



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.*

Steam rose from the pavement covering the street outside the office window and little drops of dew that happened to plop on the sidewalk sizzled away within seconds. Summer was definitely here and it was definitely hot! Doodle Dog watched from inside his cool corner of the cozy couch, calmly guarding his little piece of air-conditioned earth. The floppy-eared puppy could see some of the townspeople walking very, very slowly so not to become too exhausted that they couldn't make it home and some walking very, very quickly to find a cool place to relax as soon as possible. If Doodle Dog let his imagination get away from him, it might almost appear that some of the people were melting right into the concrete! First their shoes, then their socks, then the rest of them as they became shorter and shorter and shorter! His thoughts were so vivid that Doodle Dog almost began to think that HE was sinking too! But Doodle Dog shook his floppy ears and remembered where he was, on the comfy couch, simply sinking into the squishy cushions, and remembered that the people weren't actually sinking into the street. Whew!

Doodle Dog looked at the left side of the couch cushion creeping up next to his front paw and at the right side of the couch cushion sneaking up by his tail. He knew he wasn't really supposed to be up there in the first place, but the very middle of the couch was so very comfy that he decided he would let himself squish right down with it anyway, and sank a little bit deeper.

As the moving edges of the couch cushions scooped and shifted, Doodle Dog imagined that he was not, in fact, on a soft sofa, but was instead on a ship rocking gently on the high seas. The air conditioner vent above him blew cool air over his nose that was not, in fact, air conditioner wind, but rather a sea breeze wafting salty and brisk past his furry cheeks. Ahoy, matey! He almost wanted to call out a barked greeting to the cluster of stuffed toys on the shore of a far away island, er, the lower shelf of the bookcase across the office floor. Suddenly his ship rocked harder and docked against something hard – the wall probably – must be a giant boulder jutting out from the nearby cliff! The floppy-eared puppy gathered his courage and peered over the side of the vessel to spy a group of natives circling around him! The dust bunnies scattered as Doodle Dog huffed out his breath, but they scurried right back when he breathed inward! He hurried to the other side – er, arm! – of the couch and peeked down from that angle too. Round and round the top of his floating craft he went in an impromptu peek-a-boo with the fluffy creatures as they continued to give chase. As the floppy-eared puppy heard the rumblings of somebody's tummy, he wondered if they were getting hungry and would try and catch HIM for their dinner!

But before the curious Doodle Dog could wind up as somebody's doggie snack, he suddenly noticed that his ship was not floating on a watery, wavy ocean surrounded by clear blue tides with white frothy caps. Not anymore! The liquid now holding up his boat had turned from the beautiful blue to a vibrant violet and then finally settled on a radiant red. And those friendly white caps bobbing up and down with the current were gone too. In their place were clumpy chunks of glowing coals. Doodle Dog could almost smell the cinders as the lava circled around him! Oh no! The glowing coals swept along as other debris melted into the thick gelatinous whirlpool before Doodle Dog imagined the only thing keeping him afloat starting to melt too. First the rudder, then the bow, then the rest of the ship as it became shorter and shorter and shorter! Definitely time to abandon ship! The floppy-eared puppy grabbed the nearest couch cushion with his teeth and tossed it onto the floor and then nabbed the other one too. He bounced down off his sinking, squishy ship onto the soft lifeboats balancing precariously as they floated him to safety. Once safe and sound on the other side of the room, Doodle Dog took the corner of what had been the left cushion into his mouth and gave it a good shake, shake, shake before lobbing it back up where it belonged and soon the other one followed back into its place on the right side of the sofa. The floppy-eared puppy made sure to put them back before anyone saw and knew what he had been up to that very adventurous summer afternoon!