

Collie ponders life after brush with death at Vets.

A local Collie has reevaluated his place in the world after a routine surgery at Mcfillians veterinarians practice went awry.

Buddy, a six year old Border collie owned by the Archibald family of the Isle of Arran, North Ayrshire, was said to have reacted adversely to the anesthesia during a routine neutering operation at the acclaimed veterinarians practice in Kilwinning, on the mainland.

It is said that after the anesthetist administered the drug to Buddy there were complications with his heartbeat, which after only a few minutes, saw Buddy flat-line before they were able to resuscitate.



Buddy, (pictured above) was said to have been, understandably, in a state of shock when he came to after the revival of him by a Mcfillians veterinarians nurse.

Mrs Dunthorne, senior vet nurse at the surgery was able to speak with the reporter after the shift-handover at Mcfillians.

“I’ve been doing this job for a lot of years, and in those years, I’ve anaesthetized a hundred Buddy’s, but this Buddy was the first Buddy

that I've had complications with. It's a shame as well, because when Buddy first lay atop the table in surgery, directly before the administration of the drug he looked at me. He looked right into my eyes. Right into my eyes he carried the gaze of a dog with confidence. The sort of confidence that a dog shows a vet nurse when they think their owners have done them a solid. I'm no dog whisperer, but if I were to verbalize his gaze, it would likely have been something like:

'Yeah, this is the gal for me. Rob and Sheena (Buddy's owners) have done me a solid here. This here hound will bark again.'



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So, yeah, I think Buddy felt safe before the unanticipated disrupt to the surgery. I don't think Buddy actually realized upon entry to the operating room that he would leave without his testicles, as when he woke up, during the routing observations post-surgery, he gazed back at Rob and Sheena perplexed and looking for reassurance as to why he was now two testicles lighter."

Buddy was then kept overnight for further observations to make sure there were no more occurrences of cardiac-arrest post-surgery.



The reporter was able to catch up with Buddy a few weeks later at his home, The Archibald Sheep Farm on the Isle of Arran.

“... Something happened to me during those hours at Mcfillians. I don't know if it was before, during or after the surgery. Heck, it might have been an amalgamation of all three; I never knew what the Vets was, apparently I was there as a pup, but I'm fucked if I can remember such a time. I assumed we were just going on an extended walk when Rob and Sheena drove the car onto that huge metal thing that sat in the sea. I was excited by it, I remember thinking 'hey, this is new, this will be a good day.'”

Rob and Sheena were relentless in asking me “Who's a good boy?” while we walked into that hellhole of a place. Mcfillians, God, my body shivers just thinking about it.

I was lying on a table at one point whilst this woman kept staring into my eyes, I couldn't believe the ignorance of this woman. She stared right at me, I don't know if it was a weird thing, she seemed very sure of herself. I wasn't into it at all. I'm very much an advocate of copulation with the same species, I mean, what a weirdo, right? I

hadn't been getting along with Myla, Rob and Sheena's other dog and at one point I honestly thought I had been brought here on a colour-blind date.

Anyway, I felt this sharp prick on my leg, and remember having a bit of a panic attack. It was horrific. How naive I was to think this was going to be a good day. Then all I remember is slipping into an abyss of meows, moos and baas. I saw nothing but light.

I woke up with no idea as to what had happened. I was now without testicles..?

I wanted out of that place so damn quick! Would you believe me if I told you Rob and Sheena left me there for a full night? I still to this day have no idea what I done to them for them to have put me through that. I've gave up thinking about it. It's been a lot to think about.

I shared a room with this other dog, whom was equally as distraught as I was. The stories he told me that night, we sat up talking for hours, well, he spoke, and I listened.

He told that he had been in there regularly over the last few years, and each time he goes in they stab him with needles. He's utterly depressed. I was sickened to what I heard. That's the reason he had been taken in apparently, because he had been sick regularly but he couldn't help it. Dodgy stomach he said. Every time he was sick his owners would take him there and let those psychos stab him. He then told me the sickness would stop a while after they stabbed him, probably through shock. Poor thing.

I returned home determined I wasn't going back there. I've done a lot of thinking over the last couple weeks, particularly about Patch told me in Mcfillians that night. I knew I had to make changes, and I had to make them fast.

- I no longer lie on the couch, I'm aware I take up a lot of space on it. Rob and Sheena never mentioned any problem with it, but the vets may have been a passive way of dealing with it.
- I've tried to stop chasing the sheep around the fields each morning, I hide when I hear Rob starting that big quad thing. He always finds me though and makes me chase them, but when I run the wrong way he goes nuts.
- I thought its maybe because I don't contribute to the shopping, and they always get me these biscuits I love. I've tried taking the box of biscuits in my mouth and carrying them back and placing them back in the trunk of the car as a method of me paying them even some rent money.



Honestly, my heads fried with it... I've no sex drive at all anymore. Before I went into Mcfillians it's practically all I thought about and done.

I've not been taken back to that place since, but every time we walk down past those big metal things that sit in the sea, I go berserk and

try and tug Rob and Sheena home. They always win and we walk on by it. Are they taunting me?!

How did it all get to this...?

