

[Home](#)[CEO Hotline](#)[Viewpoint](#)[Classified Ads](#)[Archives](#)[Metro.net \(web\)](#)

Resources

[▶ Safety](#)[▶ Pressroom \(web\)](#)[▶ Ask the CEO](#)[▶ CEO Forum](#)[▶ Employee Recognition](#)[▶ Employee Activities](#)[▶ Metro Projects](#)[▶ Facts at a Glance \(web\)](#)[▶ Archives](#)[▶ Events Calendar](#)[▶ Research Center/Library](#)[▶ Metro Classifieds](#)[▶ Bazaar](#)

Metro Info

[▶ 30/10 Initiative](#)[▶ Policies](#)[▶ Training](#)[▶ Help Desk](#)[▶ Intranet Policy](#)

Need e-Help?

Call the Help Desk
at 2-4357

[Contact myMetro.net](#)

Jake's Adventures

(Sept. 2, 2005) Round One in the battle with a family of raccoons may have gone to Jake, but Mother Nature's woodland creatures are nothing if not persistent. And, Ray the Exterminator's cash register keeps ringing as the costs of peaceful living continue to mount. -- *Bill Heard, Editor*

They Came From the Canyon: A Homeowner's Horror Story, Part II

By JAKE SATIN-JACOBS

I stood in the middle of the kitchen, my good ear turned toward the ceiling. I really believed I was listening.

"Do you hear that?" my wife asked. "It's very loud."

The voice of denial is louder. "I don't hear anything." I wasn't lying. In the middle of a flashback one can go quite deaf.

My wife does not practice denial, nor does she tolerate it in others. "Do you have your hearing aid in?"

"Yes."

"Listen again." Her tone was not pleasant. "It sounds like elephants in the ceiling, for crying out loud."

"It could be mice. Y'know, I think the drywall could magnify the sound."

Patti just stared at me. She had THAT look – the one that cuts through denial like a guillotine. I heard the sounds – the nasty, snarling, intrusive noises that are made by the only creature on the planet inherently more disgusting and lacking in redeeming qualities than Anna Nicole Smith: a raccoon.

"What are we going to do?" asked Patti. Paralysis kept me from responding. "What are we going to do about the raccoons?"

"I think we should leave them alone," I said. "Then, when the babies are all grown up, they'll go out hunting and I'll seal up the place

where they came in."

"I think that's a bad idea. I don't know why," she said. "I just think it's a bad idea."

'Live and let live'

"Look at what happened last time," I told her. "We trapped the mother . . . the screaming babies . . . Ray the exterminator . . . the ceiling. It cost us almost \$200 to get rid of them. I say, 'Live and let live.'" And then I asked the question that continues to resonate today: "What harm could it do?"

Patti seemed unconvinced. But, after I reiterated my position about five times, she finally, reluctantly, agreed to the *Jacobs Plan for Peaceful Coexistence*.

The Plan did not go quite as well as I had envisioned.

It was like the two-bedroom you lease to a "lovely young couple." You expect them to take care of the house you love, but you find out there are six people, two dogs and seven cats in the place and some guy named Bull who repairs his motorcycle in the living room.

I expected a momma raccoon and a couple of babies and, for a while, it seemed that was the case. Then papa arrived. From the sounds of the greeting, I suspect dad was returning from a two-week bender, had run up the credit cards pretty badly and smelled heavily of cheap cologne. I don't know who got the worst part of the domestic squabble, but I know someone took a pretty bad and almost continuous whuppin'.

For us, it was a little like living in a raccoon tenement. Several times, I came home to find Patti standing in the middle of the kitchen, slapping the ceiling with a spatula and screaming, "Would you two shut the *%&&\$#\$ up!!" Maybe I'm just a little too New York, but I expected one of the nasty creatures to lean down through one of the light fixtures, flip Patti the high sign, and insult her mother!

And then our friend Ellen came to visit. She was in the kitchen and we heard her say, "I think you should come in here. I think you should come in here now."

Hairy alien hand

I entered to find that a small, hairy alien hand had breached the barrier that was essential to the *Jacobs Plan for Peaceful Coexistence*. I lunged for the knife drawer, grabbed the first sharp implement I could find and began stabbing at the ceiling.

"Stop it!" Patti screamed. "Stop it! You want dead raccoons in the ceiling?"

"I want dead raccoons everywhere!!" I responded. It took the two of them to hold me back. I finally calmed. I got duct tape and sealed the hole where the raccoon had tried to enter and we sat down to make another plan.

I admitted to having made a bad decision. Patti admitted to having sat by quietly while I made that bad decision. We decided it was time to evict. I called Ray the Exterminator.

Ray's plan was simple: Trap the mother. If the babies were old enough to follow her out on her nightly hunting trips, they would be somewhere near the trap. If they were not, Ray would, gladly, joyfully, destroy another ceiling and remove the babies. There were, of course, costs. There was a set-up fee of \$100 to place the traps.

\$100 Cha ching!

No love lost

Each animal trapped would cost – and I will never comprehend the exactness of this figure -- \$47.50. I told him I would pay \$50, maybe even \$53.25, if he would personally torture each one of them before sending them to the raccoon rescue place. Ray assured me that they would be treated humanely – the party line – but I sensed from the weird look in his eye that he had no real love for the critters either. I was starting to like Ray.

The first night, they trapped Papa who, apparently drunk and disoriented from a night of hard partying, had wandered into one of the traps for a little midnight snack before returning home.

\$47.50 Cha-ching!

A few nights later, Mama made a bad menu choice and found herself imprisoned.

\$47.50 Cha-ching!

When Ray arrived to pick her up, he found two of her babies wandering in the street in front of the house.

Cha-ching!

Cha-ching!

\$95.00

A possum.

\$47.50 Cha-ching

And two more babies.

Cha-ching!

Cha-ching!

\$95.00

In order to avoid paying \$200, we had endured weeks of screaming and scratching, the unpleasant odor of raccoon urine and destruction of our ceiling – and ended up spending \$432.50. But, at least it was over.

Oh, really?

- Next week – Conclusion

Jake Satin-Jacobs is the operations performance analysis manager in the Service Performance Analysis Department.

