

It was another beautiful springtime day in the Hundred Acre Wood. The birds were singing as they fluttered around from tree to tree. The air was filled with the aroma of fresh sunflowers and daffodils, which kept the buzzing bees busy gathering nectar. Winnie the Pooh hummed to himself as he strolled down the dirt lane. He was wearing his normal little red shirt, which only covered his chest area. He had something very important on his mind, but being a bear of very little brains he couldn't quite remember what it was. So he was headed towards his thinking spot to try and figure out what he was forgetting.

Pooh giggled a little as a couple of leaves, which were dancing on the slight breeze, brushed along his yellow plush belly. This broke his concentration enough to open his black eyes. Something shiny along the side of the path grabbed his attention. As Pooh moved closer, he noticed that it was a shiny black rubber ball.

"Oh dear," he said as he picked the ball up, "a pretty shiny ball. I wonder where it came from?"

Pooh tried his best to think of anyone he might know who might have lost such a wonderful ball as he rolled the soft rubbery object with his rounded plush paws. When Pooh brought the ball up to his face to take a closer look at it, something strange happened.

The ball began to wiggle about as if it were made of jelly. The movement and shine enchanted Pooh, making it hard for him to think of dropping the ball. Just as Pooh was starting to regain his senses, the ball leapt onto his head. Pooh began to panic as he felt the black rubber sliding around the top, sides and bottom of his head. Several parts of the ball formed long tendrils, which squirmed this way and that as they raced to reach the back of Pooh's head.

"MMMMMMFFFF!!" Pooh shouted as he grabbed onto the rubber and tried to pull it off his head, but it was stuck. With each pull, Pooh could feel pieces of his plush outer fur being pulled as well. He tried one final time to pry the rubber off his head, before his paws slipped off the shiny surface. The sound of the rubber pulling back against his head sounded through the Hundred Acre Wood with a loud SNAP!

"Mmmmmph!" Pooh mumbled sadly through the rubber as he tried to think of another way to pull the offending item off his face. Just when he was about to give up, the rubber began to wiggle again.

"MMMMFFF?" Pooh moaned as the rubber began to smash and reform.

Soon light flooded into Pooh's darkened world as two large eye holes formed. He watched in stunned silence as a large red nose formed at the front of his face. Around that time, yellow, blue and purple circles began slowly swirling from the center dot of the eyes to the outer edges. Pooh was fully entranced by the circles as something began whispering in his ears.

*You're such a good puppy. All you want to be is a good puppy for your master, Walter.* The phrases kept repeating over and over, echoing throughout the stuffing inside Pooh's head. Every so often, the image of a man dressed in a black business suit flashed in his head.

"Mmmmmph," Pooh weakly moaned as the hypnosis continued assaulting his mind.

Eventually, a smile began to creep over the new puppy Pooh's face. He felt so happy being a good puppy. All he wanted to do was be a good fluffy puppy for his master. He looked at his reflection in a small pond near the lane.

Pooh now sported a large, toothy grin where his normal thin mouth was. Above that, his small black nose had been completely replaced by a large shiny round red nose. He booped the nose a couple of times and giggled as it squeaked and honked. He then noticed that his ears were no longer the small rounded ears of a teddy bear, but the floppy ears of a cute puppy. He tilted his head to either side and watched as the ears flopped and stretched along the sides of his wonderful squeaky and shiny new face. He reached up with his paw and slowly flicked the back of his left ear. A sense of pure pleasure rocked his entire body. He had never experienced anything like it in his life! Once the pleasure subsided, Pooh decided that he wanted to feel that way again.

When he reached up this time, he petted the back of the ear with his paw. The pleasure ripped

through every fiber of his being, causing waves of happiness to spread. He felt his back leg begin to twitch as something in his new puppy brain told him to do this. He spent the next few minutes scratching behind both ears and feeling how wonderful it was.

