

TO MOTHER
THANKS FOR TAKING US
TO THE DUCK POND

■ = Trim ■ = Safe Area ■ = Bleed



■ = Trim

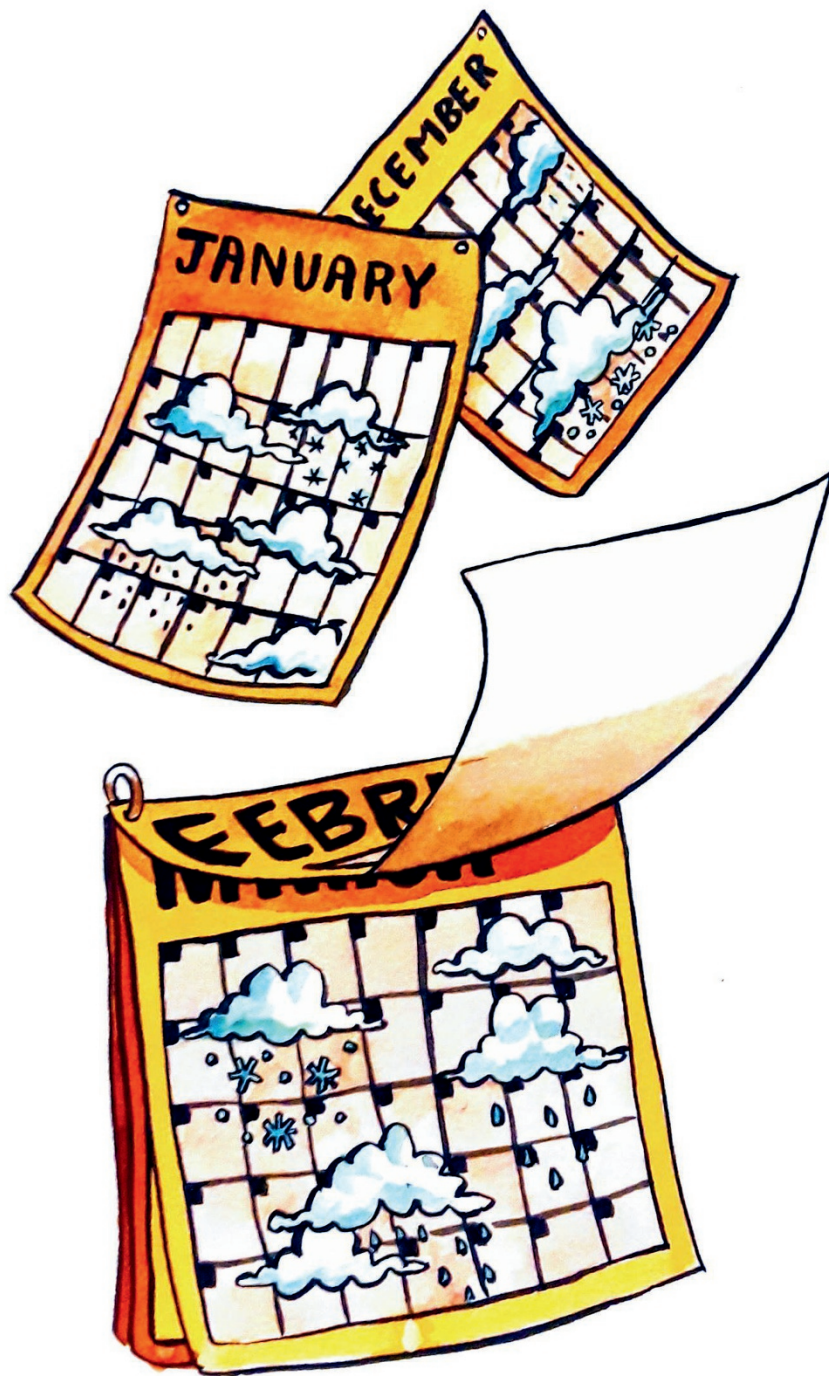
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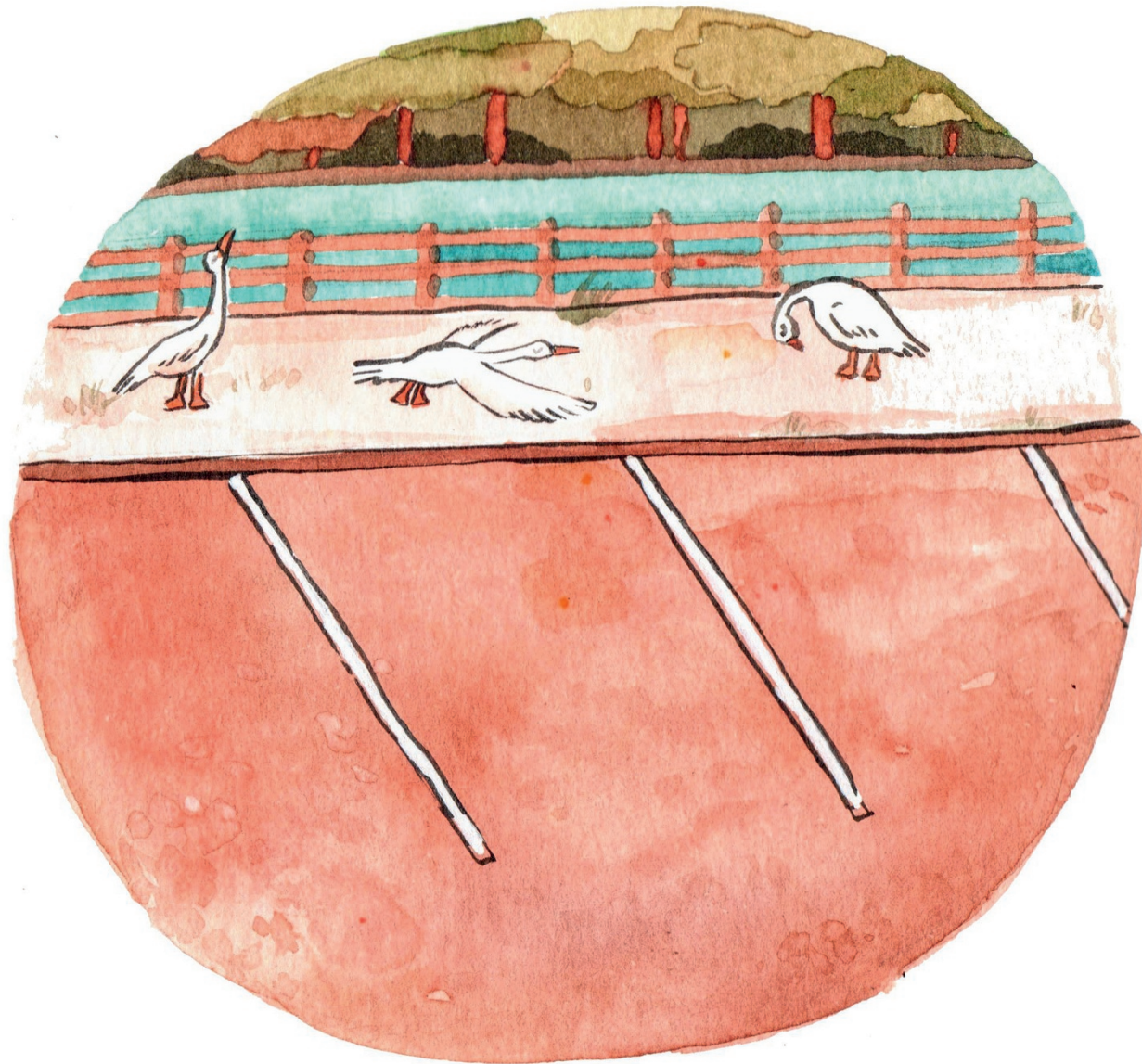
On a cold day in spring that should have been warm
Sequoia Park was the scene of much harm
the duck-pond waterfowl were all nearly dead
the children withholding their offerings of bread

