

A photograph of two small puppies standing on a large, weathered log in a forest. The puppy on the left is white with light brown markings on its face and ears. The puppy on the right is black. The background is filled with dry, brown and yellow leaves and thin tree branches, suggesting an autumn setting. The lighting is natural, coming from the side, casting soft shadows.

The Adventures of Ginger and Cubby

**The
Journey
Continues**

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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

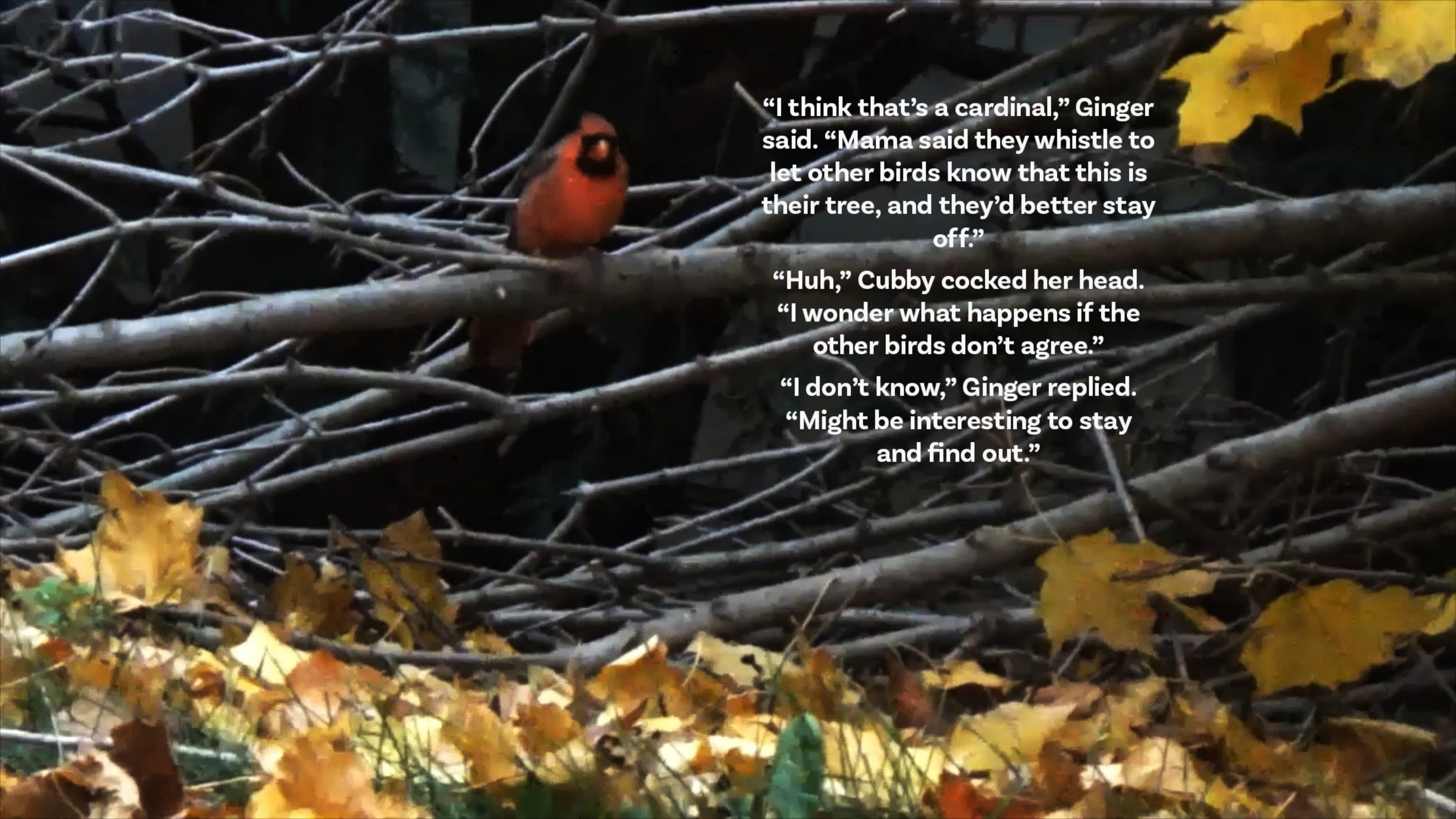
HOPPY EASTER

**THANKS
FOR
READING!**





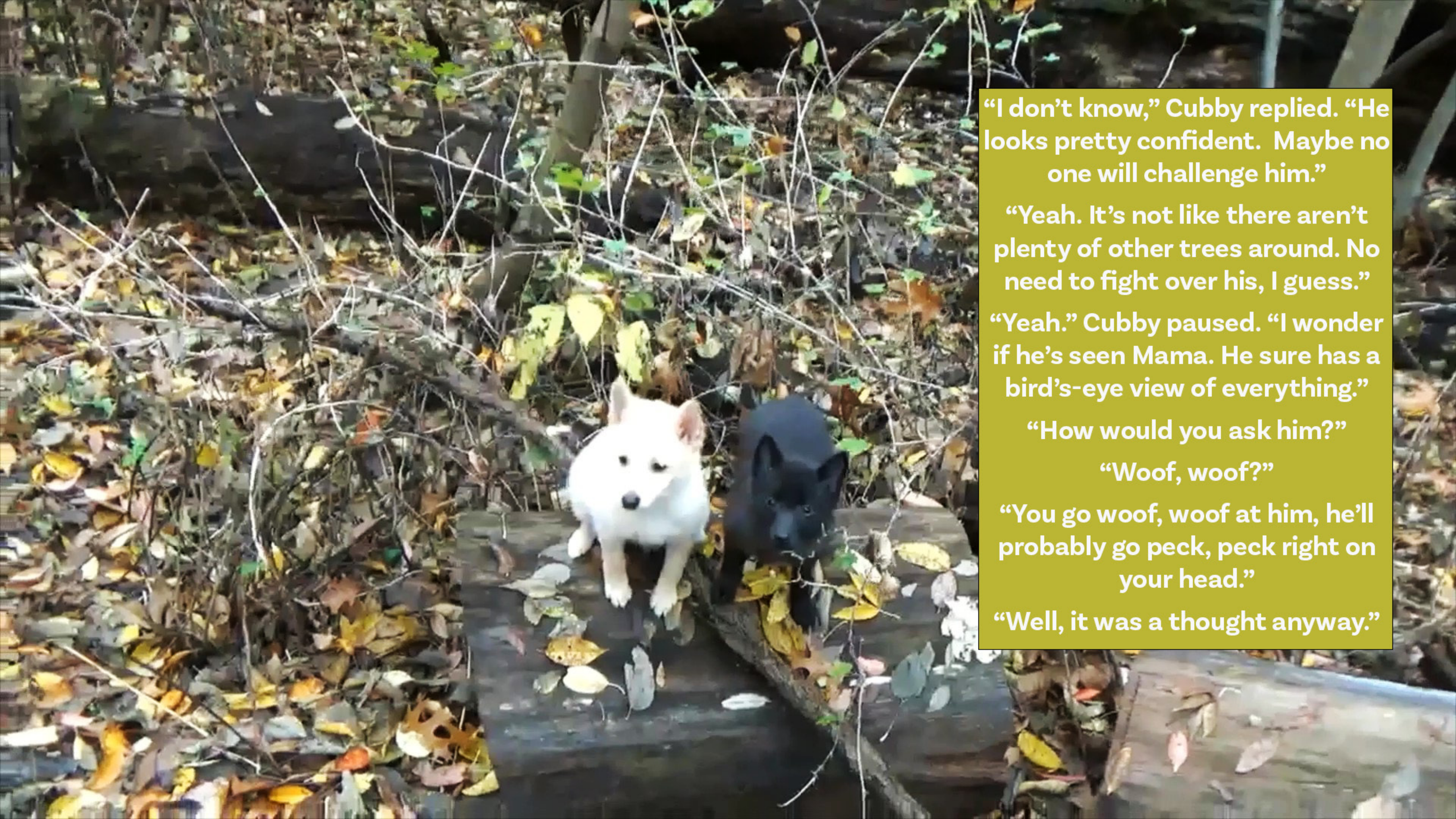
The puppies got up bright and early the next morning... so early, Cubby noticed something she hadn't noticed before. "Boy, the birds sure are noisy this morning, aren't they? That one in particular. See that red one? He's whistling at us."

A cardinal is perched on a branch in a tree. The tree has many bare branches and some yellow autumn leaves. The cardinal is facing forward and slightly to the right.

