

Sparky's Corner

A special message from our frisky contributor



Lately my buds and I have been visiting Grandma's nest in the evening before we go to sleep. She is always ready to tell us stories of the olden days and all about her adventures.

Sometimes she talks about the times she saw the very first non-native two-leggers. She says it used to be just the feathered two-leggers (that means First Nation ones) but one day there came whole oak trees full of different two-leggers! (That's how Grandma measures--when she means a lot she says 'whole oak trees full' and when she means a little she says 'as much as a huckleberry bush') She said the feathered ones didn't know what to make of the new ones. They didn't look quite ripe yet, all pale and they had more husks on than the feathered ones used. But they brought some new feathered ones with them so they must have been OK. The original two-leggers helped them out with how we do things and what we eat and what plants are good for healing.

The new ones stayed around a whole winter and then went away but it wasn't long before more of the not ripe two-leggers showed up and stayed. Pretty soon there were more not ripes than there were feathered. Lots of the new ones were not very nice to the originals and the two kinds started actually hurting each other! Not like when the bobcats kill rabbits or mice or even (shudder!) squirrels. Bobcats kill for food and that's the natural way. No, the two kinds of two-leggers killed each other because they were mad! Grandma is not too clear about why this all happened but she said it was really scary. There were sticks and fire flying through the air!

[⇒ More ⇒](#)

Sparky's Corner, continued

The new made a lot of changes. They chopped down trees and made shelters out of them. Some they burned up. They were clumsy at first, like they didn't know what to do with everything. But they eventually got the hang of it. They seemed to have a hard time figuring out what to eat, especially in the cold time. They even ate Snowberries! Imagine that! The feathered ones never did that but of course they'd been around for whole oak trees of time.

Grandma says Wally is one of the not ripe ones. He's OK though. He treats the land with respect and never bothers the important ones (that's us).

We love Grandma's stories but we think maybe she wasn't really around when all this happened. We think it might be that her Grandma told the stories to her and maybe even it started before that. But it's OK with us however it happened. We just like hanging out in Grandma's nest for our evening stories. Then we have the best dreams!

Gotta go. I hope you get to hear good stories and have good dreams too. Bye for now!

Sparky

Yep, it's me! JoAnn caught me right in her lens and snapped the picture before I could race away. OK I actually posed for this one. C'mon do you really think I couldn't run away if I wanted to? Good picture, huh?

