Snow Buddies

By Robert Vince
[Air howling]
[Man's voice] There's a time in a pup's life when they realize there are forces greater than themselves at work in the universe.
Forces which can't be seen or touched, but only felt.
And although life may lead you where you least expect, you can have faith that it's where you were meant to be.

[Indistinct chattering]
[Whines]
Master Bartleby, we must hurry, sir, or we'll be late for school.
OK.
- Bye, Budderball.
- Yes.
- Uh-uh-uh.
- [Whines]
Yes, yes, come on.
[Barks]
Thanks, Budderball.
He would have missed our favorite subject... lunch.
[Grunting, panting]
Oh, yeah, cowabunga!
[Barks]
Whoa, Mudbud, dude, give it back!
- [Panting]
- [Barking]
Got you! Come on.
- No! Come here.
- [Horn honking]
Whoa.
- See you later.
- [Indistinct chatter]
Bye, Mudbud.
The dude's finally learning how to hang loose.
What would I do without you, Rosebud?
- [Whining]
- [Chuckling]
Indistinct chatter

Alice, you're my very best friend.
Ohm...

[all] Ohm...
[all continue chanting]
Time for school, Buddha.
I think the boy has found
his inner peace. Namaste.
A little one-on-one
before school, B-Dawg?

[Barks]
Yo, nothin' but net!

[Grunts]
Word!
I must be contagious, 'cause
he's catching cool like it was a cold.

[Meowing]
The chase is on!
OK, Noah, let's go. Come on.
Let's go. Henry, whoa.
Hey, come on in.
- Hey, how'd that math test go?
- Um... It was good.
Yeah? Molly, how are the Buddies?
I know.
Hey, Noah. Come on,
we're gonna be late.
Don't worry. We got
seven minutes till first bell.
Dude. Our record is eight and a half.
- Come on, we'll be late.
- I know, come one.
Come on, Buddy.
- Come on.
- [Panting]
I was going to drive you.

