



*Puppy's
First
Christmas*

*The Adventures of
Ginger and Cubby*

CHECK OUT OUR OTHER TITLES

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



One night, the puppies were sitting by the fire, listening to Danielle talk to her mother, and Ginger heard a word she had never heard before. "Hey, Cubby, have you ever heard the word 'Christmas' before?"

"No, but if they buy all that food for it, it sounds like it's gonna be delicious."





The next morning, the puppies noticed Danielle was in a very cheerful mood. She went up to the attic and brought down this big box.

“This tree was in it!”

I helped decorate it.
Here's a bow.
Danielle hung all kinds
of things all over the
tree. Well, if you can call
it a tree. It didn't exactly
smell like one... and it
didn't exactly look like
one... completely...
almost... but not totally.
A puppy can tell these
things. The snow on it
wasn't cold, and it
didn't melt.

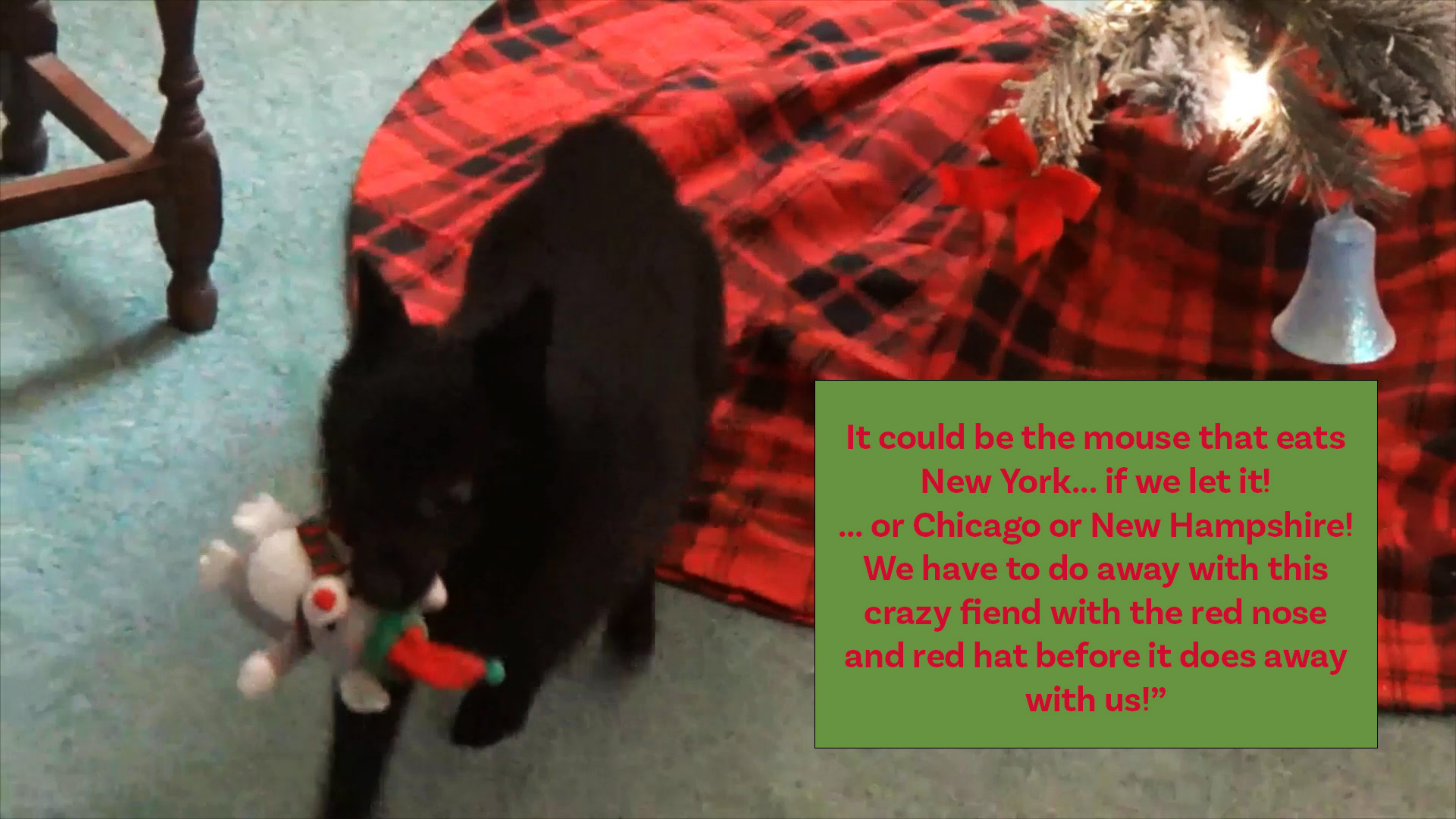


I concluded that
either Christmas
trees perfectly
preserve themselves
after the holiday
season...
or this so-called tree
wasn't everything it
was
claiming to be.
...an impostor, I
bet ya!
If only Danielle could
understand woof
I'd tell her.

**Cubby was too busy
attacking a
Christmas mouse to
help.**

**“I have to kill it! It’s
important!
Otherwise, it might
come alive and turn
into a giant
Frankenmouse and
eat us all! It’s already
wearing a hat and
scarf! How many
mice do you know
that do that?”**





**It could be the mouse that eats
New York... if we let it!
... or Chicago or New Hampshire!
We have to do away with this
crazy fiend with the red nose
and red hat before it does away
with us!”**



“Cubby, sometimes I think you have an overactive imagination.”

“That’s okay. You don’t have to thank me now. You’ll thank me someday. Your children will thank me. The whole world will thank me... when they find out just how close they came to complete and total annihilation”

“Um... Cubby...”

“Annihilation by the great and dreaded Frankenmouse... that formidable monster that their great-great-great grandmother wouldn’t believe did exist.”

“Great-great-great grandmother? You won’t even be alive when they finally get around to thanking you.”

“No, but that’s okay. I can take the loss.”

“Doesn’t the tree look nice, Cubby?”

“She took my Frankenmouse, and put him on the table where I can’t reach it.”

“Well, there goes New York.”

“And Chicago!”

“Yeah.”



“Hey, Ginger, look at all these tiny houses sitting up here!” Cubby said, after climbing up on a chair so she could reach. “She made her own little city... and look at this fake snow,” Cubby said, tugging on it, a little, causing the houses to shake.

“Cubby, be careful,” Ginger scolded. “No crashing the city... or you’ll be known as the puppy that broke New York, instead of your Frankenmouse!”





**“Hey, Cubby, look
what I found!
I wonder if I can
play with it.”**



A small, fluffy, light-brown dog is sitting on a grey carpet. The dog is looking down at a dark, thin object it is holding in its mouth. The dog's fur is soft and slightly matted. In the background, a wooden chair leg is visible. The entire image is framed by a green border.

**“It’s my new toy.
It’s fun!
It swings back
and forth! See!”**



“Let me see!” Cubby said, running past and snatching Ginger’s toy.

“Hey, you’re right!” she said, tackling it and chewing it.

“It is fun. You don’t mind if I keep it, do you?”



“Yes, I mind! That was my toy, and you had no right taking it!” Ginger woofed, tackling Cubby.

