

The Life of an Abbott's Booby from Its Own Eyes

One day I was waddling along the beach on Christmas Island, waiting for my mate to arrive. I would call for him every once in a while but there was no response. Day after night I would go out on the beach and call for him, still no response. Until one day, the last day I would try. By now all the other boobies had laid and were sitting on their one and only egg.

I flew down to the beach and started calling. A few minutes in, I was already losing hope, but I didn't give up. I went on for a whole half hour flying and waddling up and down the beach, looking and calling for him. I turned around and headed back to our nest, sad, heartbroken, and hopeless. As I was flying I was thinking, thinking about what could have happened to him. I started to hallucinate about him, when we met, the first time we flew together, how nice his voice was. I even heard his voice in my head.

I snapped back to reality but I still heard him. I tried to shake it out of my head but it seemed however hard I tried it wouldn't stop. Then it happened. The sound of his voice, his real voice! I turned around and flew as fast as I could towards him. As he came into sight I suddenly felt weightless. I went faster, so fast I almost ran into him. I flew around him so excitedly, he squawked in excitement. As we flew towards our nest I asked what had taken so long; he said it was a long story. We got to our nest and we started to "comb" each other with our beaks. Then I laid our egg and started to incubate it. We would take turns keeping it warm – we switch every two days. I sat there for the first two days then we switched. This went on for a while until we were 30 or so days in when a sound I have never heard before came into hearing. It was a deep rumble. It shook the ground. I saw birds erupting from the trees ahead and then heard the sound of cracking trees.

I was confused, this had never happened. The rumble got closer, shaking the trees. My mind raced, please make it stop! The cracking got louder and louder, hundreds of birds flew up into the sky. The trees only a hundred feet in front of me started to fall. It seemed like a monster swallowing everything in its path. Then it hit our tree. We started to fall. I tried to fly but I reacted too late. As I hit the ground everything went black, and it never became light again.