

## **Puppy Life-As told by Rocco Roo, a 15 week old Pembroke Welsh Corgi**

*- Maya Grossman*

(Junior Fiction, First Place Winner)

### **Chapter 1: Walks**

I know it's time for a walk when dad puts my blue vest on. When we're on our way to the park, I decide to express my enthusiasm by talking to my owners about it. They don't seem to like me talking; I am not sure why! When we finally get there, the first thing I do is sniff the grass for a nice spot to mark my territory.

After that's done, I immediately start sniffing around. After about 2 minutes of just walking, I decide to lay down in the grass with a stick. A glorious, brown, hard thing that tastes like dirt and grass. When my owners decide it's time to keep walking, they take the stick away. Then I keep sniffing until I come to a food wrapper. Of course when my owners try to take it away, I run. This was a particularly good wrapper. It had some meat on it.

Once I've run so far that I can't anymore, I plop down in the grass and enjoy the wrapper until my owners find me and ruin the fun. For some reason they like to walk in circles at the park; it is very strange.

### **Chapter 2: Frisbee**

When we go to the park one thing my owners like to do is throw this orange disc thing. They'll throw it and look at me for some reason, like they expect me to do something. And then they'll be like "Go get it". Like what do you think I am? Some kind of dummy? So we just stand there staring at each other until out of the corner of my eye I see something moving.

A bird! Of course I chase it until it flies away. Then I go back to my owners who seem to have found the orange disc again. I guess I'll give this frisbee thing another try.

So dad throws it again and I go find the disc and sit by it. Then when my owners say "Good job! Now bring it back!" I run towards them. They look disappointed that they have to go retrieve the disc even though I found it for them.

### **Chapter 3: Food**

Breakfast time is the best. Don't get me wrong, lunch and dinner are good too, but after not eating all night breakfast is so tasty. I like any food my owners will let me have, and the ones I get a hold of. I especially like cheese and peanut butter. When I see them filling that Kong with peanut butter I go a little nuts.

That gooey deliciousness has been the subject of many of my best dreams. I have had a couple foods that are just not good, and for me to not like food is definitely saying something. Like blueberries, pickles and carrots. Who eats that stuff?

One time I found a yogurt container and sprinted up the stairs with it. My owners were in hot pursuit when they cornered me and took the container away. I decided to show them who's boss by peeing on the carpet.

#### Chapter 4: Puppy Pals

One of my favorite things to do (besides eat, of course) is go to the dog park. I have to make it clear that the dog park is for playing so whenever a dog is running around, I go over there and climb on top of them until they run. Then I chase them until they don't want to run anymore, so I just sniff their hind end. One time I was trying to sniff a dog who apparently wanted to be left alone cause she was hissing and when I went in for the final sniff she turned around and snapped at my nose.

#### Chapter 5: The Vet

When the lady with a mask on comes and picks me up out of the car, I know it's about to go downhill from there. I decide to squeal and try to jump out of her arms. She holds me tight so I can't escape. Once they bring me in, they give me cheese and peanut butter.

After that I sniff around the room and lick the floor. They give me shots (which I try to run away from). Then they give me water and when I drink it all I dig at the bowl for some more. The whole way home I decide to express my pain by talking about it.

Once again, my owners are not amused.

#### Chapter 6: Playtime

Playtime is the best time. I get to run and bite and get mad. My favorite toy is Monkey. I play with him a lot. Though I do like Monkey, I take out all my aggression on Piggy. When Dad throws the toy too far, I think about going to get it but then I just think it's better to lay down and get a belly rub. I also love chasing plastic bottles around until they go under the couch. I despise that couch. It ruins the fun.

#### Chapter 7: Humans

Humans are very odd creatures. They walk on two legs and are very tall. They just talk gibberish all day, and the only thing I understand that they say is my name. I also know the phrase "No bark" but I'm still trying to figure out what that means. They never let me have any of their food which I find to be rude.

My favorite thing about humans is they give belly rubs and treats. One of my humans really likes to pick me up. It's annoying. Dad loves to play with me. Mom takes care of me most, and she always has a great time doing it. One of the other humans likes to wake me up when I'm sleeping just to say hi.

Now I'm being carried up to my crate for bedtime. It has been a busy day full of walks, treats and rubs. Today was the best day ever. Until tomorrow. Which will hopefully be just like today!