“Just try and take it back! Woof! You won’t find it so easy!”

“Wanna bet!” Ginger woofed back.

“Yeah!”

“Let me be perfectly clear about something, Cubby! It’s finders keepers around here, and misguided little sisters have no right waltzing in and confiscating my toy! I didn’t try and take your Frankenmouse!”

“And for good reason! You didn’t want my Frankenmouse because you knew that would be frankly disastrous for you! You know how dangerous he can be!”

“Oh, stuff ‘n’ nonsense!”





The puppies stopped mid-growl when Danielle walked in, carrying a small box of decorations.

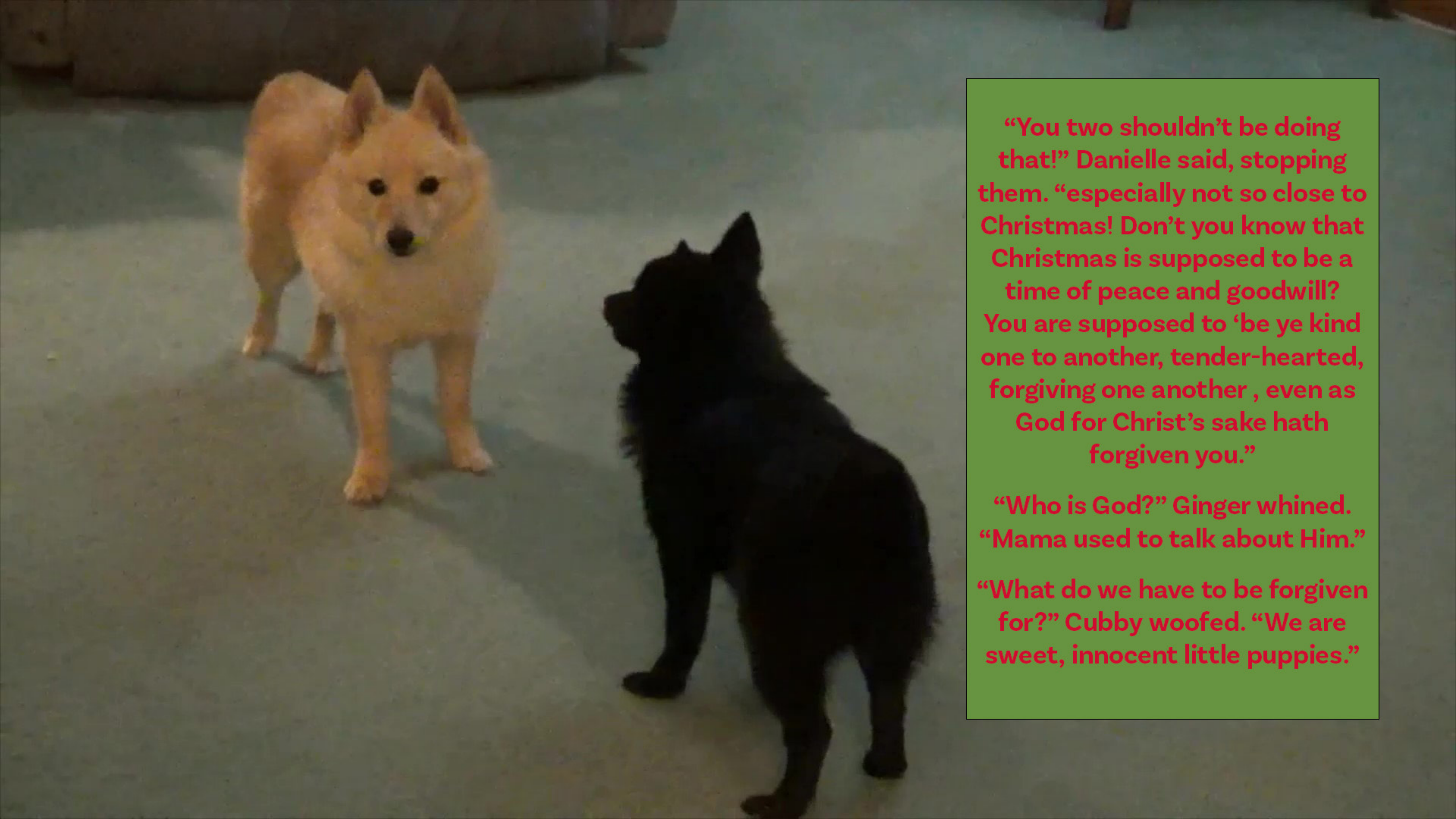
“What were you two up to? I could hear you all the way down the hall,” she said, setting the box on the table.



They watched her take some things out of the box and start unwrapping them from the papertowels around them. Then soon, they both looked at Ginger's toy at the same time and started fighting again. "Just because you found it, doesn't mean you can't share it!" Cubby growled.

"Share it?" Ginger barked. "You took it! Besides, I don't have to share it! It's mine!"

"That's debatable," Cubby woofed, though she wasn't sure which was more fun, the toy, or fighting over it."



“You two shouldn’t be doing that!” Danielle said, stopping them. “especially not so close to Christmas! Don’t you know that Christmas is supposed to be a time of peace and goodwill? You are supposed to ‘be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another , even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.”

“Who is God?” Ginger whined. “Mama used to talk about Him.”

“What do we have to be forgiven for?” Cubby woofed. “We are sweet, innocent little puppies.”



**“Have you ever seen a nativity?”
Danielle asked, setting a part of a
barn on the table.**

“What’s a nativity?” Cubby replied.

**“Do you know the story of the first
Christmas? How every year we
celebrate when Jesus was born?”**

“Who’s Jesus?” Cubby whined.

