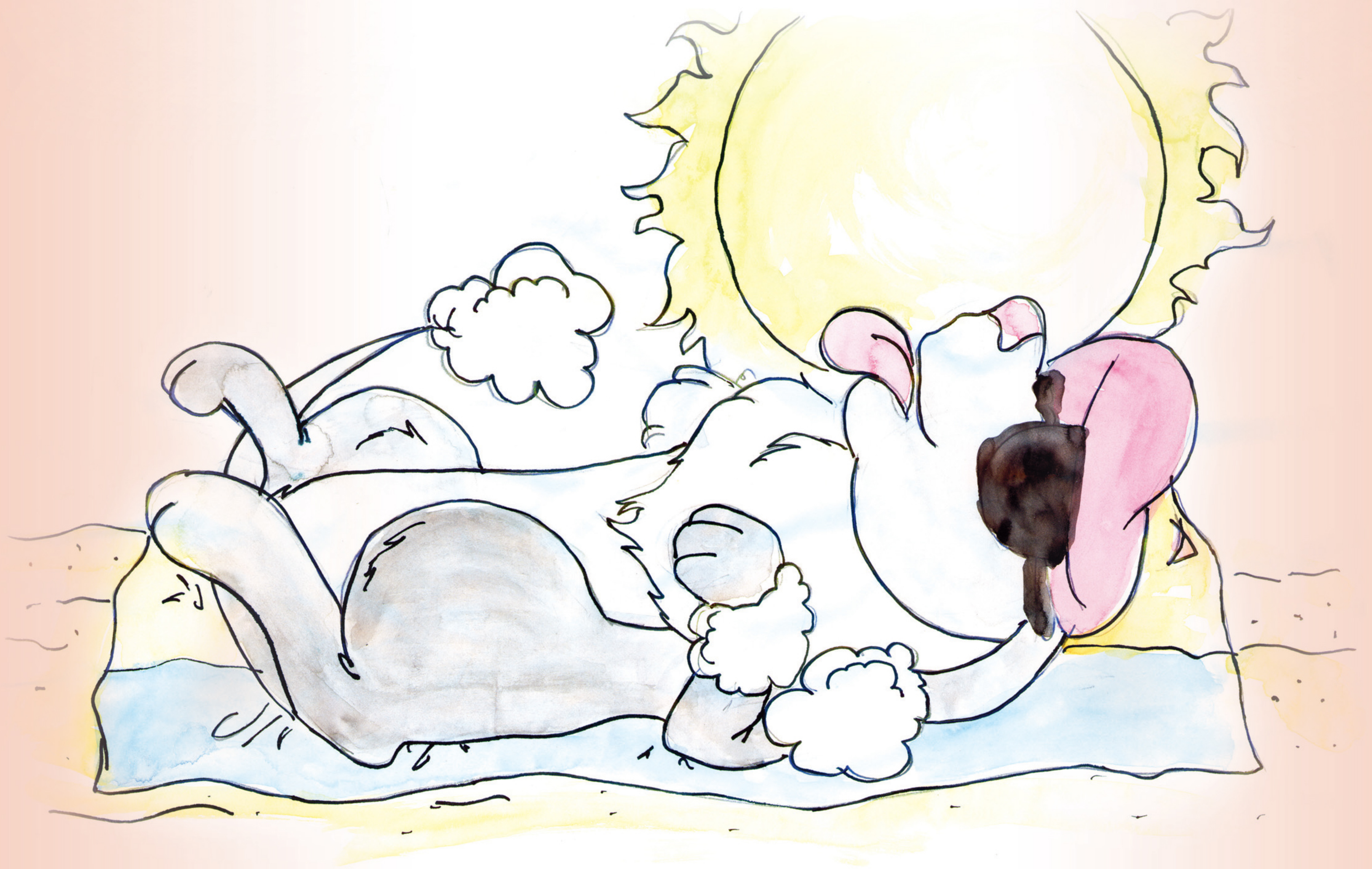


Gussy is Fussy

By James Schaller, M.D.



Watercolors by Jamie Joyce

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by James Schaller, M.D.

Enjoy Dr. Schaller's entire collection of delightful children's stories. Each offers profound comfort, great laughs and a powerful message. These books are available at Amazon.com or as e-books from Dr. Schaller's website, www.personalconsult.com. Over a million people each year find helpful advanced medical information on this site.

Dr. Schaller also offers books and articles on highly relevant topics such as the treatment of child behavior problems, indoor mold illness, Lyme disease, addiction, fatigue, cancer prevention, depression, natural hormones, anxiety and helping individuals deal with troubled father relationships.

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To Ericka Basile

For loving so many people and precious created things.

