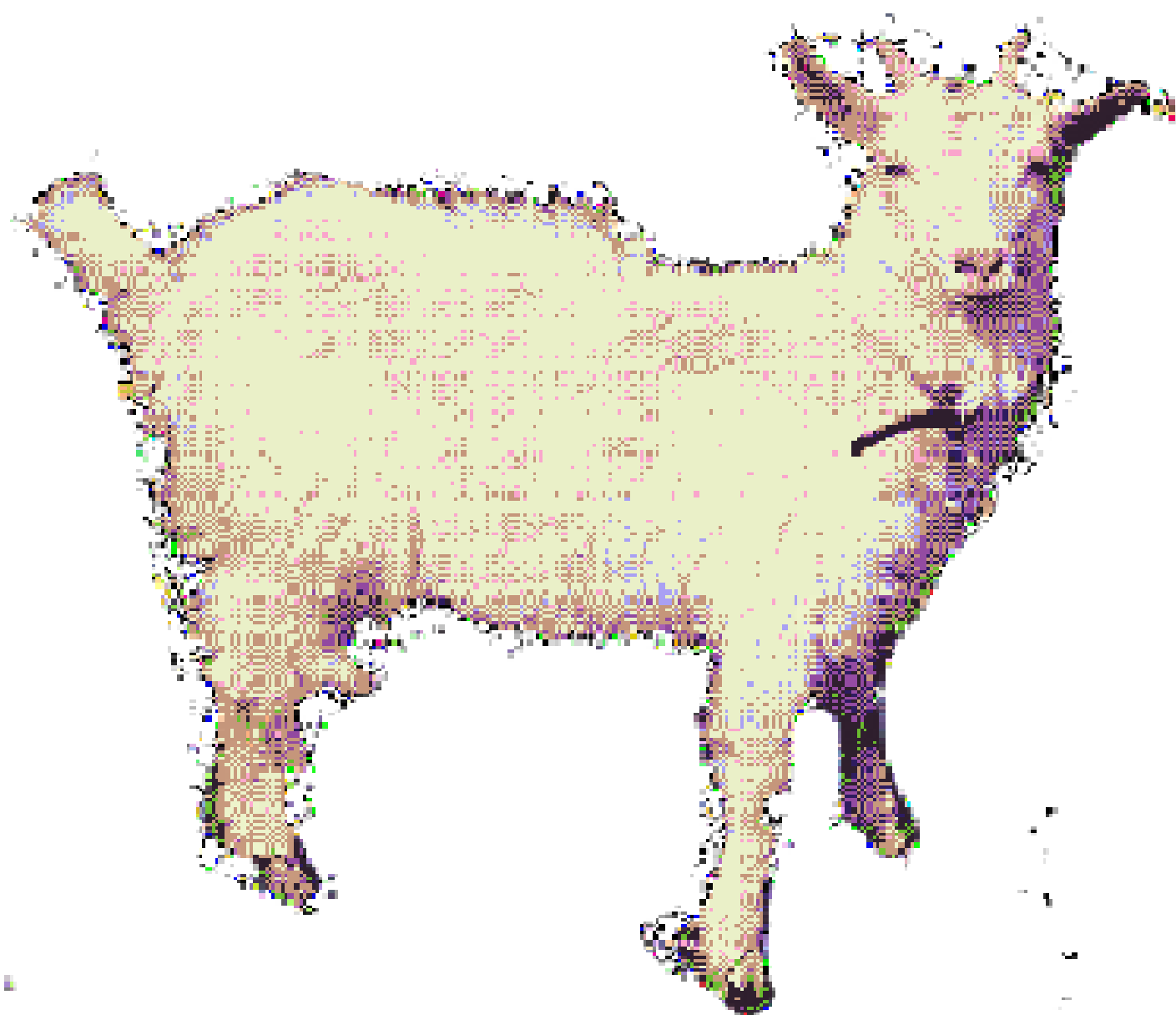


# A story about goats



which may or may  
not be true



I used to be with a guy who was real weird. Kind of like he didn't think like most people, and was also an asshole

He used to disappear for hours and leave me at home with our baby, and wouldn't answer my calls.

One day he came back early, but said he couldn't stay because he was just there to drop something off. That "something" was a couple of goats he had bought off of a friend for \$50.

