

Chute Not Shoot

Counting Heifers Instead of Sheep



Marissa Macha
Editor-In-Chief

Let me tell you a story of what happens when the newspaper editor spends entirely too much time around heifers.

My daily schedule has come to include the following: Wake up from dreaming about heifers. Spend my morning talking about heif-

ers. Spend my afternoon with my heifer. Go to sleep and dream about heifers. Proceed to rinse and repeat.

I have concluded that it's either a really positive thing or a really disturbing idea to be tossing and turning all night because I'm dreaming about heifers. Sadly, or gladly, depending on where you stand, this is what my life has come to.

Thanks to my not so little girl Valentine, I see heifers everywhere now, even where they aren't actually there. When I was sitting at the table doing homework, a truck drove by on the road. My brain decided that the truck was obviously a heif-

er walking down the road. Why? Who knows.

Valentine had a heck of time getting named. Who would have thought naming a heifer would feel like rocket science? After tossing around M&M, Snickers, Anabelle and even Slobber, we finally decided on Valentine.

Miss Valentine's favorite pastimes include eating us out of house and home, detaching her rope from her halter, attempting to eat our shoes, and turning on the water hose while no one is home. She particularly loves flooding the pasture. I completely blame it all on the bath we gave her.

She also absolutely loves helping me with my homework (she says it tastes better than hay). Occasionally, she has a case of mistaken identity and forgets that she's over five times my size and strength. Of course, she always conveniently remembers once I'm attempting to drag her around the pasture.

Within this short amount of time, Valentine has taught me many things. You're never too big to run around and play. Food solves all problems and can make you do anything. And when you're texting your ag teacher about cattle chutes (or is it shoots? Oops), try your best to stay ahead of the game.

Somebody Please Call 911

I'm Dead Serious, I'll Pay You



Kayla Rieger
Reporter

This summer, I was able to do something cool. I know, it's shocking. I never do anything cool. But, through a family friend, I had the opportunity to have an internship-type thingy at the East Bernard EMS station. I'll calm your fears right now;

I wasn't sticking anybody with needles or shocking them back to life with the defibrillator. I'm sure that's ten different kinds of illegal. However I did get to wear the uniform and do small things around the station, like putting labels on the new pagers or doing inventory on the ambulance. The cool part was that I got to go on the ambulance when the paramedics got a call. When I went with them, I'd go into the patient's house, hand the paramedics stuff when they asked for it and mostly just try to stay out of the way. At one call, I was running

up and down the stairs in a lady's house because the paramedics kept needing me to fetch stuff from the ambulance. I had a lot of fun on calls, all the paramedics are really nice and I learned a lot. The thing is, I was on call with them for hours at a time, at least a dozen times over the summer and I only went on two calls. Yeah, it was pretty disappointing. The paramedics said they'd normally get two or three calls in a day with varying seriousness from a heart attack to a "Please help me! This ring is stuck on my finger and now it's turning blue".

Nothing happened when I was there. The paramedics started saying I was a of good luck charm for the city of East Bernard. It sounds morbid, but I wanted to see some broken bones, an alligator attack, an "I threw a pipe at my sister from my tree house and now she's bleeding." (Shout out to Lucy Talas and her pipe throwing brother Kenny). When I was on call, nobody got hurt, nobody got sick, nothing happened. Which is a good thing, I guess, but it isn't very interesting just sitting on the couch in the station watching Kitchen Nightmares.