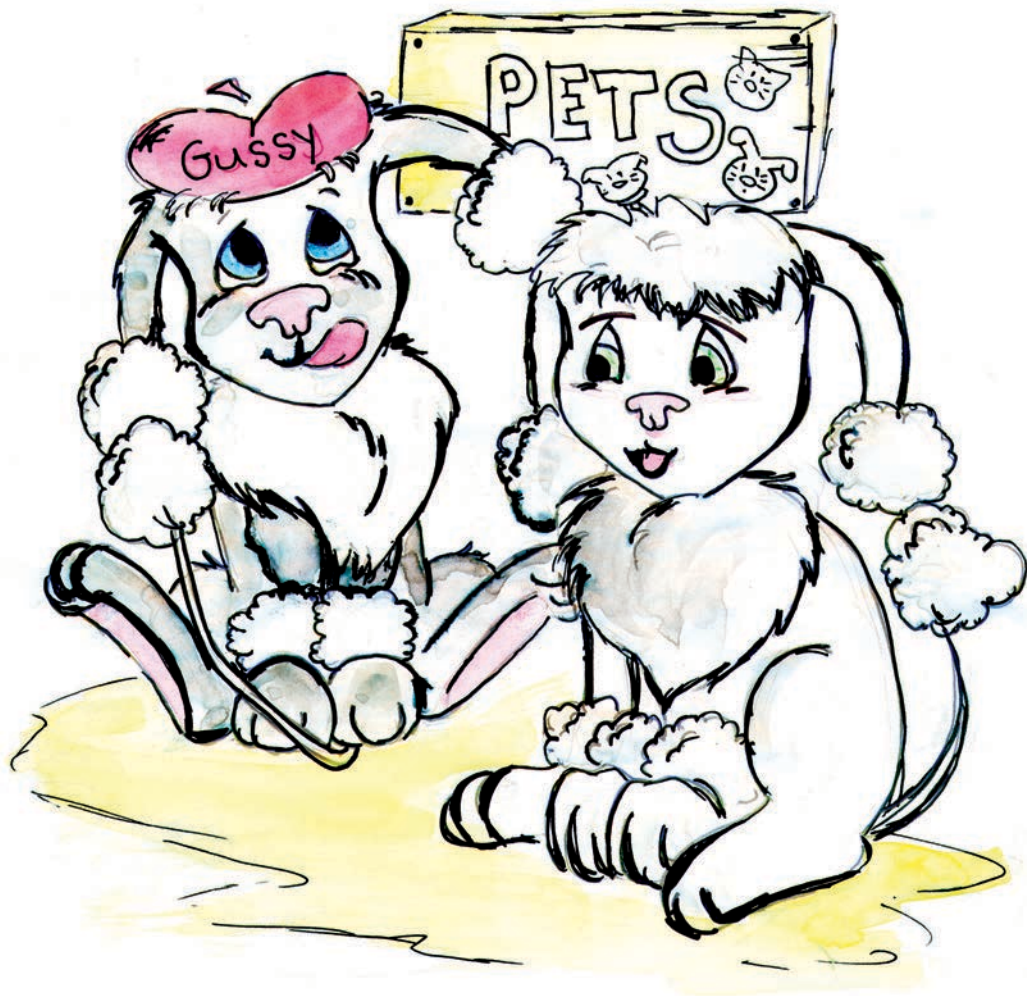
She would be happy to have Gussy dine at her table!

When Gussy was a baby poodle,
I saw him, and I loved him.

He was so cute,
I wanted to buy his sister, too.
But my mother said, “Poodles can be fussy,
and may want to play with you all the time.”

So we just got Gussy.

My next door neighbor, Mr. Tommy Lou, brought Gussy’s sister.
So Gussy and I saw her every day.





My mom was right.
Gussy wanted to play with me all the time.
He wanted to play with me in the morning.

He wanted to play with me at dinner.





And he wanted to play with me in the middle of the night!

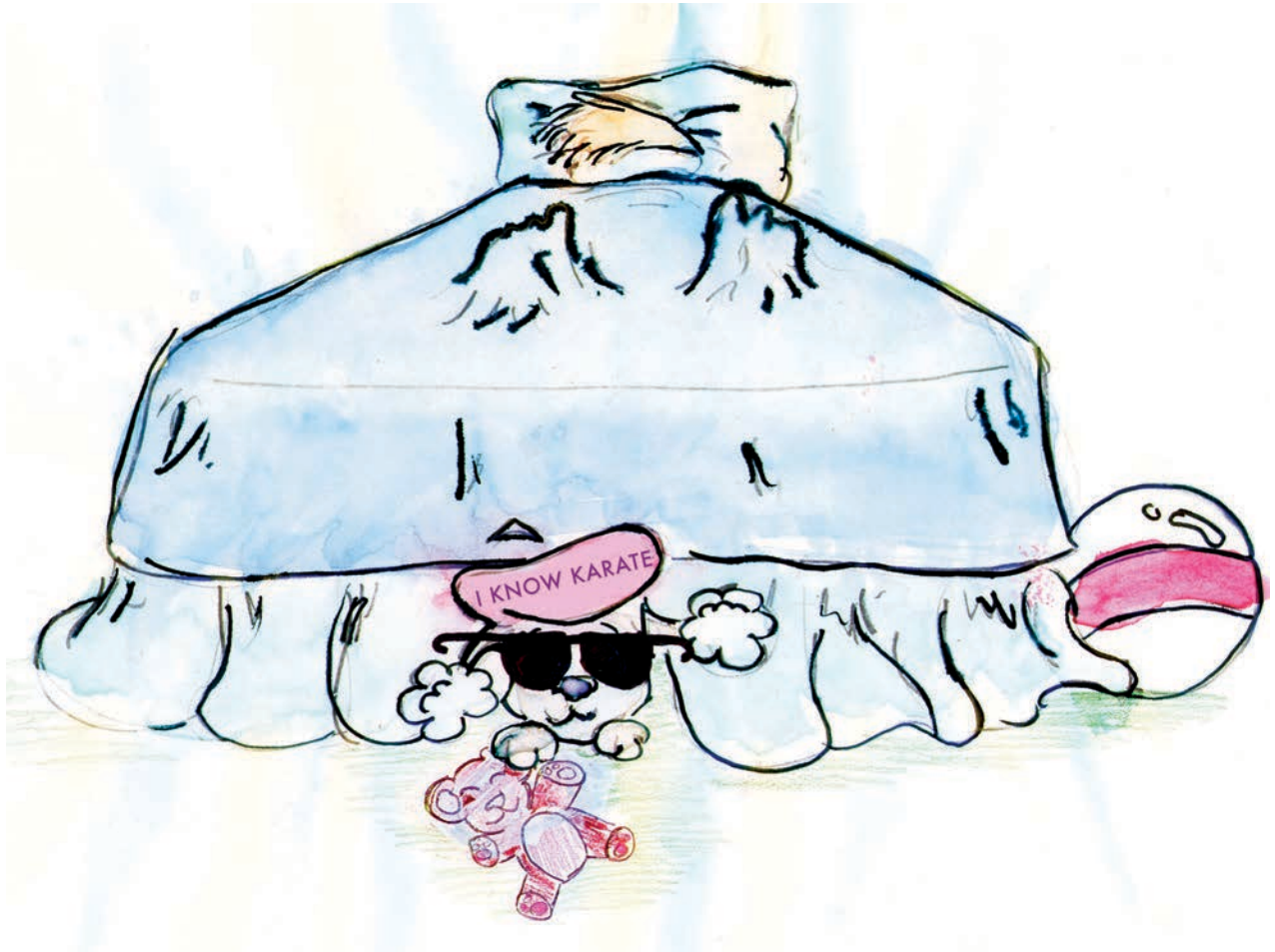
He liked other kids, but he really liked me.





