Twitter Thread by Kuno the Servicerottie■■■■■■



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Tonight I'm going to share a special #ChristmasStory with you. It's based on the story our mamas tell us so that we aren't afraid and bark at Santy Claws. My canine friend Moe & a human named Jodie inspired me to create this as a holiday gift for my Twitter friends.

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Please follow along and be patient with me.

Our Story is called:
Moe Knows: A Christmas Tail.

Moe Knows loneliness.

He was an adorable puppy. Some kind of bully breed mix born just before Christmas. When he was just a little tyke he was bought by a man wanting something
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that would grow into a big guard dog. So Moe was taken from his mama & siblings and went to his new home. His first night there he spent alone in a garage with only a thin blanket between him and the floor. Moe cried all night.

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Moe knows cold.

He spent his days chained in a yard and his nights in the garage. Being a mischievous pup, Moe eventually found things in the garage to play with & chew on. This made the man very angry & Moe was no longer allowed to sleep in the garage. He stayed chained

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outdoors and huddled under an old truck in the yard to keep out of the wind & keep dry.

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Moe knows sadness.

He would get excited when people walked by the yard and he would bark his hellos. He only wanted someone to come play with him or pet him, but often they thought his bark was mean and would yell at him to be quiet. If he barked at the man he would be told
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he was a bad dog. Moe didn't understand why they seemed angry at him.

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Moe knows pain.

As he pulled on his chain one day, his collar broke. He was suddenly free to run around the yard and for once was having fun. There were holes to dig, things to chew on, shred or run around with. The man came out & saw the damage Moe had done.

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He was so angry his face was purple. He yelled and threw a piece of plywood at the puppy. Moe yelped when it hit him because it hurt.

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Moe knows fear.

Moe ran away from the angry man and bolted into the street. He dodged cars that honked at him & raced past people that yelled at him. He saw another dog and gratefully went towards it. It snarled and barked ferociously

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then lunged at poor Moe who turned and ran as fast as his paws could go. He ran and ran until finally he was too tired. Then he hid behind a garbage bin until he felt safe enough to come out

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Moe knows hunger.

Moe found a secluded corner in an alleyway where he could sleep. He was exhausted. His tummy was hungry and the next day he scrounged for food. Sometimes he'd get lucky. Other times he found nothing. Or worse, other, older streetdogs would chase him

12/

away from his food. He tried to stand up for himself once but the other dog was tougher and bit off a piece of Moe's ear. Sometimes it was days between meals. Moe was always hungry.

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Moe knows mistrust.

Moe spent several months living on the streets. Most of his time was spent looking for something to eat or safe places to sleep. The warmer months weren't so bad. People would eat outside and leave things behind. Occasionally a kind person would share

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a snack with him and even scratch his ear. Moe loved the feeling of a gentle touch but when anyone came near him with a collar he would remember the heavy chain and the man throwing plywood so Moe would scamper off.

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Moe knows dreams.

Eventually the cold weather came & Moe dreamt about having a home. He'd see the dogs that had families & be envious. They slept in warm houses, they had shiny coats, they were given treats and cuddled. Some even wore jackets or pretty collars.

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They had people that played with them and clearly loved them. More than anything he wanted someone to take care of him like that instead of being angry or throwing things at him.

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On Christmas Eve Moe was just over a year old. He was skinny and small for his age because he didn't eat well. He was dirty and his ear with the piece bitten off hurt in the freezing cold. It was snowing and Moe hid next to a building trying to stay

out of the wind.

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He was lonely, cold, sad, afraid, hungry. Moe curled up & put his head in his paws & cried. All alone.

Suddenly Moe felt arms around him picking him up. He was terrified but he was so cold and the warm fuzzy red coat the stranger was wearing felt so warm.

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He looked up and saw a jolly looking bearded face smiling at him. The stranger carried Moe through the snow to where his sleigh was parked. He sat Moe on the padded seat and placed a thick blanket around him. On the floor of the sleigh was a tin. He reached into it and took
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took out some cookies and offered Moe one. Moe hungrily munched it down.

The stranger spoke. "I know who you are, Moe. I know that more than anything else you dream of a home. And I know someone that wants nothing more than to wake up to a dog like you Christmas morning."
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Moe heard the jingling of bells and felt the sleigh move. He was finally warm and as much as he wanted to watch where he was going, his eyes were heavy with exhaustion. For the first time in a very long time he didn't feel fear. He felt safe and drifted into a deep sleep.

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When Moe awoke the jolly stranger in the red suit was brushing him. He placed a lovely red collar on Moe's neck & attached a pretty red bow to it. He had a big red sack with him. He reached into and took out a soft, fuzzy dog bed and he set it beside a fireplace.

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He then set Moe in the bed. Moe looked around and saw a room decorated for Christmas, much like the shops on the streets he wandered. There was even a tree covered in lights!

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On the fireplace hung a lone stocking. The stranger reached into the sack again and took out some dog biscuits. He gave Moe one and put the rest in the stocking along with a leash, a bowl and various pet necessities. As Moe munched on his biscuit the stranger began to speak.
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"Merry Christmas Moe. This is now your home. Soon you'll meet your human. They will adore you & take very good care of you. All you have to do is love them back and try your hardest to be a good boy. You'll never go without a meal or have to sleep in the cold again.

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You will be played with, taught tricks and groomed until you shine. You shall have a good life. And I promise you that next Christmas I'll come back to visit you and I'll bring you treats. Just remember that it's me and not to bark and wake everyone up. Goodnight Moe."

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Moe's eyes grew heavy again and as he drifted off to sleep he heard the jingling of bells.

Now Moe knows so much more. Moe knows happiness, Moe knows fun. Moe knows a full belly. Moe knows the excitement when he sees a leash and Moe knows the contentment of a human hand
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hand resting gently on his head. Moe knows baths and fetch and grooming. Moe knows love.

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And every year on Christmas Eve Moe quietly lays in a bed by the fireplace waiting for his friend to come, because Moe knows Santa.

Yes, Moe Knows.

The End

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Thank you so much for joining us for our #ChristmasEveStory.

We feel truly blessed to have become part of #DogsOfTwitter & part of your lives. Everyday you help us to #ChooseHappiness.

From My Mistress, Mentordog Roxy & myself, We Wish you a very Merry Christmas! ❤■



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