**“I never even heard the word,
‘Christmas’ until yesterday,” Ginger
said.**

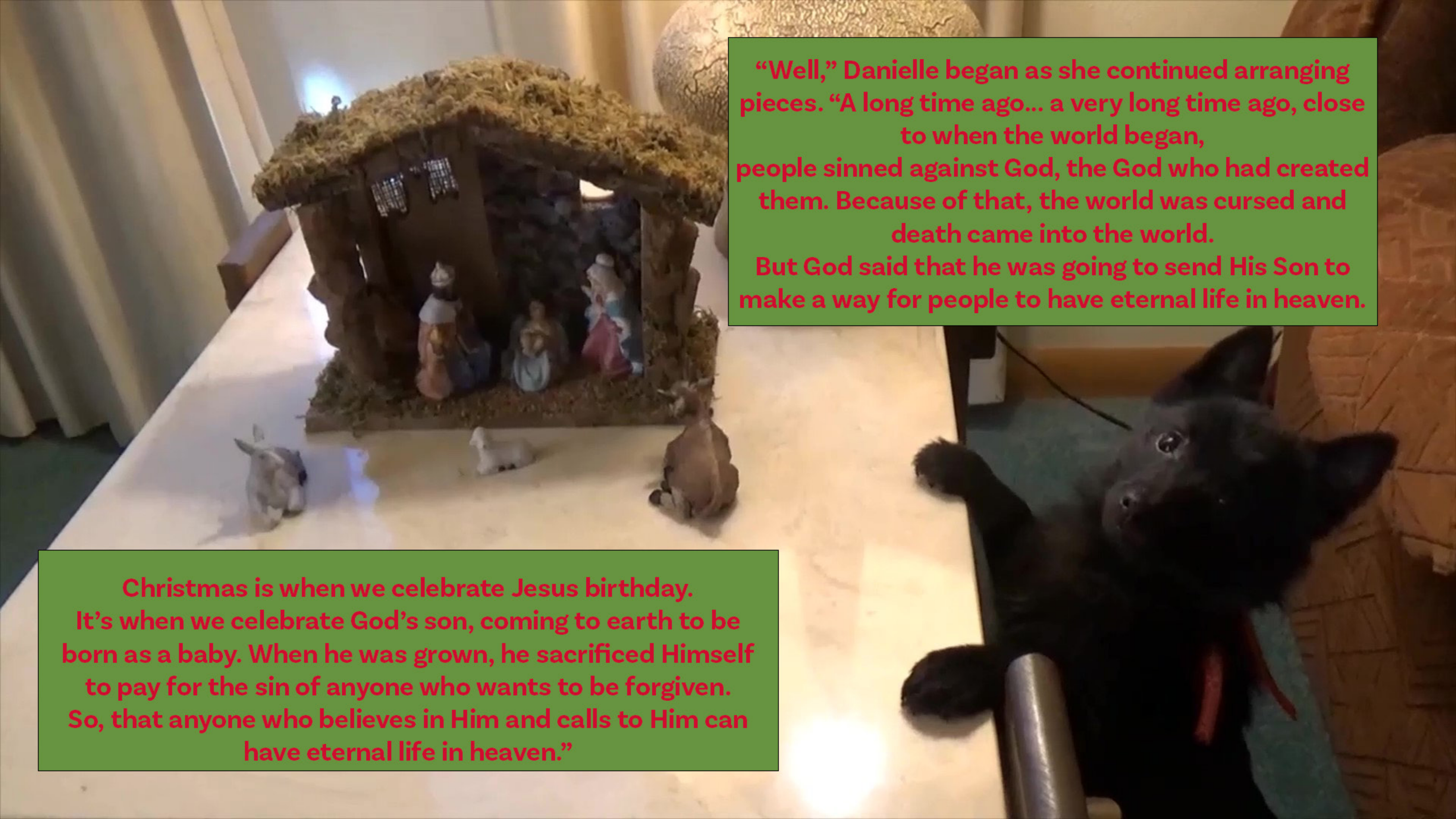
“Who’s Jesus?” Cubby woofed again.

**“Tell me the story of the first Christmas,”
Cubby whined, standing by the nativity as she
unwrapped it and arranged it on the table.**

**“You want to hear the story of the first
Christmas?” Danielle asked .**

“Yes,” Cubby woofed.



A photograph of a nativity scene set on a white table. The scene includes a stable with a thatched roof, several figurines of people, and three animals (a donkey, a sheep, and a cow) in front. To the right, a black dog is sitting on a blue mat, looking towards the camera. The background shows a wall with a large, textured sphere.

“Well,” Danielle began as she continued arranging pieces. “A long time ago... a very long time ago, close to when the world began, people sinned against God, the God who had created them. Because of that, the world was cursed and death came into the world. But God said that he was going to send His Son to make a way for people to have eternal life in heaven.

Christmas is when we celebrate Jesus birthday. It's when we celebrate God's son, coming to earth to be born as a baby. When he was grown, he sacrificed Himself to pay for the sin of anyone who wants to be forgiven. So, that anyone who believes in Him and calls to Him can have eternal life in heaven.”

“I wonder what the stable and all the animals have to do with it,” Cubby said to Ginger as Danielle left the room.

“I don’t know,” Ginger replied.

“I wonder what she meant by ‘He sacrificed himself?’”

“Maybe He died.”

Cubby gasped. “Killed Himself?”

“I don’t know. You know how Mama was teaching me to read from that muddy little book. She called it a Bible. She said anything anyone needed to know about God was in it.”



“Do you remember the story?” Cubby asked.

“No,” Ginger shook her head. “I don’t remember anything about God in what she was having me read... just stuff about sheep... and green pastures... and still water.”

“Well, so much for that.”

“Yeah... but there is a big blue Bible right under your feet. Maybe I should try reading it again.”



“Well?” Cubby said, waiting rather, impatiently.

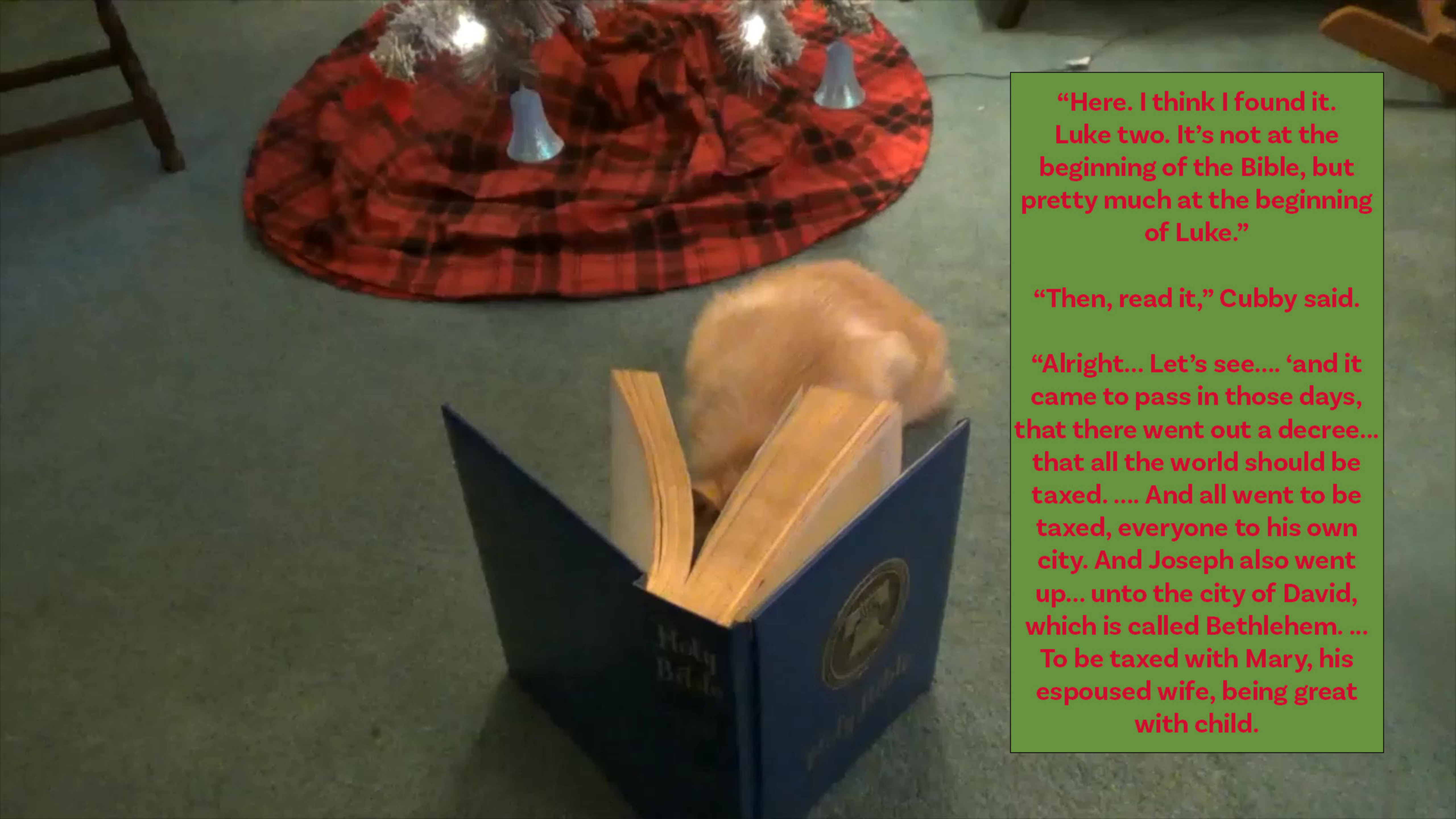
**“I’m trying to remember my alphabet,”
Ginger replied.**

“Just start. I’m sure it’ll come to you.”

