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The running of the goats.

Ah, there is no greater thrill than that moment. Eyes full of tears and dust. Your lungs gasping for air as you are sprinting. Your legs are burning from exhaustion, knowing if you stop now “It will get you and the chances are you won’t survive the brutal impact”. This is goat running...

Goat running, a strange and entertaining form of sport found in the flat corrals of the farm called “Bester’s Corral”. An ancient water tree stands in the centre of a patch of ground. On the side stands a large building known as the Sugar Store. In this corral there are a few goats plus a nasty, old one called ‘Blind Goat’.



He is a pale, thin old thing with eyes that are strangely pale. This is a creature that no one would like to find at night.

Friday the 14th of June, we arrived on the farm to discover that our cousins have a new kid named Davi. Davi was a grower and he was developing a nasty habit of attacking people that walked into his corral. One day when we walked through his camp to the water tree, and he attacks us. We scrambled up the water tree and right there and then; was the beginning of a new sport.

We walk into the corral: the freshness of the morning breeze around us. Shoes placed in the corner. The soil tickling the soles of your feet and the sweat is beading in your hair; it is the time to start.

Bravely we march towards Davi and we start with the ‘anger making’. To do this you stare at Davi; whilst staring you also kick up dust and make loud, challenging noises. Davi charges us at full speed. We sprint in the opposite direction. While you are running you look to check that everyone is safe. You smell the funny goat smell and you find to your horror that Davi is aiming for your rear!

This is the moment of truth, everyone else has out-skilled Davi with jumping, ducking, and diving. I am running alone. Blood started pumping through my body like crazy... Will I survive this?