



I had to have a swimming pool... yes I admit it.. well at least mostly I did. I also had a lot of trees... big leafy kinds.

Leaves and pools don't mix. If I had to make a choice I'd choose the trees; but, who has a choice after you make a bad decision that seemed good at the time.

When Fall comes, I covered up my leaf catcher... I have to, else I'd have one great big compost pit. So three months or so out of the year I had this extra problem. You know how it rains around here. It fills up my pool cover. Each year it's different. Still trouble, but with a new twist. I dread it all year long with good reason.

I'm a pushover... I admit it, oh not when it comes to a scam, though I've been known to bite a few. I mean for cute little critters and such. You ever seen a old f' scooping tadpoles out'a pool cover. That was me, I mean I didn't put them there in the first place. I thought yard toads must've done it. You know the ones that dig holes

and hide waiting for some unsuspecting creature to walk into its mouth. They're lazy and good for nothin', to me that is, I suppose to another toad they're cute; and besides, they give you warts and everybody knows old f's don't need anymore warts.

Anyways, I didn't want to pump my pool cover out 'til my pecan tree stopped pooping, last time 'til next fall I hoped, and besides thousands of tadpoles were growing in the water.

One morning I walked out to inspect my habitat. I do that a lot even today. Takes my mind off things it should be on and propels me to the realm of Ule Gibbons and the likes. I kind'a like that. Someday I'll try a bite of pine bark I suppose.

Howsomever the sight of 300-400 mosquitoes doing their thing in my rainwater pool pond cover made me wince. And me without my bug zapper hooked up yet. Zounds what would the neighbors think.

"The weirdo's at it again", they'd say. "Growing his own batch of helicopters this time. First the wind chimes now mosquitoes. Next it'll be noseiums." Hastily and without thinking I got some motor oil and squirted it on the murky water, to make an oil film, killing the mosquito larva, it suffocates them.

That's the way us unsophisticated Ule Gibbons treehuggers do it in an

emergency, well at least that's the way I do, and I did.

And then... I must'a heard the cries of those little toad babies. I mean they got'a breath too you know. Oh my gosh... oh well, they're just weird warty toads, I thought. Don't need anymore of those in the world. Now if they were those cute little duck frogs, you know the green tree frog that quack like ducks, that'd be different. I like them and was afraid I'd killed them off when I scattered Diatomaceous Earth, say what, on the flower beds a couple of years in a row. That's the stuff that comes from the ocean. It's millions of microscopic sea critters skeletons. When bugs crawl over it they get holes poked in their skin and die. They're so tiny we can walk on them and not feel it, frogs too I guess, that's what they say. Weird stuff huh. Ah hah, how do you know that's true you ask? You got me there, I read about it one day.

Some things aren't what they seem.

So what's next?