

It was a rather warm, sunny day in the suburbs; kids playing in the yard, fursons jogging by a home; one that looked like any other on the block. All seemed quiet... until the sounds of crying rang through the walls. An adult, female dingo quickly entered a room and walked towards a crib in the corner where two pups laid. The dingo pups cried and wailed at the top of their lungs as the older dingo, who seemed to be their mother, reached into the cib and scooped them into her arms.

"No, no, no, shh. There, there, mama's here." She said to the two, who still still cried as loud as they could. The Australian canine rocked her little ones in her arms; they were normally well behaved, but there were times where if they were left alone, would bawl up a storm. It was then that she remembered that babies did enjoy being sung to. And she knew just what to sing as she hummed a little tune to catch her young ones' attention.

Baby mine, don't you cry.

Baby mine, dry your eyes~

Soon as she began her song, the two pups ceased their crying and looked up to their mother; it seemed to work as she continued.

Rest your head close to my heart,

Never to part,

Baby of mine~

She smiled as the two puppies giggled and cooed to her, whatever negative feelings they had were now dwindling.

Little ones, when you play,

Don't you mind what they say,

Let those eyes sparkle and shine,

Never a tear,

Baby of mine~

The dingo then sat down upon a rocking chair near the crib and rocked back and forth as she continued singing to her pups.

If they knew all about you,
They'd end up loving you, too,
All those same people who scold you,
What they'd give just for the right to hold you,
From your head to your toes, (Baby mine),
You're so sweet, goodness knows, (Baby mine),
You are so precious to me,
Cute as can be,
Baby of mine,
Baby mine,
Baby mine~

That seemed to do the trick as the young pups yawned, snuggled into their mother's warm embrace, then fell asleep; the older canine smiled as she held her young ones. Only person missing was her husband, oh, how she loved him as much as she loved her young. She felt blessed: blessed to have found the one who was her soulmate and blessed he had given her, not one, but *two* bundles of joy to love and cherish for as long as she lived.

"Sleep tight, my little Brendan and Jennifer."