You see Gussy was fussy.
He only loved to play with me.

At night Gussy hid under my bed.
He liked to act like a watchdog.

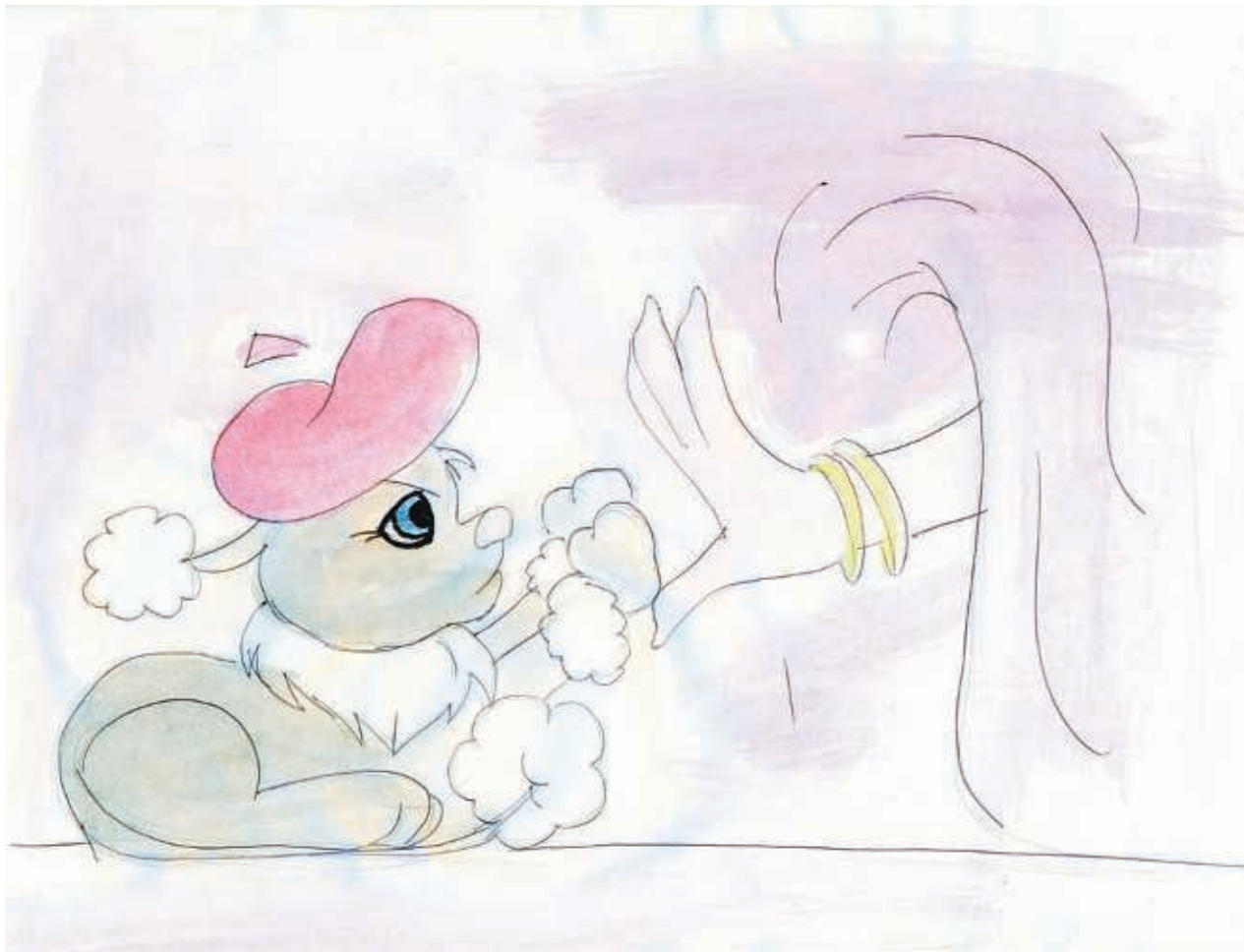




But my mother took him down to his crate.
Because he had pooped on the floor last week, when it was late.

But sometimes Gussy did not like the crate.
He wanted to stay up late.





“Come out from under the bed,” my mom said.
But Gussy refused.
So my mom would reach under the bed to tug Gussy.
Sometimes he would growl.

My mom laughed, “You are silly, Gussy, for growling at me.
I buy your food.”



“Yes, let’s talk about food,” Gussy said.
“You must buy my food from Paris.
Paris food is the best.”



