

## The Stalwart Beaver and the Terrible Loon

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He sat with contempt upon the lake. He was the master, he was the lord. All above and below belonged to the hideous loon. A monstrosity among monsters, in a world where right was might and might was right.

He grinned something devious, then plunged below the water, to pluck out an innocent fish.

It was a sad sight to observe as the poor fish bled, screaming its silent scream as it struggled. But then the loon gave a sudden, sharp twist to its neck, and the fish cracked, now broken. The malicious loon ripped open the fish, and devoured the helpless morsel.

Oh how the lord of the lake dominated the weak, pathetic animals below the water. The loon gave a nightmarish shriek: "Ooh loo loo loooooo!"

The loon, hoping for some more spiteful fun, once more went below the cold waters, but this time, there was a problem.

Down below the water, staring back into the bloody red eyes of the loon, was a beaver.

A hard working, true-to-his-word beaver. The Stalwart Beaver, who only wanted a peaceful home, a loving family, and his freedom.

The loon would have none of that.

"Get back, and away from me, you foolish, stupid beaver. I have no time for such ridiculous citizens to even dare gaze upon my glorious visage."

The beaver, a bit shaken, humbly replied, "I'm only collecting wood for mah home, and a wee little fishy for mah wife and children.

"Things tah repair, widdle mouths tah feed. Gotta do what's gotta be done."

The loon gave a look of ultimate derision, and laughed. "You're way above your station, daring to actually talk to me, as if we were equals.

You are as far below me as I am below the stars. And that's quite a lot. So again, get out of my way. I don't want to sully myself with your odor and feces."

But the beaver knew what had to be done.

'Scuse me sir, but you ain't mah lord and you ain't so great. So I'll be on my way, leavin' without a bow, or an apology."

The loon sneered, and swam closer to the beaver, his feathers puffing up.

"Then, y-you beaver... Then you will die by my hand. Let my beak rip you!"

And so the loon dived at the beaver, to tear the humble beast apart. But the beaver smiled, grabbed the silly loon, and broke his neck with a swift, beautiful snap that echoed across the peaceful lake.

When it comes down to the brutal, but beautiful theater of nature, the Stalwart Beaver is best in show.

Thus the noble beaver collected his wood, gathered a fish or two, and did what he had to do.