

Meet Wilson

Written by
Nick Grassick

**Wilson the sausage, blonde as the sun,
Chubby and cheerful, ready for fun.**

**Two years old with a wag in his tail,
Floppy soft ears, which are silky and pale.**

**Low to the ground, but brave and bright,
Short little legs with a heart full of might.**

**When Wilson wakes, he starts with a stretch,
Today is for playing and games of fetch.**



**He sniffs for his toys, searching, sniffing some more,
Paws padding softly across the kitchen floor.**

**Under the table? behind the chair?
Is it by the bowl? No—there's nothing there.**

**His nose starts to twitch, his eyes go wide,
He sniffles and snuffles, from side to side.**

**“Ball?” asks Wilson, tail wagging away,
Fetch is his favourite game to play.**



**Clip goes the collar, clink goes the lead,
Wilson is ready—zooming with speed.**

**He wiggles and twists, he spins round and round,
A golden blur whizzing all over the ground.**

**Long little body, fur flying free,
Spinning and turning around with glee.**

**Out through the door and into the day,
Wilson is off—let's fetch and play!**

