

# Training a Young Llama

By Ken Kalish

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Friends

Had a most fun time yesterday.

I had roped a young lama who had never before been haltered. I went to work. I roped him and set about putting a halter on him, then hooked a lead to his halter and removed the lasso from his neck.

He was not at all impressed.

We wandered about for a while, him pulling one way while I pulled the other.

After about half an hour, I was able to let the lead slack and I thought we had come to an understanding. Not so, oh naked ape.

He took off at a trot, my septuagenarian body trying to keep pace.

Eventually he chose to weave his way through our grape vines. An animal like that is superbly shaped for that kind of adventure. My shape, not so much.

I actually made it all the way through the grape vines, but then got my legs tangled up in an improperly stored rake.

Down I went, head first into the still green grass. Fortunately there were no rocks, toys, or dog excrement in my way. All I got out of it was a broken pinky finger, a bruise to the temple, and a grass stain in my hair.

Unfortunately, I had landed close to one of the afore mentioned dog piles. When I stood up I placed my right foot squarely upon a pile of low hurdle poop. (Dog poop smells better than dog fart, so I was lucky) Every detail of my work boot sole was crammed with aromatic brown stuff.

Another hour of "I'll go no I won't go," I got him into a small paddock where he would be safe from the attacks of fully grown males.

So, after various injuries to my pride and body, I felt it was time to call my lama wrangling day done.

Perhaps more halter lessons tomorrow.

Ken Kalish, Carma Llama Rescue