

STORY TIMEPosted by stillgoing - 13 Jul 2015 17:27

SNAPPY'S BOWL**Chapter 1**

Once upon a time, far far away, on the top of a mountain, there lived a family of birds. They were a happy little bunch who lived their lives hunting for worms, and keeping away from cats. The Birdy family had many young fledglings. The youngest Birdy was named Flyhigh. He was the baby of the family (so far) and all of the other birds pampered him with extra worms and shiny pieces of ribbon that they would pull off of Mrs. Mc'Odells hat while she was gardening on Sunday mornings.

Flyhigh was a small bird, but everyone had high hopes that he would go far. He was smart, and could smell a picnic all the way from the top of the old tree they called home. One day, while Mama bird was bathing in the lake, and Papa bird was out with the older birds gathering sticks to strengthen the nest after a branch fell on it, Flyhigh was flying around aimlessly, and noticed a very good looking piece of fish, sitting on Mrs. Mc'Odells back porch. By rights, the fish belonged to Snappy, the mean black cat who lived in Mrs. Mc'Odells house, but Snappy was snoozing and Flyhigh saw no reason that he shouldn't swing down for a minute and have some fresh tuna. Scanning the area from a birds eye view for potential dangers (or any of his brothers, who might tattle on him), Flyhigh dropped down on the porch, and started pecking away at the fish. It was good, But Flyhigh was a good little bird, and he remembered what his Mama told him about Snappy, so he only stayed for half a minute, and then flew off back home. Feeling guilty, he made sure to help out at home and be an extra good listener for his Mother.

The next day he went off to the porch again to see if there was any more tuna. Sure enough, there it was. This time he couldn't see Snappy but he figured that he was probably inside somewhere with Mrs. Mc'Odells. Today, the fish was better than ever. While Flyhigh was pecking away he suddenly saw a flash of black and felt the rush of air as Snappy came bounding up the stairs at his bowl and the bird intruder! Without a moment to spare, Flyhigh took off into the air, as Snappy stood there making all sorts of scary cat growls. His little heart beating fast, Flyhigh flew up as high as he could go until he began to get dizzy from the heights. After a bit, he flew back home and hardly ate any of his worm supper that Mama gave him. For one thing, he was full, and besides, he was feeling so guilty and upset at himself for doing something so stupid, just for a few moments of pleasure. That night Flyhigh slept fitfully, with dreams full of flying cats on brooms that said Mc'Odells on them. After Flyhigh was sleeping, Mrs. Birdy went for a fly with Mr. Birdy.

"I'm worried about Flyhigh," She said. "He's not acting his happy self recently, and tonight he barely ate supper!"

Mr. Birdy listened closely "give him time, "he answered quickly. "He's probably just going through a difficult stage"

“But you always say that about him!” his wife answered back. “You are too soft on him. I’ve heard that he’s been hanging out by the Mc’Odells’s house a lot recently. He needs a strong father figure!”

“So you want him to end up like poor Tweety?!” Mr. Birdy answered back. “You know what happened when his father was too hard on him, he ran away and got shot by a hunter! Is that better?!”

Mrs. Birdy was silent. What could she say. Tweety’s death was a tragedy in the bird community, and everyone knew that Tweety’s father was very strict with him. Perhaps her husband was right. She would give Flyhigh more time. Maybe if she gave him some more responsibilities, he would be too busy to get into trouble.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 13 Jul 2015 17:59

Chapter 2

The next morning, Flyhigh woke up late. He remembered his brush with danger the night before and had firmly made up his mind never to go to Snappy’s bowl again. His brothers and sisters were already gone when he looked around for some leftover worms to eat for breakfast but it seems that there were none left. Mrs. Birdy was busy puttering around in the nest preparing for the storm that she could sense. “If there is nothing left for breakfast, then go out and find some” she told Flyhigh, thinking that this was a good opportunity to teach Flyhigh some responsibility in life.

Flyhigh somewhat grumpily took off to look for some food. Suddenly his nose smelled something sweet. Not at all like worms, and not even like tuna! He flew closer to get a better look and there was Mrs. Mc’Odells feeding honeydew to Snappy. Knowing that he shouldn’t be going there, Flyhigh circled for a minuet just to watch, and suddenly he saw one piece of honeydew fall off the porch onto the ground! This was just what he needed. Flying slowly so as not to attract the attention of Snappy (or Mrs. Mc’Odells- someone once told him that she cooks birds for some kind of stew late at night), Flyhigh landed five feet from the piece and began to slowly slowly walk closer.

