

Mama Kay Fakes a Snake

Starting out her driveway on a walk, Mama Kay noticed a car stopped near the creek, and a young guy outside it staring down into the grass.

"What's the problem?" Mama Kay yelled from several feet away. (She was heading in the opposite direction).

In bad weather, neighbors have lost control of their cars at the corner rounding the bend and slamming into our yard. Others have retrieved hubcaps. Loads from their trucks.

Anything is possible.

One late evening two younger men (unfamiliar to us) were driving on the road, and their car broke down. The driver decided (without asking permission) to pull into our driveway and leave it blocking our vehicles. He rang the doorbell to tell us the plan. He explained that a friend would come to fix the car the next day or so. As I recall, my husband had them push the car off to the side of the road and gave them permission to use our phone to call for a ride to wherever they were going that night. The car stayed for at least two days waiting to get moving once again. Sometimes you wonder what people are thinking. Then still, it might just be best to leave it as a good tale.

Going back to the nervous guy pacing near our yard, he yelled, "You've got a rattlesnake in your yard."

"Are you sure?" Mama Kay put her basic sixth-grade science into practice knowing that rattlers have specific characteristics and are not native. "Snakes are not my favorite. I'll have my husband come out and check."

Mama Kay went on her way, not thinking twice about the situation. She'd let her husband handle it. He's good at those kinds of situations.

When she returned an hour later, Mama Kay's husband told her that the snake was about a two-foot garden snake. He talked the guy down from his agitated state, and any crisis was averted.

The next morning Mama Kay sneaked a peek, and the dead snake was in the grass. Apparently, the guy had run him over and that explains his concern.