

Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow... .

By Holly Lisle

My pit viper eradication program continued yesterday afternoon, with me out in the yard with the edger clearing the tall grass in the ditch that is too steep to mow. The same tall grass in which the cottonmouth was curled up enjoying whatever it is that poisonous snakes enjoy before you disturb them with a lawnmower.

I was jumpy as hell. It's a gas edger, and it's pretty loud, but it doesn't have the on-the-ground vibration factor of a good lawnmower, and you can never be sure which vibrations your average snake is going to pay attention to.

So I watched the grass, and the dark, murkey water in the ditch, and my ankles, and cleared the better part of 125 feet of frontage. And now I am so sore I just about can't move. The muscles I've been exercising with my hindu squats and hindu pushups and bridging apparently haven't been THOSE muscles. Or ... and here's a fun thought ... if I hadn't been doing regular workouts, I would have been even sorer.

Damned snake. My yard looks great now. But ... damned snake.

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