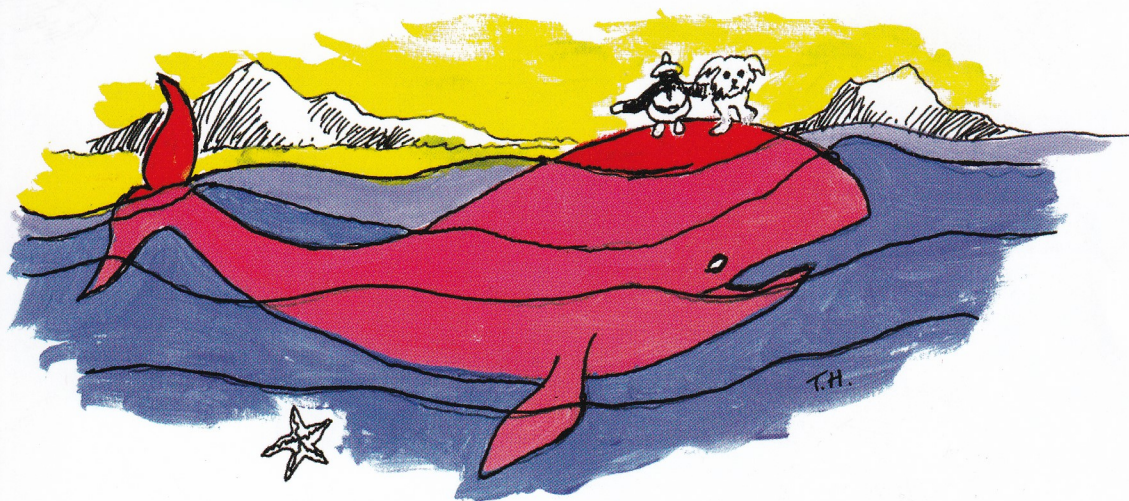


Maggie's Magic Dream



Ted Harrison

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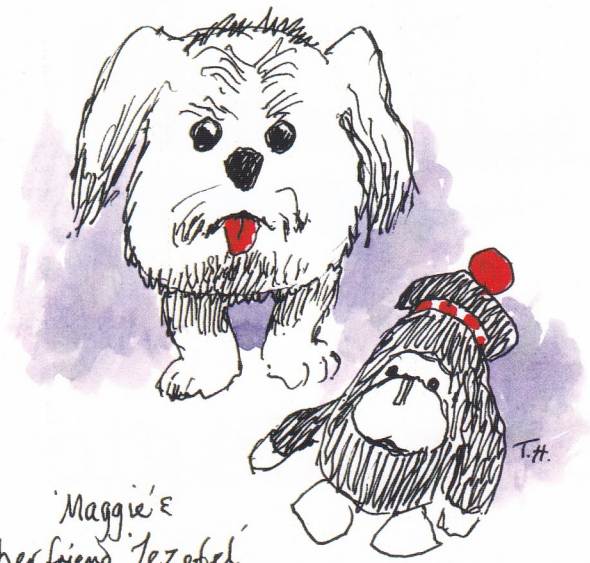
Maggie's Magic Dream

written and illustrated
by Ted Harrison



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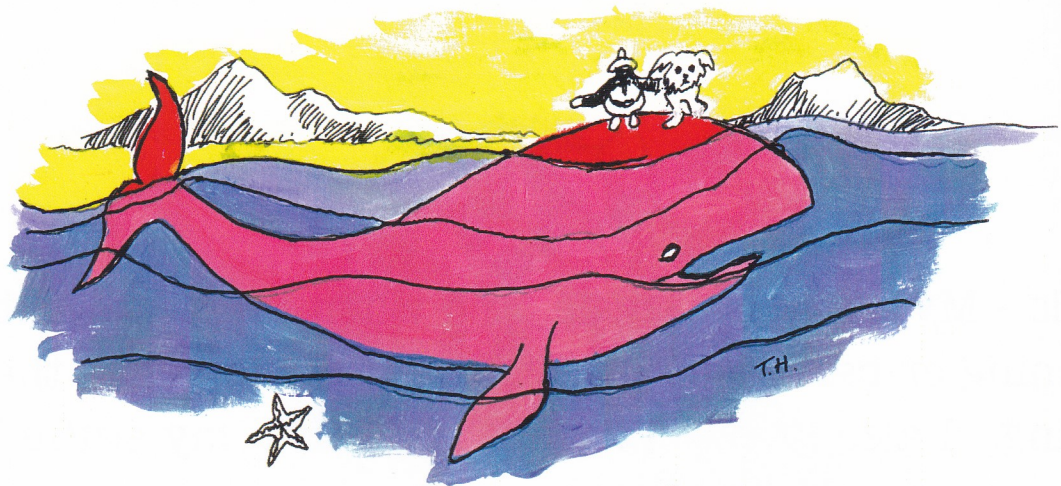


Maggie's
her friend Jezebel.

Hello - My name is Maggie, and when I'm not walking, running or barking, there's nothing I like better than eating. I also love to play with 'Jezebel' my stuffed toy.

