

# Family dog thanks Fire Department

*Emily Donovan, one of Oakie's owners, wrote the following thank you to the Needham Heights Fire Department. She wrote it from the point of view of her very grateful dog, Oakie. Emily is a fifth grader at the Eliot School.*

I'd like to say a special thank you to Chuck, Joe, and Johnny of the Needham Heights Fire Department for helping to save my life. I'll explain in a moment, but this was going way beyond the call of duty for them...

It was Sunday, December 12th. The humans in the household were busy decorating our Christmas tree. I was up to the usual, sniffing around when I found a bright, but tiny Christmas ornament. I also found a small, rubber bouncy ball. I was torn between which one I wanted to chew. I don't even remember which one I chose! Even now, my masters aren't sure which one I inhaled. I couldn't breathe; I couldn't even open my mouth. My legs were shaking. Before I knew it my largest master (the man) was squeezing my stomach, I think it was called the Heimlich maneuver... or something like that! By that point, I was pretty scared. Before I knew it I was lifted into an unfamiliar car (I think it was one of my master's friend's cars.) We appeared in a large garage. My masters were trying to find someone, they kept on shouting hello?! They did until another hello echoed. They ran me upstairs to three kind men who put a small mask over my nose and mouth. Mist came out; I think it was called oxygen. My masters held the mask over my long nose as the firefighters

searched for a nearby vet that was open on a Sunday. While they were doing that, I was busy throwing up on their rug. Sorry about that, firefighters! After that, I was feeling much better. My masters asked for all three of the firefighters' names, but, they wouldn't give them their last names. It took a while to get them to give my masters their first name. So modest! By then the life-saving firefighters had found a vet we could visit just to check me, and make sure I was fine.

It turned out I was fine. The vet we had visited was Tufts Veterinary Emergency, Treatment & Specialties. My normal vet wasn't open on Sundays, although, they faxed my vet (Parkway Veterinary Hospital) and told them all that had happened to me. Later the next day my vet, Dr. Higgins, called to make sure I was doing well. That's when I overheard her say she'd never heard of anybody bringing their dog to the fire department. She also mentioned it was a good idea. She asked my master which fire station she decided on. My master replied the Needham Heights Fire Department. The vet asked do you know the names of the firefighters. My master said Chuck, Joe and Johnny. The vet said Johnny, oh, Johnny is my brother-in-law! This will be a great Christmas Eve story for me...

P.S.

Thank you Steven, Anna, (both 9 years old) and Emily Donovan (11 years old) for helping me write this. It's really hard to type when you don't have any thumbs, I mean I'm only a Goldendoodle... what do you expect?

**The Donovans & Oakie**