Cursed with a cold streak
that lasted for weeks
folks stayed at home
the future seemed bleak

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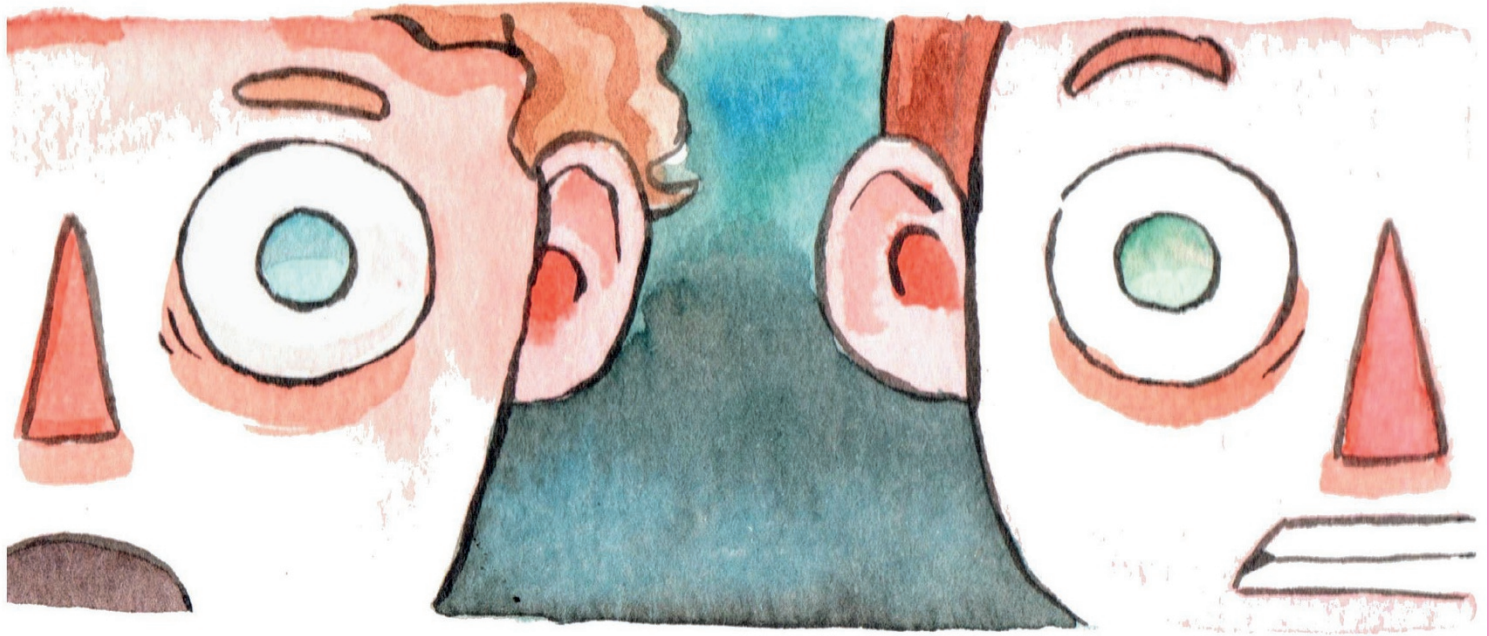
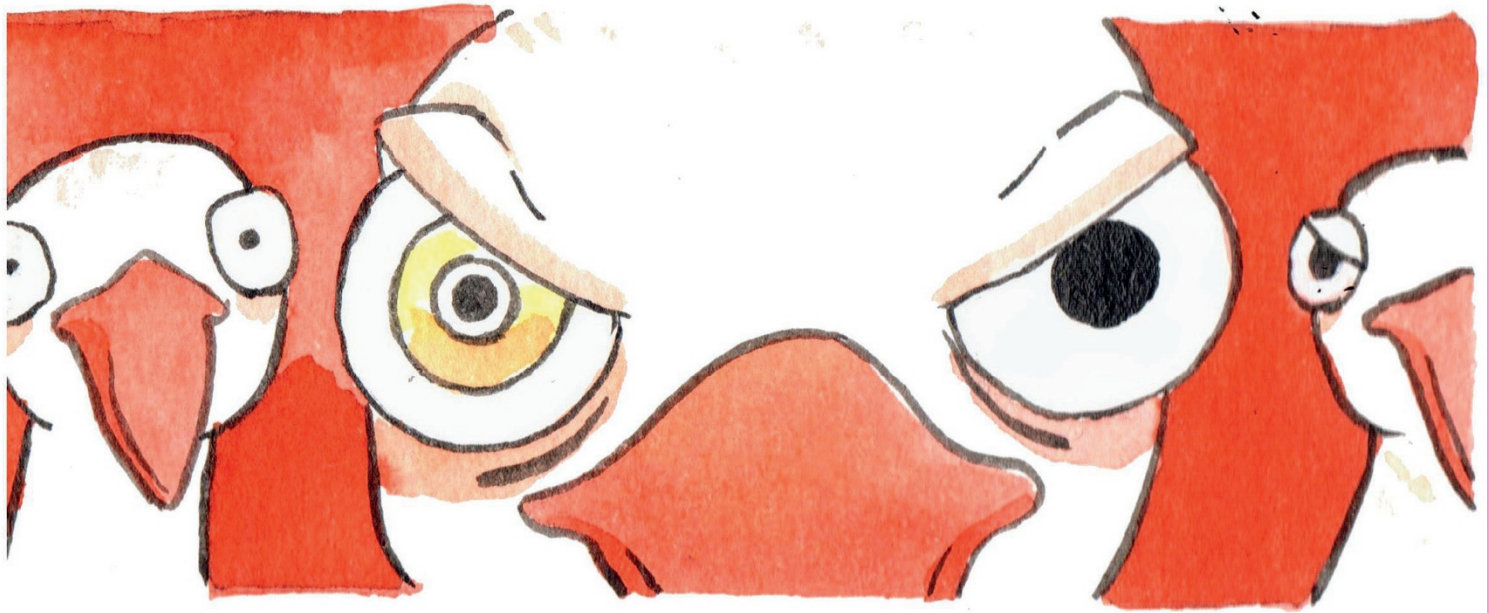
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