

(This is a letter written from the dog's perspective to me... I hope you all enjoy this...)

Hi Grandma, I snuck on to Mom's computer before she turns it off for a few days. Mom and Dad went shopping at a place they called Tractor Supply and they had monkey knot balls on sale. I know cause I peeked in the bag - and it was a ball !!! For Me!!! For Christmas !!! I couldn't help it - I stuck my nose in the bag to see better, but Dad tapped me on the nose with his paw and said "Las Es" (I know that it's not spelled right, but it means leave it alone). I know that ball is under the tree, but now it's all wrapped up in paper (yeah I slobbered on it - that was me) and I can't have it for forever and ever until Christmas gets here. (Sigh) Did I tell you about the growlie in the basement? A while ago when I was a little puppy, I followed Mom down into the basement. She was shaking "clothes" and doing "laundry" - it looked like fun but I wasn't invited to join in so I went looking around. In the corner there is this hole - I don't know why it has a cover on it, it doesn't keep much in or out. Anyway, I looked under the cover and there was some water with a ball floating in it. Well, being the ball connoisseur that I am, I was going to add it to my collection. I stuck my head in there and grabbed it and pulled. All of a sudden something grabbed it back ! I couldn't get it out ! And then the monster started growling and it sucked up all the water, trying to suck me down with it I suppose, and actually fell in - or at least my front end did. I didn't want to let go of that ball, but the growlie had drunk all of the water and I was sure that we were going to have to get it on. Then Mom realized that I was in trouble and pulled me out of the growlie's den just in the nick of time. The growlie has a name - something like "Sump Pump". I peek in there occasionally because I haven't actually seen him yet, but you can hear him moving around down there. And I must always be sure to go with Mom when she "does laundry". She doesn't seem to worry about the growlie much, but then she is also bad about dropping things (that she wants me to pick up) and finding her way home sometimes (I have to go find her.) Anyway, we make a good team I guess, I watch my people's backs and they watch out for me and my little brother. (George says Merry Christmas) Uh oh, Mom's back. Got to go....Merry Christmas Grandma!!! Max