



**Bizou + Yukon**

# go to Instanbul

Written by Steffani Cameron – former nomad

### ***Bouncy-bouncy-bouncy!***

I was so excited to be out of the airport, I couldn't decide if I wanted to run or just chase my tail, so I tried to do both, but it got confusing fast. I was running and tail-chasing and that's when I crashed into the nice man with meatsticks! Bop! He dropped a meatstick, but he was so nice that he just let me eat it. Mmm! Warm *and* meaty!



Just like TV Man was talking about – the famous meatsticks of **Is-tan-bul**. “Kebaps,” he called them. I fell asleep dreaming of meatsticks, but to wake up and be here and get given meatsticks by the first man I meet – oh-ho, let me tell you, Furry Man and Walky Lady need to up their snackies game.





That's when Yukon woofed and got my attention.  
He shot me a look that spelled *d-a-n-g-e-r*.  
I sniffed and realized what had Yukon so scowly:  
**C-A-T-S. Furballs.**

We never met a furball we liked. They're so schemey and  
sinistery, and they never do anything except sit there  
looking superior because they think they're so-o-o-o  
smart to get fed by humans for *doing nothing*.

I had never heard of this place, **Is-tan-bul**, until  
Walky Lady was so bored by days and days of snow  
that she started to – *gasp* – watch TV, and TV Man  
talked all about this country called Turkey where this  
**Is-tan-bul** was.

Well, you know me, I like turkey,  
so, oh, boy, a country of turkeys  
sounded dreamy! Now here we  
are, in **Is-tan-bul**! Magic!







Joke's on those stupid furballs, because Yukon and me, we like our jobs. And we like sheep! And Furry Man gives us treatsies, even though we find lots of tasty yummys on our own too. And Walky Lady keeps my hair pretty, so I'm okay with some sheep-chasing and running in fields and barking at birdies.



But, ugh, furballs. The whiff of furball was in the air, but the stink was so strong and so everywhere that it did not even seem possible that it all be just cats. I thought we were imagining things, but that's when we started to see them.

**Everywhere! Really! Furballs!**

Gangs of nasty cats, just roaming the streets. Don't they know they are only allowed in houses, on windowsills?!







Those cats may have duped the humans of **Is-tan-bul**, but we doggos know better. Ahead of me, Yukon plodded deliberately down the cobblestone sidewalk, squinting in suspicion as he sauntered past those maligning furballs. I wanted to be as serious and smart and safe as Yukon is, because he's so responsible, but I kept losing my focus because this place is so colourful and shiny and sunny and exciting! *And meaty.*

They don't have buildings like this in Summerlandia! The Haggy Sofa\* is my favourite, just opposite of the Blue Moth\*. I don't know why such an annoying bug gets a big blue church named after it, but okay.

\*Hagia Sofia and Blue Mosque



Ever the watcher-over-things doggo, Yukon parked himself on the side of a big fountain. There are so many fountains here! The fountains are nice and splashy but the birdies that come with them are even better. I was having a hard time containing myself with the flappy birdies to chase when I saw another nice man with a meatstick box on wheels, so I had to go say hi!



Apparently wagging my tail and showing some tongue is internationally understood as “give the fluffy cute white doggo some meats” so this makes me happy. I did the happy wag-wag-wag thing humans expect, and he petted me in the way I like, with a little nuzzle under my ears.

I nomnommed his meatsticks, which tasted like the other meatsticks, and not at all like turkey. Where are these turkeys for which this country is named? I could find no turkeys. Pigeons, lots of pigeons. I think they named the country wrong.

