Teddy Tales

A collected archive • July 2025–May 2026

Teddy & Friends | P.D. Grantham

This collection brings together the dated stories in the existing Teddy Tales archive. Original wording is retained; dates follow the source document. A February 3 entry is dated 2027 in that source and is kept as written.

38 dated entries

July 20, 2025

Meet Teddy, our furry whirlwind! He zooms around chasing toys and boys at lightning speed. Just when you think he’s unstoppable, you hear the classic “flop” —and there he is, sprawled out like a toddler after a sugar rush! Of course, as soon as I pull out my phone for a pic, he pops his head up like, “I’m awake! Totally not napping!” But give him a few minutes, and he’s back to snoring like a grown man. I swear, I've never seen anyone go from 0 to 100 so quickly and then crash harder!

October 4, 2025

Well hey y’all, Teddy here.

Now before me, there was this Wilkenstown legend named Brutus. Word is, he was Mama’s dog — followed her ‘round like she had biscuits fallin’ out her pockets. He was her shadow, her best buddy, her ride-or-die.

Then I came along. And I’m just gonna say it plain — I’m Poppa’s dog.

When Poppa’s home, I’m all charm and sunshine — tail waggin’, grinnin’, actin’ like I just won “Best in Show.” But when it’s just me and Mama? Suddenly I got “important business” somewhere else.

She’ll say, “Teddy, come sit with me!” and I’ll look at her like, “Bless you heart. Ma’am… I like you fine, but let’s not get carried away. I’m only sweet to you ‘cause it keeps Poppa happy.”

Now don’t get me wrong — I like (maybe love) her. I dont know. But loyalty’s loyalty… and mine wears glasses, a beard and gives good head rubs.

October 28, 2025

Today’s issue of Teddie Tales:

Well, Mom sat down again… so naturally, I took that as my cue to climb right up in her lap. She says she can’t move, but I don’t recall askin’ her to. I’m comfy, warm, and in full control of the situation. Bless her heart, she should’ve known better than to sit down unsupervised. And don’t even think about arguin’ with me — I’ve already won.

November 12, 2025

Teddy Tales: The Pillow Prince and the Unwanted Portrait

Once upon a chilly evening in the Kingdom of Living Room, Prince Teddy of Cushion Castle settled into his royal throne — a golden-yellow pillow, plump with comfort and embroidered with words far beneath his noble literacy level. Wrapped snugly in its embrace, the young prince prepared for a night of deep thinking, light snacking, and absolutely zero responsibilities.

As he gazed out across his domain (which consisted mainly of a stool, a suspicious sock, and a single crumb he was saving for later), he sensed a disturbance in the air. A presence. A familiar one.

It was me.

The Royal Photographer.

Or as Teddy calls me: That woman who won't let me rest.

Approaching with my phone in hand, I dared utter the words that strike fear and annoyance into every noble canine:

"Teddy… look at Mommy!"

The prince's response was swift. Dramatic. Filled with the weight of a thousand sighs.

He rolled his eyes — not a small, subtle, gentle eye roll, but the kind that kingdoms write ballads about. The kind that says, "I have carried the burdens of this household for far too long." The kind that suggests I had interrupted a deeply philosophical moment involving snacks and destiny.

Then, in an act of royal protest, he slowly turned his head away, making sure the camera could still see the eye roll but not the face he keeps reserved for formal portraits and biscuit negotiations.

He didn't bark.

He didn't move.

He simply radiated pure, regal disappointment.

And so ends this chapter of Teddy Tales, where Prince Teddy teaches us that royalty may tolerate many things — peasants, pillows, and the occasional bath — but unsolicited photography?

Absolutely not.

Tune in next time for Teddy Tales: The Biscuit Betrayal, where Prince Teddy discovers the treat jar is empty… and chaos ensues.

November 22, 2025

Since I got home from the hospital, Teddy has gone full soap-opera bodyguard on me.

He’s glued to my side like a furry shadow with trust issues. Mom dares to walk in the room? Low growl of warning.

Jody tries to give me a hug? Full-on “ABSOLUTELY NOT” bark.

Anyone else approaches? Teddy activates DEFCON 1.

He has officially declared me a rare, priceless artifact who must not be touched, breathed on, or even looked at without his approval.

And the only time he leaves my side is to sleep and go outside — and even then, he comes right back to check on his “patient.”

I tried to tell him I’m fine…

Teddy said, “Ma’am, please sit down. You’re under my protection now.”

So if you need me, just know I’m currently being held hostage by one overly dramatic, overly devoted, four-legged security detail.

December 12, 2025

Last Saturday afternoon started as a simple shopping trip… which is always how trouble begins.

Christian and Clayton went along with Nonnie, and everything was perfectly normal—until it wasn't. In the middle of an aisle sat something so magnificent, so unnecessary, so clearly not meant to be ignored…

A giant green pickle.

Clayton stopped dead in his tracks. Pointed. Gasped.

"NONNIE," he declared with full courtroom confidence, "TEDDY. NEEDS. THAT."

Christian stepped closer, examined it carefully, and quietly delivered the final verdict with one powerful word:

"Pickle."

Case closed.

The pickle went into the cart, drawing looks from strangers who clearly did not understand the seriousness of the situation.

When we got home, Teddy saw it and immediately lost what little composure he has. This was not a toy—it was a calling. He grabbed the pickle, which is roughly the same size as his entire body, and began slinging it with all his might like he was training for the Dog Olympics.

Whack.

Thump.

Pickle airborne.

He dragged it across the floor. He whipped it around corners. He proudly carried it like a trophy while occasionally getting tangled in it—because again, the pickle is basically Teddy-sized. Furniture was in danger. Ankles were not safe.

Clayton laughed so hard he could barely breathe. "LOOK AT HIM! HE'S CRAZY!"

Christian watched closely, smiling, clearly impressed, and softly said, "Teddy."

At one point, Teddy flung the pickle so hard it nearly took him with it. Undeterred, he reclaimed it immediately, daring anyone to even think about touching his pickle.

And just like that, an ordinary shopping trip turned into legend.

Some dogs have tennis balls.

Some have squeaky toys.

Teddy has a pickle the size of his body—and two boys who knew exactly what they were doing.

December 14, 2025

Teddy Tales: The Bed That Shall Not Be Named

Six months ago, we made a grave mistake. We got Teddy a dog bed. A luxurious, fluffy, expensive dog bed. The kind of bed that whispers “comfort” and screams “you’re welcome.”

Teddy took one look at it…

…and was deeply, personally, spiritually offended.

For SIX. FULL. MONTHS., Teddy pretended that bed did not exist. He wouldn’t sniff it. Wouldn’t touch it. Wouldn’t even acknowledge it with a side-eye.

If the bed was in the room, Teddy suddenly needed to be somewhere else.

He slept on the couch like a king.

On the floor like a wounded war hero.

On our feet like a dramatic fainting goat.

The bed? Clearly a trap. A scam. A threat to his independence.

