



Teddy Baiad

September 14, 2013 - April 5, 2024

Teddy, 9/14/13-4/5/24 a small, soft, so soft, white with grey markings, dwarf bunny. He had the biggest personality. Teddy came into my life unexpectedly. I knew nothing about rabbits. I had no idea how fragile they were and how quickly they could leave us. He was only in my life from the age of 4 until 10 and a half. But we truly bonded. And I got to know his personality. He couldn't stand to be picked up. He was very independent. As soon as I would even get a tad bit close to his butt to try to grab him, he'd bolt. But he would lay his head down or nudge me with it, so that I would pet him for hours. And as soon as I would stop, he would run back into his box. Teddy originally slept in a cage, but I don't believe any animals should be caged so I trained him to use a litter box and he had free reign of the house. Yes, he chewed lots of wires. I regret not knowing more about him and realizing he needed hay and twigs to chew. As I began to gather more bunny info, I did more to try to help him but by then it was too late. His breed was prone to dental disease and the lack of hay made things worse. He had so many vet visits/teeth trims, etc. He went through stasis twice and endured forced feeding. By the end, he had to be given 5 types of meds, twice a day and he would turn his head and clamp his mouth shut but I knew it would help with his pain, so I had to do it. I would be shaking with emotional pain myself by the time I finished each day. The past 6 months he was basically on hospice care. It was only a matter of time, and I was to just keep him comfortable. I spent hours with him, giving him treats, petting him. Spoiling him as much as I could. He was such a trooper. He

endured the medicine, and butt baths even though he would be shaking with fear. He was one of a kind. As soon as I would lay on the couch, he would come over to his fuzzy mat on the floor next to me and lay there while I pet his head. If he heard the crinkling of a ritz wrapper he would still run toward it and circle me until I gave him one. It was like crack to him. Even on hospice care, he still had energy to run for a Ritz cracker. April 2, I took him to a new, compassionate, loving vet. I was expecting to be told how to care for the back of his legs that looked sore. Instead, she made me realize that he was suffering and my final gift to him would be to let him go. I loved him enough, to make that decision.

The pain and emptiness here in the house are palpable. Teddy, you will be forever loved and with me....

Tribute Wall

SB

“ 2 files added to the album *Teddy*



Susan Baiad - April 13, 2024 at 08:59 AM