“I don’t know where to start reading.”

**“She said something about the book of
Luke when she was talking to her
mother about it. It’s probably
somewhere toward the beginning if it’s
about Him being born.”**

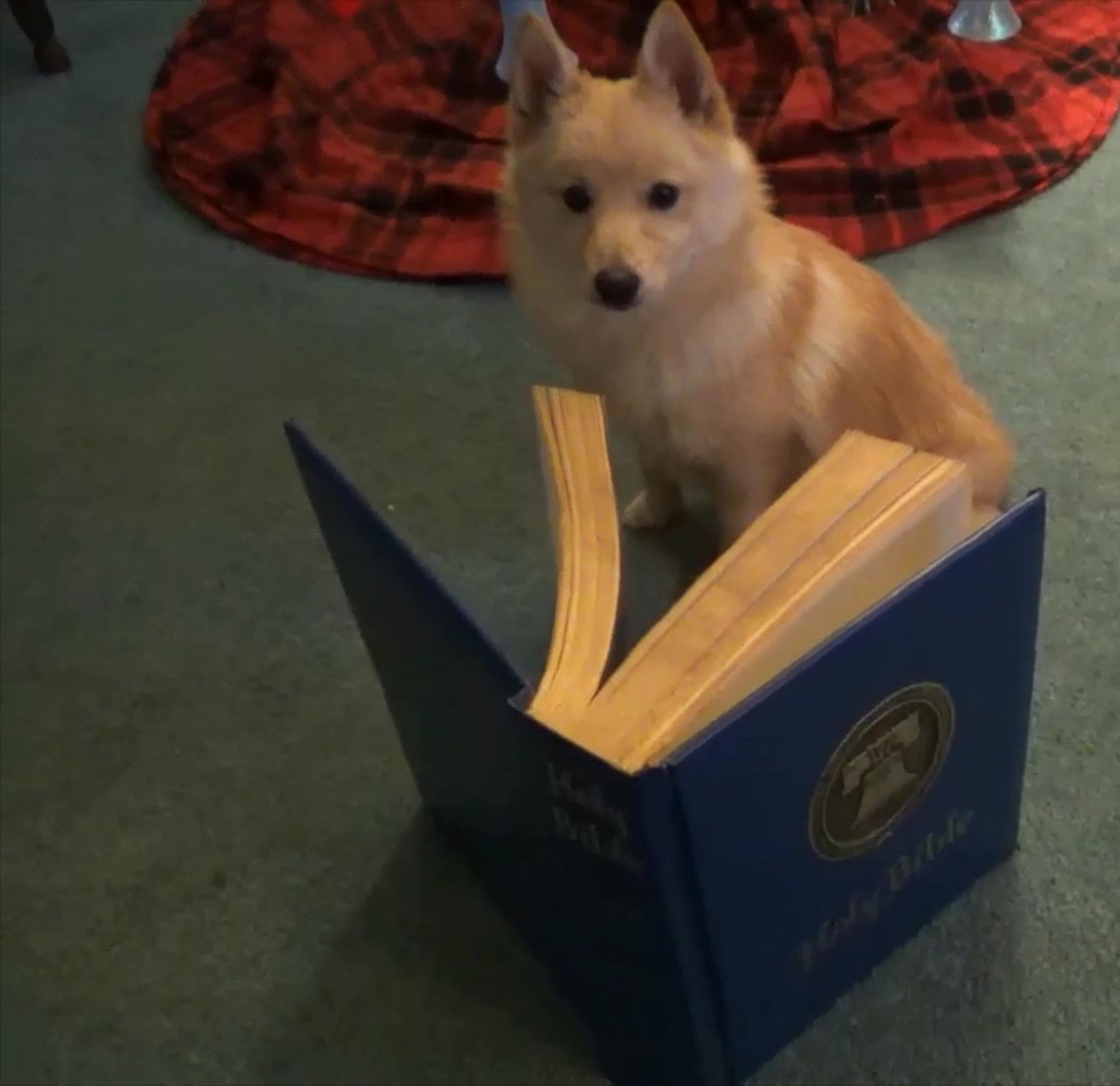
That make’s sense.”



“Here. I think I found it.
Luke two. It’s not at the
beginning of the Bible, but
pretty much at the beginning
of Luke.”

“Then, read it,” Cubby said.

“Alright... Let’s see.... ‘and it
came to pass in those days,
that there went out a decree...
that all the world should be
taxed. And all went to be
taxed, everyone to his own
city. And Joseph also went
up... unto the city of David,
which is called Bethlehem. ...
To be taxed with Mary, his
espoused wife, being great
with child.