Mom would say, “Doesn’t he like his bed?” Teddy would stare into the distance like a dog who’s seen things.

Then… one random, unsuspecting morning (today), Teddy approached the bed. Slowly. Suspiciously. Like it might explode. He circled it. Once. Twice. Sighed like he pays the mortgage. And then — in a shocking plot twist —

he laid down. Curled up. Huffed. Let out the loudest, most dramatic exhale known to man.

And that was it.

Six months of protest were OVER. The bed was now HIS. No moving it. No touching it. No discussing “why it took you six months.”

Teddy didn’t avoid the dog bed. He staged a long-term boycott until he was emotionally ready to accept the betrayal.

December 21, 2025

On today's edition of Teddy Tales…

I like cars.

I like how they smell.

I like riding in them.

I like chasing them because clearly they are running from me.

Mom and Poppa do NOT agree with this lifestyle choice.

They say things like "Teddy NO," "HOW DID HE GET OUT," and "WE JUST LET HIM IN."

You see… I don't just see cars.

I hunt them.

I escape the house like a tiny criminal mastermind.

Doors are suggestions.

Baby gates are theoretical.

One minute I'm inside being a "good boy."

Next minute I'm free, wind in my ears, on the open road, tracking down a suspicious Honda.

A couple of weeks ago I may have been lightly booped by one.

I survived.

I was brave.

I accepted snacks for my suffering.

Bot cried.

Mom panicked.

Poppa was still at work.

I strutted.

Now they watch me like I'm a flight risk.

I cannot move without supervision.

Every time a car goes by, one of them grabs me like I'm an escaped inmate.

Another yells my name like it's an emergency broadcast.

Do I still love cars?

Yes.

Have I learned my lesson?

Absolutely.

Will I escape again to hunt them down?

I cannot confirm or deny.

But if the door opens for even half a second…

I’m gone.

January 10, 2026

Teddy Tale: Rainy Day

Well bless it.

I woke up this morning ready to mind my business and patrol my yard when I heard that sound… rain. Just falling out the sky like it pays the mortgage. Mom opened the door and looked at me like I was supposed to step right on out there. Sir. Ma’am. Absolutely not.

Let me be real clear: I don’t do wet grass, muddy paws, or surprise raindrops hittin’ me on the head like I owe them money. That’s not a me problem—that’s a weather problem.

So I did what any respectable Southern gentleman would do. I turned around, found my blanket, and laid down real dramatic. Face mashed. Eyes halfway shut. Heavy sigh included. This here is the look of a dog who’s been personally offended by the forecast.

I will go outside when the rain apologizes, the ground dries, and the sun comes back out and acts right. Until then, I’ll be right here—restin’, resistin’, and waitin’ on better conditions.

Y’all can let me know when it stops sprinklin’ nonsense.

January 15, 2026

The Case of a Cold Night, a Dropped Remote, and Justice

Well bless your heart, let me set the record straight.

Mama and Poppa were sittin’ on the couch like everything was just fine, completely ignoring the fact that I exist and require constant supervision, admiration, and touchin’. It was cold — real Alabama cold — the kind that seeps into your bones and makes a dog very serious about where he sits.

I handled the situation like a professional.

I accidentally-on-purpose knocked the remote off the couch. Oops. Tragic. Poppa leaned down to get it, and that’s when I made my move. I walked around his back like I was circlin’ for dramatic effect, then slid right into the space between them and planted myself there like I pay the mortgage.

Mama immediately started rubbin’ my ears. Poppa sighed the sigh of a man who knows he’s been outplayed by a 20-pound dog.

Now I’m warm, I’m centered, and everyone knows their place.

I ain’t jealous — I’m just Southern. And around here, if Mama’s on the couch, I’m sittin’ closest.

Bless their hearts… winter makes folks forget important things.

January 18, 2026

Teddy Tales: The Snow Betrayal

Let me tell y’all about the absolute audacity of this morning.

Momma opened the door like everything was normal. Birds chirping. Sun trying to shine. Lies everywhere. The second my paw touched the ground, I realized Alabama had lost its mind. Snow. On my earth.

I froze. Not from the cold—but from shock. My soul left my body and immediately filed a complaint.

I leapt to the nearest melted patch of grass like a deer escaping danger. That little brown spot became holy ground. Sanctuary. The only place fit for a dog of my status. I stood there staring at Momma like, “You see this mess, right? You SEE it.”

From there on out, the walk turned into a full-blown obstacle course. I refused to touch the snow. I zigzagged from melted spot to melted spot like I was dodging landmines. If there was even a dusting, I dramatically lifted my paws like I had stepped on lava.

I don’t know who ordered snow in Alabama, but they need to come get it. Immediately. I am a southern dog, not a snow creature, and I will be recovering from this trauma under my blanket for the rest of the day

January 19, 2026

Teddy Tales: Southern Sass & Spa Day

Let me be very clear—I had an appointment today.

Poppa put me in the car, and I assumed we were heading straight to my admirers. Instead, he made stops. Plural. I sat there like a dog who had already fluffed his ears and mentally prepared for compliments. I gave him the look that says, “I am far too handsome to be running errands.”

I may have been a little dramatic, but a gentleman with standards has expectations.

The moment I saw Countryside Kennels, LLC, my attitude adjusted immediately. Tail wagging. Best behavior. Sweet as pie. I became the perfect boy because I know exactly when it’s time to turn on the charm.

I spent the day playing outside, visiting with my friends, and letting the groomer work her magic—clearly enhancing what was already a very impressive situation. I had a great day, but when Poppa came to pick me up this evening, I was so happy to see him. Full wiggles. Zero grudges.

I may enjoy attention from everyone… but at the end of the day, I still go home with my Poppa.

January 21, 2026

Teddy Tales: Bless His Heart, He’s Back on Duty

Since the couch was moved, for what feels like, months ago, I have been unfairly removed from my post as Head of Neighborhood Surveillance. No warning. No discussion. Just furniture rearranged like my responsibilities didn’t matter. Bless my heart.

For months, more like six weeks, I wandered this house like a retired Southern gentleman—still handsome, still important, but forced to observe life without a proper window. I could hear things happening out there. I just couldn’t see them. And that, my friends, is a tragedy.

But today… Momma let me into her bedroom. And there it was. A window. Elevated. Respectable. The kind of window a dog like me deserves.

I climbed up, settled in, and went right back to watching. No barking. No pacing. Just quiet judgment. Somebody’s got to keep an eye on things, and clearly it’s me.

Am I watching squirrels? Maybe.

Am I judging the neighbors? Bless their hearts, yes.

Am I right where I belong? Absolutely.

So here I sit. Freshly groomed. Mindin’ everybody’s business from a safe distance.

They may move the furniture…

but bless it, they will never move my authority.

January 24, 2026

Teddy Tales: Keeping Watch

Tonight, I’m staying close to Bot.

