

A bird of a different feather writes his story

I am one of nature's feathered creatures. Although I risk being considered conceited I know I'm something special. I came to this windswept place called Stone Arabia about three weeks ago. I told the rest of the flock not to leave our warm winter home so early. What has one single bird to say to change many others' minds? After all, I'm just a different bird but still an outstanding one. Long before we struck off for this Stone Arabia place some who nested there last season said with a strong west wind we might be blown east to a place called Fonda. It was a pretty cold day when we reached our destination which was a side yard of a guy who some of the older birds of the flock said was named Skip. In fact that guy saw us soon after landing. I saw him watching us. He seemed to be especially watching me as if he picked me out from many other robins. Did he think I was strange just because I had a white head? I did not know whether I should feel complimented or insulted. This guy certainly spied on me. I showed him by being especially bold and approaching nearer than the rest of the flock.



My portrait by John De Valve

I began to be self conscious and even paranoid if that is within the capability of a white headed robin. I was concerned that this big strong creature pitied me possibly because I did not seem to have a mate. I'll show him by taking my beautiful mate with me when I come into his view. Boy is she a sweet bird. She has not only has looks but does most of the nest building also. I cavort around, picking up a seed here or a worm there. This is robin lazy street. I do not dare to tweet about it much though since all must be quiet while my mate is nesting. I hope that guy Skip respects my preening and does not require too many appearances. I'll try to humor him. That friend of his, I believe his name is John, tried to trick me with some robin sounds made by something he took from his pocket. I showed him that there is no fear in this bird. They say he took a likeness of me that will appear in something called the "Mohawk Valley Pennysaver." By now you know that there isn't a proud bone in my body but I patiently await the issue that I'm in. So long for now!

Your friend, The White Headed Robin with help from Skip, Stone Arabia, April 30, 2013