

The Dancing Man, Redemption and Shifters



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The Dancing Man, Redemption and Shifters By D.A.Sanford

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The Dancing Man

I'm free! Something that would be tragic to others, has me dancing. Reality is that I just had my home foreclosed on. I am homeless. An explanation is needed.

You see that house, I don't call it a home, was the home that my wife grew up in. Since she passed, I have been rattling around in it but she was there. Not physically, not as a spirit but as memories. I could not bring myself to sell it.

Things happen. I lived by the safe axiom, never borrow against your home. There was an event that changed everything. I had a situation that I really needed money on hand. I was in a bind because all I really had was my social security and the house. I mortgaged the house for as much as I could get.

Like I said, things happen. As I closed on the new mortgage, the deal I was going to get in on, fell through. There I was, a good bank account, different from the company I had the mortgage with, And the thought hit me.

I had one of those estate people come in and sell everything. I mean everything. What did not sell. I had them donate anything left that was usable. The remainder went into a dumpster. I now had an empty house. At a thrift store, I got my basics. I did pay the utilities but the mortgage went unpaid.

After a few months, I received the foreclosure notice. I sent it back telling them that I was vacating the property. I had enclosed the keys, and walked out the door. Locking it behind me. Something I really couldn't bring myself to do, fell in my lap. I was free.

My neighbors were sad that I was going but knew that I was not living my life, I was existing. They now saw life in me again. They all knew my plans, I wanted to travel around the country. I have bought a postal delivery vehicle, right hand drive. The back now has a recliner, propane fridge and stove. Of course, an entertainment center.

I hit the road.

For the first few weeks, I had a ball. Seeing the sights, eating what I wanted. Then it started to sink in, like I knew it would. Seeing and doing things without someone to share it with is just, there are no words that can express it other than dull.

A beautiful scene is only another hill if it is not shared. A good meal is just food. I need to do something about it.

As I said, I am different. I needed to replenish my food so I stopped in a supermarket. Walking around I noticed that there were a few mothers walking around with a child in the cart. They had big bags of low nutritional food in the cart. You could tell that they wanted to get more but they were looking at their cart and you could see on their faces that they had limited funds.

I went to the manager and bought, in store gift cards, five hundred dollars each. They needed to have individual receipts. I told him what I wanted to do and said that I was going to hang out in here for the day.

Walking up to the first woman, I handed her the card and receipt. She was stunned.

“I have been where you are. This will not change your circumstances dramatically, but a good meal goes a long way.”

I walk away. There were five that I gave the cards to, then I left the store. Walking to my truck, I actually had a spring in my step. I felt good. The next stop, I did the same thing. This time I paid for their carts. It was the same.

This went on but then there was a television news article about a man driving an old postal truck that was giving gift cards to needy grocery shoppers. I would stop and be swarmed with people almost demanding cards. It was so bad that I had to get on the highway and leave the area.

My truck has become a liability. I stopped at a used car dealer and traded it in for a small RV.

Greed made me stop that thing that made me feel good. I shrank into myself once again. Why are people so greedy that they feel that you must give them what they want? Not what they need?.

Sitting in a rest stop, cooking my supper, there was an article showing people that get food assistance buying water bottles by the cart load and then pouring the water out to get the deposit money for drugs. What a world.

I was driving through a very wooded area and saw a for sale sign that said that it was a large acreage plot. I called the number and we made a deal. The paperwork was finalized and now it was mine. There was an old logging road that led to a clearing. That is where I parked, this is my home now.

I had an electric bike for local travel. I used it to go back and forth from the town until I found an old pickup. With that, I picked up what I needed to be off grid. I once again became a recluse. Sitting under the awning, the beer cans piled up.

This went on for a while. I knew that I was losing it when I started hearing small voices. Things started to happen. No wind but things moved, fell down or were underfoot when they were some where else. This went on for almost a month until I had enough.

“Either stop this and come out or leave me alone.”

A man comes out of nowhere. It was like he opened a door. There were little people with him. He sat down and popped one of my beers then put in what looked like a toy pump in it. He then put it on the ground.

Those little people came over and filled their glasses. They had a party.

The man now just stares at me for a while then shakes his head as he speaks.

“What a waste. You had a good idea, executed it well but you let the response get to you and then retreated from what you really need to do.”