She had a fall earlier in the kitchen, and it worried me. Mom said she was okay. Bot said she was okay. But I stayed nearby, watched her closely, and made sure she was okay. That’s my job, because Bot is my favorite person.

Now I’m right here beside her, tucked in and touching her foot just so she knows I’m with her. I don’t need to move or make a fuss. I don’t even need my window tonight.

When I have Bot, I have everything I need.

So I’ll sit quietly, keep watch, and stay right where I belong.

January 30, 2026

Teddy Tales: Dr. Teddy, Southern Specialist

Bless Mama’s heart… she’s been dealing with these migraines for years. Most of the time, they’ve got the good sense to show up when she’s already off work. But every now and then, they get rude and pop up on a workday—like today.

Mama’s plan was to stay in bed, lights off, room cold enough to keep biscuits fresh, and not move unless absolutely necessary. A solid plan… for someone without a medical degree.

Enter me.

Dr. Teddy.

Board-certified in Barkology and Common Sense.

I decided Mama did not need to lay up in that bedroom all day. She needed to be in the living room. Where I could see her. Properly.

So I barked.

And barked some more.

And carried on just enough to make it clear I was not asking—I was informing.

Eventually, Mama shuffled herself to the living room, and wouldn’t you know it… the barking stopped. Imagine that.

Now I’ve spent the entire day posted up right beside her, keeping one eye on Mama and one eye on the room, making sure she rests and doesn’t get any ideas about doing too much.

She thinks she’s resting because of a migraine. Bless her heart. She’s resting because Dr. Teddy said so.

BTW: I did agree for today’s “Teddy Tale” only because it’s all about me!!

January 31, 2026

A Teddy Tale: Snow Day & the Great Diet Pepsi Betrayal

Let me set the record straight.

It is snowing AGAIN in Alabama, and Mom, Bot, and Clayton risked their lives sliding into Dollar General… for Diet Pepsi.

And what did I get?

NOT. ONE. THING.

I stayed home like a responsible citizen. I supervised Bubba. I kept Poppa from making bad decisions. I held the couch down so it wouldn't drift off into another county. I endured emotional hardship watching snowflakes hit my window.

And they came back with Diet Pepsi.

For them.

Not a single snack. Not even a pity treat. Not so much as a crinkle of a bag in my direction.

I looked at Mom like, "So I protect this house in a winter emergency and this is how you repay me?"

The audacity. The disrespect. The absolute lack of appreciation for Southern leadership.

Now I am laying here under a blanket, staring into the distance, letting my silence speak volumes. Because one thing about me — I remember things.

Bless their hearts… but they're on thin ice.

Unlike me. I stayed on the couch.

January 31, 2026

A Teddy Tale: The Demon Dog (Allegedly)

Now listen. I've heard the rumors.

Apparently, when things get loud, folks start hollering, "GET THE DEMON DOG."

First of all — rude. Second of all — inaccurate. Third of all — I respond to Teddy, not summoned spirits.

Yes, there is hollering. Yes, sometimes children cry. Yes, Band-Aids are handed out like party favors.

But let's be clear…That ain't demonic. That's enthusiasm.

I get the zoomies and suddenly I'm airborne — bouncing like a kangaroo, ricocheting off furniture, knocking grown adults sideways like bowling pins.

Clayton and Bubba say they want to rough house. They just don't realize I bring full-contact confidence.

If someone falls, I assume they needed to sit anyway. If somebody cries, I pause just long enough to look concerned — then I'm ready to resume.

And when the room goes quiet and everybody's patched up? I sit there panting, tail wagging, eyes wild, like, "Well… y'all wanna do that again or what?"

They call me the Demon Dog because they don't understand my power. Or my strength. Or my inability to know my own size.

I'm not bad. I'm just too much.

And frankly…I wouldn't change a thing.

Bless their fragile little hearts.

—Teddy

Also Known As: The Demon Dog, Bringer of Chaos, and Reason the Band-Aid Box Is Empty

February 3, 2027

A Teddy Tale: Westminster Ain't Ready for Me

Tonight, the humans sat down to watch the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show.

They were impressed. I was… polite about it.

I laid there on the couch, front paws crossed, watchin' them dogs prance around like they were somethin' special. All brushed up. All fluffed out. Walkin' in circles like they misplaced their keys.

The humans kept sayin', "Ohhh look at that one!"

And I just looked back at them real slow like, "Bless your hearts… is this a joke?"

That poodle? Too fancy. That shepherd? Ain't never cleared a living room at full speed. That little strutter with the perfect posture? Would not survive one round of rough housin' with Clayton and Bubba.

I didn't see kids cryin', adults hollerin', or a single Band-Aid bein' applied. So I fail to see what all the fuss was about.

About the time I make a huff and I start to roll my eyes at the next prissy dog trotting across the screen, somebody muttered, "Poor Teddy… he's gettin' too big for his britches."

Now hold on.

First of all — I don't wear britches. Second of all — if I did, they'd fit just fine.

Yes, I'm a 25-pound beagle. Yes, I knock grown folks off balance. Yes, I jump like a kangaroo with bad intentions.

That ain't ego. That's confidence earned through experience.

I don't need a ribbon. I don't need a judge. I don't need Westminster. I already run this household — loudly, proudly, and occasionally at full speed. And frankly, if my britches can't keep up with my greatness…that sounds like a them problem.

Bless everybody's hearts.

—Teddy

Living-Room Legend,

Uncertified Show Dog,

and Still Too Big for His Britches

February 5, 2026

Teddy Tales: Born to Hunt (Apparently)

Now let me tell y'all somethin'—every weekday when Bot comes over, that ain't just a walk. That's huntin' time. Momma and Poppa may think it's just me stretchin' my legs, but I know better. I was born with this nose, and it would be a sin not to use it.

And lately, ohhhh buddy… we got ourselves game.

Every day I see him from the window. Tall. Skinny. Nervy. Just standin' in my yard like he's auditionin' for a nature documentary. A deer. A yearling, they say. Well I say he's fresh, foolish, and beggin' to be tracked.

So when Bot clips that leash on, I go full professional. Nose hits the ground like I've been doin' this my whole life—which, in my opinion, I have. I'm sniffin' grass, dirt, air, vibes… I can tell you exactly where that deer stepped, paused, thought about his life choices, and disrespected my property.

I got my huntin' stance on. Tail stiff. Chest out. Ears flappin' in the breeze. I am ready to follow that trail through the yards, into the woods, and straight into Beagle History.

But Bot—bless her patient, law-abidin' soul—says no. "No chasin' wildlife, Teddy." "No huntin', Teddy." "No woods, Teddy."

Excuse me??? Do you not see this nose? This instinct? This raw, untapped talent???

Momma says that if I actually caught the deer, I wouldn't know what to do. Says I'd freeze up, bark like I won a trophy, and then immediately look around for adult supervision.

Poppa says I talk a big huntin' game for somebody who once jumped three feet over a plastic grocery bag. Says I'm all bark, no bite, and about 80% bluff.

