

October 27, 2005

Dear boys and girls,

My husband grew up on a very large farm in North Dakota. The family farm was 10 miles from the nearest town and so he didn't have too many close neighbors to play with. As they grew older, he and his little brother had to entertain themselves when they weren't doing their chores. One of his favorite things to do in the spring was to watch for new litters of kittens.

In this particular story, Carl's New Kittens, he was too young to be milking cows or feeding the chickens, so he was excited about a litter of kittens that was living behind the chicken coop. He kept asking his mother to come and see them because they were fluffy and black and white. As a farm wife, she was very busy and so she didn't get around to seeing the kittens until the day she couldn't find her oldest son. There were many places for a little boy to get lost or hurt on such a large farm, and so she began to worry about him. She kept calling for him until she saw him peeping around the corner of the chicken coop. He had heard her calling, but he was having too much fun playing with the new kittens to answer her call. You can imagine his mother's surprise when she realized that he was playing with baby skunks while their mother kept a watchful eye from the edge of the woods.

To this day, my husband believes that the mother skunk felt no threat from him since he was just a youngster himself, and that's why she didn't use her defensive spray! He loves telling stories about growing up on a farm, but this is one story that always embarrasses him! His family never let him forget the day that he mistook baby skunks for kittens!

Sincerely,
Cherry Carl