

# The Tale of Takitsa

By Iceshadow

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*This is a FanFic about my Balto character, Takitsa, Balto's sister. R&R!*

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# 1 - Thomas Bravelly

My name is Takitsa. I'm the grey wolf-dog of Kotzebue, Alaska. I live the simple pack life, as the alpha female. But you can't let me get ahead of myself, now can you? I'll start off long ago, while I was still the famous sled dog of Nenana!

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I was still a puppy when I was taken away. My father, a very kindly dog, and my mother, a beautiful white wolf, were careful to make sure me and my siblings were sent to a good home. My three brothers, Toksaga, Raima, and the other one I think was called Balto, but can't remember, were the only ones besides me who had no home. I could only watch out the safety of my home, a broken fishing boat, as the Northern lights filled the night, and people walked away from us. I felt tears on my face. No one wants a wolf-dog for pets. It's just not fair!

Suddenly, I heard footsteps outside the door. Toksaga turned his head and snarled at the stranger as he walked in. He was covered in pure black, black scarf, black boots, everything was black. I was scared as he put his hand out to me, so I tried to bite him, but he murmured to me in a kind voice. I tried my best to fend off, to defend my brothers, and not have to suffer the same fate as my beloved sister, Bluema. But before I knew it, my eyes were covered in wool and fur, and I was close enough to hear the man's heart-beat. The slow rhythm was so relaxing. I couldn't help but close my eyes...

I awoke to feel wool on my fur. I yawned and turned my head to see the man. He smiled and said, "Hi there, little thing. I'm your master, Thomas Bravelly."

*So that's his name.* I thought. *Thomas Bravelly.*

"Hi!" I said. I know humans could, and never in my lifetime, understand my barking, but by my wagging tail, I know he knew my meaning. "I'll call you Takitsa." he said joyfully. "You'll make a great sled dog! With a little training, we'll get you right!"

For once, and for possibly the final time, I was home.

So now you know how I've met Thomas, but you're probably wondering what happened to my family. Well, I'll tell you in the next chapter. I'll just tell you know that poor Raima had died a year after I was with Thomas. But I'm not sure what happened to Balto, if that's his name.