

A small, fluffy white dog, possibly a West Highland White Terrier, is the central focus of the image. It has dark, pointed ears and dark eyes. A large, dark red bow is tied around its neck. The dog is sitting on a dark, textured surface. The background is a dark, solid color.

The
Adventures
of Ginger
and
Cubby

Merry
Christmas Eve!

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FROM

The Adventures of Ginger and Cubby

THE JOURNEY BEGINS

THE JOURNEY CONTINUES

THE RIVER RIDE

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVE

PUPPIES FIRST CHRISTMAS


THE CHRISTMAS COOKIE CAPER

FUN IN THE SNOW

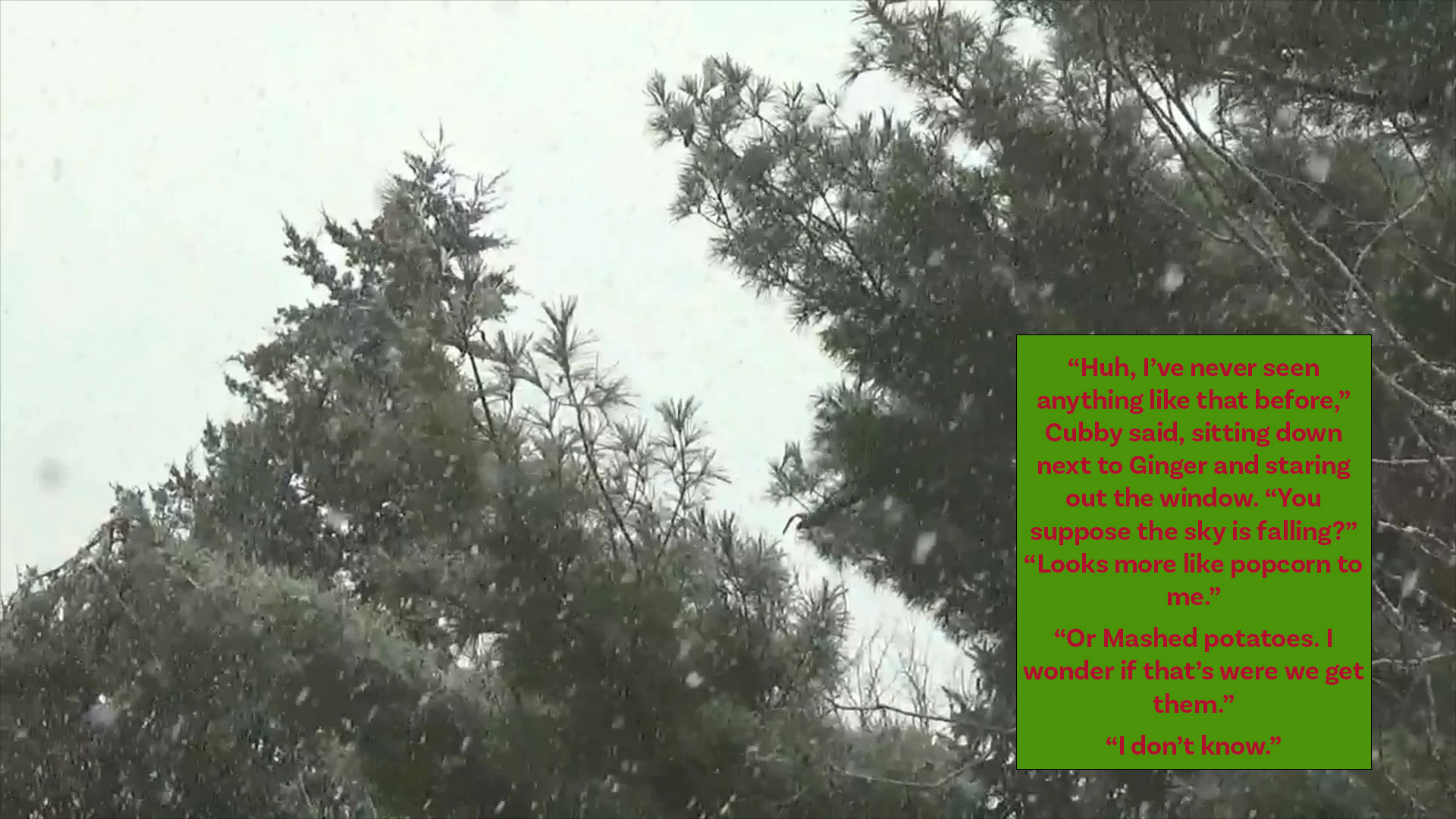
HAPPY HEARTS DAY

HOPPY EASTER



The background of the image is a photograph of a dense evergreen forest. The trees are dark green and fill most of the frame. In the upper center, there is a bright, overexposed area of the sky, which serves as the background for the text box. The text is written in a bold, red, sans-serif font.

