

Lightning flashed outside the window again. It was stunningly beautiful and we needed the rain. It would also have been great if it would have chosen to hold off a little while longer. Either way, there was no use in arguing with it. It was still off in the South – there might still be time to finish.

See, I wasn't a normal farmer – I couldn't wait for it to dry off and try again in a few days. I had to go back to school tomorrow night, and the weather might be just as bad next weekend.

It was almost un-noticeable the first time the tractor hesitated. Whether it had found a hard spot or just slipped sideways on the hill, at least the little crawler was moving again, and that was what mattered very much right now. More lightning lit up the southern sky, and that was starting to matter very much as well.

I was headed in the other direction but otherwise in about the same place when the tractor stopped again. It was a definite stop, and there was no question something was wrong.

Reba McEntire came on the radio just before the tracks started moving again. The tractor and I, and most importantly the grain drill made its way across the field while the lightning and rain made its way across the distance to the South.

“Here's your one chance, Fancy don't let me down” Indeed... The stops got longer every time, and harder to correct. The sidehill was somehow exacerbating the problem, but the steepness of the slope also marked the nearing end of the field.

Later, much later, when the tractor came home from the repair shop, I used stick-on letters to give it a name.

Fancy... Even all banged up, she didn't let me down.