

# Puppy Love

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## *Mercy at Christmas*

Mercy was a sweet, rambunctious dog. Every morning she bolted out of bed with a go-go-go attitude all day long. So, when her family brought home a Christmas tree, they expected chaos. To their astonishment, Mercy didn't seem to care. She paid zero attention to the tree suddenly growing in her living room. Nor did she react to the fancy presents under it, including a wrapped box of Milk-Bones. The family was wary, but pleased with Mercy's reaction. One morning, a few days before Christmas the family discovered every last present under the tree was gone. Only the solitary tree remained. The family was consumed with frantic thoughts. Had they been robbed? Why didn't Mercy bark? Where was Mercy? Had the burglars taken Mercy? Then they noticed a scrape of ribbon on the floor. Then a bit of torn wrapping paper a few feet away. Some glitter beyond that. The clues all made a trail leading toward the back door. When the outdoor light in the backyard was flipped on the perpetrator's head lifted and froze. Alarm and guilt made her eyes wide. Oh, yes, it was Mercy. She lay under her favorite tree in a fluffy nest of shredded wrapping paper, chewed up boxes, and curling bits of ribbon. Presents, pawed from their packages, were strewn among tattered bows. Beautifully wrapped boxes had gaping holes. Fragments of tissue paper mixed with the last remaining evidence of gifts, Clearly Mercy's self-control had failed. She's silently carried one package after another out the doggy door so she could pillage in private. Anything edible was gone; including cookies, chocolates, candy canes, and four pounds of Milk-Bones. Nature took pity, and she survived her midnight snack. The family celebrated Christmas that year knowing Mercy was okay and still laugh today about Mercy's Christmas surprise.



## *When a Doxie Loves Christmas Too Much!*

Twas Christmas day and all through our home came the sound of a dachshund in a low throated moan.

Under the tree and the tinsel the little dog laid, atop boxes and bows, her little legs splayed.

With eyes all a flutter and fat belly distended, she slept off her bender of ornaments blended.

From the kitchen to the hallway, and all points in between, lay the yuletide carnage of this eating machine.

Ribbons, candy and pretzels fused tightly together, stuck to carpets and sofas, like a duck to a feather.

Juju beans, herring and sprayed ginger ale, along with fruitcake and nuts, were festooned on her tail.

We were gone a mere moment to return a flawed sled, and found plants chewed in the foyer, by the young quadruped.

She opened cabinets and cupboards, with a black little nose, chewed the tree and dad's books, even mom's brand new clothes.

I stared in amazement, Dad's face was quite red. We surveyed the damage, choice words were unsaid.

When out of the chaos came the sound we had feared, a tummy's great rumble, and then its contents appeared.

The gay Cuban rug became quite drenched. It was all dad could do to keep his teeth clinched.

"My poor little angel," Grandma Josephine cooed, as she scowled at dad in a manner quite rude.

The next sounds we heard as we drove to the vet, were the little dog's whimpers mixed with Dad's epithets.