

THE RIVER RIDE

*The Adventures
of
Ginger and Cubby*

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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 puppies walked all morning until they ended up back at the beach where they had met the canoeist the other day.

“I think we’ve just gone in a big circle,” Ginger said.

“Maybe Mama went in a big circle,” Cubby suggested.

“Maybe,” Ginger growled, “but my nose is starting to get confused.”




“Maybe you and your nose just need a break,” Cubby said.

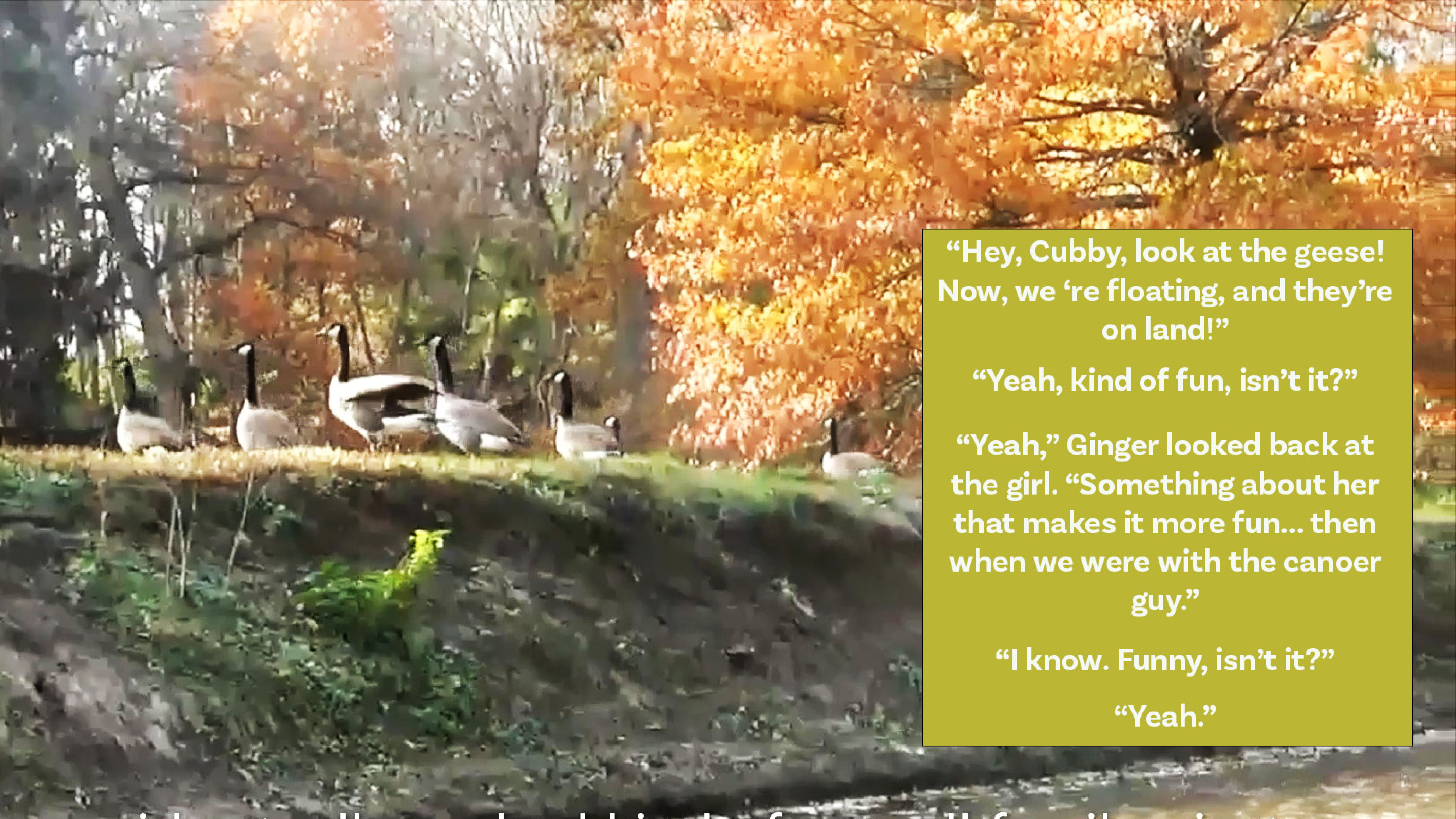
“Maybe. ...Hey, there she is again!” Ginger woofed. “It’s the girl with the horse!”

“Only today she has a boat instead,” Cubby noticed. “I wonder if she packed a lunch.”

“She always has something good to eat.” Ginger wagged her tail.

A white dog is sitting in a red kayak on a river. The dog's head and ears are visible in the foreground, looking towards the left. The kayak is red and occupies the bottom right portion of the frame. The river water is dark, and the background shows a rocky bank with green foliage and trees. The scene is captured from a first-person perspective from inside the kayak.

The puppies ran over to the shore, wagging their tails and begging. Sure enough she stopped, with a half of sandwich in tow. After giving them lunch, she scooped them up into her kayak. Then, the three of them set sail for another adventure.




“Hey, Cubby, look at the geese!
Now, we ‘re floating, and they’re
on land!”

“Yeah, kind of fun, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Ginger looked back at
the girl. “Something about her
that makes it more fun... then
when we were with the canoer
guy.”

“I know. Funny, isn’t it?”

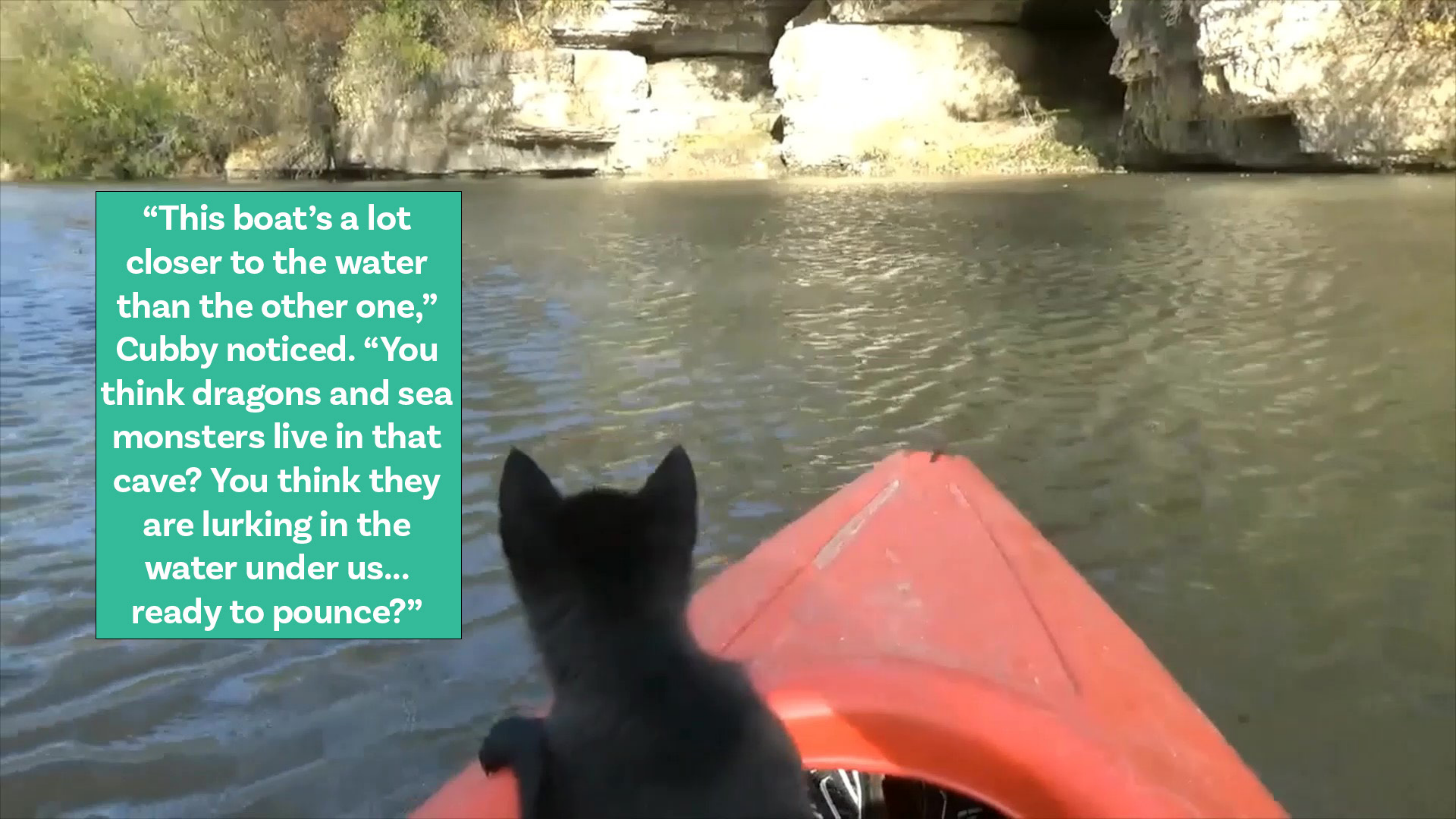
“Yeah.”

