

The Corgi Chronicles

Adventures in Love, Laughter, and Life

Short Legs. Big Feelings. Endless Adventures.

By Steve Ewen

Back-of-Book Blurb

What if life's biggest lessons came from a short-legged chaos agent with a ginormous heart?

The Corgi Chronicles proves they do—through laugh-out-loud adventures brimming with warmth, wit, and the occasional tear (plus plenty of treats).

Meet Maddie, a flamboyant Pembroke Welsh Corgi with the precociousness of a five-year-old human and the vocabulary of a seasoned chaos poet. From midnight towel conspiracies to soggy treasure hunts, drive-thru dive-throughs (literally), and heartfelt letters about trust and love, her antics will have readers laughing one moment and clutching their hearts the next.

Told through a lively blend of narrative prose, script-style scenes, and satirical asides—think mock-news reports and faux-academic “research” conducted by Maddie—these stories celebrate the essential connections we all crave. Beneath the comedy runs a quiet current of empathy and resilience: the courage to love without conditions, the patience to listen, and the trust that transforms mayhem into meaning.

For humor lovers and dog devotees young and old, and families seeking both giggles and depth, *The Corgi Chronicles* invites readers into a world where every zoomie and belly laugh carries a small but mighty truth about becoming our best selves.

About the Author

Steve Ewen is a linguist anthropologist, dog behaviorist, therapy-dog trainer, accomplished chef, and devoted dog dad in Wisconsin's Northwoods. Alongside Maddie—his certified therapy corgi who spreads joy wherever she wiggles her butt—he chronicles their many misadventures (or, as Maddie jumbles them into, *havedentures*) with warmth, wit, and a keen eye for the quirks of human and canine bonds. Together, they explore the chaos, comedy, and quiet lessons that turn ordinary moments into heartfelt stories—where life's greatest lessons come bounding in on four short legs.

Query Letter

Dear [Agent Name],

What if life's biggest lessons came from a short-legged chaos agent with a ginormous heart?

The Corgi Chronicles proves they do—through laugh-out-loud adventures brimming with warmth, wit, and the occasional tear.

Narrated in a hybrid of comedic prose, script-style dialogue, personal letters, faux news reports, and academic “research,” *The Corgi Chronicles* follows Maddie—a flamboyant Pembroke Welsh Corgi with the precociousness of a five-year-old human and the vocabulary of a seasoned chaos poet—as she navigates late-night “towel conspiracies,” soggy treasure hunts, and heartfelt reflections on trust, love, and even loss. Maddie’s voice blends childlike wonder with absurd logic, bringing humor and heart in equal measure.

At ~65,000 words, this humor/memoir hybrid will appeal to readers who love Jenny Lawson’s blend of hilarity and honesty, James Herriot’s animal charm, Allie Brosh’s quirky sincerity, and Helen Hunt Jackson’s (*Letters from a Cat*) earnestness. It’s a giftable, read-aloud family-friendly book with unmistakable crossover potential for illustrated adaptations.

I am a linguist, educator, dog behaviorist, therapy-dog trainer, and private chef. Maddie is my certified therapy dog. She loves bringing healing joy to hurting people in hospitals, nursing homes, and schools—while inspiring the real-life stories behind these pages.

Thank you for your time and consideration. I’d be delighted to send the full manuscript.

Warm regards,
Steve Ewen, M.Ed.

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- **The Inner Lives of Goldfish** – Maddie's field research on the googly-eyed things

Cast of Characters (Condensed)

Maddie “The Snorch” Stonebone – The flamboyant Pembroke Welsh Corgi narrator with the emotional range of a five-year-old human, the vocabulary of a chaos poet, and unwavering confidence in her self-awarded titles.

Steve (SteveDad) – Maddie’s beloved Dog Dad; therapy-dog trainer, and emotional anchor in every storm (and snack negotiation).

Mom (Becky) – Reluctant Dog Mom; dog-leery but kind, with mysterious household rules Maddie can’t decode.

Barkley Tiddlewink, C.I.A. – Maddie’s Schnauzer best friend and local conspiracy theorist.

Roy Weirdman (Ol’ Mailbox Yeller) – Barkley’s eccentric human dad, sworn enemy of his mailbox, lawn grass, and paperwork.

Smellwell – Maddie’s favorite *Stevekid*; leukemia survivor and legendary fishing buddy.

Snackannah – Smellwell’s wife; forbidden-cookie-scented and lap-luxury certified.

Sample Chapter: Towel Terror at 3:01 AM

A dim glow from the bedside lamp casts long, yawning shadows along the walls. Outside, a distant car hums past, its headlights sweeping through the window before fading into the night. The bedroom settles into quiet—a pillowy refuge after a long day. Steve lies curled in bed, alone tonight, one arm tucked into a chilly feather pillow, teetering on sleep’s edge.

From her floor bed, Maddie fidgets, unable to settle into her comfy-cozy zone. An idea sparks. She rises, stretches long and slow, and rumbles a deeply hummed note. Steve stirs as her grumble breaks the air. Maddie looks up, expectant, eyes locked on her dad.

STEVE (*sleepily, looking down*)
What is it, girl?

MADDIE

Dad, I know it’s your and Mom’s space, but I really want to get up in bed with you

tonight.

