Christina Rizzo B2

1.2.14 Allegory

 One bright and sunny day in mid-fall of 2001, a group of sparrows was in its nest, and the parents could tell that the babies were hungry. Making the decision that there were too many mouths for one bird to feed, both parents went off in search of food. However, with the loud babies left unguarded, it was the perfect chance for the nearby hawks to strike the nest and silence the birds once and for all. Taking advantage of the birds’ defenseless nature, the hawks dive-bombed the nest and started to attack the baby birds with pecks of their beaks. The attacks were unexpected, especially by the parents who would not have gone off to get food *together* and abandon the babies for anyone to attack if they had known or heard of the hawks’ plan. A few of the little birds knew that these big birds were not like their mommy and daddy, and they decided that it was better to escape rather than be taken by these extremist birds. They only had one way to escape: jumping out of the tree. With a life or death situation at hand, the babies had to take a leap of faith from their beloved tree and hope that they survived the landing. However, this tree was much taller than they originally thought, and certainly many times taller than their frail bodies were. Gathering all of their courage, they jumped. And fell. And fell. And fell. Leaving the chaos behind them, their bodies hit the ground with a sickening *thud*. Although the nestlings were away from the hawks above them, they were dead. Whether or not unintentional suicide was a better option than being killed by the enemy was a matter of opinion, but either way the mother and father birds were devastated when they saw what had happened to their precious babies. The food meant to be regurgitated for the birds to feed on was regurgitated at the sight of their deaths. W*ho had done this and destroyed the delicate lives of their children? Who would do such a thing? Why?* Days and weeks went past, the parents still stuck with the sadness and confusion of who could brutally murder innocent babies. One day, when the father was out trying to get clues of what happened from his neighbors, the mother overheard birds in the next tree laughing. *This is no time for laughter!* she thought. *My children have been murdered, and they don’t even care!* When she tuned in to what they were laughing about, she heard them laughing over her children’s deaths. *How sick are these birds?* She was astounded at how rude they were being. “Excuse me, but why are you laughing at the death of my children? Do you think it’s funny that they were murdered?” The hawks had no answer. They had not expected a confrontation. “Yeah, that’s what I thought.” the mother bird said. When she turned away, the hawks resumed their laughter. “Did you see the looks on their faces when we flew down onto them? They were so surprised!” one of the hawks said. *These... They murdered my babies?* Them? *They are my neighbors! I’m supposed to be able to trust them!* she thought in an outrage. She turned back to the hawks. “Did you murder my children?” They had no response, just a stunned look. Finally one, the leader, said, “No, ma’am. We loved the children like our own.” However, she did not believe that. Coming closer, she repeated herself. “Did you. Murder. My children.” The head hawk cracked under her intense stare. “Alright, yes, we did it. We wanted to send a message to the other parents that if there was noise of the excess then it would not be tolerated...” Outraged, she ran at them with all of her speed, and they flew off in surprise. “Don’t you dare ever show your face around here anymore, or we’ll avenge our babies!” she shouted after them. When the father came back, she told him what she had learned, and he was deeply hurt but not surprised. “I’ve seen them around the forest and how they’ve caused a bit of destruction. It was a matter of time before their troublesome behavior escalated, but I didn’t think it’d happen to our family.” father said. Life went on for a few weeks, but neither mother nor father was satisfied with the hawks being “gone”. They wanted payback. All of the birds in the grassland agreed that this murderous behavior was not okay, so they sent a few of their best-trained tracking crows to find where the hawks were hiding. Almost a week later they returned with news that the hawks were staying at a grassland a few miles south. That night, the entire community left their trees to avenge the deaths of the baby sparrows. When they approached the hawks’ new grassland, they reminded each other of the game plan: be quiet, and cut off any escape options. It was discovered that the hawks liked to sleep in the same tree, and this made it easier to detain them. making sure to be incredibly quiet, the birds surrounded the tree with the hawks still sleeping in its canopy. Mother sparrow held up a wing. “1...” it meant. Father sparrow did the same. “2...” With a quick nod from Mother to the rest of the birds, “3...” was signaled, and they ambushed the hawks. Mother and Father were the ones to take the leader’s life, and through them the babies’ lives were truly avenged. Revenge was certainly sweet as this enemy group was no more.