



Puppy Tails

MIALIE T. SZYMANSKI | CONTRIBUTING REPORTER

After several days of snow, wind, icy sprinkles and rain showering down on the town, Doodle Dog knew the outside pathways would be a slushy, sloppy, squishy, sloshy mess. Good thing he had no particular reason to venture out in that goop!

He'd had enough of winter's tickling his fur and taking up residence in his nose and between his toes. So he planned to stay inside and find one of his favorite spots to curl up in and dream about his adventures from the comfort of his own cozy corner. Besides, if he really started missing the brisk air and chilly snow dripping through his paws, all he had to do was think about the mound of mush that toppled on him in the park. He didn't need to stretch his imagination to know what it felt like to be in the middle of a very icy snow drift – it had been quite real! Yes, Doodle Dog had a wonderful plan on how to spend his day. But, as plans tend to do, the floppy-eared puppy soon realised he didn't have much choice in the matter.

A loud THUNK sounded outside the window and Doodle Dog quickly scampered to the back of the office to peek out. Seeing just a sliver of the world beyond the window, Doodle Dog nudged aside the curtain to widen his view only to huddle down again when he caught a glimpse of what was out there. Cautiously he crept up again and rested his nose on the windowsill so all that anyone could see of him if they glanced his direction was two round eyes peering out of the glass.

A group of workers had opened the storage shed – the same one that Doodle Dog helped pack not too long ago – and were shifting the boxes to a waiting truck. The floppy-eared puppy wondered how long it would take them to figure out that puzzle, if they would be able to solve it at all! It didn't seem to take any bit of time at all as the group made quick work of the transfer, after a little bit of pushing, jiggling, maneuvering and rotating just right to fit the assorted mess into the new space. But why were they loading up everything that had just been sorted not too long ago? Doodle Dog didn't have the answer to that yet, but he would certainly find out! Before the foggy imprint left behind on the window had a chance to follow his nose and disappear from view, Doodle Dog heard another thud, but this one was louder and much closer than the first.

The floppy-eared puppy scampered back to the front of the office and heard footsteps in the hallway, but these weren't the normal, soft footsteps that announced the kind people who were regular fixtures there. These were heavy clomps that could only be made by study boots. Doodle Dog cautiously poked his nose around the edge of the door to his room. Seeing just a sliver of the world beyond the hallway, he nudged aside the wooden gate to widen his view only to huddle down again when he caught a glimpse of what was out there. Quietly he crept around again and leaned his nose on the doorframe so all that anyone could see of him if they glanced his direction was two round eyes peering out from around the wall.

Some of the same workers that had loaded the truck with boxes from the shed were now in the building! This smaller group dispersed through the rooms of the office, invading nearly every nook and cranny like ants crawling over a picnic blanket in search of the snack making those wonderful smells, beckoning them as effectively as a homing beacon. For the workers, that intuitive call led them to piles of neatly-stacked boxes that lined the various corners of the rooms. Boxes resembled the ones from the shed but the floppy-eared puppy knew that they contained the various bits and pieces previously scattered throughout the various shelves and cabinets in each particular room. Now Doodle Dog wondered where all the contents of the office were going! It didn't seem to take any time at all as the smaller group made even quicker work of transferring these boxes out to the truck which now waited out front with the other workers, meeting their shed counterparts with a friendly TWACK as each carefully nestled box made way for a new addition in the pile.

Soon Doodle Dog watched as the truck drove down the street and disappeared from all view. Should he venture out? The brave little puppy didn't feel very brave but his curiosity won that argument. He gently pushed the door open the rest of the way and began to explore the rooms one by one only to find them all empty! Before he had a chance to sniff out the corners and see if even the dust bunnies were left, Doodle Dog heard a thunk-a-thud coming from his own room that he'd just been hiding in! The little curious floppy-eared puppy scampered back to his room to find his bookcase and all of the books on it now packed up in familiar-looking boxes. His chewy bones, squeaky toys and squishy bed were all wrapped up too! Doodle Dog pounced onto the one object left – his cozy blanket – so that it wouldn't suddenly disappear from under him. But that plan only worked halfway – strong hands gently picked up the blanket and the puppy with it and carried them both out to a waiting car! The car followed the direction of the truck and the path was short enough that Doodle Dog could nearly see his starting point from the arrived destination. He and his blanket were softly deposited inside a warm room in this new building and as Doodle Dog looked around he noticed his bookcase, his books, chewy bones, squeaky toys and squishy bed were already there waiting for him. Although his original plans seemed to be hijacked, the floppy-eared puppy had some new ones for the rest of the afternoon... lots of new corners to explore!