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Ms. Ann Sullivan

Sandbox 101

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This I Believe-

Birds are Evil

Have any of you seen Alfred Hitchcock’s “The Birds?” I hope to all the movie gods that you haven’t. If so, you have my condolences for your lost innocence. But I have more than a movie fueled nightmare to fuel my hatred of the winged fowl. First of all, do you know what a group of crows is called? It’s called a murder. Doesn’t that say anything to someone about the truly sinister nature of those demons with feathers? Second of all, I have had my own experience.

                My grandmother had a parrot named Georgie. It was a brilliantly vibrant bird with the attitude of a scarred retired marine with a small man complex. But she loved it so much. So much so, that she could never stand the sight of it in a cage. So it flew free all through her small mansion in Utah, hanging like the Notre Dame gargoyles on the top of her antique cabinets and clocks. I remember beings hardly able to keep my balance on my newly found steps. My mother was holding my hand as we walked up, I was practically bouncing with the idea of seeing my grandmother. She then let go of my hand, she began to walk back to the car for the forgotten cake and left the flung instructions to go ahead inside. I reached for the doorknob and heaved on it in order to get it to twist open an entrance. “Grandmother!” I called out. I was hardly in the door as a blur of colors attacked my face. My scream was hardly audible as it was smother by a beak and talons. I curled up on the ground and wrapped my dimpled arms around my head. My same came in a swish of a velvet dress and the smell of old perfume. Georgie disappeared and my mother held me as I cried. The bird had pecked a hole in my cheek and in my nightmares, I can still feel the hole there. My own father was a Navy drill sergeant and so Georgie continued to be hidden for a long, long time after that, otherwise, he would have succumbed to the fatherly wrath of a real military man.

Any creature that can be so beautiful and yet so furious that it can attack a toddler visiting her grandmother needs to be restrained in a new level of hell full of cages and cats. I’m fine with them really, as long as they are nowhere near me. I like them, other there. It’s their dual nature that scares me most I suppose. Anything that can look so good and do so much harm is the very essence of evil.