“What’s that, being a total fuck up? I tried to make a difference. What happened, I lost my freedom. I really liked that postal truck but it became a liability. People’s greed.”

“You’re coming with me to see how you failed.”

He opened the door and we were at the first store. He said that we were hidden so people will not see us. He points to a woman. I recognize her as one of the ones I helped.

“She was at her lowest. There was a man who gave her a gift card. That card changed her life. She was able to pull herself up, study and was able to get a financial degree. With that, she is now helping those who need a hand up. Most of those you helped, got their lives together and now are helping others.”

I did not fail anyone but myself. We go back to my RV. I was almost in tears. There was my truck, looking almost new. Now he floors me.

“You have been chosen by the gods to use this truck and spread your brand of a helping hand up. You will distribute encouragement. We know that when you first set out, you found it to be lonely. I am going to assign one of my fellows to share your journey. There is one decision that you need to make. I and my fellows are immortal. I was once mortal but I was knocked out of time. When that happened, I became immortal.”

I stop him there, “I do not want to be immortal. I have someone waiting for me in the next life. I don’t want a minute longer than I am allotted. If you want to have this go longer, find someone to take over. As far as companionship I had the most wonderful mate. I’ll go it alone. There is one problem. I spent most of what I had on the property. I

have just enough to augment my social security to live like this until I die. I would like to go back to the give away but the coffers are empty.”

“Money? Do you really think the gods concern themselves with that? If you really take this on, you will have an unlimited bank account. You will know who is true and who is a charlatan. See some deserving soul that is trying hard but is being held back. Rain, snow, that person rides a pedal bike to work every day. You can buy that one a car then stop that person and trade the car for the bike. You will already have the title in that one’s name. you will have that power. Each situation, you will know exactly what to do.”

Then he says,

“Let’s do this. Why don’t we get in your truck. I’ll show you the special features and try out your powers. What do you have to lose?”

I have decided that I will take his challenge. We get in and I sit in the driver’s seat. It feels comforting. The only distraction is his fellows. They are still partying. I look and see small hammocks hung all over the place. One by one they lay down and pass out.

“Now that it is quiet.” He says, “You have two modes of travel. One is normal driving. The other is the same method that we travel. The door. You will need that because we will see someone that really needs the help desperately and we will give you the signal. When you see this red light come on, press the button under it and you will be there instantly. You will see that person and then you can act appropriately. We will let you decide what is best.”

He tells me about the emergency button that will instantly bring me back here if I get overwhelmed again.

“That should not happen because, to others, they will see your truck as just an unnoteworthy car. Not even worth remembering. Only the one that you help will see the postal truck. Now, there is your first jump.”

Even though the red light is not flashing, I press it and we are at a grocery store. He tells me to open the stamp money drawer. I find that there is a bound stack of twenties. I take it out and to my amazement the spot is not empty. He tells me to take three stacks. I do and it is not empty. I want to dance. That feeling is back.

We go in and he tells me that I am the only one that can see him. I grab a cart and walk around. I look and see one woman. She is very depressed. Just grabbing a few items. Then I see her grab an item and put it in her purse. It was a piece of meat.

I walk over to her.

“I don’t know you and after this encounter, you will never see me again. Put that meat and all the other things into my cart.”

She is almost in tears.

“I have children. I only have enough for a few items but they are hungry. I only eat once every three days so they have something to eat. Please don’t have me arrested.”

“I’m not a cop. I am just a stranger passing that need to do at least one good thing a day. Today I chose you. Let’s start by you trusting me and put those items into the cart.”

She reluctantly agrees and does that. Now I walk with her and we load carts with all the things that she would need for a month. Two carts of everything, including treats. We go to check out and I pay for everything. She is besides herself.

The woman was trying to figure out how to get this home when I point to my truck and tell her that I would drive her home. Reluctantly she agrees and tells me where she is living. It is an apartment building that looks to have around ten units.

I help her bring in the groceries. Her three young children are delighted to see all this food. I give them each a small treat and ask them to go watch TV. They do and I sit at her table. I motion her to sit.

To her I am talking to the air when I ask the god to show himself. He does just that.

“I have asked this god to show himself so you know that there is something special going to happen to you. I have been given a mission by the gods to help people like yourself that really need a hand up not a hand out. I know that you sell yourself to make something to feed the children. As of now, that is over. I know that you do love this area. There is a full crew coming in tomorrow to return this complex to new updated condition. It has to be because you, as owner of this complex, insist on it.”

