

You know how the smallest upsetting things in the morning can put you in the worst of mood for the rest of the day

The pinky toe hitting the foot of the bed
No hot water
No more coffee
The toilet doesn't flush
Dog's barking

For Betty, farm worker, 67 years old, there is no such thing as moody mornings

She has a footless bed
She showers in the evening
She uses dry toilet.
Sure, the dog's barking
But it's a shepherd dog, it's more useful barking than mute.

It's the morning. The herd bleats. It's hungry. A herd is as regular as a cuckoo clock.

Betty walks into the barn, grabs the biggest haystack and loads it on her quad.
She just bought a quad.
A beautiful and brand new quad.

She wipes it
She polishes the cylinders
Scrubs the mud off of the wheels
Polishes the handlebar
Makes the chrome shine...
She is proud of her bike, Betty. Just like a girl with a pony.

And she rides her quad up the hill to get to the end of the property, on top of the cliff that overlooks the quarry.
The dog runs behind her and barks.
It's very beautiful.
The sunlight sprinkles the landscape.
It's really nice.
Lovely.
It really is a beautiful moment.

But she's late.
When she arrives on top of the cliff, sheep are bleating, they are hungry. Starving.

She opens the enclosure, and she turns left.
The sheep have waited much longer than usual, they are starving.
They are waiting there on the left, Betty cannot turn left.
So she turns right.

They follow her. She drives further away. They tail her. And she moves closer and closer to the cliff.

She tries a U turn, but you know how quads are, bulky, heavy, they're hard to maneuver.

She stops the quad and the sheep are right behind her.

They're right there

Pushing and climbing on the quad, and the first ones on line eat the hay, and the ones in the back push the ones before, which push the ones before, which push the ones that eat, which push the ones around...

Push, push, push...

And inexorably, Betty finds herself standing just a few inches away from the cliff

So she falls

Inexorably.

It all happens very slowly, but without fail.

She can see herself fall while she falls.

She can see herself crash before she crashes.

Hundred feet high.

And she crashes.

She's not dead though.

She looks up and sees the quad slowly being pushed towards the cliff.

She sees the quad falling, and she knows she won't have time to move away.

The dog barks.

And she died.

Just like that.