The Crooked Post

For twenty years, Ramón had straightened every fence post except the one by the road. His father had driven it in at an angle. Whenever anyone asked, he said the ground gave way on that side.

One afternoon his granddaughter asked him why he didn't pull it out. Ramón took a shovel down to the road. When he dug, he found a piece of horseshoe wedged between the wood and a stone. He showed it to the girl. It was from the days when people still came on horseback.

He pulled the post out, cleared the hole, and put it back. The girl held it while he tamped the dirt around it. It stood straighter than it ever had.

On their way back, they passed a neighbor, who looked at it from his pickup. “Finally,” he said. Ramón slipped the horseshoe into his pocket.