

2017 Christmas Letter

Dec 2nd 2017



BLUE BOY

Howdy Y'all!

Blue Boy the Goat here - your intrepid reporter of all things "Fluffy Bottoms Farm". Since the humans seem to be way too busy all the time to do this. Mostly working to feed me and the rest of the menagerie. Or so I am told. They disappear, then reappear, mostly with very yummy treats. Soooo, I have decided to borrow the MacBook during the day and get this letter written. Note: Mr. Tim Cook - make the buttons BIGGER for hooves. Goat Lives Matter, too.

Where were we? Oh yes! The Year in Review at FBF. Well, it was a year on November 11th that the humans moved to the farm in Driftwood, Texas from some distant place out west. I hear they have great fish tacos there though. And Mai Tais. Since last year they worked hard on getting the homestead ready for human living; fixing all the electrical, painting, shelving...you name it. Poppa started working at a tech startup - whatever that is - called RealSavvy since he got here. He drives 40 minutes to Austin every day annnnnnd 40 minutes back every night. I hear he's kind of a big thing there. Or so he tells me when he feeds me in the morning. He loves his job. I'd love to explain to you what he does, but I kind of stop listening when he whips out those licorice treats that are SOOOOO GOOD. I believe it has something to do with Real Estate and data. But one thing I do know - they are kicking ass.

Momma worked around the house and the farm for the first 8 months to prepare for all of us and take care of the dogs. The pups, Nano, Duke and Pepper love the 7 acres to run and chase deer. Duke was always hoping they would play with him. Nano wanted to eat them as Bambi

Burgers. Pepper liked ignoring them and going to lay down in the shade and sleep.



One day their favorite Land Rover that they have had since their Cape Cod days, Maxine, broke down and they got a white transit van they call Lady Bird. It's great! As long as you don't mind no power windows...but poppa did install a nice bluetooth radio for Momma to listen to her country music.

One thing you need to know about the farm and where we live. Driftwood is an

unincorporated community in Hays County in the beautiful Hill country south of Austin. It's definitely country living. The humans have a satellite dish for tv and another one for internet. And well water. They do have indoor plumbing, though. I don't see why that is an issue, but hey. I poop anywhere I want. Driftwood is not large. Lots of ranches and farms. And we have what we call "no restrictions", which is where I come in. And the fact they don't have to go to a shooting range anymore. There is not much in Driftwood - we do have a very small post office but you need to get there on Saturdays between 6am-9am or you're out of luck. As remote as it is, we are blessed with 3 awesome restaurants although Momma cooks all the time. Poppa really enjoys it.

The chickens came first. Mind you, the humans have never raised chickens. Or goats. Or donkeys. But Poppa kept saying something like, "How hard can it be? We have the Internet!" On February 15th, 25 one-day old Valentine's Day chicks arrived at the Driftwood post office in a box the size of 9 Whitman Sampler chocolates. Momma picked them up and squealed all the way home from their cuteness. They decided to set up the brooder where they



Big oaks on our 7 acres

probably should not have - in an unused room of the house thinking it was only “temporary”. They decided to get some big egg producers the first time around and ALL HENS. We will go back to that in a minute. They chose Rhode Island Reds, Buff Orpingtons, Australorps, Wyandottes and Leghorns. And they threw in a “free exotic” for laughs. The chicks were growing fast and needed to get outside. Poppa and Momma - not known for building things - built a beautiful huge shed that would not only house the chickens but the other half would be for yours truly and my ladies. Momma even made handmade barn doors. Not bad for a couple of rookies.

The chickens moved in to the shed and soon after, yours truly Mr. Studley, came to live with them. I brought my best friend, Freckles, who is also a Nigerian Dwarf goat like me. We have been besties since we were born in October and I was happy we would be together again. The ride in Lady Bird was not fun but we sure got a beautiful house with comfy and warm igloos to sleep in! And then the babies came. The humans thought it would be cute to get some baby goats. Freckles and I were unimpressed. But we have grown to love them. And butt them with our horns whenever we want. Pistol is the blue-eyed one and Harley Quinn is the brown-eyed one. We all have lots of fun together - now that we have plastic outdoor playsets and large cable spools to play goat parkour on! Life is fabulous!



