



Canter

By Corrina McKelvey

I couldn't help but notice Scooby's muscles flex as he canters smoothly next to the green leaved trees

I took a deep breath and smelled the sweat of Scooby working hard in the sun

The rush of the wind feels crisp, and cold as Scooby and I go faster

The morning air tasted fresh going into my mouth, while Scooby and I race through the open field

It was hard to ignore the thundering of Scooby's ^{hooves} ~~hooves~~ pounding the earth's surface