

# Meet Henry



Written by  
**Nick Grassick**



**Old Henry the spaniel is cream, brown, and sweet,  
With silky long ears and four shuffling feet.**

**He pads through the house with such a slow grace,  
A gentle old dog, with a warm, sleepy pace.**

**His eyes hold a sparkle, his nose knows the way,  
He sniffs every corner of the room every day.**

**At thirteen years old, he's calm, soft, and wise,  
With peaceful old thoughts behind half-closing eyes.**





**When morning rolls in with a warm, gentle glow,  
Old Henry wakes softly, content, moving slow.**

**He stretches and yawns with a calm, cosy sigh,  
As sunbeams shine brightly and shimmer nearby.**

**“I’m up,” thinks old Henry, “but this much is true:  
My best thinking comes when I’m snoozing with you.”**

**So he blinks at the day with a cosy old grin,  
And lets all his quiet, wise thinking begin.**





**Because Henry's wisdom lives deep in his head,  
He does all his thinking while snug in his bed.**

**One eye stays half open, the other shut tight,  
As footsteps and giggles drift softly from sight.**

**The children all whisper, "He's thinking again!  
He figures things out with that clever old brain!"**

**Henry stays still—just a tail gives a sway,  
While problems feel smaller and drift far away.**

