

SKUNKS!

Here we go again. Remember the skunk problem we had some months back? You know– the ones living under our house that spread their sunshine into our kitchen. YUK!! Those two were trapped and, well, let's say they will NOT be back. But wait. Could it be reincarnation?

As I was looking out my kitchen windows (I have two side by side) one evening just before dusk, I saw something black and white under my bird feeder. It wasn't "Gizzy" (you know the heathen cat) as he was in the house. It was a SKUNK!! But wait– a smaller one is coming to join the big one. Oh, Boy, two skunks again. Are my eyes deceiving me? There are three black and white creatures out there now. One is bouncing around saying "let's play." Great balls of fire...It's "Gizzy!!" Somebody has let "Mr. Gizzy" out. YIKES!!

Since they are all the same color he thinks they should play with him. Yeah right...Out the door I went yelling and screaming– "Gizzy– Gizzy." I grabbed the hose and turned on the water. The big skunk took off down the hill toward the road. I sprayed the water at all three of them and missed the big one as it ran. I did manage to hit "Gizzy" as he chased the small one into the culvert pipe. He tried to get in but didn't make it. I sprayed some more and he ran up the road that goes to our barn and sat down. He looked at me real cute as if to say, "I just wanted to play not get a bath." Since he was on the other side of our fence I had to walk all the way to the end of the fence at the gate to get him. I carried him wiggling and squirming all the way to the house. At least he was skunk odor free.

Not too many days after that, I saw the big skunk under the bird feeder. I told Frank; he got the gun, shot and missed. Off went the skunk with the aroma left behind. P.U.

After we saw that skunk, we noticed that something had been eating our green beans. Since the garden has an 8 foot fence around it we looked for a digger spot. We found one at the back of the garden. Out came the catch me alive trap and graham crackers with peanut butter on it. For days nothing ...but you know the day that I was going to the Senior Center for birthday dinner and Frank was in the hospital for a diabetes episode— we had something in the trap...the baby skunk that was very unhappy.

I left it in there and went to the Center with my friend Barb. When we came home we brought her son, Sam. He let the skunk out of the trap. When released the little one turned and gave us a dirty look and took off under the fence and down the hill lickety split. I haven't seen it since. But I have seen the big one. I am sick of skunks!!

Til' next month

~Judy~