

Belle Can't Fly

I was standing in the kitchen sipping tea looking out the back window. The barn is in full view with the forested hill behind it; the goats and Rocky wander around munching and enjoying themselves; goats eating the trees new leaves and Rocky (guard dog) pulling and eating cleavers! I love to watch them. It's peaceful and fulfilling and gets me in tune with my bliss.

Yesterday, as I stood there feeling good about life, taking a garden break, talking on the cell and hearing every fourth word being said, Belle my beautiful sweet little Boar goat was on top the hay stack playing Queen of the World. All of a sudden she fell off, did a flip and landed on her back on the ground. I was stunned as they never, ever fall off that hay.

She lay there unmoving. I yelled something into the phone and headed out the back door, FarmBoy Gary close behind. I kept my eye on her as I ran; no movement. Across the yard. Through the open gate. Across the barn lot. Through the locked gate. Still no movement. My heart raced and I just knew her neck was broken as I could see she lay at an odd angle, her little legs sticking up in the air.

I knelt beside her, no sound, laying perfectly still. I reached for her head calling her name softly. As I raised her head up I realized her little horns were stuck straight down into the ground. She was pinned! As I pulled her head up and her horns out of the ground, she came to life, jumped up, wiggled her tail and nuzzled me for a treat! I examined her head to toe--perfect.

I felt exultant! Not only was she alive, she was not injured. Belle, you silly. You cannot fly.

