

Scooby Does

By Lynette Sheffield

Scooby is my Jack Russell Terrier. He's a little guy with a big heart and probably a pea-sized brain. He has decided that the biggest threat to world peace and my personal safety is cows.

Scooby hates cows. When he's riding around in my car and spots one of the loathsome bovines, he basically goes nuts. He barks, snarls and foams at the mouth. He'll dash from one end of the van to the other, rarely touching down. The dog can fly.

He'll bump his nose against the windows leaving nose prints and dog snot all over them. Usually, the cows ignore his bluster but if one of them should happen to look up, he cranks up the insanity another notch and can wet himself in the process.

Driving through our hometown exposes him to small herds but a trip to San Diego nearly blew away what little brains he had.

From Central Oregon to San Diego, there is a lot of variety in the terrain. Scooby noticed after a while, that cattle were not to be found in the wooded areas. As we passed through forests, he would use the time to nap.

But a flat area, especially if it was covered in grass, would send him up to full alert. He would whip his head back and forth, trying to decide if the threat was real. Sheep were false alarms. He might bark a time or two at llamas or horses, but he saved up his real attacks for cows.

The further south we traveled, the larger the herds got. Finally, we approached the infamous stockyards of Stockton, California.

As the car went over the rise in the freeway, the cattle came into view. There were cows as far as the little doggie eye could see. Acres and acres of cows were everywhere seemingly going on forever.

I watched my dog with great concern as his eyes bugged out about half an inch. You could smell the brain synapses frying as the gears whirled inside of his little head. You could almost read his thoughts. "Which cow do I bark at first? That one? This one?"

Then, it happened. His little cranium burned out. His lower jaw actually dropped as he stared open-mouthed at the endless supply of barking targets. No sound came out of his little mouth as he slowly sat down.

He crawled to the back of the van, trembled and closed his eyes. The dogs back home were never going to believe this one.