

If Pigs Could Fly ... Would Rudolph Be Out of a Job?

By Debby Schoeningh

DEAR SANTA,

I hope you and the missus are faring well this winter. It's been a might cold here, but we are getting by. The cows are wintering well, and all the dogs haired up before the cold spell hit.

But enough of that. Let's get to the point of this letter.

I hope you don't pay much attention to that bad or good business because you know I didn't intentionally take my neighbor Billy Bob McCrackin's water this summer. It

*Down on the farm,
naughty or nice is all
a matter of perspective*

was flooding over my ditch banks and I just didn't know how to stop it.

Thankfully, Billy Bob came over and pulled a big wad of dirt and sod out of the ditch that seemed to be backing up the water.

I don't know for sure what happened, but Billy Bob said that it seemed like every night for almost a week the sod would somehow roll

back into the ditch and he would find it there in the morning.

I suppose that's why he finally came over all red in the face with a sledgehammer and broke it up into little pieces that he picked up and flung all over the field.

Each time he threw a piece, he yelled something that sounded a lot like my name in the middle of a couple of other words.

I couldn't make out what he was yelling for sure, but I was nice enough not to tell him he was upsetting my cows.

I guess a rancher doesn't like

long enough to get to know them anyway.

And as for the smell, I told him that if he had a little extra money he could turn that fancy thing he calls a gazebo with the big warm watering hole into a hog barn like mine.

I'm sure you know, Santa, that the smell of a nice hog barn will cover up just about any kind of unpleasant smell there is.

Besides my old sow, Sally Ann, really took a liking to that watering hole this spring when she jumped in—after I gave her a little nudge.

She was just sitting in there pretty as you please, a oinking and a grunting as those jet propulsion things swirled all around her.

Billy Bob didn't take much of a liking to old Sally Ann though. He told me that if I didn't get that pig out of his—what did he call it? ... "spa"—he would make quick bacon out of her.

Why that really hurt Sally Ann's feelings, but I suppose it didn't do much for Billy Bob's wife's feelings, either, because he said she was planning on using it that night and now she couldn't get into it either.

Can you imagine—he won't let his own wife use it. Said something about germs, but I told him not to give it another thought—Sally Ann don't mind if there's germs.

Anyway, if you could see your way clear to overlook these things and a few more that I didn't have anything to do with, there are some things I would like to have for Christmas this year.

First of all, I would like to have something that's easier to plug up a ditch with instead

of using a wad of sod. It gets awful cumbersome lugging that big thing around and makes a powerful big hole in the pasture to get it. Maybe something out of lightweight, waterproof plastic that looks inconspicuous?

I would also like a new hotshot, nothing fancy, just the standard type. Billy Bob kind of bent up the one that I have when he tried wrestling me for it.

And if you could work it into your budget, Santa, I sure could use one of those fancy hog spas. I might even let Billy Bob's wife get in it. Wouldn't that be something?

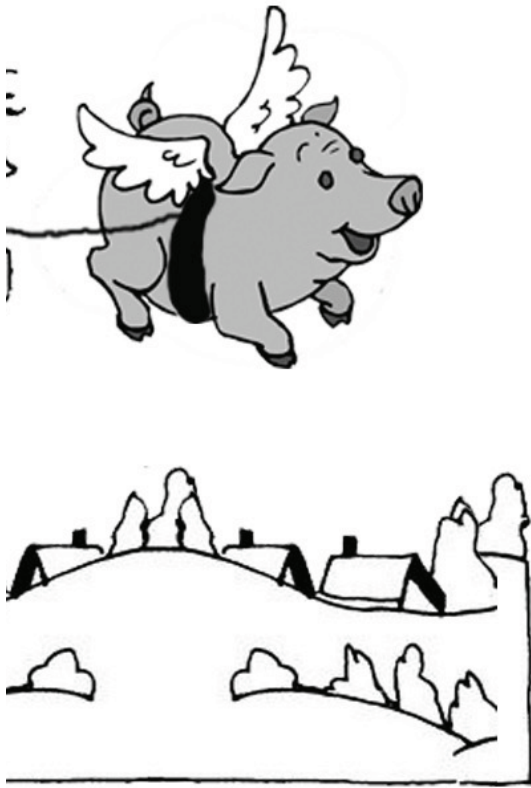
That's about it for the presents Santa, but I do have a favor to ask.

I hear tell pigs can fly, and when you're flying over my ranch on Christmas Eve with those reindeer to drop off all my presents, if you have time, could Sally Ann give it a whirl?

She poked her snout into one of those water jets in Billy Bob's hog spa yesterday and got herself a red nose just like Rudolph's.

Maybe she could guide your sleigh that night. ■

Debby Schoeningh of North Powder can be e-mailed at debs@eoni.com.



Images designed by Debby Schoeningh; illustrations courtesy of clipart.com.

to let a wad of sod get the best of him.

I also hope you will overlook that little incident with the hotshot earlier this year.

I swear to this day that Billy Bob backed right up to it. I was just fixin' to test it to make sure it was working, and before I knew it, he was a jumping all over the place and yipping like a coyote.

And just as he was starting to settle down, danged if he didn't back into it again.

I noticed a few days after the hotshot incident that he had his place up for sale, but I guess he didn't get any takers.

He said it had something to do with the quality and smell of the neighborhood. But I told him shucks, I don't mind the neighbors, besides they never stay around

