

## **The Colt Raised by Goats**

The Goats & the Backyard Animals Saved the Day!



BRIAN W. KELLY

*The backyard animals saved the day!  
This is a heartwarming adventure story  
of a colt from Pennsylvania, raised by  
goats, who grew up to be a stallion  
(bronco) quite adept at climbing  
mountains with the best of the goats.*

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## Chapter 2: The Backyard Animals

See how smart they are??? (Pixabay)



Animals in the backyard and elsewhere loved to play—though most could not play chess or drink hot cocoa from a cup. If you ever had a pet, you have probably noticed

that you aren't the only one who likes to play. Although the sense of play for animals is a bit different from ours, it seems that the origin and objectives are closely related. Hey, fun is fun and in our backyard, fun was the name of the game for us kids and for the backyard animals.

Because I like all these little guys so much, I took their pictures with my Polaroid camera that my dad had given me for Christmas one year, and I worked on dad's computer making what look like a baseball card out of many of their pictures.

These little guys are the first heroes in this story so they deserve to be here. I also put their names or their family names on the pictures. I can see one or all of them hitting a nice home run in a pick-up game. They can run like heck.

Some of the animals had more of a role in the backyard than others. For example, the Rabbitio's had three really active members, Abbot, Aldus, & Samuel. Arthur, Elsie and Ermin were not out very much. The Sqirlmans both loved strawberries and they were fast runners. They spent a lot of time running up and down the trees. Ogmund Frogmund was a loner except for when he could be with his best friend, Chip Monk. They protected each other from intruders.

The Snakepuss family were a very large group of garter snakes who when they got together looked much more ominous than their bite. At the time I took the picture of Posse's Opossums, they were a startup family and momma kept her kids on her back. The two cats, Tabi Cat, and Puss Boots were as quick as the squirrels and were great at get-a-ways.

### **Chickler's Rooster Coop built by the Pops (Pixabay)**



The dogs, namely Bower Dower, Ogmund Dogmund, Woofus Barker, Og Doggelby, Harkey Barkey, Yardus Dogger, Pup Puppelson, Rufus Woof, and Barkey Pupson spent a lot of yard time while enjoying chasing the two cats but they never caught them.

The Chickler Family was often in their personal chicken coops (above) that the pops had made for them but they showed up in the yard ever now and then for exercise.

Unkmundo Skunker, though a bonafide skunk with all the requisite fumigant power, was the backyard watchdog on duty all the time in case a spray was needed on unwelcome visitors such as foxes and groundhogs. He did a good job keeping the grounds free of such rabble.

Here is another look at the names of all these talking animals. Of course some could speak English better than

others but they all tried. For a short time there was an Italian Mouse in the backyard whose name was Topo Gigio but he was captured by an Organ Grinder Guy with a monkey when the Pops and Unkmundo were not paying attention. We miss him. He could speak no English but spoke fluent Italian. The Chickler Family are very smart and they spoke multiple languages. They used to translate for Topo Gigio. No charge.

OK, that's the short scoop on the residents (who were typically hiding) of the backyard. Here is another quick look at their names. For the most part, they were all great guys and all helped with the goats in getting the colt saved and raised.

AbbottRabbitio	SnakepussFamily	RufusWoof
AldusRabbitio	Posse'sOpposums	HarkeyBarkey
ArthurRabbitio	TabiCat	YardusDogger
SamRabbitio	PussBoots	OxmundFoxmund
ElsieRabbitio	WoofusBarker	UnkmundoSkunker
ErminRabbitio	PupPuppelson	ChicklerFamily
EarlmanSqirlman	OgDoggleby	ChipMonk
TremanSqirlman	OgmundDogmund	BowerDower
OgmundFrogmund	BarkyPupson	

