



# 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.*

After Doodle Dog did such a grrrrreat job cleaning and organizing his little quiet (and previously quite cluttered) corner of the office, he decided he was going to venture outside and enjoy a break. He bounded out the back door, down the wooden steps of the deck and made his way through the grass near the storage shed. And stopped in his tracks. Apparently, as Doodle Dog had done SUCH a grrrrreat job with his task, that now he had been given another assignment. That doggie to-do list was getting longer, not shorter!

There, a few steps in front of him and quite unmistakable (he couldn't ignore it if he tried!) was a giant delivery van with its back door open wide and boxes spilling out from the very dark, very deep inside. Several delivery men were transferring the boxes in all shapes and sizes to the yard in front of the shed, making messy piles in no particular order or purpose. When the work men left, Doodle Dog knew it was up to him to get everything organized and put away in the shed. So much for his walk! That was okay – Doodle Dog knew once he finished this new task, he could still have fun for the rest of the afternoon. So the floppy-eared puppy took a look toward the giant shed with its front door open wide and no boxes spilling out from the very dark, very deep inside. A few cautious steps later and he was peering inside. Yep, quite dark and quite deep indeed!

Doodle Dog wasn't sure how he was going to approach this new task, but looking inside that deep dark cave he knew at the very least he was going to have to be brave. The best thing to do was to just dive in, so the floppy-eared puppy didn't waste any time in figuring out a plan. Now focused, he immediately noticed that each box, although strewn across the yard, had a tag with a color on it. There were several different colors and the system didn't make sense immediately as blue tags were tossed with red tags and boxes with green tags were tipped over and leaning onto boxes with yellow tags. One purple tagged box was off to the side all by itself, so the floppy-eared puppy decided to start first with that one and reunite it with its other purple-tagged friends! Scampering around the yard as though joining in on a late season Easter egg search, Doodle Dog hunted down all the other boxes with the purple markings. Once they were in a neat pile, edge to edge to edge, he did the same with the other colors, rounding them up in special sections. Then he had to figure out how to pack them all in the storage space that had at first seemed quite vast but with every box he gathered, each one more oddly shaped than the next, Doodle Dog started to think that there were quite a few more boxes than there was space for them inside!

Pushing some of the larger ones into the very back of the shed, the floppy-eared puppy used his nose to gently guide them into position. Pretty soon nearly half of the stash spread in now-neat stacks on the grassy green of the lawn, but as Doodle Dog feared, the space inside the deep dark shed was now quite bright with all the pretty boxes, leaving little room for the rest that still had to find a place.

It was time to get creative, so the curious floppy-eared puppy continued to poke his nose around the smallest of crevices to figure out this puzzle in front of him. The different shaped boxes with their vibrantly-colored tags arranged just so reminded Doodle Dog of a game he'd seen the little kids playing on the computers at the library. Eyeing up an empty space, he chose another box nearby that looked like it just MIGHT fit, and rotated it this way and that way until... it... DID!

The space was now so tight that Doodle Dog had to back his way out of the shed and in the process backed right up into a wall of boxes. The wall didn't even seem to attempt to block his path though as he backed right through it, pushing one of the lower boxes right through with him. Doodle Dog looked up and tilted his head to one side, surveying the scene. The trembling boxes on the top of the tower reminded Doodle Dog of a game he'd seen adults play on the tables in the park. It was very important that the top boxes not fall over or the game was over! Thinking of the project as a puzzle or a game would help Doodle Dog have some of his afternoon fun even earlier than expected, so the floppy-eared puppy figured out how to turn his work time into playtime and before he knew it, the job was done!