Now I don't appreciate that narrative.

I am a hunter. A tracker. A woodsman.

I may be on a leash. I may prefer huntin' from the window. And yes, I may retreat indoors if the deer looks at me funny…

But make no mistake—if courage were louder than common sense, that deer would already be a story.

Until then, I'll keep trainin'. Sniffin'. Posturin'.

And dreamin' of the day Bot loosens that leash and lets me show the world what kind of mighty, fearless, slightly dramatic beagle I truly am.

Now if you'll excuse me… all this huntin' talk has worn me out.

Time for a nap.

Hunters gotta rest.

February 17, 2026

Teddy Tale: Poppa’s Big Day (But Don’t Forget Me)

Today was Poppa’s birthday. And let me just say…

It was very much about him. He stayed home. He got special attention. He picked the food. He got the recliner priority.

And yes… I was there.

All. Day. Long.

Now I’m not saying I enjoyed the exclusive access.

But I did supervise him thoroughly.

If he moved, I moved.

If he snacked, I evaluated.

If he sat down, I assumed lap position.

It was his birthday.

But I made sure it was comfortable.

However…When I heard Mom’s car pull in, I had to make a quick decision. If I casually wagged my tail and stayed by Poppa? It might look like I didn’t miss her. Which is unacceptable.

So I pivoted.

The door opened. I launched into a full-scale affection display.

Wiggling.

Pawing.

Climbing.

Face kisses like I hadn’t seen her in six business days.

Now between us…I had been perfectly fine. But appearances matter.

I needed her to know:

“Yes, I supported Poppa today.”

“Yes, I allowed him birthday cuddles.”

“But YOU are still my main person.”

So I pretended.

A little extra leaning.

A little dramatic sigh.

A strategically placed head on her shoulder.

Poppa laughed. Because he knows. Today may have been about him. But I run the emotional operations in this house.

Happy Birthday, Poppa. Thank you for the snacks. Mom, thank you for believing I suffered.

— Teddy

Chief of Selective Loyalty

February 21, 2026

“Love Your Pet Day: A Betrayal in 24 Hours” (As performed by Teddy, Son of Mama & Poppa, Victim of Neglect)

Yesterday. YESTERDAY. It was “Love Your Pet Day.”

Mama and Poppa carried on like I had just returned from deployment.

“Ohhhh Mama’s baby!”

“Who’s the most handsome boy in Coffee County?”

Both hands rubbing my ears like I was fresh biscuit dough at Hardee’s.

I thought, “Yes. Finally. They see me.”

Fast forward to today.

Mama drank her coffee like nothing happened. Poppa scrolled his phone. No tribute. No ceremony. No celebratory bacon.

So I did what any emotionally wounded Southern son would do. I shut down. Now, physically? I laid on Mama. Emotionally? I was in another state.

She said, “What’s wrong with my baby?” Ma’am. Open your eyes. Poppa tried to pet me. I blinked slow. Turned my head. Exhaled like I’ve been carrying this household financially.

Then.

THE AMAZON MAN ARRIVED. And let me tell you something. I did not attack. I ARRIVED. Full sprint. Tail in helicopter mode. Demanding head rubs like I am the mayor and he owes me campaign support.

That man understands appreciation. He rubs with purpose. With gratitude. With respect.

Mama hollered, “Teddy, you’re going to scare him!”

Scare him? Ma’am, I am building relationships. Meanwhile, Poppa said, “Boy, you were just ignoring me.”

Sir. Consistency is key. You cannot love me like Valentine’s clearance candy one day and expect me to be emotionally available the next. I am not a seasonal wreath. I am a legacy. Will I forgive them?

Yes. Because I am gracious.

But it will require:

• Snacks

• Public affirmation

• Possibly cheese

• And a written statement acknowledging my importance

Until then, I remain dramatic. Wounded. Radiant.

And still the finest beagle in three counties.

— Teddy

Mama’s Child.

Poppa’s Reality Check.

February 22, 2026

Part 2: “The Negotiation”

(A dramatic continuation starring Teddy, Mama, Poppa, and One Crinkly Bag)

Scene opens.

I am still emotionally distant.

Lying on the couch. Staring into nothing. Replaying the trauma of “Love Your Pet Day” being treated like a one-day festival.

Mama whispers to Poppa, “He’s still mad.”

Correct.

Poppa says, “He’ll get over it.”

Incorrect.

Then…It happens. The Sound. Crinkle.

Now let me be clear —I did not react.

Immediately.

I held my position. Dignity first.

Crinkle crinkle.

My ear twitched. But that was involuntary.

Mama says, “Teddy want a treat?”

Ma’am. We are not negotiating until terms are discussed.

Crinkle.

I sat up. Slowly. Controlled.

Poppa smirked like he’d won something.

Sir. This is not surrender. This is diplomacy.

Mama says, “Come see Mama.”

I approached cautiously.

Still wounded.

Still dramatic.

Still the victim.

She holds up the treat.

And just like that—My entire personality changed. Tail activated. Eyes wide. Suddenly I am healed. Forgiveness has entered the chat. I sat so pretty. Like I’ve never known hardship.

She says, “You love Mama?”

Ma’am.

I have always loved Mama. There was never a conflict. You must’ve misunderstood my artistic expression.

Treat received. Crisis resolved.

Poppa says, “That’s all it took.”

Sir. It’s not “all it took.” It’s acknowledgment. It’s accountability.

It’s poultry-flavored reconciliation.

Thus concludes the drama of Love Your Pet Day. Until tomorrow. When I may require additional affirmation.

— Teddy

Resilient.

Forgiving.

Snack-Motivated.

February 28, 2026

TEDDY TALES

“The Great Walmart Incident — Revised Statement” (As told by Theodore Beau, Mama’s Son & Defender of the Dairy)

Let me clarify something right now. Mama was in that kitchen. Unaware. Unprotected. Probably making a list of things that did not include treats for me.

And suddenly—

A strange vehicle enters MY driveway. Not Poppa. Not a known associate.

A Walmart operative.

With bags.

Mama says, “It’s okay, Teddy!” Oh it is? Is it okay, Mama? Did you personally inspect that milk? Did you run background checks on those bananas?

Because I did not.

And I do not recall signing off on produce delivery. So naturally, as Mama’s only son and personal security detail, I sounded the alarm. Not aggressive. Authoritative. Measured. But firm.

“MAMA. SUSPICIOUS MAN. HAS BREAD.”

Now, did I consider that he might be delivering cheese? Yes.

Did that soften my stance? Only slightly.

The audacity of placing groceries on our porch like he’s Santa Claus without clearance.

And Mama just standing there like,

“Oh thank you!” Mama. I had this handled. But here’s the part y’all don’t see. After the Walmart man retreated, after the perimeter was cleared, after I ensured there were no secondary snack-related threats…

I climbed down. Walked over to Mama. Leaned into her leg. Because at the end of the day? I don’t guard the groceries. I guard Mama. Poppa may drive the truck.