[Meowing]
- [Gasps]
- [Hissing]
- Miss Mittens.
- No, you didn't!
- Chasing one of my little kittens.
- [Stuttering] I wasn't chasing.
I was escorting.
Yeah, escorting.
I have a good mind
to swat you upside the head.
What's wrong with you?
I just remembered... I'm late
for a date with my posse. Uh, see you!
- [Hissing]
- [Meows]
[Mittens] If I catch you,
nine lives won't be enough.
Oh, yeah! I was first.
Sisters rule and brothers drool.
- No way, dudette. I was here first.
- I'm calling for an instant replay.
Psst.
Yo, dawgs, is the coast clear?
B-Dawg, what are you hiding from now?
Who, me? I'm not hiding.
I was just thinking
let's play some hide and seek.
[All] Huh?
Seeking truth is a
great start to our day.
- Ohm...
- Whatever, you're "it."
Dude, don't forget to
come find us after ten ohms.
Ohm...
- Ohm...
- Ice cream!
Ohm...
Ohm...
Ready or not,
your destiny awaits. Here I come!
Budderball, I see you!
Budderball, stop!
[Rosebud] Budderball!
- Dude, where are you going?
- Budderball, come back here.
Hold up, dawg.
Oh, sweet mama!
[Mudbud] That pup's
got a one-track stomach.
Buddha, Mudbud, we'll grab Budderball.
B-Dawg, you're on the lookout.
If the delivery guy comes back,
bark twice to warn us. Got it?
If the delivery guy comes back,
I'll deliver him
the tail whooping of his life.
Mm-hmm.
- [Slurping]
- Budderball, where are you?
  [Belching]
Hey, guys, check it out.
Free ice cream!
I ain't scared of nothing.
- [Hissing]
- Ah! Miss Mittens!
What are you doing here?
You're supposed to be on the lookout.
I thought I could
protect you better from in here.
Uh... Now what are we
going to do, Mr. Fraidy Cat?
Chill, Rosebud.
This might not be so bad after all.
I mean, they've got mud pie ice cream.
I choose the rocky road less traveled.
Maybe I'll have a teensy weensy
little bit of strawberry.
Buddies!
- [Female] Must have just missed them.
- Probably up to their usual mischief.
Let's look around town for them.
Hey, fellas.
Got a shipment for Ferntiuktuk.
Just waiting on the ice cream,
and then we're ready to fly.
  [Yawning loudly]
So full... I can barely stay awake.
Go.
  [Grunts] Ow.
  [All snoring]
Perfect fit.
- [Grunting]
- Get it in there.
[All continue snoring]
That's a clear take-off, Control. We're on our way to the Great White North.
Adam Bilson's sled is moving faster than ever before.
He might be the greatest musher in all of Alaska.
His best friend, Shasta, is the most amazing lead dog ever.
Together they cannot be stopped!
Here they come towards the finish line.
- The crowd's never been so excited.
- [Whines]
It's super amazing. It's...
Adam! Time for school!
[Whimpering]
Come on, Shasta.
[Wind howling]
[Whimpers]
You have a good day.
There's a new shipment in today.
Can you help me out a bit at the store after school?
Then we'll go straight to your game.
- See you later.
- Bye, honey.
You go straight to school now.
Bye.
Straight, with one small detour.
Come on, Shasta.
[Snoring]
- Guys, wake up.
- [All] Hmm?
- We fell asleep!
- Huh?
Where are we at, dawg?
- [Buddha] I see the light.
- Huh?
[Rosebud] Buddha, where are you going?
I think I see white fluffy things floating by.
Kind of like we're flying through clouds.
Buddha, why are you
always gotta be trippin'?  
Oh. Let me see.  
[B-Dawg] Stop your pushing.  
[Grunts] Give a fella a paw up.  
[Keeps straining]  
[All] Don't pull his paw!  
- [Flatulence]  
- Disgusting!  
Aw, shucks.  
[Sniffing] Oh! Oh, man, did you cut the cheese? Hey! Whoever smelt it dealt it, buddy.  
[Panting]  
- Come on, Shasta.  
- [Whimpering]  
We are over the Ferntiuktuk drop site. Bombs away!  
[Dogs scream]  
[Mudbud] Dudes, hang on!  
[All] Whoa!  
I'm too young to die, talented, and good-looking and modest!  
- [All yelling]  
- [Panting]  
Oh, you fleabags, hike, hike!  
[Adam] Shasta, here they come. Wow. One day, Shasta, that'll be us.  
- [Barks]  
- You're right. We'll be nicer.  
- [Whimpers]  
- Come on. I'll be late for school.  
[Grunts]  
[All] Whoa!  
- Any luck, Molly?  
- No. No sign of them anywhere.  
- Hmm.  
- Oh, Buddy, where could they be?  
Gosh, golly.  
I can't believe we're alive.  
That was hot, dawg.  
What's wrong with the ground? It's cold.  
It's a dream come true.  
We're surrounded by vanilla ice cream.  
Where's the dirt?
[Slurping] This ice cream has no flavor. This isn't a dream, it's my worst nightmare! We have to get back to Fernfield. [Sniffing] It all sniffs the same. How are we going to find our way home? [Mudbud] I think home is this way, guys. [Indistinct yelling] Come on, Adam!
- [Grunting]
- [Man] Oh, no!
- [Whistle blows]
- [Crowd yells]
- [Sighs]
- What's the matter? It's the wrong net, hon. Adam, what are you doing? Nice one.
[Budderball] How did this happen? [Mudbud] Your stomach is how it happened, dude! [Rosebud] Pointing paws isn't get us home. [Buddha] Sometimes the greatest journeys start accidentally, and end with a higher purpose. - B-Dawg! Buddha! Rosebud! - [Barking] Budderball! Mudbud! - [Man] Buddies! - Hey, you guys, it's dark now. You should call it a night. Did any of the others call with any news? [Both whining] I'm sure they'll be OK. We'll find them in the morning. OK, everybody out. Well, I for one, am very proud of you. You did your very best. Mom, I scored on my own net. Hey, Adam, don't worry about it. It could happen to anybody. [Sighs]