“I think that’s a cardinal,” Ginger said. “Mama said they whistle to let other birds know that this is their tree, and they’d better stay off.”

“Huh,” Cubby cocked her head. “I wonder what happens if the other birds don’t agree.”

“I don’t know,” Ginger replied. “Might be interesting to stay and find out.”



“I don’t know,” Cubby replied. “He looks pretty confident. Maybe no one will challenge him.”

“Yeah. It’s not like there aren’t plenty of other trees around. No need to fight over his, I guess.”

“Yeah.” Cubby paused. “I wonder if he’s seen Mama. He sure has a bird’s-eye view of everything.”

“How would you ask him?”

“Woof, woof?”

“You go woof, woof at him, he’ll probably go peck, peck right on your head.”

“Well, it was a thought anyway.”



“We should get down and look for Mama,” Ginger said.


“Yeah ,” Cubby agreed.

“I’m still tired,” Ginger yawned.

“I’m starving,” Cubby said.

“Maybe, we’ll find some breakfast along the way.”

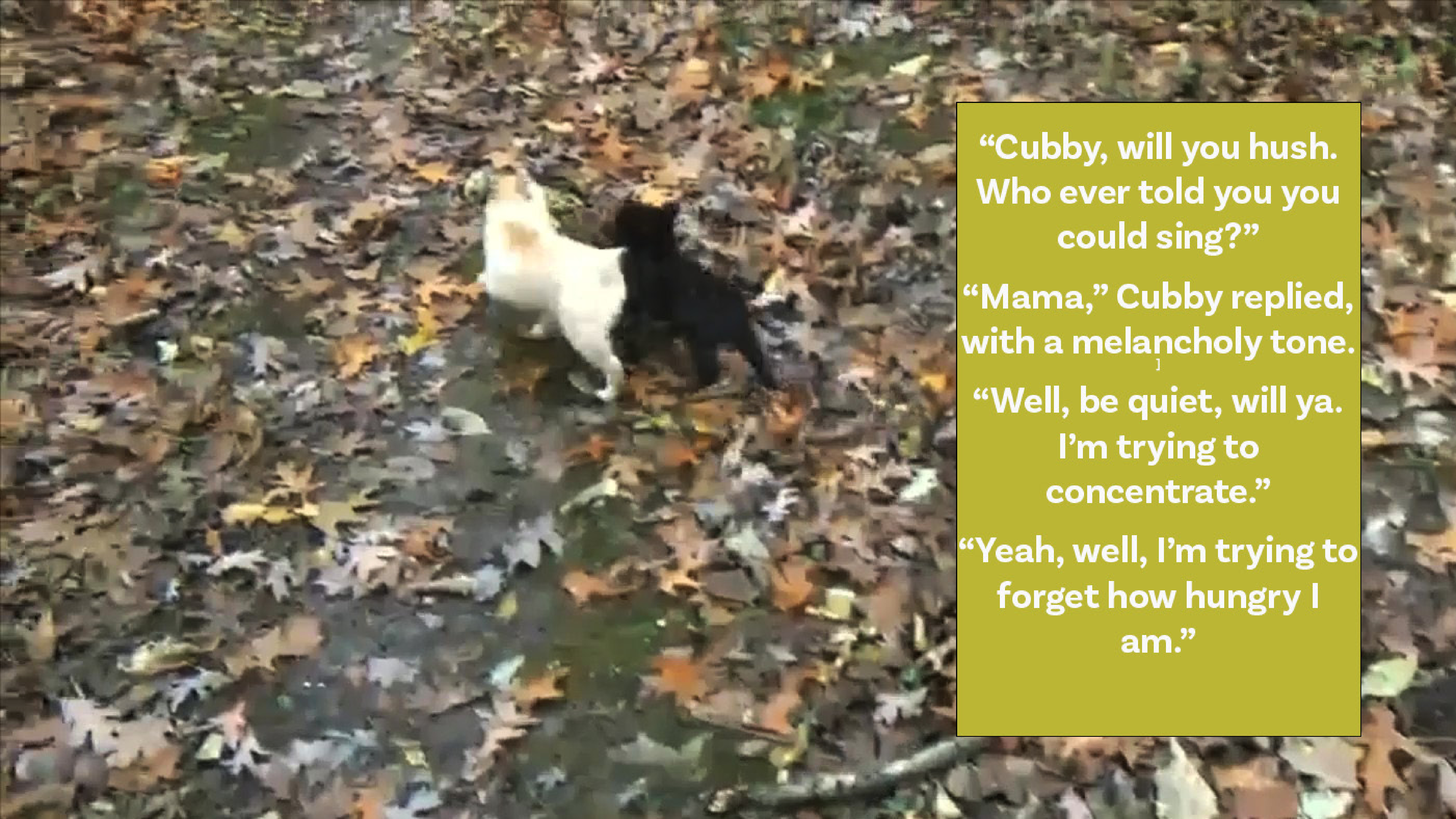
“Yeah,” Ginger agreed, yawning again.

