

Skunked

Something is always happening to me. Always... As I have said before some are good and some are bad. Some are annoying , like being locked out on the porch in your bare feet where rain, thunder and lightning are all around you or your pretty pink new bath towel with a big round hole in it. Almost half of a towel gone.(By the way, I checked all my other towels, wash cloths and hand towels on the other shelf...no holes!)

The latest thing that happened is just pure gross, yuck! Frank was going outside to fix the outside wood furnace overnight after the 10:00pm news. As he “swooshed” the door shut, I got a whiff of “pepe le pew” wow! I told him to shut the door and watch out for the skunk outside. When he came back he said, “no skunk and no smell outside!” Oh crap, it’s inside! He’s under the house and not at all happy. Believe me when I tell you that he was not even close to being happy. Nor was I.

I could smell him in the cabinet under my kitchen sink, so out came the floral room spray, I doused under the sink and shut the door quickly. I couldn’t spray the two lower corner cupboards as they hold pots and pans and food. I just left the doors ajar and we had to breath in the aroma...yay!!

We went outside the next morning to look for the entrance and exact escape route. We decided that it had to be the dug out spot under our side porch. It was the place that one of my outside cats used o duck into when it was thundering and lightning.

Frank put some hay over the hole and the next morning the hay was moved. Well, it was windy the night before so the hay was put back but with a twist, we added a pine cone on top. The next morning, sure enough, all was moved.

So, the next night before we went to bed, a cement block covered the hole. Since skunks are nocturnal by nature we hoped that he got out before we covered the hole. Apparently he was, no smell has been detected lately.

And so the saga continues. Things happen to me.

Till next month,
~Judy ~