[Wind howling]
If we don't find a warm place soon, we're all gonna turn into puppysicles.
Guys, in here.
Uh... It looks pretty dark in there.
[Owl hooting]
On second thought, it looks kind of cozy.
[Knock on door]
So... put any more thought into your Christmas list?
It's only two weeks away.
- A dogsled team.
- [Whimpers]
  Adam, you know how your Dad feels. It's too dangerous after what happened.
- I want to mush.
- I know, sweetheart.
Try to have a good night's sleep, OK?
I love you.
Please, for Christmas...
...if there's any way you could surprise me with a dogsled team...
...so I can enter the race, I'd really appreciate it.
Just five more dogs.
I know it's the same thing I wished for at my birthday...
...and it's a lot to ask, but...
[howling]
They must be too far to hear our howls.
[Wind howling]
Aw, dudes, I wish I had my dirt bed.
[Yawning] We'll figure it out tomorrow.
[Rosebud] Good night.
Sweet dreams, everybody.
[Buddha] Ohm...
Ohm...
Ohm...
Hey, guys. Ah! Help! Ah!
Help! My tongue is stuck.
Budderball, what're you doing?
I thought it would taste
like a Popsicle.
[Straining]
Ohm...
Ohm...
I think I've lost my taste buds.
- [Mudbud] Come on, dudes.
- Hmm?
Going to have to be at the store early.
Finish up. I'll give you a ride.
Take the extra decorations out to
the shed on your way, will you, sweetie?
- Bye.
- Bye.
- [Sewing machine humming]
- [Whining]
Come on.
[Grunting]
"Sledding journal."
[Coughing]
Wow.
- [Horn honking]
- Come on, Adam. Train's leaving!
Coming.
- See you later, boy.
- [Snorts]
Don't wander too far from home.
[Whines, barking]
I'm pretty sure
we're walking in circles.
This is bogus.
I've got to get me some dirt, and stat.
- Hey, guys. Where did Mudbud go?
- Where's the dirt?
[Whimpers]
Oh, come on.
Yo, if you keep digging
you're gonna end up in China.
Is there dirt in China? 'Cause
if there is, I'm gonna keep digging.
[Groans]
You look strangely...
uh... different, dawg.
Huh?
[Gasps]
Guys, I'm sensing someone's presence.
- Huh?
- What?
What are you talking about?
I don't see anything.
Over there. By that tree.
I saw something.
Uh, I was sure.
There he is.
It's a huge wolf!
[All] Run!
Hey, guys... Hey, stop.
I didn't mean to scare you.
[B-Dawg] Hurry up, dawgs!
[Mudbud panting] He's gaining on me.
[Shasta] Hey, wait up. Stop.
Out of my way, Mudbud.
Coming through.
- Whoa!
- Whoa!
- Whoa!
- Whoa!
Whoa!
- [Budderball] I can't...
- Whoa!
[Laughing]
Why you laughing at my homedawgs?
We just saw a pack of huge wolves!
Well, if you consider
little old me a pack of huge wolves!
Name's Shasta and I'm an Alaskan Husky.
I'm Rosebud. Lovely to meet you.
This is Budderball, Buddha,
B-Dawg and Mudbud.
Why do they call you Mudbud?
Oh, no! I'm so clean!
I'm spotless! Think of a dirty place.
Think of a dirty place.
Where are you guys from?
Fernfield, Washington.
We got dropped here from the sky.
We're really, really lost.
Well, where exactly are we, anyways?
- Ferntiuktuk, Alaska.
- Alaska?
Wait. There's five of you,
and you just dropped from the sky?
Hmm...
So, you guys ever dogsled race?
Right now we just want to get home.
Well, Let's go see Saint Bernie.
He should be able to help.
Wow. We've never met a Saint before.
[Rosebud] When I get home, I'm
definitely going to need a pawdicure.
[All barking]
[Panting]
- Thank you. Have a good day.
- [Bell tinkling]
- Hello, Jean George.
- Hello, Joseph.
I was wondering if my harnesses
have arrived yet, huh?
Um... No. Nope.
A shipment dropped yesterday,
but they weren't in it.
I guess I will have to wait, huh?
No choice.
You know, I'd be polite and ask if you
are going to enter the dogsled race,
but I think all of Alaska
knows the answer to that question.
The one time you race
with Jean George you lose, huh?
If it hadn't been for the accident,
no way you would've won.
Maybe you should find yourself
another dogsled team and try again.
Hey...
...those dogs weren't just
part of my team. They were family.
Oh, I think I hear the violins playing.
Do you hear them, huh?
[Laughing] I think I need
a handkerchief because I'm going to cry.
"They were part of my family." [scoffs]
[Bell tinkles]
Welcome to Ferntiuktuk.
Uh-oh.
[French accent] Well, well, well. If it isn't everybody's favorite pupsqueak.
Uh... Hello, Francois. Hello, Phillipe.
- Having a nice day today?
- Wait up, Bernie.
[French accent] It was nice until we saw you. Right, Francois?
Why don't you pick on someone your own size. Who do we have here, blondie?
Who are you calling blondie?
We're golden. Golden Retrievers.
Just be happy we're not calling you our lunch.
Howdy, folks.
Now you two big ol' Huskies aren't causin' any trouble for these youngin's, are ya?
No, sir.
Just, how do you say, shooting the breeze with these adorable puppies.
- Come on, you mongrels.
- Au revoir.
Move it, you beasts!
You pups ain't from around these parts, are you?
Deputy Bernie, these are the Buddies, and they need your help.
Saint Bernie, your holiness, we're lost. Do you know the way back to Fernfield, Washington?
Washington! Whoa!
You are far from home!
That's a plane ride away.
The nearest airport is Inntiuktuk.
That's where the finish line is for the annual dogsled race.
Come on, Bernie.
Can't fight crime wasting time!
Now, if you pups will excuse me, I got to T-C-B.
I'll put my thinker on
about getting you all home.