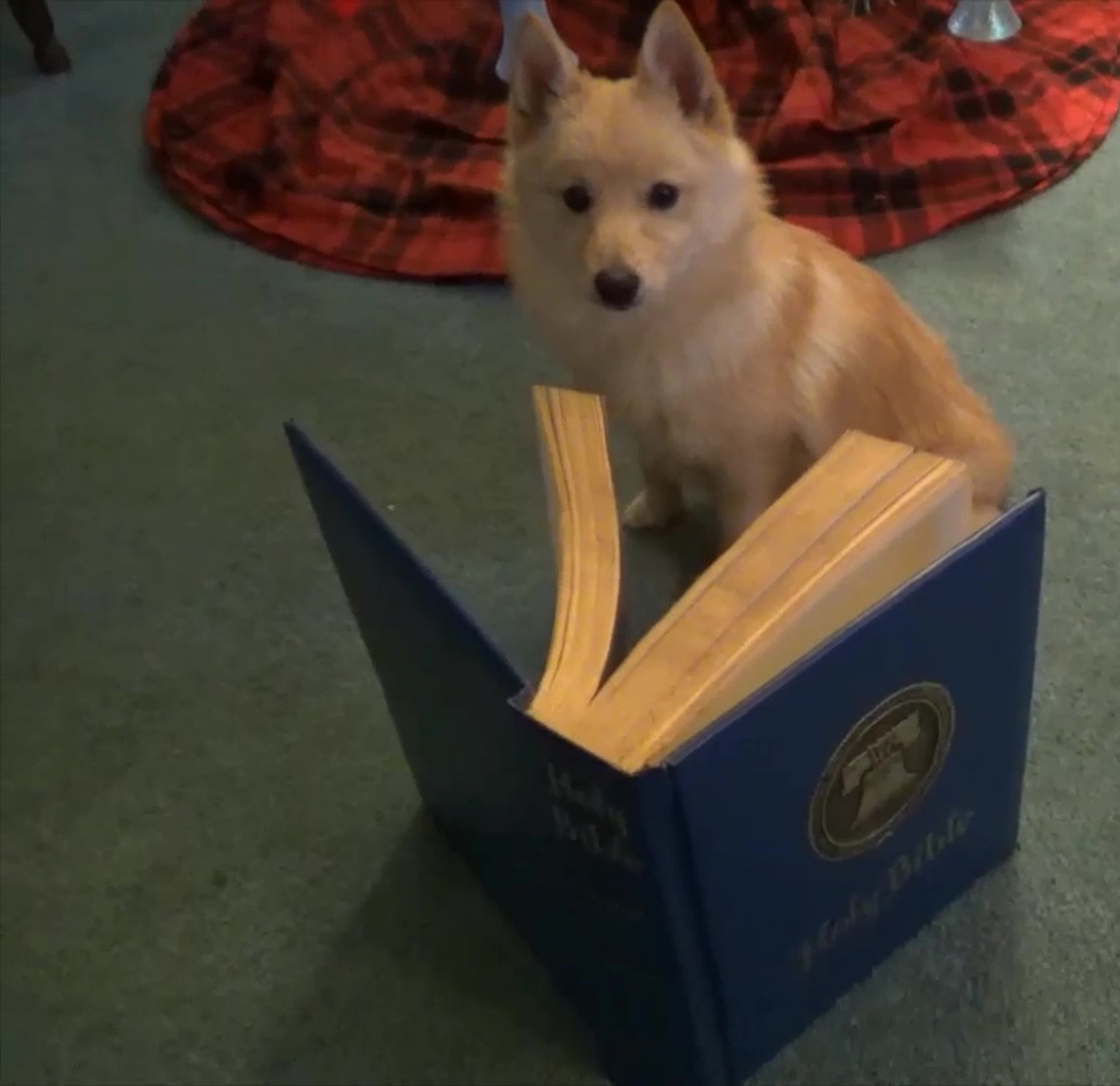
I skipped some stuff I couldn't pronounce."

"That's okay. Probably wouldn't know what it meant, anyway. Keep going."

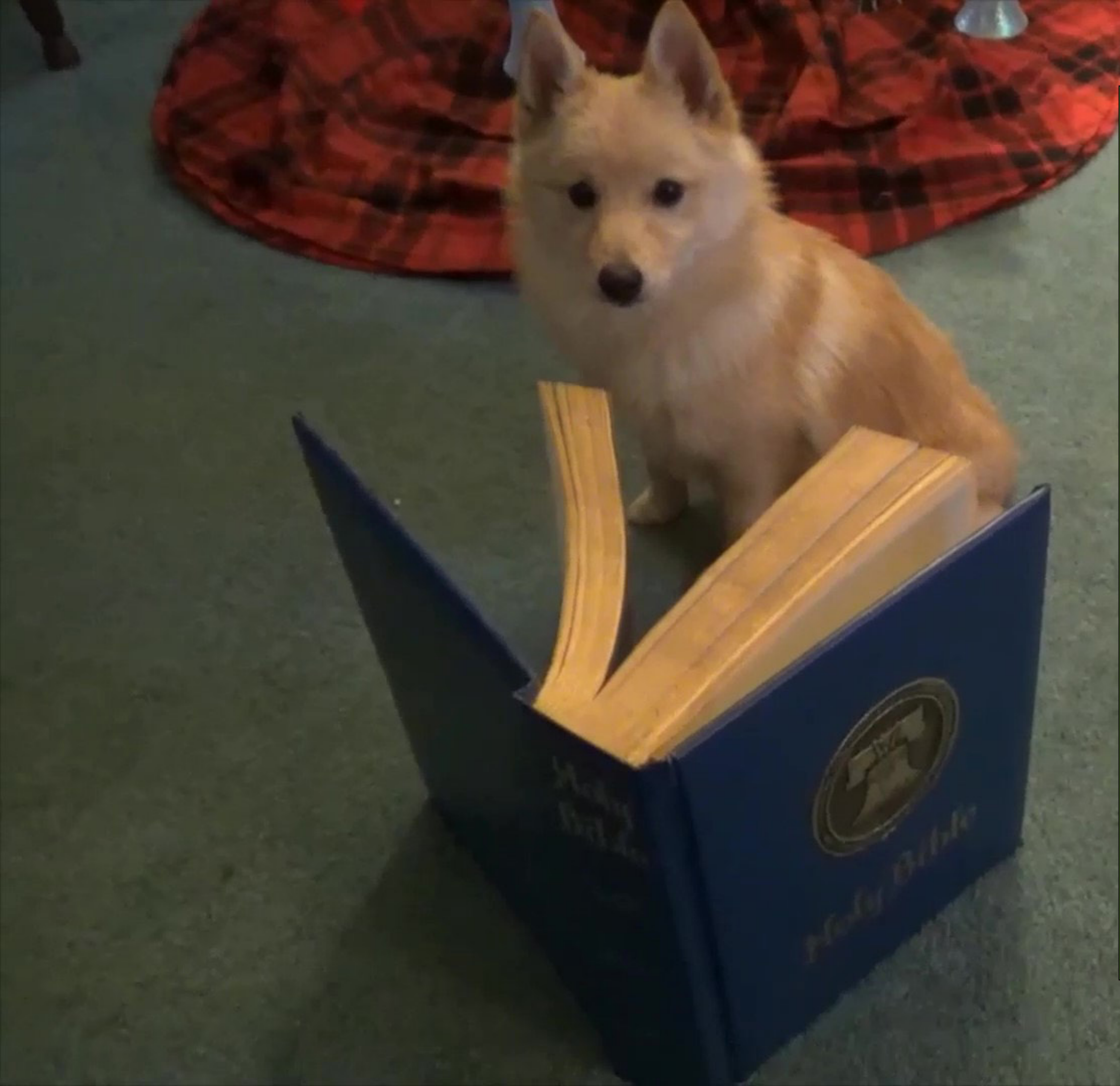
"Okay. Let see. And so it was, that, while she was there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling cloths, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. That explains the barn. The hotel was all booked. I don't know why humans...."

"Ginger! Finish the story."


"Okay. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields... huh, sheep, again... keeping watch over their flocks by night.

A small, fluffy, light-colored dog, possibly a Pomeranian, is sitting on a large, blue, open book. The dog is looking directly at the camera. The book is open, showing its pages. The background is a grey carpet with a red and black patterned rug partially visible.

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 hosts praising God, and saying, Glory to God on the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to 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 that the Lord has 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 that was told them concerning the child. And all they that heard it wondered about those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.”

A black dog is sitting on the left side of the frame, looking towards a nativity scene on the right. The nativity scene is set on a white surface and includes a wooden manger with a thatched roof, several figures of people, and animals like a donkey, sheep, and a cow. A green text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

“That’s neat,” Cubby said. “Angels and shepherds and everybody all running to a little baby that they called Christ the Lord.

