

Beauty Is in the Eye of the Observer

By Morri Namasté

It was one of those early autumn days that felt like summer. We were preparing our home of thirty-five years or so for sale. One tends to accumulate a great deal of items once thought essential to life but upon closer reflection maybe not so important. We filled two dumpsters with unwanted stuff. People came and took what they wanted which was fine. Not really hard to let go.

Other preparations included fixing the upstairs shower which took some finesse as the parts came from Sweden. But still it was doable. We weren't really in a rush. The most essential thing was making sure the roof had no entry points for squirrels. My wife had heard scratching sounds from behind the wall upstairs but I thought nothing of it until it became apparent that we had visitors.

The Squirrel Police were contacted and a thorough roof inspection eventually revealed a spot only a squirrel would find. The problem was ascertaining whether the varmint was home or away. With the roof hole closed we waited. The Police gave us a trap baited with peanut butter which was placed in the basement. We waited.

One afternoon while the plumber was upstairs finishing his work, he yelled down, "There's a squirrel up here." I went up and there he was. Caught between the plumber and me. I grabbed a broom, like that was going to help, and prepared for battle. The squirrel found its way down the spiral staircase and wanted to go into the basement but I had blocked his retreat. He feigned and I followed, determined to not let this squirrel get the best of me. I was finally able to get this creature out the back door with several sweeps of the broom. Problem solved. Until the next morning.

Hearing a noise from the basement I went to check the trap. Sure enough Mr. Squirrel had been captured. A quick call to the Squirrel Police who found a second entryway through the roof. With that fixed and the interloper carried away I breathed a sigh of relief. The plumber who had finished and was leaving, shook my hand and said, "That was a beauty of a squirrel, don't you think?"