A fluffy white dog is sitting in a red kayak on a river. The dog is looking forward, and its ears are perked up. The river is calm, and the surrounding trees are reflected in the water. The scene is peaceful and scenic.

Ginger couldn't wait to see what was around the next bend!

I wonder if there are pirates and sea monsters in these waters, she thought.

Mama had told her that she came from a long line of water dogs, and she was proud of the heritage.

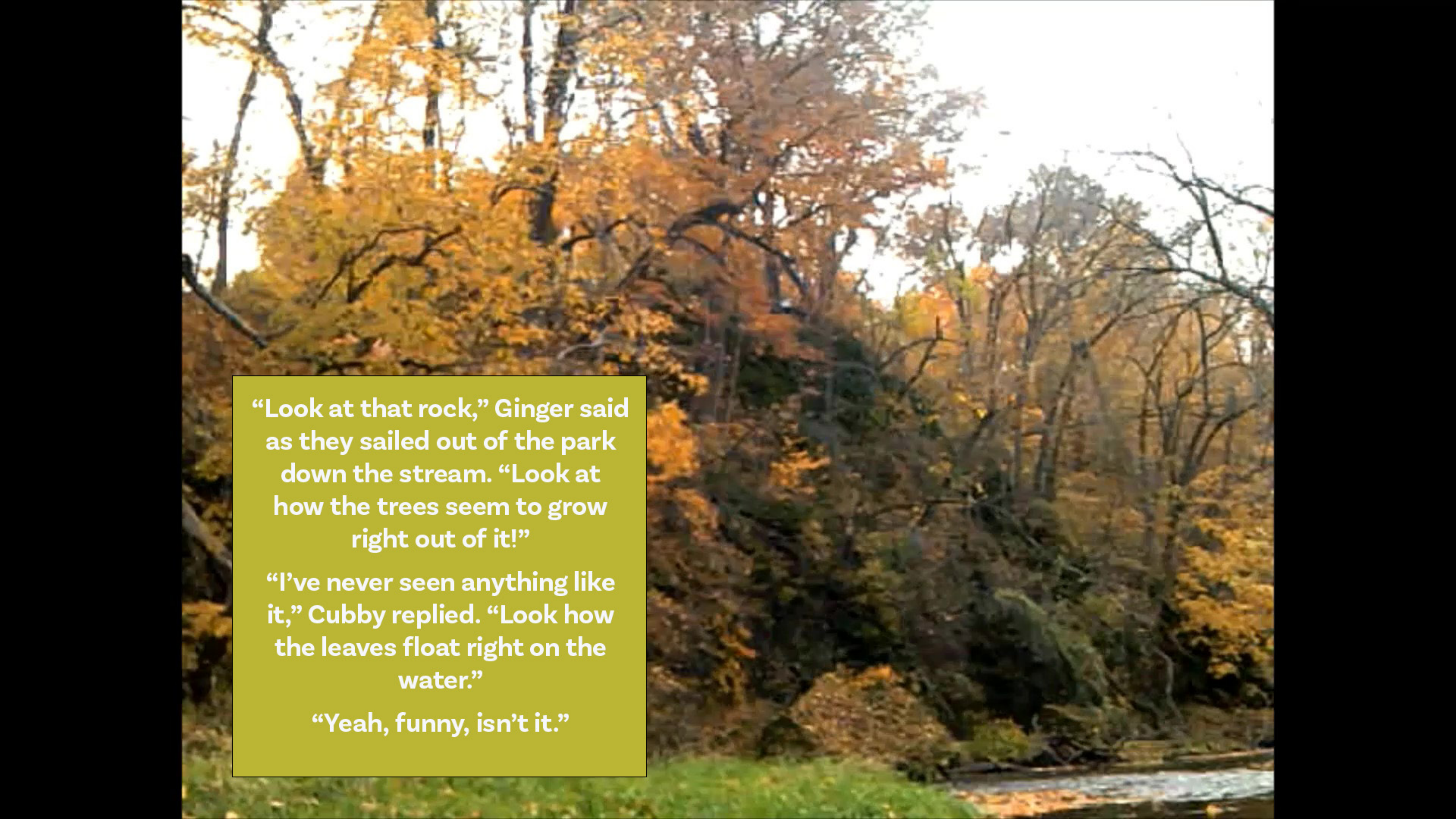
A black cat is sitting in a red kayak on a river. The cat is looking towards a rocky cliff in the distance, which has a cave entrance. The water is calm and reflects the light. The scene is captured from a first-person perspective from the kayak.

“This boat’s a lot closer to the water than the other one,” Cubby noticed. “You think dragons and sea monsters live in that cave? You think they are lurking in the water under us... ready to pounce?”



“Maybe,” Ginger mused, though she didn’t really believe it. “Maybe we’ll see a pirate ship... or a gigantic whale! ... A-hoy, there, Matey!” Ginger barked.

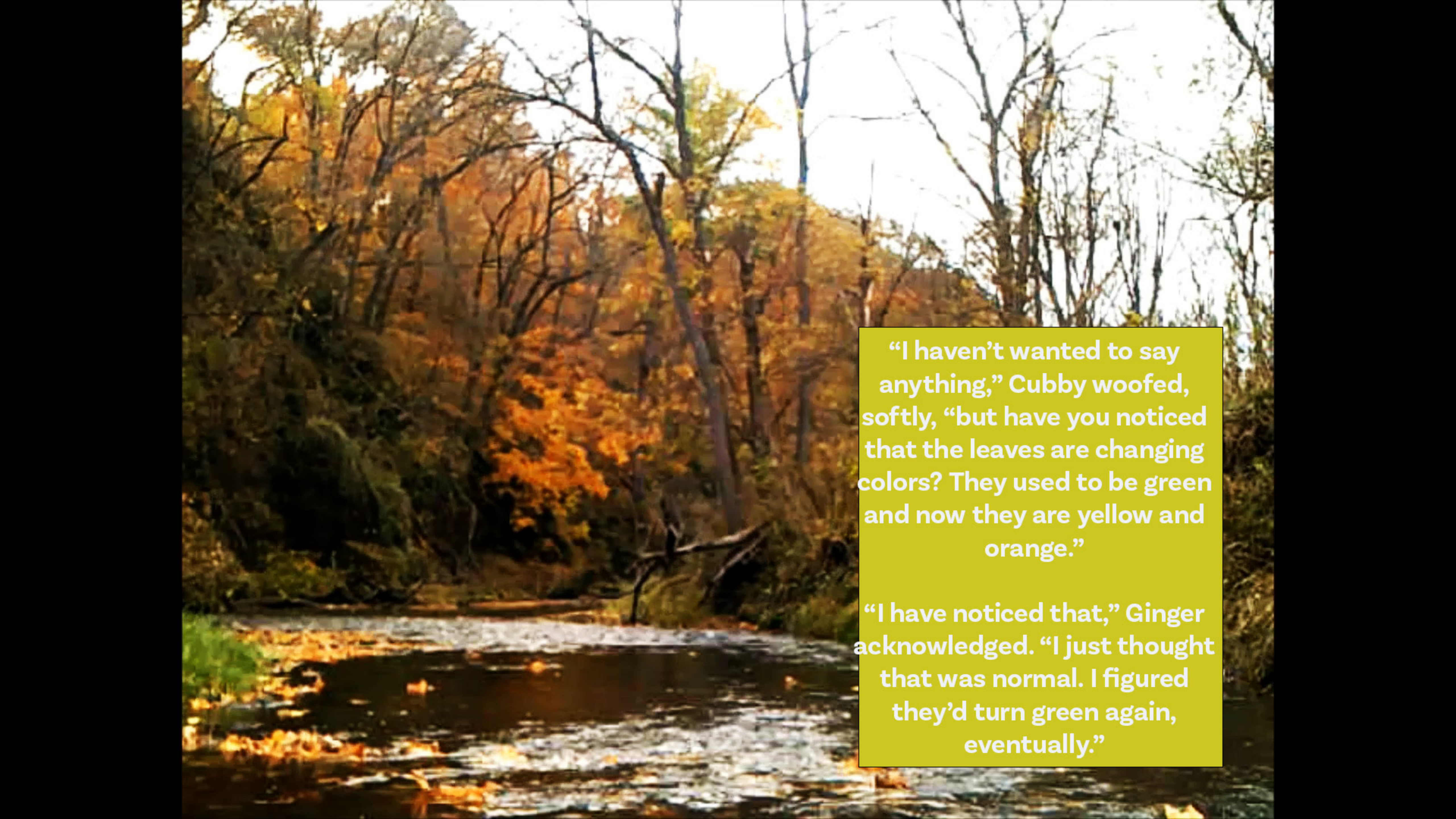
“A-hoy!” Cubby barked back.