A black dog is sitting on the left side of the frame, looking towards a nativity scene on the right. The nativity scene is set on a white surface and includes a wooden manger with a thatched roof, several figures of people, and animals like a donkey, sheep, and a cow. A green text box is overlaid on the bottom right side of the image.

What about the fancy guy offering Him a gift? He doesn’t look like a shepherd, unless farmers were a lot richer back then.”



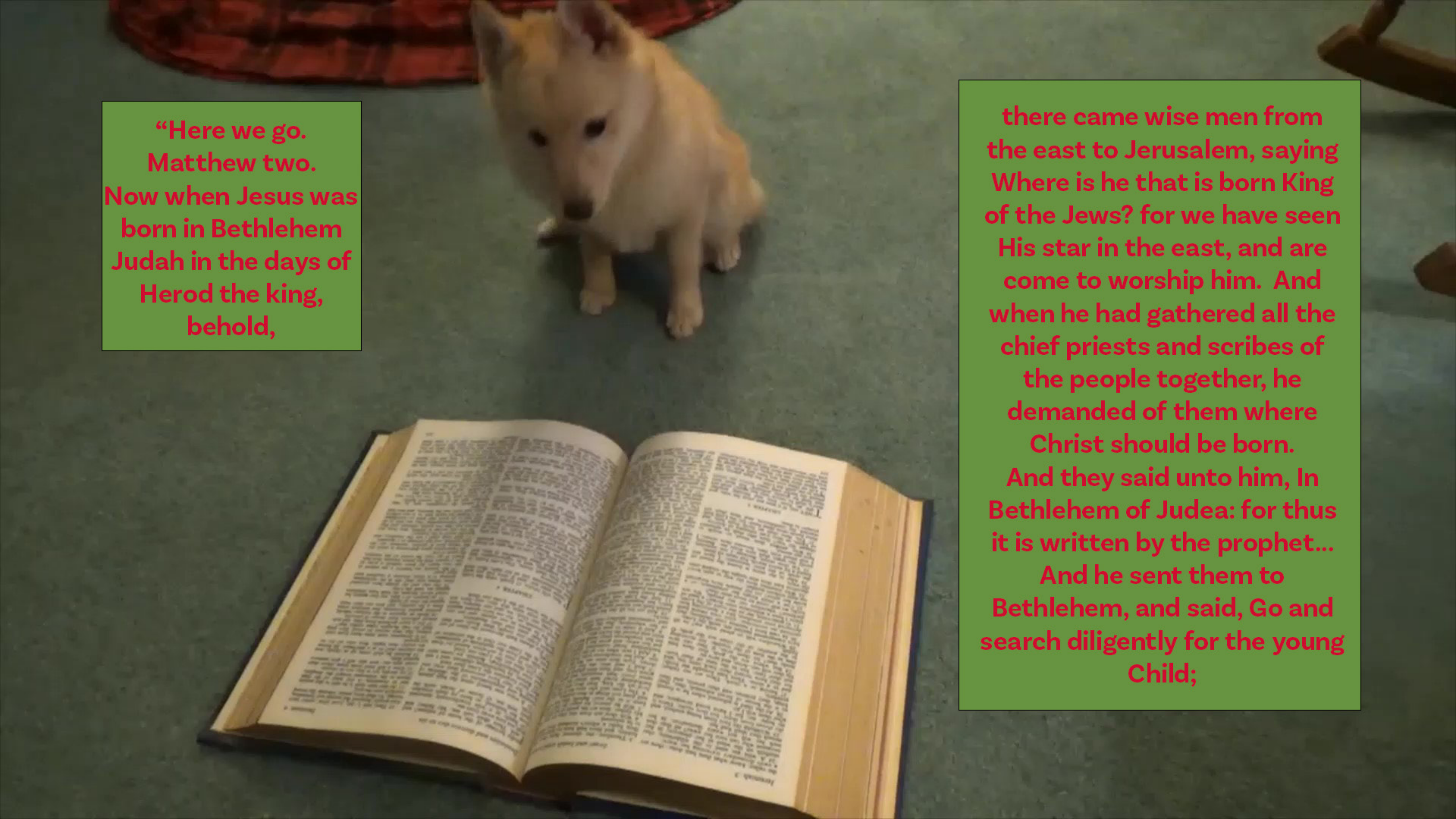
**“I don’t know. Let me see,”
Ginger said, accidentally
knocking down the Bible. “Oops.”**

**“Yeah. Double check that,”
Cubby woofed, running over. “If
her nativity’s wrong we should
try and let her know.”**

**“Right here. This tiny print on the
side says, ‘for wise men offering
gifts see, Matthew two.’ It must
be in another book.”**

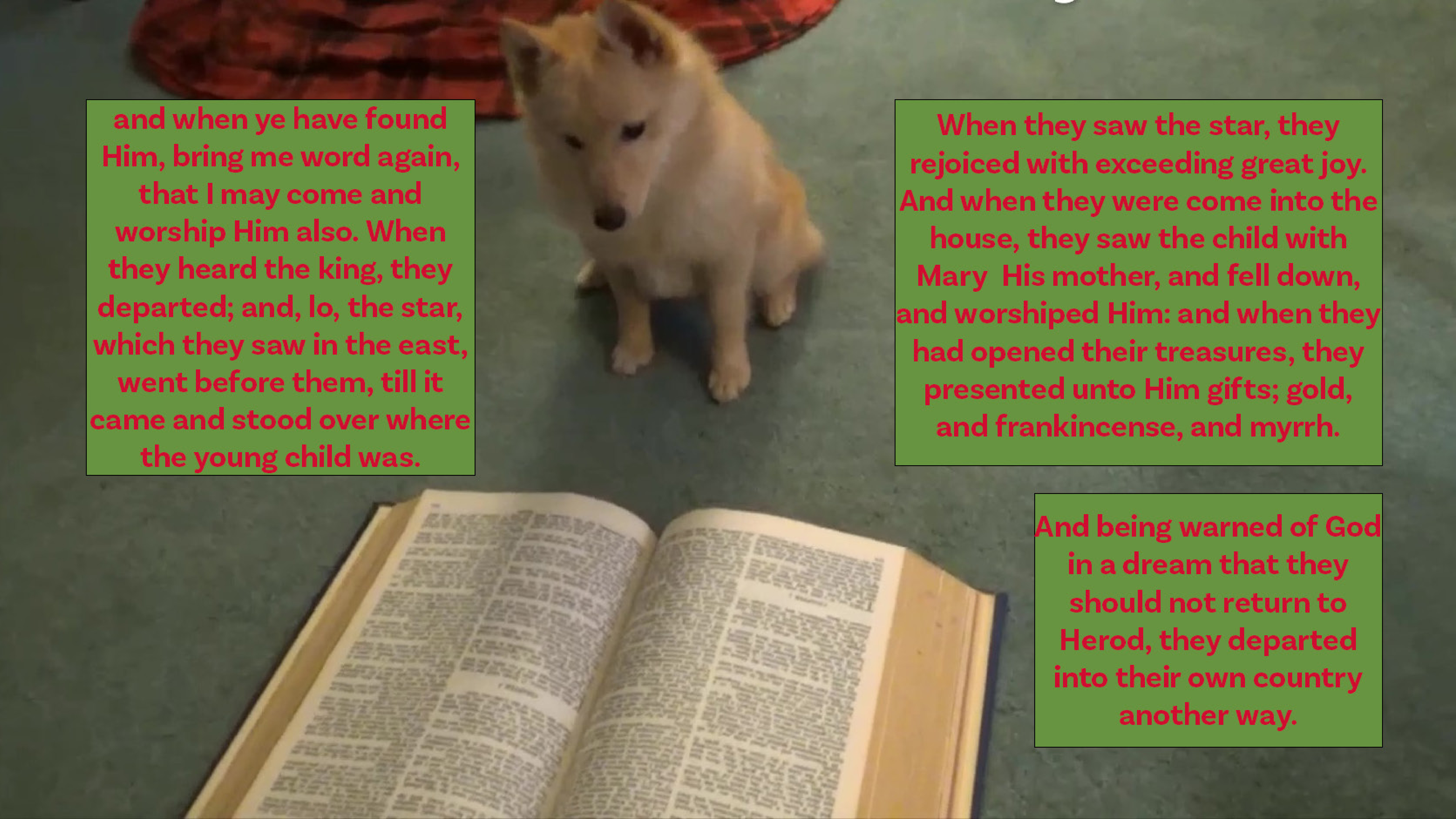
“Well, see Matthew two!”

