



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.*

From the inside side of the office window, Doodle Dog could see the outside side with its view of the hustle and bustle of the goings-on down the main street of town. Sunlight from the upside side of the sky shone onto the underside side of the sidewalk, streaking between the buildings and playing shadows on the walkways. Some shapes filtering through the bricks and stones were only half here or half there as the sun's rays caught one side just right, making it bright and light, and left the other shady and dark. The mix of gleam and gloom made an intriguing pattern all the way down the block and the organic art supplies seemed to be a bottomless jar of natural materials painting and sketching all over the streets, walks and store fronts along the trail.

And in this living masterpiece the floppy-eared puppy noticed a man weaving his way along the network of concrete and pavement. The sun's rays caught the top of his dark hair, making it shine, and left his broad shoulders eclipsed with the silhouette from the shape of his head. He was rather tall – well, most people were considered tall to the little puppy – which was accented by the fact that he stood up very straight as he took each step down the street. The sunlight glinted off his shiny shoes and the sleeve of his suit jacket had a small shadow made by the bouquet of flowers he carried in his arms. Blooms in every color Doodle Dog had seen in the meadow were cozily wrapped up in tissue paper the same hue as the very spot where the sapphire blue waves of the lake water met the shoreline with all its tiny blades of emerald green grass. The floppy-eared puppy wondered if that tantalizing tint could be found in any manmade crayon box or paint palette or if it was earth's and earth's alone. As he watched the man continue up the road toward the office, the buds gently bouncing with his stride, Doodle Dog also wondered if his own flower fields had actually sprouted yet with their real blossoms and not just the jewels from his daydreams. He didn't have long to muse about it, however, as where the man was going was much more intriguing to the curious puppy's immediate attention span.

As the man reached his desired footpath and turned off the main sidewalk, Doodle Dog pressed his nose up against the window as far as he could and craned his neck as far as it would stretch, but it wasn't quite far enough for either so a moment later found the floppy-eared puppy scampering out the flat side of the office with its front door and proceeding to peer around the corner side of the building with its perfect view of the shop nearby. Doodle Dog heard a loud knock as the man tapped on that door but as he waited patiently no one came to answer it. He tried to press a tiny button which usually made a series of chimes ring through the shop, but Doodle Dog knew something the man didn't: the doorbell hadn't worked in quite a while! The floppy-eared puppy pressed his nose against the corner of the office building and craned his neck around the brick and stone as far as it would stretch, but it wasn't quite far enough to do what he wanted to do, so a moment later found the kind, curious little puppy scampering up to the patiently-waiting man. Doodle Dog wagged his tail to show he is a friendly dog, the thumping sound on the sidewalk echoing off the side of the shop, and gave a little bark to say hello. The man smiled so that the sunlight glinted off his sparkly white teeth and then made a shadow briefly cross Doodle Dog's nose as he reached down to give the puppy a pat on the ears. A moment later, the hand that pet the floppy-eared puppy again surrounded the beautiful bundle of pink tulips, yellow daffodils, purple irises, indigo violets and white roses streaked with lavender and the smile seemed to ask Doodle Dog what its owner should do.

Without hesitation, the helpful puppy let out a much louder bark and then another which made a series of woofs and howls and a grrrrr or two for good measure ring through the warm, sun-kissed air that wafted between Doodle Dog and the man, over the pretty package of petite posies and right through to the other side of the door in front of them. A moment later the space of the shadow-painted door turned into a lovely young lady in a summery dress as it swung open to let the sunlight shine on the shop's keeper standing there. Doodle Dog politely covered his eyes with his paw as the man handed the young lady the bouquet and gathered her in an embrace. Nothing like a barking telegram to save the day!