

empty these few days. These noisy, two-legged creatures (what are they called?) Oh, humans) have started construction on a new square nest at the edge of my territory. They've practically covered away all the wildlife in the area with their huge, yellow, dirt-eating feet. I can't leave my territory though, because finding a new patch of earth to nest on would be such a hassle. But these coward humans go closer to my location every day. Perhaps it would be wise to try and explore some new land if things get too grimy.

After unsuccessfully observing my surroundings for another fifteen minutes, I stretched out my long grey wings. The hot rays of the afternoon sun that seeped through the dirt tree's leaves lit up part of my wings a fiery crimson. I flexed my legs and gave a powerful push in the direction I wanted to go. Lifting into the air, I relished the cool wind under my wings. It felt good to stretch my wings periodically. I scowled at the tips of the trees and surveyed my surroundings for a potential mate. Or food. I'm so hungry, I could eat a whole bird feeder! Suddenly, I saw a green grey bird at the left corner of my vision. Could it be a female? I quickly turned left to follow her. I flapped my wings harder. I was going on her. This could be my wing day! But as I looked closer at her plumage, I saw bits of blue feathers on her head. This was not a female, it was a molting juvie male! Irritated and fury poured from my head to the tips of my tail feathers. I cannot allow any males on my territory. I'll show him he doesn't! Of course a male like you (he sure wouldn't) know any better than to stupidly flap around their wings in someone else's territory! I teach him a lesson. This intruder hasn't noticed me hovering above him yet. I dove down towards him, close underneath, and as soon as my sharp claws dug into his plumage, he let out a scream of fear and shock. He tumbled plummeted to the ground and hit the dirt floor hard. I perched at his head and roared ferociously while keeping him pinned to the ground. He was too shocked to do anything except submit helplessly to my grip. Finally, he managed to wiggle out of my claws and fled as fast as he could, with dirt and twigs in his feathers. I shook out his feathers that I ripped from his back and took off in the opposite direction with my chest puffed with pride. (would he wouldn't dare put a single light feather