

I've decided to update you all on the most exciting things that have happened since I moved to Schellsburg. You can read about my move and my first impressions in [TheMove.pdf](#). It might help to put my next chapter in context.

When I last left you, Mama and I were all alone in Schellsburg on Memorial Day. Bill had gone back to the RKVS (Mama tells me he went back to the Ephrata Annex Monday. Whatever. My favorite male human left me in a strange place with nobody to play with except Mama, and she's not as much fun as he is. MEOWWLL!) It was very hot here, but I found a comfortable spot on the kitchen floor under the ceiling fan where Mama would have to step around me or over me to do anything.

She foiled me, however, by going out. I don't know where she went and she's not telling (I don't think she remembers, honestly). The house was very quiet and very empty, although I did have a few ants to chase and I tried to catch a couple of flies without any luck. When Mama came home, she made dinner for herself (how rude!) and then put in a DVD. It was still hot, but not so hot that I couldn't snuggle in beside her on the bed. She even let me, so I know she was kind of sad still.

When she went to bed, I napped for a little while and then got up to explore in the dark. Boy, was that FUN! It turns out that my new house in Schellsburg has the best plaything ever, even better than the mouse we had in Attleboro. It's a mouse with wings!

Okay, it's a bat.

And since I watched the last four games of the 2004 ALCS and the 4 games of the 2004 World Series, I know that this isn't THAT kind of bat.

I chased this bat all through the house in the wee dark hours of Tuesday morning. Mama woke up a little bit when it flew through her bedroom with me in hot pursuit. She mumbled something about "d\*\*\*\*d bird" and then closed both the bedroom doors. I kept chasing the bat until it disappeared. I don't know where it went.

Mama got up early to be ready for the moving van to come. This big guy came to the door just as she was trying to put me on the utility porch; I scratched her hard and got away when she went to open the door to let him in. She should know better than to let strange men into the house. But she didn't listen to me; no, she insisted on catching me and putting me out on the porch. She tortured me! I heard voices all day long but couldn't get out into the house. It was awful. I only napped three times.

But when she did let me out, there was lots of stuff to explore and the furniture smelled familiar. I had so much fun sniffing everything out that I had to take another nap while Mama fixed herself dinner - again.

She went upstairs to work while I stayed downstairs to keep exploring all those boxes. Then my plaything came back!

I chased it around downstairs for a long time, up and over boxes, around furniture, and through the kitchen until finally it flew up the back stairs, but just barely. It was tired and fell to the ground, where I was at last able to pounce on it.

Then, Mama screeched. It wasn't a scream and it wasn't a yell. It was a screech. Followed by incoherent babbling as she scrambled for the telephone and punched in a number. I knew immediately who she called because she'd talked to him earlier in the day and told him I'd been chasing a bird in the house.

"Bill, it's a bat, not a bird. It's a bat." Mama was hyperventilating and I think she was wishing she could pull him through the phone lines to deal with the bat himself. I would have told her to call someone from the church to come over, but she didn't ask me. I just wanted to play with my toy.

There then followed a conversation that calmed her down and helped her do away with my plaything. She said at one point that the last time she had to deal with a bat, she also had 50 screaming teenage girls to keep calm - so she kept the girls calm while the groundskeepers took care of the bat. I think she'd rather have screaming teenagers than a bat in the house, but she did finally get the bat out of the house with a broom. She has yet to thank me for wearing it out enough that it couldn't fly any more, because otherwise she never would have been able to catch it. But she thanked Bill for helping her through the crisis. Something's not fair there.

She found the two places where the bat might have gotten in. One is the dryer vent, which will be closed off permanently when the dryer eventually arrives but right now is closed off by a piece of paneling and the step stool. The other is the vent over the stove. She has that blocked off with a milk crate, a box, and three music books right now because the duct tape holding the screen on has lost its stick. (Let me just say that I know this because I rubbed up against it during my exploration over Memorial Day weekend but didn't lose any fur. Thank God! That would have been embarrassing.) The gentleman from the Property committee at the church came and looked at it this past Monday night when he installed a new piece in the sink downstairs. (Yes, I know, another strange man, but she made sure I knew that he was okay. I still watched him, though.) He's going to try to fix it with clips or screws so she doesn't have to remember the batproofing every night. I certainly won't remind her - I'm hoping for another plaything!

The local animal control specialists tell her that there is a small colony of bats - they counted 8 in their twilight survey - in the attic along with a dozen or so dead birds. Apparently, the boxing is bad and needs to be replaced. I bet I'll have to spend more time on the utility porch when they do that work. Unless they do it while I'm on vacation, though Mama said something about having found another cat sitter when one of the girls from the church came by and made friends with me last week. I'm going to have to be careful about that or else I'll never get to go back to the RKVS!

That's all the news for now. You can check out the fun I've been having with the empty boxes in the side bar. And I'm just waiting for Mama to be gone long enough for a romp through the stuffed animals to be worthwhile :X)

Apollo  
(as painstakingly dictated to my "amamauensis")