

Bobby Gay: (K)night of the Tightie Whities

as told to Linda Tucker by Jackie Gay

It was not, thankfully, a dark and stormy night, but it was foaling season and Bobby and Jackie Gay were taking turns getting up every two hours through the night to check on expectant mares. On one such night, Bobby rose from his bed, clad in only his tightie whities and boots, and made his way to the front porch. There, he gazed bleary eyed toward the pasture in which were the mares over whom he and Jackie were keeping watch that night. Nothing seemed amiss with all but one, which was standing against the fence adjacent to the road. Thinking that he better take a closer look, Bobby, seeing no need to add to his skimpy attire, trudged sleepily across the yard and through the pasture to the curiously situated mare. Sure enough, she had foaled but the foal had rolled under the fence and was in the middle of the road. Thinking wistfully about the warm nest in which he had left Jackie, Bobby scaled the fence ever so carefully (tightie whities, after all, offer little protection) and wrangled the foal to a standing position. Then, situating himself strategically behind the foal, Bobby pushed the foal down the road and into the pasture where it was reunited with its mother. Goodness knows what the neighbors or unsuspecting nighttime travelers would have thought had they encountered the tall, lanky, figure clad in jockey shorts and cowboy boots bumping and grinding against the back of the foal in the dead of night on a country road. Absurdities duly noted and mission accomplished, Bobby trudged back to the house, left his boots at the door, and headed back to the bedroom where his wife remained sleeping, blissfully unaware of the adventure that had transpired outside. Upon Bobby's return to the bedroom, Jackie awoke to the sight of her beloved spouse who stood before her, scantily clad and covered from head to toe in mud. Blinking sleepily, Jackie asked, "Everything okay honey?" "It's fine," Bobby replied, "just fine."