Don't worry.

I think we've got it covered.

Huh?

[Panting, barking]

[Panting, barking]

Ha! Ha!

- [Jean George] On by! On by!
- Here they come!

Are we ambushing someone?

Whoo! That's what I'm talking about.


That's sled racing,

the greatest sport known to dog.

How we're gonna get you guys home.

Uh... Is anyone else confused?

So one last time.

North America, South America,

Antarctica, Australia, Asia, Africa...

Who can name the seventh? Adam?

- Yes?
- The seventh continent?

[Shasta] This is the house where I live.

You guys can stay in the shed.

[Budderball]

I hope there's room service.

[Shasta] Hey, Buddies, check this out.

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

This is super fly, yo!

You've got one of your own rides?

It's Adam's dad's dogsled,

but he doesn't use it anymore.

[Engine turning off]

- Quick, hide!
- [Whimpering]

Just going to put my gear away.

[Whispering] That's Adam, my boy.

He wants to mush more than anything.

[Woman] Adam! Dinner!

[Sighing]

- [Adam] Shasta, where are you?
- Duty calls.

I'll see you guys in the morning.

We'll talk then.
- [Barking]
- Shasta? There you are, boy.
Come on. Come on, Shasta.
It's pretty sweet how Shasta
and his human have the same dream.
Dudes just need a team.
Maybe we can help.
Uh, guys, we have to get home
for Christmas dinner.
We don't have time to start a team.
You know, sometimes helping others
is the surest way to help yourself.
The Zen dude is correctamondo.
Like Saint Bernie said, the finish line
is practically at the airport.
All in favor of starting
a dogsled team say "I."
- I.
- I.
- I!
- I!
- I.
- OK, it's decided.
We'll tell Shasta in the morning.
[Twanging]
- Deputy.
- Ow!
[Barking]
We can't find the Buddies anywhere.
We think they're in big trouble.
- Don't know what else to do.
- You've come to the right place.
It's time to bring in
the long arm of the law.
I'm gonna send out an A.P.B.
That's "All pups bulletin"
in law enforcement lingo.
Asking all my police officer friends
to be on the lookout
for five golden puppies.
If they have any information
to contact yours truly.
All right.
Sent that to every law enforcement
agency from Timbuktu to Kalamazoo.
Well, look at this stuff.
- [Man] Incoming mail.
- Whoop.
Don't tell me unless you're willing to show me.
Supposed to make life simpler.
What could be simpler than opening an envelope, right?
Dad's got everything there is to know about sledding in here. Everything.
[Pages rustling]
Look at this.
"In Alaska, there is a legend of the greatest of all sled dogs, Talon the Great, who lives in a cave on the top of Mount Amarok. It is said that when he passes, his power is so great that the northern lights will shine brighter than ever before."
- Adam, lights out.
- Lights are out.
Flashlights, too.
Nifty-night.
[Whimpering]
[Groaning] Adam, you left light on in the shed again.
[Sighs]
[Whimpers]
- Huh?
- Dawgs, psst.
We have a B&E in progress!
Dudes, he's heading our way.
Huh...
What the...
Desperate times call for desperate measures.
Time to channel your inner skunk.
- [Flatulence]
- [Sniffs] Oh! Oh! Oh!
That's nasty! [coughing]
Good morning, Buddies.
Shasta, we took a vote and decided
to help you start a dogsled team.
- Seriously?
- Uh-huh.
- Seriously?
- Uh-huh!
- Seriously?
- Dude, she said "Uh-huh."
Thank you, thank you guys so much.
This is awesome. Yeah!
Just one thing.
If we're going to be a dogsled team,
we will need someone to teach us how.
Dude. What about your mom and dad?
Can they teach us?
My parents?
They're gone.
They're up there now.
Whoa. Sorry, Shasta.
But there might be someone, actually.
Come on, Buddies!
Let's go, dudes.
 [Wind howling]
- [B-Dawg] How far is this place anyway?
- [Shasta] I'm not sure.
All I know is that he lives
in a cave at the top of Mount Amarok.
Come on, Buddies. We're almost there.
- [Butterball groans]
- [Rosebud] You can do it!
This must be it.
You guys ready?
Hello? Anyone in there?
[Echoing] Who's there?
We're looking for Talon,
Talon the Great.
- Who are you?
- I'm Shasta, son of Nanook.
Nanook?
