

# Shudda Got A Horse! Maybe?

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Ranchin fer hard long years has filled my life with unique adventures, but let me tell you some stories about my cowdog that will drop those secured dentures.

Attending an annual horse auction with my younger daughter, eighteen years ago, changed my life's scenario workin cattle on horseback believe me I should know!

Walkin into the sale barn a small crowd caught my eye, course my interest shifted for a moment as my feet persuaded me to pry.

Looking over a few shoulders there was a litter of Aussie pups, some red and blue merles, black and white and tri's, the sign read FOR SALE, one heckava buy!

Well I tell ya my arm was twisted and pretty much bent, my daughter's pleading emotions I appeased so I spent!

Our intent was to buy a young horse to work the cattle, a stout equine picked to help smooth our job without getting rattled.

So our plan was aborted we figured in vain, our justification bought us a cowdog he was part of our gain.

Now this red merle pup grew into a darn good dog, he took to workin cattle, like a kickin mule stuck in a pasture bog!

On foot now when it came to separatin the calf from the mom, this dog would help divide by grabbin her long sharp horn.

Distraction was good for a split second or so, ya had to be fast as  
you grabbed, castrated and let go!

One time the ole cow would not let her only calf be caught, so we  
drove a tractor between them thinkin she's too dumb to plot!

As the calf was lassoed into the bucket it was thrown, try castratin  
a bellowing bull calf up in the air on a front loader with momma in  
moan!

Cowdog came to the rescue ready to head mamma with a leap,  
poor mutt seen stars as he misjudged her nose darn nearly three  
feet!

Now the cow hit the tractor, the bucket shook hard, everyone kept  
their balance, bull now steer fell unmarred.

Times like these you need a reliable strong horse, but the cowdog's  
plusses were many, so we felt no remorse.

The cattle got herded, geese, chickens, ducks too, as for my family  
they all loved this pooch which became part of our zoo!

In his eighteenth year, deaf and almost half blind, he still keeps the  
coyotes away, at least in his mind.

Last month when an ugly blizzard occurred, he followed me in the  
barn to help feed our shivering herd.

I heard a loud shuffle, some barkin and stuff, around a large hay  
bale, him and an ole coyote were getting it tuff!

Either one could hardly fight, no teeth could they bare, fer they all  
had fell out along with part of their hair!

Both backed off with fatigue gently settin in, I didn't know whether  
to stress or to give a whimsical cowboy grin?

My old cowdog slowly now slaunderd away, while the other beat  
up critter looked quite dazed and dismayed.

The poor mangy coyote crept away in bitter cold snow, my ole  
worn out cowdog proud but the after effects now showed.

In less than a week an itch developed persistently I couldn't break,  
cowdog's muzzle was red after being gummed like a pounded  
steak.

As I think back now the old coyote hardly had any hair, my poor  
ole mutt was startin to compare!

In concern and worry I called my long time vet, he said "your  
pooch has the MANGE, I won't put ya in debt!"

Try this well known horse wormer cure, guaranteed to bring your  
scrubby friend out of his itch fer sure!

My ole cowdog is cured, mange made him shabby for a couple of  
weeks without much glee, oh, and by the way did I tell ya, way  
back I decided to name my ole cowdog puppy FLEA!

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