

The Happy Hound and the Glum Greyhounds, by Jerry M.

© 2005 Child Story Bank. All rights reserved.

Suddenly Henry Happy Hound perked up his ears. He was sleeping happily at his beloved master's side but the bark out in the neighborhood sounded urgent. His master, Mr. Messiah, patted his head lovingly.

"Is there trouble out there Henry?" his master inquired. Henry went to the door to be let out. "Go find the other dogs that are in trouble Henry." His master commanded them. "And help them."

Henry ran to the big elm tree in the abandoned lot where all the dogs gathered for conference.

"Henry, the triplets ran away!" Barney Basset reported, with great worry in his voice. Between all the barking and scratching of the many housedogs that populated the tree when conference time came, Henry pieced together the story. Grumpy Greyhound, Grouchy Greyhound and Gloomy Greyhound finally ran away from their master.

Something had to be done. Left alone in the ugly world, there would be no master to save them or care for them and they would perish horribly. Suddenly the three slumped into the conference tree and Henry was the first one to their side.

"What happened Grumpy? Why did you and your brothers run away? Weren't you happy?"

"Of course we were not happy. Is any dog happy being a slave to a master?" Grumpy Greyhound said with disgust in his voice. Their master, William World, did seem to be a hard master to serve and many housedogs that William World owned seemed to die too soon and were never happy.

"But didn't your master bathe you and make you look beautiful? I know he always wanted you to be beautiful," Barney Basset questioned the pretty greyhounds.

“Oh yes. Beauty was always important in the William World house. But it was even more important than health or play or being with us,” Grumpy complained.

“All he seemed to think about was our ancestors,” Grouchy Greyhound continued. “He said we had to live up to the rules of all the great greyhounds of the past. That was more important than who any of us were.” He almost seemed ready to cry, reporting such news.

“We always admired you, Henry.” Gloomy Greyhound confessed to Henry the Happy Hound.

“But why Gloomy?” I am just an old mutt. Why I had to be adopted by my master, not born into his house as you were. I have no pedigree or family line. Why, you were born into greatness and you were always set aside to be housedogs of the king. What happened to that dream?” Henry asked.

“A wonderful prince was supposed to own us. He was the prince of peace but it didn’t happen. When he came to get us, we didn’t know who he was so we growled at him and went with William World instead. We thought he would make us royal hounds but instead all of the good things he gives us just turn to dirt and filth in our paws.” Grumpy Greyhound reported with a low whimper.

“But you Henry,” Grouchy Greyhound observed. “You were born to be a hound but you were adopted by a wonderful master. You used to know the horrors of living a life like the one we know in William World’s home. But now your master, Mr. Messiah...it seems he would give anything for you, maybe even his life.”

“Yes it’s true and you can have that too. All of you dogs here can. My wonderful master owns lands more than you could ever know and loves all of us equally. You can come to him,” Henry happily told his dear friends.

“You always seem so joyful, so full of peace and love Henry,” Gloomy Greyhound observed. “And yet you are not beautiful. You are not wealthy or athletic. Where does all your joy come from?”

“It comes from the joy of serving my master,” Henry said with deep love in his voice. “You cannot know that joy until you become owned by my master because your masters are harsh and selfish and do not care for

your lives forever like Mr. Messiah does. But come with me. Come and know the joy of serving Mr. Messiah.”

And they did go. They were afraid at first because they felt dirty and that Mr. Messiah would reject them. But he didn't. He welcomed them in and gave them the most wonderful foods that made them happy inside and cured their sicknesses. And finally, the Greyhounds knew joy and fun and laughter and constant peace, living in the joy of serving the prince of peace.