



Tricks and Treats

Written by Cherry Carl
Illustrated by Ron Leishman



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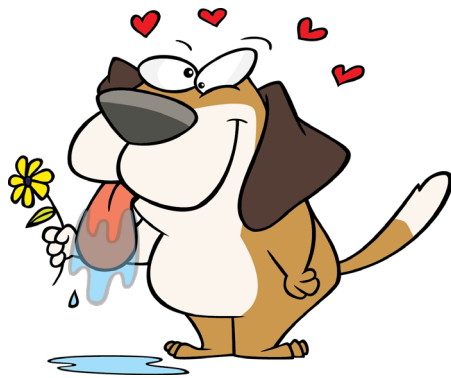
Written by Cherry Carl
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Dedicated to the dogs in the hood:
Harley, Lady, Macho, Mia and Trixie

C.C.

To my wife and soul mate, Nancy, who
puts up with my quirks and lets me lock
myself away for hours to draw funny
characters in my alternate universe.

R.L



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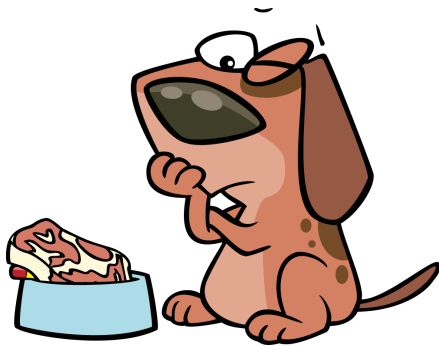
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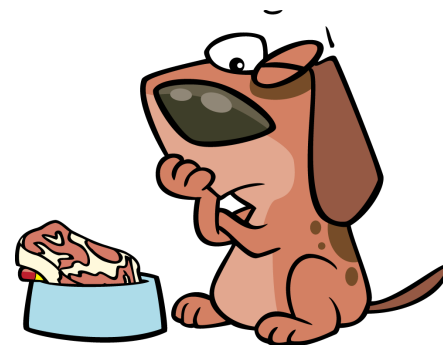
Trick or Treat?

Now and then I play a trick
to keep my dog from getting sick.
Although it's just a vitamin pill,
it seems to make my dog feel ill!
I disguise the pill any way that I can
(or that's the plan).
It's a feeble effort from this old man.
She looks at the pill
that is covered with meat,
just sure that I've got a special treat.
She chews and swallows,
without a doubt,
and turns around as the pill pops out!



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Give a Dog a Bone!

(Tune: Hush, Little Baby)

My master wants an ice cream cone.
His mother wants a raisin scone.
His sister wants a brand new phone.
His father wants a new trombone.
But if I get tonight's wishbone,
I'm wishing for a great big bone!



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Hot Dog!

(Tune: For He's a Jolly Good Fellow)

Santa Claus brought me a hot rod,
but now my puppy is overawed.
He gets in and he zooms around,
spinning circles on the ground.
What to do with a dog that speeds?
Give him a ticket that he can't read?
I know just how to stop his zooms:
I think I'll send him to his room!



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Rub-a-Dub-Dub!

(Tune: Traditional Tune)

Rub-a-dub-dub!

My dog's in the tub,
and why do you think he's there?

He rolled in the dirt and played in a shrub,
and needed to scrub every hair!



Rub-a-Dub-Dub!

(Tune: Traditional Tune)

Rub-a-dub-dub!

My dog's in the tub,
and why do you think he's there?

He rolled in the dirt and played in a shrub,
and needed to scrub every hair!



2 Little Puppy Dogs

(Tune: Five Little Speckled Frogs)

Two little puppy dogs,
followed a great big dog,
digging for some delicious bones.

(Yum! Yum!)

One puppy made a leap.

Then he fell fast asleep.

Now there is just one puppy dog.

(Arf! Arf!)



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It's Raining Cats and Dogs!

(Tune: Hush, Little Baby)

I really don't mean to whine and complain,
but will someone just please explain
why the weatherman reports the rain
in such a way it strains my brain?
I really don't mean to whine and complain,
but will someone just please explain?
Is it really such a pain
to simply say that, "There is rain?"



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Choosing Treats

I opened the box and took a peek
And found a toy that had a squeak,
A bouncy ball and a bone to chew.

Oh, my goodness, what will I do?
There's nothing quite like having choice.
But it's just too bad I have no voice!
I'd tell them I want to have them all . . .
Treats to eat and the bouncy ball!



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My Dog is a Water Dog!

There is a rainstorm here today!
Can't we both go out to play?
I don't need a hat!
I only want to splash and splat!
There's no need for boots and such.
I really love the rain so much!