After he finished scratching his ears, Pooh looked back at the puppy reflection in the pond. He shook his head vigorously from side to side and watched at the ears flopped and slapped against his new face. The sight made him warm and happy, and he felt his small tail wagging with happiness.

Suddenly, Pooh looked back at his small stubby tail and was very saddened. This wasn't the tail of a happy puppy. "Mmmmmph," he moaned as he thought about how his tail didn't match the good puppy he was now. He could not greet his master with such a wimpy tail. He wanted to hide and cry at the sight.

Just as his shame was overpowering his happiness, the phrase in his ears changed. *Perhaps your good friend Rabbit could help you.*

Yes! Pooh thought to himself. Rabbit was always inventing things and was a great friend. He would help him out for sure! He must go to see Master Rabbit at once.

Pooh shook his head. No! Rabbit was not master! *Master Walter was his master!* With that, Pooh began walking towards Rabbit's house.

At that moment, Rabbit was sitting in his rocking chair sipping a cup of carrot juice and watching his front door. "If my calculations are correct," he mused, "I should be having a guest any moment now."

Rabbit just had time to put his cup down when he heard a sound at his front door. It wasn't the sound of someone knocking. It sounded like something very soft, pawing at his front door.

"Who is it?" Rabbit called. Something whined in response from the other side of the door. *It sounded like a puppy!* He opened the door a crack and peeked outside.

At first, Rabbit couldn't see anything, so he opened the door further. A whining sound drew Rabbit's attention down towards the ground. A big grin formed on Rabbit's face as he saw the body of his friend Pooh bear, with a shiny black rubber puppy head attached.

Pooh cocked his head to the side and whined up at the hare.

"W-w-well," Rabbit stammered, "it seems that ball did quite a number on your little brain Pooh bear. Or should I say: 'Pooh Puppy'?"

Pooh cocked his head to the other side. He didn't understand what Rabbit was saying to him. He pawed at the air in front of him and whined. He then turned to the side and plopped his rear down in front of Rabbit. Pooh then looked back and forth from his pathetic tail to Rabbit and began whining and trying his best to look sad (which was hard to do with a smile permanently plastered on your face).

Rabbit watched the display for a moment, before a light went on inside his brain. "You're right pup. That tail will not do at all!" He opened the door wider and gestured for Pooh to come in. "Come on in and Rabbit will fix you right up."

"MMMMMPH!" Pooh moaned excitedly as he pranced inside the door, which Rabbit closed as soon as he was inside.

Rabbit led Pooh puppy over to a table which had been covered with a blanket.

"Well now," Rabbit stated as he pulled the blanket off the table, revealing several different styles of dog tails, "I think it would be best if you choose a tail for yourself. Don't you?" He then pulled a small lever and lowered the table to give Pooh a better view.

Pooh put one paw on the table and began glancing at all the beautiful tails in front of him. There were poofy tails, curly tails, thin tails and ones he couldn't even begin to describe. Each one matched his body color exactly. His eyes finally landed on one that was fluffy and had a curl to it. He pawed at it, before looking at Rabbit and giving a happy series of mmmmmmmffff yips.

Rabbit looked down at the tail which Pooh had selected. "The Husky? Alright." He went into one of the rooms off to the side.

Pooh was too busy admiring his soon to be tail to notice that Rabbit had come back with a pair

of scissors, a needle and some yellow thread. He then took a seat in a nearby wooden chair.

"Okay pup," Rabbit stated as he patted the floor in front of him, "come on over and Doctor Rabbit will get you fixed right up."

Pooh pranced over and laid on the floor with his rear facing Rabbit.

"Such a good pup," Rabbit said as he patted Pooh on the backside. "Now hold on, this might sting a bit." He opened the scissors with a loud SHINK and move the open blades over to the small round bear tail. He chewed on his tongue as he saw the seam line and began to slowly close the scissors.

