

My Barn

You stumble down the street and run into our driveway. A lightning flash lets you see our barn just ahead. Dripping wet, and very cold, you fumble with the wet door handle to get it open. Ah... a warm place for you to stay until the storm blows over! You hear a rumble from outside as you close the door... all is dark!

As you walk in with bare feet, it's slippery and somewhat soft. You feel hay and gravel mixed in with dirt all over the hard, cold, cement floor as you walk in. You swing your hands around and find directly to your right a tall object. You feel your way to the bottom and find wheels on the bottom. As you move around to the front you find drawers every couple of inches from top to bottom. You feel to the left of that and stick your hand into a warm, smooth, liquid in a circular pan. Lucky for you, there are some towels just to your left that you knock onto the floor. You pick them up and clean your hands off.

You attempt to find a garbage can. You search behind you and end up stubbing your toe on a very hard piece of metal. You lean down and feel it. It's circular. It's attached to a long metal pole. The metal pole connects to another large object. The front of it is like a square (but rounded on the top part). After feeling along the rest of the large object and using your *extensive* knowledge of tractors, you realize that it's a John Deere GP ☺ (you're smart)! That settled, you turn around again and find the garbage can. Too

bad for you, but my Dad and I just changed the oil in my truck yesterday, so you end up sticking your hand in MORE of that warm, smooth, liquid. Now that you know where you are, you work your way back over to the table where the rags are and clean your hands off again.

You decide to take a sniff... smells like a musty barn (but don't tell my Dad about the musty part). You smell hay and straw, along with (of course) used oil (which you've become pretty good friends with).

You suddenly feel something soft rubbing against your feet. Something else soft swishes back and forth across your knees. You reach down to find what the thing is and it reaches up to find you. You feel a soft, round, head with two little ears coming out of it. It lets out a soft meow, and you immediately know what it is! You decide to venture further into the barn. Careful not to stub your toe on the tractor again, you work your way farther into the barn, all the time trying to not trip over the cat that's running between your feet.

Suddenly, you run into a large wooden door. It sways back and forth as you rub your head. You hear a commotion from behind the door and several squawks and gobbles. You cough as chicken feathers float down all around you... onto your head, in your ears... everywhere! Using your better judgment... you decide NOT to brave the chicken stall!

You move slightly to the left and reach out. You find another stall door. From inside this one, you hear a slight rustling of hay from the back of the stall, then you hear something fairly large coming towards the door. You just happen to have your hand sticking into the stall, and something starts to suck on it! You quickly pull it away and

hear a “MOO” from inside the stall. Congratulations! You found my baby cow (who isn’t such a baby anymore). Lucky for you, he’s the tamest cow we have and couldn’t bite you if he wanted to!

You move far right past the chicken stall again (trying not to disturb them like you did last time), and then move to the other side of the barn. Hey look, you found the hay stall. The hay is so thick in here that it feels soft and warm on your feet! The strong smell of alfalfa comes over you and you like it! (All those clovers and stuff how could you not like it?)

You stumble your way back to the front of the barn again where you had your first encounter with the oil pan. You feel your way along the brick wall until...AH-HAH!! There it is! You flip the switch and the lights come on!