



Hi I'm Reggie.

For some reason, like a lot of Labradors, I have a real interest in eating a lot of things I shouldn't – including underwear. Five years ago I swallowed a pair of pantyhose and they got stuck. One section of the stockings was balled up in my stomach and one of the legs traveled all the way into my intestines. I had to have surgery before I was pantyhose-free. My owners got a very clear picture of just how diligent they had to be when it came to keeping things I might like to eat far away from me. But I really like to figure out how to open doors, closets, and laundry hampers. Every 3-4 months I find a pair and gobble them up, but I always vomit, and there's no problem. Seems harmless, right?

Well one day I got a hold of not one, but TWO pair of underwear! I was so excited I ate them both right away. This time they didn't come up. Then I got really sick. My regular veterinarian did a bunch of tests to see what was wrong. My vet told my owner that I didn't have much time and recommended he take me to DoveLewis for surgery. My owner asked the doctor what he would do in his position. The doctor's answer was, "If he were mine I would be down at DoveLewis in a heartbeat."

When I got to DoveLewis, the staff had a gurney ready to carry me into the hospital. Dr. Andrea Oncken, the medical director, told my owner she could operate and make me feel all better. My owner was ecstatic and so was I. Dr. Oncken soon learned my secret. One pair of underwear was in my stomach. The other had managed to get all the way into my intestine! It caused so much damage, the section had to be removed and it had to be spliced together. My owner waited in his truck in a parking lot close to DoveLewis for hours during the surgeries to remove both pair. He was overjoyed to get the phone call that I was out of surgery, and on the road to recovery.

I recovered really quickly thanks to the talented and caring medical staff at DoveLewis. In just a couple of days, my family, including my two-year-old human pal, was able to come visit me. I'm home now and doing great, except it's gotten a lot harder to find any underwear. My owners bought something called a "Diaper Champ" and all the dirty undies live in there now. I suppose that's a good idea.