He was my greatest student.
- You taught my father?
- Why are you here?
I want to be a great
lead dog like my dad.
To make him proud.
But you're just a pup. 
Come back when you become a dog.
My dad always said,
"It's not the size
of the dog in the race,
but the heart of the team that counts."
That was one of the many lessons
I taught your father years ago.
I miss him very much, as you must.
[Sighing] It's my duty
to pass on the tradition
- of the great Alaskan lead dogs.
- You mean you'll help us?
It will be my honor.
Pups, we have much work to do.
There is much to learn.
Listen to the paws in front of you.
Find your cadence together.
Whoa.
[Talon] When you hear one paw at a time,
you'll be synchronized.
Trust your lead dog.
[Budderball] And he takes the lead.
Look at him go!
[Shasta] Gee, gee!
Biggest and strongest dogs
go next to the sled, in the back.
That's Budderball and Mudbud.
- What exactly do you mean by biggest?
- Dude, chillax.
The fastest will go in the middle.
That's B-Dawg and Buddha.
You got that right, S.
I am the handsomest
and the fastest and the bravest.
Rosebud will be the navigator
up front with me.
'Cause girls aren't afraid
to ask for directions.
And remember,
be as one dog, in harmony.
[Shasta] Come on, Buddies,
you can do it.
- We're almost there.
- I'm way behind. Oh!
Whoa, I'm falling. Ah!
[All barking]
[Screaming] I'm falling.
Whoa! Ah!
- [Birds twittering]
- [Moaning] So dizzy.
[Man] That's it...
Hike! Hike!
Oh, you fleabags, hike, hike.
- Watch out.
- [Gasps]
Oh, man, I'm starving.
[Whimpering]
Huh?
Huh...
- [inhalers sharply]
- [Slurping] This is so good.
- [Door closes]
- [Snorts]
[Adam] It's Christmas tomorrow,
and I just wanted to ask
one more time for a dogsled team.
I would really appreciate it.
Just five more dogs. Please? Amen.
[Snoring]
Da-da-da-da!
And your last present.
They're the newest ones out there.
I got myself a pair too.
I thought, maybe,
we could practice together.
Thank you.
I'll help you lace them up.
[Whines]
Merry Christmas, guys.
I sure hope our kids are OK.
We'll be home soon. I hope.
- [Barks loudly]
- I don't want to play, Shasta.
Hey!
What is it, boy?
You know Dad won't let us sled.
Besides, we don't even have a team.
[Barks]
Buddha. As in the Zen master?
Rosebud.
Budderball.
Wow, you're a big fella.
Nice bling, "B," as in "Dawg?"
Um... Mudbud.
Wonder why they call you that?
- [Whines]
- [Barks]
My wish.
I've been studying for this.
We'll need some equipment.
We can do this!
- [All barking]
- Come here! Hey.
It's way too big.
- Perfect.
- [Sewing machine whirring]
All right.
Perfect.
And hike! Hike!
Yeah, way to go, guys. Come on.
Good job, Rosebud. Nice, Mudbud.
Yo, B-Dawg, over here.
Come on, Budderball, hike! Hike!
You can do it!
Awesome! Come on, guys, hike!
Whoo!
Come on, guys.
Whoa! Wait, stop!
You want that, girl?
Come on.
[Bell tinkling]
[Laughing] B-Dawg, this one's for you.
Oh, I ain't playin', y'all. It's on!
Hike!
Hike! Hike!
Now we can try out dad's sled, guys.
Come on, guys, hike! Hike!
[Grunts] This sled's too heavy.
This is the sled
Dad was going to build, Shasta.
Thank you.
Perfect.
Thank you, B-Dawg.
Thank you, Budderball.
Thank you, Shasta.
Looking good, pups.
We'll try it tomorrow.
[All yapping]
All right, guys, let's try it out.
Come on, hike! Hike! Whoo!
Yeah!
Whoo-hoo, yeah!
Hike! Hike!
And six puppies become one.
My work here is almost done.
Come on! Whoo!
Hike! Hike!
Incroyable. Did you just see that?
No, no. I was busy watching
a puppy sled team.
You imbecile,
that is what I'm speaking of.
They were actually moving pretty fast.
Whoo-hoo! Yeah! Yes!
Come on, hike! Hike!
Dad...
What if these five
Golden Retriever pups just appeared,
and we were going to start
a dogsled team?
I know where this is heading,
and the answer is no.
Adam, I don't want you
to get your hopes up.
- But I...
- No ifs, ands or buts about it, OK?
You're not putting together
a dogsled team.
It's not fair.
It wasn't me that had the accident.
Adam. Come on, honey.
Besides, five pups certainly aren't
going to appear out of nowhere.
[Whimpers]
Come on, Shasta.