A photograph of two puppies on a trail covered in fallen autumn leaves. One puppy is white with brown patches, and the other is black. They are walking away from the camera. A yellow text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

So, the puppies headed
back down the trail,
searching the landscape
and following Ginger's
nose.

“Keep them doggies
movin’ a-lo-ong,” Cubby
sang. “Keep them
doggies movin’ a-lo-ong.
Don’t try to understand
it. Just run, jump, and
don’t sit.

Soon, we’ll be findin’
Mama soo-oon!” Cubby
howled.

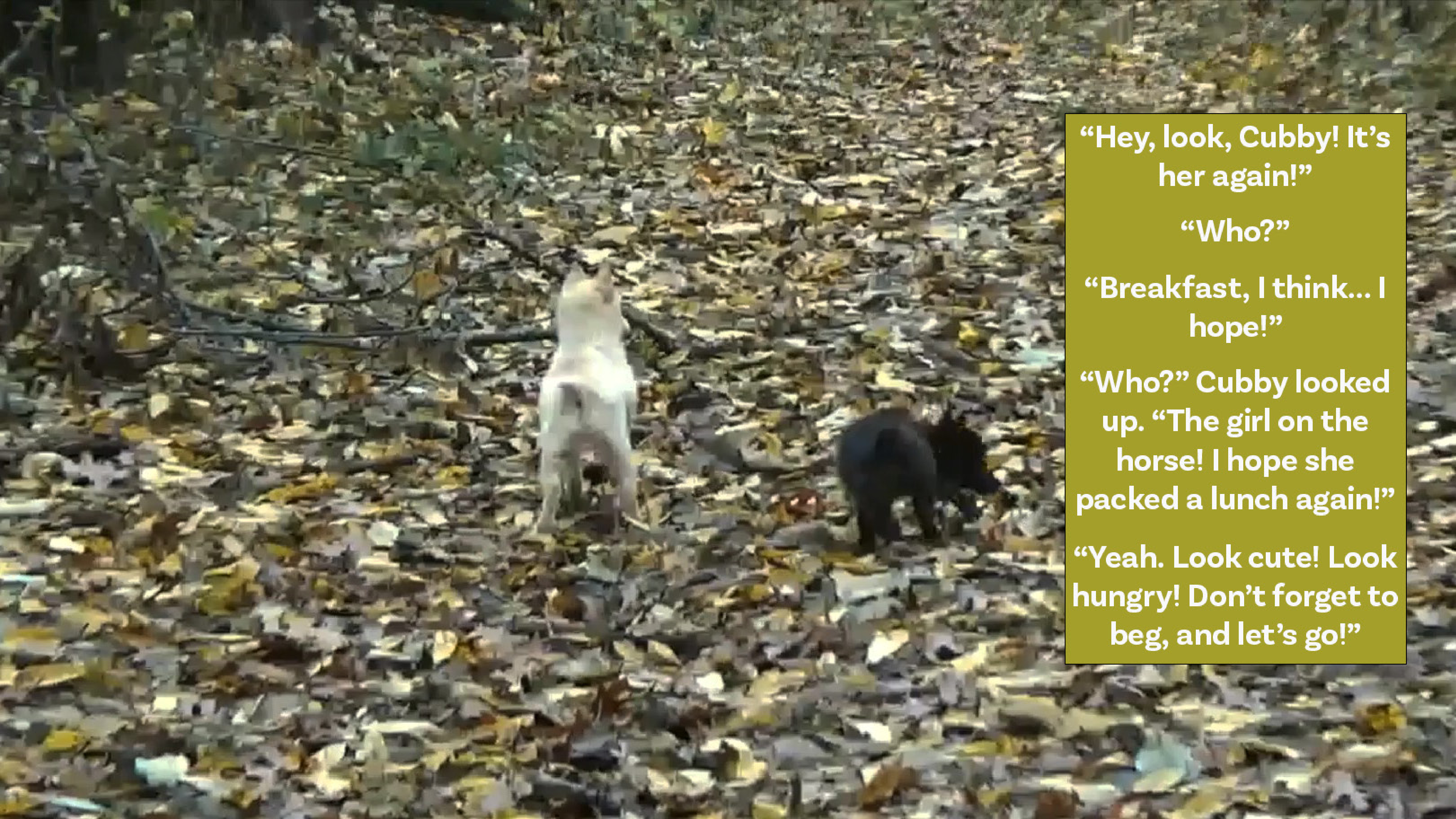


“Cubby, will you hush.
Who ever told you you
could sing?”

“Mama,” Cubby replied,
with a melancholy tone.

“Well, be quiet, will ya.
I’m trying to
concentrate.”

“Yeah, well, I’m trying to
forget how hungry I
am.”



“Hey, look, Cubby! It’s her again!”

“Who?”

“Breakfast, I think... I hope!”

“Who?” Cubby looked up. “The girl on the horse! I hope she packed a lunch again!”

“Yeah. Look cute! Look hungry! Don’t forget to beg, and let’s go!”



