

Three Cats!

We have already established that things happen to me. It's always something. This something is really something.

Every night Frank goes to bed at 11:00 after the 10:00 news. That is, unless we watch a TV show at ten, then he goes to bed at 11:30 after the eleven o'clock news. I don't go to bed after the eleven o'clock news. I don't go to bed at either of those times. I'm a night owl.

If we watch the 10:00 news, I do the dishwasher, the countertops, kitchen table, stovetop and oven, put things away and feed the cats. We have a new kitten named "Gizmo." We'll go into that story in a future article. So I feed him, give him some milk, clean the kitty litter pan, and sweep up 20 pounds of kitty litter to deposit back in the litter box—which is hard to do with a black and white fur ball hanging on your pant leg.

So, one down and two to go— these two are on the front porch. The two that live in the barn eat at 4:30— so they are done, kitchen done and kitten done. On the porch, I open the front door (the air conditioner is on so we keep the door closed) and look out. Three cats. Three cats!! Holy cow—I only have two cats. I turn on the porch light and find two cats and a half grown brown raccoon. I yell at him to get out. He jumps down but can't find the doggy door that he came in. So he's banging his head on the outside screen door trying to get out. Our front porch is screened in. Thus the double set of doors. So I think "great." Now I'll have a scared raccoon with a concussion. I yelled again and he ran to the far end of the porch. He climbed up on the ledge and jumped up to the fuse box trying to find a way out. He hit the fuse box, slid down, knocked a folded chaise lounge and chair down which hit the nail keg that I use as an end table. The nail keg went down when the chaise lounge hit it. The plant on the nail keg went down and broke the planter. The dirt was all over the porch as was all the other stuff he or she knocked down. The porch was a mess, the raccoon was terrified and cowering in a corner on the ledge, and the two cats scattered to a safer place.

I got a broom, propped the outside screen door open with a small sledge hammer that we use as a door stop, and went off the porch. I walked around to the far corner where my troublemaker was and I tapped the broom on the screen. He or she moved along the ledge, got to the end, jumped down, found the open door, and went down the porch steps. I was standing there holding the broom just in case.

My last words to he or she were "And don't come back!!" it turned and looked at me as it left and I knew that it said, "Don't worry, lady, I don't think that I want to. You're nuts!"

The End

I haven't seen it since.