I think it's time I give those little troublemakers a pup talk.

Hi there, Adam.

What can I do you for?

Uh, I'm here to sign up for the race.

Your old man's coming out of retirement?

- By gosh, that is the best news.
- No, I, um...

You can consider him signed up.

I mean done and done.

No, it's for...

This is shaping up to be the best race Ferntiuktuk has ever seen.

- It's not for...
- [chuckling] Thank you, Adam.
- Now we're cooking.
- Um...

Bonjour, my petit friends.

[Scoffs] What do you want?

Aren't you as beautiful as the yellow snow?

I just came over to wish you luck in the race.

- You did?
- Oh, yes.

You are brave to want to race after the horrible thing that happened to Shasta's parents.

[Stuttering] Horrible?

They were crossing the frozen lake on the home stretch of the race.

The ice broke and Shasta's parents perished.

- The whole family is cursed.
- Cursed?
- You don't scare us.
- Yeah, right. Of course not.

Anyways, bon chance. [laughs]

That's scary.

What if something like that happens to us?
Scary? Pshaw,
B-Dawg is all about the danger.
Shh, here they come.
Well, we're all signed up, more or less.
[All whimper]
Come on.
[Both barking]
[Both barking]
- Any sign of them?
- No.
Oh, Buddy, what are we going to do?
We've looked everywhere.
Hello, Miss Mittens.
How are you today?
I've been looking for you for days.
You better teach B-Dawg to behave.
Your pup was chasing my kitten again.
When did you last see him?
Not too long ago,
breaking into the truck.
That little pup, he's gonna end up
in a dog pound, mark my words.
[Whimpers] Look.
- Budderball!
- [Engine starts]
[Both barking]
[Buddy] Puppy prints.
They've been in here.
Uh-oh!
[Talon howling]
[Whimpers]
[Barking]
Buddies, wake up.
Talon is calling us.
[All] Huh...?
[Talon howls]
I called on you tonight because there is
one last thing I need to teach you pups.
Look up.
Whoa! Dude, what is it?
That is Aurora Borealis.
The northern lights.
They're the spirit
of all your ancestors.
Including your parents, Shasta.
Now, pups, I must say goodbye.
But the race is tomorrow.
I've taught you all you need to know.
But I've never led a race before.
Shasta, you are ready
to take your place
in your long lineage
of great Alaskan lead dogs.
But we'll be all alone.
Yeah, wise dawg,
Budderball's got a point.
How do you know we'll be cool?
When you feel doubt,
these lights will remind you
that you're never really alone.
- How can you know for sure?
- Sometimes you just have to have faith.
- Goodbye.
- We'll sure miss you.
- Hang loose, sir.
- Maximum respect.
Namaste, Zen sled master.
Thank you, Talon.
We will never forget you.
[Groans]
Shasta?
Whoa.
"When he passes, the northern lights
will shine brighter than ever before."
[Barks]
- Talon.
- [Whimpers]
Rosebud? You awake?
- Yeah.
- Are you afraid?
Yeah.
I know it's hard to believe,
but I am too.
I know, B-Dawg. It's OK to admit it.
It actually means you're brave.
Rosebud, you're not going
to tell anyone, are you?
Your secret's safe with me.
Even though we're scared, we're going to have to race. For Shasta.