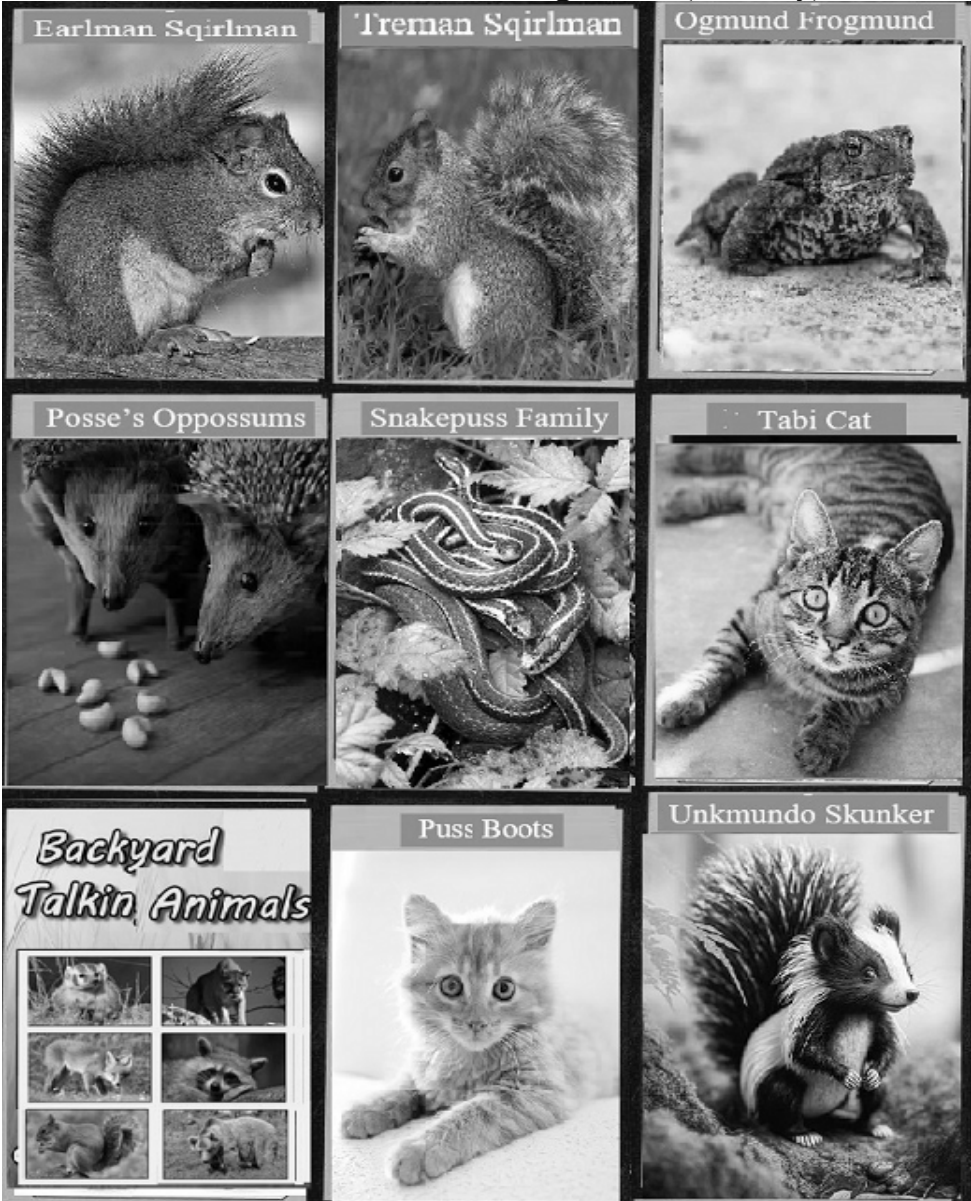
I wish I had the space for all of their pictures. These heroes are the real deal in this story. You can see how nice they are—even the garter snakes—just by looking at these pictures. Soon we'll be telling you why these guys are the first heroes in the story of the Colt that was raised by Goats. They also have really interesting names. Hope you like them all.



