

Travels and Travails

Mishaps and melee on the way to the big show.

Illustrations by Thomas Kimball

Dueling Afghans

By Allan Reznik, Editor-in-Chief of Dog World

One of my most memorable adventures happened many years ago, when a friend and I decided to enter back-to-back Afghan Hound specialties, one in Toronto and one in upstate New York. We each had an adult male that we thought the breeder-judges at both shows ought to appreciate.

We tied our X-pens, crates and other paraphernalia to the roof rack of our trusty little Honda Civic – this was pre-SUV days – and finally loaded the two big males that would be sharing the back seat. They glared, growled, raised their hackles and took an instant dislike to one another! Oh, joy. And only six hours to Toronto!

We bellowed at them to “Knock it off!”, they established a shaky truce, and off we drove.

There was more grumbling and posturing at each pit stop, but we arrived at the hotel with both dogs’ long, silky coats intact. Their owners’ sanity? Not so much.

We got through the weekend by rotating one dog loose in the bathroom, one dog loose in the rest of the room, so each got some time on the bed. Both males were in the ribbons at the specialties, and seemed to show with more fire and gusto than usual.

On the long drive home, the hounds were too tired to tussle so the trip was relatively uneventful.

I’ve put on a lot of mileage since then, and both dogs are long gone, but to this day I still can’t look at a Honda Civic sedan without having that dog-show flashback rush through my head.

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