

Husky: pea soup and warm summer night



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

There are times when I enjoyed the cold, dark and dreary days outside. I could snuggle up by the fire with hot tea and enjoy the warmth. There were also times when I wish we lived somewhere like Hawaii, where I could lie in a beach chair by the eaves, simply thinking about... Thing. Sadly, things aren't like that around here. Cold summers, freezing winters and the sun never visits. " I'm home! " I call through our seemingly empty log house. No one answers. Typical. When I hear silence, I feel like I have nothing to do and nowhere to be. I turn the kitchen light on and the room looks so cold. I could see my breath, slowly coming out of my mouth as a foggy mist. I throw my bag onto the floor and hang my keys up. I still keep my five layers on so I don't freeze my ass off. I slowly turn around and our eyes lock.

Our pupils were creating a line that was as linear as possible. His bright blue eyes contrasted his charcoal fur coat. My straight face changed quickly to a toothy grin, my green braces attempting to gleam in the small ray of light beaming through the kitchen window. I took one more big breath in, and I finally had the opportunity to hug my best friend like the fluffy down pillow on my bed. Her tail produces a whirlwind in my face. Her wet tongue licks my face clean. Her lips seem to be producing a smile, while her eyes give off a stern yet longing look.

After our embrace, we stare at each other again, for a much longer time than before. I can never fully wrap my head around the fact that this creature was so beautiful. Her expression seems to be saying, You thinking what I'm thinking? Out loud, I say, " Of course I am, Mishmash! " She flutters both eyelashes at me. It wouldn't hurt for her to practice those winks. I grab mittens, leave a note, and we're gone, and I have no idea where we're going.

Later that evening, the temperature dropped to 200. My mom said the record for July was almost broken because of tonight.

I was reading my book by the almost too hot fire; Mishmash was right by my side. Dinner was split pea soup; mediocre. The house was composed of two people, my mom and I and no one else (I always told everyone three because I considered my best friend to be a part of our family). I had no siblings and we left my dad when I was seven, almost eight. I've almost forgotten what he looks like because I haven't seen him since. Since I was 18, things were much different. I was responsible for most of the things around the house; my mom was never home. She works from 6 a. M. To 8 p. M.

If she chose to work a job that paid even one dollar less, we wouldn't be able to keep a roof over our constantly cold heads. Every day, I attempt to push gloomy thoughts, such as those, out of my mind. I focus on what's important to me. During the summer, I'm a teenager. In the winter, I'm a teenager and a school. I look up from my book and out the window. It's snowing again, as usual. It's never a surprise if we wake up in the morning and have to put the snowplow on our truck to clear our driveway. What amazes me every time I glance at the falling snow is that no two snowflakes are the same.

Each and every one has its own unique pattern and design that no other snowflake can ever have again. Snow is an adventure for anyone. Children, animals, and it even brings out the youth in adults. Mishmash especially enjoys the white fluff because she feels free, as if she has no responsibilities in life, except to make sure every square inch of snow has some sort of mark

to tell other dogs that she owns this place. Westbound it be nice if we were older; then we wouldn't have to wait so long; and wouldn't it be nice? The only time I am willing to set an alarm: when a catchy yet DOD song is the Remington.

Play practice starts at 8 a. M. : it was only 6: 45. My bed had to be at least twenty times warmer than the air in my room. I shoot up out of my bed, grab the nearest pair of sweatpants and pull them five inches too high and race to the living room to make a fire. Our fireplace was too old to heat the entire house in a matter of minutes. We still make them every morning anyway so seeing your breath wouldn't be a problem. I look in the kitchen for Mishmash. Hem. She wasn't there. I scan around the house, calling her name and whistling softly.

She's always home in the morning before I leave at 7: 45... Something is not right. I call my mom's cell phone and she doesn't answer. Of course. I look outside the door. The dark morning looms over our house, as if the darkness wants the rise of the sun to be delayed as long as possible. I turn the handle. Whooshing. A long and cold gust of wind bursts through the door. I quickly shut it, not wanting to re-open it for the reason I first intended for. I turn the handle again. There is silence. I call Mishmash over and over and over again, whistling every third time.

Nothing. I close the door, very slowly. I let the lock click into place after about thirty seconds of pushing it into position. Rest of my day consisted of confusion, anger and a dash of sadness. I had made a decision that coming back home was going to be dreadfully disappointing, and not in the slightest

way, easy. I pull up our driveway at 4: 45; I wasn't in any rush to get home, anyway. I push open the creaky truck door and Mishmash jumps into my lap as if she wasn't aware that she had me in a frustrated mood the entire day. I kiss her fuzzy head and give her a errors look.

Her ears curl towards the ground, knowing that she had done something out of the ordinary. I notice that my mom's truck is also home, also something that isn't necessarily normal. I gather my things, slam the door and trudge towards our lit cabin. I glance inside before opening the door and see my mom cutting vegetables for a salad. There was a note taped to the door: Morning Z! I took Mishmash to work with me this morning for her shots at the clinic. Hope you weren't too worried! Have a good day! Love, Mum. I slowly open the door and she doesn't notice e.

I close it again and set my bags on the porch. I looked at Mishmash to imply that I wanted to be rebellious. My obliviousness had caused my entire day to be non-worry- free. Although my mom wasn't to blame, I decided that I wanted to give her a little scare Day “ running away’ Into ten great unknown world AT snow surrounding our cozy house. Playing with a fluffy husky in piles and piles of this mind-blowing substance makes my “ Top 10 favorite things to do of all time” list. After all, we live in Alaska... What else would you expect from a master and her dog?