

The Sniffer Sagas

Volume One

by

Gay Dell Howard

Illustrated by Skye Dalrymple

Published by Biblio Publishing
The Educational Publisher, Inc.
1313 Chesapeake Ave.
Columbus, OH 43212
ISBN: 978-1-62249-160-5
Library of Congress Control Number: 2013955453

Images and cover design by Skye Dalrymple
Copyright © 2013 Gay Dell-Howard & Skye Dalrymple
1809 Larkwood Place
Columbus, OH 43229
614-433-7499

Contents

Santa & Sniffer	1
Sniffer & Stupido	13
Sniffer & Peeper	23
Sniffer & Amigo	31
Sam & Sniffer Run Away	45
Sniffer & The Giggle Sniggles	55
Sniffer & Haiku.....	63
An Overdone Thanksgiving	79
Sniffer Remembers	93

Santa & Sniffer



Sniffer & Santa

Santa and his reindeer
Were wandering in the snow
To their dismay they'd lost their way
When Rudolph lost his glow.

The night would soon be over
Then all the world would know
The girls and boys would get no toys
'Cause Santa didn't show.

"I'll disappoint the children
...It makes me want to cry."
Then Santa heard a great big 'sniff'
And it sounded real close by.

They were about to give up
Before they heard that 'sniff'
They looked and found a Basset Hound
That was nearly frozen stiff.



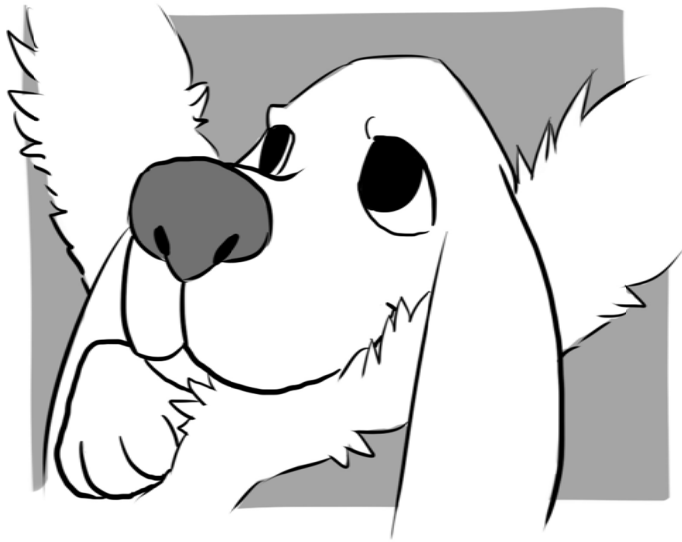
His short legs made his belly
And long ears drag the ground
His big black nose took half his face
He was really quite a hound

Tears were making icicles
Beneath his big sad eyes
His big black nose gave out a 'sniff'
As he stepped back in surprise.

Then Santa tried to warm him
Inside his big red coat
And Santa said "You're Sniffer now"
Then he laughed at his own joke.

Then Sniffer said to Santa
"There's no need to despair
Although you can't see nothin' now,
My nose will get you there.





Sniffer soon was 'on the scent'
He 'sniffed-out' every house
Little Andy got his choo-choo train
Susie got her fancy blouse

They filled the children's stockings
With toys up to the brim
Then they both ate the cookies
The children'd left for him.

It made old Santa jolly...
Each child would get a toy
But his pack was an **empty sack**
When they reached that last small boy.

Then Santa said to Sniffer,
“My friend, what **shall** we *do*?”
Sniffer said; “I think I’ll stay
‘stead-a goin’ back with you.”

On Christmas morn they found him
‘Sniff-sniffing’ ‘round their tree
With a note that said: “I’m *Sniffer*
Would you take good care of me.”

