Oooh! I'm soo scared!

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Early this summer, I hired Dave Bell again. Dave Bell is a guy with heavy equipment who knows how to use it. (Why does that sentence sound vaguely obscene?) In the past he has come in with backhoes and other-things-I-don't-know-the-names-of, and he has moved chunks of granite around, and once, two summers ago, he tried to dig me a pond. But when my pond-to-be was ten feet deep, it still had not encountered water; and I found myself murmuring a mis-quoted line from an old Monty Pythion episode: "Madam, this is a dead parrot." So Dave Bell went into reverse and filled it back up.

Anyway, Dave Bell came again this summer, and he dug up a long wide strip between my lawn and my meadow. Then...after the worst of the rain finally stopped...we planted mixed wildflowers in that strip.

The wildflowers should be coming up now. They are not. I think they are not coming up because early every morning, that wide strip of turned, planted earth is populated by crows, deer, and wild turkeys.

Yesterday I went into the scarecrow-making business. So far I have created two scarecrows.

One is wearing a red hat that was given to me by the writer Susan Goodman. Susan Goodman had heard me make some derisive comments about the ladies who wear purple clothes and red hats and line up *en masse* to attend events - theater, concerts, etc. - together. I am all in favor of female bonding and I have many, many wonderful women friends but for some reason I am creeped out by the red hat phenomenon. Susan Goodman came to visit me here at the farm last summer and she brought me, as a joke gift, a (very large) red hat.

I finally found a use for it.

The other scarecrow is wearing a yellow hat that my friend Lucia brought over yesterday when she heard I was making scarecrows.

Soooo...now I have two scarecrows (and the makings of others that I haven't put together yet) and i set them up yesterday afernoon.

At 6 PM yesterday I had to go out, shouting, and shoo away 22 wild turkeys that had congregated to investigate my scarecrows.

This sounds to me like picture book material. I suppose it's been done.

Tags: Untagged