When Ginger woke up early on Christmas Eve morning, she saw something that she had never seen before. “Hey, Cubby, come over here and see this!” Yawning and stretching, Cubby got up and made her way to the window, stopping to glance up the fireplace, just to make sure there weren’t any Santas stuck in it.



“Huh, I’ve never seen anything like that before,” Cubby said, sitting down next to Ginger and staring out the window. “You suppose the sky is falling?” “Looks more like popcorn to me.”

“Or Mashed potatoes. I wonder if that’s were we get them.”

“I don’t know.”



“Hey, it’s snowing out,” Danielle said, when she came to the door. “What’s snow?” Ginger woofed, looking up at her.

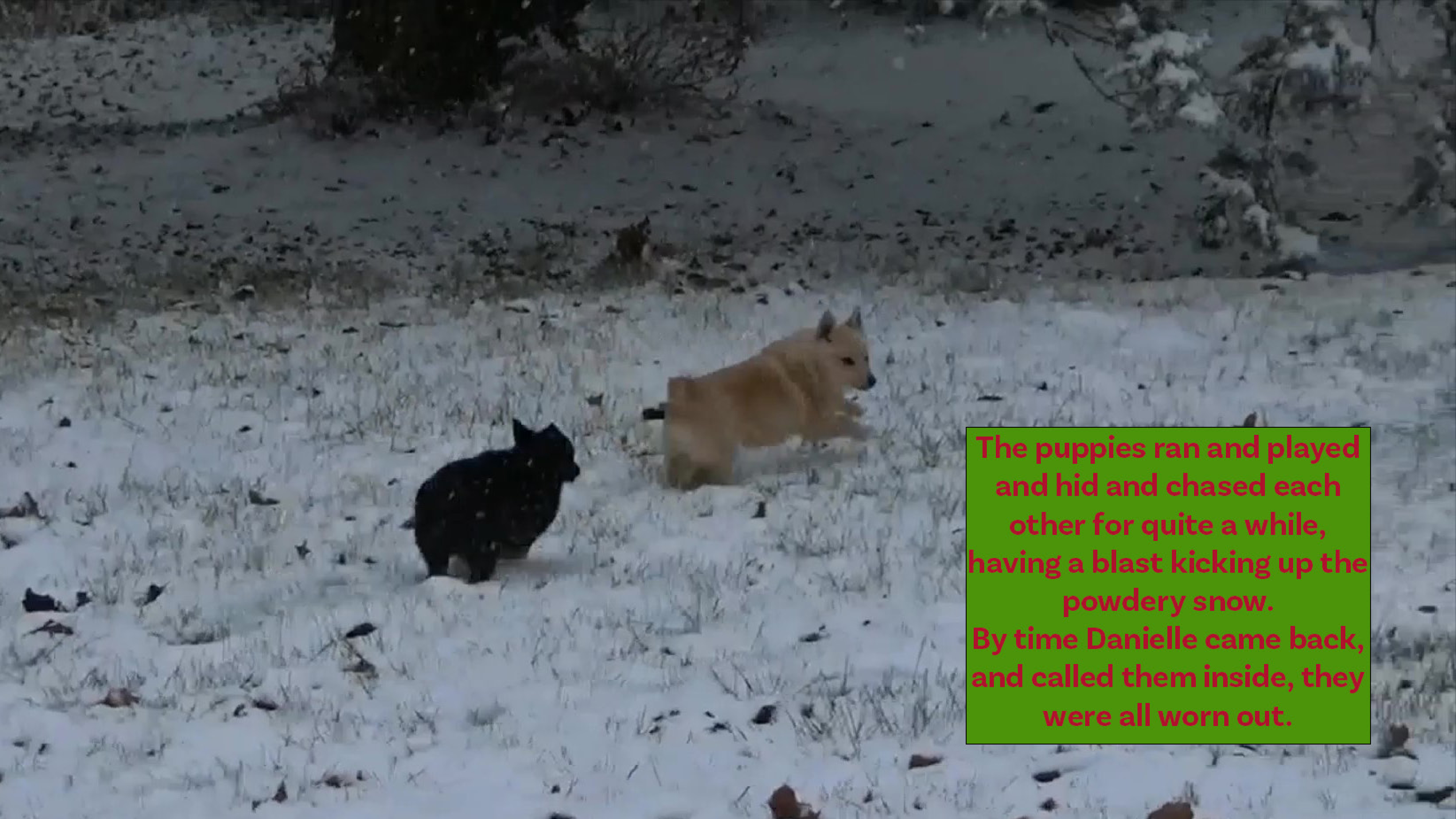
“You’ll have fun playing in that!” she said, opening the door.