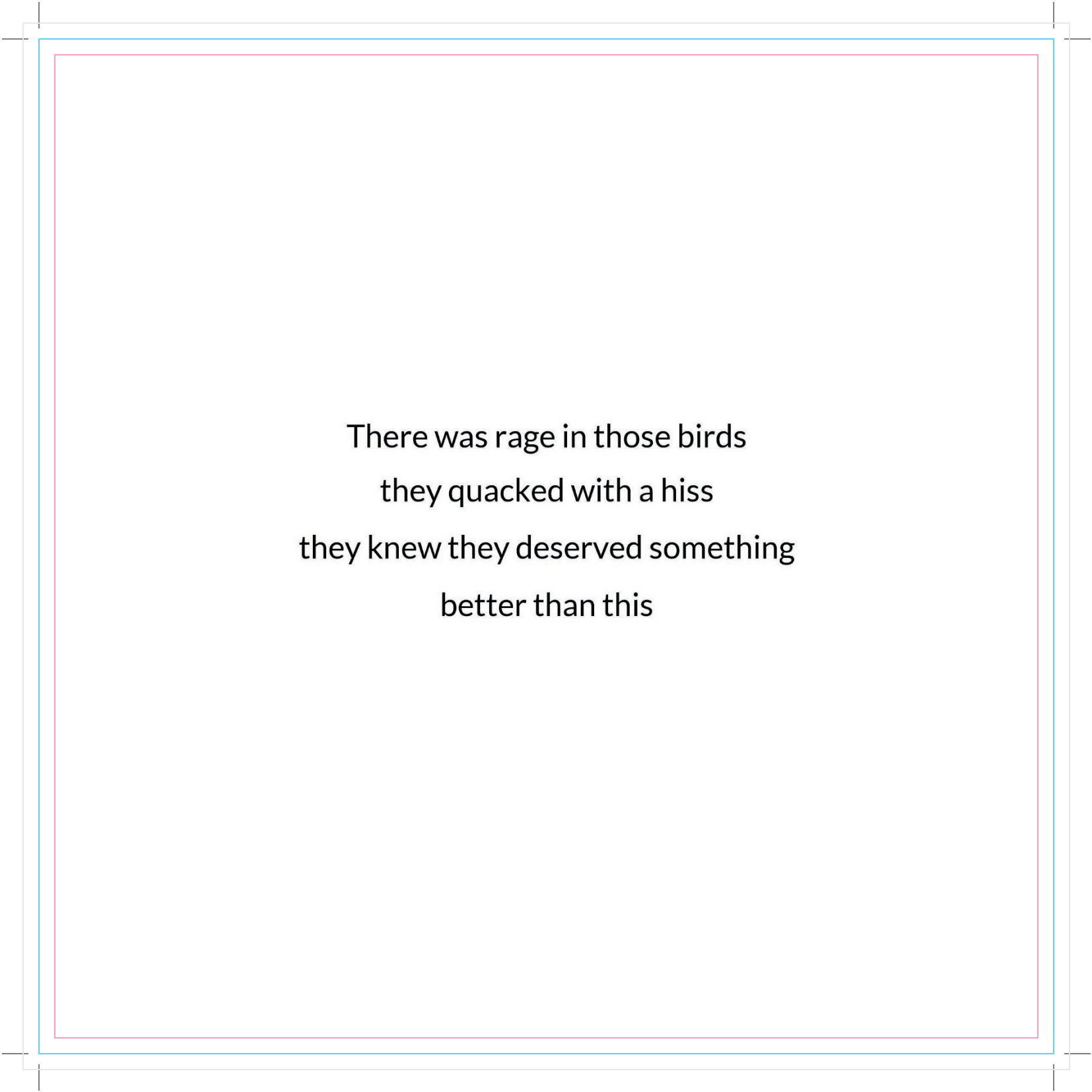
Meanwhile, our family knew nothing awry
we had come the wrong day, my brother and I



