

So, doesn't it ever just go right? Did I ever get to be the guy that saved the day? Pulled through in a clinch? Did what no one else could do?

The answer to that is yes.

Most definitely.

I've sprayed several hundred thousand acres of ground. So much of it was just going back-and-forth, and as such, it kind of fades off into the winds and out of my memory.

*Nights spent trying to outrun rainstorms haven't gone anywhere...*

If you got rained on before you got a particular field sprayed, it was bad. Herbicides have a pre-emergent herbicide that is incorporated into the soil by rain. If you didn't get it sprayed before the first rain after the crop was planted, the weeds would sprout and be significantly more difficult to control during the crop season.

*It really was very important to both my customers and my employer. You might not believe this, but maximizing food production is actually very important to the world.*

There were two informational displays inside of the cab that gave me real-time data on the condition of the machine. Most of it was location or positional data, which was great since I could hardly see a thing beyond the dirty windows. Of course some information also came in through the 'Mark One Eyeballs' attached to my head.

*Twenty-two miles per hour doesn't sound like a lot, but it's a handful with a thirty-five thousand pound machine that's ten feet wide and only has three wheels in the middle of the night and you've been working for fifteen hours.*

If I screwed something up, there was a really good chance my career would have ended – mostly because my life would have ended.

*The crash into the nearby woods, ditch, or highway would have been...*

*Notable.*

But I didn't mess up. I succeeded that day, and more than one other. I was good at what I did – and that is a reason to be happier about life.

*Even I can kick a little ass once in a while.*