What do I do after playing? Well, I just fall asleep and have the most amazing doggy dreams!

In my dreams I travel all over the world. Last summer, I had my most exciting dream. I travelled from Seattle to the far North and met many of my fellow creatures.



The journey begins.

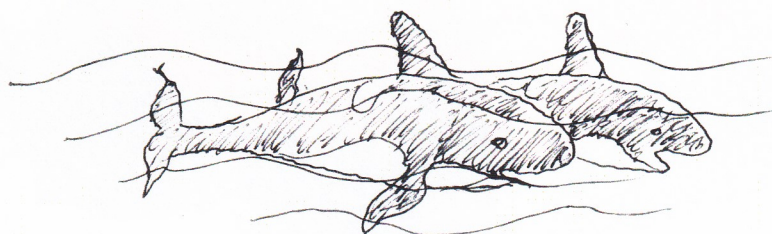
My first stop was on the West Coast of North America. Here I met the large Gray whales swimming to the North Pacific. Jezebel and I sat on the head of a very large whale and were able to see the whole wide ocean.

Every few minutes the whale would blow a great jet of water through its blowhole. Then I would be lifted up in the air like a balloon and gently fall back on the great head.



Whale Surfing.

As we neared Victoria the whales spoke to each other with whistling noises. I only understand barkese and whoofese so I did not know what they said.



Suddenly a family of Orcas or killer whales passed us heading for Port Angeles. Their large dorsal fins looking like tiny sails as they swam close to the surface.

In Georgia Strait I could see large cruise liners heading for Alaska from the port of Vancouver. Music drifted from their decks as the passengers pointed to us and and shouted greetings.

When we reached Campbell River I saw some artists standing at their easels painting the wonderful scenery, while others fished from small boats.



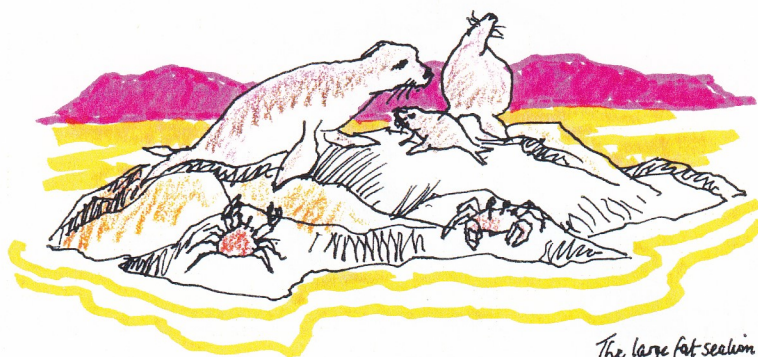
The sky darkened and rain clouds gathered together like grey wooly sheep. On the coast sat native villages with their beautiful totem poles reaching up to the skies with raven and eagle crests standing out against the storm clouds.



I could hear the ravens calling to the eagles as they swooped down to capture fish and carry them back to their aeries in the tall swaying trees.

We reached the Alaskan Panhandle and visited Glacier Bay. It was awesome to see large blocks of ice fall from the glacier and crash into the sea with a tremendous roar! Flocks of seagulls screamed over the turbulent waters to feed on what the ice had dredged up and seals dived from the rocks to join in the feast.

A large fat sea lion sat with his family and rested lazily on a flat rock watching us with half closed eyes while large crabs crawled along his perch.



The large fat sealion.

By now the clouds were gathering over the mountains and I decided to leave the whales and travel over the peaks to see what lay beyond.

A huge bald eagle sat on top of a tall tree. I barked a greeting and it swooped down and gently picked me up with it's sharp talons.



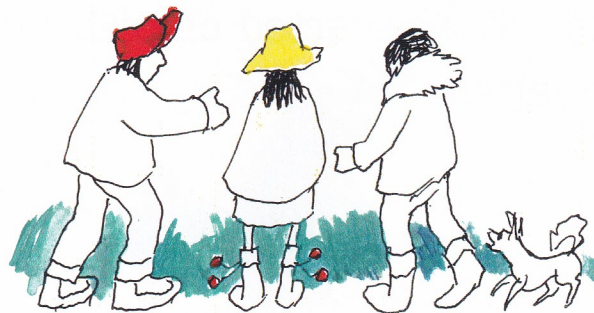
The trees soon appeared very small as we mounted higher and higher into the sky - almost brushing a small cloud as we flew by. Far below I saw the White Pass train heading along the winding rail track to Carcross.

We skimmed above the old town of Bennett from which the gold seekers had sailed for Dawson City in their homemade rafts. The deserted church loomed up overlooking the lake.



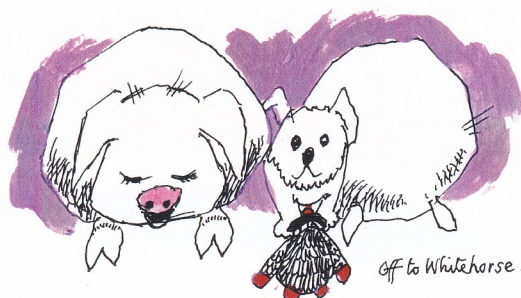
A majestic moose gazed up as we passed. It bellowed a greeting and I barked one back. This flying business was a lot of fun.

