

Crash the Crow



A STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL AND A BIG BIRD

VINCENT LYNCH



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ONE HAND BOOKS





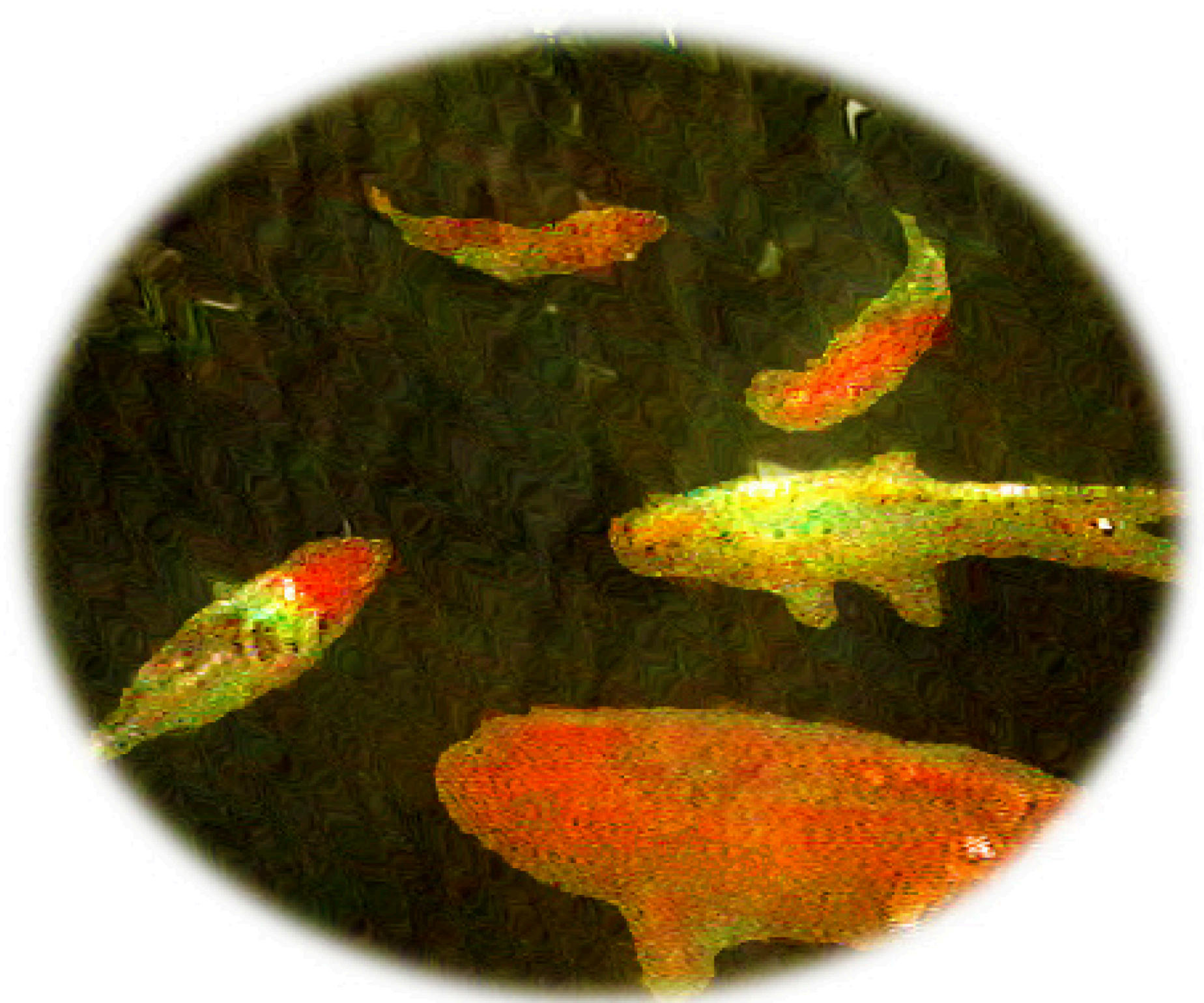
for

*Meghan, Sydney, David, Jack
and*

those who can see nature through the eyes of a child



CHAPTER ONE



“THE SURPRISE VISITOR”



I was excited because my dad had just returned from a trip the night before, and I hadn't seen him in two weeks. We were going to plant different kinds of moss, he had collected, in our "secret garden".

The garden really wasn't a secret. I just liked to call it that. It was a small moss garden on the far side of our house. My dad had planted all different kinds of moss, grasses, plants, and flowers. There was always something in bloom over the Spring and Summer months. The little pond in the garden had fish, frogs, and a waterfall. There was also a gravel river that was raked to look like water. My dad called it dry water.



I liked to work in the secret garden because I always found interesting things, when we dug up the earth. There were grubs, worms, bugs, and my favorite "volleyballs". I call them volleyballs because they look like little volleyballs, when you pick them up. They are really called sow bugs.

I thought my dad was going to sleep all morning. It was still early, but when it was a day that we were going to do something I liked, the minutes seemed to pass like hours. Dad finally got up, and we had some breakfast.



We went outside and he showed me the different kinds of moss he had brought back from Maine. They were leafy, ferny, fuzzy, spiky, and velvety. He had a piece of bark of a very old decayed fallen tree. It had several different kinds of moss on it in a very small area. There was also a big green spiky mound that was bigger than my foot. It looked like a little green moss pie. My dad said it was over 60 years old. I'm only six and that's ten times older than me. It was even older than my dad.



We were in the middle of planting when we heard a rustling noise in the hedges just over our heads to the right. At first I thought the sound was a bird, but the hedges shook too much. Then I thought maybe it was a squirrel. Dad was always chasing them away from the moss garden, so they wouldn't dig it up. We had lots of squirrels. There was Blackie, Grayie, Brownie, Reddie, and Blondie. Blondie was actually a black squirrel, but he had a blond tail, so I called him Blondie. But this time, it wasn't one of our squirrels.