

“Head for the Hills: Our Rookie Iditarod Story, Part 4”

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“Our first midnight on the Iditarod trail found the team and I getting ready for our next run... As I readied the team to leave our campsite, the dogs were crazed to go. I was eager to continue traveling and get off the rivers and into more exciting country. The team charged from the campsite into darkness...

We continued uneventfully up the Yentna River. After a couple of hours of running in the cold and crisp night air ... I spotted the lights of the Skwentna Checkpoint...We found our way to the checker where I could give my required signature stating that I had indeed made it.

... I pulled the team up alongside the drop bags that I had shipped out... Being such a rookie, it took me a bit to decide exactly what food and gear I needed with me for the next few runs and then even longer to make it all fit in the sled! ... Sixteen minutes after pulling in to Skwentna, I was pulling out....

Much to my surprise, it wasn't long and we were turning off the river, up onto a bank, and into some swamps.

... As the wee early morning hours threatened to turn dark into light, I decided I wasn't going to find much for an “easy” camping spot and the team needed rest....I stopped the team and attempted to pull the leaders as far off the trail as possible.... After getting the team bedded down, fed, and checked over, I heated up some water in the cooker for myself to make a nice meal...Impulse was in lead and I thought it would be a good idea to curl up next to him in the straw for some rest. I drifted in and out of sleep....”

