

The Owls' Beak - Billy

My sister Ruth has always been terrified of birds. I guess it started when we went to that 4th of July picnic at the Schneiders and just as she was getting up the nerve to say hi to Gordon a Robin" poop bombed" her right on her head. I thought it was hilarious as did almost everyone else but from that day on as she screamed every time she even just saw a bird. Of course I did everything I could to help my poor older sister get over her fear - haha!

So, one day as the Schneider Brothers and I were walking through Fondulac park I saw it...a dead owl - no really, it wasn't a crow or something you would expect to find laying dead so near the cornfields - it was an honest to God owl. So naturally we poked it with sticks and kicked it around - we had to make sure it was dead you know - and as I rolled it over onto its back with my foot, the beak fell off. It was like a gift from above! I grabbed it up and as I examined my new found prize I knew just what I had to do...

The owls beak and I became the bane of my sisters' existence - we chased her around the house, the yard, scared her into doing my chores, and somehow it even mysteriously showed up in the backyard office when she needed her private time! I had many hiding places for my precious owls beak, under my bed, behind the icebox, I had to keep changing places every time I thought my Mom was getting close to finding it...I kept it for many years...sometime around my 14th birthday it mysteriously disappeared...

WGA Reg # 1834202 Ann Hagemann "Real Prayers Are Said in German"