

At the Farm

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I came up here to Maine yesterday and will be here all week, hiding out while my house in Cambridge goes on the market and realtors tromp through; putting my tax stuff together, always a dreaded task; and starting work on a new book.

But last night my dog drove me crazy. He went to sleep on his LL Bean doggie bed which is at the foot of mine. But sometime during the night he jumped up on the long windowseat in my bedroom, nudged the shade up with his nose, looked out and saw stuff. And woofed. Not a bark, but a muted woof, meaning, I think: Lookit that!

The windows there look down on a long expanse of meadow, which this time of year is covered with snow. I can only guess what he was seeing because I kept burrowing under the covers trying to ignore his woofs...which went on...and on...and on. In the summer I see all sorts of wildlife in that meadow: many, many deer; foxes; once a coyote; plus of course the small country life that one hopes to avoid: porcupines and skunks.

I'm guessing they were out there last night and that he could see them against the white snow.

And tonight I think I am going to sleep in a downstairs guest room at the back of the house. Eat your heart out, Alfie



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