“Look at that rock,” Ginger said as they sailed out of the park down the stream. “Look at how the trees seem to grow right out of it!”


“I’ve never seen anything like it,” Cubby replied. “Look how the leaves float right on the water.”

“Yeah, funny, isn’t it.”



“I haven’t wanted to say anything,” Cubby woofed, softly, “but have you noticed that the leaves are changing colors? They used to be green and now they are yellow and orange.”

“I have noticed that,” Ginger acknowledged. “I just thought that was normal. I figured they’d turn green again, eventually.”



“Maybe, but have you noticed how they are falling off the trees, now. How are they going to turn green again if they fall off their trees?”

“I don’t know,” Ginger conceded.

“I think the world’s sick,” Cubby whispered.

Ginger looked back at the girl rowing the kayak. “The humans don’t seem that worried about it.”

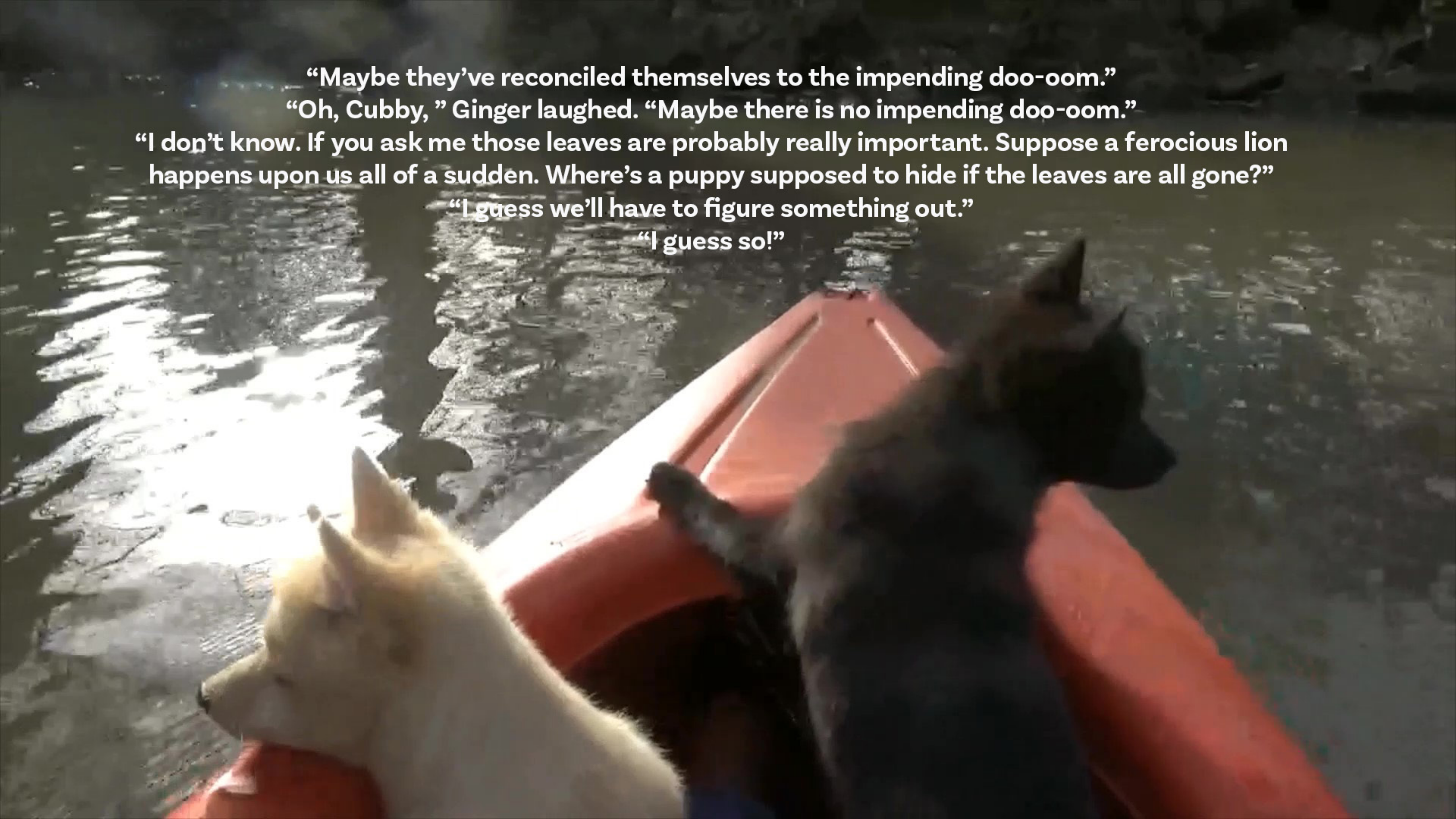
“Maybe they’ve reconciled themselves to the impending doo-oom.”

“Oh, Cubby, ” Ginger laughed. “Maybe there is no impending doo-oom.”

“I don’t know. If you ask me those leaves are probably really important. Suppose a ferocious lion happens upon us all of a sudden. Where’s a puppy supposed to hide if the leaves are all gone?”

“I guess we’ll have to figure something out.”

“I guess so!”





**“Feel that wind!” Ginger said,
stretching her nose into the
breeze.**

**“Kinda cold, if ya ask me,”
Cubby replied, ducking down
into the kayak.**

**“Hey, I think that’s a squirrel
over there. Woof! It ran away.”**



“Hey, there’s another one... under the water.
Look at it’s big teeth and it’s funny, flat tail.

Hey, I think that’s a beaver!

Hey, Cubby, come look at this over-sized squirrel
with the flat tail, swimming in the water!

It’s a beaver, I think. Hurry, or it’ll... drown.

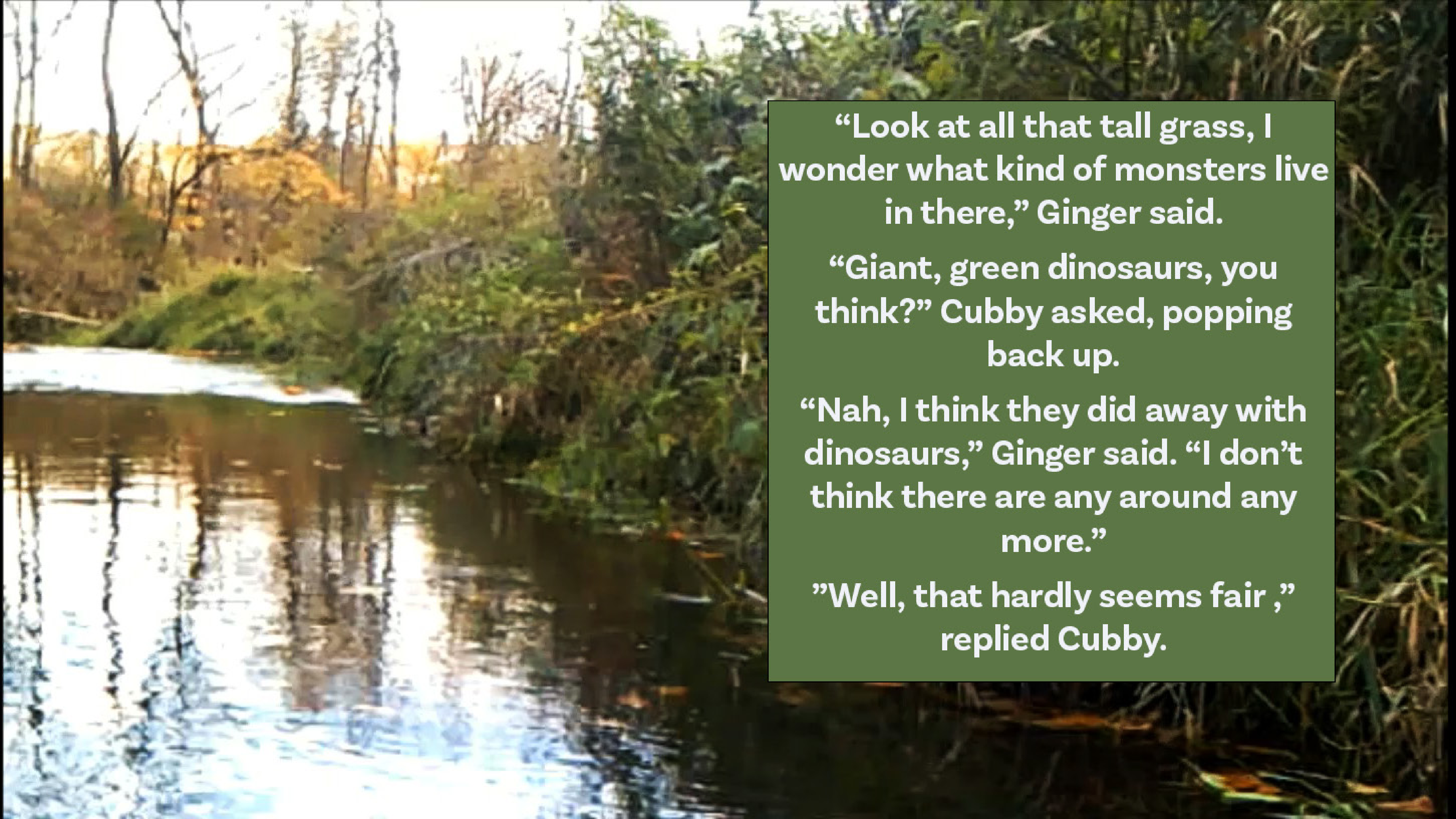
Huh... hey Cubby, it just dove deeper into the water.

