## Ballantrae Lions help keep pets healthy

The Ballantrae and District Lions Club has been holding its fall Rabies Clinic for over 20 years.

"They are great for a lot of local farmers and people who have a lot of animals as it is an affordable way to keep them and you safe," explained Anne Breau, who is in charge of the organizing committee.

Cats and dogs of all sizes and breeds are brought in for their shots, and on one memorable occasion Priscilla the potbellied pig joined the lineup. A record of all visitors is kept and verification of each vaccination is available if needed.

Veterinarian Dr. Laing, from the Town & Country Animal Hospital, has been helping out at the annual event for the past eight or nine years.

I would like to take a time out before stirring up another pot of my soup to thank everybody who has been reading my column.

I believe that sharing my experiences allows me to get stuff off my mind and out into the open. More important than how my

writing benefits me, I feel that what I write about opens everybody's eyes up to the people out there who are living fulfilling lives with injuries like mine and other physical disabilities.

Lastly I'd like to give a special thank you to those that have given me such great feedback, good and bad but all constructive. Truthfully, writing this column can be a real pain in the butt and according to Kate it's a feeling shared by all writers... needless to say I didn't get any sympathy. What makes it all worthwhile however is the satisfaction I get when I hear your reaction to what I've written. Believe it or not it gives me an adrenaline rush and coming from an adrenaline junkie that's a pretty sweet deal.

I recently found out that there is something else that gives me a real adrenaline rush. It involves two 8 ft. pieces of 2x10 propped up against four concrete steps. You see I'm always up for a good time so I couldn't turn up an invite to a recent gathering at a good friend's place here in the city.

The only hurdle between the parking lot and Matt's second-floor loft apartment was a bit of an elevation difference easily negotiated by pedestrians, but how about a 350 lb. electric wheelchair? I'm good, but not that good. All I've got to say is that I'm glad I have some crafty friends, they are a creative bunch... certainly not carpenters but definitely creative.

In the few days preceding Matt's house party I was given updates as to how the ramp was coming together. Numerous e-mails were sent between myself and the creators to make sure that all the angles were covered, i.e.; proper slope, adequate support and accurate (ballpark... remember they're not carpenters) measurements to name a few of the issues.

I touched base with the rampsters on the afternoon of the bash to see how construction was going. Apparently during a test trial which basically involved jumping on the ramp from top to bottom, one of the 2x10's snapped. I was assured that everything was under control, but when I hung up a bead of nervous sweat trickled down the side of my face.

Luke Soup
by Luke Anderson

I arrived at Matt's place and was greeted with a warm reception by my friends Reagan (the head rampster), Zander (the unforgiving tester) and Matt (the host). They confidently led me to the creation but I felt like I was being led to see the

grim reaper. The ramp looked steep and the two pieces of wood looked like they were separated by a black hole.

There was no backing out at this point; by now everyone who had helped build the ramp was outside anxiously waiting to see if this contraption of theirs would work. I think I caught Matt with his fingers crossed behind his back. All I needed was a guinea pig costume and the scene would be perfect.

Carefully aligning the front wheels of my chair with the two boards I took a deep breath, shook out my driving hand, looked at everybody and then up at the sky and proceeded to move forward. The ramp creaked and groaned as I slowly inched my way up the slope.

Until then I thought that my front wheels were spaced the same distance apart as my rear wheels but they most definitely were not. The rear wheels landed perfectly in the middle of each board but the front wheels rode dangerously close to the edge of the black hole.

There was tension in the air as everyone held their breath and watched the spectacle unfolding before their eyes. Slowly but surely my chair and I ascended. More noises came out of the woodwork from below but I pressed on knowing there was definitely no turning back now.

I honestly can't remember if I took any breaths while on the ramp, but what I do remember was the elated feeling I got when my two front wheels reached the top of the concrete staircase. It was kind of like the feeling you get during a move in the final stages of an intense Jenga game.

My rear wheels touched down seconds later, and although there were only a few of us there we cheered as loud as a packed stadium after a home team victory. I made it up, half time score; Rampsters - 1, Black Holes - 0.

Descending down the ramp after the party was not nearly as stressful or dramatic, perhaps the Heineken helped...?! Who knows? All I know is that if I ever need a real adrenaline rush all I have to do is head over to Matt's house. Final score; Rampsters - 2, Black Holes - 0!

