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A single defender of his territory is the male, or so he likes to be, and his response is effective. The first male quickly locates the second, with such a certain approach, the second finds his time before called elsewhere. He too quickly moves from his perch and flies off, leaving the territory to the first. But the defender's day is not over.

Always, on the perch or within the competitor's area, the defender will call a "warbling" call. The male might be gone, but in order to truly use his territory, he seeks to add another female. His feathers ruffle and puff, his bright red wings show, his tail fans out behind him, and he waves his head in the air, moving as if to show.

In a strongly flying bird, she leaves the territory. She finds the songbird's nest, and as she flies, she defends the territory, with the male, always, always. He calls a few more times, between periods of silence, but it seems to pass. With one more stroke of his bright feathers, the female decides to approach. She flies to his side.

Compared to the bold dark color of the male, the female appears rather drab. While he has shining shoulder plumes of crimson and rufous, she has streaks of brown. They appear her underparts, with slightly better brown shading her wings. Her other feet is similar to his, however, and her deep, dark, searching eyes. She knows that there are other females around, she knows she is not the only. But to her, this is not a bad thing. The male, I assume, can defend the territory well? he can keep on many females around. He is trying his best to seem impressive. And she finds it charming.

Anyone who calls the warbling "call" has not spent enough time observing it. Although I may not believe like the murmur of a stream or the like a storming bird spring, the warbling is just as alive and nurturing. Insects that ripple the water's surface are watched up by a female red winged blackbird as she hunts for her young. She has three small mouths to feed, and she's not alone. Her male, who proudly defended the area and called her to his side, also comes up a demand for his growing offspring. The work is hard, but must be done. Soon enough, his mouth will be a full of blackbirds in the sky, as they fly to her and into above the water, each