



"I know the ball is in here somewhere."

Let it snow. Let it snow. Let it snow. I just love the snow. When I first started working at DOY, the entire parking lot was full of snow mounds for me to play on.



"I wonder if there is another ball in here."

One of the games I love to play, I call "bury the ball." This is where the big guy hides a tennis ball in a big mound of snow. Then, I start digging through the snow until I find it (see two photos to the left). I have played this game ever since I was a pup. To see some pictures of me as an adorable puppy playing in the snow, see archive stardate 2015.11.15. Now you can see why I just love the snow.



"Happy Birthday Morgan!!"

Besides playing in the snow, the holidays have brought even more fun. I just love the holidays which include my birthday, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. Just before Thanksgiving, I celebrated my fourth human year birthday (see photos to the left).



"What's with the carrot and the 2+2?"

What's with my birthday cake? What does 2+2 mean? I'm four not 2+2. And what's a carrot doing on my cake? Am I a rabbit? Shouldn't a bone or a squirrel be on my cake?



"I hope it's another squeaky toy."

Anyway, I got lots of gifts that I got to rip open.



"The squeakers are ded, D.E.D, ded."

Speaking of gifts, I received a bunch of gifts for Christmas. Two of the gifts were really unique. I received a stuffed toy with eleven small squeakers. It took me awhile but I ripped through the toy and killed all eleven squeakers. Then there was this big toy dog that had this huuuge squeaker. No problem! I ripped it out and killed it in less than two hours. See the photo on the left to see the aftermath of my toys after killing all the squeakers. That's about it for now. I would love to report more, but there are eight inches of snow outside and I can't wait to romp through it. Until next time remember, **"Hard work never killed anyone, but why take a chance?"**