

MRS. GOAT'S TWINS...

And then we began receiving complaints from all around the neighborhood because Mrs. Goat's twins insisted upon drumming upon the roofs of the abandoned cars in the lot at the garage. This sounded like Indian War Drums so I resisted interfering with their fun even if it did start at dawn and last fully two hours. I figured nobody needed sleep more than I, who worked just about as many shifts as could be wedged into 12 hours. Most fold were very considerate about my unenviable plight, but others wanted to make such weight as they could boast -- well felt.

I was stymied about how to convince the twin goats and also reluctant to put an end to their fun, even if I knew how, which I didn't. They handled it themselves then they leaped through the picture window of the village's foremost gossip, sheared her house plant off neatly, laid a crust of pills and robbed her breadbox.

There was an outcry about their horns and this I had to have done because Jimba insisted on butting heads with them, and even though I put double thickness of diapers on him, they would hit him such clouts in the behind as to really alarm me, and he would not give up trying to out but them. However, when their cute little budding horns were removed, they took that out on the foremost village gossip also. They riddled her antique bed spread, devoured a quilt and a line full of her clothes, and broke her slop jar though it was crockery and an inch thick -- she spared the goats. She got the notion they "practiced" black magic... Though I must say I've never seen a black magician or a white one who could devour a bedspread the size and age of that one without leaving a trace or suffering some undesirable effect.