

A black cat is sitting on a wooden table, looking directly at the camera. In front of the cat is a light-colored, star-shaped cookie. The background shows a wooden chair with vertical slats.

The Christmas Cookie Caper

*The Adventures of
Ginger and Cubby*

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The Adventures of Ginger and Cubby

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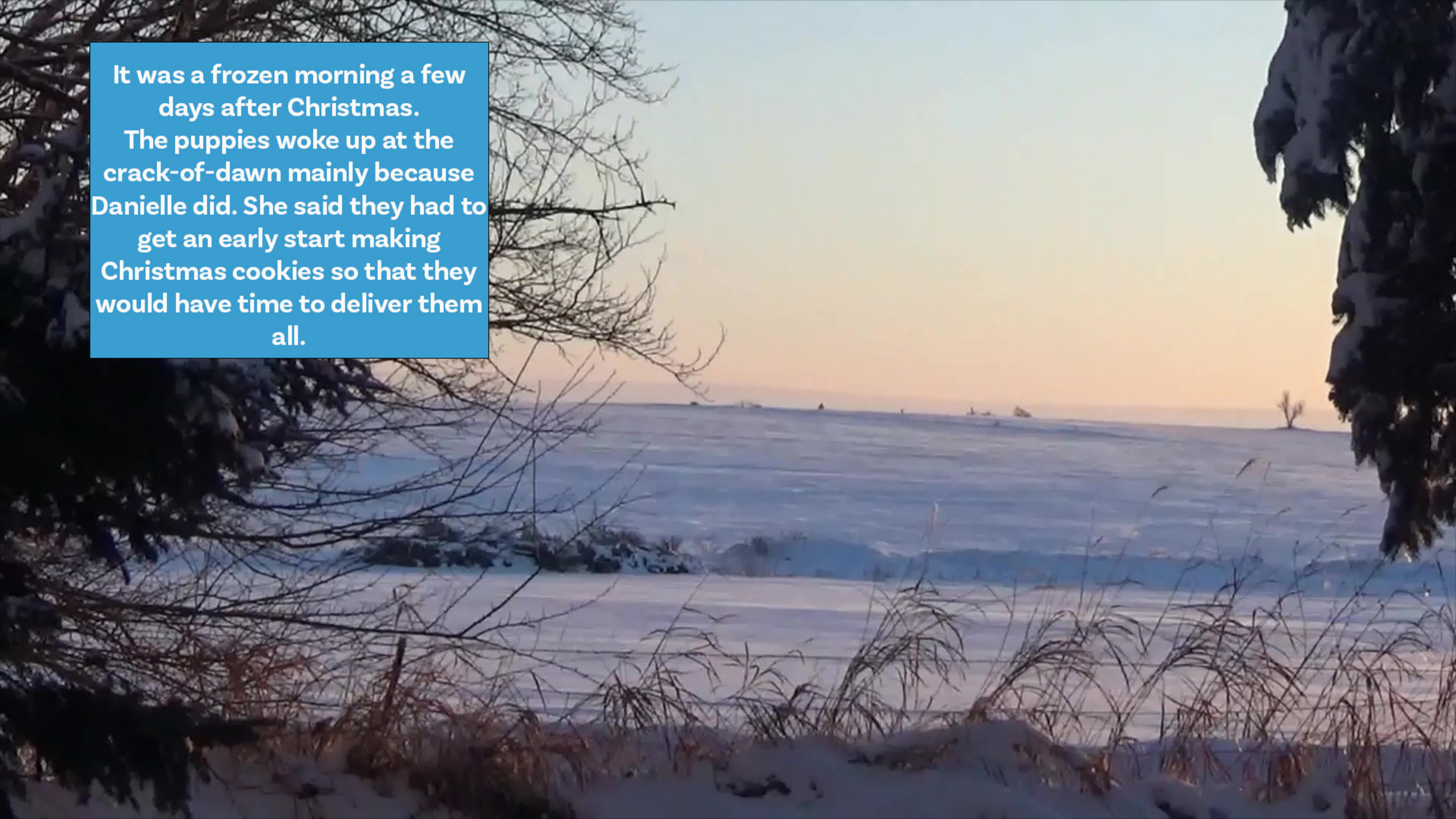
HAPPY HEARTS DAY

HOPPY EASTER



It was a frozen morning a few days after Christmas.

