



## Farm News - July

Mysterious noises in the night? Sleeping in the tent this summer has been great. Not only is the night air fresh and cool but it leaves the false impression that you're on a bit of a holiday.

One night I awoke to some very unusual noises happening right next to my tent. Kind of a low, breathy moaning that went on for a couple of minutes. This happened two nights in a row. I knew no one would believe me nor could I imitate the sound so one night I was able to tape it on my MacBook. When I played it the next day there were several guesses. "Mountain lion?" "Bear?" "Some kind of bird?" "Boogie Man?"

The mysterious sound that could frighten any camper ended up being "Jack", our 18 month old Irish Wolfhound. In his sleep he must dream that he is able to communicate with the wolves and coyotes. And I thought it was his guarding qualities that kept the coyotes away.

July is normally the month for cutting and baling the coming winters' supply of hay but this year things have not been going too well. The "probability of precipitation" that the weatherman keeps referring too seems to be happening more than probable. Even days that are supposed to be sunny end up being wet. Not enough rain to recharge the dry water table, just enough to keep the

swaths from drying. If they're baled with more than 15% moisture, they can go mouldy. For the past three years we have had perfect hay so I'm getting a little worried this year. Sunny, windy days are needed now.

The chickens have left the green pastures of First Nature Farms and have now attained an altered state of consciousness. All except for one. The one chicken escaped it's destined fate and was discovered the next day, hanging out by the feed box. Not wanting to keep a lone chicken out in the field, we caught him and introduced him to our three pet chickens in the yard. That did not go over too well and the chickens chased him away to the forest. The forest is a pretty wild place and when the chicken didn't show up the next day, I could only guess it's fate. What could have been the end to a sad story changed just the other day when after 3 weeks of absence, the white chicken went running across the road (we're not sure why). Somehow he seems to be surviving quite well on his own as a bush chicken. Perhaps Jack the dog has kept the coyotes away. If by chance the chicken ever settles down and decides he likes hanging around the house with the other three chickens he now has earned the title "pet".