

## MY DOG'S BONER

Warning: This story contains adult situations and some adult language. It is intended for a mature audience with an immature sense of humor. And of course, it starts with a dog.

Nacho was a very special Chihuahua that I had since he was a five-week old puppy. I named him Nacho party after the cheesy 90's movie "Nacho Libre" and partly because he liked licking cheese dip off tortilla chips. In case you're wondering (a) why I brought him home before he was 8 weeks old and ready to leave his mother, (b) why I was feeding him people food, and (c) why I watch that extremely cheesy movie, the answer to all three is pure ignorance. I didn't know jack squat about raising a dog when I got one, but I learned how to be a good dog mom pretty quick. Anyways, that's not really what this story is about.

Nacho weighed a whopping five pounds and he had the softest fawn colored fur. He also had the best disposition. He was not the feisty Chihuahua type, nor was he the nervous kind that shook all of the time. He was super affectionate and extremely friendly. He was the perfect dog. But like all dogs, he grew old and after thirteen wonderful years with him, it was time to say goodbye. Don't start tearing up, however, this isn't a sad story.

As expected, Nacho started to have some health problems as he got older. He had arthritis, a heart murmur, and disc problems in his back, so we were at the vet a lot. I'm very protective of my fur babies and panic sets in anytime they get hurt or sick. Like, I'm totally willing to bet my vet thinks I have Doggy Munchausen Syndrome. If my dog sneezes, he goes to the vet. I figure its better safe than sorry, and my vet always accommodates me too (probably because she wants a new car).

I got home from work one night and as always, Nacho greeted me at the door. It started off as a typical evening. I fed Nacho and walked him. Then I changed clothes and ate dinner myself. However, the night ended up being anything but a usual evening for us.

I was cleaning up the kitchen when I noticed Nacho was sitting on the floor in a weird way. I walked over to him and said, “What’s up boy? Why are you sitting like that?” I bent down to pick him up and that’s when I noticed it. His little red rocket was out. In fact, it was all the way out. “Ewe, gross Nacho. Put that thing away.” I set him back down on the floor and went about my house chores. A few hours went by and I noticed that Nacho was still sitting weird on the rug. I went over to examine him and saw this his thing was still ALL THE WAY OUT.

I started to panic. Should I take him to the vet? The regular vet’s office was closed though, so I would have to take him to the Emergency Vet Hospital. That place wasn’t cheap, but nothing cost too much for my dog child. I wondered if anyone else had ever taken their dog to the emergency for an erection lasting so long. Then it occurred to me to Google it. I couldn’t find anything online about someone else experiencing this situation, but I did find a Vet MD site that listed possible causes of all kinds of symptoms, including a stuck out penis. That’s not what the website called it. They called it Paraphimosis but it meant the same thing. There were various medical conditions listed as the cause for a stuck out penis, including inverted skin. The website said that if his penis didn’t go back in, it would become, dry, irritated, and swollen and could possibly affect his ability to pee. Oh my God! What if Nacho got an infection? That was serious. Did that require an immediate vet visit? I wasn’t sure but then I looked over at Nacho and he just looked so uncomfortable. Poor little guy! I wasn’t going to let him suffer anymore, so off to the Emergency Vet Clinic we went.

I had wrapped Nacho up in a blanket so that his thing wouldn't get injured or infected (plus I was extremely embarrassed to have to explain that my dog had an erection lasting longer than four hours). I walked up to the desk to get on the list to have him seen by a vet. As I approached the counter, a friendly girl asked, "What brings you to see us tonight?" There were several people in the waiting room and I really didn't want all of them to hear me tell the girl that my dog had had a hard on for several hours. So I leaned in and softly said, "His penis is stuck out." (I guess that was the proper medical terminology to use.)

The girl gasped and said, "Excuse me?"

"His penis has been stuck out for several hours," I said a little louder.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean his penis won't go back in!" I said even louder as I was getting frustrated and embarrassed. I unwrapped the blanket around Nacho and turned him around so she could see for herself.

