

## Jake's Adventures



**Conclusion:** Ears ringing from the bells of Venice, Jake and Patti experience the perils of a tourist abroad. In the concluding episode, Jake befriends a gaggle of pigeons...much to his long-suffering wife's disgust.

## Aloha Venezia!

This place is for the birds.



**By Jake Satin-Jacobs**

Irritated, worn out, wet and nearly deaf, we boarded a vaporetto and headed back to the center of town.

The Piazza San Marco is the pivot point for all tourism in Venice. The piazza is well known for its pigeons. They are the size of roasting hens and very aggressive.

Despite the rain, which continued to fall, though more lightly, the square was full of birds. I found them fascinating, while Patti found them annoying. I bought a packet of corn from one of the vendors in the square and started feeding them.

Patti suggested I stop. I refused. She commanded me to "stop playing with those disgusting ...things." I was in no mood to obey.

"It's fun," I told her as I scattered some corn at my feet. Birds flocked to me like lawyers to a hand-written codicil.

"Stop it!" screamed Patti. "Stop it, they're filthy."

"Nonsense. They're corn-fed, hand-raised Italian pigeons," I replied, putting some corn on my shoulders. "You ought to try it."

"That's disgusting," she screeched.

### Flashback to Maui

Suddenly, I was in the water off Maui, peas in hand.

"Here. Try," I said and held out a handful of corn. Patti backed away.

"Get away from me," she warned. My pigeon buddies and I stepped closer and looked into the space just above her head. The rain had stopped and the brilliant blue of the Venetian sky filled the frame.

Everything moved in slow motion as my hand rose and I released a full load of corn into the air above her. I was instantly deserted by my fowl friends, who took flight in the direction of my wide-eyed bride and the kernels floating in the air above her.

She flailed and shrieked and ran from the square, chased by pigeons that had spotted stray bits of corn wedged between her knapsack and her coat.

As I wandered across the piazza in the general direction of my fleeing mate, I thought, "I like Venice."

Joy is not in the place, but in the attitude one brings to the place.

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in Transit Operations.**

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**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Although metro.net has offered monthly columns by Jake Satin-Jacobs for more than a year, this is the first serialized article we've run. We'd like to know what you think. Please forward your comments to Editor Bill Heard at [heardw@mta.net](mailto:heardw@mta.net).

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