

This Dog's Life *"An Itch I Gotta' Scratch"*

In between being a Show Dog and Lost Dog and every other kind of Dog there was to be, once I made it to the city, I came down with an itch that I couldn't hardly scratch, no matter how I twisted my head around or what I found to rub up against. It could have been the seven-year itch for all I know, it sure seemed like I'd had it for seven years before anyone really took notice.

Now I don't recall ever getting itches back home on the ranch, so logically thinking this must have been a newfangled, city ailment. As part of this malady, I came down with hives so bad I once got a fever and for some reason I became obsessed with licking my feet. All this went on to the point where I had to go to the doctor vet. Of course, his remedy included sticking a needle in me and making me eat nasty pills for three weeks. Pretty much his remedy for everything, I suppose.

The problem worried the Brian and Rachael of my story to the point where they began doing research on allergies and skin conditions, especially with white dogs like me. Whole books were read and all kinds of internet searches done on dog allergies and remedies. Months went by and my condition improved and then got worse. The doctor vet didn't have the solution and by then I was startin' to lose some fur here and there and also lose a little patience with the situation entirely.



Here I am weighing in at about 55 pounds, pretty light for a full-grown Bull Terrier. Check out at the base of my tail there's some fur missing, Stud Tail the vet called it. Kind of a bad spot I had back then due I think to this whole scenario.

I did my best to help the situation by thinking back to my days on the ranch, which weren't complicated by allergies and what not. Why now, was the question everybody was asking. The food I had been eating in the city now was okay, but for some reason I wasn't getting anymore raw beef, the thing I like the most. I couldn't figure what the deal was and it wasn't like I was in control of the situation, but when my health began to deteriorate what I was eatin' began to concern me and everyone else.

Just about that time I suppose all the research began to produce some conclusions, one of which was that, basically, I'm a carnivore, tracing my ancestry back to a long line of meat eaters, primarily. Some grains I guess were consumed by my dog ancestors millions of years ago, but best as I can tell they ate mostly meat.

Now I ain't no expert on what all's that dry dog food, but it ain't hard to figure that if there is real meat in there it's in some drastically changed form and is of little benefit to a dog like me. The research told of my need to eat fresh, raw meat and how it contained enzymes and such that helps convert it all quickly into the nutrients I need to stay healthy, especially maintaining good skin and a shiny coat. And these omega fatty acids -- pretty important in a dog's diet as it turns out -- are also a necessity. The end result of that was that I began to get about a third pound of ground beef with a couple cups of dry food and even fish once a week for a natural source of oils and minerals. And I began getting raw vegetables and fruits for snacks.



About this time there was some terrible commotion in the house and for a month the whole place was a disaster zone. One good thing to come of it was that I got a new place to sleep on the outside for a few days. Here is a picture of me snoozing in my new little spot, inside a cabinet. Too bad it only stayed out there for a few days before I had to go back to sleeping in the house, made especially for me. One of these days I'll tell the wonderful story of my house and how it got made for me and all.

So, after months of itching and suffering and research my new food began to make me feel and look a lot better. I

love the carrots, broccoli stems, lettuce and especially tomatoes I get now. Sometimes Rachael holds an apple up to me and lets me nibble off bites off the core. I also get yogurt sometimes and lots of crunchy cookies.

In addition to that, I started getting regular candy vitamins before meals and then they really kicked in the good stuff, cut up steak and raw chicken necks! I can't tell you how much I like those raw chicken necks cut up in my food. Turkey necks too. When all that started appearing in my bowl I was a changed dog. I stopped itching, so I stopped scratching, and I didn't go back to the vet either. And, I gained the weight I needed to look good in the show ring.



By the time this picture was taken I was out of the woods. The whole allergy and skin condition episode was resolved. As soon as I started getting the nutrition I needed the itching stopped, my coat got shiny and the spot on my tailed filled in completely. And I started eating more and gaining some weight.

Here I am at home with Rachael, taking a break from playing with Garfield, one of my favorite cats to torture.

I was feeling better for sure, as good as I had ever, and all thanks to a bunch of good people who took the time to write books and post articles on the internet and everyone else who helped Brian and Rachael get to the bottom of this itching and scratching mystery. What seemed to be an allergy at first, might have been, but the cure wasn't so much keeping me away from certain things in my environment, but making sure I was healthy enough to fight off everything I was exposed to in the grass and in the air. I'm all better now and hope what I learned can be of some use to someone else.