



The Great Tea Biscuit Caper

One Saturday morning a few years ago, I happened upon a flock of loudly squawking seagulls in a small park by the Ottawa River. It turned out that one of the flock had captured a tea biscuit and was looking for a quiet spot to dine. Fat chance. Within minutes, the single biscuit was torn asunder to make two.

In a gesture to multiculturalism,
a pair of Mallards
flew in.













