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Your worst beers

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By Alex Féthière

Photo in the print edition: Mike's Tyson laid more slugs low than pledge week. (Photo courtesy of Alex Féthière)

In a recent “Saturday Night Live,” Bill Burr sends up Bostonians in a skit whose writers were lampooning pumpkin ale. While my Bostonian belle thought it all wildly funny, I laughed most at how Burr explains the worst brew.

“This is the kinda beer sommimy brings to a pahty at ya house, then it sits in the fridge for like 8 months, one day your buddy come over and say you gotta beer, and you say well I got this pumpkin s****.”

We all have beer like it, and this spring I’m not about to give slugs any of my sour ale. So I tested some Coors Light against some Mike’s Hard Lemonade. Turns out Mike’s as hard as Coors is light. Mike’s destroyed twice as many slugs as Coors Light plus an earwig! And Coors went down in the first round.

I don’t want to cast aspersions on drinkers of either tippie. After all, I really like vegetables, and so do slugs.

I sweetened the pot by hiding my Sluggo in these luxe beer traps, which claim to net as many as 50 slugs in a night. The slugs smell a delicious aroma, follow it to a plastic recreation of a Normandy bunker, and find inside two pools of fuming Mike’s and a pile of Sluggo. The trap keeps the rain out of the Sluggo, which is just one of its features.

Inside I found a spring break of juvenile slugs. At this time of year, when it’s recommended by Danish farmers to make preemptive war on mollusks, they were all young slugs: neonates (newborns) and juveniles.

So you know what they were doing, like at any spring break in the USA or adjacent countries (well, probably not Canada). The intoxication was palpable. Some were hitting the Sluggo food truck, but most were downed by the all-you-can-drink margaritas. The next night I got three times the total pictured, but it was too rainy for pictures.

Night two in the Coors Light bunker, there was so little alcohol left in the beer to confuse the slugs that they ate all 3 tablespoons of Sluggo and left, shouting “show me the way to the next whisky bar!”

Incredibly, it gets better. After marveling at my yield, I noticed one trap had lost its rock. Fist-sized rocks keep the tops of my traps on in the wind, thus keeping rain out. I checked around the trap and found raccoon prints.

In a panic I ran to the next trap. It had been upended, its contents consumed. Fortunately I know what to do about raccoons.

You may be wondering which bevvie the raccoon preferred. It's printed upside down in the caption — just kidding, this isn't that part of the paper. It was Mike's, the undisputed champion of the homestead!

Now someone has to go up against Mike's. He's hard, he's yellow (probably liver failure), anyone got a suggestion? Turns out there's a pack of Hamm's spoiling for a fight.

It might be worth putting a protective cage over the trap, and I might try that with some video. Sounds like it would be quality content. I hope I still have my video of three fat raccoons trying to get into an automatic cat feeder a friend had built into the deck with 2x4s, a metal grill and deck screws.

I'll be glad to report on this boxing match where Mike's Tyson currently holds the title. Visit a reputable bookie today to put your money on Mike's or Jonathan Hamm.

■ *Alex Féthière has lived on Harstine Island long enough to forget New York City, where he built community gardens and double-dug his suburban sod into a victory garden. He can be reached at onlandist@gmail.com.*

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