

Lulu



“Skunk! Skunk, **skunk**, *skunk!*” The shrill warning reverberated through Omaha’s vast Stockyard Tourist Plaza as scores of stinkophobes anxiously reached for their gas masks. No matter they all had been counseled numerous times to always keep them handy, a few people always showed up without proper breathing protection. And they usually paid the price for their inattention to detail. “A fate *way* worse than death” was how one survivor described the ordeal when he finally emerged from a coma six months after being enveloped in the malodorous mist. This skunk – a medium sized one, about nine feet long, with the barbed dorsal fin adding another three feet to her girth – hadn’t even activated her stench organ before half a dozen nervous Nellies keeled over in panicky anticipation. Others stood stock-still and resolutely held their breaths, knowing from experience that any sudden movement might provoke the beast. Bob stood quietly in the last row, carefully concealing the Acme Skunk Lure in his hands. Pressing the yellow button on the device had summoned Lulu, the skunk, just like it was designed to do. Now, he merely had to tap the red button, and Lulu would react violently with a breathtakingly foul flatulence. *Oh*, how he wanted to fling the device on the ground and stomp it to smithereens! However, the powerful signal that the antenna in his adobe hat was transmitting to his cerebral cortex had other ideas. Originating from who knew where (Bob suspected those rascally interlopers in Council Bluffs), the signal was forcing his index finger inexorably down onto the red button. Bob tried his darnedest to resist, however the signal was simply too strong. But just when Bob could hold out no longer, a little ragamuffin came racing around the corner and crashed into him, knocking off both his adobe hat and gas mask. Bob let out a big sigh of relief as he regained control of his fingers. Instead of pressing the button, he flung the device on the ground and crushed it underfoot. “Take *that!*” he exclaimed triumphantly. Unfortunately, his momentary histrionics roused Lulu, who, already ready, took aim – at Bob – and fired.