

## Sesame



We're doing great. He was pretty quiet and timid the first day or so but now all he wants to do is explore. I've been taking him for walks and he's loving all the new sites and smells. He saw a cottontail this morning and just about ripped my arm out by the roots trying to chase it. I'm planning on taking him to his vet check-up on Saturday to have those stitches removed and to talk to them about the heartworm treatment. I've already got a crate for him to recover from that in with a fluffy blanket and a couple toys. I found out the hard way that he's not housebroken, but that was easily cleaned up and he'll learn quickly. He's a smart boy. :)

My first Shar-Pei was rescued from a family that bought her at a flea market (should NOT be legal to do so) and when they found out all her health problems they didn't want her anymore, so I took her. Her name was Emily. She had cherry eye, entropion of her upper lids, and staph infections in her deep wrinkle folds. She had to have medicated baths twice a week, which she hated and would hide whenever she heard the water running. When she was old enough she was spayed and at that time had her eyes fixed, a face lift, AND some puppy teeth pulled that hadn't come out yet. As she grew older she also developed Familial Shar-Pei Fever and would have fever spells and swollen hocks now and again. I doted on her, she was my baby. I've had animals all my life but there was something special about Emily. Seeing her recover and re-discover how to play and to be a happy dog moved me deeply. She was a puppy at heart and remained her playful self until the week she died. Her kidneys began failing due to amyloidosis at age 12. I was with her until the end. When she died it was literally the hardest day of my life.

Lazarus was my second Shar-Pei. He was in a shelter in Laredo on death row. He came home covered in ticks. I pulled over 200 off of him. The next day he just wasn't acting right so off to the vet he went and I found out he had ehrlichiosis and heartworm. His platelet count was so low he was almost at the point of bleeding out. After a long hospital stay, he came home to recover. When he was healthy enough he got neutered, his eyes fixed (he had entropion, both upper and lower lids) and a face lift. He was an older dog when I got him and only got to love him for four years before his kidneys failed, again due to amyloidosis and Shar-Pei Fever Syndrome. I held him as he died.

I had both of them cremated and keep their ashes in urns on a shelf in my living room.

As hard as it was going through losing them, I still loved the breed but I'd never buy one from a breeder, instead I hoped to rescue one in need. Oddly enough, I never would have seen him on the TV if it weren't for watching the late afternoon news for coverage of the bombings in Boston. I really thought he'd be snatched up right away and was surprised that nobody had adopted him before I got there. I personally felt like I was a good candidate to adopt Sesame because I was so familiar with his breed and have gone through the heartworm treatments before and knew what that entailed. And, honestly, I fell in love with his sweet face the moment I saw him. I hope he and I have many, many happy years to come.

Thanks, Teresa