The puppies ran outside.

“Hey, it’s cold!” Cubby woofed.

“It doesn’t taste like anything. It melts.”

“I think it’s just frozen water.”



The puppies ran and played and hid and chased each other for quite a while, having a blast kicking up the powdery snow.

By time Danielle came back, and called them inside, they were all worn out.



Danielle put the Christmas sweaters on the puppies to get them warm when they came inside.

After breakfast, Danielle took a bunch of presents and wrapping paper into the livingroom. As she started to wrap, Cubby kept stealing a bow and running around with it. Every time Danielle took it back, she swiped another.

After the fourth time, Danielle decided to set the puppies up on the rocking chair, so she could wrap in peace.


“But I liked that bow. It was fun,” Cubby whined.



**“What do you think is in that box?”
Ginger whispered to Cubby. “Do you
think it’s for us?”**

**“I don’t know,” Cubby replied. “It
looks awful big for puppies so small. I
did see a neat looking bone in that
shopping bag there... back when I had
bows to play with. I can’t imagine
that would be for anyone else.”**

“Just one?” Ginger replied, worried.


A photograph of two dogs sitting on a wooden chair. The dog on the left is white and fluffy, looking towards the camera. The dog on the right is black and also fluffy, looking slightly to the right. They are sitting on a red blanket with a white pattern. The chair is made of dark wood. The background is a plain wall.

“Uh oh,” Ginger woofed.
“What?” Cubby asked.
“That looked like a collar.”
“A collar!” Cubby exclaimed.
“But freedom, freedom, what happened to freedom?!”