You think beavers drown?”

“I doubt it.”

“Come on, Cubby! Come back up. It’s not that
windy, any more.”

“Yes, it is.”

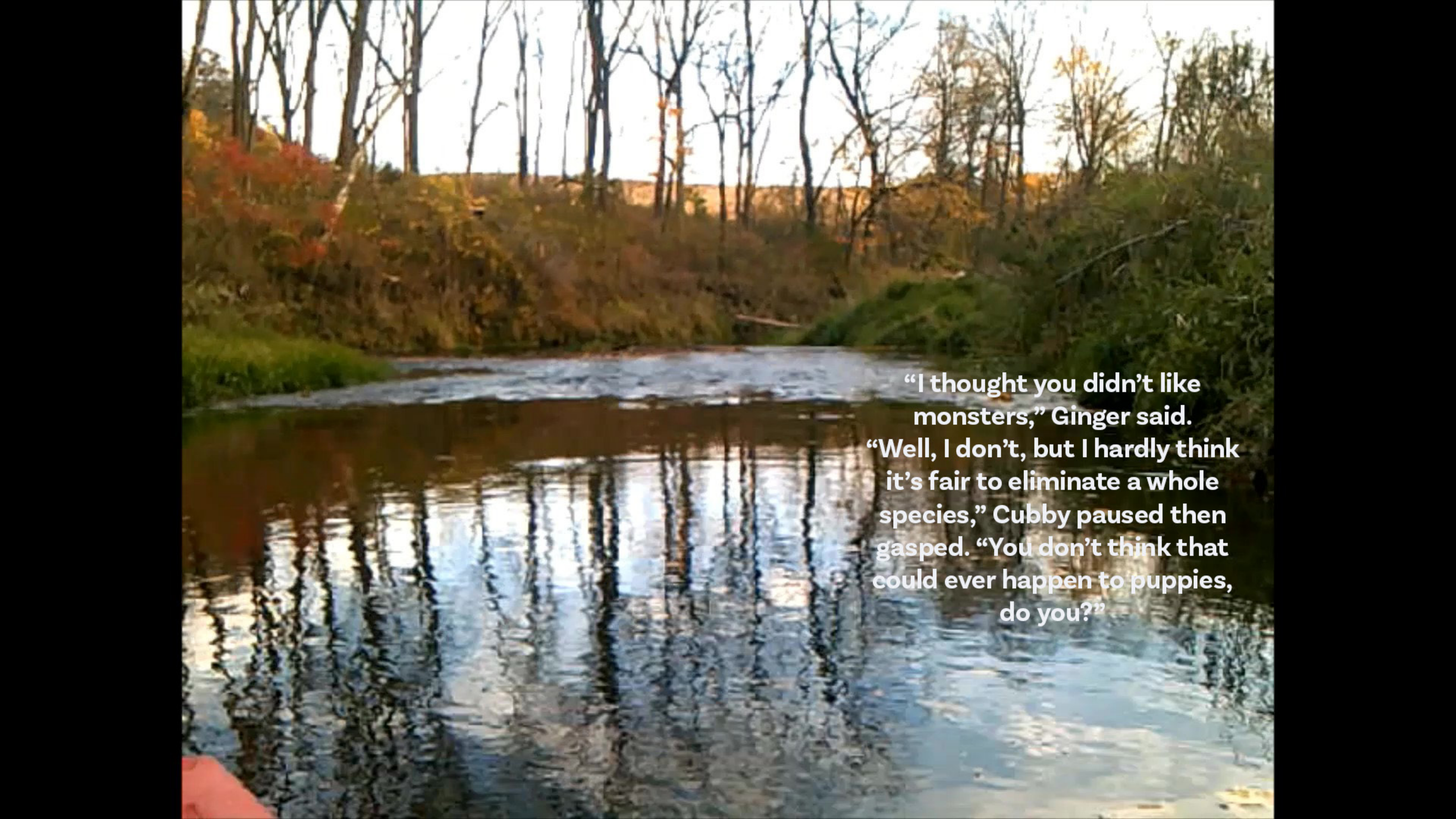


“Look at all that tall grass, I wonder what kind of monsters live in there,” Ginger said.

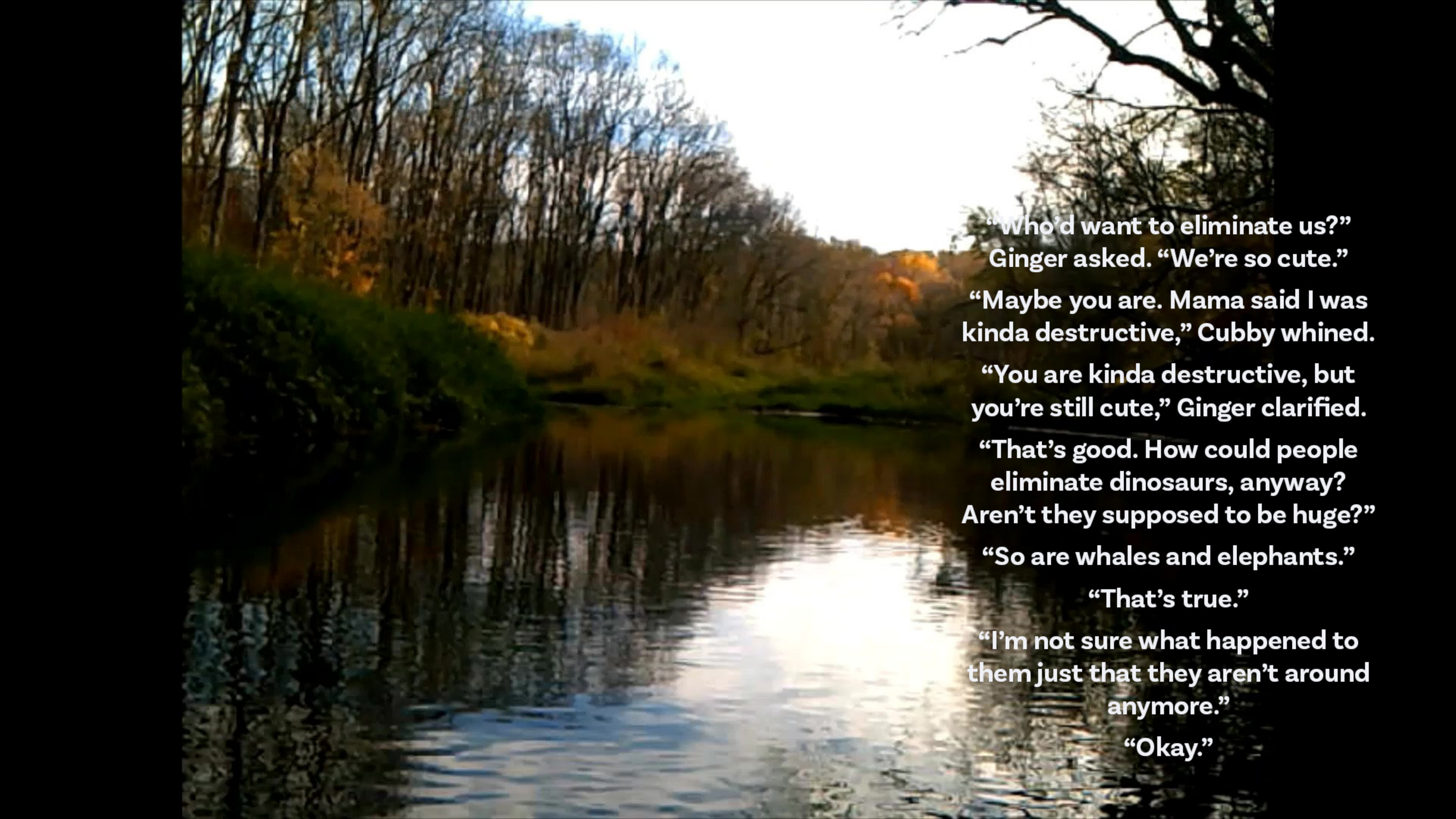
“Giant, green dinosaurs, you think?” Cubby asked, popping back up.