The puppies woke up at the crack-of-dawn mainly because Danielle did. She said they had to get an early start making Christmas cookies so that they would have time to deliver them all.



Danielle got out the Christmas music carousal that she had gotten for Christmas and set it on the table to try it out. "Gotta see if it works," she said.

It worked.

The puppies loved watching it spin and listening to it play Christmas carols.



**“How ‘bout
breakfast?” Ginger
woofed. “Do we still
have leftover ham?
Ham and eggs
sounds really good.”**



“Hey, it stopped. Is that it? Not gonna sing anymore? I liked your singing. Do we need to rewind it? Did it break? Hey, help! I think there’s something wrong with the Christmas carousal!”



“Oh, good. It’s going again. Don’t worry!” she yelled. “...if anyone was listening to me...” she mumbled. “It recovered on its own! ... Hey, it’s whistling at me. ... Now, that could get mighty confusing. I wonder how many puppies have run to their master calling, only to find out it was a Christmas carousal instead.”



Ginger decided to answer the whistling carousal. "Hey, you call me?" she asked, putting her nose up next to it. It just went on singing, completely ignoring her. "You know it isn't nice to whistle for a puppy and then ignore her, and.... Hey!" She jumped back when a flying sleigh bopped her in the nose. "How rude," she muttered. "That wasn't nice. That wasn't nice at all!"





“Hey, look what I can do,” Cubby said after rolling the footstool over to the table and then climbing up on it.

“We can get a bird’s eye view of the whole cookie making process,” she said, jumping from the footstool to the chair.”

“You think that will be permitted?”
Ginger asked.



“Of course, it will,” Cubby responded.
“Think positively. Of course she will want our expert opinion, who wouldn’t?”

“Are you sure we’re experts?”

“We will be as soon as she gets done making the cookies. I catch on fast. Don’t worry about it. Anything you need to know just ask me.”



The puppies climbed into a chair on the side of the table where they figured they'd have a good view of the entire operation.

"Now, make sure you look cute when she comes in," Cubby instructed.

"Cute?" Ginger asked. "I thought we were supposed to look like professional cookie consultants."



“Look like a *cute* cookie consultant, and no yawning. Here she comes.” Cubby cleared her throat. “Hey, there!” Cubby whined when Danielle walked in with the mixing bowls. “We’re all ready to help you make cookies!”



“What are you two doing up there?” Danielle asked, as she set down the mixing bowls and took out the cookie cutters that were inside. “And Cubby, how did you get those cobwebs all over your face.”

“Oh, those, well, um...a.... You know you really should dust behind your bookcase... though it hardly needs it, now. Aren’t I helpful? If it wasn’t for me, you’d have to buy an extra long feather duster.”

“Hey, look,” Cubby said, staring at the cookie cutters as Danielle went back into the kitchen to get the ingredients. “Look at all those shapes.”



“Yeah,” Ginger agreed, “trees and stockings, stars and snowmen.... What do you suppose the little leaf has to do with Christmas?”
“I don’t know. Maybe she’s wishing for Spring.”



“Here we go,” Cubby said, as Danielle started mixing ingredients. “Boy, looks delicious already, doesn’t it?”

“Uh uh. In fact, it doesn’t look like anything I’d like to eat. I don’t remember Mama saying anything about eating white powder. I wonder what it tastes like.”

“It’s when you mix all those things up that you get cookies.”



“Paws off the table,” Danielle said, as she poured the flour.