“Alright. Alright.”

A white puppy is sitting on a grey carpet, looking towards the camera. In the foreground, an open Bible lies flat on the carpet. The Bible's pages are filled with text, and the spine is visible in the center. The background shows a portion of a red patterned rug and a wooden chair leg.

**“Here we go.
Matthew two.
Now when Jesus was
born in Bethlehem
Judah in the days of
Herod the king,
behold,**

**there came wise men from
the east to Jerusalem, saying
Where is he that is born King
of the Jews? for we have seen
His star in the east, and are
come to worship him. And
when he had gathered all the
chief priests and scribes of
the people together, he
demanded of them where
Christ should be born.
And they said unto him, In
Bethlehem of Judea: for thus
it is written by the prophet...
And he sent them to
Bethlehem, and said, Go and
search diligently for the young
Child;**

A light-colored puppy is sitting on a grey carpet. In the foreground, an open Bible is lying flat, showing two pages of text. The puppy is looking towards the camera. A red patterned object is partially visible in the top left corner.

and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also. When they heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the child with Mary His mother, and fell down, and worshiped Him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

“Well, that’s neat, so He’s a king, too! Hey, that ornament looks like it’s about to fall off the tree. How come you think God warned the wise men not to go back and tell the current king the good news?”



“It looks like the current king wasn’t at all thrilled to hear the news that there was a baby born to be king. In fact, he was so not-thrilled that he killed all the babies in Bethlehem, since he didn’t know which one He was, but He, Jesus, had already escaped to Egypt by then.”



“Wow, that’s not nice,” Cubby said, going to get the ornament that fell from the tree. “Why didn’t he just retire?”

**“Cubby, what are you doing with that ornament?”
Ginger asked.**

**“Playing with it,”
Cubby replied.**



**“Cubby! Stop that,”
Ginger ordered. “You’re
gonna break it!”**

**“Sure tastes good,”
Cubby replied.
“Maybe if she sees me
eating this, she’ll get
the idea we’re hungry
for lunch.”**


**“Cubby, you’re gonna
get us exiled back to
the street!”**

“Cubby, she’s coming back in the room,” Ginger warned.

“Good. I would like a peanut butter sandwich with extra peanut butter, no pickles. Step lively before we die of starvation. I will be right with you, after I flatten this bell, so it can’t keep rolling away from me. I, also, feel it is my duty to inform you that you don’t have adequate bells hanging from your tree. They are all missing their ringers! When I noticed the deformity in this one, I hurried right over to check the others for you, and sure enough, they are all ring-less! Perfectly disrespectful bells, they are.

No need to thank me. I was merely performing my investigative duty as a watchdog.”



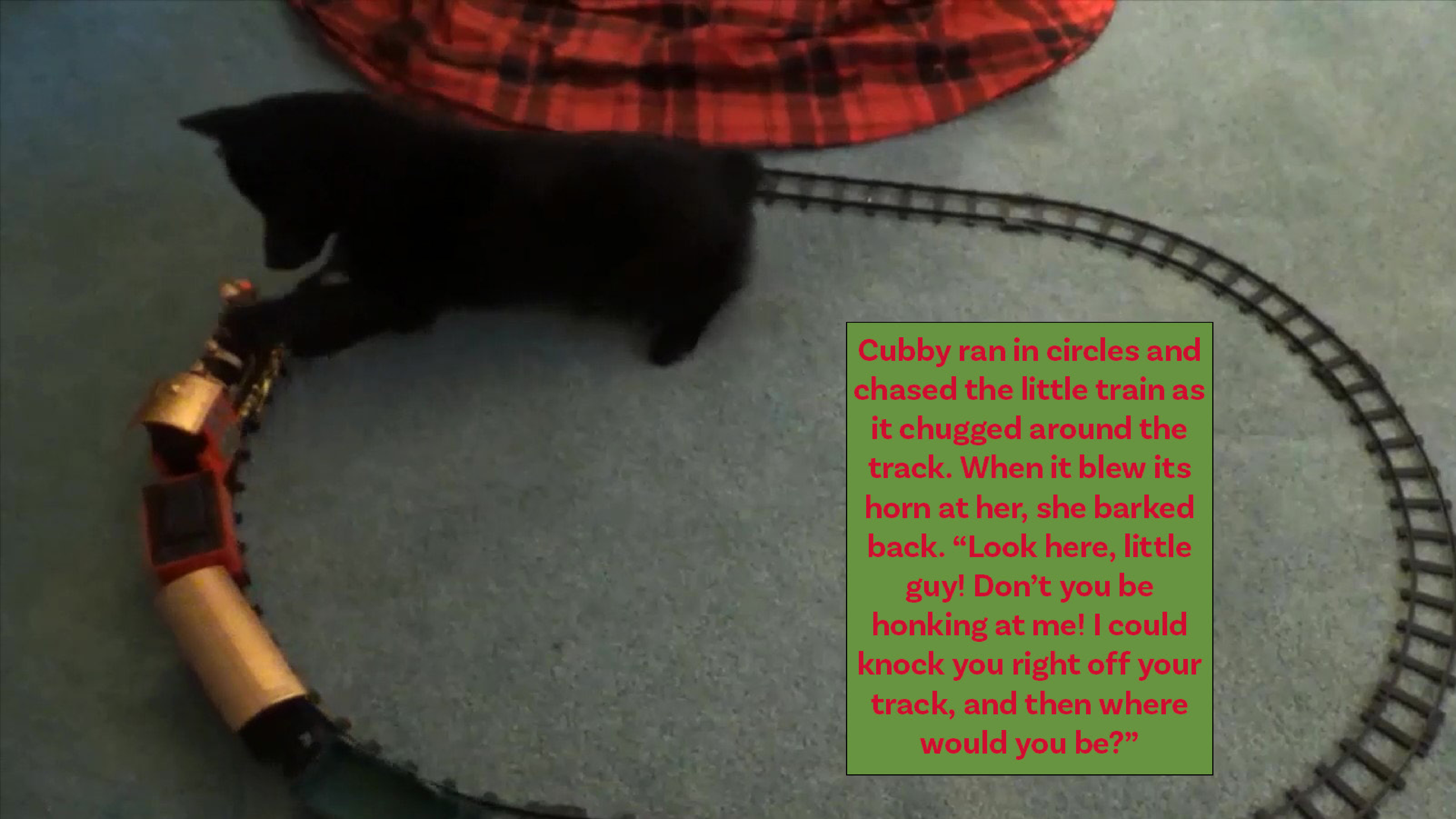
A black dog is standing on a light blue carpet, looking up at a Christmas tree. The tree is decorated with white lights and red ornaments, and is surrounded by a red and black plaid tree skirt. The background shows a window with light-colored curtains and a wooden chair leg.

