Whatever possessed me to plant 4 hills of zucchini with 6 plants each! I know that zucchini is the rabbit of the vegetable world. I found myself faced with a small mountain of green and yellow squash. I was praying for an infestation of vine borers. What to do? I was running out of recipes (my husband is not particularly fond of the vegetable). I had also pressed a bag full of the stuff on every visitor to the house. I contemplated sending it off to a food bank, but my previous experience had been that they had too much already and not very much demand.

I finally hit upon the perfect solution. I decided to wait until after midnight and slowly drive down my street, stopping at every mailbox and inserting a few zucchinis. I thought it was a perfect plan. I thought I would run it by my husband (he would surely wonder why I was leaving the house in the middle of the night). Being the more level-headed member of the family, he pointed out that the Orange Village Police Department was very vigilant in our small community and would immediately stop and question my nocturnal activities. They would immediately know who I was, but would be suspicious of my intentions, perhaps wondering about bombs or poison pen letters. At the very least, they would consider me a dingbat. The local papers would get wind of my activity and, oh, can’t I just see the headline printed on a slow news day: "Wife of Local Retired Orange High School Teacher Nabbed in Nocturnal Raid!" He also pointed out that it would be a misuse of federal property to put them in the mailboxes. Even if I wasn’t caught, my fingerprints would be on every zucchini (I considered gloves), but being the owner of a huge vegetable garden on the corner of Lander and Jackson Roads would surely make me the prime suspect. So, I gave up my perfectly thought out plan…If anybody wants some zucchini, be sure and stop by!

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