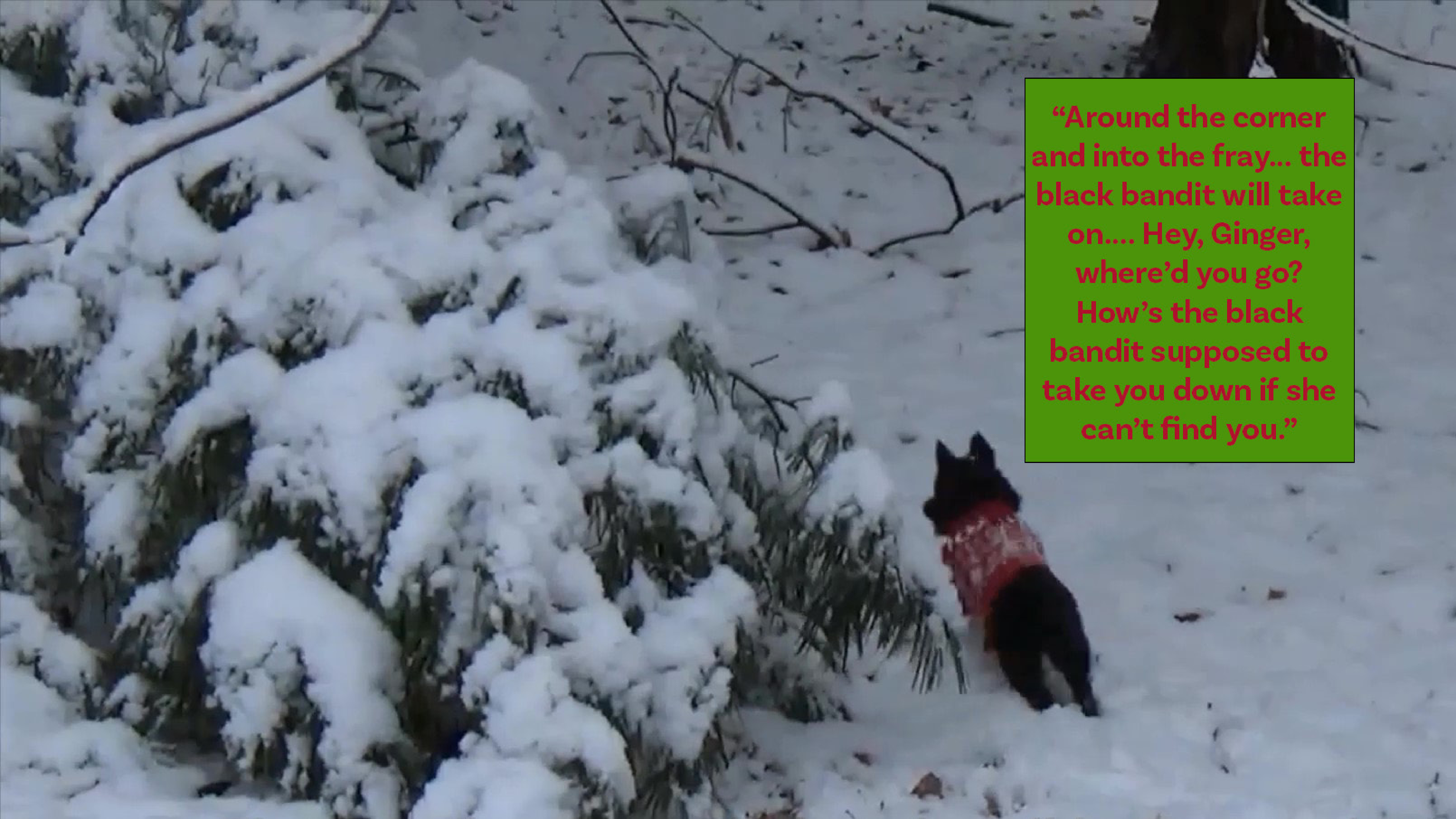
“Relax, Cubby, we haven’t gotten it, yet.”
“Maybe we ought to boycott Christmas.”
“I have a feeling all puppies with owners get a collar sooner or later.”
“We’ll see about that! I already know of a dozen places I can hide it. She’ll never be able to find it!”
“Just make sure you hide mine, too.”



Later, after the puppies had taken a long nap and Danielle had finished wrapping presents, Danielle let the puppies out to play in the snow again. Renewed with energy, they ran and played and chased again.

A black dog is running through a snowy field. The dog is wearing a red vest with a white floral pattern. The background consists of snow-covered bushes and trees. The dog is running towards the right side of the frame.

**“I’m gonna get you!”
Cubby barked.
“You can’t get away
from the black
bandit!”**



“Around the corner
and into the fray... the
black bandit will take
on.... Hey, Ginger,
where'd you go?
How's the black
bandit supposed to
take you down if she
can't find you.”



“Right here!” Ginger woofed, jumping out from behind a tree.

“You’re gonna take me down? We’ll see about that! Woof!”

“Uh oh,” Cubby woofed, sliding to a stop, kicking up snow, and skidding around to run in the other direction.

The puppies played hide and seek, follow the leader, and, of course, chase, for nearly an hour until it was almost dark. Then, Danielle came to the door and called them inside.

