

To Kill A Blackbird

In life, there are many lessons to learn or to figure out through mistakes or bad decisions. However, mistakes are only bad when you don't learn from them or correct them and repeat the same mistakes. A major lesson I have learned is to watch what you wish for. For it may not be what your heart truly desires. What you thought you wanted, you could regret in the future. Some wishes that have been made cannot be unmade, but rather worked around and lived with, knowing you made the decision you made. My mother always said that I shouldn't harm anything that hasn't done harm to me, but my own curiosity got the best of me. I had always thought that hunting would be a fun thing to try, until one morning when I saw that it can also be something you'll come to regret.

Chck chck! It was a cool Sunday in April and there was nothing around that could make the slightest whisper. It was quiet. I cycled a pellet into my 38 inch, black, air rifle in a shed next to my house where three large trees sat just 25 feet away. The afternoon was sunny with a few clouds and the wind blowing to the east made a slight chill in the air. I raised the rifle to my shoulder, put my cheek against the stock and stared down the scope. On the other end, a blackbird stood perched on a low branch of a redbud tree.

POW!

The shot rang out in the silent, gentle breeze. The bird fell to the ground. At first I cheered in joy and ran up to look at the bird. I then stood over it and realized that I wasn't as joyful as I was previously and bent down to pick it up. Holding it gently in my hands I could feel the warmth of life that I had recently stolen from its love-filled heart. Its feathers were beautiful glaring in the sunlight. They were colors of green and pink as well as the dominance of black. I then thought to myself, that I had done something completely against my nature: to kill an innocent creature that had done nothing but live freely, that just moments before he was soaring among the clouds, free of trouble and pain. I had taken a life...Something made me wish that he would spring to life and fly once more. The only proper thing to do now was to bury him, because now he would no longer need wings to fly.

I know that I regretted what I did but the only way I could find out was by getting my wish and finding out that it was not what I truly wanted, simply the illusion of what I would regret later. In the end, mistakes must first be made, then corrected and remembered.

In life, there are many lessons to learn or to figure out through mistake or bad decisions. However, lessons are usually learned through mistakes. If you ever make a bad decision in your life remember one thing: Don't make it again.