

“Hi, folks. If you're just joining us, we're sitting down with Eddy the Eagle, a talking eagle and renowned mascot of the College of the Siskiyous.

“Now Eddy, it's one thing to be a talking eagle. That's already quite an accomplishment. But what uh, drove you to represent the College of the Siskiyous? Did you have any prior relationship with the college before deciding to come on board as their full time mascot?”

“That's a great question, Karen. Um, well I feel like I've been around the Mt. Shasta and Weed area my whole life. Now I'm an eagle obviously (both laugh), a bird you know, so we migrate. I've been flying back and forth from Sonoma County to Washington State about once a year for my whole life. And I can remember all the way back from when I was two being in the sky. My mom was leading the flock, you know, she's the tip of the V. My dad's next to her and he's sleeping. Me and my brothers are in the back and we're fighting the whole time and driving her nuts. So, by the time we get past Redding and we see that mountain, me and my brothers are going crazy 'cause we want to land in the meadow in South Weed and eat all the worms, right? And my mom, she's like, done with us. She wants a break, so we land and my dad's like, “Why are we stopping?” Right, and my mom's like, “You were sleeping the whole time. Why do you care?” Eddy dips his beak in the bottle of water on the table next to him. “You know they're doing their whole thing.”

“Eddy, if I might interrupt you for a second.”

“Sure Karen.”

“You said you and your brothers ate worms. This isn't usual behavior for bald eagles, correct?”

“That's right. our parents raised us as Canadian geese.”

“Now Eddy, we understand you also have a book coming out, *Behind the Plumage*. Can you give us some insight into your highly anticipated autobiography?”

“Sure Karen. My book goes into my life as an early eaglet, talks about the stuff that was happening in my life around that time. Life as an eagle isn't everything it's supposed to be. People have this image in their minds of a bird flying high in the sky, surveying his domain, you know. Swooping down at a hundred miles an hour and picking up a deer right? But, there's also a lot of challenges we as a species have to overcome. You're high up in the sky you know, that's pretty cool, but you know what else is up there? Yeah, airplanes. So, my cousin, may he rest in peace...it's a Wednesday and there's this Southwest plane...actually never mind. You'll have to read my book.”

“Now, in your book you talk about getting kicked out of the nest by your mom and you hit the ground instead of finding your wings, so to speak.”

“Yes, that episode in my life is always a little hard to talk about. I was the only one in the nest who couldn't fly and it took me two more tries before I was able to achieve lift. My brothers used to tease me, but here I am.”

“Here you are. It's really something. Eddy, I have one last question for you. You've starred in some major Disney productions. Forbes thinks you're one of the highest paid eagles in the business. And it's all because you're a talking eagle. Demand for you is higher than ever, studios are bending over backwards to get you to appear in their feature productions alongside a CGI squirrel. But, there's some talk being made that your book is really only getting this much attention because it was written by a talking eagle. They say you're trying to ditch the role—ditch being typecast as a loveable talking animal. What do you have to say to these allegations?”

“Well Karen, I think my work speaks for itself. People are right to be excited. I've directed independent films, I'm starting a production company. I'm an artist. I have a vision. Yes, I'm a talking eagle and for some reason that's sometimes all people can see.”

“I understand. Well folks, it looks like we're out of time. Eddy, thank you so much for joining us.”

“Thanks Karen, it's been great. Anytime.”

“Eddy Eagle everyone! Thanks for watching and be sure to catch *Behind the Plumage* in stores this December!”

*Author: Tanner George, COS Student*