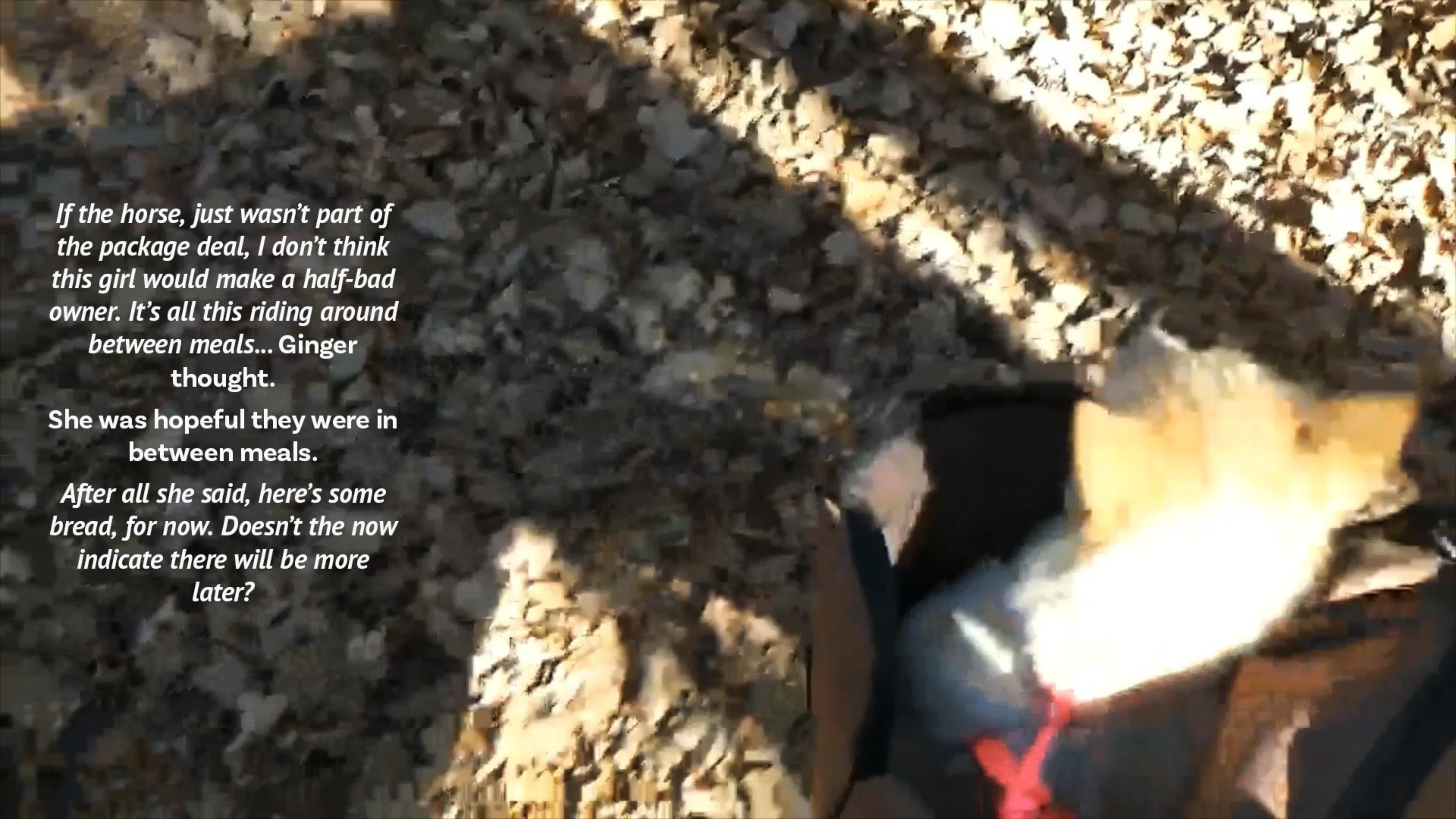
They ran over to the girl and her horse. They danced and begged and looked cute.

She asked, "Are you the same puppies from day before yesterday? Do you want another ride?"

Cubby picked up an acorn and ran around in a circle with it.

"Oh, well, I have something I think you'll like." She got a piece of bread, from her sandwich in her saddlebags, and broke it into pieces for them.

The puppies felt a whole lot better after breakfast.




If the horse, just wasn't part of the package deal, I don't think this girl would make a half-bad owner. It's all this riding around between meals... Ginger thought.

She was hopeful they were in between meals.

After all she said, here's some bread, for now. Doesn't the now indicate there will be more later?



Cubby felt so much better after breakfast, she was actually starting to enjoy this new form of transportation... a little bit. It wasn't something she'd want to do everyday, but it was starting to grow on her. *If only we could teach the horse to track, then all this riding around wouldn't be a waste of time. If only we could teach the girl to walk on the ground sometimes. I don't think I'd mind adopting her and her food supply.*

A photograph of a stream flowing through a dense forest. The water is clear and reflects the surrounding greenery. In the background, a wooden fence is visible, partially obscured by trees and bushes. The scene is peaceful and natural.

After a while, they stopped next to a stream, and the girl got down from her horse.



“I guess you can take my sister down first. Just don’t forget about me. This looks like a neat place to explore, doesn’t it, Ginger? Are we stopping for lunch, too? Not that I’m particularly hungry, again already, but if you are, go ahead. Just don’t forget to share. My Mama always used to say that sharing is one of the best things a puppy could do. I guess the same should apply to humans. You haven’t seen our Mama around, have you? Too bad you can’t understand me. If birds and chipmunks and people could just understand what I’m saying to them, I think we’d be a lot further along in our search.”

Soon as the puppies were on the ground, they ran off to start exploring.

They were excited to discover all the new sights and sounds and smells around the stream.

Ginger sniffed out a squirrel and chased him away.

Cubby found her first ever hoppy cricket and had a ball trying to catch it.





“Hey, Ginger, do you see that?”

“What?”

“Come over here, and see. It’s pretty big... and it’s green... and it hops... and it goes r-r-rib-bit... r-rib-bit!”

“You’re crazy.”

“No, seriously, come and see.”



Windwalker, the horse, waited patiently by the bridge and ate some grass for a snack.