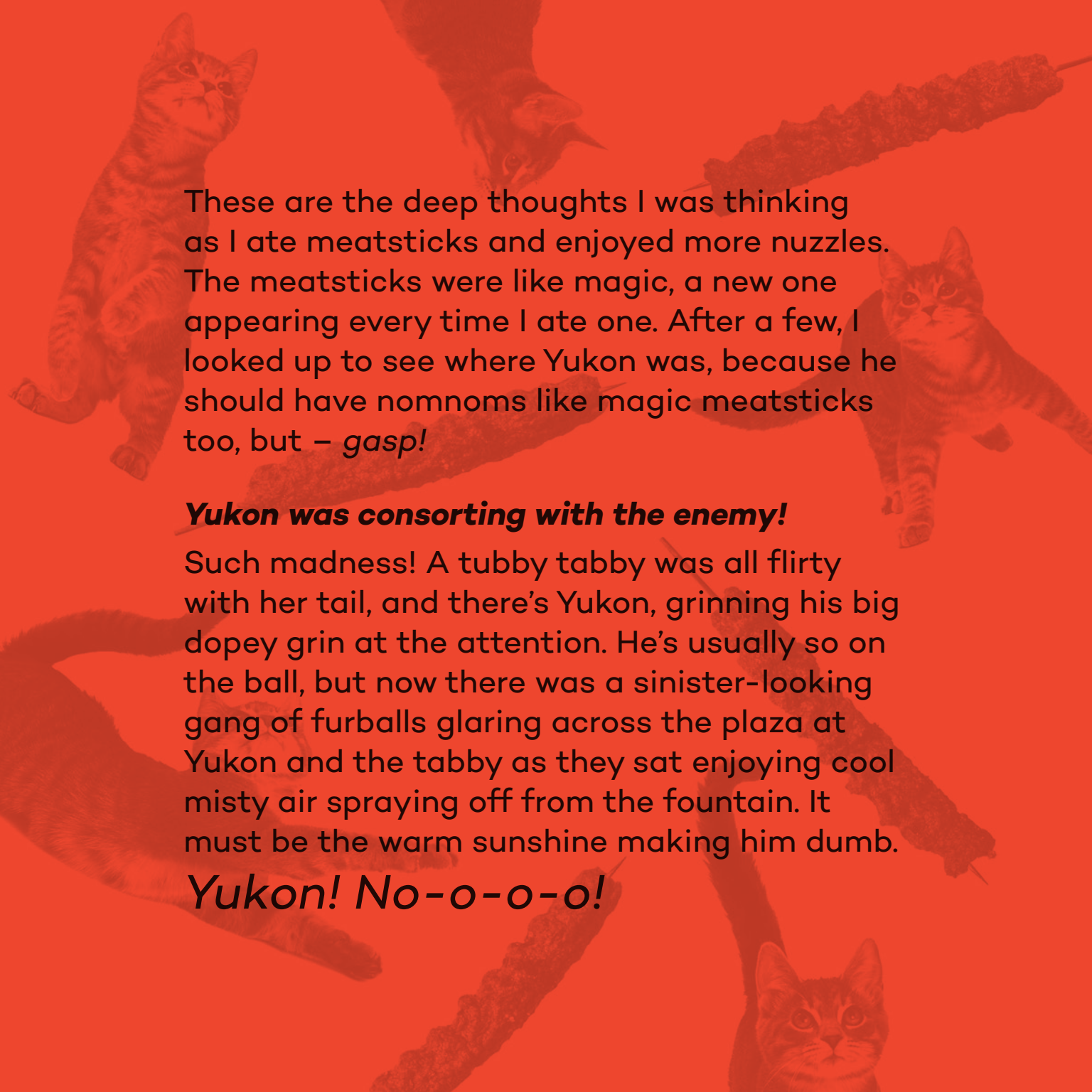


These are the deep thoughts I was thinking as I ate meatsticks and enjoyed more nuzzles. The meatsticks were like magic, a new one appearing every time I ate one. After a few, I looked up to see where Yukon was, because he should have nomnoms like magic meatsticks too, but – *gasp!*

***Yukon was consorting with the enemy!***

Such madness! A tubby tabby was all flirty with her tail, and there's Yukon, grinning his big dopey grin at the attention. He's usually so on the ball, but now there was a sinister-looking gang of furballs glaring across the plaza at Yukon and the tabby as they sat enjoying cool misty air spraying off from the fountain. It must be the warm sunshine making him dumb.

