

FIRST PAGE OF THE BOOKLET: EFFECT OF KETOGENIC DIET ON MY SEIZURE PET:

I popped one eye open, straining to look at the clock on the dresser. Ugh, 3 am. I could hear the clacking of teeth and the knocking on the bare wood floors outside my bedroom. Tiny feet were scuffling from across the house — hushed voices and furniture movement.

I bolted out of bed, grabbed my robe, and gently shut the door, peaking at my husband first. Yes, he was still asleep. We didn't need his help. The routine was down to a science, and tomorrow the kids and I could sleep in (maybe). Husband, Dale, had to be to work in the morning.

"It's a bad one, Mom," said my daughter, "already over a minute and he's still not out of it." I could see the ice packs laid out next to her. My son was coming out of the kitchen with the "go pack."

My boxer, Bear, was lying on the floor. He wasn't shaking anymore, but his teeth were still clacking. He had assumed that stiff, motionless position. His eyes rolled back into his head. This was his third seizure in 12 hours. He wasn't just having one. He was having clustered, grand mals.

It was time to call the neurologist. She told us to call anytime. It was 3:30 am.

It wasn't fair. Bear was such a good dog.

His veterinarian and neurologist both said he was very young at 7-months to be having seizures. His vet even gave us hope that it was a one-time thing. Bear's very first seizure was a quick, 30-second grand mal and he only had one. He didn't have another episode for a month. We thought we had beaten it. We thought it was a fluke, and we were raising a healthy, happy pup.

Nope, not Bear. He was the second to the last puppy remaining in a back-yard litter — on sale for a \$100 discount. What a deal! The breeders wanted to get rid of them, so they reduced the price. We had a 50/50 chance. It wasn't our best call, as you can imagine. But, after getting Bear, we never regretted it.

Up to that point, with all the animals I'd ever had, he was my favorite. We researched our best choice for small children. Babies could roll over him, pull his ears, step on him, you name it...he was game.

From the time we brought him into our home, he was happy, friendly, patient (yes, incredibly patient), loving, obedient, and easy to train...plus, a lot of fun.

So many people said he looked at them with almost human expression. He even talked. He wasn't much of a guard dog though. I think he would have led a thief right into the house and given up our valuables!

If there is a doggy heaven, I know Bear is up there right now taking care of everyone in his kind, forgiving, accepting manner...