“Nah, I think they did away with dinosaurs,” Ginger said. “I don’t think there are any around any more.”

“Well, that hardly seems fair ,” replied Cubby.



**“I thought you didn’t like
monsters,” Ginger said.
“Well, I don’t, but I hardly think
it’s fair to eliminate a whole
species,” Cubby paused then
gasped. “You don’t think that
could ever happen to puppies,
do you?”**



**“Who’d want to eliminate us?”
Ginger asked. “We’re so cute.”**

**“Maybe you are. Mama said I was
kinda destructive,” Cubby whined.**

**“You are kinda destructive, but
you’re still cute,” Ginger clarified.**

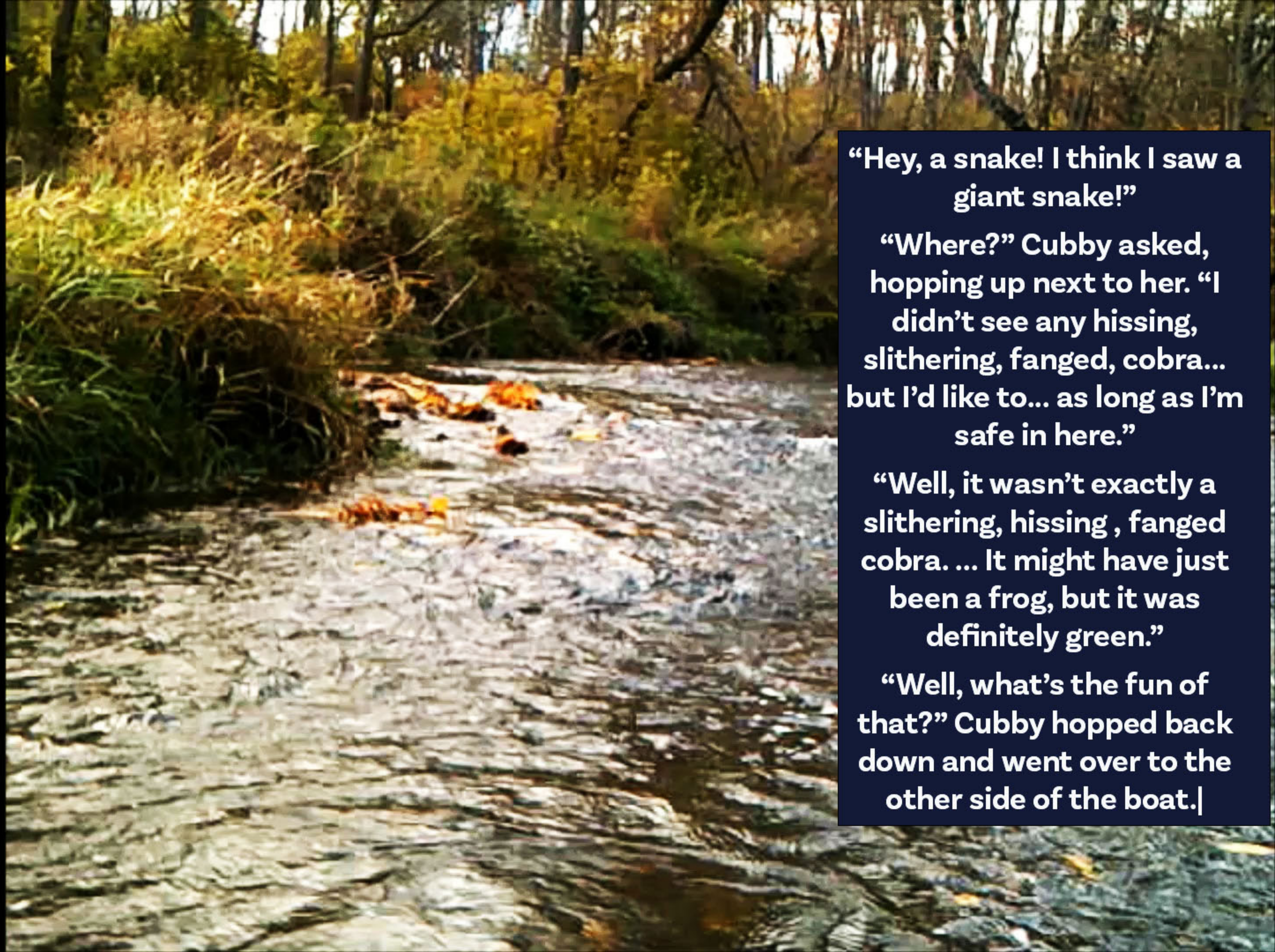
**“That’s good. How could people
eliminate dinosaurs, anyway?
Aren’t they supposed to be huge?”**

“So are whales and elephants.”

“That’s true.”

**“I’m not sure what happened to
them just that they aren’t around
anymore.”**

“Okay.”

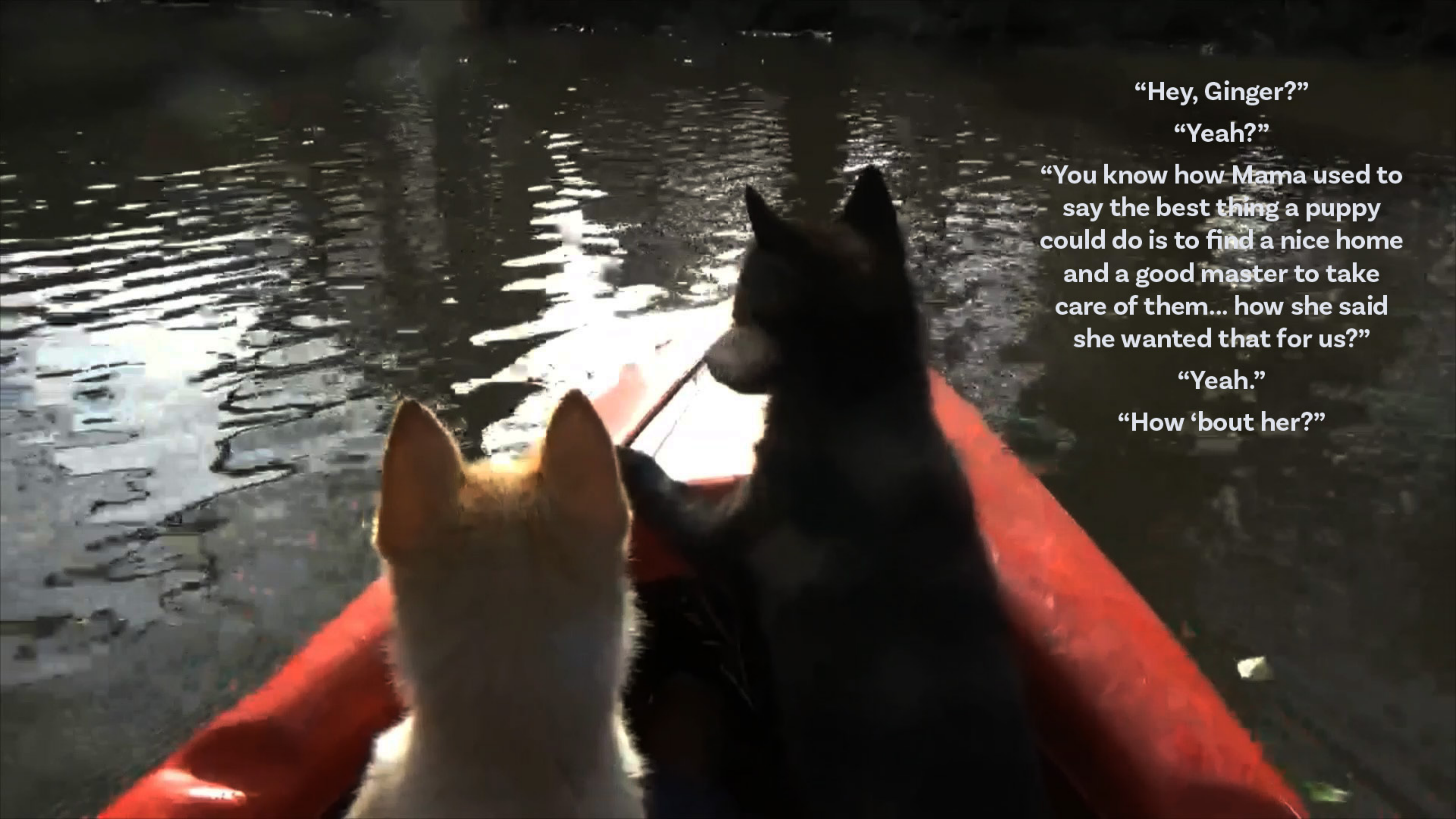


“Hey, a snake! I think I saw a giant snake!”

“Where?” Cubby asked, hopping up next to her. “I didn’t see any hissing, slithering, fanged, cobra... but I’d like to... as long as I’m safe in here.”