STEVE

Well, Mom had to go care for Grandma tonight, so I think we can get away with it. Want help up—or are you doing the corgi launch?

MADDIE (*indignant*)

‘Scuse me? I *got* this!

(Maddie sizes up her spring—LEAPS—and lands perfectly. Instant kiss-attack—SMOOCHIES!—butt wiggling furiously.)

STEVE (*affectionate, petting, chuckling*)

Good girl. You’re my very good gurl.

(Maddie digs in, snuggles close, draping her neck over Steve’s, and settles cheek to cheek. A melody of corgi grunts drum from her throat. Her presence makes the empty space by Mom’s absence feel less cold.)

STEVE (*half-asleep, grinning*)

Night’s for sleeping, not grunt-operas—right?

(Maddie grums back once to say “yes.” They fall asleep molded together. The room is still.)

(Hours pass...)

STEVE (*waking*)

Um... Maddie, my bladder just sent an urgent memo. I gotta pee! So you gotta scooch, pooch.

MADDIE (*yawning, dramatic*)

Ugh! Fine. You hoomins and your puny-teeny blabbers.

STEVE (*swings legs out*)

Tell me about it. *(Gets up, heads for the door.)*

(The bedroom clock flicks in the quiet, amplifying Maddie’s tension.)

MADDIE (*lifts head quickly, stands, eyes wide*)

DAD—WAIT!!! It could *sm-smudder* you!

STEVE (*hand on hip*)

Maddie, *it's the bathroom*. What could—

MADDIE (*grave whisper*)

—*The Terrible Towel*.

STEVE

The *what* now??

MADDIE (*confidently*)

Barkley posted about it on *DogFace Book*. He *knows* things, Dad. He's got a whole thread—he made red circles and green arrows and *everything*—to prove how Big Dryer funds and sneaks Terrible Towels into stores. He also says *Sneaksocks* vanish in pairs! You should warn Mom!

(*Steve stares, weighing how far to push back.*)

MADDIE (*continuing solemnly*)

...*The Terrible Towel* hangs there ... *waiting* ... *watching* ... *plotting* ... No one is safe!

STEVE

Maddie, that was ME waving a towel at you. *Six months ago*. You had a complete meltdown. And now it's turned into—

MADDIE (*interrupting*)

—*and at night!*—that's when the Terrible Towel STRIKES. He FLIES LIKE A GHOST—then BOOM! *Sm-smuddered*...

STEVE (*bladder protesting*)

Scary but *towel-ally* ridiculous. Are you pitching me a *Night of the Flying Towel* movie... (*Glances at clock.*) ...at 3:01 a.m.?

MADDIE (*insistent*)

Sit. Stay. Here. I'll check first! It's safer.

STEVE

Not necessary. But thank you for your concern.

MADDIE (*eyes darting*)

Well, I don't he-e-e-ar the *Terrible Towel* right now, but... (*Peers toward the bathroom, shudders slightly.*) Still feels sus!

STEVE

Look, I'll be okay. Really. I'm pretty big. You're just imagining shadows. This sounds like just another one of Barkley's kooky conspiracies—like the one where TV wires do mind control.

MADDIE (*puzzled*)

What are con... *spear* sees??

(*Beat.*)

MADDIE (*submissive, suspicious*)

But you're *my* Dad. So I'll stay... if you insist-insist-insist.

STEVE

Sounds good. Stay. I *really* gotta go.

MADDIE

All right, but I'm keeping my ears on high alert. If I hear *anything* besides potty-tinkles, I'll save you. Crack the door!

STEVE (*smiling*)

Okay, thanks. That really makes me feel safe.

(*Steve heads to the bathroom. Maddie sits rigid, ears locked like satellite dishes. Steve returns.*)

MADDIE (*LEAPING up*)

OHMYDOG! YOU SURVIVED!!

(*She frantically sniffs him, paws on his chest, eyes wide.*)

DID THE TERRIBLE TOWEL ATTACK??

STEVE (*yawning*)

The towel just... hung there. On the rack. The whole time.

MADDIE (*sagging, then huffing*)

WHAT. A. RELIEF. That was EXHAUSTING! Can we maybe go back to snuggle-snoozing now?

STEVE

For sure... but first—

(Steve leaves again. Maddie tenses. He returns, backlit, hiding something behind his back—then FLOP!)

MADDIE *(PANIC)*

NOOOOOOO!! *(She scrambles backward—combat-corgi mode.)*

STEVE

See? Just a towel.

MADDIE *(dramatic)*

Achoo! Achoo!

(beat)

I think it just moved.

(She creeps forward, buries her nose into the terry cloth threat.)

SNIFF—SNIFF—SNEEFF—SNARF.

MADDIE *(looking up)*

I *knew* it!

(beat)

It's playing dead.

STEVE *(facepalms)*

You sweetie-goon. Can we just go back to sleep before it sprouts bat wings or poisonous fangs inside that adore-a-brain of yours?

MADDIE *(firm)*

GET THAT THING OUTTA HERE!

(Steve sighs, removes the towel, returns. The room settles. Clock flickers. They curl up again. From the bathroom, a faucet drips—faint, maybe Morse code. Maddie's ears flick. Her stump-tail thumps. Slower... slower...)

MADDIE *(nose tucked under Steve's arm)*

Darned towel... always plotting... Barkley was right all along...

(Sleep.)