“But...” Cubby got down, but then, she was too short to see. “What’s going on?” she asked, standing on her hind legs. “Uh, oh,” she woofed, starting to tilt sideways. She caught herself before she fell off the chair, but she fell the other way into Ginger instead.

“You’re right,” Ginger said. “It does look completely different when you mix all those things together.”

“Yeah. When she mixed all that other stuff with that powder, she was able to make it into a ball. I like to play with balls, but now, now she’s flattening it all out.”

“I had a ball flatten out once when I bit it too hard, remember?”

“Yeah.”





The puppies watched Danielle roll out the dough and then start cutting out the cookies.

“O-o-oh, that’s why,” Cubby woofed. “When it’s all flat, she can punch out the cookies.”

“Yeah,” Ginger agreed. “There’s the Christmas trees!”

They watched her cut them out, and then, they watched her put them on the cookie sheet and take them to the kitchen. "Happy baking, little cookies," Ginger whined, as Danielle lifted the cookie sheet from the table.





“Look at all the snowmen and leaves on that cookie sheet. I, still, wonder what leaves have to do with Christmas. There still aren’t any outside.”

“You sure we should have our paws on the table just because she isn’t in the room?”

“Sure. Maybe when she comes back, she will forget she said, ‘no,’ and we will be able to stay up here were we can see what’s going on.”



Ginger wagged her tail as Danielle came back in the room with the baked cookies. “First batch is done,” she said, setting them on the table. “What are you two doing with your paws on the table?” Danielle asked, with her hands on her hips. Ginger got back down on the chair. Cubby didn’t. “My paws are clean,” she woofed. “I washed them in a puddle just this morning.”



“What... in the world... is that?” Cubby said, as Danielle brought a mixer and a mixing bowl. “What do you suppose it is?”

“I don’t know.” Ginger replied.

“Looks dangerous, doesn’t it?” Cubby woofed as Danielle put the mixer down in the bowl.

“Looks interesting.”



**“Look at that!
Listen to that!
It sounds terrible!
It looks terrible!
Look! Look! It’s turning
green! It’s a catastrophe!
It’s alien
It’s other-worldly!
It must be a mysterious,
Martian concoction!
Maybe it’s a venomous
vector from Venus!
Maybe it’s a gigantic
jumbler from Jupiter!**



“I don’t know,” Ginger said, “She doesn’t seem afraid of it. Maybe it’s supposed to turn green.”

“Woof! Woof! Sound the alarm! Woof, I say! Woof, everyone! Woof!”

“The oven beeped. Hey, it stopped. I think she turned it off. She must be in charge of it. She must be the alpha dog.”



“There’s the second tray. They do look good, don’t they? They smell good, too. Some of those little cookies are just our size. You think she’d miss one... if one just happened to disappeared.”

“Yes.”

“Will you get up. You’ve been yawning all morning.”

“I need a nap. It was that tabby cat that kept hanging around the patio last night.”



“I’d sure like to try one. I’ve never had a cookie before.”

“Why are you looking at the cookies like that?” Danielle asked, accusingly, as she came back in the room. “I know that look in your eye. I like to eat cookies, too. I think it’s time for you two to go back to the ground,” she said, setting the puppies on the floor.



**“But you need me!
I could be a big help to you!
Suppose the people that
you are giving these
cookies to have a puppy.
You need me to tell you if
they are up to a puppy’s
standard. I’m a great
taste-tester! You’ll see.
Try me! Try me!”**

**“You’re awful cute,”
Danielle replied, but no
cookies.**

**“Aren’t we cute
...
cute enough for a
cookie?”**



Since the puppies were banished to the floor, Cubby
found a pine cone to amuse herself with, while
Danielle frosted the cookies.

*Major Cowpup has been tasked with a
decidedly-dangerous, potentially-disastrous, dire
mission.*

*She, and she alone, can neutralize the menacing,
ever-dreadful, frankly-feared,
desperately-disastrous, dazzlingly-destructive
poisonous, prickly pine cone. The children have
abandoned their playgrounds!*

The adults fear to walk to work!

