

the heavy, iridescent feathers. He looks large, but he is only with his signature, bright colors, plastered across his worn coat of feathers.

The young one spots a cluster of seeds. He carefully begins feeding on them, afraid of one slipping out of sight. After his meal, the dull birding takes flight, searching for his mother's nest among the trees, yearning to move sure she's fed. He finds his mother in a beautiful, extravagant pine tree, feeding her newest arrivals. He watches silently, unable not to delight in his powerful food.

Before leaving the beautiful woodland, the birding sings his early morning song, excited to be full after a lovely breakfast and visit with his mother. More male birdings, old and young, find him in his hideout by the woods, and join in on his early song. They sing together happily, wishing the chorus could last forever. They know it can't though, because they must continue on with their daily routines. As the birdings begin flying out of the area, the birding follows, ready to continue his day of feeding and watching other friends perform their own routines.

After the birding spends his early routine for a couple of years, he finally sheds his identity he had gotten used to all of his life. This identity was replaced with a new, bright and colorful coat. The birding is finally perfect, and he is accepting his new life of being loved and adored for his plethora of colors covering his lumpy figure. Soon, the perfect birdings new style will attract a mate. This beautiful bird will have a family of his own, just like his powerful, delicate mother, and her children: his brothers and sisters.