



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.*

The rain just didn't listen very well, did it? As Doodle Dog listened – HE'S a good listener! – to the pitter-patter of the wet drops on the office roof, the floppy-eared puppy thought of the beautiful weather that had just been so recently enjoyed. The sun had shone brightly in the clear, light blue sky, and only one or two giant fluffy marshmallow clouds lazily floated along. What happened?!? The sun was hiding today behind a cloud that was neither fluffy nor marshmallowy. It was, however, still a very giant one and a very mean-looking one at that! Piles and piles of dark gray thunder clouds crowded the sky that was certainly not its usual brilliant blue. Instead, a dreary sky cast a slightly lighter shade than the mean clouds hung over the office and the little town today. That yucky dismal look was quickly becoming the "usual" sky dressing to the little floppy-eared puppy's dismay.

As Doodle Dog slowly made his way from the window to the front door to peek his nose outside, he listened to the ping-ping of the rain on the porch roof and thought of all the colored posies he'd helped deliver on that bright sunny day and what cheery little drops they were throughout town. That grumpy sky sure could use some of those flowers today! Where was a rainbow when the little town needed one?

As Doodle Dog thought of the cheerful flowers and what joy they brought to the passersby and the shopkeepers, he thought of the excited little boy who had such a great time hopscotching from puddle to puddle made of the water the last storm had left behind. And the floppy-eared puppy thought more of the flowers and how they wouldn't have grown up into so brilliant and beautiful buds without the gentle drinks of dew from the spring showers. The rain wasn't ALL bad, Doodle Dog remembered.

The ping-ping on the porch roof turned into a plop-plop on the concrete steps leading to the sidewalk as Doodle Dog cautiously made his way from the office door, across the porch floor to those steps. He was going to figure out how to enjoy the rainstorm rather than spend the day hiding in his blanket every time Mother Nature decided the earth needed a bath! The floppy-eared puppy considered how much fun the little girl in her little yellow raincoat had jumping into the puddles and making each one splash as far as she could. She sure looked like she enjoyed herself! Doodle Dog remembered the day he met the mud puppy and how they'd spent the afternoon rolling and playing in the mud. If it hadn't been for the rainstorm the day before that, the mud piles would simply have been dry dirt crumbling on the dusty ground. Grimy powder isn't nearly as much fun to roll around in, and it makes Doodle Dog sneeze! But gooey mud? That's a whole 'nother story! The floppy-eared puppy had found it quite fun to squish around in the soft goo. Maybe, just maybe, the rainstorm had brought some more mud to town right now too, but Doodle Dog wouldn't know unless he went out in the drops falling from the sky to find out!

So the little floppy-eared puppy forgot about the thundering clouds overhead and decided to go out from the safety of his warm welcome mat on the dry porch and make his way down the last few steps that met the sidewalk. The water from the very wide, dismal gray sky immediately dripped on his fur, but that actually felt good – even curious floppy-eared puppies need a bath from time to time just like the earth! Right where the sidewalk ends and the pavement begins there it was... a giant puddle that looked just right for splashing in. And that's exactly what Doodle Dog did. To his delight, what did he find at the very bottom of the giant puddle after the water had scattered in all directions? A pile of dirt that had now magically transformed into a layer of goopy, gooey, soft and squashy mud that squished between his paws. Soon the little floppy-eared puppy, content in his puddle jumping and mud squishing, forgot about the thundering clouds and the dismal gray sky and the rain falling from above and just simply enjoyed hopping from one rain puddle and mud pile to the next, squish-squishing all the way down the street and back again until night fell and it was time to go home. And just like all good little puppies, Doodle Dog made sure to shake the water off his fur and wipe his paws on the welcome mat before going inside. His tracks had already left quite the drippy, muddy trail through the town!