***Yukon! No-o-o-o!***

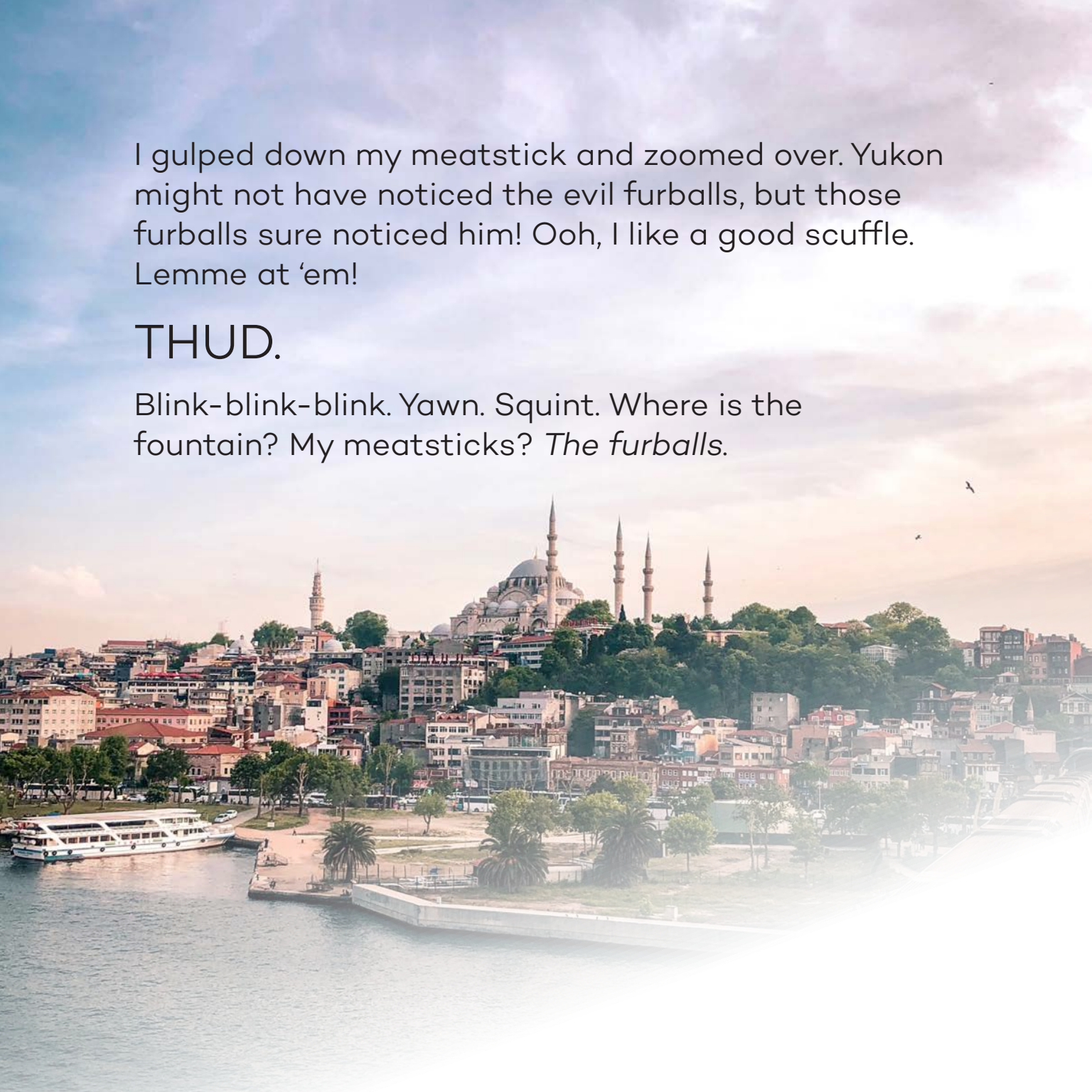




I gulped down my meatstick and zoomed over. Yukon might not have noticed the evil furballs, but those furballs sure noticed him! Ooh, I like a good scuffle. Lemme at 'em!

THUD.

Blink-blink-blink. Yawn. Squint. Where is the fountain? My meatsticks? *The furballs.*



I looked around and **Is-tan-bul** was gone. No more meatstick cart man or malingering evil furballs. Just a cozy fire and – oh, hey, hi, Echo and Acadia! Yay, Play Dogs!

A-ha. There's the noisemaker. Radio Man loudly talking about a world crisis looming over us, inconsiderately interrupting my dream of meatsticks.

Come to think of it, hungry! I could use a meatstick. Sniff-sniff. Walky Lady cooking! Not meatsticks, roastmeat, but we like roastmeat, so this is good. Yawn. And there's my buddy Yukon, snoozing by the blazing fire.







Shuffle-shuffle-shuffle. I looked out the window. No Haggy Sofa or Blue Moth. No furball stink. And just like Turkey, no turkeys. Only Summerlandia, winter-style, under a blanket of snow. And paused on the big TV, in the corner of the screen, the Haggy Sofa!

Oof. Whew. The turkeyless land of furballs was just a nightmare! Thank goodness. The horror. A land where furballs are beloved and everywhere! Shudder. Meatsticks are nice, but life is much better with sheep and chickens and goats and grapes and Walky Lady. And no furballs.



Geez, you know spring needs to hurry up and get here when Walky Lady has so much time on her hands that she watches TV shows about travel. Maybe she could watch a cooking show about making meatsticks instead, that would be nice.

“Okay, everybody,” the Walky Lady called out. “Walkies time!”

Ooh! Walkies! **Is-tan-bul** might be a great place for my humans to visit, but, for a vineyard dog in Summerlandia, *there’s no place like home.*







# Let's Wander

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