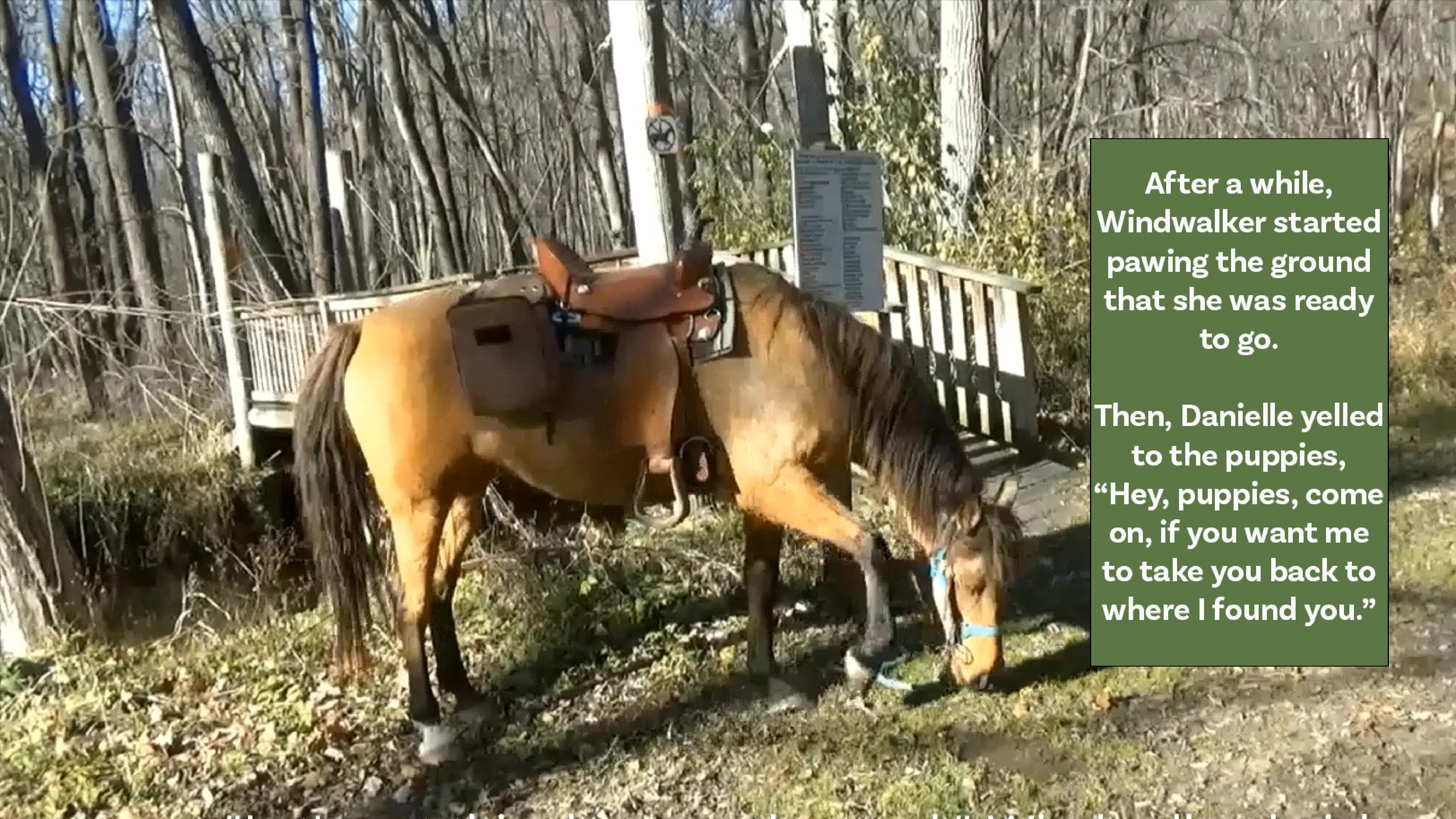
Danielle, the girl, took out the rest of her sandwich and ate it for lunch.



The puppies were so busy exploring, they didn't even noticed that lunch was being eaten without them.

“I'm tellin' you I saw it! It had two giant eyeballs on the top of its head. It was green. It could hop at least three feet per hop, and when you came, it jumped in the water and disappeared. Didn't you see the bubbles?”

“No.”



After a while, Windwalker started pawing the ground that she was ready to go.

Then, Danielle yelled to the puppies, “Hey, puppies, come on, if you want me to take you back to where I found you.”



The puppies ran over to Windwalker, not wanting to walk all the way back to their trail. “I hope we didn’t miss lunch,” Cubby said, as they ran.

“Me too,” Ginger replied.



Part way back, Danielle stopped because she wanted to take Cubby's picture on a log.

