

Bat Out of Hell

I was lying in bed one night watching television. The only light in the room was the light from the TV set. As I lay there I was aware of some movement in the room. It was as if the overhead fan was whirling around, but the fan was turned off. It took me a while before I realized there was a bird flying around the room. A bird? How the hell did a bird get in the bedroom? As I lay there, pondering this unlikely event, I realized that I had undergone eye surgery in my left eye that morning. In addition, to calm myself from the after effects, I had drank 2 scotch and water before dinner that evening instead of my usual one. Obviously, with having a needle stuck in my eye and 2 drinks, I was seeing things. But I wasn't. There was a bloody bird in the bedroom.

I jumped out of bed, rushed out of the bedroom, and called for Judy. What else am I supposed to do when I'm scared? I shouted to her that there was a bird flying around the bedroom. She shouted back that I am not to have 2 drinks before dinner from now on. When I convinced her to come and look we opened the bedroom door, that I had hastily closed, and Judy, with 2 good eyes, exclaimed that there is a bat flying around in there. A bat? How the hell did a bat get in the bedroom? Judy went into the room and chased the bat into the bathroom while I stayed outside to make sure no more bats entered.

It was now 1:00 o'clock in the morning and we were both very tired so we decided to leave the bat in the bathroom with the door closed and deal with it in the morning. During the night we could hear the bat flying around and running into things on the bathroom counter. I thought bats weren't supposed to run into things. In the morning Judy went into the bathroom to confront the bat while I stayed outside, still guarding against more bats. A thorough search of the bathroom turned up no bat. Hearing this good news I ventured into the bathroom and joined in the search. We searched everywhere, no bat.

We put the bat out of our mind and carried on with the mystery unsolved. I was downstairs a half an hour later when I heard Judy screaming upstairs. She had got out of the shower and when she took the bath towel off the towel rack the bat had come flying out from within the folds. The bat was finally subdued with the flick of a towel and quickly put into a shoe box. It was then dispatched to an extermination company to determine if it was a carrier of any type of disease, which it wasn't.

Now, for Judy's sake, I no longer watch TV in the dark but leave a light on. I don't want to have her chasing any more bats around the house in the middle of the night. However, thanks to me guarding the door at all times, she only had to deal with one bat and not a flock of them. My valour knows no bounds when it comes to protecting my wife.



Brad McInnes
YMASC President 1970 - 1971

