

Birds of Prey

It was a large white bird, wings spread wide swooping about Little Forest; it was the white dove. The white dove wasn't supposed to be a bird of prey, but he wanted to be one, and he started acting like one, mean. One day as the birds were swooping about, the eagle asked the dove why he wanted to be a bird of prey since doves are supposed to be nice. The dove said he didn't want to be nice to people or animals anymore. He said he wanted to be like the other birds; he wanted to be a prey on people and animals. The eagle thought that the dove had not given him a good reason for wanting to be a bird of prey, and he challenged the dove to think about his decision. The eagle thought he would get the hawk and the crow to help him challenge the dove. The eagle scheduled a meeting with the hawk and the crow, the eagle told them that the dove wanted to be a bird of prey. Why does he want to be a bird of prey the hawk asked the eagle? He said he doesn't want to be nice anymore, the eagle said. Okay, the hawk said, I can understand that, but does the dove know that the birds of prey are not birds that people like, admire, but do not like. I am sure he does said the eagle, but maybe we should meet with him to see if that is really what he wants to do. The birds all agreed to meet with the dove the next day at noon by the cherry tree in their home, Little Forest.

After the meeting with the hawk and the crow, the eagle headed to the dove's nest by the apple tree to inform him about the meeting the next day. As the eagle approached the dove's nest, the dove popped his head out of his nest to greet the eagle. Hey dove, the hawk, and the crow, and I have decided to meet with you tomorrow at noon by the cherry tree to talk to you about becoming a bird of prey. Okay, the dove said, though he hadn't changed his mind about becoming a bird of prey, but he figured he would go to the meeting. The dove knew they would try to convince him to be nice again, and not be a bird of prey. The dove had decided he had

been too nice to people, and didn't want to be nice anymore. He was always nice, doing things that the other birds would not do, supporting other birds, being nice to the people who came to the park, while the birds of prey wouldn't budge, only when people would share stuff with them, which people expected, but the dove thought that wasn't really right because bad birds shouldn't receive nice things. The other birds were always depending on the dove to be nice since they always want to be mean and bad, but the dove thought, perhaps it was time for them to learn how to be good birds just like him.

The dove set about planning what he would say to the hawk, the crow and the eagle when he meets with them because he had no intentions of changing his mind. The dove thought he had been at the man-made forest for 10 years, and he had finally had enough of these other birds. The eagle, the crow and the hawk are always going off on excursions because they were birds of prey. The dove could see how happy they were going to hunt and gather their food, though they had man-made food, they loved going out hunting, and the dove wasn't allowed to go hunting because he was supposed to be a nice bird. The dove had to do his daily chores of greeting the people who came to Little Forest, he had to do his flying routine, and serve as a guide through the Little Forest. The birds had moved from the Zoo to Little Forest 10 years ago when a big developer decided instead of building houses on the land that he bought, he built a forest. Little Forest wasn't like other forests, it had nature guides, and trails that had signs so people wouldn't get lost, and it was little in comparison to the larger natural forest nearby.

Drip, drip, drip, the dove heard the sound of rain as it splashed against his little tree house. The dove looked at his little clock to see what time it was, it read 9:30 am. The dove worried that the rain might not stop in time for his meeting with the hawk, the crow, and the eagle. At the other end of the park, where the birds of prey lived, the eagle was worried about

the rain too, and the meeting with the dove. He hadn't told the crow or the hawk, but he too had been shifting his thinking, and he no longer wanted to be a bird of prey, deep down he was a nice bird, but he wasn't supposed to really be nice because he was supposed to be above all the rest, majestic, glorified and revered by all. The rain stopped just in time for the meeting. When the dove arrived at the Cherry tree, the hawk, the eagle and the crow were perched in the Cherry tree. The three birds all took turns asking the dove why he wanted to be a bird of prey, the dove maintained his answer, he didn't want to be nice anymore, and he wanted to do something different. Okay, the birds of prey said, tomorrow, we will take you hunting like a bird of prey, the dove agreed to go hunting with the birds of prey. The eagle, the crow and the hawk had hatched a little plan when they go hunting that will make the dove so terrified, he will never want to be a bird of prey after their hunting trip.