

When fall starts faking me out, making me think it is going to be cooler, I notice that suddenly I am living in a bird house (on Javelina Avenue). All day and in the evening, tons of sparrows are roosting and resting in the vines all over the house. I can't go out a door without an exploding flutter of little birds off of the walls and from under the vines. So I feel guilty every time I step out the door, I don't like to disturb everyone!

It first started only in the evenings but now it is all day. As I strode into the kitchen, craving a cup of coffee just now, an idea popped into my head. The White Crowned Sparrows show up here in the fall in troops, and they stay all around the house all winter. I suspect that, with the sudden sparrow population increase, the minimal forest in my yard just gets entirely too crowded, driving many birds to use the vines on the house for protection.

The indoor cats sit inside salivating enthusiastically as they watch the birds just on the other side of the porch windows where they are protected on the outside but visible from the inside.

When I take my morning desert hikes, I almost always go up the wash below the house. I used to call it Ghost Creek in honor of Ghost Town Rd and the fact that water is just a ghost in the creek bed. But I am now calling it Javelina Avenue. A lone javelina uses one heaping tangle of brush beside the wash for a day bed.

Every single time I walk up (and back down) the wash now, the javelina bomb explodes out of the crackling brush in an impressive cloud of dust. But first it does the characteristic "woof woof," and that is my warning to brace myself.

As I approach the javelina bed, I make a lot of noise, (scaring the horses back in their corral, who can hear me but not see me) clapping my hands or even singing about walking up Javelina Avenue (that SHOULD be enough to frighten it away), but it just holds ground until I get closer and then goes through the impressive display, charging away from me, sometimes not far where it "freezes" in plain sight, thinking it is invisible. Each of us wishes the other would go away.