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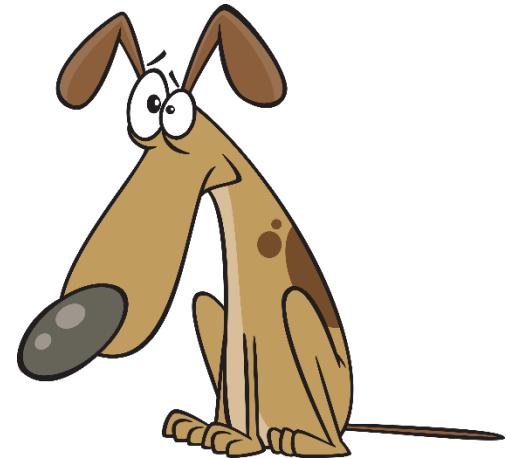
Not Guilty!

I admit there was a pillow fight.
When I came in here to say good night,
He used his pillow, big and white
and smacked me once with such delight
That I knew I couldn't be impolite.
I didn't growl or even bite,
but barked at him to say, "Good night!"



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but barked at him to say, "Good night!"



Is She Tinker or a Stinker?

Tinker is my New York buddy,
Whether she's clean or muddy!
Whenever we go out
You can almost hear her shout,
"I have to go too, or I will pout!"
She runs around and around,
Barking with her anxious sound.
She usually gets her way.
What else can I say?



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You Rescued Me!

I can't tell you who I used to be.
I never speak, now don't you see?
You came along and rescued me,
And now the best is yet to be!

I'll be good and, oh, so sweet!
I'll sleep in my crate, so warm and neat.
So, call me "Mama," and have a seat.
I'll stay beside you and sit at your feet!

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Puppy Play

(Tune: Polly Wolly Doodle)

A pile of puppies play all day.
They tumble in the scratchy hay!
They roll around and then again
and scare away the mother hen.
Running here! Running there!
A pile of puppies everywhere!
They run around and get in the way,
'cause that's the way the puppies play!



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A Pile of Bones

(Tune: I Know an Old Lady)

I have a new puppy who loves to play,
but he never ever runs away.
I give him a bone when he obeys,
when he sits and when he stays.
He never ever eats that bone.
My, oh, my, his pile has grown!
I should have known!



A Pile of Bones

(Tune: I Know an Old Lady)

I have a new puppy who loves to play,
but he never ever runs away.
I give him a bone when he obeys,
when he sits and when he stays.
He never ever eats that bone.
My, oh, my, his pile has grown!
I should have known!



Disappointed Dog

My silly dog decided
that he could grow a crop.
I didn't have the heart to say
that he should really stop!
He broke each bone in half
and he put them in the ground.
He covered them with dirt!
What a clever hound!
Yes, he planted all his bones,
but he didn't grow a thing!
Maybe it will happen
when the weather turns to spring!



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Dog Dreams

What do dogs see in their dreams?
Is there drama or dreary schemes?
Do they dream that they can drive?
Do they drag at sixty-five?
Do they dream of dried up kibble,
play the drums or even dribble?
I hope my dog's dreams
are not boring or drab,
but I'll never know . . .
he just won't blab!



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Double Bubble Trouble!

I know that this sounds really dumb,
but my silly dog loves chewing gum!
He found a tiny piece on the rug.
(I thought it must have been a bug!)
He chewed and chewed
and chewed some more.
(I thought he'd spit it on the floor!)
but I knew there would be trouble
when he learned to blow a bubble!



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Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

(Tune: Pop Goes the Weasel)

She delivers the mail most every day.
Through rain and hail she makes her way,
but now and then we hear her wail
when a little doggie bites her tail!



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A Game of Fetch?

My dog really loves to chase and fetch
and thinks that he knows how to catch
any balls that I bat around . . .
up in the air or on the ground!

Sometimes they bounce from here to there,
but he will chase them anywhere!
What I'll really never understand
is this simply impossible dog's demand
to have his very own catcher's mitt
to fetch each ball that I can hit!



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Gnarly Harley

I know a big dog named Harley
He's starting to look rather gnarly.
He looks like a bear
but he doesn't care,
this dog who has never been snarly!



Gnarly Harley

I know a big dog named Harley.
He's starting to look rather gnarly.
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Super Scooper

My dog's a very good watch dog.
He guards me when we run or jog.
He sits and stays and does a trick,
like fetching a well tossed stick.
He doesn't bark or chase our cat,
(Imagine that!)
and he doesn't chew the rug or mat.
So why can't I teach him to use a scoop
when he goes outside to poop?



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Rottie Reindeer

My rottie loves this time of year.
She loves to smile and spread good cheer.
but her favorite thing, you understand,
is wearing her rottie reindeer band!
She loves to walk around and pose
and poke our visitors with her nose
just so that they'll ooh and aah
and shake her rottie reindeer paw!



