Winnie’s Winter Walk

By: Mosie Fraser

Ages 4+
It’s a snowy winter’s morning and Winnie is cozied up by the fire with her owner, Mosie. “Bark Bark!” exclaims Winnie. “Oh my, look at the time. It’s time for your morning walk Winnie! Let’s bundle up and head outside!”
Winnie and Mosie step outside to find a bright, beautiful snowy day. “Let’s head to the park to play in the snow!” says Mosie. “Ruff Ruff” Winnie barks in response, happily skipping alongside her owner.
They arrive at the park to find a beautiful scene. The birds are chirping, nestled on snowy branches. Children are laughing and sledding in the distance. Winnie spots her best friend, Poppy, running and jumping in the snow. She barks hello and runs towards her.
“Bark Bark!” greets Winnie. Poppy gives her a lick on the cheek. “Let’s play some fetch in the snow!” suggests Poppy. “I just got a brand new, shiny red ball!” They run to their owners, barking and howling to toss the ball for them. Then they scamper across the field, chasing the ball like snow bunnies.
The shiny, red ball goes soaring over their heads across the snowy field. The two pups race to see who will catch it first. Suddenly, a gust of wind blows the ball in a different direction and it plummets deep into the snow. “Oh no” cries Poppy. “Where did my ball go?”
“Don’t worry Poppy. I’ll help you find it!” exclaims Winnie. “With my strong, hound nose I can find anything!” She sets off across the field, her nose buried in the snow as she wags her tail and runs in zig zagged lines.
Winnie searches high and low but can’t find the ball! Sniff sniff sniff. “Ooo what’s that smell? Popcorn?” She runs in another direction towards the yummy smell. “No no, I must stay on track. I have to find Poppy’s ball” she says to herself. She heads back towards her tracking path, continuing her search for Poppy’s red ball.
It’s getting colder and darker out as Winnie trudges on. “Maybe I should just head back” Winnie thinks to herself. Suddenly, she spots a speck of red out of the corner of her eye. Then she gets a wave of the smell of rubber. She goes charging into the mound of snow and pops out holding Poppy’s red ball in her mouth!
“Poppy! Poppy! I’ve found your ball!” barks Winnie as she comes running back across the field of snow. “Oh thank you Winnie!” exclaims Poppy. “You’re the best friend ever!”

“Winnie! Time to head home” Mosie calls out. “Well I’ll see you tomorrow, Poppy!” Winnie says as she scampers off.
After an eventful walk to the park, Mosie and Winnie cozy back up by the fireplace. Mosie enjoys a warm cup of hot cocoa while Winnie munches on a yummy dog bone. Another lovely, winter’s morning in the books.