with his food to compensate for



his reluctance to drink water. Five days later we returned to the vet for a check and thankfully learned he was not dehydrated. But we became increasingly worried and decided to take a faecal sample to the vet for analysis. The results took a few days to come back from the lab. They revealed that he was suffering from *Giardiasis* – a parasitic infection of the bowel and also *Campylobacter*. He was prescribed several drugs in an effort to combat these infections.

Two diseases

It is very likely that Lloyd had been suffering from them for some considerable time so it was not going to be easy to undo the harm that they might have caused. It is likely that poor quality drinking water plus sub-standard or infected food caused or contributed to the two diseases.

We desperately wanted to help Lloyd to get better. He was such a wonderful chap and became very attached to me in particular. This was due to the fact that he needed guidance around strange areas until he could find his way unaided. He had no sight at all but was a very determined boy.

I would often discover that he had found his way from the hall out into the garden on his own negotiating the kitchen and sun lounge as he went. He was so affectionate and we did want him to have some quality life after such a miserable existence for so many years.

However despite the treatment, he continued to suffer with his bowels. He also began to be nauseous. The vet