F. J. Bergmann - Nostalgia

What I really miss, as I’ve said before, are dire wolves. Six feet high; that’s huge even for a horse. Every kid that had a dog when they were little tried to ride it like a pony and often got bit doing it too persistently. The dog would always sink down, just sit or collapse, and then look at you accusingly. So naturally when you think of a canid that big you think “Well, that could probably carry my weight and not mind it, it could be my friend.” And I know that the reason horses were domesticated and ridden is that they have a gap in their teeth where the bit goes, but if you can train dogs to do all that obedience stuff, you ought to be able to train a wolf to be ridden. All it would have to do is run and turn and stop with you on its back. And jump obstacles, maybe. Attack people on command, like mediaeval warhorses. But dogs already know how to do that. The wargs they had in *The Two Towers* were plausible and scary but I was disappointed because they were giant hyenas instead of giant wolves. You wonder how something that big got to be extinct; they could probably run down and kill anything, even mammoths (I miss those, too). Maybe they weren’t mean enough. You know: too laid back, let hunters kill them. Maybe they ran out of food, maybe they got some kind of dire wolf disease. If it were happening today, they’d call it DWD or something short and snappy like that, and worry about pet dogs or people catching it. Dire wolves would have to be isolated or quarantined. Maybe we could give them Canada.

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