“Well, it wasn’t exactly a slithering, hissing, fanged cobra... It might have just been a frog, but it was definitely green.”

“Well, what’s the fun of that?” Cubby hopped back down and went over to the other side of the boat. |



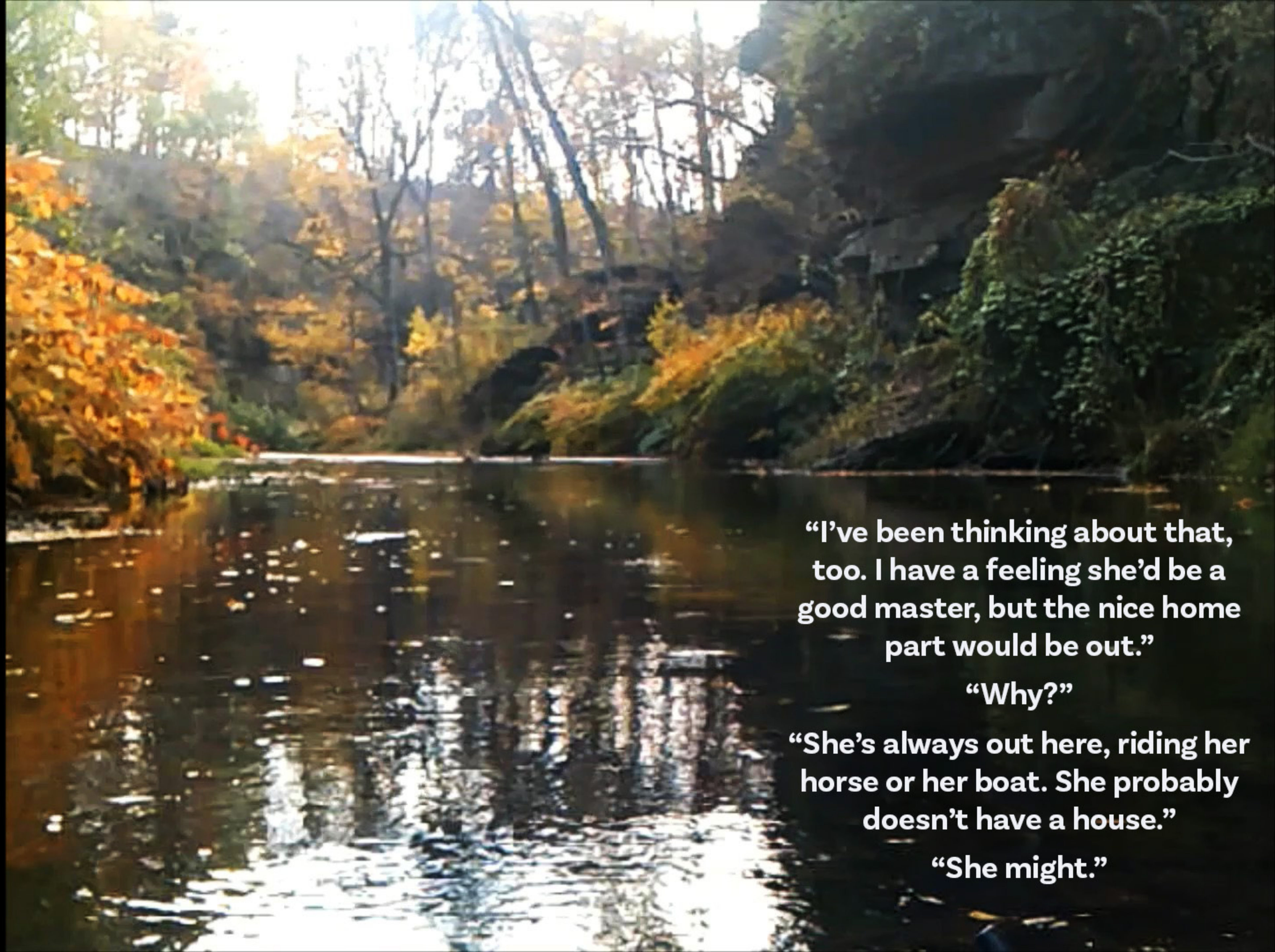
“Hey, Ginger?”

“Yeah?”

“You know how Mama used to say the best thing a puppy could do is to find a nice home and a good master to take care of them... how she said she wanted that for us?”

“Yeah.”

“How ‘bout her?”

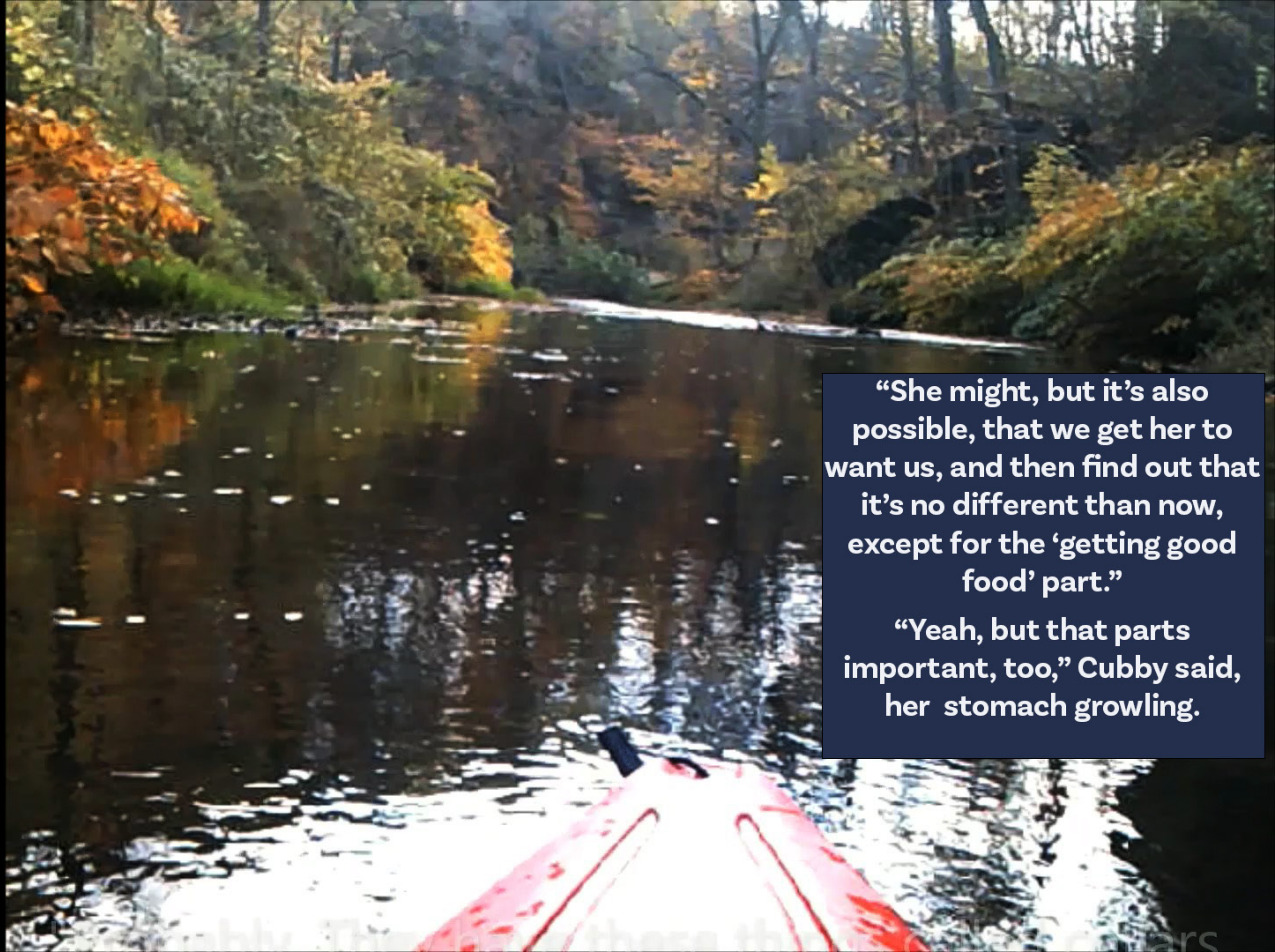


“I’ve been thinking about that, too. I have a feeling she’d be a good master, but the nice home part would be out.”

“Why?”