But Mama? Mama is the whole house.

And if a stranger approaches with milk, bananas, or suspicious sandwich bread…

He will answer to me.

Now if you’ll excuse me,

I need to inspect those bags.

For Mama’s safety.

Obviously.

March 5, 2026

Teddy Tale: Emergency at Wilkenstown Medical Center

Well now… things got mighty serious over here in Wilkenstown today.

Poppa Jody done went and hurt himself again. Mama says he twisted up his foot somethin’ awful when he fell in the middle of the night. So the doctors at the ER sent him home with a big ol’ boot thing, orders to stay off it, and strict instructions to keep that foot propped up.

And let me tell y’all…

The moment Mama left for work this mornin’, Wilkenstown Medical Center officially opened for business. Staff on duty today included:

Head Nurse Bot – in charge of checkin’ on the patient every 4 minutes whether he needs it or not.

Dr. Teddy, Chief of Everything – specialist in foot injuries, snack supervision, and advanced patient monitoring.

Now Poppa was sittin’ in the recliner with his foot propped up lookin’ pitiful. So naturally I jumped up beside him to begin my professional examination.

Step one of medical protocol:

Sniff the injured area.

Poppa said,

"Teddy don’t you touch that foot!"

Now listen… I respect a patient’s wishes, but it’s mighty hard to diagnose a situation when the patient refuses to cooperate with the medical staff. So instead I performed what doctors call Close Observation, which mostly involves sittin’ directly on the patient so he can’t go nowhere.

Every time Poppa tries to move I give him The Look.

You know the one. The look that says: "Sir… the doctor has prescribed sitting."

Nurse Bot keeps walkin’ through the room askin’,

"Jody, you need anything?"

And I keep thinkin’, Yes ma’am he does. He needs snacks. For recovery purposes.

Now every once in a while Poppa will say, "Teddy you’re heavy, buddy."

And I’d like it noted for the medical record that I am not heavy. I am providing compression therapy.

That’s science.

Anyway, Mama can rest easy at work because the patient is under round-the-clock supervision here at Wilkenstown Medical Center. Between Nurse Bot’s check-ins and my expert medical oversight, Poppa ain’t goin’ nowhere. Except maybe to the kitchen.

And if that happens…the doctor will require a cracker tax.

— Dr. Teddy, Chief Medical Beagle

Wilkenstown Medical Center

March 28, 2026

Teddy’s Tale: The Revolving Door Day

Let me just say…

I did not sign up for this level of activity.

It all started last night…

The boys spent the night.

Now I love Clayton and Christian, I truly do. But when I tell you those two don’t power down… I mean it. There was laughin’, whisperin’, and what I can only assume was Olympic training happening in the other room.

I slept with one eye open.

Security reasons.

This morning, before I could even process life…

Here comes Bot.

Now that’s my person. I perked up for her. Gave her my best “I’m so glad you’re here” look… even though I hadn’t fully recovered from the overnight festivities.

Then, just when I thought things might settle…

Brittney came to pick up the boys.

Cue the shoes.

The chatter.

The “Where’s this?” and “Did you get that?”

And just like that—

they were gone.

Peace.

Quiet.

I laid down, took a deep breath, and thought…

This is it. This is my moment.

Nope.

———

Here come Tater and BB.

Now listen… they’re grown, but that don’t mean things got calmer. There was movement. Talking. Doing. I kept my position as head of household supervision, but at this point, I was running on fumes.

Then—like a pop-in guest appearance—

Papa Joe and Mrs. Linda stopped by.

Then finally…

Everyone left.

And I mean everyone.

I curled up. Got comfortable. Started drifting off into what was shaping up to be the nap of the century.

And then…

I heard it.

The door.

Again.

Brittney and the boys were BACK.

Apparently, somebody forgot a charger.

Now I don’t know what a charger is, but I do know it was important enough to interrupt my peace.

They came in. They looked. They found it.

Then—because why not—grabbed a soda.

And just like that…

They were gone.

Again.

Now here I am.

Curled up.

Completely spent.

Mentally processing the fact that this house turned into a revolving door today.

If anybody needs me…

You better make sure you got everything the first time.

Because I am officially CLOSED.

March 30, 2026

Teddy Tale: “My First Altrusa Conference (and Mama’s Lost Her Mind)”

Now look…

This here is my FIRST Altrusa Conference season…and I got questions.

Because ever since this “Conference” thing got close…Mama has not been right.

At first, I thought it was just a phase…

She sittin’ there makin’ lists…

then makin’ MORE lists…

then checkin’ them lists like she Santa Claus and I’m fixin’ to get wrote up.

Then she starts talkin’ to herself…

“Did I confirm the banner and flag ceremony?”

“Did I send the email?”

“Did I follow up on the follow up of the follow up?”

Ma’am.

You followin’ up on yourself at this point.

Then she says she’s scheduling her “free time”…

FREE TIME WHERE?? Because from where I’m sittin’, she ain’t been free since Tuesday.

Now here’s where I knew something was real wrong…

Mama done: Made the Zoom meeting. Sent the reminder (WITH the correct date and everything). Walkin’ around here proud like she done something big

So later…

She comes flyin’ in that door like somebody hollerin’ “last call”…throws her purse, her keys, and almost ME across the room…runs to that computer…logs into Zoom…

…and just sittin’ there. Waitin’. I’m watchin’ from the couch like a concerned citizen…

And then it hits her. That slow blink. That stare. That “bless it” moment…

…

THE MEETING AIN’T UNTIL NEXT WEEK.

Y’all…

This is my first Conference…

and if this is how it starts…

I don’t know if I’m ready.

Do they hand out snacks at these things? Do they got naps? Is there supervision for the humans??

Because my Mama out here runnin’ meetings she scheduled HERSELF…on the wrong week.

I love her… I do…but I’m keepin’ an eye on her.

—Teddy

April 4, 2026

A Teddy Tale: The Birthday Easter Situation (It's the Principle of the Thing)

Now I just want it noted…There are SEVEN Easter baskets. SIX boys. ONE little girl.

And ZERO…let me repeat…ZERO baskets for Teddy.

Now I asked Mama about this situation.

Very calmly. Very respectfully.

She said…"Well, Teddy… it's my birthday."

……..

OH.

IS IT.

So now all of a sudden…we just out here making rules??? Birthday rules?? Because APPARENTLY…

on Mama's birthday…

what Mama says goes

So now I'm supposed to just ACCEPT this??

That I…THE emotional support, basket-supervising, candy-inspecting, goodest boy…get NOTHING??

Now Mama says I "got love."

"Rubs and cuddles," she says.

Oh… did I?

WELL.

You cannot unwrap a cuddle. You cannot sniff-test a rub. And you SURE can't parade around Wilkenstown with a belly scratch in a basket.

Meanwhile…these kids about to roll up like Easter royalty…

And Mama had the audacity to say…

"Teddy, you can't even have the chocolate."

