

Title: **"Eatin' Yadebird Again"**

By: Ronald Eldridge 5/10/2002

The year was long but the day was short as the birds flew northwards towards the sea. It was Hamie and I against the world, or so it seemed, as we treaded through the wastelands of the deserted barren desert country.

"Could use a bit to eat" I muttered.

"Stinking birds all taste the same" Hamie relayed my way.

His remark filled my stomach and cured my blues. It wouldn't be bird we'd be eating again very soon if either of us could help it.

We'd caught a big one; probably it was a young and less experienced in the ways of the world. We'd battled him for over a week, a struggle that caused great physical pain as well as mental disgust.

But, once we completed the kill, neither of us was hungry much anymore but we had eaten every last piece of him.

Basically, all things considered, killing one of these creatures was one of the hardest things I had ever done and probably the messiest to boot. The only way to kill a Yadebird was to pull its wings off and boil it alive.

Hamie had been holding on, pulling the wings westward, and I was holding on pulling eastward as we both flopped about on the sandy ground, holding onto the opposing wing.

Now, if you know Yadebirds, them having five wings and all, then you know that after pulling off four, the really hard part comes about.

Pulling off that fifth wing. It's so difficult, hardly anyone has ever done it, save a starving man, that is, and we was that hungry.

Well, we was starving' for sure, an anyone eating anything within a mile of us where the odor could be caught by the wind, you'da been in just as much trouble as this Yadebird was. If the wind blew against you whilst you was eaten', we'da been there.

We cornered the big fella in a draw. He hadn't time to take off afore we were upon his back, grabbing wings and pulling.

It took three full days of pulling and two days of cooking an resting up afterwards afore we could eat any of the kill.

Between being too tuckered out and too covered with bloody gore, the likes of which can turn your stomach sour just thinking about it and us being' in the desert an all with no water about to wash up with, who'd ever want to eat let alone kill another Yadebird.

But, once we had him killed, with both of us a puken' and dragging him we finally reached the hole we'd prepared for cooking' him in. Dumping him, using sticks to push with, in the water to boil. And now, if you think pulling wings off is gagging business, then burning' the feathers off while he's still alive an yelling an finally getting him into our big pot just plain turns you again ever wanting to eat another foul of any kind.

Yep, it's puken time. The odor from the puke, the garbage smells of burning feathers and the bird's screams, well... all that's just terrible.

Now, I'd be lying if I didn't allow as he surely did fill our craw. We both of us ate every last scratch of him we could find and fought over the last piece.

Just walking and thinking was making me hungry, and not having ate for days was getting to my stomach.

"Hamie.' I said, "good looking bird up there pardner, whatta yuh say, wanna eat again" I questioned.

"Yep" he retorted, smacking his lips, "Mr. Yadebird, I'm hungry."