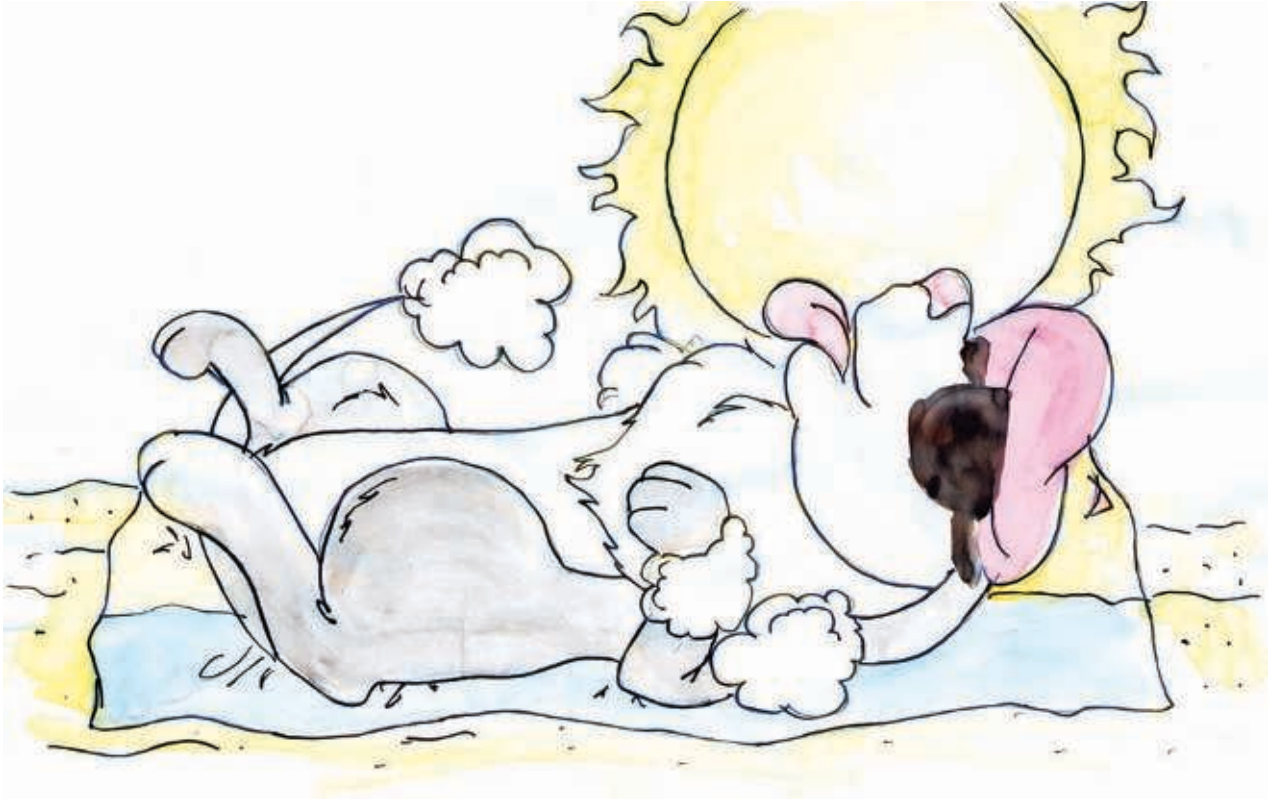


“Gussy, you are too fussy,” my mother said.
“I will not buy Paris food for you.
What a crazy thing to do.”

“But I need cookies and Paris cake,” Gussy whined.
“No,” my mom said, “I will buy you healthy dog food, and some bones.”
“Bones! Yuck. That will not do,” Gussy whined.
“I want cookies and cake, not bones.”

Gussy was very fussy.

Gussy liked to get a tan.
But my dad said, "Too much sun can burn you."

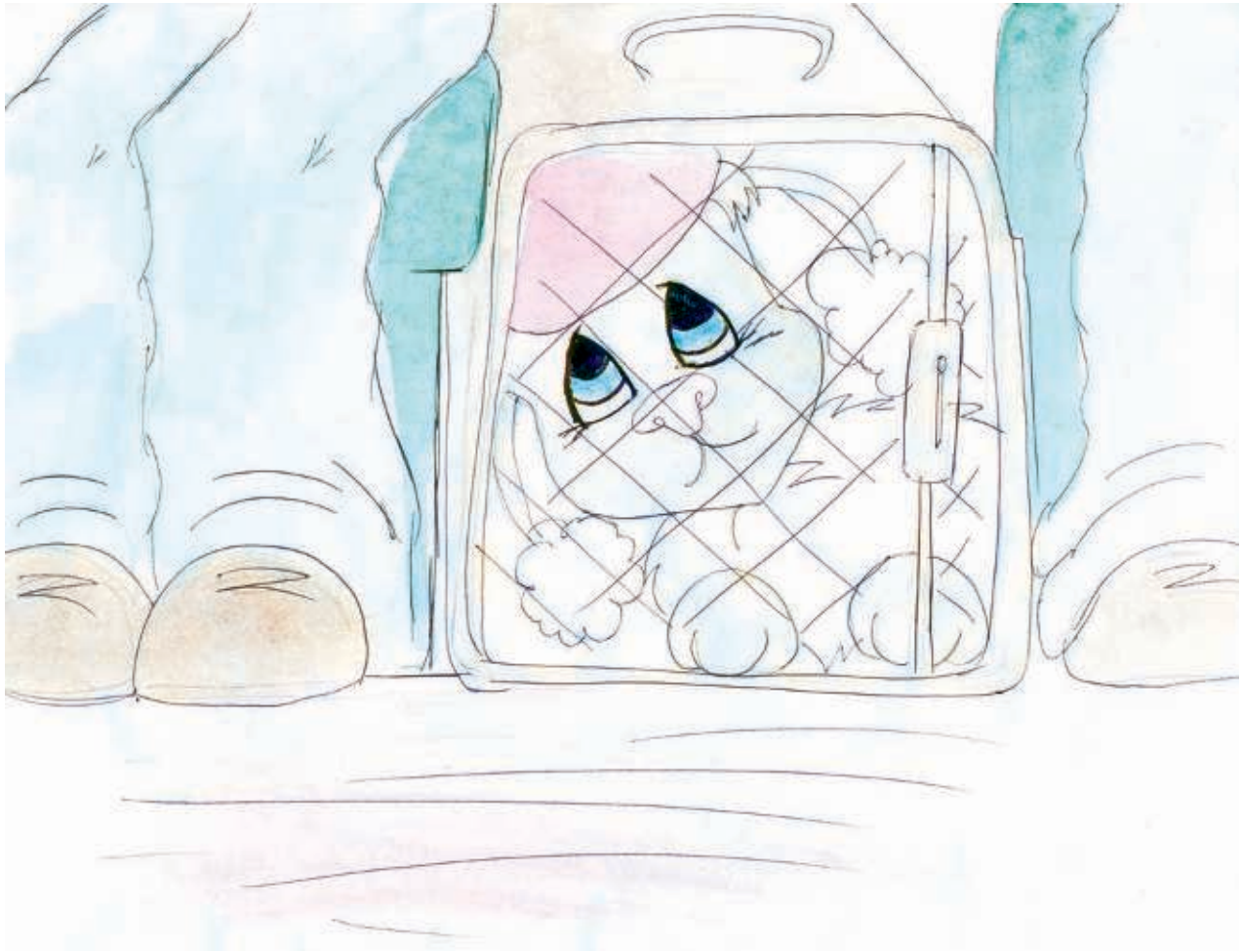


But Gussy was bad. He opened the front door with his paw.
He let himself out. He ran around and did not make a sound.
But he started to frown, as the sun went down.
Gussy had a sunburn.

