

Living with Fences: Through-way

By Cliff Watson, April 26, 2019

Ok, a word from the wise to the uninitiated. Listen to me young'uns: dangers abound in the fields of humans. *What's that noise?* There is the constant calamity of whirring, banging, vibrating noise-makers as the humans attack the grass, shrubs, and other green blessings. Not like the plants ever did anything to them, just living their best lives producing scents and palate-pleasers. *Ooh, a seed pod! Just a sec (nibble nibble.)* Regardless of the why, don't mess with those things... No, I don't know what happens when you get too close to them, but just look at what happens to those poor plants – decapitated! The sound alone is enough to put you, quivering, in the nest for a week. All I can say is just be thankful that you can climb, not like those poor bunnies down there living in holes in the ground. When you get enough elevation on the tree, then you can really let those humans have it with your tail. *Chit-chit-chit-chit-chit-chit!* Shake that thang like they never did see, uh-huh! That teaches them the error of their ways and, by all that's vernal, they eventually will learn.

Now, the main point of today's session is to find the safest route from point acorn to point blackberry. Let's say you, Gray Prince of Darkness, you're over eating pine cone seeds by the big fir tree next to the blue pond with the funny smelling water. Suppose you hear from your friend, Queen Fuzzy-tail of Eternal Greatness, that there are plump blackberries, ripe and ready for plucking, next to the maple near the slippery, shiny platform that the small humans slide down over and over again. How are you going to get to those berries safely? The answer, my friends, is simple: the human superhighway of division. For some reason that defies all sensible logic, the humans have divided up the grass into plots of land by raising barriers of wood, replete with runnable paths along their tops. Let us first take a moment to appreciate the pain of a squirrel community somewhere that is missing that tree, o great provider of nourishment, hacked down in its prime, sacrificed for this construction. *Dramatic pause, breathe in, breathe out.* Alright... but you've got to get those berries. Winter is coming! Simply run along the wooden superhighway and you can quickly pass over all of those plots of land without running into the human noise-makers or, may the forest canopy forbid, a dog. Now, do be a little cautious if the dog looks like a real jumper and is of goodly size, for there is a chance they can startle you enough to knock you off the fence. But likely you can just give them a good tail-lashing and *chit-chit* and be on your way.

Now, any questions? No? Good, then let's hit the highway and find those berries!