## The Backyard Animals Montage Set 1 (Pixabay)



The Back Yard Animals Montage Set 2 (Pixabay)



**These Goats like to have fun. But when they were needed, the Goats' took the Colt's plight seriously (Pixabay)**



# Chapter 11: Talking Animals & Other Secrets from Perfect Street

**Animals on the mountain (Pixabay)**



It was the fall of the year for the goats and the colt in early November. The fall began like it was going to be a tough one with a little bit of snow every day or so it seemed. After a few days you could detect the layers of small animal footprints in the layers of the snow in the back yard. With temperatures in the high twenties, the little animal footprints stayed as shadows after each snowfall.

I could not tell the other backyard animals but I did have my favorites. My favorite of them all was Samuel Rabbitio. The other animals called him Sam but I liked to call him Samuel. Samuel was the leader of the backyard animal group but he was very humble and kind.

All of the chapters that preceded this one were to set the stage for you to know that your narrator and the backyard animals on 54 Perfect Street were the best of buddies. I loved those little guys and I still miss them.

These beginning chapters told you about how I was born and what a great life I had and that my brother Mortrock and sister Katers came just a few years after me. We all lived well on Perfect Street.

My brother and sister loved the little backyard animals as much as I. You now know that I love my brother Mortrock (Morty) and my baby sister Katers (Kate) and my mom and dad. We have a great, loving family but none of us are kids any more.

Having the animals so frequently travelling through our back yard was always a special treat. They would stop and visit at times but mostly they were doing their own thing and they cut through our yard to get to the lower mountains. They did not seem to go too far up. And, yes, they made lots of footprints in the snow.

Dad knew most of the animals and he said it was OK for us to play together in the backyard as buddies. He did not know, however, that sometimes they would jump in our above-ground Muskin Pool and they would swim with us. Shhh!!!

The goats never were in our back yard to the best of my knowledge but the rabbits and squirrels, opossums, dogs, & cats, often had conversations with the goats who hung out in the lower sections of the mountain, which was reachable through our yard.

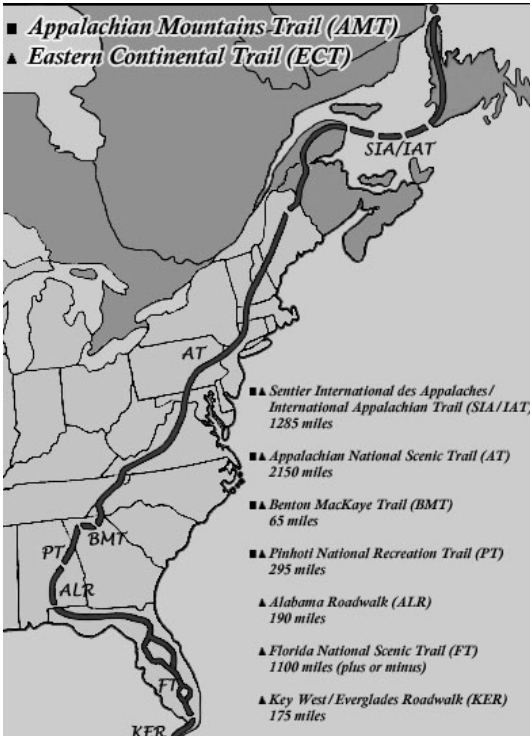


Samuel Rabbitio, my best friend of them all, told me that the goats would also climb to the top ridges of the mountain if so motivated. He'd seen them up there. We knew they lived someplace on the mountain.

The major story that I am telling you now is magical—about the colt who was raised by the goats. His name is Lucas. This part of the plot begins in the mid-fall time period and in the backyard of 54 Perfect Street, which happens to be the last street between Wilkes-Barre and Ashley Pennsylvania.

The mountains frequented by the goats are directly behind the back yard. 54 Perfect Street is so close to the wooded areas of PA that a number of animals frequented the back yard and they also seemed to enjoy the gentle hills on the side and back yard from the street to the back of the property. Sometimes they would go a little higher and cross-over out of our backyard to the mountain side.

