After dinner, I didn’t wait for mama to tell me that I needed to finish running out the corn. I got right up from the table and went out and hooked the double shovel. I started in where Papa had left off the day before. I figured that if I got an early start, I could finish the corn patch by sundown.

Jumper was a dun mule with a narrow stripe running along his backbone between mane and tail. Papa had named Jumper because nobody yet had ever a fence he couldn’t jump over. Papa claimed Jumper could clear the loft if he took a notion to the other side of it.

Jumper was a pretty good mule, though. He was gentle to ride: you could pack fresh meat on him; and he was willing about pulling a plow. Only, right then. Maybe we’d be out in the middle of the field when I plowed him and he quitting time had come, he’d stop never back sometimes. As now to the middle of the field Jumper got the notion that it time to quit for dinner. Right , he’d swing around and head for the cabin, dragging down corn with the plow shoulder do mind whatever to hauling back on the reins and “Whoa!” his my the hollering believing very Late that evening, Jumper tried to pull that stunt on me again; I was laying for him. Papa gone, I knew I had to teach Jumper a good lesson.