I stop there because she now looks as if she just had a human blue screen and is now trying to reboot.

Placing the deed on the table in front of her, she sees her name on it.

“This is real. You made a deal with the town and bought this place for a dollar. It was on the delinquent list as unsellable. You have been given a ten year property tax waver. All the crews have been paid by my philanthropic organization. Your tenants love you and will not withhold rent because the upgrades will not raise their rent. That rent will make that purse just for tissue.”

Now the god speaks to her.

“Those children of yours will not remember the hard times but will have the need to help. Your body has now been healed of that disease. You will live a full life and will help others out of the profession you were forced to work in. That vacant ground floor apartment will become your office.”

He hands her a debit card. “For good purposes, that card will never run out. For nefarious purposes, it will be an empty account. I have the knowledge that you will use it wisely. What has been done for you must never be told. People will only know you as a friend, not a hooker.”

With that, I kiss her hand and we both leave. My postal vehicle faded from her vision as she looked out the window. I pushed the return button and we were back on my property. His fellows were waking up.

“You did well with that one. All the correct things. It came natural to you didn’t it. Now I’m going to show you the future that you help start. He opened the door again to that town. The building was beautiful. We sat on a bench opposite it. A man comes out of the first floor office.

“That is the grocer. He is now working with her to augment the government food vouchers. At first she was paying for all the extra but that owner has stepped up and is now doing half with her. That office has helped many women to get off the streets. She has paid for their schooling. People in this town now look to her for advice. There is a sign on her office wall that reads, We give a hand up, not a hand out.. Look around, this town is alive, cleaned up. She has twice now declined the office of mayor.”

He pokes me in the chest. “Do you feel like dancing again?”

We stand and my feet just dance on their own. They are not being controlled. I just let them do what they wanted to do. I danced in the street and people joined me in my dance.

This was my habit through out my long drive. No one knew what I had done but my dance would bring me the name I like. Everywhere I go, I’m known as the dancing man.

When I finally made it to my last stop in life and woke up to my wife sitting on a chair next to our bed, she did not say anything. She took my hand and led me outside. There on the grass were people I recognized as ones I helped.

We all danced. I smiled and laughed.

Redemption

1. The start

The drones over our major population areas flew at night for months. Even though the public outcry was great, the government told the people that there was nothing to worry about.

I have lived by the saying that “It’s only paranoia until you are proven right.”

I believe that this was to lull us into disregarding them. After months of the night time flights, people got used to them. One night near the holiday, explosions were heard. First the power grid was taken down, then the transportation infrastructure.

You see, the reason our government played down the drones was because they had given away so much of the military supplies that we got down to only two to three weeks of supplies if we went to war. It was always thought by the public, that we would put our nation’s industry on a war footing. We could win!

No power, no industry. No roads, no transporting those weapons.

The other thing those drones delivered was biological weapons. People started to get sore throats which developed into high fevers and convulsions. Death was a short time later. Soon, those major populated areas were decimated. All life was dead.

My house is among a group of hillside homes. I get, what others call, crazy ideas. When I was remodeling my two back rooms, I had to tear out the floor, it was an unheated crawl space, The dirt was almost fine. I dug some of it and found that it went deep.

Quite a few pallets of cinder blocks and cement, I had a room that was below the cellar floor. It was sealed off. The vent looked like a floor drain but went through a set of filters to filter out the basement smell.

When the drone thing started to happen, I moved myself down there but installed a better filter. Food, beer and solar power, I locked myself in and watched the world fall apart. I yelled at the news until the stations went off the air one by one.

I had a few cameras but I turned them off after seeing my neighbors fleeing. I could only hope they make it. All I know is that when I emerge, I will, respectfully, hell no, I’m going to take everything I can use.

There is a rental place that has a box truck that I had rented. I made a duplicate key for it. Just in case of this very thing. I have a cabin deep in the woods in another state. All I had to do is wait.

Finally, after two weeks, I see the first signs of life. A cat coming down the road with a rabbit in its mouth. It disappeared into the brush across the road. I wait until the next day then I emerge. Taking a deep breath and holding it, I don't drop. So far so good.

Now, in my garage, is the first part of my escape. I have an electric bike. Light weight and quiet. It's what you need when you are ready to liberate a box truck. Again, caution is a life saver. I stop at a point where I can see the truck but also the larger area.

