Scooby-Doo is still a lot of fun

By SAM NAISHTAT

Scooby-Doo-Doob, where are you? You're sticky, a whiny, moody mutt—Fredward Primo Jr. and Sarah Michelle Gellar. I must admit, when I watched the Scooby-Doo cartoon (even the one with Scrappy) as a young child, there wasn't any path or any perception of Scooby the put- head or Velma the basset. It was just the Mystery Machine, a bunch of crime-solving teenagers and their little dog Shaggy. I absolutely loved it.

I wish I had that little one or seven-year-old boy who is just starting out watching the cartoons for the mystery (a pretty good genre) and the funny antics of the group.

When I was 8, my parents decided to move to California. It was a wild time. For a person who just absolutely adored Scooby-Doo, “We’re toasted!”

Everytime I hear that line, I’m sure they can’t help wonder why us big smartest elementary school kid, but now, I'm sure they're kicking themselves.

I went from the land of sun, surfing and skateboarding to the land of snow, skiing and snowboarding. Now, don’t get me wrong.

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