

Mighty Hunter

Maryann Rapp, Pennsylvania

The other night we were all tucked in. Sheba had made her final turns and plunked down for the night. A few sighs and couple of farts and she was off to dreamland. Ron and I were chatting a little when suddenly we heard a noise. *Something* was in the house! I told Ron to go see what it was but he was acting like a little girl with a spider down her panties. Then all of sudden *it* was next to me. This time I used *The Voice* and told him to get out of bed and turn the bathroom light on. He did but we couldn't see anything right away. I poked my head under the bed and just then Ron made some kind of noise. I looked up just in time as he screamed 'bird in the house' and I saw the 'bird' fly out of the bedroom. Should I tell him? No, not yet. Now during all this did the great hunter get up? No, Sheba didn't even budge.

I realized there's only way this might end in a live getaway for the 'bird' so I got dressed and head downstairs. The poor little brown bat was frantic.



He just wanted out. Having never dealt with this before I'm not sure I did the right thing but it worked. I opened the sliding glass door (praying I wasn't exchanging a bat for a raccoon) and began turning lights on. I didn't see him fly out but I'm pretty sure he did. His sonar would have picked up the breeze.

A quick room by room inspection and no evidence of the bat, I assumed he did fly out and headed to bed. Another inspection before it got light this morning and still no bat. Poor little thing.

All's well that ends well – and Sheba missed all the action. The fearless hunter...

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We give dogs time we can spare, space we
can spare and love we can spare.
And in return, dogs give us their all. It's the
best deal man has ever made.

– M. Acklam

A Poem for the Puppy Owner

(Author Unknown)

Don't smell crotches,
Don't eat plants.
Don't steal food or underpants.

Don't eat my socks,
Don't grab my hair...
Don't rip the stuffing from that chair!

Don't eat those peas!
Don't touch that bush!
Don't chew my shoes...
What IS that mush?



Eat your cookie,
Drink your drink,
Outta the toilet!
Outta the sink!

Away from the cat box,
It's for the cat!
(And MUST you kiss me after that???)

Yes, raising a puppy,
Is not for the lazy!
Though puppies are funny,
They're also crazy.
But don't despair,
Though toil and strife.
After 3 years, you'll get back your life!

So, let's go for "walkies",
You can "do your thing"
(And perhaps I'll get back my diamond ring!)

*Poem submitted by Sue Wilcox
Photos submitted by Sally Wallis*

