

suburban neighborhood, which is a haven for wildlife. Among the various visitors, there was a particular red-winged blackbird. I call him Lucky.

Lucky is a baby red-winged blackbird who just learned how to fly. He was a striking bird with glossy black feathers that shimmered in the sunlight, and his most distinguishing feature was the vibrant red patch on each of his wings. His parents have made our backyard their home last year, and I love to watch him when I finish my homework.

Every morning, as the sun began to rise, Lucky would perch on a tall oak tree that stood at the corner of the yard. From there, he would serenade the world with his melodic song. He is also learning how to fly recently. I placed a small bird feeder in the yard, filled with seeds and berries to ensure Lucky had plenty to eat. I hope Lucky could grow fonder and fly as high as his parents.

Lucky, with his vibrant red wing patches, became a symbol of hope, love, and the beauty of the natural world in my daily life.