Both boys had sworn they would pet that first goose
but when car doors were opened, all duck pond broke loose



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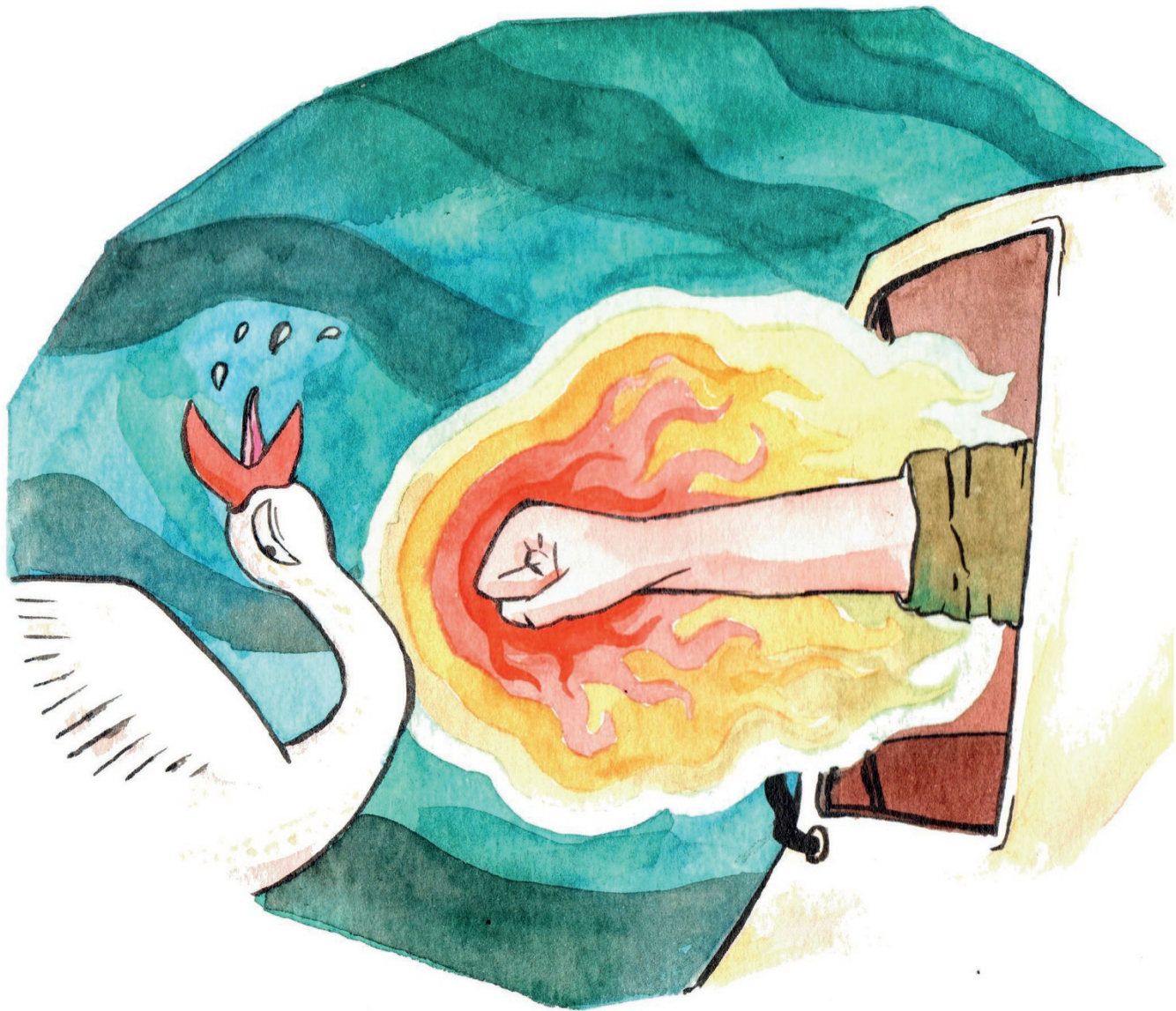
There was rage in those birds
they quacked with a hiss
they knew they deserved something
better than this

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There were peckings and bitings and beatings with wings
violent geese do unspeakable things
there were yippings and yelpings and screamings and such
those cowardly boys couldn't handle that much



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Just one force of nature could make them retreat
and it counter-attacked from the drivers front seat



Mom quickly dispatched them with mixed martial arts
the ground became littered with goose-gizzard parts



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The frightened boys sensed
the battlefield's confusion
got back in the car
while still nursing contusions

In their eyes, they could see
only one hero
Again, that final score
Mom: one Geese: zero



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NATHAN HAL WELLING

1965 - 2012

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IT HAS BEEN SOME 50 YEARS SINCE THAT ILL-TIMED VISIT TO THE
DUCK POND. MY YOUNGER BROTHER, NATE, HELD THAT MEMORY
PARTICULARLY DEAR. THIS BOOK SHARES THE STORY IN HIS
ABSENCE. AND, OF COURSE, A LOT OF FOLKS WILL PARTICIPATE IN
THEIR OWN DRAMATIC RE-CREATION WHEN THEY COME TO THE
DUCK POND ON THE WRONG DAY.

STEVE WELLING

Note: No ducks or geese were harmed in this story or its re-telling.

Contact the author and the illustrator at
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