You're All Wrong (the Bittler Blog)

Notes on Life, Faith & My Stupid Job



 \leftarrow My Dad der German Spy

That's Not Funny \rightarrow

Get the Net

Posted on June 23, 2011 by cjb

Friend, novelist and sometime Driftless Area resident Dean Bakopoulos recently did an <u>audio</u> <u>essay</u> for Wisconsin Public Radio's Morning Edition. The subject is one that is near yet definitely not dear to my heart: Bats.

Seems Bakopoulos has parted with a smidgeon of the no-doubt copious royalties from his entertaining new book, *My American Unhappiness*, to summer with his family in a chiroptera-infested cabin on the outskirts of Mineral Point. He reports that the critters can be heard skittering inside one of the walls, where they no doubt have a nest. One night he encountered one of the bats flitting about in the kitchen and it scared him so much he spent the rest of the night sleeping



The Bad Idea Catalog

The cult catalog parody from Chris Bittler and Dave Markov.

BUY IT NOW--JUST \$10!



"So bad it's good." - Chicago Reader "My kids love it." - Eric Zorn, Chicago Tribune "My favorite is the Mens Pant." - Bruce Wolf, WLS-AM

SEE SAMPLES AND MORE!



with a butterfly net.

I would normally jump at the chance to ridicule Bakopoulos. I have known him on and off for four years and found him to be a great guy, a terrific writer and a fantastic workshop leader. In short, he is too perfect for my taste; exactly the kind of person I enjoy taking down a peg with a bit of ribbing, good-natured or otherwise. But in this case I can only commiserate.

I too am afraid of bats. And even though I haven't encountered one indoors for three years I still sleep with a butterfly net close at hand.

In October 2007 I moved into my house just up the road from Mineral Point, Wis. Soon thereafter I heard the same kind of scratching in my walls that Bakopoulos later reported. I assumed it was squirrels. I am not afraid of squirrels and, since I am renting, thought nothing more of it until 3 a.m. on a Thursday the following June when I was roused from sleep by an odd peeping sound. I turned on the light to find a small black thing zipping erratically around the room. After uttering several oaths in a voice two octaves higher than I have been capable of since puberty I threw on some pants and ran out of the house.

My dog, after determining she wasn't being treated to a midnight walk, went back to bed.

About an hour later, I crept back into the house, keeping my head low and wielding a copy of Christianity Today Books & Culture. The bat had disappeared, most likely through a hole in the ceiling tile. Dawn arrived a few hours later to find me lying on the floor with a blanket over my head. What became of that Books & Culture I may never know, which is too bad because it had a fascinating essay about Flannery O'Connor and raising peacocks.

Bats are interesting creatures. North American varieties are mostly harmless and very beneficial, feeding on mosquitoes and other annoying bugs. They rarely bite and you have to travel to Brazil to find one that sucks blood. They can see, but also employ echolocation by means of emitting a

About Bittler

About the Author

Recent Wrongs

- Canines in the News
- Random Etceterata
- Chris Bittler: Next XXX Copywriter?

Friends of the Wrong

- American Enquirer
- Kathy Steffen, Theater of Illusion
- Sawyer Speaks
- The Bad Idea Catalog

Categories



Monthly Wrongs

- August 2011
- July 2011
- June 2011
- May 2011
- April 2011
- February 2011
- December 2010
- November 2010
- October 2010
- September 2010
- August 2010
- July 2010
- June 2010
- May 2010
- April 2010
- March 2010
- February 2010
- January 2010
- December 2009



sound that, indoors, is quite distinctive. If a bat shows up in your house it will typically be just before dawn, which is when it heads back to its nest, which is almost assuredly in your house. In other words, if a bat shows up in your house it is because you are roommates.

Generally bats are tiny and harmless.

And creepy.

After my encounter, I bought a few cans of that expanding foam used to fill holes and crevices and used it a bit too liberally. It did little to improve the decor and nothing to keep out the bats.

When the second one made its unwelcome appearance in August I showed a bit more courage. A friend had told me the way to get a bat to leave is to open the door and turn on the porch light. Bats are attracted to light, the theory goes, and will eventually get the idea and make an exit.

This almost worked. With the porch light on and both doors open (house and porch), I waited at the farthest corner of the enclosed porch for the bat to come out of the house. Unfortunately, when it did it hung a sharp left and flew straight at me. I fended it off with a plastic rake and it flew back into the house.

That's when I got my landlord to get rid of the nest. I also ordered a butterfly net from American Science & Surplus and it stays by my bed with my other defensive weapon, a rusty nine iron.

Bats are, as I said, undeniably creepy. But my fear of them borders on a phobia. Perhaps that border was crossed long ago. It is a good rule of thumb that if something scares you beyond all reason there is a reason that goes beyond that something. The root cause of a phobia is rarely the object of said phobia. But I do not currently have a health care plan adequate to exploring such deep-seated psychological issues.

- November 2009
- October 2009
- August 2009
- July 2009
- June 2009
- May 2009
- April 2009

Tags

AARP advertising art back pain books bozo Bruce Cockburn Celebrities Chris Bittler coffee copywriter copywriting dick cheney dog Dom DeLuise dr. franks Driftless Area Faith fashion father glen workshop holidays humor jack parr journalism literary fiction madison protests McSweeney's new yorker nigerian old age photos poetry Santa Fe shorts television the glen the media valerie sayers walker percy wisconsin woot woot

copywriter world war II Writing

Late one night this past January, safe from warm weather concerns of bats, I was awakened by a loud slamming. There was a blizzard outside, but I knew it was not a tree branch slapping the wall or a screen door blowing open. I knew it was someone entering my house. I rarely lock the door; there is rarely a reason.

I put on my jeans, picked up my golf club and wandered downstairs. A gruff, bearded young man was sitting on the steps, smoking a cigarette. Damp snow lay atop his head like a woolen beanie.

I pushed open the door and said, "Can I help you?"

He stood up clumsily. "Sorry," he mumbled. "I have the wrong house." Then he tottered away down the street, obviously drunk.

I went straight back to bed, not even bothering to lock the door.

A few days later I tried to determine why a harmless 8 oz. flying creature scares me out of my wits while 200-lb. intruder hardly causes me to lose a minute's sleep. That's when I came up with the psychology theory.

Or it could simply be that the drunk guy didn't peep at me.

This entry was posted in <u>Humor</u>, <u>Life</u>, <u>Writing</u> and tagged <u>bats</u>, <u>Dean Bakopoulos</u>, <u>Driftless Area</u>, <u>wisconsin</u>. Bookmark the <u>permalink</u>.

← My Dad der German Spy

That's Not Funny \rightarrow

2 Responses to Get the Net



Bob D. says:

June 23, 2011 at 2:02 pm



If you confront your fear, a cape and cowl may be in your future along with a utility belt full of B&C back issues. You might even be mistaken for Adam West.



Bob D. says:

June 23, 2011 at 2:04 pm

I never realized that when I provided you with that subscription that it might place a harmless, beneficial flying mammal at risk.

Leave a Reply

Your email address will not be published. Required fields are marked *

Name *			
Email *			
Website			

Comment

You may use these HTML tags and attributes: <abbr title=""> <acronym title=""

You may use these <abbr title=""> <acronym title=""> <blockquote cite=""> <cite> <code> <del datetime=""> <i> <q cite=""> <strike>

Post Comment

Spam Protection by WP-SpamFree Plugin

You're All Wrong (the Bittler Blog)

Proudly powered by WordPress.

