

It's a Bird's Life



As you can see, I am a bird. But why did I have to be a seagull?

Most humans hate seagulls or, at best, just ignore them.

I learned early on I am the lowest of the low among seagulls, a Common Gull.

Not even from the landward clan of Common Gulls who follow farmers ploughing fields.

No, I am lower, much lower. A mere coastal Common Gull, an outcast living by the seashore.

If I had to be a bird, why not a cute little Robin, or a Wren, or even a Chaffinch?

The worst thing about being a Common coastal Gull is the loneliness.

Look at the fun Starlings have, swooping about, chattering, laughing all the time.

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Or Oystercatchers, piping away, shrieking with laughter, showing off their colours.

Or Sea Eagles, soaring up, up, then plummeting down to grab a baby lamb for lunch.

Me? I must eat scraps along the tideline, like bits of long-dead crabs.

Or the guts fishermen jettison from their boats, fighting Herring Gulls for my fair share.

And I spend such a lot of time at harbours, perched on masts, or roofs or chimneys.

Watching, waiting, complaining loudly of hunger.

Chips and scraps of fried fish with salt and vinegar are nice, dropped by humans.

Bits of soggy bread thrown into the water by children are tasteless.

At the harbour, I am even lower down the pecking order than Feral Pigeons.

And Pigeons are bullies. They would stab your eyes out for a crust.

Even Herring Gulls give way to them.

So, next time around, if I'm allowed to come back again, I want to be a pet dog.

Small and cuddly. A Toy Poodle or a Chihuahua.

But, if they make me come back as a bird again, I want to be a Blackbird.

Living in the garden of a big house with acres of lawns, eating lots of worms.

Singing from the highest tree I can find.

Everyone loves Blackbirds.

When you look up and listen, try to forget I was once a Common coastal Gull.