

## Twas Puppy's First Trial

Twas the night before the trial, and I was awake,  
Had gone to bed early – that was a mistake.  
For tomorrow was puppy's very first trial,  
I hoped it would end with a reason to smile.

The puppy was curled up asleep at my side,  
Dreaming of squeaky toys and long walks outside.  
But I was too tense, and starting to wonder,  
If competing was, a very big blunder.

When out in the driveway there was a commotion,  
My heart skipped a beat 'cause I had a strong notion.  
I ran to the window and peaked out the curtain,  
Could it be true? I had to be certain.

The headlights shown bright on the new-fallen snow,  
I blinked in amazement at what was below.  
Oh, just seeing that camper made my heart jolly,  
And I knew inside would be eight boarder collies!  
With a handsome young driver, so cute and nice too,  
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Q.

More rapid than beagles, his doggies they came,  
As he opened the door and called them by name;  
"Come Dasher! Come Dancer! Come Prancer and Vixen!  
Come Comet! Come Cupid! Come Donder and Blitzen!  
A puppy needs training! A handler needs help!"  
So in they came, to my house, with nary a yelp.

Like little toy soldiers these doggies they pranced,  
Then lined up in a row, as if in a trance.  
So fixed were their gaze and my eyes were glued too  
On the man dressed in Spandex, the famous Saint Q.

And then, in a twinkling, he looked at my pup,  
Who with all the excitement, was certainly up.  
With just a point of a finger my puppy did go,  
And he joined the eight collies all in a row.

He asked for a sit, then a two-minute down.  
Releasing one-by-one as he walked all around.  
And my puppy obeyed like a real good boy,  
My heart filled with pride and a whole lot of joy!

His eyes – oh so piercing! His cheekbones, how chiseled!  
His abs like a six pack, his body sure sizzled!  
Revealing it all in his Spandex attire,  
I felt myself blush like my cheeks were on fire!  
He set up a course from the stuff in his sack,  
Pulled out a timer from his cool fanny pack.  
He placed my small pup behind the start line,  
Gave him a pat and I knew they'd be fine.

They were fast and graceful, and perfectly matched  
And I knew someday we *could* earn a C-ATCH  
Watching them run was a lesson for me,  
It showed me my pup could learn agility!

Saint Q finished the run and went straight for the treats,  
Rewarding my pup with a handful of meat.  
With a touch of his nose the equipment flew back,  
And giving a nod, he shouldered his pack.

He called to his dogs, and they dashed to the door,  
It was hard to see him go, that stud I adored.  
But I heard him exclaim, while he still could be seen,  
"Have Fun with your dogs! Run fast and run clean!"