My dad was nice to him, and put medicine on his burn.
But Gussy said, “You will think I am fussy,
but the best medicine for a burn, is oil from a fern.”



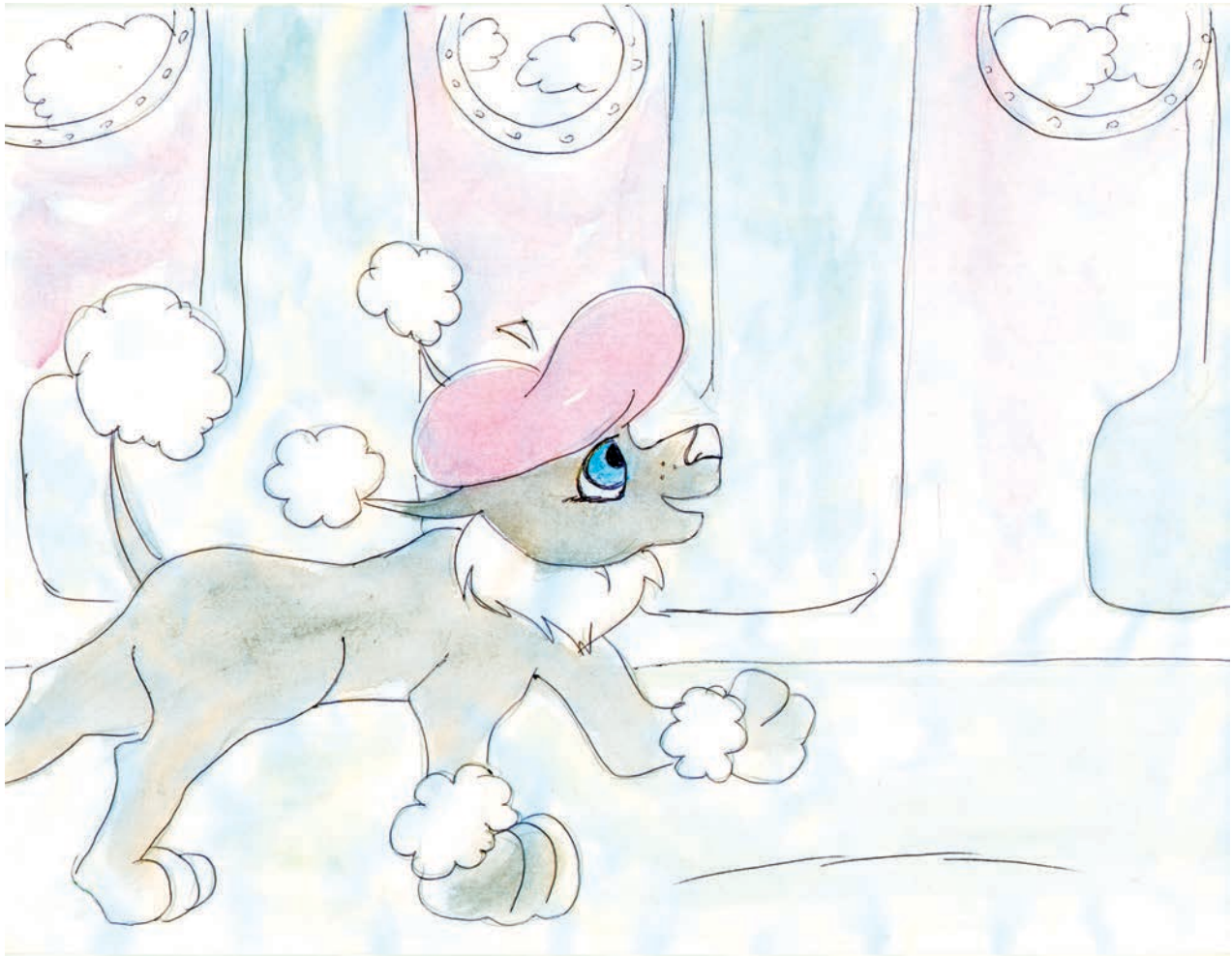
“Gussy, I think that is fussy,”
my dad said. “Oil from a fern will not help a burn.”



After Gussy was better, we went on a plane.
He was in a special doggy carrier bag.
It went under my seat.
It was really fun and neat.

And Gussy liked to fly in the plane.
He would come out and sit on the seat.
He loved to look in our doggy bag,
to see what he was going to eat.
He was looking for cookies and French cake.





When I went to go to the bathroom,
Gussy jumped up and ran down the plane.
“Hey, don’t forget Gussy,” he yelled, as he ran after me.

But the airline man did not like what he saw;
“Hey Gussy, this is a plane.
It is not a place for games.
Please get back in your seat.”

Gussy obeyed.
He went back to his seat
to eat cookies and cake.





Gussy is fussy, but he is also nice.
He is nice to little animals.
My dad got a bird.
Gussy was happy when he heard the bird.
He sang to the bird and asked,
“What do you think of my song?”

And the bird said, "That is very good for a dog."
Gussy was fussy, and tried to sing "perfect songs."
But the bird said, "Just have fun with your songs."
And he and the bird sang long into the night.
Gussy stopped trying to make his songs perfect and right.





Gussy is fussy about his dog treats.

Mom finds them in the wash basket every week.

