

## The Creaux of Bacchus

“Look at them; they’re celebrating their silly little holiday again,” grumbled the crow who sat perfectly poised on a purple perch. He likes to call himself Edgar Allen Creaux, but his friends and family simply call him Eddie. The intelligent bird has been around for quite some time, and even to the point that he had caught on to how the humans celebrate their holiday. “Ah yes, their beloved Mardi Gras,” he croaked and rolled his eyes. Humans were such interesting and utterly amusing creatures to him. For they would celebrate the beginning of Lent by throwing things at one another. He would occasionally snicker to himself when someone would get hit on the head by those things that they called beads.

The Krewe of Bacchus, one of New Orleans’ most popular parades, was strolling through St. Charles Avenue that day. The streets were bustling with people in hopes of having an exciting time. Eddie could never comprehend why those weird humans liked doing these things. The bird thought to himself, “Wouldn’t finding a shiny rock or piece of meat be more worth celebrating?” Either way, he was still slightly determined to find out what exactly made this holiday so exciting for them.

Eddie flew to a balcony railing and perched himself so that he could see the ecstatic humans. He gave a caw of annoyance when a bead almost hit him. However, his crow instincts had gotten the better of him. He noticed how the purple bead shone in the lamppost light. He decided to swoop down and quickly grab the dazzling bead. Once he locked the bead in his beak, he flew up to the balcony once more. The bead was rather small, which was most likely why it was discarded. It just so happened to be the perfect size for Eddie to wear if he wrapped it around

his neck twice. He then flew down to a building with a glass window and checked his appearance, which he found to be quite flattering with the shiny bead atop his beautiful black feathers. He could feel his mood rising, and he even began to feel a bit more bold.

Once he was finished by the building, he wanted to see what else he could find. He could not believe his excitement about something that made him so miserable every year. Just then, he heard the crowds begin to yell “Glow sticks!”

Eddie turned around and saw thin, round sticks that were flying through the air. They were bizarre and ever so beautiful to Eddie. He knew he wanted one, so he set off to claim one in a hurry. Eddie could see that the humans were wearing the bigger ones around their necks and the smaller ones around their wrists. He found a small glow stick leaning on the lamppost, which he happily grabbed and put around his neck. Once the big moving contraption that the goodies were thrown from was gone, he could hear some music moving towards him. The fabulously dressed crow flew up to the balcony once more and perched himself so that he could see the band. Filled with joy, the bird sang along with his enthusiastic caws.

Pretty soon, Eddie saw something else drop to the ground. As he glanced around to see what it was, a glorious scent filled his nostrils. The sweet, savory scent took him by the tongue and led him to a spot by the humans. After swooping down to the pavement, the bird found himself by a bit of food. It smelled sweet with hints of sugary cinnamon with drizzles of white icing.

“Oh no! I dropped my king cake,” whined a little boy.

“So that must be what this scrumptious-looking dessert is called,” Eddie thought. The boy then ran off to go grab another piece. Eddie took this as his opportunity to snatch a few bites

or maybe even claim the entire thing for himself, seeing that no one else wanted it. As he took his first bite, a burst of enchanted flavor entered his beak, leaving him overjoyed and in absolute awe of this exquisite treat. How could the humans keep this all to themselves! He scarfed the rest of the cake down and continued on his journey for Mardi Gras goodies.

Eddie then heard a child yell, “Another float!” whilst pointing towards the big contraption.

“So that’s what they must be called,” the bird thought to himself. This one was huge, and it had three floats combined into one.

The father of the child said, “Yeah, it’s the Baccagator, kiddo!” Eddie was able to see the big alligator head getting closer to the crowds. It frightened him for a moment because he could see its head moving and smoke coming out of his nostrils. He knew that alligators could not possibly grow to be this large, so he found his courage once more and flew over to its head. The bird landed on the top of the gator’s nose and listened to the people’s joyful howls.

Eddie then hopped over towards one of the humans, who was throwing the beads and other goodies to the crowds. He was dressed in green and had on a mask and alligator hat. The bold bird perched himself next to the man and watched him throw the beads. The man took notice of the strangely dressed bird and handed him a bead, to which Eddie gratefully accepted. The bird then took off and dropped the bead for one of the humans to catch. He flew back to the float and kept dropping different goodies like doubloons, stuffed animals, light-up wands, and more for the people. Pretty soon, he finally understood why this holiday was exciting for the humans.

After a while, some news reporters nearby noticed the extra “float rider” and decided to film a story about him to put on the local news. Eddie was soon declared the “Baccacreaux,” and he was seen at every Bacchus parade following that year. The Krewe of Bacchus even made attempts to safely capture Eddie and take care of him during the year. They finally ended up succeeding one day, and Eddie lived the rest of his life letting the good times roll.