……..

MA'AM.

That is NOT the issue here.

It is not about what's IN the basket.

It is about the fact…THAT THERE WAS NOT A BASKET.

It's the principle of the thing.

But it’s fine. Because I will be ready. Oh yes… I will be positioned…right there by the picnic table…on full observation duty…

Watching every child arrive…every basket opened…every snack handled irresponsibly…

Because IF I know anything about children…

Somebody…

at some point…

is gonna drop something.

And when that moment comes…

I will rise.

Swift. Focused. Heroic.

And finally receive…what should have been mine all along. Until then…I will be here… quietly suffering…respecting Birthday Law…and waiting on my opportunity.

—Teddy (Observer. Survivor. Opportunist.)

April 12, 2026

Teddy Tales: The Couch Coup of 2026

Y’all…

I am currently living through a domestic crisis. This “Altrusa Conference” Mama keeps talking about? It is not a conference.

It is a full-blown hostile takeover of my home.

And the first casualty? My couch spot.

Now let me paint you a picture…

Mama has set up what I can only describe as her forever office right in the living room. Laptop open 24/7, papers stacked like she’s building a paper fort, bags everywhere, cords crawling across the floor like snakes.

And where is all this mess located?

THEE spot.

My spot.

The spot with the perfect cushion dip that fits my little beagle body just right.

Gone.

Stolen.

Occupied.

Now Mama and Poppa are over there giggling like this is just precious because I’m sitting as close to her as physically possible.

Let me clarify something real quick—I am not being sweet. I am not being loving.

I am applying pressure.

This is a sit-in protest. A non-violent demonstration. A “you gon’ feel me until you move” situation.

I am pressed up against her like a second skin. If she shifts—I shift. If she scoots—I scoot closer.

At one point, I was basically in her lap, staring at her like: “Ma’am… I don’t know who you think you are… but this ain’t your seat.”

Now don’t get it twisted…

I do love my Mama. I really do. She feeds me, babies me, and gives top-tier belly rubs.

But right now?

She is out of line.

And the worst part?

She’s acting like this is permanent.

Like she just casually moved into MY living room and set up camp.

But I heard something…

A whisper in the chaos…

“By next Sunday…”

Oh.

Oh, it clicked.

So what you’re telling me is…

this nonsense has an end date??

Well praise the Lord and pass the treats.

Because come next Sunday…

this whole setup is getting PACKED UP.

The cords? Gone.

The papers? Disappeared.

The laptop? Evicted.

And my couch?

Reclaimed. Restored. Respected.

Until then, I will remain vigilant.

I will continue my protest.

I will sigh dramatically every 7–10 minutes for effect.

And I will stay glued to Mama like a reminder…

You may be helping with this conference…

but I run this house.

April 19, 2026

Teddy Tale: The Longest Week of My Life (Full Family Accountability Edition)

Alright… gather ‘round. I know it’s been a few days since a proper Teddy Tale, and for that I do apologize.

However… my secretary of sorts (also known as Mama) was away at a Conference, so clearly my storytelling operations were temporarily suspended.

I can only do so much without administrative support.

Now—back to the matter at hand.

This week… has been a lot.

It all started when Mama left for said Conference. I stayed strong at first. I did.

Brave. Handsome. Slightly dramatic—but composed.

Then Poppa takes me to my favorite place. Now listen—I’m not complaining about that part. I saw my friends. We ran. We played. We exchanged neighborhood gossip. And THEN… I got a bath AND a haircut.

Y’all… I came out of there looking like a brand new man. Fresh. Fluffy. Smelling like “Lavender Responsibility.”

So naturally, I just knew how this was gonna go— Mama would be home waiting on me… emotional… overwhelmed… probably holding snacks.

But NO.

Poppa brings me home…

and Mama…

is not there.

Now hold on.

You mean to tell me I have:

Survived abandonment

Socialized with the public

Endured grooming

Achieved peak handsomeness

…and my Mama isn’t even here to witness it?!

Poppa says, “She’ll be home tomorrow.”

TOMORROW?!

Sir. I am hanging on by a thread.

So I waited. By the door. Sighing. Staring at Poppa like he personally arranged this tragedy.

Fast forward to the next day…

The car pulls up. I KNOW that sound. Heart racing. Tail in full helicopter mode.

THIS IS IT. MY MOMENT.

And what does Poppa do?

He picks me up… walks me outside…

and puts me in…

THE YARD.

…

After everything I've been through…

you choose exile during my reunion?!

So there I am… standing at the fence…

watching my whole life pull into the driveway…

And here's the kicker—Bot is with Mama.

Now listen…Bot knows better.

Bot is supposed to be on my side.

So I'm out there… freshly groomed… emotionally fragile…watching Mama—MY Mama—get out of the car…and she does NOT come straight to me.

Oh no. She goes inside.

Inside. Into MY house.

And who opens the door to let me in? BOT.

Not Mama. BOT.

Ma'am. Respectfully… what are we doing here?

I walked in slowly. Processing. Evaluating. Judging.

Mama is standing there like everything is fine. Everything… is not fine.

I gave her a look. The kind of look that says: "I love you… but this will be discussed."

Now don't get it twisted—two seconds later I launched.

Full sprint. Full wiggle. Ears flying. Body moving in ways that defy structure.

I hit her like a furry missile of love and unresolved feelings.

She said, "Awww, Teddy missed me!"

Missed you?! Ma'am, I have:

Endured abandonment (Conference)

Thrived at a social retreat

Survived grooming

Waited an EXTRA DAY

Been wrongfully placed in the yard

AND been greeted by Bot instead of you

There were multiple failures here.

Poppa? Responsible for the yard exile. Bot? Partial credit for opening the door… but questionable loyalty. Mama? Did not come to me first.

We will be reviewing all of this.

But for now… balance has been restored. Mama is home. I am back where I belong… attached to her at all times like a very handsome, slightly judgmental accessory.

Let this be a lesson to everyone:

If I have been gone…

If I have been groomed…

If I return looking like a whole new man…

You come to me FIRST.

No luggage.

No small talk.

No delays.

Me. First. Always.

April 25, 2026

Teddy Tale: The Great Departure Crisis (Back to Reality… Bless My Heart Edition)

Well.

It has come to my attention that we are now in what Mama is calling “back to reality week.” Bless her heart… she says that like my reality hasn’t been completely shattered.

Now I know it’s been a few days since my last Teddy Tale, but my secretary has been “catching up” on everything… while I have been left here… to pick up the pieces of my broken little heart.

Alone. Forgotten. Mistreated.

Anyway. Let me tell y’all what I have endured.

On Wednesday night, Poppa… my own Poppa… had the absolute nerve to leave for something called a “sleep study.”

A sleep study.

Bless. His. Heart. Sir… I am a certified professional sleeper. I could have saved you the trip, the time, and the betrayal.

Naturally, I took my position. Back of the recliner. High alert.