It is said that patience is a virtue. That is the first rule of survival. Today's world it is a necessity. I watch and much to my surprise, after an hour of watching, a lone person is approaching the truck. I look through my binoculars and see that it is one of my neighbors that left. I know where he is going.

My house, my survival things. Like I said, I went into my underground room as it started to become intense. To someone watching me, it would appear that I must be dead. Now my stuff was fair game. I raced home.

He was going through the houses, filling up the truck. Box after box but I could not see what was in the boxes. House after house, box after box until he came to my house. I heard the glass in the front door break.

The thing he may or may not have known is that I do have weapons. Pistols, rifles and knives.

Second rule is do not assume anything. Expect everything to go wrong and plan accordingly. He assumed that I was dead. He, not me, is now dead in my house.

Dead or alive, a fool is a fool. I looked in those boxes. Jewelry, small appliances, fur coats and money. Fool. It looked like it was all the items that usually could be pawned or sold out the back of the truck.

There was not much I would expect to use so I dump each box out. I do keep the fur coats. Winter can be cold. Done, there was only a box or two of things I kept. The thing that bothers me is that there was no food.

I went through the houses and loaded almost a third of the truck with canned and dried goods. Camping gear, blankets, towels, soap, even toilet paper. The biggest bounty is all the medicines, antibiotics and yes the harder drugs like oxycodone. Those are for trading.

Again, he was a fool. These items are the currency of this new world. I do believe that he was going to go to a bank and load up the money. Money is not even good to wipe your butt. Too stiff.

His house was the last on this dead end street. I made sure that I was cautious. Knowing that he was single, caution is still advised. Traps. There was none. I take it back, he is not a fool, he is a verified idiot.

There in his house is little food. It is full of items that are "new in box." He had to be a fence for stolen goods. There were always after dark deliveries. This explains what he was taking.

With all these things that he most likely bought for pennies on the dollar, this was his on line market life. When everything collapsed, he must have lost his mind. All this stuff and not worth a thing anymore. That would push him over the edge.

He did have some things that I wanted. The best things he had was a box of new battery powered can openers that cut the edge of the can not the top. I always hated the ones that opened the top. I took them.

Now the truck is loaded with the correct items that I have . I have the ten jerrycans of fuel and a planned route of back roads to my cabin. Of course, I have my travel insurance. An AK with enough rounds to take on a small army and my side arm. A 357 magnum python.

The route is longer than the straight route.

Third rule. When going to your safe place, your hide, do not take the direct route. Go the longer route. That way you can see if anyone is following you. No one was but by the time I came close to the cabin. I stopped and went on foot. There may be people there. There was.

Surprise, surprise. I knew the person, I will qualify that. She lived on the same street and we would nod as we passed.

"What the hell are you doing here." I yelled while pointing my AK at her. She froze in place and I could swear that there was a urine smell in the air.

I walk up to her.

"I was told by Susan of this cabin. We thought you left or died. She went to her parents in the Midwest. Please don't kill me."

“You need to step away from the cabin. Is there anyone in the cabin? If there is, you need to come out!”

She tells me that only her two year old granddaughter was in there. “She is taking a nap.”

“You go in first and I will follow. If what you say is true and you are just interested in living, we can work this out. I will not force you out. If you are lying, all bets are off.”

She goes in and I follow quietly. She told the truth. Only a granddaughter. As she checks the child. I swap the clip with an empty. When she closes the door, I tell her that we will go out to the porch. She sits in one of the chairs. I sit next to her and set the AK down in between us.

“You have told me the truth. I am not a bastard so I will not throw you out. This will be strictly a mutual cooperation. I am not interested in any sexual relation. We both will be grumpy at times. We will not take it to the personal level. I cook, you cook. We can work out a schedule. House work the same. Can you live with this?”

She says that she can. “Do you hunt? I tried but I shot a tree and some dirt. We are down to a few days’ food. I have not had anything since the day before yesterday so Julie can have something to eat.”

She hasn’t even looked at the AK so I now feel that I can trust her, somewhat.

“I have a truck that I need to get. I have more than enough canned and dry to last the three of us a year or a little more. I hunt and we will scavenge for more food. By the way. We only waved at each other. What is your name? Mines Lenny.”

“Jackie is my name.”

“Jackie, I’m going to get the truck.” Something hits me.

Forth rule. Observe your surroundings for something out of place.

