

Little Duck

By Nancy Ann Campbell
NAC032383 Revised NAC083113

I'll tell you a tale that's quite absurd
It's all about a little bird.
He had a bill and some feathers black,
And when he made a sound it came out, "Quack".



This was a special bird, you see,
Whose story has taught a lesson to me.
If you listen intent with all your heart
Truth, this tale will to you impart.

There was a time Little Duck was free –
Free to roam, free to swim, free to fly was he.
He never realized any danger was there
Yet he was nothing but open game to those who dared.



Needless to say the time arrived
When a sharp, burning pain made him fall from the sky,
For Hunter had sniped and Little Duck was now hurt,
In fear of death and in pain, he writhed in the dirt.

Wounded, broken and helpless was he...
Would the dogs come now? Would he be retrieved?
But as fate would have it – right out of the blue –
There stood Farmer saying, “I’ll take care of you!”

He gently bandaged Little Duck’s bleeding wounds,
Carrying him in His arms, they arrived very soon
At a beautiful place, lots of wildlife were there
And Little Duck sensed there was peace in the air.



“No snipers are found here upon My ground.
I see every sight and I hear every sound.”
Farmer said, “I’ll protect you and keep you from harm.”
And Little Duck knew he was now home on the farm.

“I’ve a white picket fence that surrounds us, you see,
And if you stay within, then protected you’ll be.
You may swim in My pond and roam about still,
And in My sky overhead, fly if you will!”

“Hooray! Hooray! Little Duck quacked with glee,
He jumped in the pond and swam so free.
With peace in his heart a calm filled his soul,
Such contentment and joy he had never known!

The summers came and brought blazing heat,
But Farmer's pond always cooled his burning feet.
The winds came, the frost, and at times snow would fall,
But with hay in the barn, he didn't mind it at all.

Day in and day out, no matter what you will,
Farmer made sure Little Duck's needs were filled.
So Little Duck lived on the quaint little farm,
Without fear of danger and without fear of harm.

Farmer would sit on His porch in His chair,
Joyously watching His animals there.
He talked to them, cared for and fed them each day,
And let them know He would never, ever go away.

Duck's life was better than it had ever been,
But somehow simple questions began to set in.
He looked at the white picket fence and wondered,
How far does it go? And all the more he pondered.



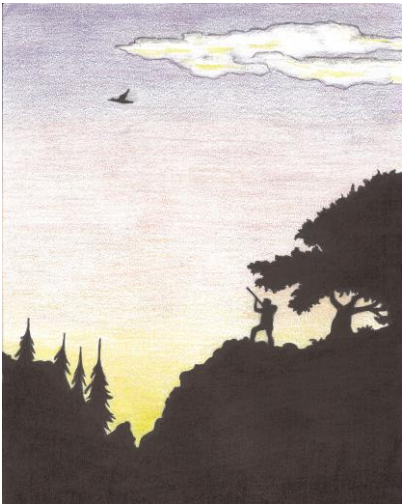
He started one day from the farmhouse, you see,
"I'll follow the fence and see where it leads."
The farther he went, the more distant he became,
No longer seeing Farmer, things just weren't the same.

Little Duck could just barely hear Farmer's voice,
He was so far away he felt he had no choice
But to find his own food and shelter that night -
It didn't seem wrong, yet it didn't seem right.

As night passed on and day began to break,
Little Duck was famished and he made the mistake
Of looking beyond the picked fence line
Remembering his sources back from old times.

He hopped over the fence and waddled away,
Unaware Farmer's heart was broken that day.
He saw in this world blue skies and wild fun,
Not realizing old troubles had newly begun.

With a feeling of freedom he took to the air
And flew in the sky without any care.
As he did, Hunter lurked beneath a dark tree,
And he laughed, "Ha, Ha! Another one for me!"



"And this time, for good – it will be his last!"
Then the bullet shot forth from the gun with a blast.
It ripped through the air and with a ringing sound
It found Duck's heart and he plunged to the ground.



Oh, no, Duck, no! What now will you do?
On that side of the fence what will become of you?
Will you be devoured by the merciless one,
Or will you lay there and bleed 'til your life is all gone?

In his pain he envisioned the Farmer's face,
He remembered His words and the peaceful place
Where He said He'd never leave, never go away,
Now filled with regret Duck was sorry he'd strayed.

His heart not just wounded, but broken now, too,
If he could only go back, he knew what he would do.
But things were dark, and had become terribly grim.
Was Little Duck's life over? Had it come to an end?

There was no escaping the Hunter's cruel hand,
Without strength the pain was more than Little Duck could stand.
Oh, but it wasn't fate I tell you, when right out of the blue
Again stood Farmer saying, "I'll take care of you!"



NAC083113
Revised