



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.*

Ahhhhh! Spring is here, spring is here, spring is here! Doodle Dog thought as he bounded down the sidewalk through town. Spring is here, spring is here, spring is here! Doodle Dog thought as he dodged a row of melty puddles made by the dripping mounds of snow that, although they were still here, were no longer massive mountains of mush and were quickly melting into miniature versions of their previous selves. Despite the remaining evidence that winter was not yet willing to take its annual vacation, it was also obvious that spring was coming whether winter and all of its piles of snow and ice liked it or not. In fact, spring wasn't just coming, spring was here!

Spring is here, spring is here, spring is here! Doodle Dog thought as he sniffed a blade of green grass growing up at the spot where the sidewalk ends and the meadow begins. Spring is here, spring is here, spring is here! Doodle Dog thought as he romped across the meadow that was now made up of more blades of the green grass than it was of mounds of white mushy ice crystals. Spring is here, spring is here, spring is here! Doodle Dog thought as he caught a whiff of a nearby flower, the brave little yellow bud the first one that dared poke its nose out of the softening earth.

The floppy-eared puppy excitedly scampered through the meadow as though greeting a friend he hadn't seen in a very long time, and as Doodle Dog's nose continued to catch a whiff of the fresh grass and the new flower buds, his eye caught sight of something fluffy and white, something quick and bouncing, something just at the edge of the spot where the floppy-eared puppy had stopped his scampering and was now standing very, very still.

The something was white and fluffy, yes, but no, it wasn't the snow mounds. Snow mounds didn't wiggle or hop like that! The something was small and fuzzy like the overgrown brush at the edge of the forest, yes, but no, it wasn't brown and leafy. Brush piles didn't move like that either!

Doodle Dog decided he couldn't stand very, very still any longer what with this fluffy white, quick and bouncing, hoppity-hop something hoppity-hopping in the corner of his eye. So the floppy-eared puppy did his own best hoppity-hop right after where he thought the creature had last been and took off in that direction too. Around a corner of the forest Doodle Dog went, but he didn't see a wiggly furry something. He DID, however, find a rather curious-looking egg right in the middle of the trail where he was sure the fluffy white, wiggly furry something had just hopped past. But this egg didn't look anything like the fresh eggs from the farmer's market in town: it wasn't milky white and it wasn't creamy brown. This egg was a bright pink the color of strawberry milkshakes fresh from the ice cream shop! Curious and curiouser, Doodle Dog thought! Just then, a streak of fluffy white up ahead of the trail dashed to the right and the floppy-eared puppy immediately left the egg and dashed after it. It appeared to have gone through the grassy blades of the meadow, so Doodle Dog went that way too, but he didn't see any wiggly furry somethings. He DID, however, find another rather curious-looking egg right in the middle of the field. This egg didn't look like the white or brown eggs at the farmer's market, but it didn't look like the bright pink strawberry milkshake egg, either. This egg looked just like the meadow, a field of green dotted with the white mounds of snow.

Now even more curious and even more determined to find this fluffy white hoppity-hop that was apparently much quicker than the scampering floppy-eared puppy, Doodle Dog continued as fast as he could, but indeed not fast enough! As the tail end of the white bunny disappeared through a tall hedge at the edge of town, Doodle Dog found another brightly-colored egg - this one blue with white stripes that reminded him of the sky on a clear spring day when the airplanes made streaks across it like giant metal birds leaving a trail of feathers behind them as they flew way up high. The floppy-eared puppy followed the hopping bunny, or rather he followed the trail of eggs, all the way back through town and up the sidewalk to the office where he found a beautiful yellow egg the same shade as the brave little flower bud he'd been whiffing when he first caught sight of the mysterious delivery bunny. The egg, and the little flower bud, reminded Doodle Dog of the sun shining brightly overhead and he knew spring was very much here to stay.