

## From Skunks to Raccoons

The skunks have disappeared. I have not seen one in weeks. Even, Peanuts, (you know the cat that somehow tangled with skunk spray) doesn't smell as bad as he did. Unless he gets wet and then it's phew city.

Now I have a different problem. It's a raccoon!! He or she is brown not gray. I was informed from a very reliable source (that would be Bill Bailey) that brown in the summer color of raccoons. Must be their tan, but wait a minute- they don't go out in the sun. They are nocturnal- that means night visitors...every night.

Anyway this guy or gal has been giving me trouble. First it ate a whole suet block and then the black oilseeds (that I keep in two gallon milk jugs hanging on the big birdfeeder post). Oh, but it didn't stop there. It ate the birdseed in the big feeder too. It climbs up the post, gets onto the fence, stretches up to the feeder, grabs hold and swings on up to the tray of seeds-sort of like an acrobat. It is funny to watch but seed is expensive. I use a flashlight and chase it when I can catch it in the act.

Oh, but it doesn't stop there either. Oh, No. Now it's found the doggie door on the front porch. Since two of my cats (that would be the smelly one and Tiger) live on the front porch all summer- there is usually cat food- hence the raccoon's interest. AH, but I'm not deaf yet and I hear the doggie door in the front room because that's where we sit to watch television. I can jump up (Yeah, right) and hit the porch light. I yell and it runs out the doggie door as fast as it can go. But when I hit the light the look it gives me is priceless. The look says, "Oh, Crap, there's that crabby old lady."

So it goes on. Skunks, Cats, Raccoons....I hate summer.

See you next month,

~Judy~

