

The Slug



Annette was in her garden weeding around the tomato plants when she saw it – a slug, clinging slimily to the underside of a hibiscus. Good grief, it was a big one, too. Oh, how she hated slugs! Last year they devastated her herb orchard. The year before that they ate through every one of her cologne bushes. But *this* year, things would be different. This year, she was drawing a line in the sand. Or rather in the manure. No slug would ruin *her* garden! She stood up and peeled off her compost-tainted dungarees – they’d only get in the way – grabbed her garden pike, and faced the dirt devil. One of its eyestalks swung around to briefly stare at her, then the slug resumed munching on the plant’s pedicel. Annette uttered a primal scream, sprang upon the slug, and plunged the pike into its back. The slug roared and reared up, its terrible fangs cleaving the air. The beast bucked like a bronco, but Annette stayed on, aided by the sticky slime with which it was coated. Again and again she gored the monster, however it showed no sign of weakening. The earth shook as the slug thrashed this way and that, bellowing like a banshee. Suddenly Annette was distracted by an ominous rumble. She looked up and saw approaching from the other end of the garden another slug. But this one was *really* big. It appeared to have its dander up, too. Hmm, perhaps that line in the manure was negotiable after all!