

# Thursday Morning's Epic Tale! -- It's Cold!!

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Friends:

Wednesday night was not the coldest of the year (that was in February with -35), but it was close. The smile bug bit me Thursday morning, and this is what my demented brain birthed:

Hoo-eee! I had no idea the people in Alberta hated we Minnesotans so much. It was 30 below here last night. The wind made it really awful.

My poor Tank went out to take a pee around 4:30 in the morning, and I had to go out and rescue him. His stream froze solid. I had to hit it half a dozen times with a hammer to break it. By that time the poor dog was frozen hard as marble, so I put him in the oven at 350 for half an hour. He almost bit me when I opened the oven door to let him out. He ran into the living room, got his blankie, and climbed right back into the oven until 8:00.

Of course, Mousse is a girl and she doesn't expose so much of her nether regions when she pees. Still, one of her feet froze to a stone. Fortunately it was a soup stone, so all I had to do was boil her foot for a while to make the stone fall off. I think it was a beef and barley soup stone.

Now Tanner, the barn cat, he's a critter of a different kind. He knows the coyotes like to eat his food, so he hides in the dead flower patch and waits for them. Soon as one sticks its face into his dish, Tanner pounces. He's eaten five so far this week. He skins them first and uses their hides for bedding, but he has to cut back. He's getting really fat, and the llamas aren't getting their usual exercise chasing the coyotes. Chubby is how I would characterize them right now.

I'll tell you how bad it was in the house. I woke up at three because I felt something cuddling against my jammies. Turned out to be three families of mice and all five of our koi.

I thought it was just me and the farm, but today's paper had a rather nasty letter to the editor from a bear our local large animal vet refused to treat for frostbite. I thought it odd that there were no turkeys pecking away at lost field corn, but as I was driving out to the road a limb fell off of an oak tree - right on top of my truck. A whole flock of turkeys had roosted up there at dusk and froze in place. Now, we all know how much frozen turkeys weigh, so I think it was a miracle I wasn't crushed.

Saturday will bring temperatures in the fifties, so I'm sure all of the wildlife will be happy with that change.