

Barnyard Mythology

by Eydie McDaniel

(Ghost writer for William E. Goat)

Greetings to all 2-footed readers. I thank you for your time.

My name is William E. Goat. Nicknames may already rise in your mind. It is quite alright if you dub me "An Old Goat". I've heard some of you call rather fine gentlemen by that nickname. In answer to your likely question, Why would I, a goat, attempt correspondence with you, a human? Well, I will tell you politely that you have the wrong impression of some of us animals. Let me shine the lantern light and spare you of some, pardon me, silliness.

You are no doubt a kind person who feels badly to see darling little deer standing around in snow deep enough to cover grazing things. Please stop taking our hay away to feed them. They don't need hay, or grass, or weeds. They eat trees that stand above the snow.

Well, some trees brought down by beaver bites get buried by a big snow. That reminds me. Who told you beavers use those big flat tails to carry mud across the water like some kind of a tug boat? They just use those tails for balance and making a noisy slap when you sneak around wanting to fetch their skin for you hats. That noise could wake up any beaver and for that matter, it could even wake up a bear in winter.

Yes, bears only sleep. They don't hibernate. If the beaver slap on the pond woke up a bear he could move around and get away from you and your loud popping pipe shaped thing in plenty of time.

Now about other hunters: Owls help you out by hunting mice and rats. Those creepy little vermin are nocturnally active. It's your human imagination that the owls can't see in the day time. They can see you just fine no matter WHOOO you are or what you do all day long. Some owls make a soft little wail when they call. So it make no sense to call them Screech Owls. Furthermore may I add that what you human call Hoot Owls don't hoot? It's the Barred Owl that give a hoot.

Humans got the opossums' story messed up too. Their babies don't hang by their little baby tails wrapped on their mama's tail to travel around. If you see those babies riding on her back, they grab hold of her big ole hair. Furthermore an adult opossum can't hold up its body by its tail wrapped onto to a branch, nor would it ever sleep like that. One more thing, an opossum doesn't PLAY possum. The poor thing panics and goes into some kind of traumatic shock, often just before it gets killed.

I could tell you about several more animals that I, as a goat, know very well. But I will respect your time and tell you of only one more, the pigs.

One of my favorite yard buddies is a pig and boy have we talked. If pigs ran free in nature they would be roaming around in forests, using only their same designated poop place over and over, and find clean water to cool their skin when they were away from the shade too long.

They can even go for a good swim like you do to cool off. Pigs did not choose to live in muddy, filthy, hovels. It's mean to blame the pigs when humans make them dirty.

Well that it's it, except for another thing about us goats. Goats don't ever eat tin cans. To that silly notion, I "take a fence."

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