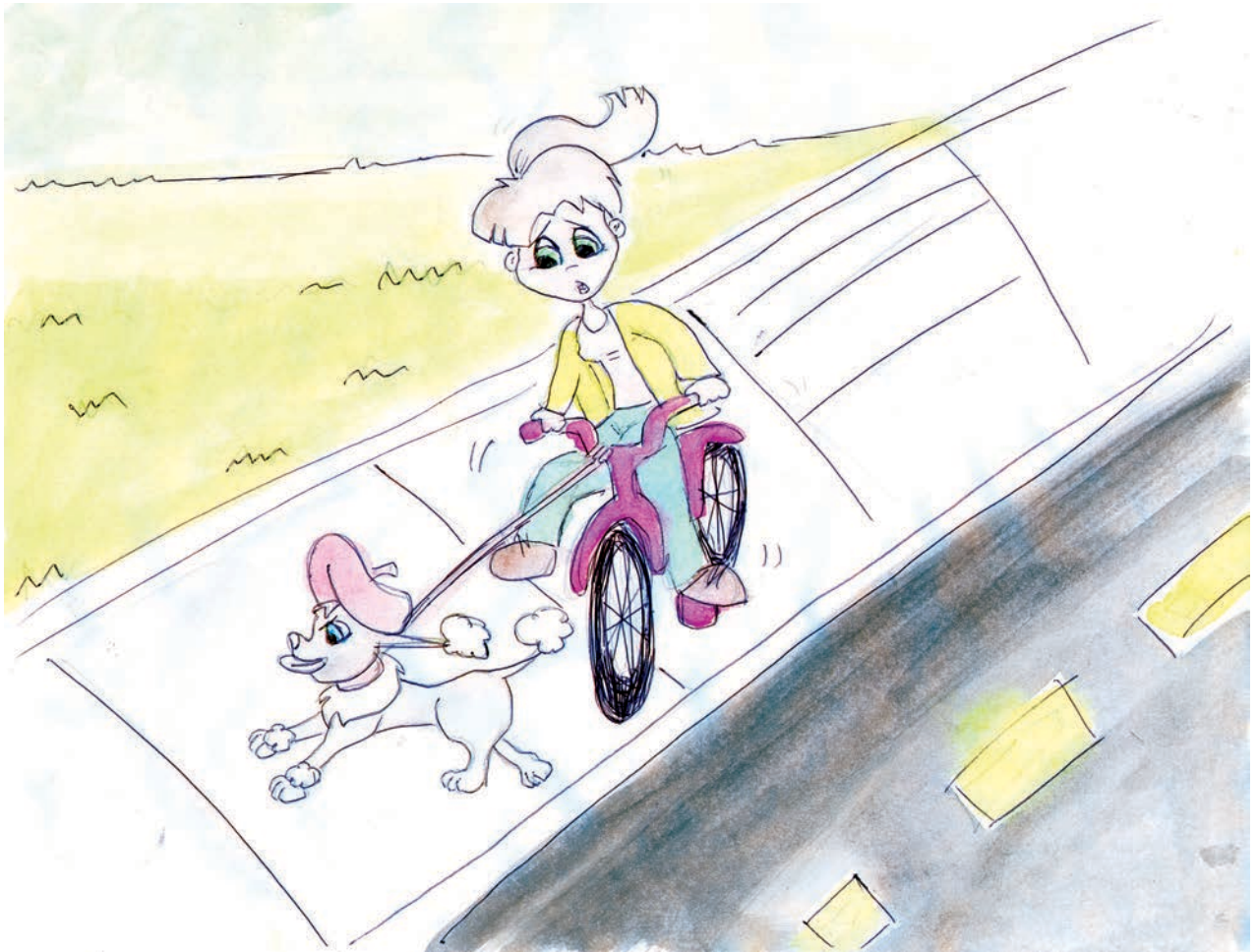
“Why are your treats in the basket of wash?” my mom asked.

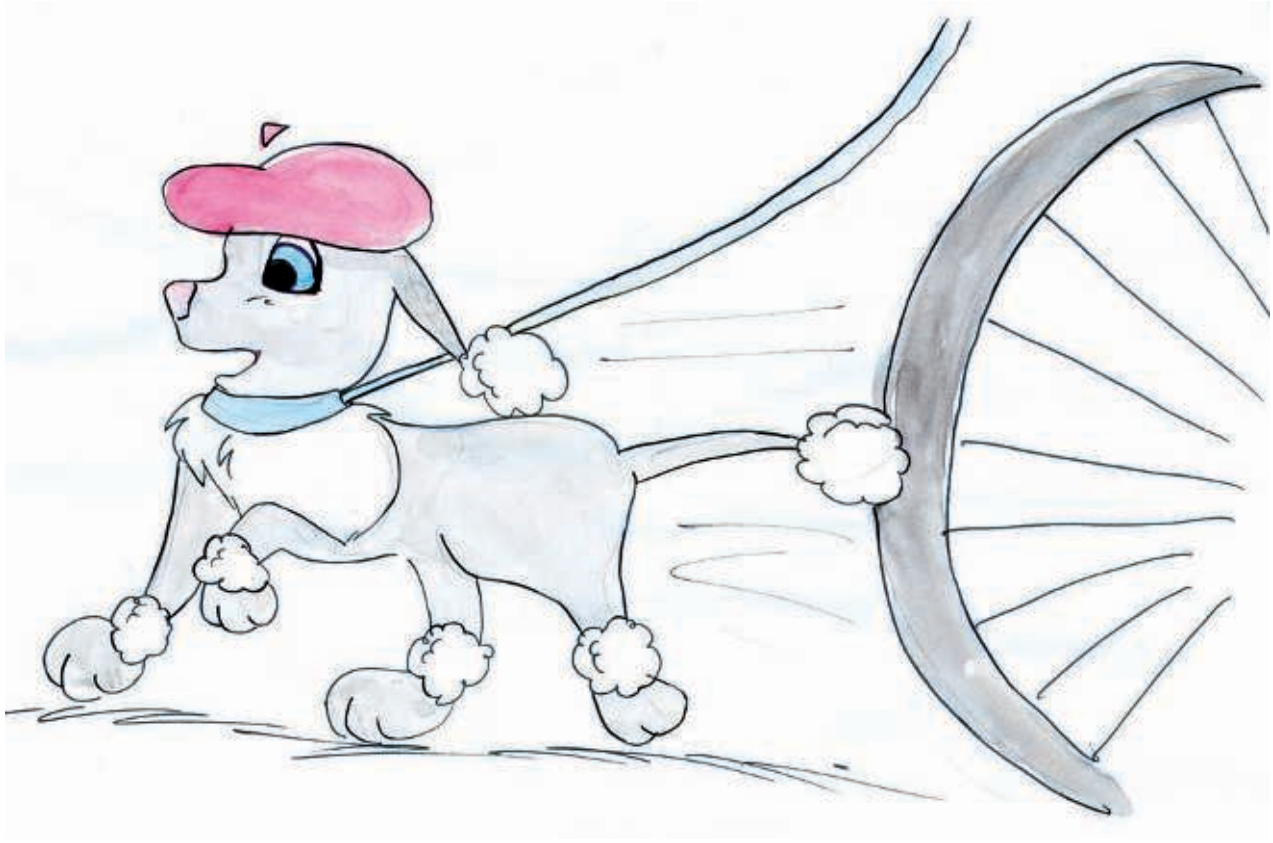
“Because I want them to be clean and shiny,
like the top of French cake,” he said.