For the vigilant, the very same animals that were seen outside our back windows during all seasons were also spotted close to the mountains where the goats lived. Besides the goats, some of the neighbors told me stories about having seen a full grown bronco or two on the lower side of the mountains. But nobody knows where they came from or when they were actually seen.



It was the opinion of the Perfect St. neighbors that the broncos never tried to climb up high on the mountains as the goats would. It was not often that these wild horses were spotted and so when a neighbor spotted a bronco, all the other neighbors were told about it lickety-split. It sure had to be fun to see.

The mountains were pretty high back there but they were

also part of the Appalachian range which seemed to go on and on forever. It is no wonder that strange critters would visit the area behind our yard from time to time.

Our big story begins in this section of the lower mountain just beyond Perfect Street. There had been no bronco siting's for at least a year before this autumn. There were always a ton of backyard animals in the back yard of the Perfect Street residence and they would have told us if there were any unusual happenings.

Some of the kids in the neighborhood, including my brother and sister swear they would talk to the backyard animals at times. I often spoke with Samuel Rabbitio and others about the goings-on. The kids said there were conversations among the animals and also with the kids on a

somewhat regular basis. Of course—how else could we figure out what was going on.

I was fortunate enough to sometimes be part of such conversations, but mostly mine were with Samuel. The other kids always told me about the topics they talked about. So, even if I wasn't there; it was like being there. The backyard animals sure loved our back yard and they loved to talk.

On one particular day in this particular autumn, the animals reported that they had spotted a horse truck with a trailer on the side of the mountain. They could see the interstate highway from the back of our back yard and several of the roads that connected to it.

The driver stopped the truck and got out of it in a clearing. We learned later that his name was Gus. His passenger friend's name was Bing. Samuel said that Gus took a really chubby mare out of the trailer attached to the truck after being parked just a little while. He thought they were just stretching their legs. They went for a slow walk.

All of a sudden, while walking, the mare, who we later learned was named *Daisy* collapsed to the ground. The driver, Gus, and a guy who seemed like his friend (Bing) were caring for the mare when the animals saw a baby horse emerge from inside the mare.

The backyard animals had seen births from many different species over the years but none as large as a horse. Nonetheless, they knew what was happening.



### **A mare and a new baby colt (Pixabay)**



The mare's heart had apparently grown weak and to the animals it looked like she might not make it. Having been told immediately, almost all of the other backyard animals, while maintaining cover so they were not seen, hurried to find out what was happening in the clearing.

The strangers got a power lift out and were able to place the mare on it. They then wheeled the lift into the horse carrier. The carrier looked like a little trailer that was attached to the truck. After taking the foal (baby colt) and making sure he was OK, they moved him closer to the mountains to be safe from passers-by.

Apparently Gus had already decided to call the foal Lucas and Samuel Rabbitio informed Nanny Goat at the proper time that the baby colt's name was Lucas. Sam also reported that the mommy horse (mare) was Daisy.

Before they took off to parts unknown, the men went through the checklist for moving a sick mare. They, Gus & Bing, wanted the mare to be OK on the ride back. For example, though there was not much else they could do but get the horse to safety and care quickly, they did check the mares vital signs and made sure that she was stable enough for transport.

Horse.com suggests that before taking the ride, an adult mare should have a temperature of 99-101 degrees Fahrenheit, a pulse of 28-44 beats per minute, and respiration of 10-24 breaths per minute.

Her mucous membranes should be moist with a healthy pink color and the capillary refill time (when pressing on their mouth gums with a finger) should be two seconds or less. Finally, there should be gurgling gassy growls coming from their stomach to indicate proper digestion. Gus and Bing acknowledged that all was not perfect but good enough for the circumstances. The men clearly wanted to save her.

