

Growing up on the farm was a real blessing.....most of the time. And having siblings was the greatest gift I could have hoped for. But put those things together and it's dangerous living on a farm with cattle, horses, and siblings if you're the youngest in the family. We had a fenced area just south of the house that was used for fattening up a steer for butchering and to separate our bull from the herd. So, things must have been pretty boring for Larry, Harvey and Barb because they decided they should put the bull in the chute and put me on it! It's about then that my thoughts turned to where is my protector and hero Wayne. So, open the f@#king chute and away we go, no rigging just one skinny rope to hold onto so the bull didn't buck hard, but hard enough to throw me into a barbed wire fence. I always wondered where that scar came from on my back and now, I remember!!!!!!! So, I looked back from the tangled mess to see Harvey heading for the house, Larry gone, and Barb was laughing her a@@ off before she came to help me. mk