

# Your Pet & Vet Conciliator

by Con Chapman

There is no love triangle more tangled than that which can snare a pet, its owner and a friendly but amorous veterinarian. Thankfully, Your Pet & Vet Conciliator is here to free you from the snarls of an uncomfortable three-way pet-human-vet *menage a trois*!



*"Say 'Woof!'"*

Dear Pet & Vet Conciliator:

My pet golden retriever "Groton" (named after my father's preparatory school) was injured at my wedding when a drunken groomsman—my husband Trip's squash doubles teammate—stepped on his foot. My dog's, that is, not my husband's.

I took Groton in to see a new vet in town, and they hit it off right away. The veterinarian shook Groton's hand before he shook mine!



*"You may now kiss the bride."*

As I looked into the veterinarian's eyes, I realized I had made a tragic mistake—I had married the wrong man! And yet, nonetheless and irregardless of my immediate attraction for the man, he seemed more interested in my dog than me.

I've noticed that Groton seems to have developed a severe case of hypochondria, always pawing at the refrigerator magnet with the

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little pawprint on it that the vet gave us, whining for a semi-annual checkup, pretending to have worms. Please tell me that a love affair between a vet and his patient is barred by the Hippocratic oath!

And yes, I've the heard the joke that you can spot the bride at a WASP wedding because she's the one kissing the golden retriever, but my relationship with Groton is stronger than that!

Emily Dilsworth, Deep River, Connecticut



*"You want to borrow my toothbrush? But we hardly know each other!"*

Dear Emily:

Man-dog love is indeed possible, and common in states that begin with an "M" or are shaped like rectangles. Still, marriage between species is rare, while divorce is common. Take things slowly, throwing sticks for Groton to retrieve while you put the moves on the medical man. Dogs may be man's best friend, but to date they are still slower on the uptake than women.



Dear PVC:

We recently boarded our pet gerbil "Fritzi" with the Shady Oaks Veterinary Clinic and Animal Hostel while my husband Earl went on a three-day bass fishing tournament at Lake Taneycomo. Come to find out when we got back that "Fritzi" is a "Mitzi", as she was pregnant. I asked the guy who ran the place, a former osteopath

named "Craig" who plays Liberace music in the waiting room, whether there had been any fooling around in our absence. "No ma'am," he said, putting the emphasis on the apostrophe.



*Liberace: "No, these are chinchillas."*

My nephew Verrill who is skilled at the "internet" now tells me that there are numerous "websites" where people "post" pictures of sexually explicit relations with gerbils, but I am too disgusted to even look at them. Is it possible that "Mitzi" will have a human-gerbil half-breed monster, or is that just science fiction?

Mrs. Oren Dailey, Jr., Camdenton MO 65020



*Mitzi, before she was so cruelly abandoned*

Dear Mrs. Dailey—

Not to worry! If Mitzi did indeed produce an offspring from an illicit human-rodent relation it would be sterile, like a mule, the product of a female donkey and a male horse. I don't know what you would call it—"hubil" is one possibility, as is "german."

*"C'mon, sweetie—it's fun!"*

Dear Pet-Vet Conciliator Person:

My boyfriend who I will call "Ray" has been pestering me for years to "role-play" with him using a "kimono." I finally said "yes" and came home with a beautiful silk garment that I got on sale at the PX at Whiteman Air Force Base, Knob Noster, Missouri ("Ground Zero in the Event of a Nuclear Holocaust!"). Yes, I know—I should have made him give me a diamond before I played ball, but I'm 38 and not getting any younger.

Long story short, I made myself up in pasty-white make-up, bought sushi at the Safeway on East 50, also some La Choy microwave Chinese "entrees," and otherwise prepared myself to be ravished Oriental-style by my "samurai." Come to find out when we get in bed he had been saying "komodo" all these years and introduced me to "Sparky," his four-foot long komodo dragon lizard thing!



I asked LeRoy, who I called "Ray" in the introductory paragraph up above, whether Sparky had had all his shots before we got started. He pointed at the tags around Sparky's neck, which looked like ordinary dog tags to me. Is there some central Registry of Domesticated Lizards where I can check? I am embarrassed to call

a vet as there is only one in town and he will know who I am dating.

Yours truly,

Veneta Sue Doogs, Osawatamie, Kansas

*"Don't even think about thinking about sticking that needle in me."*

Dear Veneta Sue—

Because of the growing popularity of komodo dragons as pets, a standard protocol of vaccinations has been developed by the American Association of Swine Veterinarians, who are trying to expand their lines of business beyond Poland China hogs.



*Poland China pig: Lean, mean bacon machine.*

Unfortunately, the program has not yet been tested as no vet has been found with sufficient courage to inoculate an ten-foot, 200 pound lizard in the butt.