Snappy was watching.

Even slower, Snappy crept up behind the porch leg and waited for Flyhigh to come closer. Then with a scream he pounced onto Flyhigh. There was a furious flapping of wings as Flyhigh tried frantically to get free. Desperately Flyhigh tried to break away, but Snappy had him firmly in his grip. Flyhigh began to prepare for the worst, all the while he cursed the day that he ever found out about the food on the Mc’Odells’s porch. Suddenly Flyhigh couldn’t believe his eyes.

Another bird had come swooping down on Snappy poking him in the eye. Snappy let out a bloodcurdling yelp, and let go of Flyhigh. Wounded and bleeding, Flyhigh looked up at the other bird to thank him, and found himself looking straight into the serious eyes of his father.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by shlomo613 - 13 Jul 2015 18:26

Still Going,

A great story. Along with your poems your talent is really good. This could be and should be turned into a children's story. It has a moral that children can learn from. And like all the best stories, adults too.

I suppose there's more coming..

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 13 Jul 2015 23:24

I hope this is not a mashal....I love fun, risk, sweet and exciting stuff.

Great stuff. ...read it twice.

Move over tz.

Bardichev....go for cover.SG is in da house!

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 14 Jul 2015 13:56

Chapter 3

Flyhigh looked up at his fathers eyes and began to cry. "I know it was wrong, I know it was stupid. I'll never do it again, I must have been crazy for even thinking about going there. I'm so so sorry. I can't believe that I fell for that!" Flyhigh sobbed and sobbed. His father held him closely for a while, and then said, "We'll talk more about this later, but for now we are going to have to get you home."

"I'm so embarrassed to go home like this" Flyhigh cried. "Everyone is going to know what I did!"

"Don't worry birdala" Papa said, "No one will know, they will just think that it was an accident"

Papa helped Flyhigh get home with his broken wing and bleeding foot, and then Mama puttered around Flyhigh making him comfortable.

That night Papa sent the other birds out of the nest while he and Mama sat down to talk to Flyhigh about what had happened. They had a long conversation, or rather a long lecture about the dangers of going too close to cats, and Papa ended off with forbidding Flyhigh to go anywhere near the Mc'Odells house. Flyhigh tearfully agreed, and with that the matter was closed.

Or so they thought.

What Papa, Mama, and Flyhigh alike did not realize, was that all of the good intentions in the world wouldn't help Flyhigh, Because, you see, Flyhigh had become an addict.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 14 Jul 2015 17:49

I feel that this story reached ~~bad word deleted~~ way too fast. the lead up was great, and then you let your emotions catch up with you.

Here is a conversation between Flyhigh and his brother.....at least the beginnin'; you continue please.

I'm staying on this branch. This is the best branch. O.M.G. I've never sat on a more fantastic branch in my life. I like most branches, but this one really takes the cake. It's comfy. Some branches aren't so comfy. Too many twigs, or the bark is peeling off in a weird way. This one's

really leafy, too. Can you believe how sunny and warm it is? This is so great. This is one sweet branch. I feel good. I am really happy right now.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 14 Jul 2015 17:57

and as was pointed out Mrs. Mc'odells *is* related to Mika Dunlede. Not sure exactly how though. Could be through Kaleed

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 14 Jul 2015 18:01

[stillgoing wrote:](#)

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it's PoBAD WORD REMOVEDer

beats da hell outta me!

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 14 Jul 2015 18:13

[cordnoy wrote:](#)

[stillgoing wrote:](#)

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Dunlede. Not sure exactly how though. Could be through Kaleed

beats da hell outta me!

all these birds and "bad word deleted" got me thinkin' if birds really talk trashy like this, and then i remembered the king (and I will leave it at that, so as not to spoil da spoiler):

[spoiler][spoiler]

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 14 Jul 2015 18:35

[spoiler][spoiler]

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 14 Jul 2015 18:38

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 14 Jul 2015 18:40

Chapter 4

Six long weeks passed by, and Flyhigh's wing slowly healed, until one day he woke up feeling happy and full of energy. Today was going to be the day when he could again fly out into the open air without pain. His Mama gave him a big hug with her wings and told him to be careful, and to come back if he started to get tired.

