

# father

1. Noun \_\_\_\_\_

2. Noun \_\_\_\_\_

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Once upon a time there was a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_. This man was born of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ - smack dab in the middle of many. He fought for his food and for empty air space to share his opinion amidst a cacophony of voices. As a respite this man - who was a boy at the time - ventured into the welcoming arms of the Pennsylvania forest. Here he would make friends with his true friends - the birds. He learned to speak their language and sing their songs. He recognized their subtleties and learned from their kind and humble nature. He would grow beyond the forest though. He learned that he was just as friendly with a field and friends and took center stage on the pitchers mound. Here he gained notable fame - the proof was in the papers - headlines reading Fuzz Gehman throws another no-hitter. Fuzz was his nickname due to his scant amounts of hair. That was no bother to him - for a real bird travels without hair - and no hair was needed to serve a wicked windmill on the mound. So, with the wings of a bird and a successful speed - he glided his way through life noticing that nature always seemed to catch his eye and be on his side. He traveled east to west - visiting, roaming, learning - only to find himself once again back in the arms of PA with his new family and old. Today you can catch a glimpse of him if you are very lucky - for he rarely stays in one place too long. He prefers to follows the birds to their homes and his: PA, VA and the western coast of sunshine.