

others. His older brothers used to always make an effort, saying things like, "When you were an egg, a pigeon dropped you in our nest," and "You're not ours."

"I can't take it anymore," Ray told himself.

Ray decided to leave his family. "They're not my true family anymore," he thought.

That night, Ray packed up all his belongings and left his hometown.

Ray followed the light to go to the big city. In the morning, Ray dropped his jaw in admiration for what he saw. Hundreds of pigeons were having breakfast.

"Wow, I've finally found my family."

Ray decided to live with them in the big city. Sometimes Ray got a stomach ache, sometimes he suffered from hemorrhoids but he was getting used to life as a pigeon.

Three months later...

One day, Ray saw a portrait hanging through the window of an art gallery. That painting reminded him of his father and brothers. Their features were vivid and colorful like a rainbow. They were the most beautiful paintings alive. Ray missed them.

"I'm not beautiful like them, but we are still family."

Ray decided to go back home. Goodbye city.

Ray spread his wings and inhaled deeply. Ray took off and flew high and mighty. Every pigeon