



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.*

Nooo! No, no. No way, nuh-uh, NOOO!

Doodle Dog covered his eyes with his floppy ears and a second later peered out again, hoping the scene would have changed.

No! No no nuh-uh! It can't be!

Doodle Dog stretched his body as far over the side of his comfy bed as he could, being extra careful not to fall out, but it wasn't on the floor near his blankets as they cascaded down the short wall, almost plunging the puppy forward too. Nudging his nose under the nearby rug, vast enough to cover most of the middle of the room and colorful enough to conceal even the largest of objects (so this tiny one could easily be hiding there), Doodle Dog gently pushed up the edge and peered underneath. But it wasn't there either. Peeking behind the bookcase full of all his much-loved stories, the floppy-eared puppy turned to listen if the dust bunnies would tell him it had escaped there for a chapter or two. But his favorite chewy toy wasn't hiding there either!

He bounced on the couch and first nuzzled his nose and then plowed his paws in between the cushions, overstuffed with everything from puffy flufflike mounds of marshmallows to jingling coins like a clinking chorus, but no chewy toy in sight! As he sifted through the piles of pillows and lifted them one by one with his teeth to glance under, behind and inside them, Doodle Dog became more discouraged with each toss.

No! No, no! No way, nuh-uh!

If it wasn't in his room, where might it be? The floppy-eared puppy hurried to the door that would lead to the hallway hoping it would also lead to his escaped chewy toy. The hallway with its long rug stretched out like a bridge connecting the series of doors which opened into each room, but Doodle Dog didn't have time to explore all of the shiny gold knobs and sturdy wood framework lining the corridor – he was quite determined to find his missing chewy toy and had to focus on the task at paw! (As pretty and sparkly as they glistened made it a bit difficult not to stop and stare for a moment though.) Checking first under that narrow length of carpet, the floppy-eared puppy hoped there wouldn't be any trolls just waiting to pop out at him like the ones that were known to live under real bridges. Luckily, no trolls, but no chewy toys either, so Doodle Dog gently pushed his nose behind a picture frame on a low accent table nearby (it wobbled a bit – careful not to knock it over!) in continued search. That nose then led him to the inside of a pair of boots by the door, but the whiff that he sniffed was all a strong leather and none of his chewy toy.

No! No, no!

There was only one place left inside and Doodle Dog hadn't spent very much time there at all so he wasn't sure what he would find, but the brave little puppy scampered up the stairs anyway. This top floor was completely covered with a carpet so lush anything could be hiding in those jungle weeds! The floppy-eared puppy nudged up the edge of this carpet too and nosed around on top of the forest just in case, but if his chewy toy was there, it had gone on a safari and wouldn't be back for a while... Doodle Dog sniffed his path all the way to the work desk, under which was another jungle full of electric cords. There was no chewy toy tangled there, but the floppy-eared puppy had to be extra careful not to get tied up himself! He didn't want to meet the



spider that might live there!

From the edge of the carpet to the very edge of the upstairs, a slanted alcove loomed in front of Doodle Dog, an opening which could just as well be to a dark cave – the curious puppy wasn't quite sure he wanted to go in there. Maybe the chewy toy decided that would be a good place to be. (Doodle Dog politely disagreed!) Giving a soft bark into the hollow space, Doodle Dog stepped back to listen. He couldn't see that far in, but from the echo it didn't seem like there was anything in there.

No!

Scampering back down the stairs, back through the hallway and past the door to his room, the floppy-eared puppy didn't stop as he headed straight outside to the porch stoop. If his chewy toy wasn't anywhere in the office, maybe it had gone outside for some fresh air! No fuzzy carpet out here, but the edge of the welcome mat soon bent up from Doodle Dog's nose prodding under it. He quickly peered through the slats in the wood bench, then even behind a loose brick in the wall where he likes to hide things sometimes, tucked there for safe keeping.

Apparently the outside was just an effective hiding place as the inside is since the chewy toy was doing a pretty good job of its disappearing act. Doodle Dog didn't know of anywhere else he could look, so he made his way back to his room for a nap. That always helped him think a little better! When he arrived to the corner of his room where he had started his search, right in the middle of his cozy bed on top of the pile of fluffy blankets, a chewy toy perched as though it had been there the whole time. There it was!

Yes? Yes!

The floppy-eared puppy hurried over... but wait! It didn't quite smell right. His eyes said it was his chewy toy, but his nose said something very different. He shook it in his mouth but it sounded different, tasted different, and didn't quite roll between his paws the same either – it was very smooth while the other one was a bit rough from being gnawed on for so long. But as Doodle Dog started to play and chew on this one, it didn't seem to taste all that terrible, in fact, the new chewy toy was quite yummy. It could do for now.

Nooo! No, no. No way, nuh-uh, okay ... maybe.

The hunt for the other one could always continue tomorrow.