*Only Cowpup can save the residents from the terror
stalking the city.*

*A mission like this comes but once a lifetime.
Can she do it?*



After the pine cone
was all chewed up,
Cubby found a
Christmas bell to play
with, after it fell from
the tree.

However, her mind
kept drifting to
Christmas cookies.
*They sure smell good.
I wonder what they
taste like.*





When Danielle left the room to answer the phone, Cubby climbed up on the chair.

“She won’t miss just one cookie,” Cubby muttered.

“Keep a sharp lookout, Ginger!”

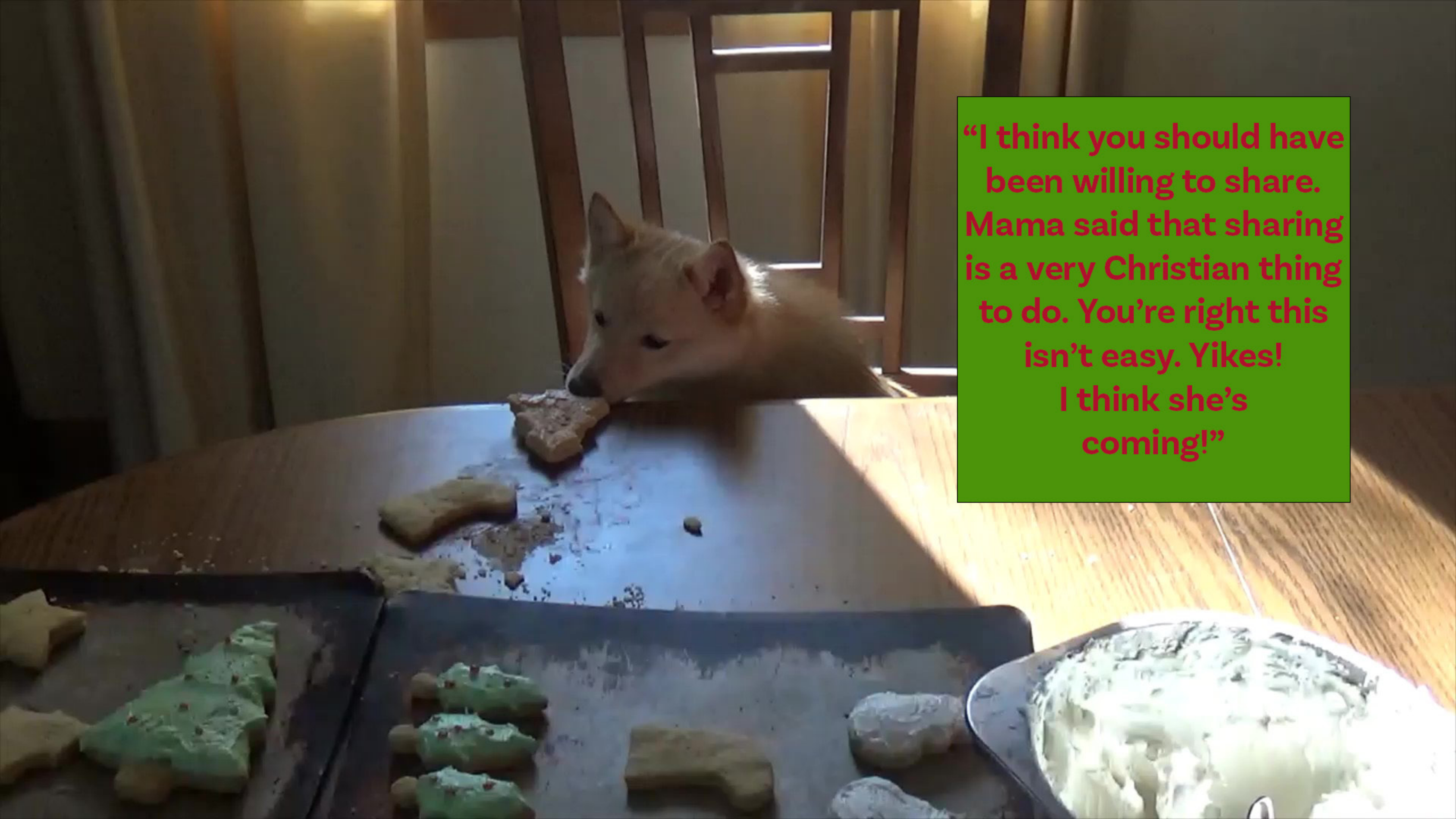
“Just grab the cookie and split!”

