



Puppy Tails

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*As the moon goes to bed, the sun comes up
And here we meet a sleepy pup,
Who was walking through G-ville one bright sunny day,
Then saw The Villager and decided to stay.*

Argh! Why won't it stop raining? Doodle Dog sat next to the office window and looked out at the town through foggy glass. He had been looking forward to spending another day bounding through the meadow now that spring was here, but it certainly appeared that nature had other ideas. Rain on the rooftop pattered over Doodle Dog's head sounding like the drummers tapping their drumsticks on the rims of their drums when they marched in parades. The floppy-eared puppy turned his floppy ear in the direction of the sound and listened as the light patter turned to heavy gushes pounding down on the thick shingles. No, Doodle Dog was definitely staying inside today.

Usually Doodle Dog liked to watch the hustle and bustle of the daily goings-on that went on through the other side of his window while he was safe and warm in his favorite blanket – his own special kind of television! - but apparently the people who lived in town had the same idea because there wasn't any activity in the streets for Doodle Dog to see. The only movement out there was the droplets of water dancing on the sidewalk and doing high dives into the different puddles scattered over the concrete. Well, Doodle Dog would just have to watch them for his entertainment! The floppy-eared puppy smiled as a little blob of rain slid down the leaf of a nearby tree, hanging on to the very tip for as long as it could until it finally let go and dropped into the puddle below the branches. That deserved an 8! Doodle Dog thought. Or maybe a 9 for effort. The little drop would do better next time for sure! Another much bigger much blobbier drop of rain water avoided the trees all together and came zooming in straight from the sky and whatever cloud it had been hiding in. It looked like it was getting bigger the closer to the earth it came and by time it made it to the pavement of the road, this monster-sized blob made such a splash that all the other little blobs that were happily swimming in the puddle jumped out and scattered to find another place to play!

As the water droplets in the street continued to be flung from one miniature pond to another, hopping like the mysterious white bunny from place to place, Doodle Dog listened again to the shower sounds over his head. The soft taps of drumbeats were now loud bass drums as thunder boomed from the clouds. A flash of lightning across the still-blue sky reminded Doodle Dog of the clashing metal of cymbals when they are smashed together. A suddenly slanted rainfall scratching against the window made it seem that, just for a moment, a scary branch was scritch-scratching at the glass. But then the wind picked up again in the other direction and the water changed course again, this time in a downpour off the edge of the roof like a waterfall deep in the jungle that ended up in a secret pool most humans would never find. This domestic waterfall ended up giving a drink to the flowers sprouting up from the mulch way below the gutter spouts.

The curious floppy-eared puppy turned his attention to the steps of the front porch as different drops pounded down sounding like the clappity-clap of a horse's hooves prancing on pavement. Then, up on the porch itself, the continuing staccato stream made it seem that heavy shoes of human footsteps were moving across the wood. Wait! Those were real human footsteps and they belonged to one of Doodle Dog's favorite friendly humans. At least now he'd have some company to decipher the rain messages with him!