



# 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.*

*Drip, drip, drippety drip.*

Doodle Dog slowly opened one eye. Trying to take a nap by the window didn't seem to be working and he was quite a bit tired after all that tumbling and tackling! Grrr. Another insistent drip made that one eye open faster and then yet another even louder drip and soon his other eye was open too.

*Drip, drip, drippety drip.*

Wide awake now, the floppy-eared puppy accepted the fact that he wouldn't be getting any rest for the time being and pulled himself to his paws, stretching each leg one by one and then flipping his fluffy tail to wake it up as well. The window was open just a crack and cool air seeped in between the wall and the glass, at once biting his nose and chilling his cheeks. But it wasn't the feel of the frost on his fur that caught Doodle Dog's curiosity, or even the smell of the fresh air sneaking into the room. Instead, the little puppy's floppy ears were wondering what the steady ticking of a clock was doing on the other side of the crystal wall. As he peered through the tiny space no wider than a mail slot, Doodle Dog heard the sound again. The "clock" wasn't a clock at all, but one look up to the series of glistening wands sticking out from the overhanging roof and the floppy-eared puppy could see the large icicles were little by little becoming not so large at all!

*Drip, drip, drippety drip. Splitter, splitter, splat!*

As the icicles shrank, the puddle beneath them grew and grew, making its own unique sounds when the drops leaving their previous home in the snowy spikes splash-landed into their new more fluid home below. Intrigued by the early rhythm of the budding symphony, Doodle Dog made his way out the front door, circling around the outside of the office to where the drip, drip, splitter splatting continued to play.

*Drip, drip, drippety drip. Splitter, splitter, splat! Squish, squish, squoosh.*

Now what was THAT? The floppy-eared puppy thought he had figured out the melody, but a new thick sound interrupted the tune, inserting itself randomly into the imaginary bass line as the lighter sounds kept time. He stood still for a second to see if he could pinpoint its origin, but it suddenly seemed to stop. No matter... Doodle Dog picked up his front paw again to investigate the initial objective and as he took a few steps, there it was again! The goopy slush under him sucked at the pads protecting his claws, pulling them down into the sloppy, mushy muck. It was almost as if the earth was trying to slurp him for a snack! Every time his little paw temporarily escaped the snow sludge, it added its own rather distinctive noise. The little floppy-eared puppy figured he better keep going or he might swiftly find himself sinking in a sort of snowy quicksand. What would that sound like, he wondered? But he wasn't curious enough to stick around and find out!

*Drip, drip, drippety drip. Splitter, splitter, splat! Squish, squish, squoosh. Whap, whap, WHOOSH!*

Something zipped past Doodle Dog's ears so quickly the motion spun him around so that now he was facing the other direction entirely! He turned his head this way and that and barely jumped out of the path of a truly giant SPLAT! That could have been quite disastrous, he acknowledged with a grateful bark to no one in particular as he caught his breath and his eyes darted one way and then another to see if any more impromptu attacks were on their way. Up above him, right over where the not-so-large-anymore icicles were still shrinking, a very tiny and very excited bird hopped along on the rain spout, now clean of snow. The white covering that had been there was what had nearly clobbered Doodle Dog and instead safely scattered in a pile at his paws.

*Drip, drip, drippety drip. Splitter, splitter, splat! Squish, squish, squoosh. Whap, whap, whoosh. THUD!*

It appeared the bird was not quite done with its aerial deliveries to the ground below. Just as the dripping of the icicles landed in the liquid pool growing ever by the drop, knobs of packed snowflakes lobbed one by one by the hands, er wings, of the little bird who seemed to be having so much fun that it didn't notice the four-legged creature trying to go about his own tasks on the solid -- well, more slushy and mucky -- earth repeatedly found their way to the soft landing pad around the floppy-eared puppy. The feathered friend was so enthusiastic and happy in its hopping and lobbing that Doodle Dog didn't want to ruin its fun, but didn't really want to find himself stuck under an avalanche of slush either, so the floppy-eared puppy made his getaway quietly, as the only sound effect right then in his ears was a drip-drip clock-ticking sort of tempo starting up behind him. As the little bird's beak clicking on the metal roof blended notes with the drippy drips, splitters, splatters, squishes, squooshes, whaps and whooshes into nature's chorus, Doodle Dog was hopeful that songs of spring wouldn't be too far behind.