

Slugs bring out the killer instinct

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Universally despised and rejected for its unlovely form and insatiable appetite for all that is good in a garden, the slug is one of the most violated of Earth's creatures.

Squished under boot, speared with cold steel, salted and left to squirm in agony, the detested slug has been poisoned, sliced, crushed, tossed over fences and

walls, tricked over lacerating substances or lured into deadly traps.

Even the gentlest of horticulturists seem unable to speak a kind word in defence of the slinky stomach-walker.

While garden centres sell metaldehyde-based Slug Death by the boxful, Marjorie Harris, author of the popular book, *The Canadian Gardener*, offers an assortment of imaginative lethal strategies, from sprinkling them with ginger to putting down razor-like barriers of sand, ashes, lime and

salt to shish-kebab-ing them with a spike.

Perhaps the kindest execution for old, lumbering belly-foot is the irresistible invitation for a night out at the local slug saloon where the beer is free and the company sub-slime.

Slugs love to drink, but beer has fatal consequences for them. After swilling their fill, the slugs slither off to die, likely with ugly smiles on their faces.

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