**Sheep drive**

My wife Wendi and I reared 10 poddy lambs with a bottle. When the milk

powder ran out, it was time to wean them, and it was also time to mark the big mob.

I tried to muster the 10 lambs to the yards, but only three followed. When I got

home the other seven were demanding to be fed. Wendi found some more milk

powder and asked me to go and bring back the other three. “Just put them in the back seat of your Colorado ute," she said.

It was just on dark, so I shone the car lights on the three, who were in a messy corner where I pump my stale dip water. I left the ute's lights on, with the car still running, and the automatic transmission in neutral.

I grabbed one of the lambs and carried him back and threw him in the back seat

of the cab, but before I caught another I saw car lights coming towards me at the

yards. I thought Wendi had decided to come and help me.

But rather than slowing, the car appeared to be gathering speed, and when it

negotiated the dip hole I yelled out, "Slow down Wendi!"

As my ute then sped past me, I looked into the driver's seat to give Wendi a blast,

and there was the lamb. The only response it gave out the window was "Baaaa!"

When it finally slammed-into a tree, the lamb jumped out the window and

escaped, leaving the hazard lights on, the windscreen wipers on and the music turned up very, very loud.

*Bruce Carrigan, Boomi*