“Well, I’m working on it. This isn’t as easy as it looks.”



“I got it. I got it,” Cubby mumbled with her mouth full.

“Drop it down here. We’ll take it behind the couch and split it.”

A Shiba Inu dog is sitting at a wooden table, looking at a large, star-shaped cookie. The table is covered with various Christmas cookies, including star-shaped ones, and a bowl of mashed potatoes. The dog is looking at the cookie with a focused expression. The background shows a wooden chair and a window with light coming through.

“I think you should have
been willing to share.
Mama said that sharing
is a very Christian thing
to do. You’re right this
isn’t easy. Yikes!
I think she’s
coming!”



**“I got it!
I’m coming!”**

**“Hurry!
You’d better hurry!
Woof!”**



“Boy, am I stuffed,” Ginger said. “Maybe we should have just tried one cookie, instead of eating three each. Just can’t get rid of those last crumbs.”

“Delicious weren’t they? Uh oh.... I think you’d better get rid of the rest of the evidence. I think she just noticed that she was a couple of cookies short.



“Better hurry up,”
Cubby whispered.
“Hi, did you want us?”

“What are those
crumbs doing there?
Did you steal some
cookies. I am several
short!” Her hands
were on her hips, and
her tone was
accusatory.

“Sharing is a very
Christian thing to do.
That’s what you
always say.”

“Now, I’m going to
have to make a whole
nother batch!”



“Well, they were delicious,” Cubby said.

“And filling,” Ginger added, trying to finish the last crumbs.

“Uh oh.” Cubby looked toward the smoke coming from the kitchen.

“Oh no!” Danielle gasped, running toward the smoke.

A close-up photograph of a white plate containing several cookies that have been severely burnt. The cookies are a deep, dark brown to black color, with a cracked and uneven texture. One cookie in the upper right corner shows a lighter, reddish-brown area, possibly where it was once golden brown. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

“Oh no, they are all
burned!” Danielle said,
dumping them on a
plate.

The puppies followed her
into the kitchen to make
sure the house wasn’t on
fire.

“See you would have had
to make a new batch
anyway,” Cubby said.



