Nick Gallimore

Expository Writing 1.1

**The Beast in my Woods**

**Description**

An all too familiar story to those whom own felines, “Here kitty kitty kitty, here kitty, kitty kitty, come get your dinner!” pouncing out of the sunset shadows comes your most faithful friend. The smell of tuna mashed down on a white paper plate immediately triggers an ancestral feline instinct, one of which is dated back far beyond any known records. Every once in a while though, the cat, an avid hunter, brings back a feast for its master. One can’t help but appreciate the surprise, let alone even the shock rather; than to find their skilled feline, dragging a helpless little bird by the back of its neck.

This is an eerie Ohio summer night in which the hunter kills the hunted, but doesn’t even bother to feast on thou prey. I might’ve been eleven, possibly even twelve years young when I first encountered this poor little birdie. For was the bird’s death my fault? Should have I agreed on allowing the cat to being declawed? It’s just that this little birdie may as well have been a mother to five. Imagine all of the helpless baby birds, crying out for their mother. Picture their beaks wide open, in desperate search of food; the only skill in which newborn birds possess.

They can keep at it for hours, and unfortunately their last task in this life can only merely be an attempt that of which is destined for failure. The sun will rise and fall, but the babies will only be helplessly attempting to steal non-existent worms from their siblings; whom they have yet to even feasted their eyes on. Time itself has been cut increasingly short; fore it too will soon catch up with the babies.**Reaction**

Amidst pondering any possible actions that could’ve possibly prevented this from happening, I decided to head out into my garage in search of a shovel. Looking in the back right hand corner I find the usual spot for the gardening tools. While I’m back there I also find a pair of gloves, remembering that somebody will have to do the “birdy work” (dirty work).

I head off into the woods behind our house, climbing down the steep hill in which our house sits, looking out from our back deck the treetops are visible at eye level for as far as one can see. It’s a beautiful place in which many birds sing songs, but at night, in the dark, it can be quite bewildering. For the unnoticed owl may be watching your every move, “chirp.. chirp.. chirp..” an all too familiar rhythm created by nearby crickets. Some say the cricket is a reliable resource, in which when counted correctly, can determine the exact temperature. Regardless, I sense a great feeling of unwelcome-ness. It’s even more daunting considering the fact that I am to be the master that of which is held responsible, as I am now carrying the lifeless bird whose soul was claimed by the greatest beast of all the land: behind my house.

After walking out about 100 yards I find a level surface free of brush, I plop the birdie on the ground beside me and examine the bird one last time. The bird’s corpse is fairly intact, it seems that the attack was subtle; a quick pounce resulted in instantaneous death most likely caused by a blow to the neck. It’s unfortunate however, that while the mother’s death was quick and painless; the babies may not be so lucky. After digging a small hole about 8 inches in all directions, I lay the exhausted corpse of the bird to bed. I proceed to carefully shovel topsoil into the hole and say my final goodbye to my lifeless friend, fore that is a moment in which I will never forget.