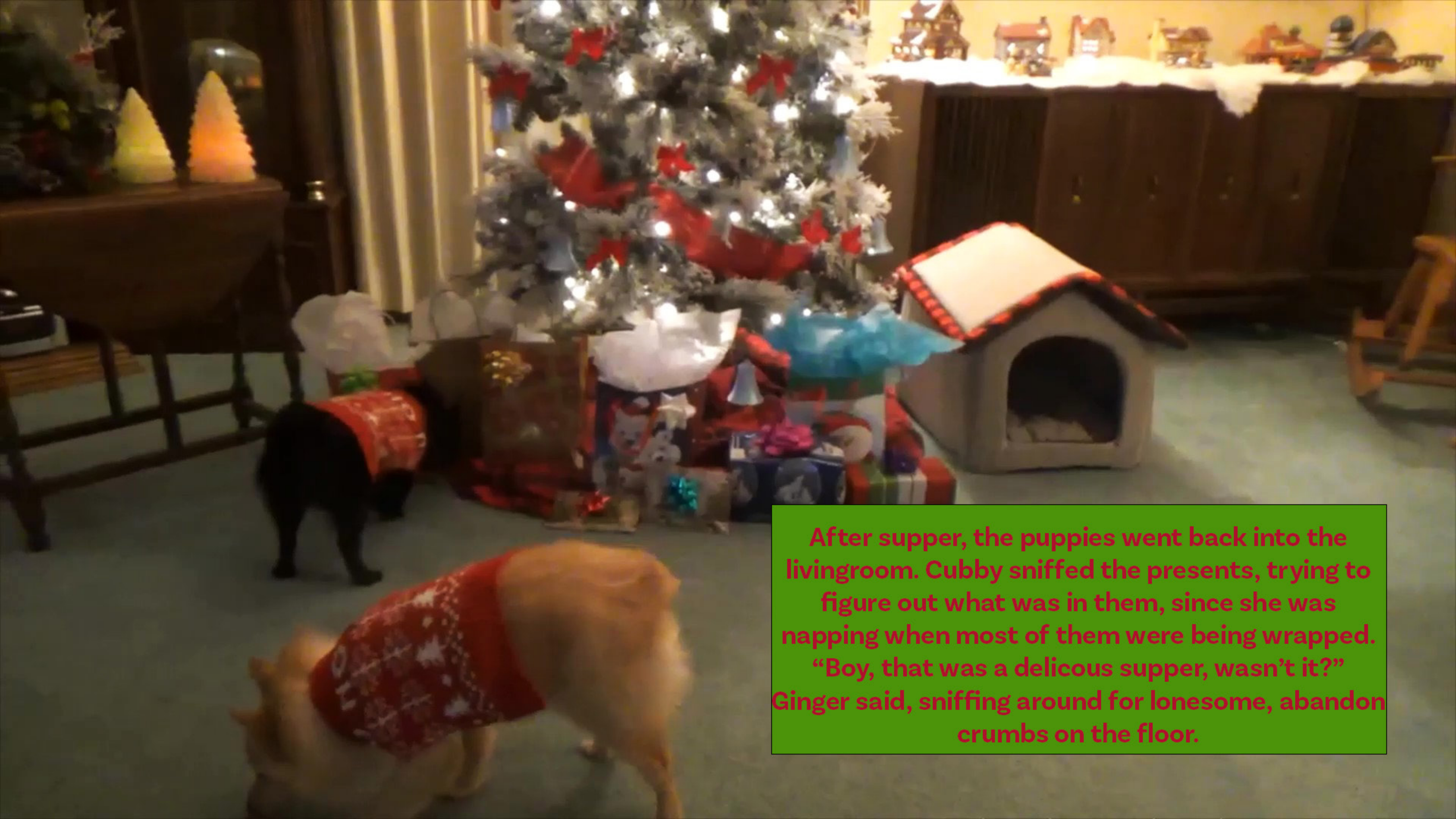




When the puppies came back inside, they were met with all kinds of good smells. They followed their noses to the dinning room.



The puppies climbed up on a chair to get a closer look. "You sure it's okay to be up here?" Ginger whispered to Cubby. "Probably not, but look at all that good food! Yum!"



After supper, the puppies went back into the livingroom. Cubby sniffed the presents, trying to figure out what was in them, since she was napping when most of them were being wrapped. “Boy, that was a delicious supper, wasn’t it?” Ginger said, sniffing around for lonesome, abandon crumbs on the floor.



“It sure was,” Cubby replied, as they watched the people start to meander in the living room. “My favorite part was that stuff they called ham. I never tasted anything so good.”

“I know me either. ... Here they come,” Ginger woofed, softly. “You think that means it’s about time to open presents?”



After a while, the puppies began to notice that no one really even seemed interested in opening the presents. They were too busy talking.

“Hey, look at me,” Ginger woofed, holding a bow from the tree. “Anyone want to play? Anyone want to notice I exist?”



