

# Mediated Minds Conference, University of Cincinnati, Blue Ash April 19, 2019

## Wasteful Devils

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**Abstract** — *(Short story reading) I will be reading my short story from UC Blue Ash's Flash Fiction contest. It's called "Wasteful Devils," and is told in a bird's point of view.*

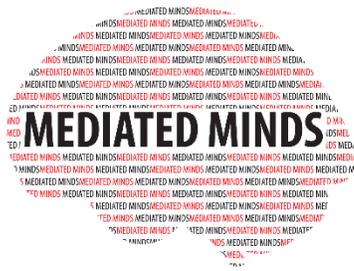
### *Wasteful Devils*

“Put it down! Put... it ...down! Oh, come on!” the bird puffed up its feathers. “He did not just throw that last bit of bread in the trash!”

The bird hopped from leg to leg, its claws digging into the grass. “Oh, I’ll show you how you savor food you animal!”

The bird starts pecking wildly at a pink and brown luscious worm that had been by the roots of the tree. “Now, this is how you eat all your food, you stupid wasteful human!” The bird scarfed down the worm, not even thinking about sharing with the cardinal that had landed in the tree above. The bird choked a little. The cardinal tweeted in its annoying tune as if mocking him and flew down to his side.

“Now, the worm may have done something on the way down my throat. But that doesn’t mean I’m going to spit it out. NOOOOO, sir.” The bird bobbed its head and did a double take. “HEY, WHY ARE YOU WALKING AWAY HUMAN? Did my lesson make you want to buy me a pretzel from the pretzel stand you are walking towards? If so, I might even forgive the horrifying scene I witnessed two minutes ago.”



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The bird feels the air in his feathers as he lands on the trash can nearest to the man. “I dare you...if you even think about throwing that delicacy in the trash, I will peck your eyes out!”

The man had the pretzel in his hand and a cup of cheese in the other. The bird was tempted to risk getting hurt to get the pretzel. And the bird knew exactly when he would dive in. Right after...the pretzel lifts out of the cheese...when it’s at its most beautiful. Oh, how the bird could imagine....

The man had taken a bite out of the pretzel. The bird could die of jealousy. Because DANG! The wind had just hit the air and the bird smelled...exactly what kind of cheese it was. Jalapeno cheese. The gold of the gods.

Then the man starts talking to the guy that had sold him the pretzel holding out the cheese in disgust. “Dude I asked for honey mustard, not nacho cheese. I can’t eat this. I want honey mustard instead.”

The guy who had sold him the pretzel makes the bird crap himself. Literally white poo all over the trash can. The bird couldn’t believe what it had just witnessed. The man, or should the bird think the devil, tosses the gooey cheese into a small trash can that was BEHIND the pretzel stand. The bird held its beady eyes to the men. And flew at the pretzel with determination. “These animals are monsters,” the bird caws. The bird will show them exactly how to eat a pretzel without a complaint or a trip to the trash. And that’s what the bird did, and this time the bird shared with the cardinal.