

Scooby Saves the Day

Andy and I were out double sledding. We left the yard with two small teams, and tied the whole shebang together out by Dee Lake. We hooked the sleds together and finished lining out the dogs. I had just pulled the hook, with Andy on the whip sled. With a crack the bridle broke, and twelve revved up dogs shot off down the trail leaving us standing on our motionless sleds.

Andy and I looked at each other in horror. When you loose a team, there's a good chance a dog will get hurt or even dead. They're bred and trained to run, and they keep going even if someone gets tangled up or falls down. Not only that, but we were right before a crossroads They could go literally anywhere and probably not run into another soul.

We sprinted after the team shouting 'whoa', as if we thought we could catch up or they might stop. We got to the intersection, but couldn't tell which way they went. Andy ran right after (we hoped) the team, and I turned towards the parking lot. Only half a mile away, and maybe I could find a four-wheeler to borrow, or at least a phone to call for more help. I couldn't think how we would ever catch up to the dogs, or even figure out where to go, but we had to do something.

I got a few hundred yards, shedding layers as I ran. Then I heard Andy back behind me shouting that the team had come back. What? I thought. That doesn't happen. Teams run, they don't turn around.

I scrambled back to where Andy was hanging on to the gangline trying to restrain the excited team. The dogs all seemed very pleased with themselves, and weren't even tangled too badly.

Scooby, who was in wheel, was leading the group with a big goofy grin. Twelve dogs in a tangle don't usually all go in the same direction, but he powered on and brought them in. He must have decided a flight without pilots wasn't a good idea and turned the team back to us. Scooby - you're the best!