“How did you get here?” I pick up the AK. “Where is your car?”

She now shows some panic. I slap a full clip in and get up. I’m mad. A child is involved.

“Who the hell is driving that car and where are they?” I’m not happy

“I would shoot you right now but that child is involved. Let me guess, a boyfriend. You do know that I can’t throw you out. I would have to look over my shoulder.”

I now have to check the truck. "You walk ahead of me. Don't try anything. Who is driving the car?" I still get no answer.

We reach the truck and I see the car driving up. I pop a round through the passenger side front tire. The car comes to a halt.

"Get out of the fucking car right now or I'll kill you in it." I yell. Then I tell Jackie to walk to the person and get them out. "Be careful, I don't want to kill the three of you."

She is now balling as she walks over to the driver's side and I see her daughter get out.

I am now livid and yell, "YOU FUCKEN RISKED YOUR LIVES WITH YOUR SILENCE. WHY? The both of you get up here now!":

They are clinging to each other and come up here. I look at Jackie, "You were thinking that I would rape the both of you? What the fuck. Did I not tell you that I was not interested in a sexual relation? You jeopardized your lives for something I told you would not happen."

Neither are in any condition to answer.

"Both of you, in front of the truck and walk slowly. I will be following you."

We get to the cabin. The child is on the porch and is crying.

I yell at them both, "See what you have caused. If you had told me that your daughter was in the car, there would not have been any problem but you thought I was a sex maniac. Get up there and take care of the child. Stay inside until I call you. Jackie, we need to talk."

We again sit. Now the AK sits on my lap, loaded. I am just looking at her. I am not talking. Neither is she so "I told you didn't I. I very well could have shot through the window and killed the driver. What did I shoot?"

"The tire."

"Back at my house, Our neighbor broke into my house to take my things. He is dead in that house. I went against a rule that says don't shoot at someone unless you intend to kill. I shot a tire. You broke the little trust we built. Know this, I would not and will not touch anyone of you."

I get up and go to the truck. I get a box of food and put it on the porch.

“You should be able to fix that tire. Here is a box of food. You are welcome to the cabin. I’m leaving.”

Before they could say anything, I turn around and drive off.

I stop at the car and change their tire. Wanting to see, I park there and make my way back to where I can see the cabin but they cannot see me. I can see the daughter and mother crying and yelling at each other. I do not know what they are saying but I feel that it is about me leaving.

I go back to my truck. I know of a camp ground not far from here. I will camp for a few days. Give them time to stew.

Once again, I drive up to the cabin and get out. I just stand there as the three come out.

“Jackie, have you seen what you not telling me about your daughter would cost you? I have come back because this is my cabin. Tell me why I should let you stay here with me. I fixed your car. You have the ability to leave. Now I will tell you that if you offer yourselves, you will hit the road at gun point.”

As they are trying to figure out what to say, the two year old comes out and walks up to me. She blows me out of the water when she asks.

“You’re the man who brought us food. Did you bring more?” She looks to the porch where her mother and grandmother and makes her conclusion.

“You must be my grandpa. Please stay with us. I never had a grandpa. Please stay.”

I pick her up. “How did you guess that I am your grandpa?”

“You came to give us food and then went to find more. My daddy died before I was born so you must be my grandpa.”

Shooting to two on the porch a stern look, “Did your mom or grandma tell you that?”

“Nope” She said proudly. “Only my grandpa would bring us food and go hunt for more.” Then she hugs me.

“You caught me, I’m your grandpa. Let me show you what I have found. Why don’t you go get mom and grandma to help bring in all I found.”

She does and we bring in box after box of food, blankets but the biggest hit is the soap and toilet paper. It appears that these were forgotten items. There is a large tub in the cabin so they started to heat water.

“You never walked the cabin, did you.”

I point to the obvious. The wall switch. “Where there is a switch, there must be electricity. There is a water pump and water heater. I go outside and open the door under the cabin. There is the generator. Pulling the cord a few times, it starts up.

“In a half hour we will have hot water. We use the generator only for the wash, bath and lights. It is shut off before bed. Well water is pumped into a 40 gallon tank in the attic. Laundry is the old fashion way but I see you have found the wash tub.”

Jackie comes out, clean and thanks me for making her granddaughter happy. “I am so sorry that I deceived you. You were right, I did not know how to trust. Will you please stay and be her grandpa?”