- Rosebud?
- Yeah?
- [B-Dawg] Thanks.
- [Dogs barking]
- Shh.

[Man] Welcome to the Ferntiuktuk Annual Dog Sled Race, coming to you live from the starting line.

Oh, and look, there is last year's champ, Jean George.

- [Crowd booing]
- [Boy] Boo! You stink!

It appears we have one no-show, Ferntiuktuk's own Joe Bilson.

Wait, I spoke too soon. It looks like...

...puppies?

- [Cheering]

[Laughing] I cannot believe it.

Your father sent a little boy to do a man's job? Incroyable!

What are you puny runts doing here?

We're here to kick some tail.

Yours in particular.

You have just about as much a chance of winning the race, as Shasta's parents do.

You don't talk about my parents.

Son, when you asked me to enter a Bilson in the race, I didn't know you were talking about you.

You didn't ask me, sheriff, and I wrote my name in the application.

Well, I'll be a moose's nephew.

So you did.

- And I paid the entry fee.
- Yeah, yeah, you did.

Sheriff, we can do this.

You sure you know what you're getting into, son?

This here is a treacherous race.
Yes, sir. We're prepared, sir.
I don't know...
There's nothing in the rules that says
a boy and his pups can't race, so...
- The boy is in!
- [Cheering]
Good luck, pups!
Remember to be safe.
- Good luck, comrade!
- Thanks!
- Stay clear of Jean George.
- Oh...
- He'll do anything to win.
- Thank you.
Like your father before you...
you will eat my powder.
[Cackles]
Mushers...
...take your mark.
- [Inhaling sharply]
- [Whining]
- Mush!
- Hike!
[All cheering]
- For Talon!
- [All] Talon!
Hike!
[Man] And they're off.
Hike!
[Whimpering]
Oh, no.
- [Molly] Uh-oh. Oh, Buddy!
- [Buddy] Hang on, Molly!
As the racers broach the forest,
last years champ,
Jean George, is in the lead,
and little Adam Bilson trails the pack.
[All barking]
Oh...
- [grunts]
- [Screams]
- [Shouting indistinctly]
- [Jean George] Sayonara!
- On by!
- On by! On by!
- Mush! On by!
- On by!
Listen, I'm gonna keep an eye on the race from home base, but you best be getting out on the trail. I'll see you at the finish line. Have you seen five puppies? They look like us, only little. You mean the Buddies? You bet I seen 'em! I never thought I'd see puppies in the Ferntiuktuk Annual Dog Sled Race. Ferntiwhatutk? It's the most treacherous race in all of Alaska. It's some of the meanest terrain on dog's white Earth. Can you take us to them, they're our pups. I'm the rescue dog. I was just about to head out on the trail. Follow me. Hike! Hike! On by! Mush! On by! Ow! Hike! Hike!
- Whoa!
- [Laughs]
[Indistinct chattering] Joe, thought you'd be at the race to see Adam off. - Half the town's down there.
- No, it's not my thing. What did you say? Those golden pups led by Shasta pulling the sled, that's enough to warm the heart of this stone-cold enforcer. Adam tried telling me he found some golden pups. How many were there? - Five.
- And Shasta makes six. A team.
[Engine turning]
[All barking]
Hike!
Hike! Gee! Gee! Gee!
You're doing great, guys.
Come on, hike! Hike!
You can do it.
[Man] Oh, and here comes
last year's champ, Jean George.
Oh, and here comes Elva Gruener,
leading the Icelandic team.
She made it safely
to the mid-way checkpoint,
but no sign yet of Adam Bilson.
He's only got ten minutes
to make it to the checkpoint
or he will be disqualified.
And with the temperature plunging
amidst the imposing darkness of night,
the odds certainly are
gainst young Adam.
He's almost at the midway checkpoint.
- Hurry.
- [Grunts]
- [Engine turns over]
- [Dogs barking]
OK, guys, here you go.
I've got some dinner for you. Eat up.
Long race tomorrow, yeah.
- Good.
- [Cackles]
[Elva] Eat up...
Strong doggies tomorrow.
Good boys, good boys.
[Whistling]
Ladies and gentlemen, with
the clock down to a mere 45 seconds,
Adam Bilson and his team of amazing,
incredible pups have made it
to the mid-way checkpoint,
unscathed and on a mission!
Mudbud. Budderball.
Thank goodness it's halftime.
I'm starving.
It's the seventh inning stretch.
Time to balance my chi.
Ohm...
[speaks French]
- Good, no one's limping.
- Huh...
You're making me proud.
- [Indistinct chatter]
- [Dogs barking]
[Man] Well, here we go, folks.
Day two of the
Ferntiuktuk Annual Dog Sled Race.
Our three remaining teams
are set to resume.
It should be an
exciting race to the finish.
- Hike!
- [All barking]
On by!
What's that? Snow squalls?
Whiteout conditions?
Why didn't you tell me before?
No, I can't cancel the race.
They're already out there.
Aw, you're some kind of dizzy.
Never mind, never mind.
I'll check it myself.
Oh, brother.
[Moaning] Oh, me on the Internet.
Bernie wouldn't believe his eyes.
What's this?
Five missing puppies?!
Oh, my gosh!
All right, here we go.
- [Phone ringing]
- [Gasping]
Fernfield, Deputy Dan.
Yeah, Deputy Dan, it's Sheriff Ryan
in Ferntiuktuk Sheriff's Department.
Listen, I've got five puppies
that match your description.
Wow, that is great news, sheriff!
I can't wait to tell the kids!
They'll be very excited!
[Panting]
Come on, you lazy mongrels.
Move it! A-ha!
[Barking]
[Groaning]
[Moaning]
I don't like the look
of those clouds, Shasta.
Hey, kids!
Kids! [laughing]
Kids!
[Grunting, gasping]
Kids! Kids! Hey!
Hey! [chuckling]
Hey! We found...
We found the pups!
- Yeah!
- Awesome!
- Could someone help me down?
- [Keys falling]
On by. Hike.
Hike.
- [Barking]
- [Moaning]
[Grumbling] Jean George...
[moaning]
[Shivering]
[Grunting]
Hey, sheriff.
Are we glad to see you!
Sheriff Ryan at your service.
Oh, boy, looks like
you better catch a ride with me.
- Let's go!
- Yeah, come on.
On by! Hike! Hike!
Move it, Jean George.
- Oh, no!
- [Cackling]
- Au revoir!
- [Screaming]
Gee!
Although several racers
left the mid-way checkpoint,
there are still three teams missing in action.