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Hark! Hark!

This Dog Does Bark!

I know of a dog named Trixie.
She's such a sweet little pixie,
but she loves to bark
as if to say, "Hark!"

This sweet little dog named Trixie!
She barks her hello and then good-bye,
and seems to mumble with a sigh.
She barks at me when she wants a treat,
and then sits down right at my feet.
Why does she bark? Who knows why!



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My Dog is Not a Pointer!

My dog is not a pointer,
but she really thinks she is.

She lets me know when the mailman comes,
and thinks she deserves some cookie crumbs!

Sometimes at night a coyote pack
prowls around, but doesn't attack!

Why would they approach this noisy dog
that fills the night with her dialogue?



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What's in a Name?

We bought a rather sweet little pup
and chose to name her Buttercup!
How were we to know that name
would always be her claim to fame?
She comes when we call
and she's not shy at all,
but why do people seem to laugh
and it's always on her behalf?



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Dog Tired

The grandkids come to visit us.
At first the dog loves all the fuss.
The babies pull his ears and tail
and then they always whine and wail
when the dog moves to her hiding place
until it's time to run and chase.
"Get the ball! Let's play catch!"
(The older kids should learn to fetch!)
This dog is tired from too much fun
and needs a nap when the day is done!



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Time for School!

It's time for me to go to school
to learn to tackle every tool,
to follow each and every rule
'cause being smart can be so cool!
My puppy followed me one day,
even though I said to stay.
But it is always against the rule
to follow your master to school!



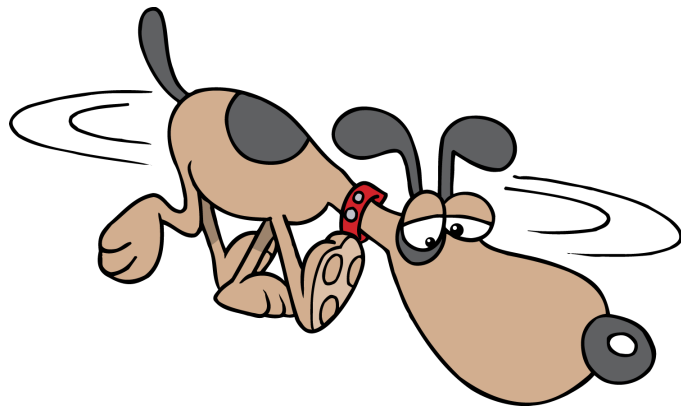
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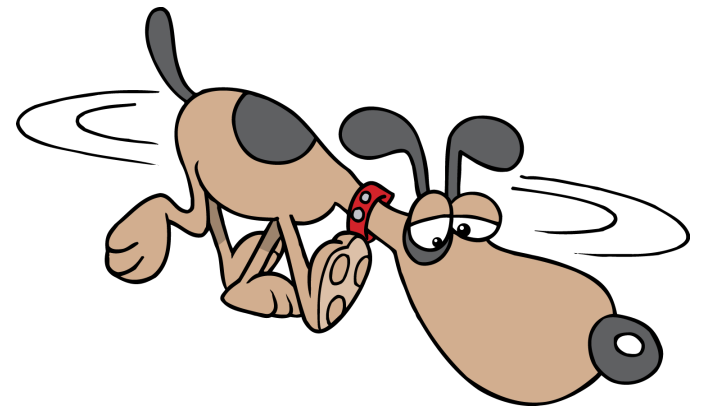
Reading the News

We walk around the neighborhood
and tell my dog he has to be good.
He doesn't bark as cars pass by,
although he'd really like to try.
He doesn't chase a squirrel or cat
and doesn't mind when I stop to chat
with neighbors who also walk their dogs,
but why does he sniff every leaf and log?



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I'm Caught!

Why do I feel like I'm on a hook
when my hungry dog gives me that look?
She licks and slurps at her empty dish,
closes her eyes and makes a wish,
hoping there's food to fill her bowl!
That look on her face seems to touch my soul!



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Some Things Come in Small Packages!

This burly guy by the name of Bruce
was found by a dog that was on the loose.

He tried to get her to sit and stay,
but she yapped at him and got in his way.

Now they're a pair that can be seen
from here to there and in between!



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My Furry Friend

I have many friends,
some large and small,
and time spent with them is always a ball;
but my furry friend is just the best!
He's always much truer than all the rest.
He never argues or disagrees,
and I don't ever have to say,
"pretty please?"
He's a wonderful friend in every way.
I'm glad that my friend is here to stay!



