

Three dog night

By Karin Livingston

A couple of nights ago, with only the moon to see by, our son and I went to the dumpster by the red hay barn on our way to do night stables. The trash company had left the dumpster so close to the barn that you couldn't close the lids. Our son and Vinnie, our big-mouthed Beagle-mix, walked ahead of me with the kitchen trash and I carried the bag of "used" cat litter. I tossed it into the dumpster ahead of them. A mass of fur snarled, leaped out, and landed in front of the boy and the beagle. Our Yellow Lab, Buck, flew at it, boxing it with his front paws and lunging at its throat. We realized it was a big raccoon. The two of us screamed at the top of our lungs as Buck and the raccoon wrestled, dragging me around in circles on the other end of the leash. After a few seconds, the raccoon backed out of range of Buck, and our Golden Retriever, Muttley, who was free, dove in. They tangled, and Muttley chased it to the pond.

No one was bitten, but our son and I found that our legs didn't work too well. We recovered after a cup of tea in the kitchen. Final note: This



Muttley-the-invincible

marks the first time I've ever seen Vinnie speechless.