

found that my hands had turned into wings.

Suddenly, all of the whole world was covered in silver. I cheerfully lifted my wings and flew to the terrace outside the window. There I changed into a beautiful cardinal. He had all bright red feathers. I couldn't help but sing with him, celebrating the ice-covered world with a beautiful melody. Pair after pair of males, like us, stayed together to witness and face the world together. We kept from branch to branch, sharing the flustering excitement. Our red and pale yellow feathers glowed in the sunlight like tiny flames on a snowy white background. We held our downy tails by tails, grasping this ice kingdom that belonged to us. I have a feeling that he is the only one for my whole life. We are inseparable, I realized.

Suddenly, I felt a chill and realized that the feathers on my back were falling off one by one. Something I think and inhaled was wrong, and it was causing my feathers to fall. I realized that it was the polluted water causing me to get sick. In a moment of panic, I try to flap my wings to escape from this fate. However, something tightly trapped me so I could I period awhile.

I sat up in bed, the remarkable song of the cardinal around me echoing in my ears. It turned out that I hadn't turned into a cardinal, it was just a winter dream. The snow was still falling outside the window, and the North American cardinal was still singing happily on the