"Oh my!" the girl exclaimed.

All of the employees behind the counter cracked a smile. They looked like they were going to burst into laughter at any second. I guess they hadn't seen a patient with his condition before. *I was so glad I got to be the first one to bring in a dog with this problem (not really).* Some of the people in the waiting room turned to look my way too. They all looked at me as if I were crazy.

"Okay. Just fill out these forms and we'll get you in to see a vet," the girl behind the counter told me.

I wrapped my baby back up in his blanket, grabbed the clipboard she was handed to me, and went and sat in one of the chairs to fill out the forms. As we were sitting there, the guy across from me leaned forward and said, “Did you really bring your dog in for having an erection?”

“No, I brought him in because he’s had an erection for several hours and it’s making him very uncomfortable.”

His eyes got big and he said, “Oh, well that’s a new one,” as he leaned back in his chair. I didn’t respond.

About twenty minutes later, a veterinarian technician open the door leading to the hallway with the exam rooms and called my name. We followed her back into one of the exam rooms. The veterinarian walked into the room and asked what was going on with Nacho. Of course the vet had to be extremely handsome. I explained about Nacho’s inability to pull his wiener back in. The vet chuckled and immediately apologized for it. I told him not to worry about it. I understood that Nacho’s condition was a little comical. He examined Nacho (violated him actually) and then gave the diagnosis.

He explained that sometimes older dogs will experience some hormonal dryness that makes it difficult for them to retract their penis. He said that he would put some K-Y-Jelly on it and see if he could push it back in. Nacho looked absolutely mortified and I felt so bad for him but it did work. And I only had to pay \$95 for my dog to get a lube job!

I took Nacho home, gave him some extra treats for the horrific experience he just had, and tucked him in bed with me.

All was well until that weekend when I noticed Nacho's thing was stuck back out again. So I took him to his regular vet and explained what the emergency room vet had told me. She got one of her techs to give him another lube job and everything in the world was right again.

Until it happened again. I took him to his regular vet and she told me that I didn't need to bring Nacho in every time this happened. I just needed to buy some K-Y-Jelly and Q-tips and I could take care of it at home. I didn't know if I could do that to Nacho. It just seemed so wrong for his mother to apply lubricant to his junk. But paying the vet \$45 for a lube job every few days didn't exactly seem right either. I thanked the vet, took Nacho home, and went to the store to buy lube and Q-tips.

I got to the store and couldn't find where the lubricants were (I had never bought that before), so of course I had to ask a store attendant where to find it, which was very embarrassing. She looked at me with a smirk on her face and told me where it was. For some reason, I felt the need to explain to her that it wasn't for me, it was for my dog. I didn't think about how that might sound to someone unaware of Nacho's condition. The store attendant gave me a look that said, "You nasty and disgusting girl!"

I walked over to the lube section, which is by the condoms (in case you ever need some lube). Then I found the Q-tips. I bought the ones on the extra-long wooden sticks like the kind you see at a doctor's office. I didn't want to accidentally touch Nacho's penis while I was lubing it up.

The first time I had to give my dog a lube job, I felt so horrible. It felt like I was violating him in some way. I held him out with one hand at an arm's length, grabbed the lubed up Q-tip with my other hand, and proceeded to brush the Q-tip on his thing. Then I used the Q-

tip to push it back in. And finally, it was done, for this time at least. There were numerous other times when I had to do it again.

One time, it happened when I had a date over for dinner. I had to lube up my dog in front of him towards the end of the evening and never heard from the guy again. Another time, I had to do it in front of my seven-year-old niece. She was very curious about the whole thing. I tried to answer her questions in a matter of fact way, but as soon as her mom picked her up, my niece told her, "Mommy, Aunt Stephie had to put medicine on Nacho's pee-pee. Did you know that boy dogs had red pee-pees? And they look like rocket ships!" I thought it was kind of funny, but my sister was not amused. The bottom line was that I loved my dog, and I loved him so much, I was willing to give him a lube job whenever he needed it. If that's not love, I don't know what is.