

Posey was still too young for such things. Female llamas were typically bred for the first time when they were between a year and a half and two years old. While we waited for her to grow up, we enjoyed taking her on walks. She liked to nibble. Her favorite stop was at a small maple tree on an unused dirt road we called Llama Lane. If she failed to munch a few maple leaves on the outward journey, she never missed them on the way home.

When I wore a bright orange tee-shirt with a large appliquéd flower, Posey leaned over and sniffed the flower several times as we strolled.

We took her out for walks with one or both of the males. They would do their usual courtship activities, the males walking along with low necks and flipped-over tails, Posey walking with her back legs wider apart. We called it "junior high dance time."



*Combing Posey's wool. The South American cap has a llama design, but the ears are Posey's.*

Ajila and her friends, camped out in the tent next to Posey's field, discovered that when they played loud rock music, Posey came over to the fence and peered in at them. If someone approached the fence quickly, Posey would run away quickly; she seemed always poised to retreat. But if they approached slowly, she might favor them with the softness of her alfalfa-scented breath.

Posey was fond of one of our guests, a man with dark hair and a dark beard. She would approach him surely, linger next to him. We wondered what his charm was – and then remembered that Dan, Posey's former owner, had brown hair and a dark beard.

That made us realize just how much llamas can tell different people apart. We had noticed that if we walked up to the fence with a guest, any of the llamas would pay more attention to the newcomer than to us.

If we had food in our hands, we received the attention. Sometimes I put a little grain in my hand when I caught a llama. It was a mixture of corn, barley, and oats, held together with molasses. We called it llama granola, and it was as popular with our llamas as human granola was with us.