



CRASH. BURN. WOOF.



BY: JACK

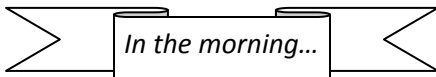
Ah... There is nothing like sitting by a crackling fire on Christmas Eve! "MOLLIE! DINNER TIME!!!" Oh boy I love dinner!! I got upstairs and was staring at an empty food bowl. "Gee Mollie, you're getting pretty fat. Maybe we should skip dinner tonight..." WHAT?!? No! You don't understand how important dinner is to me! Oh I can use my sad puppy dog look! Oh hi! I'm Mollie, the Hoffman's pet dog! I'm very excited right now because I'm going to stay up and watch Santa come down the chimney. Here I go with the look! "Aww... Mollie, you look sad. Do you need to go outside?" WOOF! (No) "OK, Mollie let's go. NO! NO! N- Oh maybe I can go chase those pesky squirrels! OK I'll go!

I spent my time chasing squirrels and deer. Before I knew it, five hours had passed. OH NO! I thought. My owners had forgotten about me! How could they do that? I thought I was their center of attention! *sigh* I guess I can't see Santa tonight. I put my head down and lay on the porch. I sat there sawing logs for a while when I heard a THUMP! I woke up and my ears perked up. It's Santa!! I waited anxiously to see him fly with his bag over to the neighbor's house! It was the time. I heard him yell good night to all, and then I saw something. FLYING DEER!! AHH! WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!!! "HO! HO! H-WOAH!!!" yelled Santa. But it was too late. The deer had gotten enough momentum and were scared which made them, yes, crash into the telephone pole. Oops...

All that commotion had woken up my favorite owner Jack. He came outside surprised to see me and the big man himself, Santa. "Can someone tell me what happened here?!?" Jack asked confused. "Yeah..." said Santa. "My deer were frightened by Mollie over there. They lost control and ran into the telephone pole and are now scattered across the neighborhood." "Oh, is that so..." Jack said looking at me with an angry look. "Why don't you go round up the deer Mollie? And Santa, you can take our ladder around to the other houses so you can still deliver the presents. MOLLIE! Get busy!" I used my "sheep dog instinct" to round up the deer. I came back with only 8. "Mollie, I think we're missing one." Santa told me. Oh yeah! That one deer with the tomato on his nose! I know where he went. I ran over to my neighbor's house. Gee I swear he went over here... Ah! There he is, standing on the pond ice. I ran over on the pond and stepped on. I was within ten feet of him when, CRACK!

I guess my owner was right about me being fat... I cracked the ice and the deer was on an ice float heading for the river! I had to save him or Christmas would be ruined! I leaped with all my might and landed on the ice float. Now all I have to do is... um... I don't know how to stop a deer from floating down a river. We were picking up speed while we were in the river. This deer better not be related to the ones in MY backyard because I wouldn't be doing this if he was. But if he was... Then it hit me! I let out the loudest bark that I could. That scared the deer to kingdom come. He hopped onto the bank of the river and I chased after barking loudly. I ran him all the way back to Santa and Jack. "Why are you two all wet?" Santa asked. "Well, there's no time to talk I've got to get to Tokyo, Berlin, Madrid and Dallas!" "We won't keep you Mr. C" Jack said calmly. "Thank you, and thank you so much for your help Mollie. It was well appreciated." WOOF! (You're welcome) "Now go to bed you two. You'll be getting up early in the morning." Santa said. "Okay!" Jack said. "Goodnight!"

"Geez it's 10:00!" My owners said. "You'd think that she stayed up until 1:00!"



In the morning...

The Legend of Cheeky

Prologue

It was a bitterly cold winter night in the unforgiving, black Snoqualmie Forest. Pat... pat... pat... The soft, fluffy snow packs together under the devious, cold- blooded Lord Garmadon's paws as he strolls through his empire. Arriving in his capital, he gathers his army for a ferocious battle, perhaps even a war. The target of destruction- the small village, Mossshore, and the extinction of the humans... no mercy. This is their story.

Three Years Ago

In the little town of Mossshore, everything was peaceful. There was a family who lived in a small home, which owned a little hamster named Cheeky. Cheeky was very happy living with this family, until **IT** happened. The family decided to take a trip to a big city to see modern life, and accidentally left Cheeky behind! Going completely insane from starvation, he ripped open his cage with sheer will and rage, to find a way to make his caregivers pay for his suffering. Staggering into the terrible Snoqualmie Forest, he soon proved that he was the toughest meanest wild animal. To this day, the other beasts of the forest have called him "tiny but mighty." Cheeky decided to change his name to Lord Garmadon, and declared himself ruler of the Snoqualmie Forest. No one opposed him because he was a thoughtful leader to his men and their wishes, and he united all of the creatures of the forest into one superb army. Over the course of these three years, Lord Garmadon carefully planned his attack on the humans, to show them his might.

The Night of the War

“Tonight is the night!” Lord Garmadon yelled triumphantly. “Tonight we take our revenge. I have trained you for this night for three, long, hard years. Let’s hope it paid off, and we will exterminate the humans!

“Yeah!” The roars and howls rang through the forest. Lord Garmadon snarled devilishly, recalling the incident years ago and could think no more than his hatred for the humans. And so the battle began.

Over the next thirty minutes, Lord Garmadon placed his men all over the perimeter of the town. The larger beasts, the bears, were set at the north end of Mossshore. At the east and west ends of the town, the foxes and wolves positioned themselves to chase down humans fleeing south from the bears.

BONG... BONG... BONG... The alarm sounds. “Let the battle begin!” Lord Garmadon shouted. With a chorus of mighty roars, the large beasts swung into action. The terrified villagers scrambled southward, just as Garmadon wanted. At the front lines of the battle, Lord Garmadon stumbled across his former home. His owner, a little boy named Alex, bolted out the door and halted suddenly. Alex was very surprised. “Cheeky?” he asked. It dawned upon Lord Garmadon that he never really wanted to destroy the humans, he just wanted love and protection again. Alex took Cheeky into the house for the first time in those three, long years. Content as a family pet, Cheeky decided to stay there once again.

“Thank you,” Cheeky said, and forgo all of their past problems. Without their leader, the attack of the wild animals was torn apart. Cheeky lived happily ever after.

The End

