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Gold Buckle Dreams

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Gold Buckle Dreams ~ by Lane Wilhelm

I'm pulling in, and it's 6:59. The performance starts at 7:00! To my surprise, my bull is loaded in the chute, and I'm first out, as I hustle around juggling my equipment like a circus clown. There are things flying out of my bag and going every which way. The chute boss begins yelling above the crowd, "Hurry your ass up!" I stand in dismay, looking around at my equipment scattered like a hive of bees in a forest. In a usual situation I would wear my helmet and chaps along with the rest of my equipment, but here I only have just a few seconds to be ready and 30 minutes of things to do. The next thing I know, the crowd roars so loud that it sounds like thunder. As the bull comes rolling in thunder in his hooves and lightening in his veins, my heart beat is rising so loud, but it must be ignored. His hide is as black as the midnight sky. I slide down upon him with no fear in my eyes. The bellar in his voice beats all is all that is sung. I looked up to hear the announcer say I had just received a 90 pt. score. As I walked back to the pay window to pick up my check, my mom wakes me up, and I am in a cold, cold sweat.

"Thanks a lot, Mom," I said.

"For what?" She replied.

