

Domino

Ken Kalish

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Friends:

Yesterday was a shearing day for our llamas. Liliania, Denzel, and Domino all got haircuts. It's a dirty job, primarily because llamas make dirt bath spots in their pasture and then scrub the dirt into their fleece. When we shear them, all that fine filth gets all over us. It was a good day because the three of them yielded five bags of really high quality fleece.

But, it was also a bad day. Domino does not like to be haltered, so I earned a few new bruises. Once I got her haltered and tied, she commenced stomping on my left foot. She used all four of her feet, but stomped only on my left foot. Rotten critter! I suspect she knew that was the foot attached to my bum leg.

And then there's the really ugly part. Llamas are, above all else, extremely territorial. They are also fearless, and tend to kill varmints that wander onto the farm. Saturday night Domino did just that. She killed a varmint with only a little help from our pup, Tank T. Wrecks. Ordinarily that sort of behavior is to be commended, and I do reward the llamas that show me their kills. Domino and Tank had no need to show me their kill. It was a skunk.

Yes, Domino yielded up a nice, if somewhat small fleece. Yes, I bagged it and tied the top of the bag so the contents wouldn't reek quite so much. However, Tank has no fleece. Neither do Lila and I. L'essence d'chat noir et blanc is simply not a marketable resource, and it emanates from an oily emission exclusive to members of the weasel family.

Thank you, Domino, for the gift. It will keep on giving until that bag of fleece hits the incinerator at the landfill.

Ken