

Letters From...

LARRY THE LABRADOR™

Hello!

It's me, Larry the Labrador. Boy! Oh boy! What an adventure I had with Bob today. We went to Mount Rushmore - a huge mountain in South Dakota. It has the faces of four American presidents carved right into it.

Bob and I hit the trail at daybreak. The trail split once, and then twice. After a few more splits, we were lost and Bob didn't know which way to go.

I looked around. In every direction I saw only grass. In the distance, there were brown lumps in the grass — brown lumps that were moving. Bison! I barked to Bob.

"Hold on, Larry." Bob had his map open. He looked confused.

I ran over to the bison herd. Maybe they could help us get to Mount Rushmore. As I came closer, I stopped running. The bison were big - much bigger than a Labrador - and there were a lot of them.

Some of the bison looked up from eating grass. Their faces were serious, and they had long, scary-looking horns. Bison are vegetarians, but at that moment, I wasn't so sure.

"Hello," said a large bison. Her voice was gentle. "Can we help you?"

"We're lost," I said. "Can you tell me the way to Mount Rushmore?"

"I've never heard of it," said the gentle bison. "But ask the Lone Bison. He'll know."

"Who is the Lone Bison?" I asked. The gentle bison explained that the mothers and babies all stayed together in a herd. But the fathers liked to go out alone. "Follow this path to the sunflowers, and you'll find him," she said.

"Thank you!" I barked, turning away.

"Um hmm," said the rest of the Bison, their mouths full of grass.

I ran back to get Bob. He had his compass out now. I barked for him to follow me, but he didn't listen so I ran on.

Soon, I came to a grove of sunflowers. Sure enough, there was one bison standing by a tree: The Lone Bison.

"Can you tell me the way to Mount Rushmore?" I asked.



"I don't think so," The Lone Bison answered. "But talk to the know-it-all prairie dogs — they're in everybody's business. They can tell you."

I ran back to Bob. He had his map open again

I barked and ran on ahead. I was pretty sure I'd just seen a prairie dog poke his head out of a hole. Unfortunately, the prairie dog saw me too. His head disappeared.

"Can you please come out?" I called into the hole. "I just want to know how to get to Mount Rushmore."

"No, you don't!" A voice cried. "You want a nice prairie dog sandwich."

"No, really," I said. I backed away and laid my head on my paws. "I won't hurt you."

The prairie dog looked out. His eyes darted back and forth. Then he made a terrible, high-pitched cry. I covered my ears.

"Just letting the others know it's alright," he said. He stepped out of the tunnel, and three other prairie dogs scurried out after him. "This is my family."

"So, Mount Rushmore, huh?" asked the prairie dog. He went up on his hind legs and pointed with his nose. "That way, about two thousand paces. Well..." he sized me up. "For you, make that three hundred paces."

I heard a whistle. "Larry!" Bob was calling me. I had to go.

"Three hundred paces," I repeated. "And then what?"

"Then ask the mule deer for directions. He'll be eating grass."

I ran past Bob and started counting paces: two hundred, two hundred and seventy, three hundred. There was the mule deer. And he was eating grass.

"Mount Rushmore?" I panted.

The mule deer didn't stop chewing. He just rolled his eyes toward a tunnel cut through the bottom of a mountain.

I ran into the tunnel and Bob followed me. On the mountainside up ahead, we could just make out the carved nose of George Washington. We were there!

"You did, it Larry," cheered Bob, taking pictures. "I don't know how, but you got us here."

If only he knew!

Love,
Larry the Labrador

P.S. Here's your Super-Secret Password: **Bison**. Use it at <http://larrythelabrador.com/kids> to continue the adventure, see what I saw and enjoy oodles of super-fun activities

