

The Bandera PROPHECY

June 24, 2021

Gone Country

The Menagerie Ranch

By Mikie Baker

The Bandera Prophet

Because you all keep posting scorpions are back out and, no, the deep freeze didn't put a dent in them, I figure it is high time we talked about all the critters around this ranch. And the list of them keeps growing daily, sort of like the guests and relatives that are about to commence a coordinated invasion around here for weeks on end.

I guess it all started when, after many years, the Purple Martins showed up this Spring. Excited we were when they were nesting. But all those little chickadees grew up and now we're being bombarded by Purple Teenage Punks who circle around over and over. I feel like I'm living at the Daytona Speedway.

Before I go on, I probably need to identify the cast of characters around here. What My Future Husband brought to this relationship was an 8-month-old pup named Poco. He's a Great Pyrenees weighing in at almost 150 pounds these days. And, in case your Spanish is rusty, Poco means Little. MFH has a sick sense of humor.

Then there's Miss Princess Sadie, my dog who thinks she's the most beautiful dog ever and loves me so very much that she likes to lick me on my leg just to let me know. This touching display sends me screeching straight up off the couch as it seems it's one of my most ticklish spots. I think I'm a candidate for America's Funniest Videos. Of course, we can't forget Sammy the Siamese Terrorist who's had a complete personality change since he moved from the Dancing Dog Ranch to the Swallowtail Ranch where no one has ever seen a single, solitary swallowtail. More sick humor from My Future Husband.

Sammy was a mostly outdoor cat at my house who I had to coax in even if it was 12 degrees outside or a tornado was fast approaching. More than once I found him sitting in the front yard taking a bath in the pouring rain.

But since moving out west here where there are critters like coyotes and mountain lions, Sammy has become an official indoor cat and he's totally fine with the whole thing. In fact, I've turned into his slave as I have to walk with him from room to room supplying his every need. And then I went insane and decided to bring home a 6-week-old black kitten who I named Rod the Rock Star. In the two weeks we've had this tiny kitten, he's managed to shred both MFH and myself so badly, we've already been through three boxes of Band-Aids. We now give him timeout in the bedroom so we can bandage each other before the next round. When he races around the house, I call him Hot Rod and when he strikes with those claws, he becomes Lightning Rod. We are really sick of Lightning Rod.

Of course, there are the sugar addicted hummingbirds that keep me buying 25-pound bags of sugar and a variety of birds that can clean out a feeder in less than a day. At least these creatures live outside with the giant Texas mosquitoes that really like the taste of me.

But the other day, the menagerie got a whole lot bigger when I was out in the garden (my happy place) and the dogs started barking at something over in the corner. I walked over to stare into the eyes of a six-foot blue indigo snake. I won a Gold Medal in Snake Sprinting getting back to the house. Once inside, My Future Husband reminded me that a blue indigo was a "good" snake and would even eat rattlesnakes so we should give him a nice welcome to his new home. I told you he has a sick sense of humor.

Of course, he was the one who stepped on the scorpion in the shower the other day...