

Fixing Fence

by J. LaRoche

I'm a little slow moving from yesterday, but that's not an excuse to not do my work, my daily chores. The hot shower feels nice. My back is pretty sore. It's not all the time I get bucked off a horse. Something in the bushes had to spook it.

My coffee is horrible but it will do. I need a jolt to get this morning started. The fence line in the south pasture needs some fixing. The last time I had cattle in there, they got out on me and I hate chasing cattle around all day. I was never good at babysitting.

The mud has dried on my boots. I better clean my mess before the old lady yells at me. "You better vacuum that up honey, don't want to be tracking that all over the house." Too late. She riles me up, but after all these years I still love that about her.

Chilly outside but the air is clean and fresh. As tired and sore as I am in the mornings, this is my favorite time of day. My dad once said "Son, in the time it takes the sun to show it's face on the horizon I've finished half my day's work." It never made sense to me then but it does now. Start early and you will have all the time in the day to do what you need with it.

6 fence posts, a post pounder, wire pliers and cutter, wire stretcher, and wire ties. The 4-wheeler should have enough gas. Dust clouds lead the way towards the cattle guard. Time to fix fence.