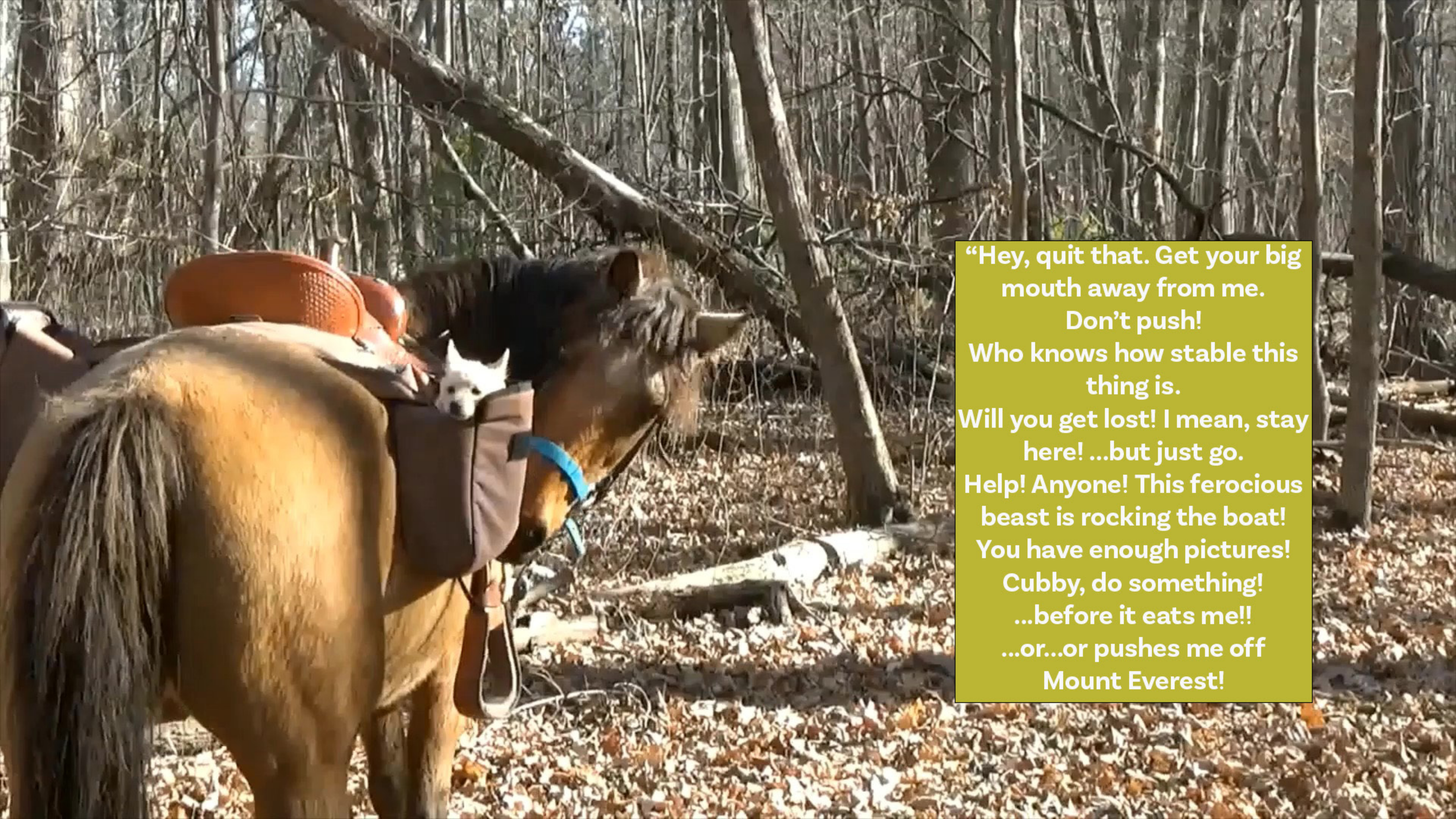
Ginger waited patiently with Windwalker, but she couldn't help being a little jealous.

“Don't you want to take my picture, too?
Aren't I cute?”

Wouldn't the log look even nicer with two puppies on it?”
Huh. Rejection. Mama warned me it would happen sooner or later.

I guess I....

Hey, she took my picture! “Why didn't you warn me? Was I smiling?”



**“Hey, quit that. Get your big
mouth away from me.
Don’t push!
Who knows how stable this
thing is.
Will you get lost! I mean, stay
here! ...but just go.
Help! Anyone! This ferocious
beast is rocking the boat!
You have enough pictures!
Cubby, do something!
...before it eats me!!
...or...or pushes me off
Mount Everest!**



“Hey, Ginger, what’s she doing?”

“She talking to someone on the phone. I can just barely hear what she’s saying.”

“What?”

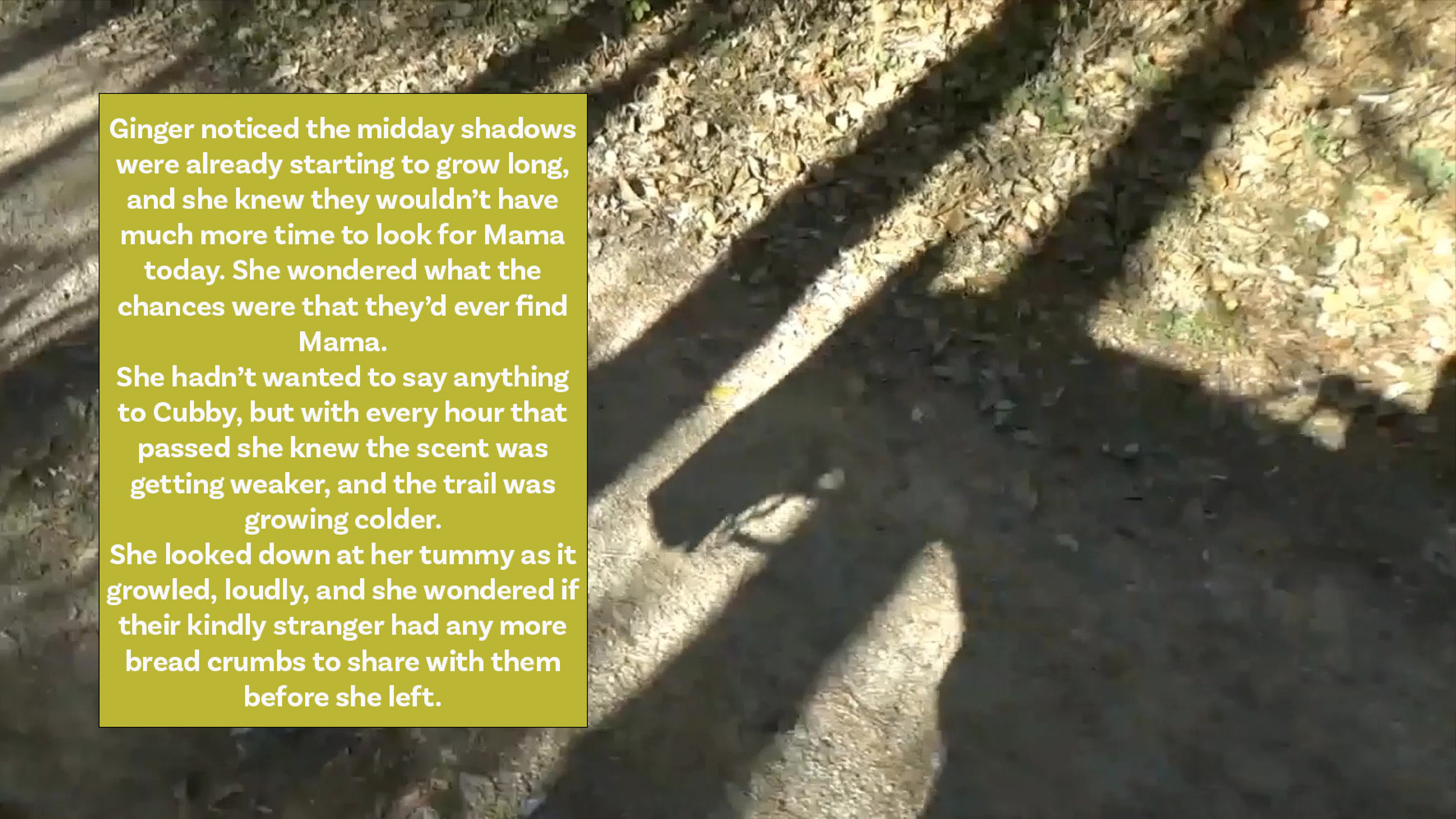
“She’s wondering if we have a home or if she should take us with her.”

