

Doggone Vet

Where are you taking me? Where are we going? These are the questions I ask every time I go out. I stop in my tracks stubbornly. This time, I have a feeling that where I was going was one of these two places; doggie daycare or the vet. Both were terrible. Both smelled. Both somehow made me overly tired and bored. I tug on my leash, biting its striped pattern, which I did not care for at all. I refuse to go. A brilliant idea popped into my head. I sit down, forcing my owner to come and pick me up. My name is Milo, and I am an Australian Shepard.

My owner forces me into her car and closes the door. I curl up and lay in a ball, scared to death. I whimper and whine, hoping for her to notice the pain that I was in. The car comes to a violent halt, forcing me to fly forward. I fall off the seat feeling neglected. My owner gets out of the car and opens the door to the seat that I was sitting at. I hop out and walk very slowly. My owner takes me inside and I finally found out that I was in the vet. This was much worse than doggie day-care. Much, much worse. My owner signs papers at the front desk and goes to sit down. I sit down too, at my owner's feet. There are animals sitting in different places next to their owners too. A fat bulldog with a large cone sits down looking ashamed. He was saying, don't itch. Don't itch!

My name is called. I knew what time this was. The check up and shots time. I instinctively go down, tugging at my leash. It did not help at all. My owner picked me up and led me to the check- up table. My legs were like clay. They were vulnerable and twitchy. A man with scrubs and a heart-beat thing comes in. He pets me and scratches my neck.

“Hello. I will be your vet for today. My name is Dr. Fusco. Call me Dr. Allen if you prefer. Your dog Milo is due for his three vaccinations. Rabies, Canine Influenza, and Bordello.”

What in the world is he saying? What are all these weird words? Even though I do not know what all these words meant, I did know what a vaccination was. A long pointy needle that lodges into your skin. As he put his gloves on, the fur on my scruff stands up, and my eyes

widen. I could not help it put to show my teeth. I wasn't looking to bite the man, I was just warning him to stay away, and to put the shots down.

I inject the vaccination in to the dog's arm. I repeat this process two other times. The dog seems a bit aggressive, but these types come in all the time. They are just expressing a warning to keep away, nothing big. If the dog was really aggressive, he would bite and spin around like a stray dog who is trying to get loose from a leash. I pet the dog, hoping to comfort him so he would realize that shots were just for the good of him. As I inject the last shot, the dog turns around; eyes wide and staring back at me with an aggressive face. I back off, and pet him softly on the head.

Now that's a good distance, all I need sir, is for you to put the shots down and leave and lastly, get out of my face. My eyes are being burnt up by your lousy self and spirit. Now what are you going to do do me? Stick that bubble blower looking thing up my derriere? I better have not said that. Oh no. This is not happening. Here comes- Ouch! That thing just went deep up my butt- and it sure did not feel good.

I take the sample of the dog's fecal matter to the lab to be tested for any heart worms or worms that come from any outdoor places where dogs like to roll in, itch their butts and hang out. It turns out that the dog has ring worms, which is a condition in which the dogs skin is scaly-like and is often confused with demodectic mange, which is much like ringworm. I go back and tell the owner about my investigation. Then, I get out my Wood's lamp, and check out if the dog's problem is actually ringworm. It was because there was a small creature that was curled up in a bald spot on the dog's tail. The part where the ringworm was at was not pretty, the skin was a bit torn and very raised and bumpy like scales.

I am sort of relaxed now, but my paw pads are cold on the freezing stainless steel table. My tail itches and I can not reach it, which makes me aggravated. It starts to hurt even more every time I look at it. I overhear the vet saying that they will have to shave my tail, operate, and that I have a slim case of ringworm. The worms are not that big, but they will grow and then reproduce, and your dog will be infested with ringworms. I am devastated. Even though I do not know what any of these things meant, I want nothing to deal about operations, shaving and

worms in my tail. I do not relate or like any of these things that they were saying, and I am not happy or excited.

The dog's ringworm case is not fatal or serious. All I will have to do is take the worms out and clean the spot up. I will also have to give medication to the dog's owner just in case the dog's tail inflames and gets bad. If it does work, then the operation will be canceled. I give the lady a special shampoo that will slow the fungus down. This shampoo usually works. The owner of this dog will also receive a lotion that prevents the ringworms from coming back again. If the ringworm comes back after applying the shampoo and lotion, an anti fungal drug called Griseofulvin. The drug will require veterinary supervision, just in case some dangerous side affects kick in.

No medicine! I don't want that icky stuff touching me. I don't even want to be here! Get me out of here now! I say all of this in a bark, in which none of the humans here understand. They just tell me to stop barking. I continue, so they yell at me. I do not like how loud they speak, therefore I bark again. The vet sighs and says goodbye, and that he would give us the treatments in a bag at the front desk. My collar leash and harness are put back on me before we walk out of the examination room. We sat down, received a blue rabies tag and a proof paper. Later on, we received a bag of medicine for my 'slim' case of ringworms. I jumped up and down, excited to leave this torture chamber so called the veterinarian's office.

Hopefully the dog's condition would be cured by these medicines that I gave it. As he walks out, I feel content and happy as soon as the lady and her dog left the vet's office. I was almost positive that the treatments I gave them would work. The treatment is strong, and might have some side affects, but it should definitely work.

Yay! I am out of the vet and I am full of zealously and happiness. I think that this might be one of the most happiest days of my life. I want to jump up and leap to the sky and touch the clouds with the tips of my claws. I jump for joy and run around. I am very excited and I spin around my owner on my leash, and it tangles her up. Woah! she says, and tugs on the leash, keeping me close to her calf. I try my best to calm down, but I am not getting too far. I sneeze and shake my head around, making the tags on my collar jingle. I sigh and jump in the car with my owner. I am so happy that I jump in the front seat and stand up in it, tail wagging. I pause and

stop to itch at the irritating spot on my tail that I have. It feels so itchy that I itch at it even more, which makes it worse. My owner slaps me on the rump and tells me to stop itching, and that I have to sit down, because she is driving and she needed to concentrate while she is doing it. She drives more until we stop at the driveway of our house.

Ah. Home. I smell the bed waiting for me to jump on it. It is beckoning me over with it's luxurious feel. As I walk over to the bed, my owner calls me over. I had no intention to listen to her, but then she calls me again. I ignore her, again. She then calls me again, accept in a deep stern voice. My owner is sweet and calm, but when I do not listen to her, she gets mad and pulls me by the collar. I peek around the corner of the wall and look at her. She has her eyes fixed right on me I know she is mad at me, but I turn around. I tuck my tail beneath my legs, scared of turning back. I hide deep under the bed, for it is a tight space that she cannot get through unless she drives me out with a broom. That won't happen this time because I had ringworm, I was itchy, and she was not going to catch me nor coat my furry tail with ringworm treatment, nor stuff a pill with ham down my throat. I did not know what was going to happen, but she got the broom and successfully gets me out. I am scared and she ties me to the door with my harness so there is no chance in escaping. I nip at my colorful striped leash and tug. That does not work either. She opens the door and comes into the room. She coats my tail with the medicine. She shoves a ham down my throat-ewww. It is a pill. My life is so wonderful with ringworms. It feels like an irritating hug around my tail. No. I am miserable. What do you think? That I am a happy dog? If so, you must be out of your human mind.