Duck, Duck, Goose



Did you see that story about the goose who went Rambo on that high school golfer who got too close to her nest? No joke. There is a reason they are called fowl (foul).

Now, I don't have any memories involving a goose of the avian type. However, I am mortal enemies with one of their close relatives. Here is my duck story.

Early on in my marriage, my wife did most of the cooking but as we had two small boys, I thought it necessary every so often to grill some meat. Arrrrgh. (my best Tim Allen caveman impression.) So I went and bought a mini grill – a Smoky Joe – table top edition. Having no outdoor table, I set it up on our concrete landing pad in the back yard overseeing a lovely lake view. The grill stood no higher than my calves.

I bought some beautiful sirloins, seasoned them, lit the charcoal, waited for the flames to die down, and then put the meat on the grill fully expecting a wonderfully manly meal. I was so much in the testosterone zone that I decided to go inside and crack a beer to toast our temporary departure from salad and tofu.

When I came back to the grill, and I was gone for only a moment, I saw a duck circling my grill. I froze in my tracks. He looked at me. I warned him, "Oh no you don't!"

I swear... he smiled. And then he did a snatch and run. He plucked a steak off the grill and took a duck line straight toward the lake.

I grabbed my spatula and gave chase, dropping my beer. As I began to gain on him, he must have recognized the futility of his position. He dropped the steak in the grass and sped up toward the lake.

I picked the steak up, brushed off the dirt and duck saliva and put it back on the grill. I told my family the story and we all had a good laugh. I assured them that I served myself the duck steak but in all honesty, I kind of forgot where it was on the grill when it came time for dinner.

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