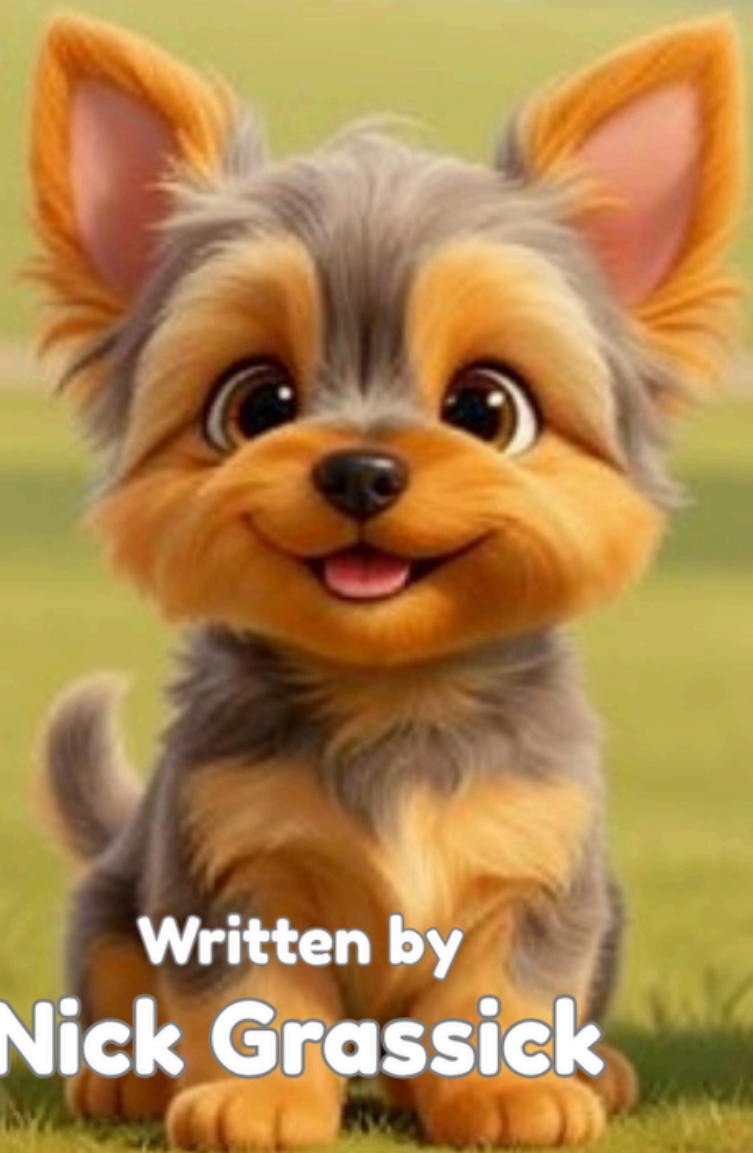


Henry's way



Written by
Nick Grassick

**Old Henry the spaniel moves gentle and light,
With cream, silky ears and a smile soft and bright.**

**He never goes rushing or barging ahead,
He thinks before speaking and listens instead.**

**He pads down the hallway with quiet tip-toes,
He sniffs the fresh morning and follows his nose.**

**At thirteen years wise, he is gentle and true,
A friend who knows just what kind words can do.**



**Wilson comes hurtling with zoom and with spin,
A golden-furred sausage with noise from within!**

**"Let's GO!" barks Wilson, "Let's fetch and let's run!"
He wiggles and waggles, he's ready for fun.**

**Henry smiles softly as on goes his lead,
Not rushing, not fussing, at just the right speed.**

**Together they trot through the gate and the lane,
One bouncing with joy, one more steady and sane.**



**The park opens wide with its green, grassy space,
And Wilson shoots forward at a super-fast pace.**

**His ears fly out sideways, his short legs a blur,
His tail spins so fast it's a whirl of gold fur.**

**He sees by the slide, tucked small in the shade,
A tiny new puppy, she's a little afraid.**

**Ears flat and eyes wide, curled tight in a ball,
Not ready for anything noisy, at all.**