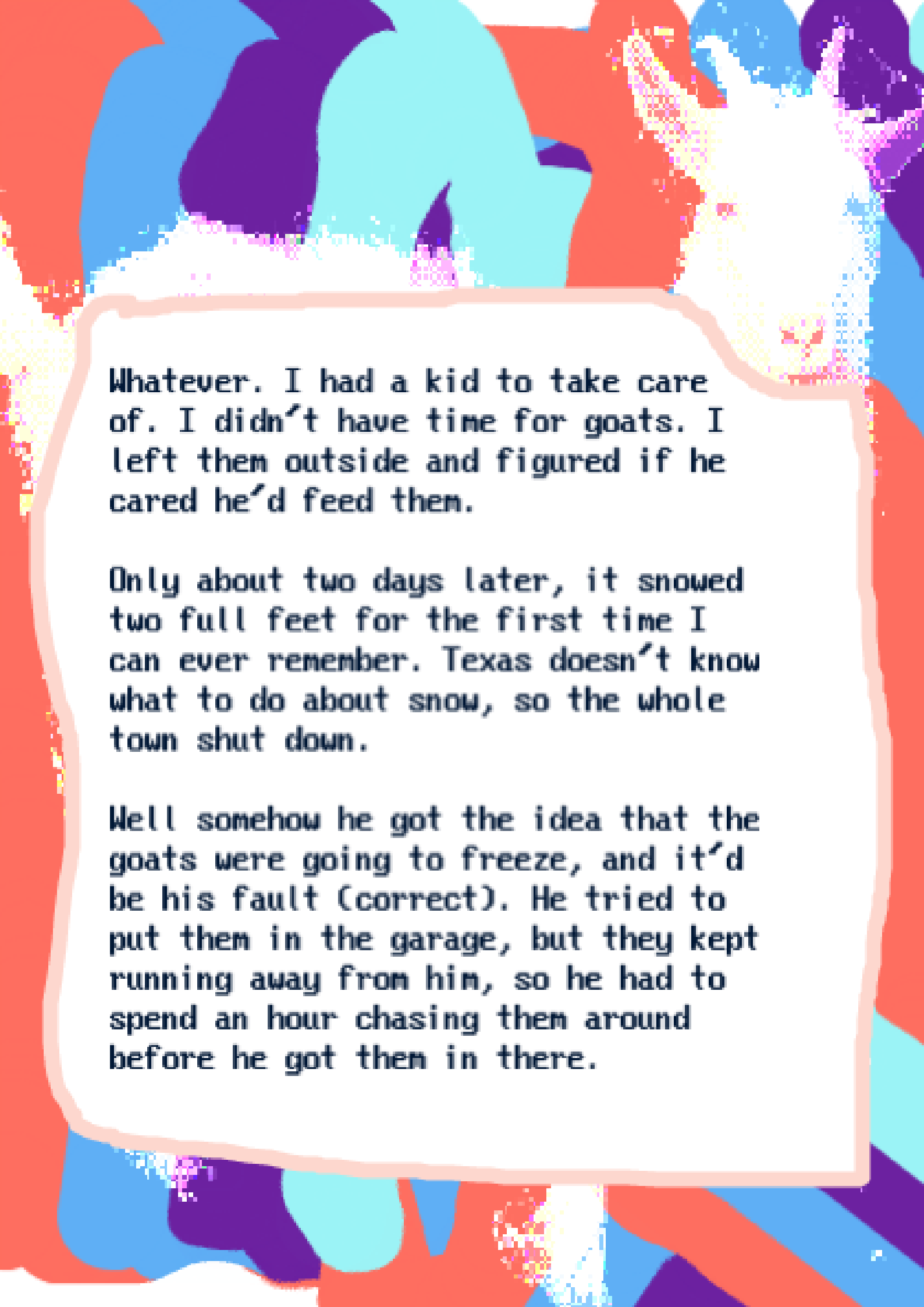
I like goats well enough, but I already had a baby to take care of, and I didn't want to take care of any goats. Plus, he hadn't asked me if I wanted any.



Goats are fine, but like most animals they need to grow up around people before they feel comfortable around them. These were not pet goats, folks. They were eating goats. They did not like people.

They wouldn't let me get near them at all, and wanted to be somewhere high up because goats like climbing things. The highest thing we had in the backyard was an unhooked trailer that was slanted up at one end.

They huddled together on that thing about four feet off the ground and tried not to look at me.



Whatever. I had a kid to take care of. I didn't have time for goats. I left them outside and figured if he cared he'd feed them.

Only about two days later, it snowed two full feet for the first time I can ever remember. Texas doesn't know what to do about snow, so the whole town shut down.

Well somehow he got the idea that the goats were going to freeze, and it'd be his fault (correct). He tried to put them in the garage, but they kept running away from him, so he had to spend an hour chasing them around before he got them in there.



Bogh!

So now there were two terrified goats stuck in a paperthin shed, shivering. He tried adding a space heater, but the shed was too big. So then he added a bunch of boxes & insulation bags to the space, but this just scared the goats and made them run to the other side of the room.

Despite my protests, he brought them into the house and kept them in the back room. Every time we walked by, they freaked out and tried to jump through the windows. They pissed and shat on everything, and the whole house smelled like goats.

The town was still shut down, so we were stuck inside with them for two days.

At this point I asked him why in the everloving fuck he'd decided to buy these creatures. He said he thought they'd be fun for the baby. I said they weren't pets, these were livestock, and they didn't like us.

Plus, we couldn't be keeping livestock animals in the middle of the city, in our backyard.

I asked if he wanted to see a butcher about them, but he said that would be wrong. He didn't like to kill animals, although he apparently didn't want to take care of them either.



After the snow melted he sold them at a loss to someone who knew more about goats than he did.

I told him I wanted no more pets in the house after that.

...he did eventually bring home a bird though

This has been a zine created by  
FrugalGamer:

 <https://thefrugalgamer.net>

 <https://thefrugalgamer.itch.io/>

 <https://snug.noe/@FrugalGamer>

Using the Electric Zine Maker software by  
AlienMelon

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Bye!