

Flatbed Truck

Flashback

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

In the mid 80's we lived in Mira Loma and had horses.

Usually I would drive to the feed and grain and pick up several bales of hay, but for some reason I called to have the truck deliver hay one day.

The driver drove through the double gate into the backyard and paddock area and dropped off the hay. When he was done, I told him I would get the gate for him so he could drive on through. He drove through the back which was like a dirt road and went through the gate.

As he passed, I could see into the truck bed which had wooden slats and bales of hay in the back, and I looked down and there was a heavy line of leaked oil—*I just burst into tears.*

The driver was watching in his mirror and thought he had run over my foot and stopped. I couldn't speak and wasn't sure what was wrong with me and then it just clicked about the gate and trucks and bodies at Da Nang.

I never had hay delivered again.