“Gussy,” my Mom said, “you are totally fussy.”

Mom takes Gussy out on her bike.
He does not ride the bike; he runs by her side.
He runs on a long, long leash,
So he will not run off.

Some people say, "What a poor little dog being dragged along."
My mom just shakes her head. "They are totally wrong," she says.
"Gussy is stronger than steel, and runs very fast.
That hound is the one dragging me!"





And as they ride down the street Gussy runs too fast.
My mom calls out “Slow down, slow down!”
But Gussy runs and sticks out his chest.
He wants the beagles and boxers to see he is tough.
My mom sure loves Gussy.
Or she would not put up with his nonsense.

Gussy is fussy around a pool.
I should be cleaner, with a shinier coat, " he said.
"But I do not want water on my head."



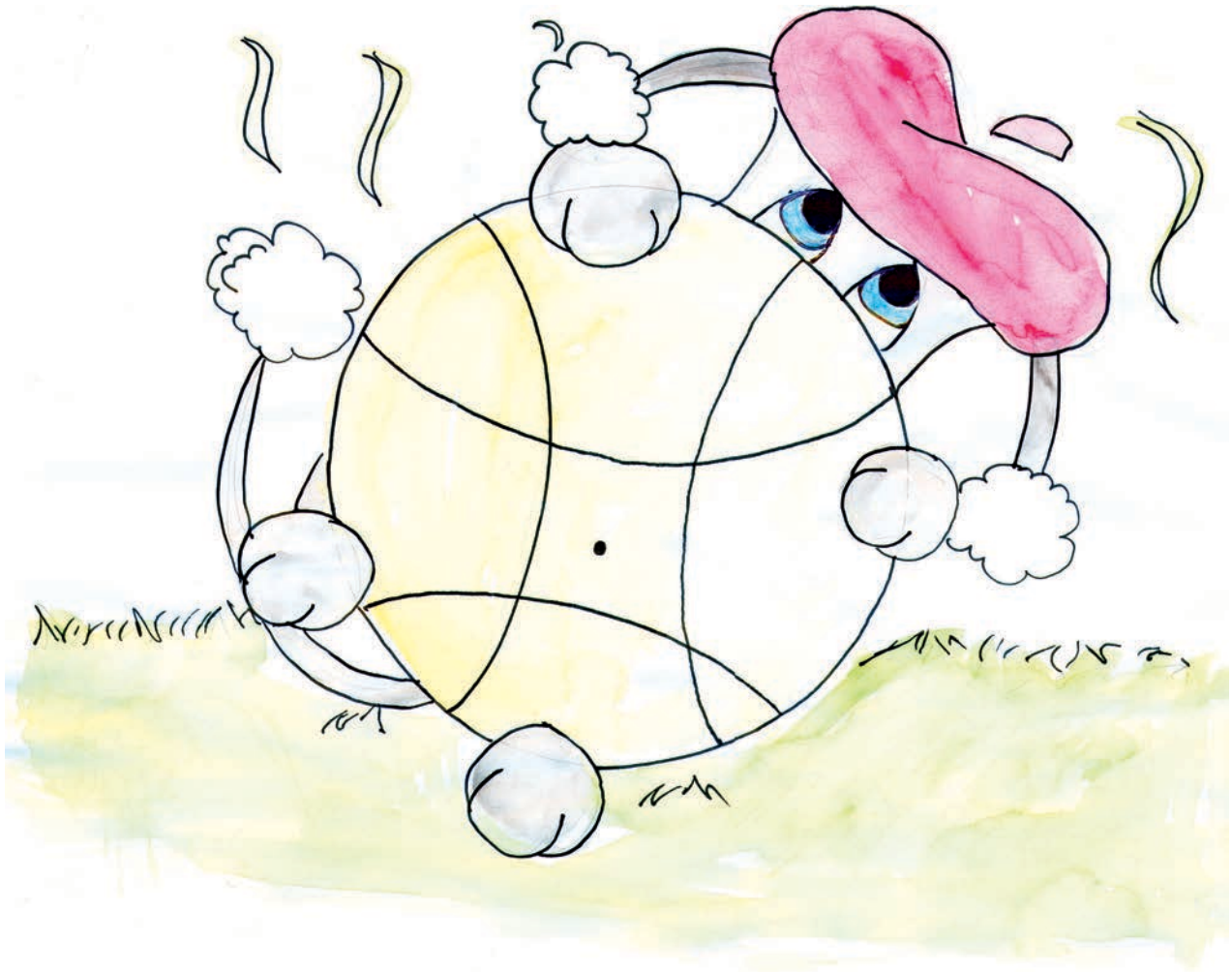
He put his paw in the water, but curled up his toes.
"The water must be cleaner, if I am to wet my nose."



My dad heard this and started to laugh.
“Gussy, you are fussy.”
So Dad let him run through the garden hose.

My friends Eddie, Peter and Pete, come to play with me after school.
Gussy thinks he is a kid too, and tries to act real cool.
We play basketball, baseball, and Kalamazoo pool.





Gussy joins in all these games,
and no one tells him he smells like a zoo.

