

Trail boss (best of)



I was excited because I got invited to go on my very first trail ride. Actually they wanted my celebrity horse Gentleman, but I was invited to go along. My friend Terrell phoned and said, “We have two drives a year. One is a one-day trail drive that lasts about three days. If you survive the shorter one, you might get invited to go on the week-long drive. That one lasts about 10 days.”

“I’ll have to ask my boss to see if I can go,” I told Terrell.

“I didn’t think you had a job.”

“No, but I still am married.”

“Let me see if I got this right,” my wife screamed when I told her about my trail driving invitation.

“You want me to give you some money so you can buy some authentic western clothes so you can go ride around on a horse with a bunch of stinky guys for no purpose? You want me to check cows and feed hay while you play cowboy? Listen buster, if you are going to relive the days of yesteryear, you can do it with me. If you go on that trail drive with a bunch of your rowdy friends and leave me here with all the chores, I won’t be here when you get back.”

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It's the Pitts

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