

Day Care

by Steven J. Kolbe

"This is where the children play," the woman said cheerily.

She gestured toward the flat bed of a pickup truck. The edge was surrounded by a makeshift wooden fence that looked like it had been made out of old orange crates.

"Oh, this shouldn't be here," she said and hastily moved a ball of barbed wire out of our path. "We use that to keep our cows in the pasture. And to keep out the... well, you know."

We really didn't know.

Read more: <https://apsalmiknowbyheart.wordpress.com/2015/03/27/day-care/>

