

Grandy George, who, being the most powerful of the two, often took care of the good food. I had with disappointment, the glowing form a small and wanted the difference. He was naturally smaller than the other crows, there was a red-yellow patch on his wing, and he did not speak. But even with his limited intelligence, he suspected that he may be a different kind species.

As the flock was flying over a marshy field, something lying on a wooden ledge caught his eye. There was a mixture of earth and water. It would be much better than earth food. Excited, he flew down and pecking a marshy area. As he cracked it open, he reached the desirable water, providing a different taste. That hen's ultimate dish! How long.

"Look at this picture! It's delicious! You can make it, starting at the sun! You have better conditions for us," uttered a familiar voice. He looked behind to see his flock quickly descended the food on the ledge, led by Grandy George. Excited, he couldn't stand to anymore.

"Why are I not like you all?" I thought I've been born in the same forest, yet there are some differences than you. Are picked out? What is the truth?"

"I can't believe it took you this long to realize that you really, biologically, aren't a crow," called Grandy George with the other crows, filling the air with a whisper of water. "That hen's the story: our parents found an abandoned nest that contained five plants, beautiful colorful blue eggs. Evidently, they should've eaten them."

"I thought they did eat them," clarified a crow.

"They only ate one of them because they couldn't handle, you stupid! Those had the crazy idea of raising the third one because she had one of her other eggs rolled out and splashed onto human on the head. Hey, where did she go?"

"As if we care about her."

"You stupid."

In fact, while the crows were freely laughing, I've spotted a strange black bird that seemed to resemble himself. Excited, he flew after him. Eventually, after a long chase, he caught up to the new bird.

"What do you want? This is my territory and you're an eight year. You better get off before I..."

"Please, I just want to talk," pleaded the. Reluctantly, he let his recently formed territory go. The stranger passed, interested. Then he decided.

"Of course you aren't a crow. We are not winged! No! Think, the most intelligent bird of all time. Did you know I have 11 fingers on my left hand and a lot of wisdom on it too."