"Don't worry Mama" Flyhigh told her smiling, "my wing is all better. See?" and Flyhigh proceeded to do some tricky stunts in the air to his brothers delight, and his mothers fright.

"Well, I guess you should be off then" Mother said, "but don't forget to be back by dark, and remember what Papa told you."

"Don't worry Ma" Flyhigh repeated, "Bye"

"Bye"

Flyhigh took off into the clear blue sky flying almost till the clouds themselves. It felt so good to be back in the air. After a while of soaring, he glided down, close to the ground to see what he could get to eat. Something was nagging him in the back of his mind. Something about this place was making him nervous and happy at the same time. Where was he? Oh! It was the Mc'Odells house, but it looked so different. Mrs. Mc'Odells must have painted it while Flyhigh was stuck in his nest.

"Well, I really should be leaving here right away" Flyhigh said to himself, "I didn't even mean to come here, but before I go, I wonder if they painted that back porch too. It can't hurt to check. I'll be super quick"

So Flyhigh flew around to the back and saw that Mrs. Mc'Odells had not seen fit to spend the money to paint the back part of the house that nobody would see anyway. In fact the cat bowl was still sitting in the same place that it had been in before.

"Hmm," Flyhigh thought, "I'm curious if she still gives Snappy, tuna like she used to"

So Flyhigh walked closer to the bowl and sniffed in. The smell was heavenly. Hot cooked beef, left over from the sisterhood picnic that Mrs. Mc'Odells had went to on Sunday (Flyhigh knew because his brother had been there too). Just a few pecks Flyhigh thought, and before he knew it, his head was bobbing up and down into the bowl faster than a jumping rabbit.

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 14 Jul 2015 18:44

{cue scary music...}

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by cordnoy - 14 Jul 2015 19:40

[stillgoing wrote:](#)

Chapter 4

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It would seem to me that this bird is headin' to only one place, and that is to the proverbial.....

[spoiler][spoiler]

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Re: STORY TIME

Posted by stillgoing - 15 Jul 2015 19:22

Chapter 5

While Flyhigh was enjoying his culinary find, Mrs. Mc’Odells was coming around the side of the house to wash off her freshly picked radishes. Suddenly Snappy flew past her and sprinted up the porch steps.

“Whatever possessed that cat?” Mrs. Mc’Odells muttered to herself

Unfortunately, Flyhigh was not quite as alert as Mrs. Mc’Odells at that moment, and was not

only blissfully unaware of the imminent danger that he was in, he was in fact enjoying himself quite immensely, putting on layers of (unhealthy) bird fat that had not been there before.

Flyhigh felt Snappy before he saw him. A sharp claw pulled at his back, and at that exact moment, Mrs. Mc'Odells scooped up Snappy, and her southern twang said "Oh no you don't! I went through the effort of making good food for you, I don't need you chewing up live birds on my back porch, leaving me with the old bones to clean up!"

Flyhigh made good on his escape. He was off. Somehow this escape was different then the last times. Before, he was scared how close he had come to ruining it all. Now, he was depressed. He knew it was bad to go there, he knew it was stupid, and yet, he felt that he couldn't stop himself.

Over the next few weeks, Flyhigh made several strong efforts to keep away from the Mc'Odells house, but somehow, each time, he always ended up going back and eating. Sometimes Snappy was sleeping, sometimes he was up, but somehow Flyhigh always managed to get away. Flyhigh began to gain weight. He could no longer fly so high. He became depressed. He felt that he could not control himself no matter how hard he tried.

One day Flyhigh was flying heavily near some bushes when he overheard some sparrows talking about a meeting that they were going to. It was called Guard Your Bird or GYB. It was for BA (Bird Addicts) and Flyhigh thought it sounded interesting so when they flew off, he followed them. The meeting was being held in a large hollow tree, and it was going to be led by a bird addict who had been sober for many years. Flyhigh didn't go in because he didn't want anybody to recognize him. He wasn't addicted to anything. He could stop going to the Mc'Odells house if he really really wanted to. All of those birds in there were probably criminals or something, how else could they have become addicted to something! A hush fell over the crowd of chirping birds as the leader of the group hopped in. Flyhigh strained his bird eyes to see who it was that everyone was looking at. Suddenly he froze.

That voice was very very familiar.

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