



Puppy Tails

MIALIE T. SZYMANSKI | CONTRIBUTING REPORTER

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.

As Doodle Dog woke up and flopped over in his comfy bed, twisting out of his comfy blanket and blinking open his eyes to look around his comfy office, he suddenly noticed something different that had not been true for quite a while. A bright yellow ball floated in the sky just outside the window. The sun is shining. The sun is shining! THE SUN IS SHINING!

Not quite believing it—surely he must still be snoozing and this must still be a dream—the floppy-eared puppy didn't hesitate to hop out of his comfy bed and comfy blanket to find out if this really was the case. He pressed his nose against the window and looked up at the blue ceiling above the earth. Yep, it definitely looked like the sun was up there! Doodle Dog wasn't quite completely convinced though, so he peeked his nose and then his floppy ears out the front door. Yep, there was no rain gushing from the gutters and the entire building was surrounded by this pretty blue blanket. But he had to be absolutely positively sure if he was going to decide to venture out for the day, so Doodle Dog made his way down the porch steps and stopped just before the stairs met the sidewalk and looked out over the land. Yep, the sun was still hanging above him and as far as he could see down the street and through the little town, the soft blue of the sky peeked out from every spot where there wasn't a building, a tree or a creature to block the view.

Yay! The sun IS shining! The floppy-eared puppy bounded down the last of the porch steps onto the sidewalk and down the street as fast as he could. There was no time to waste because he didn't know how long the sun would decide to stick around and he wanted to enjoy as much of it as possible! Maybe he would even be lucky enough to see a rainbow today. It appeared that many of the townspeople had the same idea because as Doodle Dog scampered from one sidewalk square to the next, he found himself dashing and darting through legs and giant purses and shopping bags. He was so busy trying to dodge the people-traffic that the floppy-eared puppy barely noticed a bicycle messenger dashing and darting too. And apparently the bicycle messenger was so focused on his own dashing and darting that he didn't notice a giant pothole in his path where the only evidence of the previous rainstorm had gathered. The front tire

of the bicycle caught in the unexpected trap and turned sideways, tipping the rider onto the ground and tossing the contents of his basket into the air.

A pile of posies with their green leaves and vibrant petals flew right up out of the basket and rained down on the sidewalk below, the purples and pinks and yellows making a beautiful arc before they landed on the dismal gray concrete. The storm may have passed, but these brilliant flower drops fell as gracefully as the wet rain blobs had done not long ago. The impromptu rainbow with its vivid arch of tulips and irises and daisies caught the curious floppy-eared puppy's attention and he knew he had to do something to help save the little buds and get them where they were going.

While the young messenger righted his bicycle, Doodle Dog quickly gathered up a large mouthful of the flowers. A pink tulip, a lavender iris and a daffodil the color of canaries poked out from all angles as Doodle Dog gently held the soft stems in his teeth. He carefully dumped them back into the now-upright basket and immediately picked up another bunch. When the basket was brimming again with the beautiful colors, the curious floppy-eared puppy scampered along again, this time beside the bicycle one sidewalk square to the next. At each door along the route, Doodle Dog reached up and plucked a posy from the assortment piled high and softly dropped it on the store front's stoop. The bakery with its delicious smells and fresh sweets soon had a bright yellow petal to greet visitors and an orange tiger lily peeked out from the welcome mat at the gift shop next door. From store to store and door to door the little floppy-eared puppy went, and just like the hoppity bunny with its trails of colorful eggs, it was quite easy to see all the places Doodle Dog had been—the path of bold, bright spots of springtime cheer behind his route wasn't hard to follow!

When the basket was empty and all the shops and houses had been appropriately flowered, the bicycle and its rider went on their way and the little floppy-eared puppy found himself where the sidewalk ends and his favorite meadow begins. And so he spent the rest of the afternoon rolling in the grass dotted with its own flowers in every color of the rainbow and their soft green stems poking out from the earth. Doodle Dog nudged one particularly brilliant purple violet nearby and noticed the tiniest of dew drops left from the rain giving the bud the tiniest of drinks to help it grow, and the floppy-eared puppy decided perhaps the rain wasn't so bad after all. That is, as long as it stayed away for at least a little while!