

We harmonize, creating melodies that echo through the forest. In our woodland homes, we have a collection of at least 16 different tones. Yet, beyond the ordinary, our songs serve a purpose—more than just a chant, we are messengers. We communicate with our mates, sharing crucial information about when to begin food in the nest. Our melodies range from alarms of hunting schedules, a complex avian language.

Living as omnivores, our cuisine is as diverse as our songs. Sunflower seeds, grains, and fruits grace our banquet, but we are also specialists in eating of the forest world—beetles, grasshoppers, caterpillars, and ants. Delivers indulging in these delights, we perform a peculiar ritual, swallowing pebbles, sand, or grit to aid our digestion, satisfying our lack of teeth. Some of our meals, particularly those with seeds, result in a spectacular wild air dispersal, dropping life-colored seeds that sprout into new vegetation.

As the sun dips towards the horizon, signaling the approaching dusk, I take flight with my cardinal comrades. We navigate through the woodlands and past cottages until we reach a deserted road, our chosen hunting ground for pebbles. Amidst the pebble search, a cardinal, blue, shiny beak with which emerges—a mysterious creature in our woodland forest.

Drawn to a glimmering light on the side of the giant beak, I investigate and find a small, shining bee. To my astonishment, inside the bee is another cardinal, identical to me! "Why does this shining bee have me in it?" I demand, but my mirrored counterpart remains silent. A comical battle begins as we peck, scratch, and flap our wings, creating a spectacle that only intensifies when the shrew-like beak falls away, leaving us in a flurry of feathers.

Returning home, our comrade passes the cottages and observes the inhabitants of the woodlands. The cardinal beak is no longer a mysterious creature, but a small, shiny