

berries and pommel horses

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Last night Alfie didn't come in before darkness fell and I should have gone looking for him and insisted. Instead, I sat reading the biography of Lillian Hellman that I had taken from the library and ignoring the fact that the only other mammal in the house was Lulu the Cat.

When I heard over-excited barking, though, I took a flashlight and went out. Yikes. There was the Alf, circling a huge porcupine out by the blueberry bushes. Ordinarily Alfie completely disdains and ignores my pathetic wheedling, "It's time to come in now" but this time he reacted to and obeyed my panicky yelling "No! Get away!" thereby saving me from a 35-mile trip to the only 24-hour-emergency-veterinarian. (You would think that he would remember the time four years ago when he had a very serious tangle with a porcupine and not go near one again. But no.)

So this morning I went out and picked the ripe blueberries. Many more green ones waiting...either for me, or the porcupine, or the deer, or a bear...whoever gets there first, I guess.



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