



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.*

Eeeeeee! Doodle Dog dashed left and right, dodging legs and shopping bags and long coat hems flapping across his nose as he tried to bound down the sidewalk in town. Where did all these people come from?! Just a few weeks ago the main street had been pleasantly quiet with a soft layer of pretty snow sparkling in the sunlight. Not today! Definitely not today, as the solid white that had covered sidewalks and street corners and grassy fields was now either melted into the ground or scattered bit by bit on the bottoms of all the shoes going past. It seemed as though everyone that had been cooped up in their houses and shops and offices had all decided to come out at once for some fresh air and now the town was very, very busy indeed!

Before he could get smushed between a giant red purse swinging right at him and a heavy-looking briefcase coming from the other direction, the floppy-eared puppy dove under a nearby bench and peered out between its iron scrolls just in time to see an over-stuffed paper bag fresh from the supply store behind him swoop by within an inch of the opening where he had just been standing. Swift and steady, it reminded Doodle Dog of the pendulum that dangled from the grand antique clock of the lobby of the historical society.

Doodle Dog squished himself as small as he could, making sure to tuck his floppy ears under the protection of the bench. He would have to wait there until the coast was clear. This must have been what the baby bunny felt like when it was hiding from the noisy dogs that yipped and yapped and barked and gruffed. The floppy-eared puppy didn't have loud, scary growling to deal with, but there were plenty of sounds from the different shoes going by his little fortress. Carefully hidden now, Doodle Dog watched thick, fuzzy paws plod past then heard the clickety-clack of high heels so tall he wondered if the woman wearing them hit her head on ceilings. There were heavy hiking boots that dropped plops of mud with each step and a set of four fluff-lined doggie sneakers thudding behind and squishing in the muck. Tiny baby booties peeked over the edge of a stroller, just eye-level with the hiding-but-still-curious floppy-eared puppy. Next came the "rrrrr, rrrrr" of the stroller's wheels, slowly churning in the sludge followed by the soft steps of the comfy rubber soles pushing the buggy. Then there was the slim silhouette of a scooter zipping past, its smaller wheels leaving streamlined tracks in its wake. Doodle Dog scooted backward as a pair of snow boots jumped into a slush pile, sending a spray of icy grime in all directions. A bit of the tingly goo landed on his nose, so Doodle Dog shook and shivered until he was almost sure it landed back off again. Going by the bench just then was a pair of suit pants ending with freshly-cleaned, shiny black loafers. The floppy-eared puppy's reflection looked back at him for a brief moment and he could see that, indeed, his nose was goo-free again. Unfortunately, though his nose was clean, the sidewalk was very much not, and with all the feet marching past, quite a moat was beginning to form around the bench. Now if only he could free himself from this makeshift castle! Where was a drawbridge when he needed one?...