“Huh. She seems nice enough, but what about finding Mama?”

“I know. ... It doesn’t sound like she’s going to take us.”

A dirt path winds through a dense forest of tall, thin trees. The path is illuminated by sunlight filtering through the canopy, creating a dappled light effect. The trees are mostly bare, suggesting a late autumn or winter setting. The path leads into the distance, disappearing into the woods.

After a few minutes, Danielle took her horse and the puppies on another short ride back to the place where she had found them.



Ginger noticed the midday shadows were already starting to grow long, and she knew they wouldn't have much more time to look for Mama today. She wondered what the chances were that they'd ever find Mama.

She hadn't wanted to say anything to Cubby, but with every hour that passed she knew the scent was getting weaker, and the trail was growing colder.

She looked down at her tummy as it growled, loudly, and she wondered if their kindly stranger had any more bread crumbs to share with them before she left.



“Well, this is where, I found you,” Danielle said, after setting the puppies down on the ground with a can of chicken that she had gotten from her truck. “I hope you find your way home alright. You must live around here, huh?”



Danielle walked over to her horse.
“Well, maybe I’ll see you again
someday when I’m around here,” she
said, as she grabbed the saddle horn
and swung up on Windwalker.
“See ya later,” she said, as
she rode off.



After finishing their chicken, Ginger started searching around for her trail again.

She was starting to get worried because it was taking longer than she thought it would.

At first, CUbby tried to help. "I think I smell something unusual over here."

"That's a ground hog."

"Oh." Then, a few minutes later, she barked, "I think I smell something here."

"That's a raccoon."

"Oh."

Then, finally, “Cubby, I found it! Over here!”

“Where?” Cubby came running over.

“Down there.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope. Let’s go.”



They made it down okay.
Getting up the other side was
another matter.

“You know the interesting thing
about steep, rocky, dangerous
gullies, Ginger,” Cubby woofed,
stopping at the bottom.

“What?” Ginger replied, turning
her head back.

“If you don’t go down into them,
you’re less likely to get killed
going back up.

”You can do it,” Ginger arfed.





“Nope,” Cubby replied. “I think, I would like to spend my last living moments down here... however many they may be.”

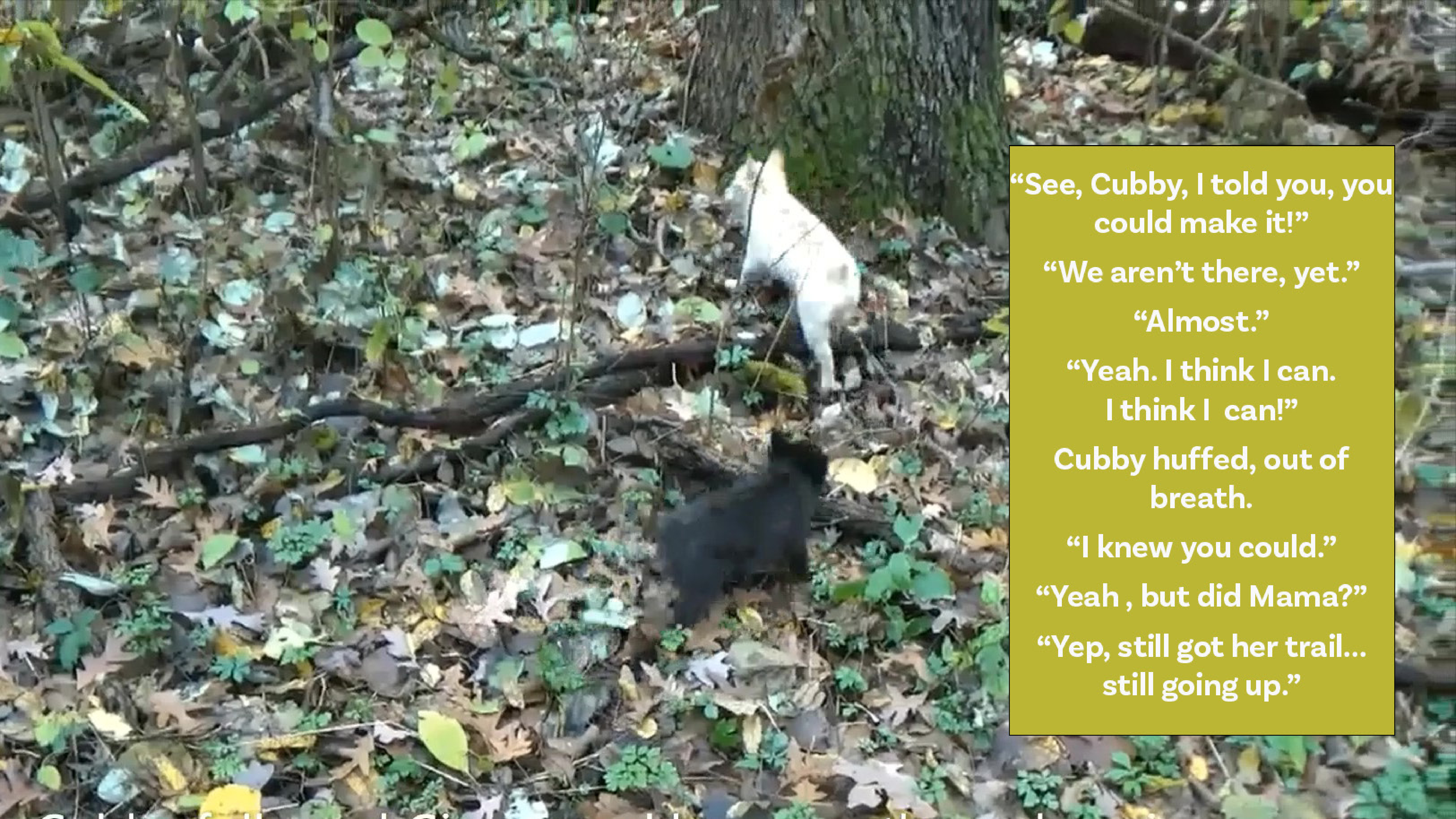
“Come on!” Ginger barked, spinning around. “Just do it like this,” she said, running up to the top of the hill, tripping on a few of the rocks, but not falling down. “Come on,” Ginger woofed. “Come on!”

