



CHRISTMAS ON ALL FOURS

by Natalie Dien



A Creative Writing Holiday Project

It's that time of year again when my humans bring down
boxes full of trinkets and wreaths that are round.



I know these things, I remember them well.
They bring with them familiar Christmas smells.
The humans fill our house with cheerful shiny things,
chattering on about all the wonders Christmas time brings.

A bristly, pine tree is brought inside,
and in its limbs are decorations they hide



Our evening walks become bright
as Christmas lights fill the night.



And the children often play,
now that they're not in school every day.



Baked goods come with wonderful smells,
and I get special munchings from things that fell.
I doze off cozily near where the fire is burning,
and when I wake, it appears to be Christmas morning.

Gifts are opened, leaving paper and ribbons all around,
and as I look I see only grins on their faces, no frowns.

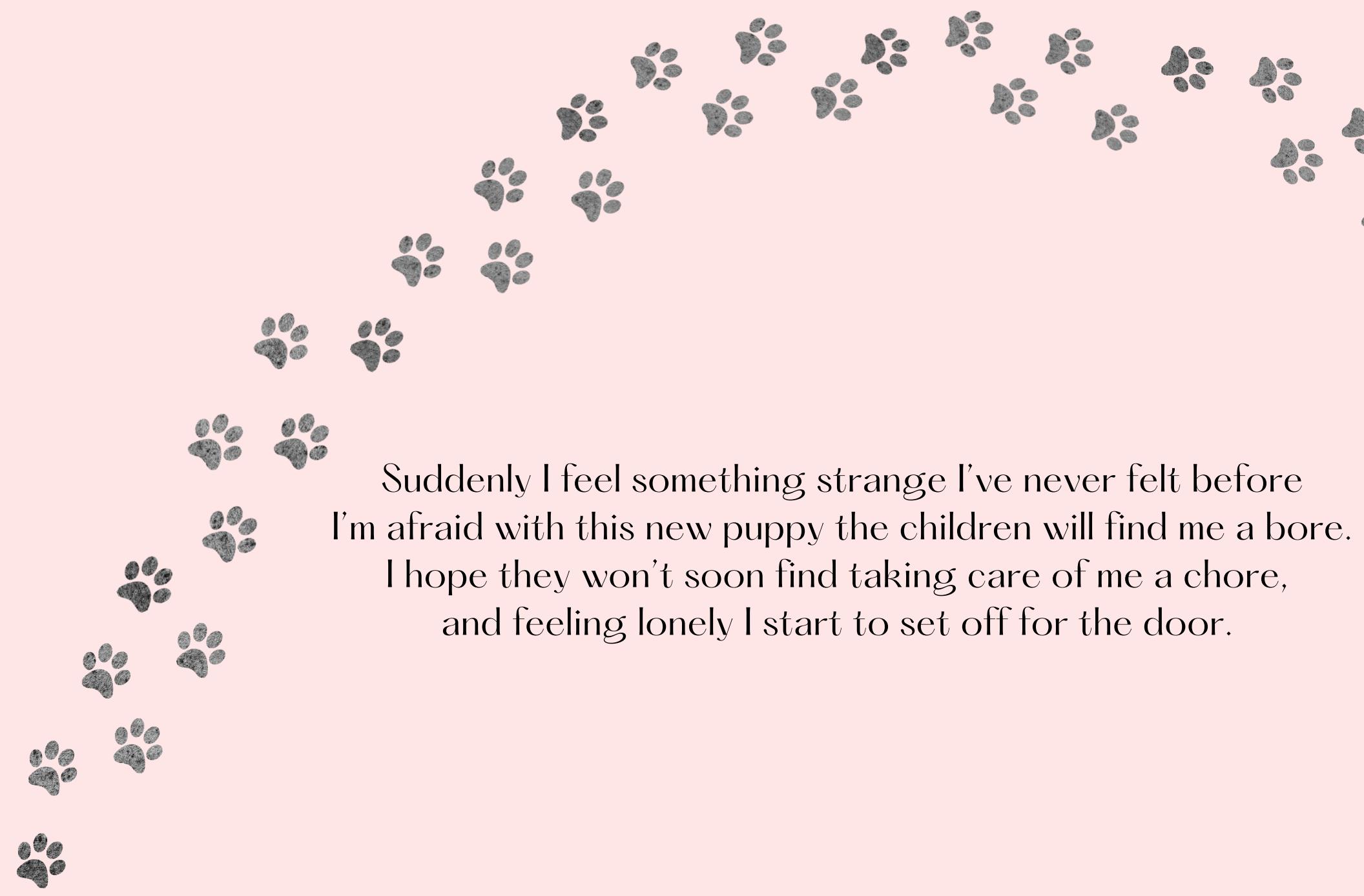
I receive a new collar and some squeaky toys
but just when I think present time is over I hear a noise.
A small bark is heard, sounding much like my own,
and turning I see a new puppy in our home.



He has no wrinkles, his fur is jet black,
and he is drooling on my squishy mat.



The children squeal with unrestrained joy
and as they pet him he chews on my favorite toy.
While he sprawls about attacking a bow stuck to his ear
it occurs to me that he's got more energy than I've had in years.



Suddenly I feel something strange I've never felt before
I'm afraid with this new puppy the children will find me a bore.
I hope they won't soon find taking care of me a chore,
and feeling lonely I start to set off for the door.

But as I begin to trot away to find somewhere to hide
the family forms a group hug and pulls me inside.
The puppy looks at me and licks me right on the nose,
so I nuzzle him and our family's love grows.



I silently decide that he may stay
and that I will joyfully show him the way.
Through seasons like Christmas and all that they bring
I'll make sure that he won't miss a thing.



THE END