



## 'Twas the Morning of a SCAT Trial

'Twas four in the morning, the day of our trial  
When the alarm clock went off, my dog did not smile

Our crate was packed in my car with care,  
A mat for the dog, a pillow for my rear.

I went in the kitchen to have a quick snack,  
And checked on my list of more things to be packed.  
Out of the fridge came the eggs, hardboiled  
The potato salad over which I had toiled.  
Then I noticed there was someone missin,  
My little Sweet Pea was not in the kitchen.  
I looked under the counter and checked out the bed,  
As I called and called, my heart filled with dread.

The light from the hallway on my Sweet Pea's gums  
Was just bright enough to show me the crumbs,  
"What the hell" I shouted – "What did you eat!"  
That's when I saw the empty bag at his feat.  
Two pounds of biscuits, unopened and new,  
Enough for him and all his friends too.

More rapid than an eagle, my doggie can find,  
Any treats left unattended, he figures "they're mine!"  
"Come Milk Bones! Come cookies! Come liver freeze-dried!  
Come jerky! Come Snausages! Come any raw hide!  
If my Sweet Pea could talk, you know what he'd say  
"Look what I found! Must eat it quick! Oh what a great day!"

So I wipe up crumbs from his whiskers and the floor.  
Pack up six dozen bagels and head for the door.  
Like Santa with his bag, I'm off to the trial,  
Still cursing at Sweet Pea, who continues to smile.

And then, in a twinkling, we arrive at the site,  
It's still pitch black out when we turn on the lights.  
As I congratulate myself on getting there so early,  
Out of the corner of my eye I see something curly.  
It's a white beard that I see coming into view,  
And I knew in a flash it must be Saint Q.  
You'll recall from last year that I've seen him before,  
But this year he's different, he's certainly *more!*  
The spandex is tighter, the abs less defined,  
I wouldn't say firm to describe his behind.  
Hi eyes – somewhat furtive, his expression – so meek,  
When he saw me he blushed, and stared at his feet.

With a cookie, a donut and bagel in hand,  
He paused for a moment to consider his plan.  
He looked guilty, yet happy, as most of us do,  
And I laughed when I saw him, as you would do too!

And then after a moment he started to chuckle,  
Straining the prongs on his big shiny buckle.  
I remembered last year he was trim and so sleek,  
I asked him what happened to his former physique.  
"Well", he said, "It's SCAT you see",  
"Your wonderful trials did this to me!"  
"There's so much food, I ate and I ate",  
"And before I knew it, I gained all this weight!"

Then I heard him exclaim, while he still could be seen:  
**"Have FUN with your dogs, run FAST and run CLEAN"**

