

DOG ATTACK Statement of Lorrie Ruth George

On November 12, 2012 Thomas King and I went over to Park On The Lake RV Park on FM 830 in Willis, Texas. Tommy was there to help Denise Billeud with an electrical problem she had with her trailer. It was a beautiful day and she had taken her dog named Tank from inside her trailer and tied him up to a tree in back of her trailer.

We went inside to have a cup of coffee and talk. Tommy had said that his stomach was bothering him and wanted to leave.

Denise wanted Tommy to look at the battery compartment near the rear of the trailer so we all walked outside. I was looking at the estuary near the rear of her trailer to look for fish or turtles.

Tank had become tangled in his rope and Denise went over to untangle him. There was about 20 feet length of rope. I thought she was making sure that he was secure on this rope because I was afraid of this dog. I started walking closer to the water as she and Tommy were looking at the trailer. I had no idea that he had this much leaway on his rope and could reach me.

Tank was laying very still on the ground, he did not bark or growl and all of a sudden, like a bolt of lightning he grabbed hold of my left leg just above the knee. He bite into my leg, and I fell to the ground. I thought for a moment that he would let go but he continued to bite me harded and started growling and shaking me like a toy.

I screamed for Tommy and cried Tank is attacking me. Tommy jumped on Tank and tried to get him to release his grip on my leg. Tommy then yelled for Denise to help him get Tank off of me. Tank refused to release his grip on me, even with Denise and Tommy trying to pry him off of me. The pain was intense and I have never been so terrified in my life. They finally got him to release me for a second and then he bit me again on the lower part of my leg.

Once again they struggled to pry him loose from my leg. When he finally released me Tommy was yelling to me to move away but I couldn't move. I went into shock, I had my hand gripping my pant leg very tightly, thinking I was preventing my leg from bleeding.

I looked down at my leg and saw huge gashes, it looked like I was attacked by a shark. By this time people had come over to help and reassure me that I would be ok. Another women in the park said that Tank had been bitten her too, a few days prior and lifted her skirt to show me her wound on her leg. They told me that they called 911 and an ambulance was on the way. Tommy asked someone for a blanket to keep me from going into shock.

While the ambulance arrived quickly it seemed like an eternity to me. Next they were putting me on a gurney and lifting me into the ambulance. Once inside they hooked me to an IV and asked me what I wanted for the pain. They suggested MORPHINE but I was afraid that it would interfere with whatever the hospital would do.

They took me to Hermann Memorial Hospital in the Woodlands. I was rushed into the ER right away and the doctor was undecided how to treat these massive wounds. He acted like he had never seen a dog bite this bad. I was in the ER about six hours and for almost two full hours they worked on my wound. They could not stitch my wound completely closed because of the chance of infection. The ER doctor was so busy dealing with the wound above my knee he missed the wound below my knee and it wasn't noticed until just before they were to release me. The doctor came back in and looked at the second wound and had another technician stitch this wound up. At about 8:30 pm I was released. I was instructed to follow up with another doctor in five to seven days.

I spent the entire week confined to bed, only getting up to use the bathroom. Because they could not close these wounds there was a lot of leakage of blood, which ruin my clothes and bedding. I have to have them washed and bandaged twice a day.

On November 19, 2012 I went to see Dr. Howard at the Conroe Medical Center. He said my wounds looked good, no signs of infection and to return on Tuesday the 27th to remove the stitches. He told me that on the wound below the knee the skin might not heal and I may need a skin graft. I returned home and went back to bed.

Early Saturday morning, on the 24th. my leg was hurting me and I woke up about 4:00 am. When Tommy removed the bandage to clean and replace it we noticed an unusual odor. It sort of smelled like rotting meat so Tommy took me back to the ER at Hermann Memorial.

The nurse at the front desk seemed concerned that this wound was not healing properly. When I saw the ER doctor he cleaned my wound, took out the stitches and prescribed me two different antibiotics.

Today, November 28, 2012 is the first day that I have felt a little better. I am still in pain and remain in bed most of the day. I have a neurological brain disorder, I am afraid of things like shopping, crowds of people, going out, new things, ect. For the past two years I have lived on an Equine Therapy Center and during this time being around the horses I was truly getting better. This attack has changed all that. I have been in fear of losing my leg and this has set me back quite a bit, I hope as time goes by I will get back to where I was prior to this attack.

Lorrie George