

Wilddogs\_2004.txt

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Text File  
(304) 683-4648  
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From: Warlord #1 @1 VirtualNET  
Title: Dogs  
Date: Sun Oct 20, 1996 18:08:28

A couple of Winters ago, the Alpha Group was out in the wilds doing some training from our mountain top retreat. It was VERY cold and had been for some time. All of the first night we heard dogs barking in the distance, and we had known for some time that there were several large packs of stray, wild dogs in the area... but they generally left us alone.

In my opinion, "Strays" are THE most dangerous form of wild Canines, surpassing even wolves. They are used to humans and are, therefore, not afraid of them. Most strays were mistreated before they were abandoned or "went to wild"... making them even more distrustful of humans.

The Afternoon of our second day brought us to a compass course. Using our Topography Maps of the area, I layed out a grueling course for the more experienced of the group to navagate... crossing a mountain, cliffs, dense growth and cold swampy areas. I was to stay behind on our plateu retreat and serve as a reference point for minor course adjustments the main team must make, and to serve as communications. We routinely carry several forms of communications into the wilds with us, and this day we were using hand held 40 channel CB radios.

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I watched as our team clambered down the steep cliff sides of our mountain top retreat, and crossed the cold, swampy valley below. They scaled the cliffs on the next mountain over just as a BIG pack of dogs broke cover on the valley floor... The team radioed back to warn me, but I had seen them already and was not particularly worried since our camp sat atop a pretty high Mountain surrounded by cliffs, except for one small place where a rock slide had made a dirt ramp up to within 10 feet from the top. I did not think a dog could navigate that one weak spot. Mistake number one. I underestimated the will of the starving animals. The team proceeded across the next mountain top and as they crossed the peak they turned and waved back at me, knowing that communications would be temporarily out until they got out from directly under the shielding shadow of the mountain itself. Meanwhile the Dogs had picked up the team's scent and were following it backwards...right to me.

We make it a rule to always keep our weapons with us, even in camp. That is what probably kept me from getting torn to shreds. I looked over the cliff side and saw that one dog was in a crack in the cliffside and doing a very fair job of "chimneying" up it! I watched in fascination as the dog climbed and suddenly I decided that I had better stand up and check the low spot... as I turned around, there stood two mangy looking curs with their fur bristling. I do not know how they got up the cliff side, much less how they did it so quickly... but I decided the time for Awe was over and the time for action begun... I thumbed the safety off my MAK-90 and sent several quick rounds of hollow points into both dogs. One fell immediately and the other made it about 5 steps from me before collapsing. I leaned over the edge and dispatched "The climbing wonder dog" and then sprayed the valley floor with a fresh 30 round mag, sending the rest to flight.

My ears were still ringing when I heard the radio, "Alpha-3 to Alpha-1" I replied "Alpha-3 this is Alpha-1, go ahead" "Alpha-1, What the hell are you doing over there? Sounds like Vietnam! Do you need us?"

The compass course was cut short and the team dead reconned back to our

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position... just in case. We got a fresh dose of respect for the rules we follow and why it is important to follow them always. When we are in the wild it is ONLY our skill, knowledge, and equipment that keep us safe. WE are the only ones we can depend on to come to our rescue.

6Origin: 7The (/\\)astelands of Alpha-1 BBS!