**The Beast in my Woods**

**Description**

An all too familiar story for the owners of felines: You call “Here kitty kitty kitty, here kitty kitty kitty, come here!” Pouncing out of the sunset shadows comes your most avid friend. The smell of mashed down tuna on a white paper plate 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 it my fault? Should have I agreed on allowing my cat to being declawed? It’s just that this little birdy, may as well been a mother to five. Imagine all of the helpless baby birdies, crying out for their mother beaks wide open; the only skill in which the birds possess, can thus only be merely attempted.

Suns will come and go, but the babies will stay attempting to blindly steal a non-existent free falling worm from their fellow siblings. For it will soon be time for the babies to pass on as well.

**Reaction**

Amidst pondering my actions for which could’ve possibly prevented this from happening, I decide 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 held responsible, now carrying the corpse attributed to the great beast of my woods 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 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 goodbyes to my lifeless friend, whom I can still picture to this very day.