

Lisa Hnatiw

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To: Lisa Hnatiw

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On September 28th, my mom, my dad, my daughter Finlay and I were going to my brother's place for a barbecue in Jackson's Point with his girlfriend Natasha. When we got there, we were greeted by all three dogs, gizmo and Hank; we set her hellos, and my mom and dad in Finlay decided to go to the beach to enjoy the last Beach day. I spoke up back to the house. Finlay and I were cleaning the sand between her toes and feet. My mom and dad went out with my brother to start the bonfire. Natasha, my brother's girlfriend, Finlay, and I stayed in the residence. Finlay snuggled with Minnie in the living room as we dried our feet. Natasha and I were in the kitchen getting a drink to sit in the living room with Finlay. I asked if Natasha could get a phone charger to charge my phone. It was currently dead. As I started to go around the corner, I heard screams of my child screaming bloody murder. I turned as quickly as I could see Hank's jaw on my daughter's skull, whipping her down to the ground and locking his jaw on her skull as she continued to scream out loudly in pain. The unbearable horror I saw my daughter's face must have been going through at that time. I saw the pain she must feel unbearable to witness as a mother. Handsome mother, no mother should see that whore and your little child's face and have no control over the situation at the mercy of a big animal attacking such an innocent person. The amount of blood that was all over her skull on the floor in the walls was terrifying. From her running away, the screeching of the screens for her little body was horrifying. I grabbed Hank and pushed them off. My daughter picked her up, picking a picture that was covered in blood. It was horrified, not knowing if she was okay. From her face down, her little body was just covered in blood. I was still in shock that that happened. I don't ever recall a Time For That Dog. Hank was aggressive like that, or maybe I haven't been around him as he grew up enough to know him. I knew him as a puppy. He used to come to our house daily as they didn't have daycare for him or their old dog, Davis. When this happened, I panicked and started running to my parents for the keys to drive freshman late to the hospital as my daughter has autism and epilepsy and had a type of traumatic event that just occurred. She needed to seek my medical attention right away. I've been told that if anything happens traumatic to her head, to get her to the house nearest hospital and emergency clinic as soon as possible. A few weeks prior, we were at the beach, and Hank seemed okay but skittish the whole time Hank was swimming with me. There was never a problem with Hank and me always just love, and that's what Hank deserved and deserves. Natasha and even her girlfriend shared with me that a few weeks prior, we were at the beach when an older man came out of the water and attacked Hank. Older man. I am not sure if the police or any other services took it up, but when we were at the beach that day when you sent Hank, he seemed fine. He was with me the whole time because every time I saw him, I gave him the love he deserved, and I just loved that dog that gave me my own. He was like my dream dog; he was so sweet and snuggly. There's the day a week or two before this incident happens when we're all at the beach, and a man comes to the beach. Hank and I were in the water, and immediately, Hank was swimming around me and protecting me. He looked at the man in it as if he was coming near me. Hank started walking up towards him. Nathan and Natasha yelled at Hank to come to me and did not understand why you were so comfortable with it. Now I understand why. So after this happened on September 28th so incident happening in the process of getting my parents to find the keys and getting her into the car to rush to the hospital nathan screamed at hang to get in his crate and Hank Did as soon as Hank lied down in his crate my brother walked over to Hank's Creek and kneeled down next to him and

started punching him as hard as he could hank was at the mercy an abuser I yelled at my brother saying this isn't his doing this is yours this poor dog if I could take him I would all he needs is protection and I yelled at Nathan and his girlfriend Natasha saying I can guarantee you would never do this to many or Gizmo I couldn't just walk away and let this happen to this beautiful dog no animal should be a victim of abuse this hasn't been the first time I've witnessed my brother hurting his dogs I don't understand why he thinks this is okay he needs to get help he's mentally unstable and it's intimidating I feel that Hank needs to seek medical attention to see if there's any broken bones or head trauma or rib trauma or anything to get x-ray love his body into check his behavior he needs he needs out he needs help the fear I saw on his eyes of helplessness as my brothers punching his body in by the strength I would have thought back for him on his behalf. With his old dog, Davis, on numerous occasions, my brother would punch his body if he did something wrong. There were numerous times when he would hit his body so hard that he would pee himself and lie there in his pee. Help this scared. Every time Davis was with me, I protected him. I gave him the love and snuggles that he also deserved. Numerous times, my brother would throw them outside and only hold his collar and his body got choked by his collar as my brother threw him on the deck carrying him only by his collar so he couldn't support his body weight, and it was just dangling in the air. About a year or two ago, after it would have been Davis's second birthday on September 11th, I think on October 14th, I got a phone call from my brother saying Davis was dead. He choked on the Rope toy the same day Dave died. He called my parents nice. Can I please immediately come and bury Davis in the backyard? I find it kind of suspicious the numerous times that he's hurt that dog, and he had an attachment disorder from me. I should have taken him. I feel so much guilt to this day. His dad would eat me alive if I knew that the first thing I would be doing is rushing my dog, regardless if he's already dead, to the vet emergency. Does he know what the cause of death was? I find it very suspicious.

Please help Hank ! His body should be checked out by a Vet!