“Boy, when they start talking, they get intense. Don’t even notice a puppy’s alive.”



“Hey, they are talking about reading about the first Christmas. Should I get out our Bible?”
Cubby asked.

“No,” Ginger replied. “Mama said that humans expect puppies to be illiterate and that we are better off to keep letting them think so.”

“Oh. Why?”

“I don’t know, but Mama probably knows best.”



“Maybe I’ll listen right here,” Cubby said. “Then, when they look at me, they will notice all these presents we still have to open. There is a bone in here somewhere that I can’t wait to sink my teeth into.”



“I’m going to listen right here and imagine the nativity coming alive to the words.”

“Since when did you acquire and imagination”

“And she brought forth her first-born Son,
and wrapped Him in swaddling
clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because
there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country
shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping
watch over their flock by night.



And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the
Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.
And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good
tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is
Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another,



Let us now go even
unto Bethlehem, and
see this thing which
is come to pass,
which the Lord hath
made known unto us.
And they came with
haste, and found
Mary, and Joseph,
and the babe lying in
a manger.
And when they had
seen it, they made
known abroad the
saying which was
told them concerning
the child.”





After reading the Christmas story, it was time to open presents. The puppies were so excited, they couldn't wait.

When it was finally, their turn, they ran up to the package and sized it up. "How do you suppose you open one of these things?" Ginger asked.

"I guess just rip it apart," Cubby replied. "I smell the bone! Is it beef? I think it's beef... maybe pork! Maybe it's one of each!" The Puppies were excited to find one real bone for each of them along with a plastic bone that would last longer.

"Oh, boy, oh boy!" Cubby woofed, running around with the bone in her mouth.



They also received a tug-of-war rope with a knot at each end, a box of doggie treats, and a brush... of which Cubby was a little skeptical.

“It sure looks sorta prickly, doesn’t it, Ginger?” she had said.

They also received a dog house, a couple squeaky toys and some roley-poley balls that were supposed to glow in the dark.



By the end of the night, Cubby was getting quite good at opening presents. I wonder what's in this interesting package, she thought. It's hard and it's heavy, but it's kinda flexible. It doesn't smell tasty. It kinda smells like a collar, but she'd better not try to put a collar this big around my neck. I know where she'll get some loud protest about that.

“It’s a harness for horseback riding. Do you like it?” Danielle said.
“Well,” Cubby replied. “It is fashionable with all the little paw prints, and I suppose it is prudent to have for such dangerous endeavors such as riding giant beasts... as long as we limit it’s use to such activities. I would like it to be known. I have no intention of walking around regularly, handicapped by either a harness or a collar. Thank you.”





For future reference,
I like my bone a little
better, but I suppose
the harness is fine...
as long as we don't get
carried away with it.

“Yeah, I like my
bone.
Nobody takes
my bone
...
nobody.”





“Hey, Ginger, you’d better open your harness, so that we can go horseback riding together... while I work on destroying this paper. Have you ever noticed that the paper’s almost as fun as the present?”


Ginger hadn’t noticed. She was too busy going around, saying, ‘hi,’ to everyone again, and listening to them say how cute she was.

The puppies played with their new toys, watched people open presents, and listened to them talk for the rest of the evening. They thoroughly enjoyed the second day of their very first Christmas ever!





Toward the end of the evening, Danielle decided to try the harnesses on the puppies. Cubby didn't really mind it... except for the principle behind it. "I thought we had an understanding that harnesses were only for horseback riding and not for everyday use."

A black dog is sitting inside a grey doghouse with a red and black plaid roof. A light-colored, fluffy dog is sitting on a green carpet in front of the doghouse. In the background, there is a Christmas tree with lights and a window with yellow curtains.

Ginger went to try out
the doghouse, but
then, Cubby wanted
to try it again, too.
“There isn’t room for
both of us in here,”
Ginger pointed out.

“That’s okay.
You aren’t
bothering
me,”
Cubby
replied.



As the puppies enjoyed every minute of their first Christmas, we hope you enjoy yours!



**Merry Christmas to all!
Glory to God on the highest and
on earth, peace, goodwill to men!**

THE END!
THANKS FOR READING!
DON'T FOREGET TO CHECK
OUT MORE FROM
The Adventures of Ginger and Cubby!