The eagle lowered me to the ground just beside the Caribou Hotel in Carcross. Here I met some of the friendly dogs who romped around the log cabins and rolled in the snow beside their sleds. Some wore tiny laced booties to keep their paws from forming ice between their toes. What fun to see real powdery snow and sniff the pure mountain air of the Yukon.



The children looked like small goblins in their multi-coloured parkas. Their cheery faces peeped out of the fur lined hoods and their laughter tinkled like bells in the cold northern air. They wore mukluks made of moose hide decorated with tiny coloured beads.

Outside the Caribou Hotel a truck was leaving for Whitehorse, so I hitched a ride among the luggage and soon snuggled down between a sleepy fat pig and a sack of hay.



In Whitehorse Jezebel and I visited a strange skyscraper built of logs and a paddlewheeler on the shore of the Yukon River.





On the Yukon River.

I was able to hitch a ride on a canoe heading for Dawson City along the Yukon River. By Lake Leberge there was a huge grizzly bear preparing to bed down for the long winter before all the berries and salmon had disappeared.

It was fun to sit with Jezebel on the prow of the canoe and watch the forest glide slowly by.

On the tiny side creeks families of beavers were repairing their dams and cutting down the young sapplings for building material.

Soon the piles of gold tailings came into view as did the remains of once fashionable houses now reduced to skeletons of their former glory. However, 'The Palace Grand' looked wonderful in it's restored state.

The local dogs were an interesting bunch and I exchanged a few barks with them. Jezebel enjoyed the meeting although she can't understand barkese.



Meeting the Yukon dogs.

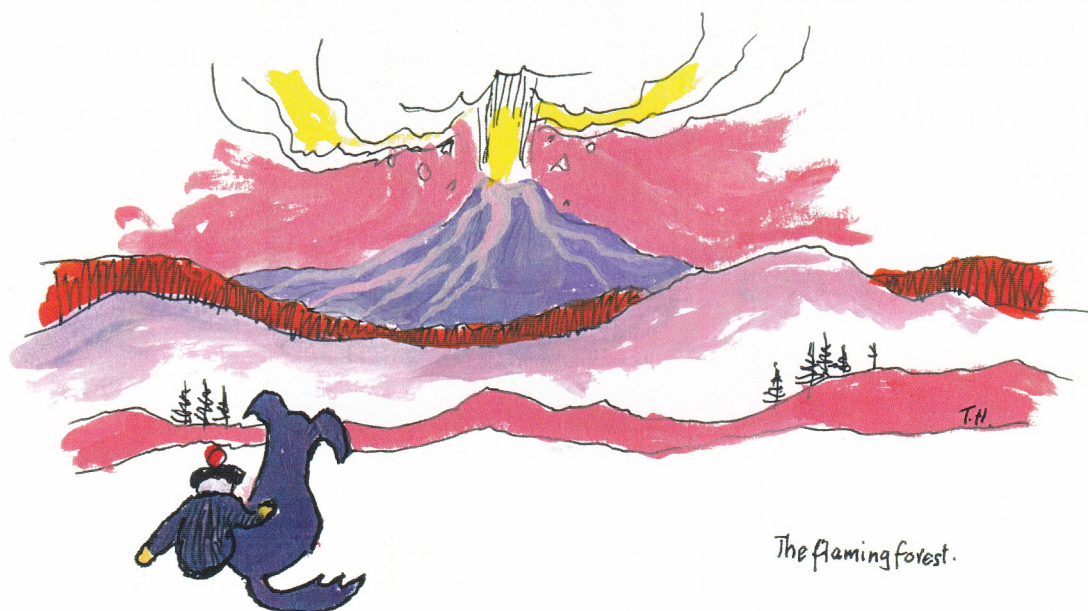
We were very close to Alaska so I decided to fly over in a small plane. It would be more comfortable than being carried by an eagle. Besides, Jezebel gets a little scared of being dangled underneath a large bird.



We flew low over the hills and valleys towards Anchorage and the West, then landed near a huge mountain which was erupting. It was a volcanic explosion and quite exciting to watch. Large rocks were thrown into the air and streams of lava flowed down to the forest and lake below.

The ground trembled and the noises scared me. Jezebel grabbed my paw and we comforted each other.

The forest soon caught fire and we found ourselves trapped by a ring of flames. It was then that I heard an awful crash which caused me to wake up with a start.



The flaming forest.

Here I was, back in the studio safe and sound with Jezebel still sitting. My friend Ted the artist had knocked over an easel, a box of paints and my jar of doggie treats. So 'that' was the volcano I dreamed about!

Luckily, unlike children, dogs are not expected to tidy up - neither are stuffed toys. So Jezebel and I came out of it all quite happy and the magic dream made us close friends.



Ted Harrison, Maggie and Jezebel at their home in Victoria, BC.

