It was ten below and an arctic front was approaching. The weather was going to be even colder for a week or two.

It had been a long cold winter already.

Gail and I decided to drive to Texas.

Jordan and Sarah would care for the animals while we were gone.

I had ten young rabbits in a pen. Some of the males were reaching sexual maturity. I decided to harvest them before we left. Mature bucks do not get along well even in a large pen.

I butchered them outside because that was the simplest way. Rabbits are easy to clean and it only took a few minutes. I had to do it bare handed. It cannot be done well while wearing gloves. That was not a problem. I learned long ago how to keep my hands warm while butchering below zero.

This chore reminded me of another time when I skinned a rabbit in the extreme cold.

I was 14 or 15. I liked to hunt alone. I especially liked to be out when it was extremely cold. I was sure to have the woods to myself.

Our dairy farm was in Otsego just two miles northwest of where the Crow River joins the Mississippi. Immediately upstream from the mouth of the Crow, the Mississippi widened out and built several islands. The Crow built sandbars in the Mississippi. Those sandbars pushed the Mississippi back and caused the islands.

You can see them clearly on a Google satellite map.