

**An Open Letter to the Intimidating Crow in the Home Depot Parking Lot Circa 2009**

417 Words

Dear Feathery Foe,

I hope this letter finds you perched uncomfortably on a nest that always seems to have one stick that pokes your tail feathers. First of all, let me express my sincere admiration for your ability to strike terror into the hearts of unsuspecting Home Depot patrons. Since that unforgettable day in 2009, within the tainted grounds of Home Depot's parking lot, your beady eyes fixed upon my child stature and my delectable Chicago dog. The haunting image of your peck-o-matic 3000 has metamorphosed into a nightly specter. This unsettling apparition relentlessly disrupts my attempts at peaceful slumber.

I understand the age-old saying suggests picking on someone your own size, but I was a literal child. Do you think that's fair to let a hot dog be the cause of years of fear induced trauma? What were you doing at the Home Depot anyway? If you can't even afford to get your own hot dog you definitely can't afford lumber for your nest. Take your grubby thieving talons and go get to work you cheat.

Now, all my life I have been burdened with a fear of birds – specifically those with an uncanny ability to size up the nutritional value of a hot dog. I must say, you've achieved something most birds can only dream of. I now jump at the sight of pigeons, sparrows, and even the innocent robin. Each feathered foe carries the weight of your ominous influence, and I'm left wondering if they too harbor secret hot dog-related agendas. Do you know how common it is to see one of your kind? I can't even wear hats because they hinder my peripheral vision and subject me to attack from your sky ground advantage. I can't go anywhere without what you did that dreaded day in 2009 coming back to haunt me.

I write to you not as a disgruntled hot dog victim, but as someone staging an intervention sincerely hoping you will change your ways. I must save the future generations from the pure painstaking fear you have instilled in me. In closing, Mr. Crow, I ask that you reflect on the impact you've had on my perception of the bird species. While I may not be ready for a casual stroll in a zoo anytime soon, I hope that you, too, find solace in a world where hot dogs, humans, birds, and Home Depot can coexist without fear.

Yours in both trepidation and admiration,

A Hot Dog Aficionado Turned Bird Fearer