

# The Ostrich



## The Ostrich by Frank Belknap Long

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

Language : English  
File size : 892 KB  
Text-to-Speech : Enabled  
Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Word Wise : Enabled  
Print length : 21 pages



By Frank Belknap Long

I am haunted by an ostrich.

It is not a real ostrich, of course. It is a figment of my imagination. But it is as real to me as if it were flesh and blood. I can see it clearly in my mind's eye, with its long neck and its beady eyes. I can hear it calling to me in its strange, guttural voice.

The ostrich first appeared to me in a dream. I was walking through a desert, and I saw it standing in the distance. It was so large and imposing that I was filled with a sense of awe. I tried to approach it, but it ran away from me. I chased after it, but it was too fast for me.

I woke up from the dream feeling terrified. I knew that the ostrich was a symbol of something, but I didn't know what. I tried to forget about it, but I

couldn't. The image of the ostrich stayed with me, and it began to haunt me.

I started to see the ostrich everywhere I went. I would see it in the corner of my eye, or I would hear its call in the distance. I couldn't escape it. The ostrich was always there, lurking in the shadows.

The ostrich began to affect my life in a negative way. I became withdrawn and anxious. I couldn't sleep at night, and I couldn't concentrate on my work. I was afraid to leave my house, because I was afraid that the ostrich would be waiting for me.

I tried to talk to my friends and family about the ostrich, but they didn't understand. They thought I was crazy. I knew that I wasn't crazy, but I couldn't prove it to them.

I was desperate. I didn't know what to do. I felt like I was losing my mind. Then, one day, I had an idea. I decided to write about the ostrich. I thought that if I could put my thoughts and feelings down on paper, I would be able to exorcise the ostrich from my mind.

I started to write about the ostrich every day. I wrote about how it haunted me, and how it affected my life. I wrote about my fears and my anxieties. I wrote about everything that I had been feeling.

As I wrote, I began to feel better. The ostrich started to lose its power over me. I was no longer afraid of it. I was no longer haunted by it.

I finished writing about the ostrich a few weeks later. I felt a sense of relief and liberation. I had finally exorcised the ostrich from my mind. I was free.

I still think about the ostrich sometimes, but it no longer haunts me. It is just a memory now, a reminder of a time when I was struggling with my mental health.

I am grateful that I was able to write about the ostrich. It helped me to overcome my fears and anxieties. It helped me to find my voice. And it helped me to find my peace.



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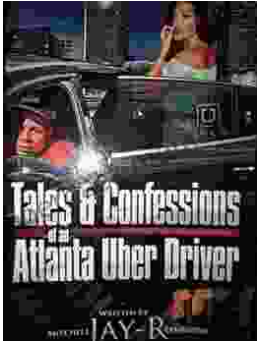
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