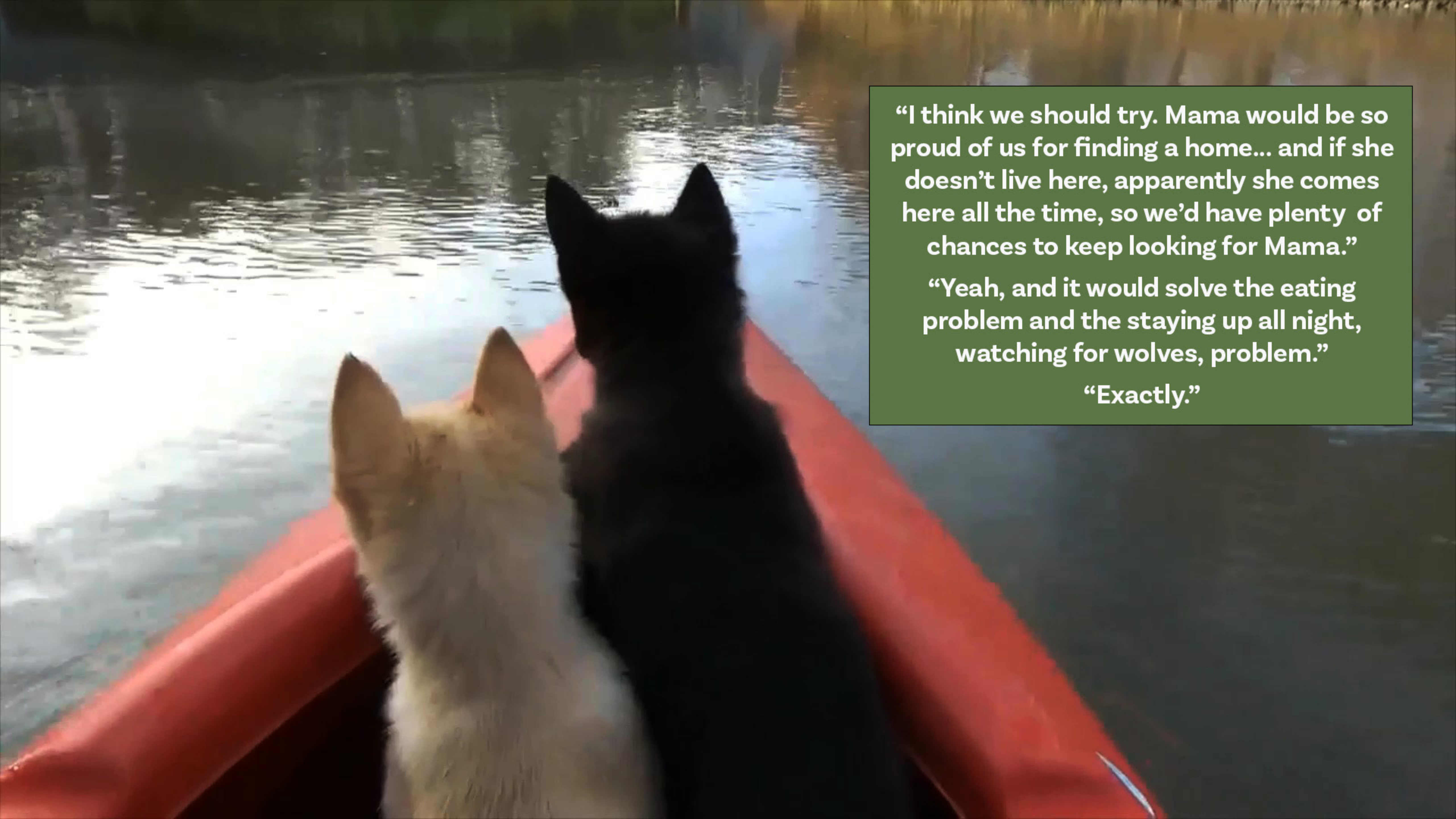
“She’s always out here, riding her horse or her boat. She probably doesn’t have a house.”

“She might.”



“She might, but it’s also possible, that we get her to want us, and then find out that it’s no different than now, except for the ‘getting good food’ part.”

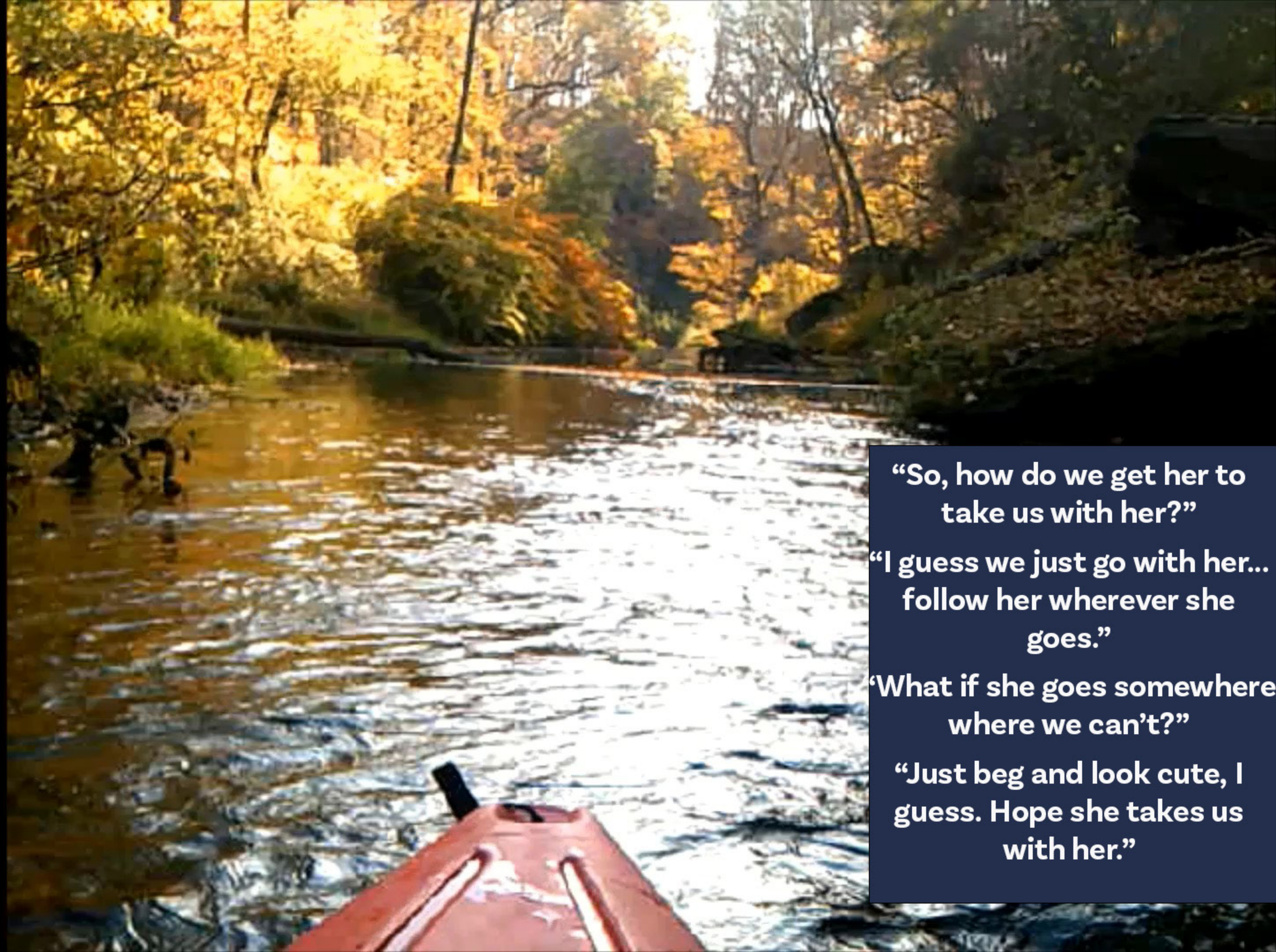
“Yeah, but that parts important, too,” Cubby said, her stomach growling.



“I think we should try. Mama would be so proud of us for finding a home... and if she doesn't live here, apparently she comes here all the time, so we'd have plenty of chances to keep looking for Mama.”

“Yeah, and it would solve the eating problem and the staying up all night, watching for wolves, problem.”

“Exactly.”