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Funny Freckle Face

His name was Bailey,
but I called him Freckle Face because his
chubby cheeks had freckles in every space,
but none of them seemed out of place!
I he knew was a grand and gracious old guy.
The babies pulled his ears or poked an eye
but Bailey never even uttered a sigh!
He'd roll over like a furry old welcome mat!
He never bothered Big Tom, the family cat.
You could almost say he was a diplomat!
Every living creature became his friend . . .
he was faithful and friendly right to the end.
He developed a tumor in his old hip
and they knew that he was beginning to slip
when he found it hard to even get up,
so they let him go, that freckle faced pup.



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My Dog is Not a Robot!

(Tune: Do Your Ears Hang Low?)

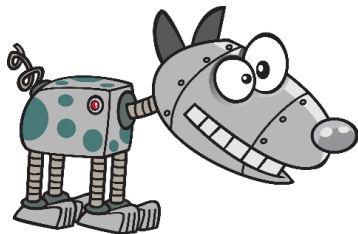
My dog is not a robot and I'll tell you why.

There's nothing like a real dog
when you want to cry.
Even though sometimes
he's a cute knucklehead
He always cuddles up
when it's time for bed.

Yes, robots are hard and cold, cold, cold,
and a robot rottie is so very hard to hold!

He won't cuddle up when you're a
sleepyhead,

So forget about a robot when it's time for
bed!



My Dog is Not a Robot!

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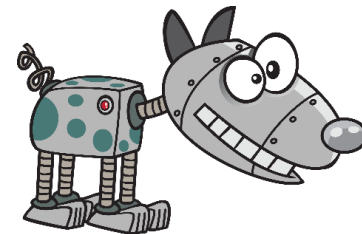
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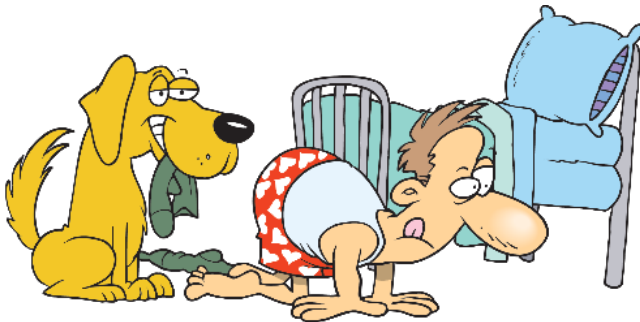
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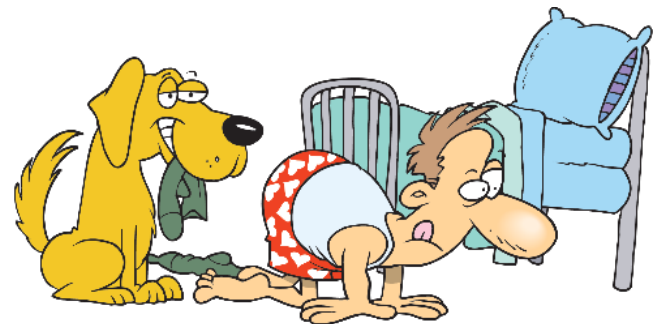
The Missing Sock

Oh! No! It's almost eight o'clock
And my master cannot find one sock!
He's really going to be quite late
If he cannot find the missing mate!
My master's such a knucklehead
He doesn't see it under the bed.
I found his sock, as you can see.
I hope he turns to look at me!



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Bailey Boy

(Tune: Down by the Station)

He's a border collier.
Yes, he is, by golly!
They call him Bailey Boy
And he brings them lots of joy.
They ski daily. Yes, they do . . .
Adam and his granny and Bailey, too.



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If You Believe in Heaven

If you believe in heaven . . .
it's time to let me go

to wait with all my furry friends
all lined up in a row.

We'll romp and roll together
in the fields up in the sky,

but I'll be listening for your whistle
and we'll never say good-bye!



for Vinnie

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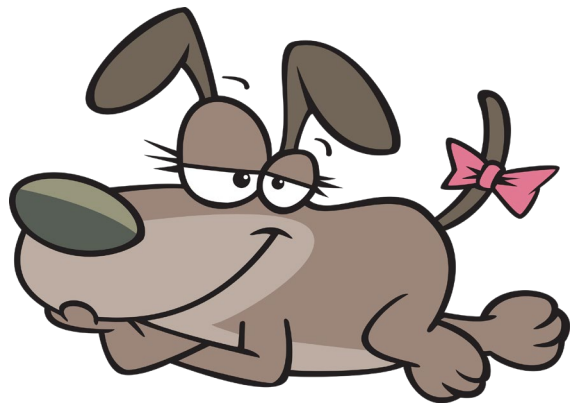
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for Vinnie

The End!



The End!