Gussy is a fussy eater.
Since he does not believe he is a dog,
he asks for people food.
Gussy asks that the spice be “just right.”

“Look in this mirror,” my mom said. “You are a dog.”

“All I see is a French movie star,” Gussy said.
“And a very handsome one.”





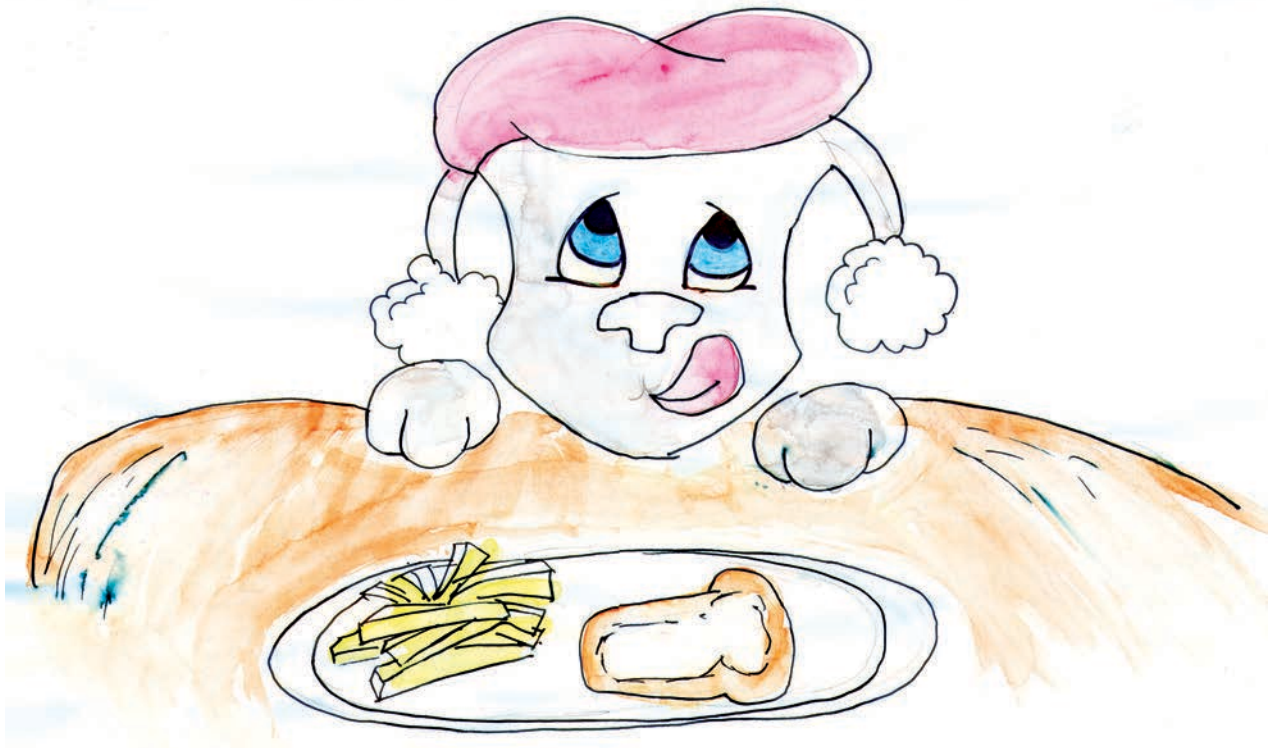
My mom shook her head.
She said, "I do not know what to say.
You are handsome, but you are a dog."

"Okay," Gussy said. "I will agree I am a dog,
if I can eat French cake, and not eat like a hog."

Gussy sneaks people food.

If we walk away from our meal,
he jumps on top of the table.





He eats our French toast and French Fries!

“What did I do wrong? he asked.

“I am a French poodle, so I like French food.

Do you have any cookies or cake?

And I would love some noodles.”

My mother does not like to hear this nonsense.

”Gussy I like you,” she said. “But you cannot eat our food.

It is rude.”

Gussy is fussy, but now he knows where to poop.
He stands at the door and twirls in a loop.
My mom lets Gussy out of his crate.
Then he goes to the bathroom outside,
and not when it is too late.





In the morning, Gussy tries to jump in our van.
“I am coming to your school to study French!” he says.
“But Gussy, my school is fussy,” I explain.
And does not allow dogs to come to school.”

“Of course they don’t, but I am not a dog,
I am a French Prince, and a Duke of Tooty.”

Gussy is fussy and fun.
He is really like no one.
He thinks he is a King's son.
He is funny, silly, and jumps higher than a bunny.



Gussy is happy when I get home.





He jumps up and down.
And runs all around.
He treats me nice.
So I do not care if he is a little fussy.

All I know is that Gussy is fussy.
But he is not fussy about me.
He really loves to play with me.





Gussy is a good dog.
He loves me.
And I love him.

The End



Dr. James Schaller is the author of fourteen books. He is a highly creative therapist and physician, who cures and comforts children from all over the world. His message to children is that they are never alone and are deeply loved. True love for a child sometimes includes teaching them the joys of having a pet. In this highly playful and fun book, children learn the joy and amusement of having a dog.

“Dr. J.” knows and loves children. His care includes many medical breakthroughs to help children—discovering a “cure” for a rare blood cancer, and creating transdermal creams for the painless treatment of fever, nausea, joint damage, diarrhea, panic attacks and infections. Dr. Schaller works to heal children with behavior problems as well, including through, *When You Are Losing Your Mind Over Your Child: 100 Real Solutions*, which offers powerful answers for parents who know “something is being missed.”

Dr. Schaller is a specialist in child and adolescent psychiatry. His powerful insights are published in many of the top research journals specializing in pediatrics, neurology, psychology and medicine. His writings have been translated into many languages.

“Dr. J.” also knows that without lightness and laughter, children are bored. He will do almost anything to amuse a child, including dancing and singing in his office. “What music is more lovely than hearing a child laugh?”

Visit www.personalconsult.com where millions have read his helpful ideas.

Dr. Schaller resides with his wife and children in Florida.

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for animals.***

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