

•Practice• Musher Journal

today was a very frightening day. My lead dog was really sick. It seemed like she had a serious stomach problem. She vomited twice in 2 hours, and after I unhooked her from the tow line-- she collapsed. At this point, I knew that my chances of winning the Iditrod were small, but I didn't care about that. I was only interested in saving my dog, Sarook. I jumped on the sled runners with Sarook in the basket and steamed down the trail toward Shaktoolik, the next checkpoint. The dogs could hear the nervousness in my voice as I repeatedly told them to increase speed. Pick it up! I would yell and Buck, my other lead dog, and the rest of the team would dig into the snow. I could see their thick leg muscles rippling with effort. Their breath looked like steam from a powerful locomotive. Late that night, we arrived in Shaktoolik with the snow falling lightly all around us. The moon was shining brightly and the eyes of the dogs seemed to glow mysteriously as they slowed to a silent stop. The veterinarian came out, then sprinted to the sled when she saw I had Sarook in the basket. I explained what had happened and the vet signaled for two other veterinarians to help transport Sarook into one of the nearby cabins. Two hours passed with no word. At midnight, the dogs suddenly began singing a song of sadness. It seemed like prayer. They seemed to be singing, Sarook we hope you make it--we miss your spirit, we miss your strength. It was the end of day four and I was asleep.

**Find all mistakes:
capitalization, spelling, punctuation, missing words
and paragraphing**

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