

summer's end

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The score is 9-1, Red Sox over Texas, in the 6th inning so I felt that it was safe for me to turn it off and head to bed with a book. (If the score is close, they need me to sit here rooting for them)

But before I did, Alfie let me know that he desperately wanted to go outside. Barking, running to the back door, looking at me imploringly. Usually he is in for the night after dark...this time of year, 8 PM. There is too much Out There, at night, as I learned the hard way when he met with a porcupine one night.

But he was really, really wanting to go out so I put a leash on him, donned a jacket (it is chilly at night now) and grabbed a flashlight because it is a moonless cloudy night, very dark outside. We had barely rounded the corner of the house when I saw why he had been so agitated: a large deer on the lawn, looking back at us, a deer-in-the-headlights look....(make that flashlight). A deer, even a large one, is not frightening..they all look like Bambi's mother. But Alfie was beside himself; and the deer bounded away and disappeared into the trees. We continued our walk, Alfie's nose to the ground...there was apparently much deer aroma to check out...and then when we rounded the back of the barn, there was something *else* in the nearby woods: a growly/hissing sound and a lot of heavy rustling in the underbrush. ..coyote, maybe? THAT was scary, and reminded me why I don't let my 26-pound dog out alone at night.

I am leaving here next week because of commitments back home, and a trip to California coming up; but I'll be back briefly in October and then again in November. That's when the kitten...soon, I suppose, to be called *cat*...will be put to the test; because fall is when the mice come in, looking for a winter home. I am planning on Lulu feasting on mouse often. Oh dear: I recently wrote a book in which all the characters were very appealing mice. There is a discrepancy here.

My book revisions (human characters, not rodents) are done and sent off to the editor and by changing font size I got it down from 465 pages to 404, which seems slightly less daunting.

And now I am turning this Sox game—7th inning starting—over to Jacoby Ellsbury and am going upstairs to my book.

Tags: Untagged