Haw!

[Wind howling]
[Moaning]
[Grunts]
Those puppies won't survive one night in that storm.
[Chuckles]

Whoa, whoa, whoa.
It's the abominable snow dude.
It's all right. Follow him.
- [Barking]
I'm over here.
That scoundrel.
Jean George sabotaged my sled.
I have never seen such dastardly weather conditions.
I have never seen such dastardly weather conditions.
I'm sorry to say it, folks, but it makes it impossible to track the competitors.
We're just going to have to hope and pray for the two remaining racers.
Dudes, it's warm.
Clean, but warm.
Inuits use igloos as homes.
The ice traps the heat.
[Panting]
[Grunting]
Thank you, you saved us.
I knew you were out there somewhere.
I've been listening to the radio.
Only you and Jean George are still in it.
But now you should rest, young man.
[Groans]
Let's go, pups.
We've got a race to win.
Come on, Shasta, we can do this. Hike! Hike!
- [Laughing]
- Whoa!
- [Grunts]
- [Shortles]
Whoa! That was close.
[Gasps] Adam's hurt!
I see a sled.
- Ah, it's Jean George.
- [All groan]
Oh, no. Where's Adam?
[All whimpering]
[Groaning] What happened?
Oh, no.
I think I'm OK, guys. Hike!
Hike!
Come on, Shasta,
we can do this. Hike. Hike!
[Crowd chatters indistinctly]
Wait a second!
There's another sled!
- It's Adam Bilson and his pups!
- [All cheer]
Where are you going?
It is too late.
You cannot save them!
They are goners, uh! Bah!
[Whimpering]
- Adam Bilson seems to have stopped.
- What's happened?
The lake.
Quick, give me the keys.
- No.
- No.
- No.
No, if the ice is cracking,
the weight of the snowmobile won't help.
- He's right.
- [Whimpering]
They fell through because they're heavy.
[Gasping]
There's something
I need to tell you guys.
This is where my mom and dad... died.
- We know, dude.
- You do?
And you still raced even though you knew it was so dangerous?
Like Talon said, sometimes you just have to have faith.
You need to hook their sled up so we can pull them out.
- [Ice cracking]
- [Whimpering]
Good boy.
- Slowly.
- [Whining]
- Slowly.
- [Ice cracking]
Just hook it to the sled.
Come on back. Good boy.
- Slowly.
- [Ice cracking]
Slowly.
Good boy!
OK, guys, I'm gonna hook you up.
Budderball, you're strongest, so I need you to give it all you got, big fella.
We're a team now, guys. We can do it!
OK, come on. Hike!
- Hike! Hike, hike!
- [All barking]
Hike, hike! Come on.
Come on, guys. Hike, hike!
Pull! Come on, hike! Hike!
Hike! Come on, pull!
You can do it, guys.
Come on, hike! Hike!
Zut alors! That is impossible!
Yes! Good boy!
[Jean George] Come on, you lazy mutts, let's go! We've got a race to win.
Au revoir, my little pipsqueak!
[Chuckles] Hike! Hike!
- Hey!
- [Barking]
That double-crossing, crooked creep.
That lowdown, dirty, good-for-nothin'...
Nobody double-crosses me and my brothers. We've got to beat them.
We are the fastest, and...
And the strongest.
We have the power of positive thinking.
It ain't over
till the husky puppy howls!
Oh, all right, pups. Let's get them!
And the race is back on
with Jean George in the lead.
Adam and the puppies are making sure
that it's a fight to the finish.
- Come on, Adam. Come on!
- They're too far back.
- Come on, Adam, you can do it.
- Go, Adam!
- Hike!
- Come on, you stupid, useless fleabags.
Those puppies saved our lives.
Yeah. Our musher
abandoned us and left us for dead.
It's time to go on strike.
[Speaks French]
No, no, no!
What are you doing, huh?
- Hike! Hike!
- Get him!
Come on, guys. Hike! Hike!
- Hike! On by! On by!
- [Groaning]
On by.
Hike! Hike!
- [All cheer]
- That's my boy!
- He did it! He did it, he won!
- Yeah!
- Whoo!
- Yeah!
He actually did it!
You're not mad?
Well, right now
I'm too proud to be mad.
I'm sorry. I just
wanted to race, to be like you.
I know, I know.
I should have let you.
I see that now.
It's your time.
I'm proud of you.
Wouldn't it be rad
if Mom and Dad could've been here?
[Barking]
- [Budderball] Mom! Dad!
- Buddies!
Ah, good dog, Bernie. Good job!
Yo, what's crackalakin'?
What are you doing rollin' in this hood?
Well, dear, we're
rollin' in this hood to find you.
That's what's, um, crackalakin'.
We were right behind you
the whole time.
- You were?
- Of course.
Your mom and I would search
to the ends of the Earth for you five.
- Where's Mudbud?
- Mom, I'm right in front of you.
I hardly recognized you, dude.
You're so clean.
Your coat is spotless.
I know. I look disgusting.
- [Whimpers]
- Shasta, are you OK?
Even though I can't see my mom and dad,
I know they're still with me.
This is the last time, la dernier fois,
you make a fool out of me
Moi, Jean George the third!
- [Screaming] Rabid dogs!
- [Barking, growling]
They've gone mad! Help!
Help! Rabid...
- Congratulations, young man.
- Say freeze, baby.
Freeze!
- Oh, nice.
- Great shot.
Couldn't have done it
without these pups.
Where'd these guys come from?
Those are the Buddies.
They call Fernfield, Washington home.
And their ride is about to take off,
so we best be hurrying.
How about one last sled run?
To the airport. Come on.
- Whoa!
- Yeah!
[Adam] Come on, Rosebud.
Come on, Budderball!
Yeah! OK, gee!
- Yeah, B-Dawg! Gee!
- Hike! Hike!
Bye, guys.
You really were our wish come true.
Shasta, you're the best friend
my brothers and I have ever had.
Bro, remember what I told you.
Yeah, hang loose.
Shasta, you're now
an official member of my posse.
Big pup, I'm going to miss everything
about you... but your butt. [chuckles]
Aw, shucks.
I'm gonna miss you too, Shasta.
You are our soul pup. Namaste.
Next time you're in Fernfield,
look us up.
If I didn't know better
I'd think they're saying goodbye.
Joe, it's not like they can talk.
Sometimes it really feels like they can.
Thank you, Buddies.
We'll really miss you.
[All whimpering]
[Engine turning]
There they go.
Come back anytime, Buddies.
[Barking]
- Buddy!
- Molly, hey!
Rosebud, come on, girl.
- Budderball!
- Buddha!
  Yo, B-Dawg!
- Where's Mudbud?
- [Whining]
Fernfield. Home sweet dirt!
Come here, Mudbud! Come here, Mudbud!
Oh, come here, Mudbud!
- Good boy. Oh, Budderball.
- B-Dawg!
  [Man] This past week, the annual
Ferntiuktuk Alaska Dog Sled Race
was won by a team made up
of Golden Retriever puppies.
Ferntiuktuk's own Adam Bilson and
his team of puppies overcame the odds
and defied expert opinion by finishing
first in this grueling two-day event.
I guess we can add
dog sledding to the family resume.
  [Chuckles]
Do you think they've outgrown
the need to explore?
- Not a chance.
- I was afraid you'd say that.
  [Adam] Yeah!
Come on, Shasta! Nice!
Go, Shasta!
Hike. Hike! Whoo! Whoo-hoo!
  [Talon] Remember, life may lead you
where you least expect,
but have faith that you are exactly
where you are meant to be.
Sometimes you just have to have faith.
It's a dream come true!
We're surrounded by vanilla ice cream.
Is there dirt in China?
'Cause if there is,
I'm gonna keep digging.
We're golden, Golden Retrievers.
Seeking truth is a
great start to our day. Ohm...
Pshaw. B-Dawg is all about the danger.
You pup was chasing my kitten again.
Have you seen five puppies?
They look like us, only little.
We're rolling in this hood to find you.
That's what's, um, crackalakin'.
Name's Shasta,
and I'm an Alaskan Husky.
Aren't you as beautiful
as the yellow snow?
No, no, I was busy
watching a puppy sled team.
You pups ain't from
around these parts, are you?
[(music) Mitchel Musso: Lean On Me]