

ANGUS: TROUBLEMAKER DELUXE

by Lee Netzler

An interesting afternoon here. I'm finally settled down and Angus is resting

We went to PetsMart early this afternoon. He starred again as a feature personality in the store, and he was soooooo good for such a young puppy! He rides in the shopping basket and just loves it. He sits and watches the scenery go by through the holes in the plastic body of the cart when we are moving. When we stop he stretches upright, puts his front paws on the rim of the basket and looks like a prairie dog standing in a burrow, surveying the surroundings. Of course, anyone nearby stops to fawn over him, because he is an such an attention grabber. He gets lots of comments because of his brown brindle coat, and naturally no one recognizes him at first as a Scottie because of the unusual color.

At the end of our wanderings about the store (with him still in the shopping cart), we stopped at the bay window behind which the cats are kept. A few of them were active and he thought they were absolutely fascinating. Our visit went really well again, and he is perfectly comfortable in the store now.

Halfway home I stopped at Roger's Grove, a park along the Greenway. I took Angus on leash away from the normal traffic area along the access entry road. After 5 minutes of slow walking, during which time he wanted to put everything into his mouth, he finally picked up something I couldn't get him to spit out. I managed to force his mouth open and saw it was a cigarette filter, way back in his mouth. I struggled with him, but the filter was so far back in his mouth I was afraid I would lodge it in his windpipe, so was forced to get my fingers out. Of course, he promptly swallowed the thing! I could have killed all the smokers in the world about that time!

I took him back to the car, and although he wasn't exhibiting any signs of a problem, I decided I had better take him to the vet to see if something needed to be done. They are only about 3 miles away, so we were there in just a few minutes.

It so happens that one of the doctors. Ms. Sullivan, was exiting just as we arrived. She stopped and came over---"Oh, is that your new boy?" she asked. Word has already spread all round the clinic that Angus is on stage now!

"Yes," I said, "and we need some medical advice." I proceeded to tell our tale and she went back inside with us, saying we probably had 3 choices: 1. Let it go, and it would probably pass through his system on its own, or 2. Chance that he would reject it and vomit it out on his own, or 3. Induce vomiting so that he would bring it back up. She said she wanted to look something up and would be with us in a minute. She came back out and said that we probably ought to induce vomiting to make him eject the filter. She said she wasn't so concerned with the filter but did not like the possibility of adverse effects from the nicotine and tobacco byproducts trapped in the filter.

So, she took him back and in 5 minutes came out front to announce that he had spit up the

filter and was doing fine. But, because they had to induce the vomiting it would take a little while for his stomach to calm down, and in order to avoid having an accident on the way home, she suggested I should return and pick him up in about an hour.

That's what I did, and perky Angus was raring to go again when they brought him out to me. I hardly expected to be paying a vet bill this afternoon, but am very happy we were able to get him treated. We got home and 20 minutes later he ate a hearty meal, accepted treats without hesitation, and seems none the worse for the experience.

It was a good day at PetsMart, but not a very pleasant time at the Vets. I sometimes think that only young people should get small puppies.... Then again, when he's good, he's very very good and I wouldn't trade him for the world.