**“But, I wasn’t
done with it,”
Cubby whined.
“It was kinda fun
to play with...
despite it being
ring-less.”**



After lunch, Danielle put batteries in a new, little train and set it up in front of the Christmas tree. “What do you think?” she asked the puppies, who were both very interested in the new, funny contraption. “You think my nephew will like it? He’s seven.”

“Seven? Wow, that’s old,” Cubby replied. “Mama said my granddaddy is seven! He live in.... Yipe!” Cubby jumped, when Danielle turned on the train, and it started to move.

A black dog, identified as Cubby, is shown in profile, running on a light-colored carpet. A small toy train, primarily yellow and black, is moving along a circular black plastic track. The dog's head is lowered towards the train, indicating it is chasing it. In the upper left corner, a portion of a red and black plaid fabric is visible. A green text box with a black border is positioned on the right side of the image, containing a narrative description of the scene.

Cubby ran in circles and chased the little train as it chugged around the track. When it blew its horn at her, she barked back. “Look here, little guy! Don’t you be honking at me! I could knock you right off your track, and then where would you be?”



“I think it’s a very nice little train. It’s a little loud and bossy, sometimes, but then, nobody’s perfect. I think your nephew will have a lot of fun chasing it around.

I think it’s fun. Just tell him to be careful to not let it run over his paw or pinch his nose with its wheels. Tell him, if it gets too upidy, the best thing you can do is push it off its track. The little, noisy choo-choo can’t get anywhere without its track.



Then, Danielle brought out a sleigh with a little tree that went inside.

She set the sleigh in front of the Christmas tree while she fluffed out the branches of its little tree.

Cubby couldn't wait to try it out. She hurried over and jumped inside. She imagined that there were twenty horses pulling her through deep drifts of snow. "Cubby, you look so cute," Danielle said. You remind me of a poem I learned in grade school.



It goes like this.
Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung,
By the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas,
Soon would be there.
And Mamma in her kerchief,
And I in my cap,
Had just settled down,
For a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn,
There arose such a clatter,
I sprang out of bed,
To see what was the matter.
A way to the window,
I flew like a flash!



I tore open the shutters,
and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast,
Of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday,
To objects below,
When, what to my wondering,
Eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh,
and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver,
So lively and quick,
I knew in a moment,
It must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles ,
His coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted,
And called them by name:



Ginger climbed up with Cubby,
excited to hear the rest of the
story.

“Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer!
Now, Prancer and Vixon!
On, Comet! On, Cupid!
On, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch,
To the top of the wall!
Now, dash away! Dash away!
Dash away, all!”

As dry leaves that before,
The wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop,
The coursers, they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys,
And Saint Nicholas, too!



And then in a twinkling,
I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing,
Of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head,
And was turning around,
Down the chimney,
Saint Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur,
From his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished,
With ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys,
He had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler,
Just opening his pack.
His eyes - how they twinkled!
His dimples - how merry!



Ginger hopped out, when Danielle came and put the tree in the sleigh.

Cubby decided to stay as she listened to the rest of the poem.

“His cheeks were like roses,

His nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth,

Was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin,

Was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe,

He held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled,

His head like a wreath.

He had a broad face,

And a round little belly,

That shook when he laughed,

Like a bowl full of Jelly.



He was chubby and plump,
A right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him,
In spite of myself.
A wink of his eye,
And a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know,
I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word,
But went straight to his work.
And filled all the stockings;
Then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod,
Up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh,
To his team gave a whistle.
And away they all flew,
Like the down of a thistle.



But I heard him exclaim,
Ere he drove out of sight,
Happy Christmas to all,
And to all a good night!"

Danielle finished the poem as she fluffed the very top of the tree.

"Uh oh, I better check the pie in the oven," she said as she hurried off.

"That's a fun story, too," Cubby said, playing the dangling ornament. "You suppose that one's true?"

"Of course not, Cubby!" Ginger replied, practically. "Humans can't pop up and down chimneys... and deer can't fly!"

"Sure be fun to see, though."



That evening, Danielle took the puppies with her to their first Christmas celebration at her Grandma's house.

Each puppy got their very own Christmas sweater to keep them warm in the snow.



When they got home,
Danielle wanted to take
pictures of them in their
new Christmas sweaters.
Cubby was happy to pose
on the rocking horse.
“Anything to be of service.
I know I’m cute.
That’s how God created me.
Yeah, zoom’s fine.
I don’t mind zoom.
I’m just as cute close up.”



Ginger wasn't so sure. "Hurry up and take the picture, please. I still maintain that puppies weren't made to ride horses, but no one will listen to me."

**When Danielle left,
Cubby got her
Frankenmouse off
the table and
renewed combat.**



**“Time to take care of the
monster that wants to annihilate
New York City, once and for all!”
Cubby growled.**

**“But Cubby, if it lives here, how
would it even get to New York
City?” Ginger asked.**

**“I shutter to think,”
Cubby replied.
“But fiends this
treacherous... they
have their ways.
We must neutralize
the threat!”**

**“She’s coming back to turn off the lights,”
Ginger woofed, quietly.**

**“I shan’t be distracted from the object
of my perilous mission,” Cubby replied.**

**“That’s okay. She didn’t notice you,”
Ginger said, after all but the nightlights
went out.**





“You should go to sleep,” Ginger yawned, as she stretched out. “and let Frankenmouse do the same.”

“I just can’t impress on you the seriousness of this situation, can I?” Cubby replied.

“No you can’t,” Ginger yawned again.

“Well, let me try another one then. You know that Saint Nicholas guy?”

“What about him?”

“Just suppose that he is real.”

“He’s not.”

“Oh, stop being so practical. Saints are supposed to be very religious”

“So?”

“Suppose he did!”
Cubby barked, louder than she had intended.

“Okay. Suppose he did.”

“How would it look if we slept through it?!”

“What?”



“So, maybe it’s a miracle,”
Cubby replied in a solemn tone.

“Why would a guy need a miracle to come down a chimney when he could just walk up to the front door?”

“We’d be all washed up as watchdogs! What if we wake up in the morning, and there are all these presents under the tree, and we didn’t bark at anyone?!”

“Who would want to come to a house in the middle of the night, to perform a miracle and deliver presents only to get barked at?”

“Ginger, you are missing the whole point.”

“Apparently. ... Goodnight, sister.”

“Good-night,” Cubby ruffed.

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