“She has already sunk her hooks into me but you need to explain that I need to go out to forage for food. Also, that we no longer sleep together. Make up a story then make sure you tell me.”

I was thrown when she asked me, “I know you said that you did not want to talk about sex but.”

Stopping her there.

“I’m not going to go into why but I have been celibate for these past twenty years by my choice. I have not gone back on that and sleeping together is out of the question. Even in the same room and in different beds. Just me. There are only two bedrooms here so I will take the recliner. Tell Julie that I have a back that hurts if I sleep in a bed so I sleep in the chair.”

Jackie does not press it. I knew only that back before this happened, she was alone in her house. As I have done, I will not ask her why either.

Clean, well fed, Julie went to bed early. I took the opportunity to sit with the two. We need to have this talk. There needs to be rules and have the same story for the sake of that child.

2. Reality is kill to eat, kill to protect

“There is going to be trouble. This place was chosen, by me, only because it is so far off the maps that we should not be found, but the both of you must be able to shoot to defend this property. Before the stations went off the air, this die off had spread to the world but people will group. Gangs will start. You will need to kill intruders”

I could tell that it hit them that they may have to kill humans to protect. So, I have to drive it home.

“I see that you are very uncomfortable with that. Cold hard fact, if we are attacked and I fall, you three will become play toys for those gangs. Yes I said you three. There is no law anymore. No morals . Even in the old world, child molestation happened, often, much to our shame. Are your ready to see that?”

That hit home.

Jackie tells me that it was in the back of her mind. “That is the reason we ran early to here. I thought that we would escape. You are right, they may find this place. If I knew about this place, then everyone on the road knew. Just for the record, we knew that you did something to your house. All that dirt you hauled out. That new garden.”

She hesitates, then draws a deep shuttering breath and looks at Kathy.

“We have to kill if it happens.”

I tell both that humanity has now boiled down to two groups. The hunted and the hunters. The hunted are those who still think that the laws protect them.

“We passed gun law after gun law each time there was a major shooting. Murder did not stop just because of the law. Laws are for the law abiding and criminals do not follow the laws. We start tomorrow morning. We will tell Julie that you are being taught to hunt.”

They both agree. The hard part is that we need to tell her that anyone comes here, hide, even if you think you know them. She will need to tell us then hide. I will make a special place for her. No one will find her.

I find that both women are quick learners. They now can hit what they aim at.. Now for the big test. I make a scare crow. For the first time, in a long time, I pray to God that they never have to, but I know better. When we run out of resources in this area, we may have to leave.

Now that they know how to shoot, it is time for the real thing. I take Jackie out for a hunt. It was not too long that we come across what has to be an escaped pig. Between smoking, drying, canning and fresh meat, this one will feed us for a while. I tell her that she is the one to take the shot.

She is looking at it through her scope, she is hesitant. This is it. The make or break point.

I tell her, "That is the person who wants Julie."

She pulls the trigger. We have bacon. She is proud of herself. We walk to it and it was a clean neck spine shot. Jackie looks at it and cries. I kneel down and have her do the same. I put my hand on the pig.

"Thank you for your sacrifice. Know this, your sacrifice will allow us to feed our granddaughter for months. We thank God for you. God bless you in your next life."

She is now realizing what she really has done. She also puts her hand on it and just says. "I'm sorry but thank you."

Now the part that she does not like but she does help me. Gutting the pig. I am not one who likes the innards. I leave that all for the animals. I had brought a canvas tarp so we both dragged it back. I hung it up and finished letting it bleed out as I cut it down to fatback, ribs and such. I put the fatback directly in the smoker but the ribs went on the BBQ. We ate good.

Next hunt will be Kathy.

Once she was told of the prayer we said over the kill, Kathy did not hesitate. She shot two rabbits and a wild turkey. It was more of a revelation to her. Knowing that she could kill something to survive was a necessity of today's world. Can't drive to the supermarket for meat. You don't eat without killing.

I think that the thanking it for its sacrifice puts it into prospective.

A once abhorrent prospect for them has now become a source of pride. They learned the meat does not come from a supermarket. It comes from hunting and butchering your kill. There is a simple thing. Vegetables that you grow always taste the best. Fresh is the best. These women now realize that the meat that has sat in the market for weeks were tasteless compared to what you caught yourself.

I have to find a good stream. Fresh fish will be a treat.

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