

## The Farm Animal

Growing up on a small farm in the mid-west taught me a lot about farm animals, but I never thought that I would grow up to be one. I learned that animals have a two track mind and all they want is food and sex and nothing more. My job as a farm boy was to make sure they got both. My dad always told me that I shouldn't grow up to think like a farm animal. He said that if I did he would lose all respect for me. I loved my dad and promised him I wouldn't disappoint him and that I would grow up into the type of person he could be proud of. A few years latter I left the farm to make my mark in the big city.

I was hired as platform worker for an automobile manufacturer, the pay was good but the hours were long. After work I always had dinner and a few drinks at a local bar. One night as I was ready to leave, in walked the most gorgeous women, our eyes met and we quickly knew that we were going to be lovers. After a week of a hot romance, she asked me to meet her five children. They were nice kids and I thought she raised them well. Later I moved into her place and that's where my troubles began.

After coming home from work I was hot and hungry, but I couldn't get near the shower, because one or two of her children were always using the toilet. The kids were served dinner first and about time she was ready to serve me the food was cold or burned. If I complained she angrily replied that the kids come first and that I should learn to more flexible. I was angry but I also was sexually attracted to her, and I anxiously waited for her to finish with the kids so we could make love. The sex was great and even if the food was bad I had plenty of it.

One day it dawned on me that I had become the farm animal that my father warned me not to become. My mind was focused on two things----SEX AND FOOD, and there was nothing I could do to change it. If my father was alive he would lose all respect for me. I often visit his gravesite and apologize for what I did to myself.

## About the Author

Retired and single

Source: <http://www.articletrader.com>