



The Chloe Girl's Big Thanksgiving

When Cricket died the year after Margene, Jeff got me a miniature long-haired Dachshund. Like Cricket, The Chloe Girl provided a lot of comfort to me in my new role as a widower living alone. The day after Thanksgiving 2012, The Chloe Girl got into the turkey carcass I'd thrown away (my fault!), and stuffed herself with so much turkey scraps that she was barely able to walk. Seeing that she was in considerable distress, I rushed her to the emergency vet. Four hours and \$318 later, the vet succeeded in safely removing a large portion of what turned to be the most expensive Thanksgiving dinner I ever fixed. The x-ray below shows how totally gorged The Chloe Girl's stomach was. With all the bone shards she swallowed, it's a miracle she survived.

