

practicing on your kids for my kids



Written by bubba



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9:38am – Cabin in upper Michigan.

Quit complaining and get outside and kill us some breakfast.

With what?

I don't know. What do you think?

I guess I need some tools.

Like?

Well, wood?

Wood? What are you trying to catch? Woodpeckers? I don't eat those and neither does anyone else. Think about the group.

Well, to make a spear or something...to hunt with.

Come on, we're past that. We're an evolved society. What you need to do is think outside of the box and make use of what you have.

What box?

You play violin, right?

Yeah.

Got one?

My mom made me bring it. I think it's in the trunk, but I don't want to practice.

Ever read the Pied Piper?

Yeah.

Alright. First you do the prep. Get a big pot of water going. Set a wooden spoon up so it's leaning against the side.

Wait, what?

This way. It's like a ramp. Now go get your violin. Meet you in the front.

I don't understand.

Basically, we don't have any spears. Beyond that, you don't know how to whittle. You're going to get your violin and play a soothing song. When the squirrels come out to listen, you're going to start walking, real rhythmic like, towards the house, then into the house, then to the kitchen.

While I'm playing?

That's right, so pay attention. March the squirrels up to the kitchen, then up the spoon and they'll walk right into the soup...like a pirate's plank, you know?

They go in the water?

In the *soup*.

How many?

How many people are eating?

Everyone I guess.

Ask around. One squirrel per person is the usual. So that's eight.

Silence.

Are you serious?

Don't be nervous. They'll be in a trance and won't feel a thing.

More silence.

You're just making use of the resources we have.

But why did we bring all that food with us?



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