I watched him walk out. I watched him get in the car. I watched until my eyes could not possibly watch anymore…

And when he disappeared…

I collapsed into song.

A soulful, heartfelt, deeply emotional performance of abandonment and sorrow. The kind that echoes through a home. The kind that says, “How could you do this to me?”

Mama says I was “howling.” I say I was expressing myself artistically. And just when I thought I had recovered…

This afternoon happened. Bot left.

Now I tried to be strong. I did. I stood up on my back legs in the recliner like a dignified gentleman… just observing… holding it together… But then she kept walking. Further. And further.

So I did what any emotionally wounded soul would do—I climbed. Up onto the BACK of the recliner. Perched like a guardian of lost hope. Straining my eyes to hold onto the last glimpse of someone who clearly did not mind leaving me behind. Out the door. Across the yard. Smaller… smaller…

And then…Gone. Just gone.

No goodbye consultation. No emotional support provided. No invitation extended to accompany her.

Just me. Up on that recliner. Holding on to what little I had left.

And now…

I sit. I sulk. I reflect.

Mama says, “Teddy, you are being dramatic.”

Bless her heart… she simply does not understand the depth of my suffering.

I am not being dramatic. I am enduring repeated and unnecessary abandonment events during a time of emotional vulnerability known as “back to reality week.”

If I can still see you, you are not allowed to leave. That is the rule. I didn’t make it…

…but I am clearly the only one committed to upholding it.

Also, Mama… if this is what “reality” looks like…

I would like to formally opt out.

Respectfully submitted,

— Teddy

Chairman of Emotional Distress,

Director of Departure Monitoring,

and Victim of Circumstances (Bless His Heart)

May 14, 2026

eddy Tale #WhoSaidYouCouldDoThat

So apparently… I have a Facebook page now.

Did anybody ask me if I was prepared for this level of responsibility?

No.

They did not.

One minute I’m laying on the couch minding my business, supervising snack distribution and neighborhood activities through the window… and the next thing I know, Momma’s saying:

“Teddy, you have followers.”

Followers?!

I don’t even follow directions.

Now she says people want more Teddy Tales, more pictures, more updates, and “behind-the-scenes content.”

First of all… my life IS the content.

Second… I would just like the record to show that I did not agree to being a public figure. I’m simply a small Southern beagle trying to survive:

• vacuum cleaners

• thunderstorms

• people touching my ears while I’m sleeping

• and the emotional trauma of not receiving the last bite of a cheeseburger

But since y’all insisted… welcome to my new page:

Teddy & Friends

Please keep your expectations realistic.

I nap 14 hours a day and yell at delivery trucks for free.

May 16, 2026

Teddy Tale: Porch Supervisor Duty

Well friends, today was one of them “supervisory” days.

Mama and Bot decided it was a good idea to put together new porch furniture… in Alabama heat… in the middle of the day… with approximately 97 million screws. Bless their hearts.

Now naturally, somebody had to oversee the project. That somebody was me. I took my position very seriously. I inspected every chair leg, every cushion, and every suspicious looking instruction paper. I even barked one time when Mama put a piece on backwards. You’re welcome.

I will admit though… that outdoor fan almost changed my life.

That breeze was hittin’. My ears was flappin’. I briefly considered becoming an “outdoor dog.”

Then the sun touched me.

Friends… absolutely not.

After about 12 minutes of hard supervisory labor, I decided the good Lord made me for air conditioning, soft blankets, and couch sittin’. I retired from porch duty and moved my operations back indoors where a beagle belongs.

Mama and Bot finished the furniture.

I finished my nap.

Everybody contributed.

May 17, 2026

Teddy’s Weekly Top 10

Well friends, apparently Mama thinks y’all need a “weekly interview” with me.

Personally, I think my schedule is already very demanding between naps, snack inspections, and neighborhood surveillance… but I agreed to this phone interview from the comfort of the couch.

So here we go.

“Teddy, where are you taking this interview from today?”

Somewhere with air conditioning and zero responsibilities.

“How has your week been?”

Exhausting. Mama keeps creating activities that require me to supervise.

“We heard you helped with porch furniture assembly?”

Helped is a strong word. I monitored the situation and judged decisions quietly.

“Did you enjoy being outside?”

Briefly. Then the humidity touched me and I remembered who I am.

“What’s your biggest household responsibility?”

Keeping everyone aware that delivery trucks are dangerous and should never be trusted.

“What’s one thing people misunderstand about you?”

They think I’m dramatic. I’m actually deeply committed to theatrical honesty.

“How do you feel about Mama working?”

I don’t support anything that interrupts my attention schedule.

“What’s your favorite thing in the house?”

The couch. Followed closely by whoever currently has snacks.

“Any thoughts on outdoor furniture now that it’s finished?”

Looks beautiful. Hope they enjoy it. I’ll be inside.

“Any final words for your followers this week?”

Stay hydrated. Avoid unnecessary movement. And remember… if you hear a snack bag open, run first and ask questions

May 21, 2026

Teddy Tales: Teddy Holmes and the Case of the Mysterious Cheese Cracker

Good morning, citizens. Teddy Holmes here, world-famous detective, neighborhood watch captain, and part-time snack investigator.

Last night, while conducting my routine evening surveillance operations from the couch, I noticed something suspicious. Poppa was sitting beside me with a red box.

Now, I've lived in this house for years (okay about a year). I know the sound of a treat bag. I know the smell of bacon from three rooms away. I know exactly when Mama opens the cheese drawer.

But this...

This was new.

I immediately launched an investigation. I inched closer.

Sniff.

Sniff.

Extra sniff.

The evidence was overwhelming. Whatever was inside that orange box smelled absolutely delicious.

I looked at Poppa. Poppa looked at me. I deployed my most powerful investigative tool...

The Puppy Dog Eyes.

Friends, the man folded faster than a lawn chair in a hurricane. One look and he reached into the box and handed over a strange orange square.

I examined it carefully.

Crunchy. Cheesy. Mysterious.

I consumed the evidence.

Then I consumed another piece of evidence.

And another.

At this point, I had enough information to conclude that these "Cheez-Its" may be one of the greatest discoveries in canine history. Naturally, I requested additional samples for scientific accuracy. Poppa complied.

Mama did not approve of the research funding. She claimed I was "working the system." Excuse me, ma'am. This is an active investigation. The evening ended with Poppa putting the red box away in a secret location.

Unfortunately for him, he seems to have forgotten one important detail. I am Teddy Holmes. I have solved the Case of the Missing Squeaky Toy. I uncovered the Mystery of the Backyard Squirrel. And I once located a dropped piece of bacon in less than 2.3 seconds.

The case is far from closed. Somewhere in this house sits a box of Cheez-Its. And I intend to find it.

Case Status: OPEN

Primary Suspect: Poppa

Evidence: One red box

Lead Investigator: Teddy Holmes

Reward Offered: Belly rubs and possibly one Cheez-It.

