



BLACKS

VETS

At the heart of veterinary excellence

The Puppy Diaries

A Christmas special edition where we catch up with Dinky, the Great Dane pup

For this edition my Mum, Viki who is Blacks Vets' Facilities Co-Ordinator, has let me take over the article so that I can tell you in my own words about this amazing season called Christmas!

There is soooo much to sniff, play with and eat. Did I mention I like to eat? I'm 11 months old now and weigh 68 kg. Hey, I'm a growing boy!

The fun all starts on Christmas Eve. I have discovered that the Christmas tree in the corner is actually completely fascinating. Not only am I as tall as it if I stand on my hind legs, it is also covered in interesting things. Twinkly things, things with bells that are great fun to roll around, things that make a lovely noise when you bite into them.... Unfortunately, my mum won't let me have any of them! She says that tree decorations could shatter and get stuck in my tummy or throat if I try and chew one. Or if I chomp on a nice chewy fairy light, I might even get a nasty electric shock. If an emergency does occur, it's good to know that I can be treated at the RCVS Accredited Blacks Vets hospital in Dudley. They are equipped to deal with emergency cases 24 hours a day, 365 days a year and are looking after poorly pets all over the festive period.



Perhaps I'll stick to nosing around the bottom of the tree instead. Mmmmm... there are always delicious smelling things here and they are always hidden away in lovely rustling paper.

It's like a giant game they've put there especially for me! I think I can smell chocolate and oh...what's that? Smells like something with currants and raisins in. Yum! But no, Mum moves that away quickly too as anything made with chocolate, dried fruit such as raisins and currants, or alcohol, is highly toxic to dogs and can cause kidney failure. The last thing Mum needs is a trip to the Blacks Vets emergency surgery on Christmas Eve, so I slope off to partake in my second favourite activity, snoozing by the fire.

Its Christmas Day and I'm awake early! I can feel that the atmosphere in the house is different. Everyone is very excited and there is lots of activity. I'm not sure what to make of it all as this isn't like my usual morning routine. As the day progresses, new people start to arrive and I receive lots of attention. There is an awful lot to take in; new sights, smells and different behaviour. I'm feeling a little bit out of my comfort zone and start to pace and have a little cry.

Luckily Mum quickly spots that I'm worried and takes me off to a lovely quiet part of the house, bringing my comfy bed and best cuddle blanket along too. I settle down to some well-earned fuss and a quick power nap to restore my energy.

At lunchtime my nose starts twitching. **What IS that wonderful smell coming from the kitchen?** I trot through the house to investigate and am rewarded with the sight of a piping hot, juicy turkey sitting on the side waiting to be carved. As I mentioned earlier, I'm pretty tall when upright, so if I stand in the right position I can...just...lean...forward and.....reach...HEYYYYY!! My delicious prize is whisked away at the last minute and I am swiftly ushered out of the kitchen. I sit outside the door nose and ears twitching trying to work out what's going on. Don't they know how much I like turkey? I can hear Mum telling Dad that they will have to be really careful that I don't fish the turkey string out of the bin as if swallowed, it can become tangled up and trapped in my digestive system. Eugggh! Doesn't sound like much fun. But worse than that, it doesn't sound like I'll be having any turkey legs to gnaw on as poultry bones easily shatter and can become lodged in my throat. Happily though, I then hear Mum telling Dad that if I'm a good boy, I can have a little turkey meat mixed with my usual kibble.

Finally, some good news!



After lunch, everyone suddenly seems very tired and the house feels much calmer.

Whilst some of the guests relax and watch TV, Dad stretches and announces that he'll take me for my usual walk. This is music to my ears as although its cold and getting dark, I love to have a good run and a play with my friends in the park. Just to make sure he doesn't change his mind, I offer lots of helpful encouragement by pawing and barking so he gets the general idea that it's time to go out.

It's great to be out, visiting all the familiar places I like to frequent during my walk. I love my routine as it helps me feel safe as well as providing me with an outlet to burn off some energy. If it's frosty outside, then Dad always checks my paws when we get home to make sure that no grit or salt has become stuck to them. Rock salt, which is commonly used for de-icing pathways and roads, can burn the skin pads on the bottom of my paws so it's important to wash any traces away as soon as possible with warm water.

Once home, with clean paws and a full tummy, it's time for me to adopt my usual evening position. Stretched out on the rug, snoring gently, I'm enjoying my favourite part of Christmas. Wishing all my friends, both four-legged and two-legged, a very happy and safe Christmas and a happy and healthy new year.

By Dinky AKA 'Dainoak Dreams of Blue'



Hello everyone!
Or if you happen to be fluent in dog languagewoof.. woof...grrrr!

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