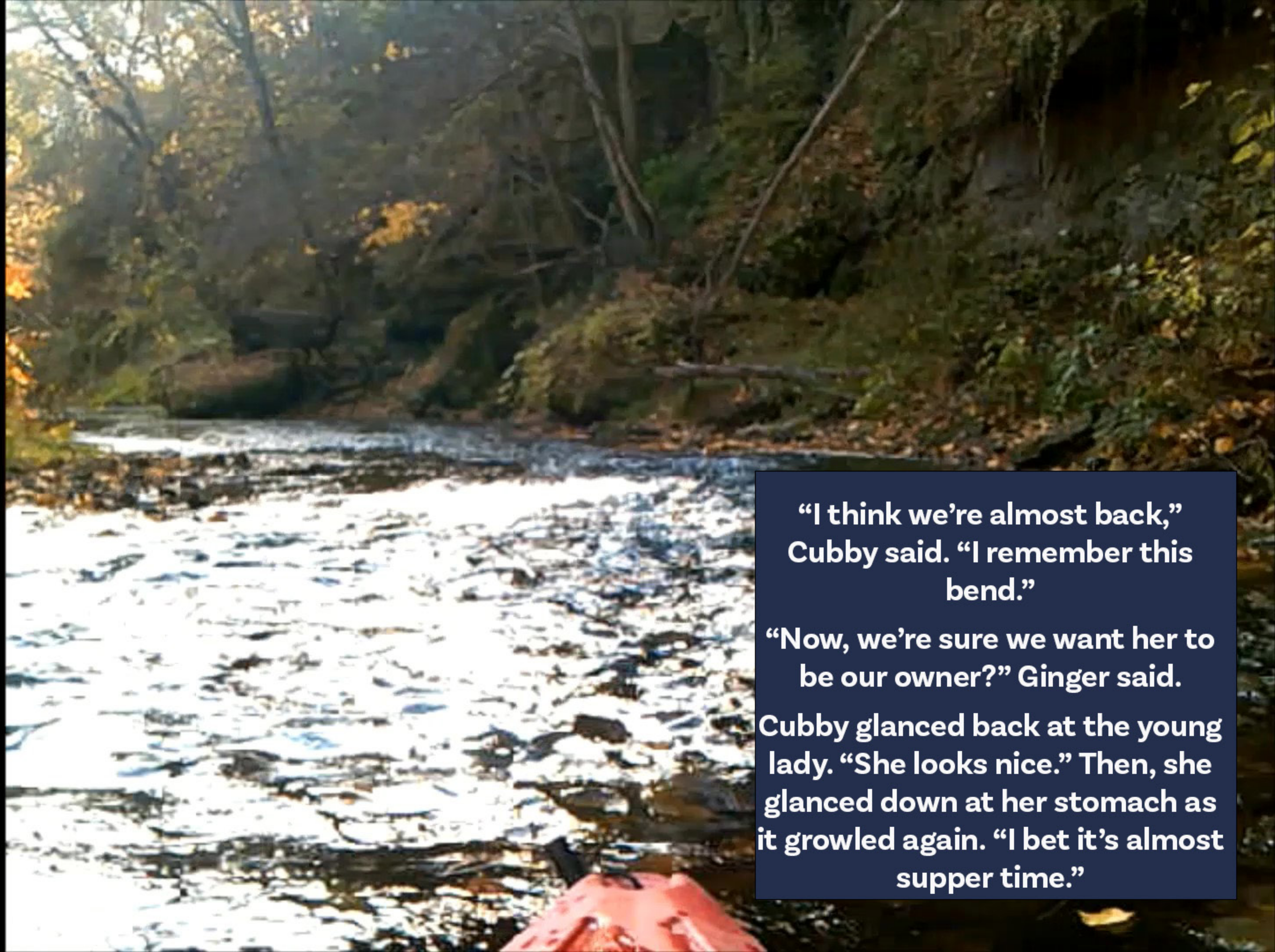


“So, how do we get her to take us with her?”

“I guess we just go with her... follow her wherever she goes.”

“What if she goes somewhere where we can’t?”

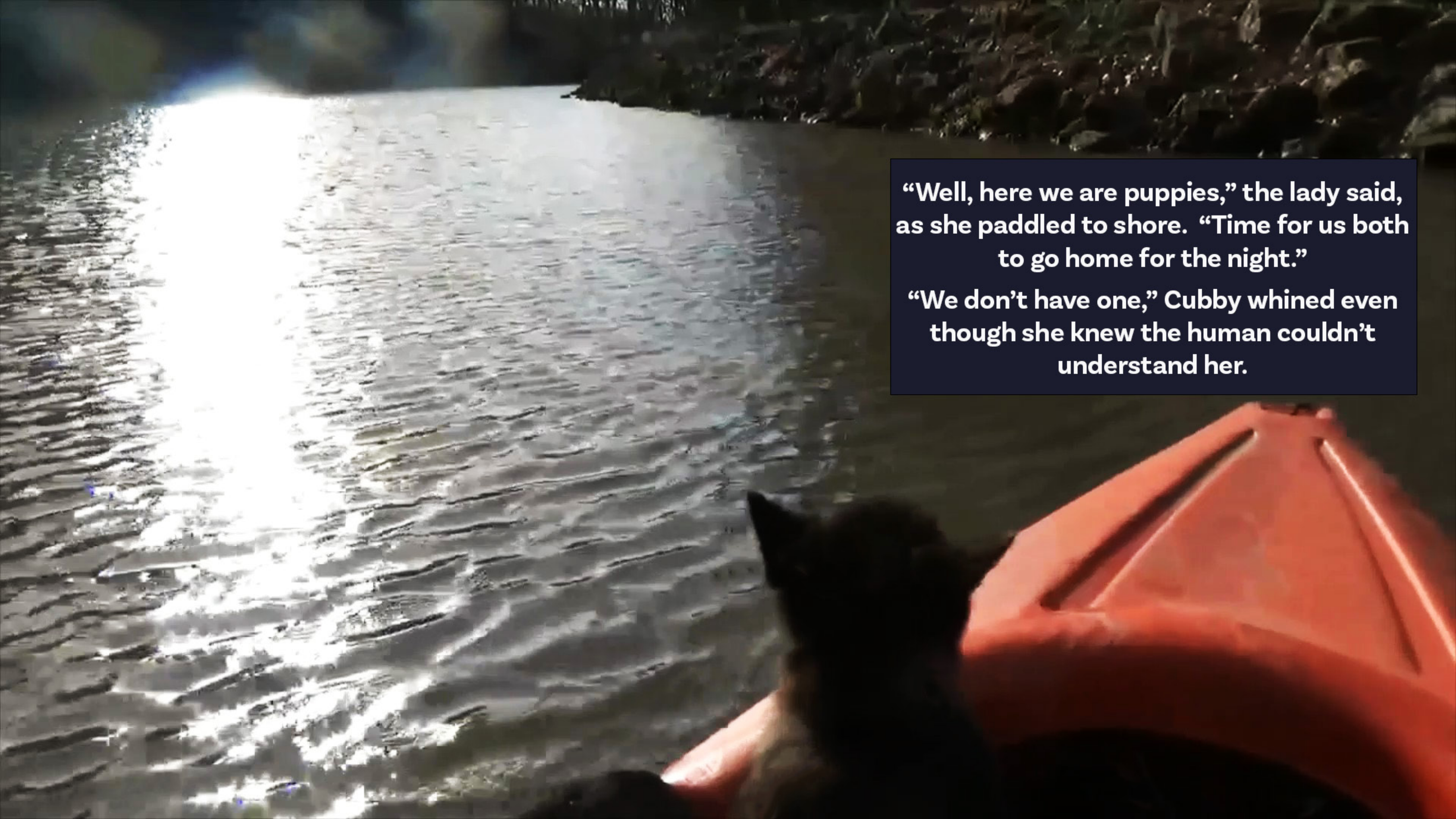
“Just beg and look cute, I guess. Hope she takes us with her.”



**“I think we’re almost back,”
Cubby said. “I remember this
bend.”**

**“Now, we’re sure we want her to
be our owner?” Ginger said.**

**Cubby glanced back at the young
lady. “She looks nice.” Then, she
glanced down at her stomach as
it growled again. “I bet it’s almost
supper time.”**



“Well, here we are puppies,” the lady said, as she paddled to shore. “Time for us both to go home for the night.”

“We don’t have one,” Cubby whined even though she knew the human couldn’t understand her.



The puppies followed the lady from the beach to her van. They watched her tie the kayak to the roof. Then, when she was done, they danced and begged and woofed, asking her to take them with her. She finally said, "okay," picked them up and put them in the backseat, "but I'm going to try and find out who you two belong to she added, before getting in the van herself.

Ginger was surprised to find out that she did have a home, after all... a nice home with a big back yard.

She let them run in the yard when they got home, and the puppies had fun playing in the leaves together.

A white dog, likely a West Highland White Terrier, is sitting in a field of fallen autumn leaves. The dog is looking towards the camera with a slightly open mouth, appearing to be in the middle of a playful activity. The leaves are in various shades of brown, tan, and yellow, creating a textured background. A green text box with a black border is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing the text: "I'm gonna get you!" Ginger woofed, as she played with Cubby.

**“I’m gonna get you!”
Ginger woofed, as she
played with Cubby**



Soon, the lady came back to get the puppies. She said that they could come inside for supper , but they would have to stay in the porch until they got cleaned up with a bath. Ginger didn't think she looked dirty, but she woofed that she would have been happy to go for a swim in the river if someone had told her earlier.

A white puppy is standing in a field of fallen autumn leaves. The leaves are in various shades of brown, tan, and yellow. The puppy is looking towards the right side of the frame. A yellow text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

So, the puppies hurried inside after their new found friend, tails wagging, ready to explore the inside of their new home.

THE END!
THANKS FOR READING!
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The Adventures of Ginger and Cubby!