Until next time, this is Teddy Holmes reporting from the couch, where the investigation continues.

May 24, 2026

Captain Teddy’s Weather Log

Day 3 of The Great Wilkenstown Storm

Location: The S.S. Couch Cushion, anchored in Wilkenstown

Conditions: Dire

The rain has not stopped.

For three days, the skies have unleashed a relentless assault upon our village. Water falls from above. The winds rattle the windows. Thunder booms across the horizon. Strange flashes of light illuminate the darkness.

I have barked at all of it.

At 5:42 a.m., thunder was detected in the distance. I immediately sounded the alarm.

At 5:43 a.m., thunder was detected again. I sounded the alarm again.

The crew appeared unconcerned.

At various points throughout the morning, additional thunder, lightning, and suspicious wind gusts were observed. Each was met with the appropriate number of warning barks.

The crew continued to ignore my expertise.

By mid-morning, conditions had become mentally exhausting. I retreated to my command station on the couch for a strategic nap.

Several strategic naps followed.

At one point, I was forced into a deep snoring cycle in order to maintain operational readiness.

Food inventories remain strong.

Despite the ongoing storm, I successfully recovered valuable provisions from Poppa’s snack supply. Additional reconnaissance missions confirmed that all human meals continue to require close supervision.

As evening approaches, the storm shows no signs of surrender.

Yet neither do I.

I shall continue to patrol the windows.

I shall continue to bark at thunder.

I shall continue to bark at lightning.

I shall continue to bark at wind.

And if conditions become especially dangerous…

I shall relocate immediately to the couch and sleep directly through the emergency.

End of Log

— Captain Theodore Beauregard Grantham

Commander of the S.S. Couch Cushion

Protector of Wilkenstown

Veteran Storm Observer

Keeper of Snacks

May 24, 2026

Teddy’s Weekly Top 10

Welcome back to another exclusive interview with Wilkenstown’s most celebrated beagle, professional nap consultant, and part-time weather expert, Teddy Grantham.

Interviewer: Teddy, how would you describe this week’s weather?

Teddy: Wet. Loud. Rude. Completely unacceptable.

Interviewer: Have you been helping monitor the storms?

Teddy: Every thunderclap has been thoroughly barked at. You’re welcome.

Interviewer: What is your biggest concern right now?

Teddy: The possibility that the rain may continue forever and the squirrels are getting a head start on world domination.

Interviewer: How many naps have you taken today?

Teddy: I refuse to answer questions about classified military operations.

Interviewer: What have you learned from three straight days of rain?

Teddy: The couch is softer than I originally believed.

Interviewer: Have you considered going outside anyway?

Teddy: Have YOU considered minding your business?

Interviewer: How is snack security going?

Teddy: Weak. The humans remain extremely vulnerable to my sad puppy eyes.

Interviewer: What is your favorite storm activity?

Teddy: Sleeping dramatically while pretending I’m standing watch.

Interviewer: If you could give the weather a message, what would it be?

Teddy: Bless your heart. Please move along.

Interviewer: Final thoughts for the citizens of Wilkenstown?

Teddy: Stay safe. Stay dry. Protect your snacks. I certainly won’t.

— Teddy Grantham

Chief Meteorologist • Snack Inspector • Couch Commander

May 28, 2026

Teddy Tale: The Great Wetness of Wilkenstown

Citizens of Wilkenstown,

I regret to inform you that we are currently experiencing what the humans are calling “a rainy week.” Personally, I call it a betrayal.

It started last weekend. At first, I thought maybe the sky had simply sprung a leak. But no. It has continued EVERY SINGLE DAY. Sometimes a drizzle. Sometimes a downpour. Sometimes one of those sneaky little mists that makes everything damp without having the decency to look like rain.

Now for a refined gentleman such as myself — a beagle of sophistication, dignity, and delicate paws — this has created severe hardships.

Every few hours Mama or Poppa opens the door and says something ridiculous like:

“Teddy, go potty.”

Excuse me?

Have y’all LOOKED outside?

The porch is wet.

The grass is wet.

The air itself feels wet.

Even the squirrels look uncomfortable.

Several times I simply stood at the doorway staring at them like they had completely lost their minds. I mean… they KNOW I don’t like touching wet things. We’ve discussed this before. Repeatedly.

At one point Poppa tried encouraging me by saying,

“Come on, Teddy. It’s not that bad.”

Sir.

You are wearing boots.

Meanwhile I’m out here trying to navigate puddles with the precision of a mountain climber crossing lava. I took three careful steps onto the porch, froze dramatically, and reconsidered every decision that led me to this moment.

Mama says I’ve been “holding my bladder hostage.”

I call it strategic resistance.

Now I have still managed to maintain my normal daily schedule despite these tragic conditions:

Sleeping

Snoring

Supervising kitchen activities

Monitoring snack distribution

Barking at thunder like I personally plan to stop it

Staring sadly out the window like the hero in a country music video

I would also like the record to show that I have not received nearly enough sympathy during this difficult time.

Please continue keeping Wilkenstown in your thoughts and prayers as we endure…

The Great Wetness of 2026.

— Teddy Grantham

Weather Survivor

Porch Protester

Defender of Dry Paws

May 29, 2026

Teddy Tale: OOTD — Acceptance Is Not Approval

Teddy’s Fashion Report

I would like the record to reflect that I did not choose today’s outfit.

This morning, Mama appeared with my Snoopy Christmas shirt and that look in her eye.

Dog owners know the look.

The look that says, “This is happening whether you like it or not.”

Naturally, I voiced my concerns.

I attempted negotiations.

I presented a detailed argument involving dramatic sighs, turning my head away, and briefly becoming boneless.

None of it worked.

Five minutes later, I was wearing a Christmas shirt in the middle of May.

At first, I was offended.

Deeply offended.

I stood in the middle of the living room and stared at Mama.

She laughed.

I stared harder.

She took pictures.

This is the kind of disrespect I deal with on a daily basis.

Eventually, however, I reached the final stage of dog grief:

Resignation.

Not acceptance.

Not approval.

Resignation.

There is a difference.

I wasn’t happy about the shirt.

I simply realized that no amount of glaring was going to change the situation.

So I carried on with my day.

I supervised the household.

I monitored snack activity.

I barked at suspicious events occurring outside my window.

And every now and then I caught sight of my reflection.

Now… between us…

The shirt did look pretty good.

I mean, if one is going to be forced into seasonal attire against one's will, one could certainly do worse than Snoopy.

But that is not the point.

The point is that I was denied creative control.

Mama claims I looked adorable.

I claim I was a political prisoner.

As usual, the truth is probably somewhere in the middle.

Probably closer to my version.

Until next time,

Teddy Grantham

Reluctant Model • Fashion Hostage • Survivor of Seasonal Clothing

Current Status: Wearing the shirt.

Opinion of the Shirt: Unchanged.

Opinion of Himself in the Shirt: Surprisingly positive.