



A Day in the Life

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Martok

Monday, December 7, 2009

Photo by Sue Weaver

Jadzia before she got the plastic net stuck on her head. On Saturday, a little girl interviewed Mom and asked her what a typical work day for a writer is like. Uzzi and I looked at each other and shrugged. Mom's not the one to ask.

Today she got up at 7 a.m. She milked Bon Bon and fed us important dairy goats and Carlotta the pig, then the Boers and the sheep.

Our horses and donkey and steers are wasteful, so she forks them hay from a big round bale, across the fence. She ripped the plastic net off and put it on the hood of the truck so no one would accidentally wrap the net around their feet.

But my daughter Jadzia (she's a chip off the old block) reared up to look and got it stuck on her head. Then she streaked around the yard with the net steaming behind her and Mom in hot pursuit.

After that, Mom went to her office and worked for awhile, then decided to hang tarps. Those go around the dairy does' shelter during the wintertime to help keep them warm. The other goats and Mopple the sheep-geep helped her but Uzzi and I were in our pen so we had to watch. That is, Uzzi watched; three of the does are in heat today so I put on a study show for them instead.

It started to rain just as Mom got to our side of the gates between the shelter and our pen, so she ran the Boers and sheep to their places and shut them in. With the girls gone, I had nothing to do, so I helped Uzzi help Mom.

We nibbled the tarps and rubbed against Mom but she kept nudging us away. Then she sat on the ground to fasten some ties and I told Uzzi, "Watch this!" I tiptoed up behind her and twisted sideways and zapped her with a stream of pee. She leapt to her feet and grabbed her hair and howled, "ARRRGGGH!" That got her attention!

After she washed her hair with Go-Jo (that's mechanic's hand cleaner and it takes out buck scent like a dream) and changed her clothes, she put Uzzi and me in the yard while she finished tying the gate tarps down.

Next, she drove to town to buy more tarps and ties and then it was time to feed and milk again. After that, she chased down big Dyan and crabby Maire (our ancient, retired race horses) in the dark and dressed them in their waterproof turnout sheets.

Now it's 8 p.m., and she's in her office again, tapping out a Hobby Farms article about chickens and things. That's a typical work day for our Mom (but she says she wouldn't have it any other way).

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