Ginger ran back down to encourage her sister. "Come on, Cubby, let's do it together. It's not that hard," she said, even though it was.

"Ginger? ...about my will... that I haven't written, yet...."

"Come on, Cubby. You'll be fine. Just get a running start. Ready? One... two... three... go!"





“See, Cubby, I told you, you could make it!”

“We aren’t there, yet.”

“Almost.”

“Yeah. I think I can.
I think I can!”

Cubby huffed, out of
breath.

“I knew you could.”

“Yeah , but did Mama?”

“Yep, still got her trail...
still going up.”

“Finally,” Cubby woofed, as they reached the top of the hill. “I thought... we came from a long line of water dogs... not mountain goats! Ma-ahhh...”

“Oh, Cubby, quit. ... Whither Mom wentest, we must go.”

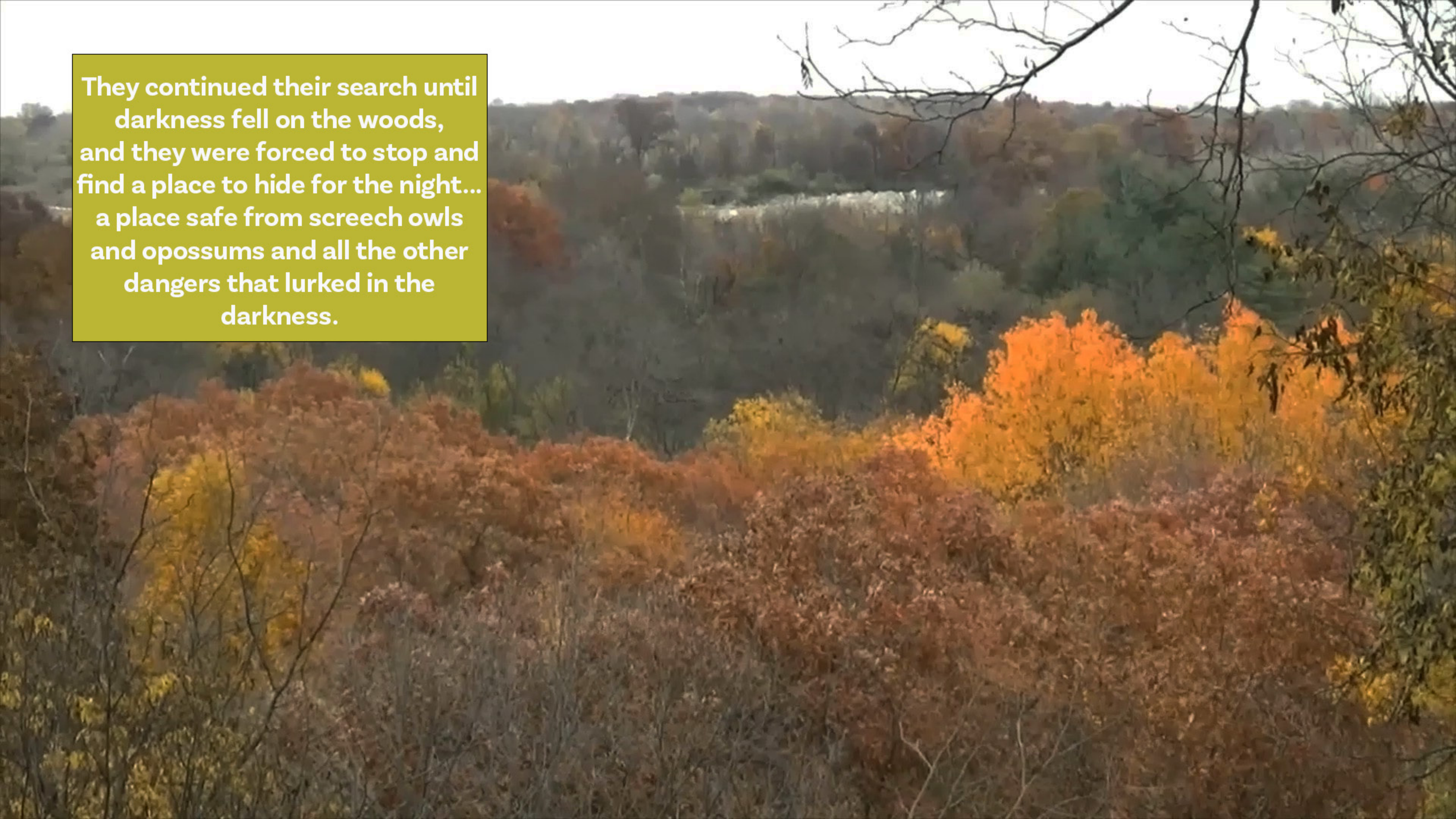
“Yeah. I just hope she didn’t come up, and then go right back down.”

“She didn’t.”

“Good.” Cubby puffed.



**They continued their search until
darkness fell on the woods,
and they were forced to stop and
find a place to hide for the night...
a place safe from screech owls
and opossums and all the other
dangers that lurked in the
darkness.**



THE END!
THANKS FOR READING!
DON'T FORGET TO CHECK
OUT MORE OF

The Adventures of Ginger and Cubby!