One day, Pepper was not feeling well. Momma cried a lot. It was a real sad day, but Poppa said he was no longer in pain and in heaven. We were all sad. Momma still cries but we cheer her up every day with silly goat tricks!

Then THEY came. Ugh. The BaDonkADonks arrived.

All 6 of them. Mini Mediterranean donkeys are not as big as standard donkeys and are much more docile and sweet. Or so they say. Momma could't have just one. She needed a hockey team. Pooping lots of hot steamy pucks. EVERYWHERE. I've kind of warmed up to them lately. They range from 6 months old to 20 years. Wanda is the oldest and she is large and in charge. Frenchy is the male jack. He is handsome but horny. Sweet Pea has not had any babies yet but maybe this Spring! Marley is about a year now - they named him that because he does not like to be brushed and often has dread locks hanging from his belly. Huckleberry is about 7 months and the baby Magnolia is a little younger and still nursing from momma Wanda. I must admit - they are fun. I like butting them with my horns when they don't move fast enough along.



The chickens are laying well! Momma gets about 2 dozen butt nuggets a day and has many customers who love our eggs! Oh and remember how they were supposed to be ALL hens? Well one Australorp turned into a HUGE rooster we call BBC. And that free exotic chicken? Well, he turned into a rooster, too. Lonesome George is a beautiful Langeveld. But in Momma's words, they are both stalking ASSHOLES. BBC is the lead rooster and gets to sleep with the ladies, but poor George cannot live in GenPop with the others, though he does have his own

red penthouse. Momma and Poppa need to pick him up and put him in his bed every night. Spoiled. The ladies - Miss Prissy, Bertha, Henrietta, Tammy Wyandotte, Foghorn, Henny Youngman, Nugget, Rhody, Ginger, TRex, Wattles, Lady BokBok, Large Marge, Marsala, Heninem, Hen Solo, Pecky Sue, 2 Yolk Sally, Big Red, Fluffer, Sage, and Chick Norris, eat only organic local crumbles, free range and LOVE mealworms and scorpions! YUM!

Momma decided in July she wanted to meet more neighbors so she is working 3 days a week at the local (and only!) liquor store around called Mad Rooster's. I am sure it has nothing to do with the 15% discount for her Deep Eddy vodka...she also works 2 days learning to be a pit master at Creekside Cookers BBQ in Wimberley. She comes home smelling like brisket. The dogs love it, but Freckles and I get worried about what she wants to smoke next...

We have gotten to know some awesome neighbors in Rolling Oaks and good friends for miles - and everyone is always so helpful out here. We are truly blessed! Everyone is always GIVING you stuff from their gardens. The humans have also sadly learned that, "Bless Your Heart" is a negative...

Well, I hoped you enjoyed our update on the farm! Momma and Poppa have many plans in 2018 like a barn, a She-Shed, garden, a truck, beehives, a piggy, fixing fences, tractor, more goats and chickens I hear, and the list goes on and on because there is always work to do. There's even been talk about doing a FarmBnB for that ag experience playing with all of us fluffy bottoms combined with yummy food from Momma. She's a great cook - I just wish she would get going on making those goat treats she promises.

If you ever find yourself in central Texas and want to come chill out on the farm, come visit me and feed me watermelon, eat great BBQ, sit by a fire with cocktails and laugh. We would love to have you experience what we call, "a little slice of heaven in God's country". Don't hesitate as we get booked fast. There's always room in the shed with us goats though. Goats love to spoon!

Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah and Happy New Year from all of us at the Fluffy Bottoms Farm! We wish you much happiness, good health, prosperity, success. peace and love in 2018!



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