

# Snakes are Snakes, No Matter How You Dice Them!

By Marcella Simmons

Several weeks ago, we were having a rummage sale. A lady stopped by and parked out front and walked onto the lawn to check out our wares.

My five-year-old grandson Nicolas had been over earlier and had been playing on the lawn for quite some time with his toys. Of course, I never paid attention to what toys he was playing with. When it was time to leave, he tossed the toys over to the side of the lawn.

The lady that was shopping went back to her SUV for her purse and as she got out again, she noticed three snakes close by along with some plastic toys that my grandson had been playing with earlier.

Immediately, she let out a chilling screech and jumped up in her car and rolled up the windows. She let her window down far enough to yell, "Snakes! There are three snakes right here beside my van on your lawn. They look like pretty poisonous snakes. Don't come out here, Honey. Go and call 9-1-1!" she yelled to me.

I ran inside the house and called my daughter, and then my husband. My husband arrived home first and checked out the three snakes laying out on the lawn, enjoying the heat from the sunshine. Or so we thought.

My husband inspected the three serpents and yelled, "I'll get the shovel out of the shed. Stay in the car. Honey, you stay on the porch!"

I finally walked out as he chopped and killed the three dreadful looking snakes.

My daughter and grandson Nicolas arrived at that time, and Nicolas ran over to his papaw.

"Don't you go near them snakes, Little Boy," the woman yelled from her SUV. "They are poisonous!"

"Papaw, you chopped up my snakes." Nicolas reached down and picked up the pieces of his three rubber snakes and frowned and started to cry. "You killed my snakes, Papaw," he said.

"I thought they were real," my husband said, embarrassed by the situation.

My daughter Theresa reached down and picked up the head of one. "This is a King Cobra. There are no real cobras in Louisiana," she laughed and handed the head to Nicolas. "Somebody owes you three new snakes, Buddy."

The woman in the SUV was still shaken by seeing the snakes and we had to carry her sacks to her. "I will never get out here again," she said. "I don't do snakes very well, not even toy ones."

My husband was totally embarrassed by the incident. He made an excuse and left in his pickup, too embarrassed to talk to either of us. My daughter laughed aloud! "I can't believe he diced up Nicolas' toy snakes with the shovel!"

"Snakes are still snakes, no matter how you dice them!" I laughed.

Since that day, several real snakes have been spotted in my daughter's yard - the heat is certainly a benefactor in this as they are trying to find a cool place to hide, I assume. Be careful - snakes are still crawling - we've killed several real ones - no, not the ones made of plastic!!! - but real ones. In grassy or grounds covered in pine straw or leaves is where you'll probably find a couple of little ones from time to time. Use caution.

After all, snakes are still snakes!!!

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