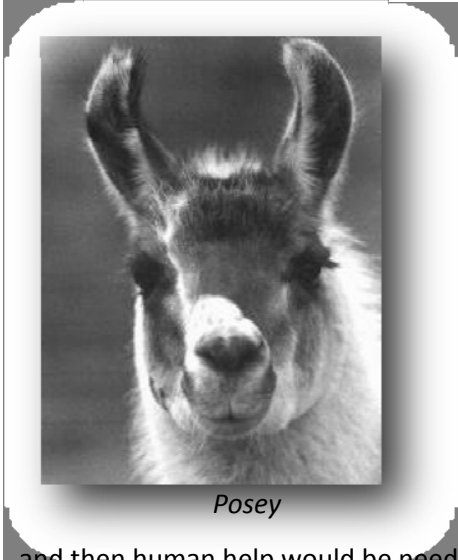


## Chapter Three: Posey

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After several weeks with Levi and Tumbleweed, we decided to become llama breeders. Our fascination with the animals, and our respect for them, was increasing as we learned more about our two. We were spending a lot of time with them, but their essential care didn't take long.

Breeding would be an enjoyable way to earn part of our living. We had the money to buy a female or two, and investing in llamas seemed a totally positive act. From what we had seen so far, llamas were good for people, bringing out a sense of wonder and delight.

I was concerned about my ability to become a llama midwife. Llama births were usually normal, but now and then human help would be needed. What if I were home alone and had to help a llama give birth?

While we were thinking about it, I received a phone call from a llama owner who lived nearby. Her first llama birth had been the day before, and Lizabee was bubbling with enthusiasm. She came home from shopping to find four llamas in a field where there had been three.

It seemed that the new little llama had been born just a few minutes earlier. He wasn't nursing yet. She decided to milk the mother, just to make sure all the teats were unclogged. "I've never milked an animal in my life, but when you have to, you learn!" she said.

He began nursing soon, but over the next few hours he became weaker. "So I gave him an enema--and believe me, I'd never given an animal an enema either. But I did it, and almost as soon as I finished, he perked right up."

I was impressed. "How did you know what to do?"

"I just knew what I'd heard at the conference and what I'd read. Luckily, I knew what I needed to know. It sure was thrilling."

The first night she slept out in the llama pasture, waking up frequently to look at the new baby lying by its mother, both clearly outlined in the moonlight.