The fact is that some horses may need to be transported even though they are unstable. This would be the case for animals with fractures, colic, or cardiopulmonary disorders. There also could have been undetected problems with the birth.

For these horses, it is like having a heart attack and being transported in an ambulance. Gus and Bing had to get the patient to the hospital or the facilities at a ranch as quickly as possible,

They kept the blankets for the mare . Since it was snowing, they covered Lucas the foal with leaves to keep him warm as nighttime approached . They were not sure when they would be back. When the mare laid down in the trailer,

right before they left, there did not seem to be enough room to also carry the little colt with them. That is why Samuel thought the two men had left him in our area. Maybe they would be back. Maybe soon. Maybe! Nobody had spoken with the men,

Gus started the truck and he and Bing took off for parts unknown. For a long time, we did not know what happened to the mare but we were all praying that she made it.

The men were talking before they left and Samuel and others heard them say that when they had a chance they would come back for the colt (Lucas.) But they were very concerned for the well-being of the mare (Daisy).

They planned to get help quickly to take care of the mare. They checked back before they left to see the little colt, who they had left on the ground in the light snow that had fallen. The colt had not yet taken any steps, which is unusual. He was moving a little so little Lucas was alive but was not trying to get up.

## **Do horses remember their foals?**

It is said that a mare will remember her baby for the rest of her life, even if they're separated very early like Lucas and Daisy, and then they are reunited after many years.

Puss Boots was up early the next morning after the truck pulled away and she was asking if horses remember their foals? She asked when the mare got well, would she remember the little guy she had left behind unintentionally?



Samuel was very smart and somehow he knew the textbook answer. He said that a mare will remember her baby for the rest of her life, even if they're separated very early and reunited only after many years. She will remember her baby for the rest of her life. Wow!

That made all the animals smile as they were all hoping one day the mother (Daisy the mare) and the foal

(Lucas the colt) would be reunited.

Wouldn't that be nice. For now, however, the animals knew they had to figure out how to save the colt from the elements with winter coming soon. .

The backyard animals had chatted among themselves throughout the night and into the next morning about the dramatic events of the day before. They really did not know what to do or what they could do.

Samuel told me about the incident when I saw him first thing the next morning. I told the other kids who asked what had happened to the baby horse. We did not know.

The backyard animals said they had not seen the baby since that day but promised to look harder. There was now about six inches of snow on the ground in some parts but not in all parts.

Yes, there was about six inches of snow on the ground by then so it was hard to see anything in most places. The

colt had disappeared for a while in all the snow. Eventually when the light of the morning came, the rabbits and the squirrels and the opossum found the colt next to the snow but not under it.

He was still alive. My dad said a few weeks later when we told him what had happened that the snow mixed with the leaves the men left, plus the accumulated blowing leaves probably kept the colt just warm enough during the night.

Lucas was a baby but he was too big for the backyard animals to help. So, what to do? First thing in the morning, they went looking around for their buddies, the goats. They found a few of the goats several hundred yards away and they brought them to see what could have been a baby goat.

But it wasn't. It was a baby horse. Nanny Goatman was the leader of the goats and she had had a baby goat a few months earlier and was still feeding her baby goat milk through the spigot on her underbelly.



Nanny and the other goats had experience in births and they knew that a baby goat or a baby colt would need care and food and warmth.

One look and the goats knew that Lucas was a colt, a baby horse and they promised they would do their best to make sure the baby lived. They also said they would figure out how he could live with them.

Nanny Goatman took charge of matters. And, so the promise was made that day that the colt would be raised by neighborhood goats who lived in a big cave on the mountain.

Here is a picture that I made of many of the goats that I came to know from walking the lower side of the mountain range. Aren't they cute? This story sure is getting exciting.

Before we go to the next chapter, let's take a look at these nine goats on the next page. They were the backbone of the family of goats who lived on that mountain behind 54 Perfect Street. They were the goats that rescued the colt.

## The Hero Goats in the story (Pixabay)



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