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| <p>Late one spring, in the far north, where the sun must contemplate melting the snow, a young mother desired her two young sons to taste the adventures of nature that she so loved.</p>  | <p>1<br/>Sun over trees</p>                 |
| <p>So she gathered up her children, and headed out to bask in the sun's lingering thoughts by exploring the nearby snow-en-shrouded woods. Accompanying the adventurous trio were three fur-bearing companions; an ancient black-flecked terrier, a fresh-to the world husky pup, and a stout, fire-in-the-belly, ruler-of-the-roost, alarm-raising, beagle mix named Dexter.</p>  | <p>2<br/>Peter's 1<sup>st</sup> drawing</p> |
| <p>With spring excitement leading the way, the little band came to a fork in the trail, to the right, a much traveled path, to left however, lay the satisfying prospects of an uncharted snowshoe trail. And even though the sun's thoughts were beginning to wane, the mother decided to lead her little expedition down the road less traveled. The group marched on as the woods drew in around them, and man's place became second.</p>       | <p>3<br/>Dogs frolicking along walkers</p>  |
| <p>When the heaviness of journey-weary legs and pre-dinner hunger pangs, so familiar to small school-worn little boys, caused the children to begin craving the comforts of home, the mother knew it was time to head back. Even though the unsatisfied call for further exploration lingered tantalizingly before her,</p>  | <p>4<br/>Scene of home</p>                  |
| <p>the mother's eyes scoured the unfamiliar surroundings through the softly falling snow, searching for a clue that would lead them back to the main trail. Unable to discern the way, a question began to nag her, had she gone too far in her quest for adventure? As she quickly buried traces of the slight concern she felt, she became distinctly aware that someone or something was watching her little troupe. Her momentary concern,</p> | <p>5<br/>Lone head against wilderness</p>   |

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| <p>which was quickly turning to suppressed panic, was at once alleviated as the path they were travelling intersected familiarity</p>   |  |
| <p>Relief flooded her senses as she breathed to herself, “We made it.” She added joyfully to her children, “It’s all downhill from here!” Her older son bent down and scooped up the lagging husky, whose impish legs were spent, and they all briskly started towards home.</p> <p>Suddenly, from the left, Dexter broke free from the group, sprinting off to investigate a scent. Now because this is the habit of all beagle dogs, who are bred to follow their noses and whose instincts often overpower common sense, the mother was not worried. She knew Dexter would satisfy his burning beagle curiosity, then rejoin his ambling pentad with happy satisfaction.</p> | <p>6<br/>Thomas scooping up Sasha</p>                                  |
| <p>“Come on Dexter, lets go,” the mother mindlessly called over her shoulder as the little group began their descent, and the daylight waned, and the drifting flakes became like quarters.</p>   | <p>7<br/>Transition to scene where fight sounds come from woods</p>    |
| <p>The snow-muted sounds enveloping the travelers were suddenly pierced by a high-pitched shriek. A snarling, screaming quarrel ensued from somewhere in the wintery forest. Amidst a chorus of young cries and pleading calls, a decision had to be made. As the dutiful, black-flecked terrier stood guard, the mother, acquiescing to her sons’ love for their dog, left her little band and ran towards the now silent woods.</p>   | <p>8<br/>Mother running toward woods with family in the background</p> |
| <p>What would she find? Terrifying scenarios flashed through her mind as she retraced the steps of their journey.</p>   | <p>9<br/>Running with bubble with horrible scene inside</p>            |
| <p>Shouts from her now vulnerable children snapped her from her preoccupation with what may lay ahead. ‘What have I done!’ she angrily thought to herself as</p>  | <p>10<br/>Running back toward children</p>                             |

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| <p>she abandoned all thoughts of Dexter, and charged back toward the sound of her children’s shouting voices. As she neared her children, their incomprehensible shouts became clear- had she found Dexter?</p>   |  |
| <p>As she knelt down with them, she softly told her sons that she wasn’t going to leave them again, and that Dexter was going to have to fend for himself.</p>  | <p>11<br/>Mother kneeling down</p>               |
| <p>With tearful acceptance, the disheartened group continued their trek towards the safety of home, all the while calling hopefully to their beloved beagle dog.</p>  | <p>12<br/>Group heading back with heads down</p> |
| <p>And then, from the curtain of the woods, Dexter appeared. He trotted steadfastly toward his family. Unhurried, his long, floppy ears jostled rhythmically, as his little beagle tail, carried a touch lower than normal, bobbed proudly behind.</p>  | <p>13<br/>Dexter appearing from the woods</p>    |
| <p>Shortly following, with head lowered and body switchbacking across the trail like a snake, came a wolf. The sight of his menacing, predatory gait struck fear into the mother’s heart. She watched the wolf warily as he scrutinized their downhill progress. The mother then realized that often, simple experiences are more enjoyable than harrowing ones, and that sometimes, even a little adventure can be enough.</p>       | <p>14<br/>Wolf following with head lowered</p>   |
| <p>As the shouting, arm-waving group backed safely down the hill, the wolf’s gaze lifted from the receding flock, coming to rest upon the portly, jet black, little creature trailing them. Undoubtedly intrigued, and a bit chagrined as well, the wolf wondered to himself as he eyed the distancing group; what type of creature was it that had eluded him? Had he not gripped it in his jaws, and felt its plump little body</p> | <p>15<br/>Wolf’s head looking toward group</p>   |

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| between his teeth? But somehow...   |                         |
| What <i>was</i> that little creature?<br>Well, what that wolf didn't know<br>of course, was that little rounded<br>creature was Dexter, the beagle dog. | 16<br>Picture of Dexter |