

ACBA: Fiction and Prose

The Cavy of Great Faith With an Attitude of Gratitude

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Imagine being in a situation where your very life depends on someone helping you. If help does not come, you will die a slow and painful death. Then realize that you are a tri-roan cavy named *Noah*.

Noah and I were together for four years. He was one of the first cavies that I owned. It was love at first sight for us. During the summer of 1998, I noticed he was losing a lot of weight and hair. We went to see Dr. Scott Thompson for help. I knew it was probably his molars that had over grown. I knew it would probably happen again, but I could not stand the thought of losing such a dear animal.

The first time we went it did cost a lot to have his teeth fixed, but it was money well spent. A few months later, as I knew they would, his molars grew back. Not being able to stand the thought of losing him, it was off to the vet we went. Dr. Thompson had agreed to treat *Noah* and not charge me for an office call, but only for the work done and for any anesthesia used.

When I picked him up a miracle had happened. My bill was only \$10.00. I asked what happened. They told me when he was being prepped, the vet tech asked if he was going to need anesthesia. The vet said "I don't think he needs it." *Noah* stood perfectly still while the vet went in with a small pair of bone cutters and cut his molars.

They say cavies are not very smart, but *Noah* seemed to know he was being helped. I think he somehow realized after the first time and woke up that he had been helped. He could eat, whereas, before he could not. He somehow figured out that it was a good thing to cooperate.

I was truly amazed at how smart *Noah* seemed to be. He actually remembered this was the place where someone helped him. I think he enjoyed going to the vet. It amazed me when I opened his carrier to check on him. When I picked him up, he purred and purred. This was his way of telling me and the vet thank you for helping him to survive.

I got a lot of joy having *Noah* live with me. His good attitude was an inspiration to me. I enjoyed hearing him purr when I picked him up. He spent his days in the treatment or the exotic room, talking and purring all day. I have never met an animal like him. *Noah* was truly the cavy of "great faith with an attitude of gratitude." He knew if he didn't get help, he would not survive.

Noah took his final walk across the Rainbow bridge this March. I'll always remember how he sang for me in the vet's office. We were able to give him 17 more months of life he wouldn't have had without help. *Noah* will never be forgotten by me. He taught me so much about faith and trust. What I learned from him is when you are in a bad situation you need to seek and accept help from others. He will be missed.

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