

Although Northern Cardinals don't migrate, I usually don't enjoy the cold season.

During the warm season my fellow Northern Cardinals and I sing to each other, using the warm air. But during the cold season, we use much less cold air to sing. Out of the more than twenty-four songs I know, the song we call 'A Warm Morning' is my favorite.

A tweet could be heard somewhere nearby, calling for help. Whoever tweeted seemed to be in danger, so I decided to look for whoever tweeted.

After flying for quite a bit, I found who was calling for help. A young Northern Cardinal had her wing trapped in a crack in the tree. Don't ask me how in the Northern Cardinal world she got there, but she needed help!

The look was still black, meaning she was really young. Where was her mother? What was she doing all alone?

"Don't worry, I'll help you!" I tweeted to her, landing next to her. I grabbed her small wing in my beak, tugging it from the crack in the tree it was stuck in.

"Thank you!" She chirped in a high pitched voice.

"It's very dangerous in the cold season. An Eastern Blue Jay could come out of nowhere and take you!" I chirped, and the young Northern Cardinal solemnly looked away.

"I am only thirteen days old, and just learned how to fly. I'm sorry for bothering you," she chirped. Her voice filled with fear. "Just know where to stay, for my mother got rid of me."

"No one came with me? I've been on my own for quite a while, and I know all the safe places! Pine trees are my favorite place to stay," I tweeted to her, and her beak was lighting up with excitement.

"Thank you!" She chirped, and I took off. We flew together back to the pine tree, landing on my favorite branch.

We decided to sleep, sitting close together to keep us warm. I used to be a lonely bird, but maybe I have found my new best friend.

"Night, little one," I sang to her, closing my eyes.

"Night," I heard her pipe back, her voice trying through the evening.