Pooh could hear the metal sliding across metal as the scissors began to close. He put his head on the ground and placed his paws over the top of his muzzle, bracing for what he could imagine was going to be a lot of pain. Just as the scissors were about to make their first cut, a kind male voice began talking into his ears and the circles in his eyes began moving again.

*Don't worry my little pup,* the voice said, *be a good boy and go to sleep. It will all be done soon.* The soothing sound of the voice and the swirls made Pooh very sleepy. Despite the thought of being cut and sewn back together again, the new puppy soon fell fast asleep.

"Oh Pooh. Pooh puppy," Rabbit's voice called into Pooh's ears. "Time to wake up sleepy head."

Pooh was groggy as he slowly woke up. He look up at Rabbit before nuzzling his head against Rabbit's outstretched paw. Rabbit responded by scratching him behind his rubbery ears. The waves of pleasure washed away the remaining sleepiness and began to invigorate and excite him. He lifted his fat body off the floor and began making happy mmmmmmmffff sounds as Rabbit continued to pet him. Oh, how he loved the feeling of being petted like a good puppy!

After he was sure that Pooh was fully awake, Rabbit stopped petting him. "Take a look and see if you like your new tail."

The puppy slowly turned his head towards his rear, not quite sure if he was ready for the new appendage. He finally caught sight on the new curly tail swishing happily back and forth, as if it had a mind of its own. Something else snapped inside his little brain as he saw the swishing item. *This was something to chase!* He growled and tried to bite at the tail with his sealed mouth. He became flustered when the tail smacked him in the nose, making him even more determined to catch the item.

Rabbit chuckled as he watched Pooh begin to chase his new tail. In some ways, he was happy that he would never have to worry about the fat bear coming to steal his honey supply again. At the same time, he was sad that his old friend would be going away with his new master soon. Possibly forever. He was beginning to reconsider his part in making Pooh a puppy when a voice called from the other side of his home.

"What's with the long face Rabbit?" a kind, older voice asked. "After all, we have a happy new puppy on our hands." The man stepped into the room. He wore a shiny black business suit, with a gray shirt and black bow tie. His shoes were a glossy black as well. His face was all black rubber, but one could tell that he had a mustache and a receding hairline with straight hair. His smile beamed as he walked across the room and placed a hand on the plush rabbit's shoulder. "Looks like this puppy is very happy with his new life."

"O-Of course, Master Walter," Rabbit stammered.

"I've told you before Rabbit, just call me by my name," Walter said as he squeezed Rabbit's shoulder. "I'm not your 'master', unless you want me to be?"

Rabbit waved his paws in front of him. "No, no. That won't be necessary Walter."

Walter closed his eyes and grinned. "Good." He then turned his attention to Pooh, who had worn himself out on chasing his tail. "So, pup. Are you ready to go home with me?"

Puppy Pooh finally noticed the other person in the room. His eyes lit up and his tail began wagging energetically when he saw the figure. *MASTER!!* he thought to himself as he bounded across the room. He balanced himself on his back legs and began pawing at the man's leg.

Walter chuckled. "Now, now. I have one more gift for you, pup." He reached into his front jacket pocket. "But I need you to sit first."

The only word that meant anything to Pooh was the word 'sit', which made him stop pawing and sit on the ground with a loud FOOMP! He stared up at the man while his tail continued to wag.

Walter's smile broadened. "Such a good, happy puppy." He pulled a collar and leash out of his pocket. The collar had a silver license tag attached to the front. "And this is just what a good puppy needs before heading out into the world." He quickly wrapped the collar around Pooh's neck before fastening the buckle in the back. "Now, shall we go home?"

Pooh tried his best to bark, but his mouth was still sealed enough so that all he could do was make mmmmmmmffff noises while his tail whipped from side to side with excitement.

"Then let's go pup," Walter said as he picked up the leash. "We have many more puppies to make happy." He then gave Rabbit a wink before leading his new Pooh puppy through a glowing doorway.

Who will be Walter's next 'happy' puppy? Only time will tell.