

An OC Animal Care Holiday Poem

**Twas' the nights before Christmas
As Junior patrolled the yard,
He walked with great purpose,
And always kept up his guard.**

**He looked in the kennels at the dogs in their beds,
They were all so tired, they didn't lift their heads.
Some came in today, as only a stray...
Others have been available for several days**

**Junior saw one awake, his tag said "Chad"
And in the back of his kennel, he looked awfully sad.
So Junior purred gently,
"Chad, this place ain't so bad."**

**"The people here, they are certainly rare
They love every animal, and really do care
They will do anything to help you
And this," Junior purred, "I do Swear."**

**In the morning, Mikey Jr. did strut,
And he crowed so loud, the yard woke-up.
Junior heard the noise, and ran our to say,
"Quiet you nut, it's almost Christmas day!"**

**The shelter opened at 10 in the morn
And behold the crowd; a line had formed.
The first person did say, "I'm adopting 364,"
"It's a dog named Chad, a he's now a Hawthorne."**

**Staff unlocked his kennel and he wagged his tail,
He was so happy—Junior's promise did not fail!
He wiggled around, so fast and crazy,
He nearly fell from the clinic scale.**

**As Chad saw his family, Junior gave him a wink,
"I told you dog, this place ain't what some think."
They fed you, and loved you, and gave you a drink.
It's the staff here that were your missing link."**

**Now Chad has a family, and a new home,
And a shiny ID tag that glistens of chrome.
Junior walked through the yard, and yowled with might,
"May you too find your new home on these Christmas Nights!"**

- Written by a shelter Kennel Attendant



Junior



Mikey Jr.