

Hello, all:

My name is (Ch.) Brutus Tewari. I am a 22-month-old Fawn Great Dane. I have lived in three countries with my parents, Gaurav and Astha and family. My Dad, Gaurav Tewari, loves me very much. He gets the best food for me and always forgives me for everything. I am a big boy and they say that I am very handsome. My Mom was an American Grand Champion and my Dad was an Australian Grand Champion.

I had been very healthy until recently when I noticed some swelling in my left fore-foot. Dad noticed that on Friday (Feb. 3) evening, however, I was walking fine. On Saturday evening my swelling increased a bit more, and Dad started to get worried and thought he would take me to a vet on Monday. However, on Sunday, I was limping a bit, and Dad took to me the first vet, who said that I have a fracture (without any fancy pictures or x-rays). I knew it was not a fracture because my Dad and Mom are always around me and keep an eye on me. So, my Dad did not want me to be seen by that vet, and we went home.

That night (Sunday), the swelling started to grow more around my joint, and my Dad/Mom started to worry more, and they took me to an emergency vet. There, the vet took my blood and examined me thoroughly. He told my Dad that I have a bacterial infection/cellulitis, and gave me medicines. My Dad was happy and started to give me medicine for one day, but my swelling did not stop and now blood started to come out of my joint on Monday (Feb. 6).

On Tuesday morning (Feb. 7), my Dad/Mom took to me to a third vet where my brother, Rio, was vaccinated. My Dad thought it should be a good vet as they treated large animals, etc. up North. I was hospitalized there, and they started to give me antibiotics through IV. My blood was tested again, and x-rays were taken (which showed no fracture, no foreign bodies and no cancer). My Dad visited me again that evening and hugged me. As soon he saw my leg he was in tears as he loves me very much. We walked for a little while (yes, I could still walk on my sore leg) and then Dad went home.

When my Mom/Dad came back in the morning to spend time with me on Wednesday (Feb. 8), I looked good and walked with him; blood was still coming out, but the vet told to my Dad that this is infected blood and it needs to drain. My Mom/Dad stayed with me till early evening, and then left, promising to come back in the morning. The vet clinic called my Dad that night and asked him to take me to ER/Referral place to be seen by surgeon immediately as he was not too happy with blood coming out and the infection was spreading (meaning the antibiotics they gave was not working). My Mom/Dad came right away to take me to a fourth vet. We arrived at a huge place, which was supposed to be an ER/referral place in Oakville/Mississauga. There, they told me that the surgeon is not there until morning, which made my Dad real sad, because he felt helpless. He hugged me and told me that he will do everything to make me healthy.

Anyways, my Mom/Dad came back in the morning (Thurs. Feb 9) and wanted to take me away. Apparently, surgeon did not even meet with my parents, and conveyed the message that I need to have surgery as some foreign body got into my leg. My Dad, who himself is very intelligent, did not like the way they were doing the diagnosis.

Now, here is the best part, my Dad left his cell number to the Great Dane Meet-Up board so that people could call him with suggestions. That morning when my Dad was coming to pick me up from referral place in Oakville, he got calls from two angels, Sarah and Stacie. Sarah told my Dad to go to Beachvet clinic in Toronto on Kingston Road, and to see Dr. Jonathan Mitelman right away because there would be two very experienced Dane surgeons there that afternoon. Before I knew it, I am going to see this 5th vet/surgeon, who my Dad hoped would solve the issue. Dr. Mitelman and one of his mentors, orthopedic surgeon Dr. Jeff Wood examined me and several blood samples were taken. I think I remember some of what Dr. Mitelman talked about:

The infection was clearly spreading from the foot/joint up the leg to the shoulder, as redness and swelling could be seen. The foot was swollen to twice it's normal size. There were several areas of necrotic or dead skin and tissue on the leg that required immediate removal. The tissue loss could go down to the bone, depending on how far the infection and dead tissue has progressed. I will do everything I can to save the leg because a dog this size would have difficulty losing a front leg.

Sarah and Stacie were also there, and my Dada was calling them "angels", everybody was hugging and loving me very much. Soon, I was on the operating-table and surgery was performed by Dr. Mitelman for few hours. The surgery removed a section of skin 8 inches by 4 inches from the front of my leg. Around 8:45 pm, Dr. Mitelman called my Dad and said that I am coming out of the anesthesia, and we would wait 12 hrs before anything could be said. My Dad thanked Dr. Mitelman very much. Dad came to see me that night, and stayed with me for several hours in my kennel. He was loving me and hugging me and I was slept in his lap.

The next morning, (Fri) I was visited by my angels and my Mom/Dad. Dr. Mitelman mentioned that several blood cultures are being done, and antibiotics are being given to me. I was walking despite my big open wound, which needed a bandage-change twice a day. Dr. Mitelman, who was God-Send, and those two angels saved my life.

On Saturday and Sunday my Mom practiced changing my bandage with the staff at the clinic. She was very gentle and learned what to do to make me better.

The next thing I know those two angels brought another angel, Marilyn, who visited and loved me very much. My Dad was thanking everybody and was crying to see me well.

We are waiting to hear from a special doctor, the pathologist, about exactly what kind of bacteria was growing in my leg. Some of the really bad ones have already been ruled out, but it takes almost a week to grow cultures at the lab, so we should have an answer soon.

Now, it is Feb. 13, I am back home and will have my Valentine's Day at home. I have to be on medication and wear bandages for several months. Everybody at home, my Mom/Dad and Rio/Blushly, Anat/Aishani, is taking care of me. I am a walking miracle and a witness that angels live among us. Thank you, angels, for saving me and helping my loving Dad! He will never forget you....never!