

Growing up as a “kid” on the farm

Ever since I was a little kid I remember little Prince. He was the cutest puppy ever. He was quite mischievous, and fun to be around. I wish he were still here with me today. Our story starts when he first came to our farm.

Sarah the little girl who lived on the farm begged for a dog. “Please can I have a dog, please?” “When you’re older, darling,” her mother would say. “Please?” “Not yet.”



Eventually her parents gave in. They bought her a beautiful Border collie puppy.

“What are you going to call him, sweetie?”

“I’m going to call him Prince because he will be ruler of all the animals on the farm,” said Sarah.

“What a lovely name,” her father said, “but why don’t you call him Peter or Patch. Patch would suit him very much.”

“No!” she screamed, “I want to call him Prince.”

What a ratbag. Not to mention that this had almost scared the living daylights out of Prince.

“Alright, alright. But remember you’ve got to feed Grace and Gertrude the goats tonight. You forgot yesterday,” said her father.

“Okay Daddy,” Sarah said not paying any attention to what her Father was saying.



After fifteen minutes of playing with Prince, Sarah was already bored. So she went inside to whatever she does inside. Before you knew it, Prince was already running, trying to get back home.

“What are you doing?” I yelled.

“Finding my mother,” he yelled back.

Poor Prince. I knew this wouldn’t end well, as he was missing his mother. I couldn’t run after him. I’m only a kid. I couldn’t jump this fence yet, so I ran to my mother.

“Will you run after him?” I asked mother.

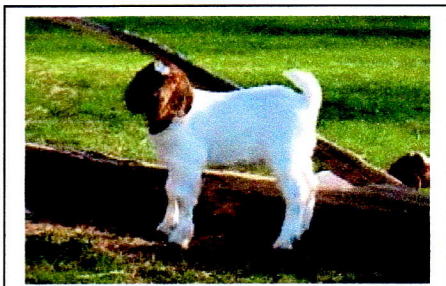
“I can’t Grace. I’m sorry, we’re only goats.”

It wasn’t long after that, that Sarah’s Dad came out to look for Prince. He spotted him running over the hill and ran after him. Prince must have got caught in a Blackberry bush, because both the farmer and Prince came back scratched.

The farmer then decided to make the puppy a run. It was only 20 metres one way and 20 metres the other way. At the very end there was a kennel, food and water. It was right next to our pen. It was good to have someone to talk to that wasn’t my mother and is about the same age as me. He enjoyed it too. We had many adventures together most of them things like escaping and running down the hill where the blackberries are. Others like running out on the road and not coming back until the next day. When we came back, Mother was worried sick. Even though I was a goat and Prince was a dog we were best friends and my mother was like a mother to him.



Sarah didn’t spend any time with him whatsoever but he didn’t mind. We had each other.



One of my favourite adventures was when we were both about one year old. By that time I could now jump the fence, instead of having to crawl through it like the previous times. I jumped the fence and unhooked Prince.

On this particular adventure we, we found some mysterious looking footprints. We followed these footprints and they lead us to the next door neighbours farm.

What we didn’t know was that the pig next door had got out of its sty and came through our farm last night. We found the pig back in her sty, who told us her name was Petunia. Petunia and I became great friends and so did Prince. The next door farmer noticed us on his farm, so he told his children to throw rocks at us

as we weren't meant to be there. It was fun dodging the rocks but it wasn't funny when I got hit on the leg and Prince got hit on his back. "Time to go, Grace," said Prince. "Yes it is about time, Prince. See you soon Petunia," I said. She replied "Bye, see you soon."



That was one of the best adventures we had. My second favourite adventure was when we annoyed Sarah so much by running off with what she called her "phone". We were at the midway point of our lives and Sarah still didn't care about any of the farm animals. In fact she was probably worse than ever. Prince and I decided to get her phone when she was going out to catch what the humans call the "school bus". I jumped over the fence and unhooked Prince.

"You ready Prince," I said.



"Ready," he said, "can't wait to see her face this time."

By now we had got Sarah back for the way she treats us lots of times. This time she is going to be more than annoyed. The good thing was that the Farmer never punishes us. I think he actually like us doing stuff to her. She came outside the farmhouse.

"Ready. GO Prince." I yelled.

Prince was off. Quickly I scrambled down the hill. Not far behind me was Prince with the phone firmly in his mouth. Sarah just stared, dumbfounded. We darted through the blackberry bushes until we found a

small opening in one that was down towards the creek. This blackberry bush was hollow inside. It was a great place for us to hide. We both agreed it was a perfect escape place. That is where we spend most our time from that day on, (when we're not visiting Petunia of course).

My most recent adventure was the saddest one. My mother had just died so we went to advise Petunia. Prince and I were both starting to get old.

"Come on Prince," I said, "You're starting to slow down again."

"Sorry Grace," Prince said.

"It's alright Prince, we're starting to get old now."

We went and saw Petunia who was also getting old, and you could tell she only had a couple of days left to live, if that at all.

"That's sad news, I'm so sorry," Petunia said.

"I guess you can't change life," I said.

"Petunia we've got to get back, the farmer will be wondering where we are," Prince said.

"Since when has that bothered you, Prince," I said, "but I guess you're right. we do need to get back. Sorry Petunia."

"That's alright," she said, "I guess this is goodbye."

Prince and I didn't know what to say.

"Goodbye?" we said together.

"I won't be living much longer. So goodbye," said Petunia.

"Bye," we said feeling horrible.

That night Prince said "I want to go down to the blackberry bush, just once more please."

I jumped over the fence which really made my bones hurt. I then unhooked Prince and together we slowly walked down to the bush. In those last twelve hours we had together we talked about the fun things we did together. Prince's favourite was the "phone" adventure. Eventually we fell asleep. The next morning we woke



up to hear the farmer calling Prince.

"Prince, they're calling you. Wake up!"

"Huh?" he said.

"The farmer wants you," I replied.

We ran up the hill as quickly as we could.

"There you are boy," you could tell the farmer was up to something. He was never that nice to Prince. Never. I noticed that the vet was here too. "Get into your pen!" The farmer yelled at me.

Before I knew it they euthanized Prince before my very eyes. My dear, dear Prince! My only friend, was gone!

It has now been three weeks since Prince died.

I hurt my leg yesterday trying to get to the blackberry bushes and now I can't get up. The vet is here again. They're going to euthanize me. I guess now I'll be able to see my one and only true friend, Prince.

