When I lived in Mobile, AL I belonged to a small Torah study group that met every    Wednesday at lunchtime. The rabbi wasn't adept at keeping our group on-topic; thus, everything but the Torah was discussed. One day's discussion was particularly memorable, bordering on the bizarre.

A woman named Sharon, I think it was, began telling the story of how her son was playing in the woods one day, and found a seemingly abandoned baby opossum. I'd never seen a baby opossum, but apparently they resemble newborn gerbils. Anyway, this kid took pity on the little tyke and brought him home. Sharon had no idea how to care for such an infant, nor did  anyone else in the neighborhood so off to the vet they went.

At this point the rabbi tried to bring up the subject of our Torah portion. He was shut down, but fast. All eyes, ears and minds were on Sharon and the fate of the orphan. Moses and golden calf were  put on-hold, indefinitely.

The vet examined the thumb-sized opossum, and said that there was really no way to care for him since creatures of his age lived in their mother's pouch, similar to a kangaroo.

Things looked grim for the orphan until Sharon asked if he could survive living in her hair. Sharon had long, thick blond hair down to her rear end; the kind of hair any baby opossum would be thrilled to inhabit for several weeks, I would imagine.

So that's what they did. For the next four or five weeks, Sharon had a baby opossum, Fido was his name, living amongst her tresses. He only came out to eat and hopefully go potty at the same time. (Sharon said it wasn't that big of a deal if Fido had an accident in her hair: being was so tiny, how much waste could he produce?) This meant she couldn't wash her hair too often, at least until Fido got a little older. Fido of course, went everywhere with Sharon: grocery shopping, work and yes, to bed.

That was when her husband stopped sleeping with her.

I did have to ask how she managed not to mash Fido in her sleep. It turned out that Fido was just lucky.

Eventually Fido outgrew Sharon's head. It was time for him to strike out on his own and be the opossum that G-d intended. Upon the vet's final examination, plans were made to free Fido.

They drove to the spot where Fido was found and let him go. Fido scampered (or whatever opossums do) off without a backward glance, as Sharon bid him a tearful goodbye.

Thus, the week's Torah study meeting had concluded.