

# THE GREAT LEAF BLOWER REBELLION

It was Saturday morning, much too early, when the leaves were still flying and the weekly ritual of lawn maintenance at Magnolia Point suddenly announced its arrival in full on, noisy pitch. Libby Gable on Medinah, a woman known for a meticulous nature that extended from her prize-winning roses to the precisely raked lines in her lawn, had hired "Green Sweep Genies" for the spring cleanup. Three young men in bright green shirts buzzed across her property, their machines exhaling torrents of golden and russet leaves.

Suddenly, a disruption to the suburban symphony waddled into view on her doorbell camera feed. A large Canada goose, its sleek black neck contrasting sharply with its pale breast, strutted onto her porch with an air of undeniable authority. Behind it, like a feathered entourage, trailed four more geese, their beady eyes fixed on the swirling vortex of leaves, and the assembled lawn crew. Then, the goose at the door rang the bell! In her kitchen, Libby found herself both startled by the 'ding-dong' on her display, and puzzled by what could possibly have made her, without pause, reply, *'May I help you?'* to the face of a goose peering into the camera! But then, what else to do? And of course the sound of Libby's voice startled the goose, who responded with an equally startling high-pitched *'Cluck!'*



Out on the lawn, Kevin, the Green Sweep Genie closest to the street, barely registered the avian arrival until one goose let out a sharp, indignant honk. It was a sound that cut through the whine of his leaf blower, a feathered declaration of war. Before Kevin could react, the goose spread its impressive wings, its silhouette filling the wide-angle lens, and charged towards the nearest pile of freshly blown leaves, scattering them with a disdainful flap.

*"Hey! Get outta here, you feathered menace!"* Kevin yelled over the roar of his machine, taking a step towards the goose.

This only seemed to embolden the avian intruder. With another strident honk, it turned its attention to the duct hose on Kevin's blower, its sharp beak making a surprisingly effective jab, and, being behind his elbow, a hard spot to defend. To Kevin's utter astonishment, the other geese followed suit, pecking and tugging at the ducts and throttle sticks of the blowers like they were particularly annoying earthworms.

One managed to latch onto a coupling, its pecking and tugging eventually separating the hose from the blower with a frustrated sigh of expelled air and the high-pitched whine of unrestricted airflow. Kevin stared, dumbfounded, as his colleagues sputtered and cursed, their leaf-blowing advantage significantly diminished.

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It was at this moment of peak suburban absurdity that Agnes Periwinkle, a renowned but slightly eccentric ornithologist from the Long Cove Court, ambled into the frame. Agnes, clad in sensible walking shoes and a tweed vest adorned with numerous bird pins, had been enjoying her morning constitutional, binoculars clutched in her hand, when the unusual commotion caught her attention.

She stopped at the edge of Libby's lawn, and though certainly close enough to see, continued peering through her binoculars with an expression of utter fascination. The sight of five large Canada geese actively sabotaging lawn maintenance equipment was, to put it mildly, unprecedented in her extensive birdwatching career. "Good heavens," she murmured to herself, adjusting her spectacles. "I've never seen such... organized aggression in *Branta canadensis*. Note the coordinated attack on the air duct couplings! Remarkable!" Kevin, his face flushed with a mixture of annoyance and bewilderment, threw his hands up in the air. "Lady, can you...do something? They're attacking our equipment!"

Agnes lowered her binoculars, her eyes wide with scientific wonder. "Interfere? But this is a fascinating display of interspecies conflict! Observe the lead gander's tactical prowess!" She raised her binoculars again, completely engrossed.

The Ring camera continued to record the surreal scene: the frustrated Green Sweep Genies attempting to wrangle rebellious geese, the air filled with angry honks and the sputtering of malfunctioning leaf blowers, and Agnes Periwinkle, oblivious to the chaos, meticulously documenting the "*Great Leaf Blower Rebellion*" with scholarly enthusiasm. The perfectly manicured lawns of Magnolia Point had, for a brief and bizarre interlude, become a battleground in a war waged with wings and wayward leaves, Canada Geese 1-0!

- STORY, PHOTOS: EDITOR