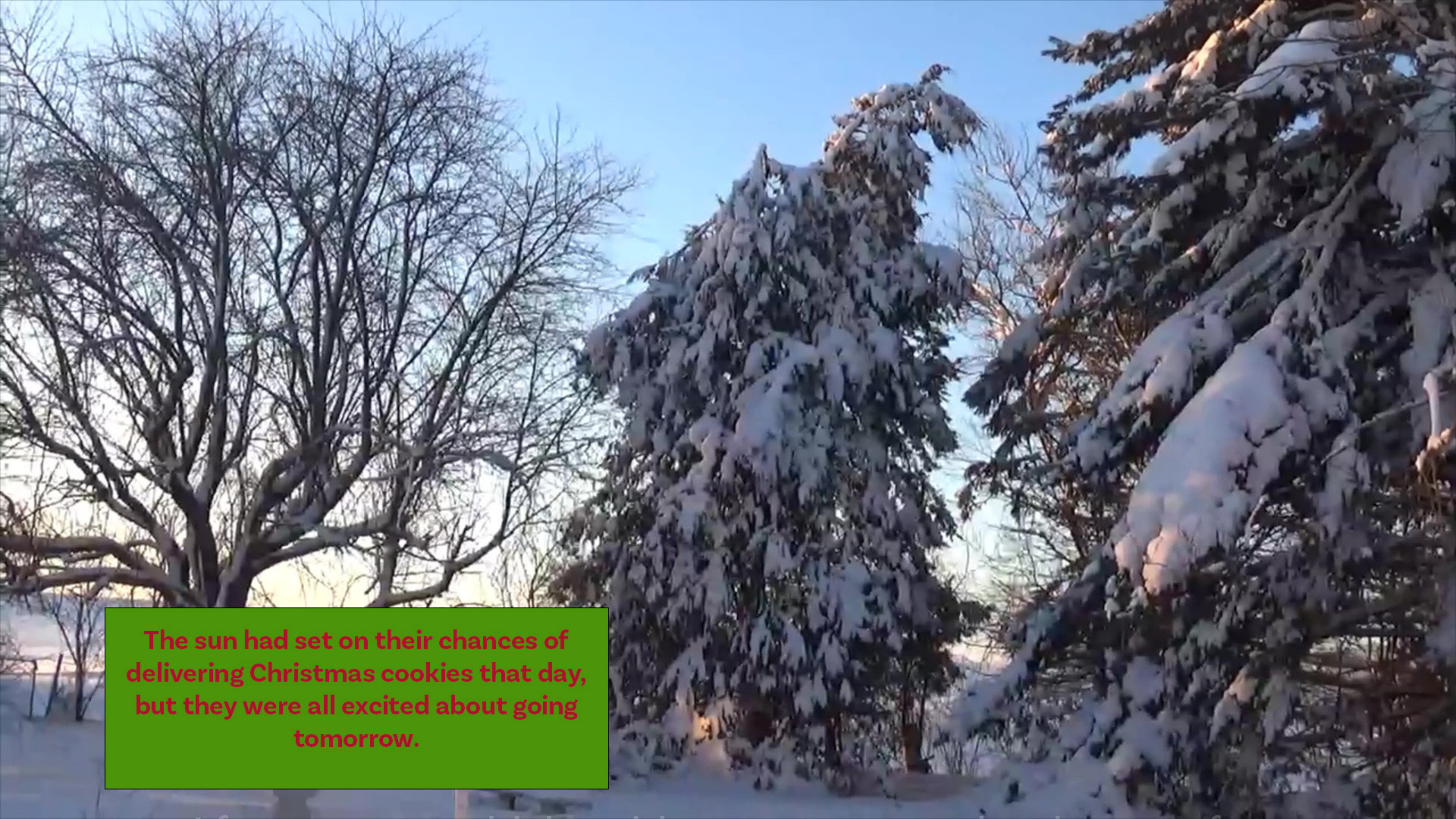
The puppies watched her make another batch. This time, she said that she would make half the batch more puppyish and with peanut butter in them. Cubby was excited to try them. Ginger was still full from the other cookies.



Both sets of cookies
turned out well...
one for the people
and one for the
puppies.

After supper, the puppies had fun watching the Christmas carousal some more while Danielle watched some television.



A photograph of a winter landscape. In the foreground and middle ground, several evergreen trees are heavily covered in a thick layer of white snow. To the left, a large, bare deciduous tree with many thin branches reaches towards the sky. The ground is also covered in snow. The sky is a clear, pale blue. A green rectangular box with red text is overlaid in the lower-left corner.

The sun had set on their chances of delivering Christmas cookies that day, but they were all excited about going tomorrow.

A photograph of a winter landscape. In the foreground, there are several evergreen trees heavily laden with snow. To the left, a large, bare deciduous tree stands against a clear blue sky. The ground is covered in a layer of snow. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

Now, the puppies had another activity to add to their list of adventures... making Christmas cookies... fun and delicious.

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

