

Donny's Dad

Hello Joyce

I visit your site periodically and noticed a while back that a member of the public wrote to you regarding her attempts at becoming a yorkie breeder. I milled over the idea of writing my experience to you, and now I have decided to do so.

I have been on my own all my adult life, I worked for the same Company most of my life, They sold out to other people and I decided to leave at that stage. To start looking for new employment, and meet new people and find my feet after all these years, was not for me. So I decided to stay home. I joined, the sewing circles, the book club and so forth.

I had two Yorkies which were getting on in years, but someone at the book club asked me why I did not consider breeding my Yorkies? They were old to be honest with you. The boy had never been fixed the girl had. I remembered at the time of buying these two dogs, they came from litters of four and five pups. NOT bad I thought, good money. So I started to make enquiries about possibly breeding the odd yorkie pup. It would help me financially and also keep me occupied at home.

I made contact with a very nice breeder and purchased a female from her. This Lady had two Yorkies that she bought from a big breeder, she took these females back to the breeder for mating, so did not need the extra trouble of keeping her own male. This was great, I thought possibly of doing the same

My girl came on heat, and I contacted the breeder of the girl and made arrangements to take my girl to the big breeder she referred to. I went to this Breeder and my little girl was introduced to a male, which she snapped and snarled at. The male I really liked, was her father, and the breeder was more than happy to cover her with him. A phone call to my vet – stopped that from happening. The male she suggested however, she said was not always co-operative and it was often a pretty much hit and miss affair – however we could try. We left the two together in a room of the house, to get acquainted while we went and had some tea which the maid had made for us.

There were a good few Yorkies running all over, and the maid was vacuuming much better, opening and closing doors and shouting at the dogs. I remember thinking how really busy this household was.

Anyway, we heard this dog yell out, and I jumped up recognizing the yell, it was my girl. The Breeder told me to relax and stay seated she would ask the maid to check. The Maid came back and told her they had mated, and mentioned the dogs name – not the one I thought it to be. I said to the breeder so and so, she said no the maid had to have made a mistake it was the right dog. Just then the stud I had selected ran past, and the Breeder had this puzzled expression on her face, She then got up and went to look to find a totally different male had mated with my girl. The male was big, in comparison to both my female and the male I had chosen. I was furious, The breeder then had words with the maid, who then said SORRY,..... but sorry did nothing for me..... I got up to leave and the stud fee was requested. I said seeing my dog was mated by the wrong dog, I should not be paying you a cent. She said I was welcome to return the next day and she would see she was mated to the other male. What then about the papers – well there would be no papers. I wanted papers, I did not return again. My dog was pregnant, she was scanned and I was told to expect two pups.

Due date came and went, and on a particular Friday night, my girl started labour. I had friends over for dinner, work colleagues from my previous employment, and as the night continued, the dog got more and more restless. One in the morning, I could no more and neither could the dog, something had to be wrong. I called my vet, only to hear his voice mail message saying he was out of town but to contact his partner. I contacted the partner, he was on an emergency, with a horse battling to foal, and that had been going on quite a while, I should go to the emergency night clinic a fair distance from me. I had no option and off I went. In my neurotic state I forgot to put in petrol, and broke down along a rather desolate

road. I was now in serious trouble, I really had no idea what to do. I was looking for my cellphone, which I had also left at home, when a car pulled up in front of me. I was very happy to see a mother father and two children in that car. The father looking at me as if I was mad, saying LADY have you any idea just how dangerous your situation is ? – trust me I did not need reminding. He helped me with petrol and off I went.

I arrived at the emergency clinic to find no seats available, One vet on duty doing an emergency Caesar, another dog waiting for surgery that had been hit by a car, and a few other animals waiting their turn. The receptionist suggested travelling on till I came to another veterinary clinic that was a 24 hour operation.

My dog had gone very quiet and just sat looking at me, every now and then trying to lick and clean herself, I just burst into tears. This was so unfair; I went on my way and got lost in the process of trying to find this clinic. On arrival, I must have looked rather bad, as the receptionist, asked if I had had a bad time, her sympathetic voice, brought on floods of tears. My female dog lying totally flat, panting like mad totally exhausted. The vet came out, looked at her in the box, told me to fill out the forms, and he would then see her. Well, the forms seemed like a book I was reading, it went on and on and on. Then came the crunch line, deposit up front R4 000-00. I explained to the receptionist, I just did not have that kind of money right then. I could make a plan. Well she disappeared and came back looking rather embarrassed, the clinic only worked on this basis no deposit, no consultation. I burst into tears, at that stage the vet on duty came out and told the receptionist he was going down the road would be back shortly. I asked her where he was off to; he was going to buy some food and coffee down the road. I was shocked; here I was crying my heart out, my dog in dire straits, and no help to be found, unless of course you had money with you. The receptionist poor girl, was also up in arms, had no idea what to suggest. I had no one I could phone at that time of night, and the friends from the sewing circle and book club, were not that type of friend.

I was sitting there crying, sobbing, the receptionist not knowing how to console me, when a Gentleman walked in, a very old Chihuahua in his hand. The receptionist knew him well, asked how Donny was doing. Seemingly a regular occurrence for Donny to visit the clinic, elderly, collapsed trachea and an owner who doted on him. He took a seat and waited, she told him the vet would be with him shortly was down the road for a minute.

I was still sobbing away and then this Gentleman asked me if I had had to put my much loved pet to sleep. I explained my much loved pet was in the dog basket beside me, in dire straits, I explained what had happened to me in the previous hours. He said nothing but stood up and walked to the receptionist, took out a card handed it to her. The vet walked in shouting out welcoming greetings to Donny's Dad.

I sat there, not knowing what to do next, and I then proceeded to get up and was on the point of leaving, when the vet called out to me and said he would see me now.

I was not sure what to say. He said the dog would have a Caesar and to take a seat. Sometime later he called me in and said she would stay the night, I was to return tomorrow and one pup remained. This clinic was quite a distance from my home. I then brought up the subject of payment. The vet looked at me quite confused, payment he asked, but you have paid in full. I was now totally confused. I went out his consulting room, approached the receptionist, and asked her if she had come to my assistance, because I knew she was doing her sums. NO she had not, but my account had been paid for in full. I looked at her again, now really confused. Donny's Dad nowhere to be seen. The gentleman had paid my vet bill. The vet himself totally unaware of it. I could not possibly accept this from him and asked for his contact details, I would make a plan and repay him his money. The receptionist just smiled and said your obvious love for your dog, was all the payment Donny's Dad needed.

Needless to say I was so grateful, and another thing I might mention. My girl was spayed and that is the end of my breeding career with Yorkies.....

