

The Birdfeeder Battle



By Lydia



A day at my favorite place - the birdfeeder under the elm! I ruffle my feathers and gulp down five seeds before my eyes land on Spencer squirrel - that bushy tailed cheater is running toward me.



Spencer scampers up the pole and chatters, "It's my turn on the feeder. You've been here too long!" He flicks his tail in my face, pushing me off the feeder! Then he shoves seeds into his mouth - knocking some to the ground with his tail.



"Spencer, you are the rudest creature on earth," I blurt out.

"Well I've got a full tummy," Spencer taunts, sticking out his tongue.

"You and your tummy," I scoff. "I'm hungry too! If only I could get you off this feeder!"

"Well I don't want you on this feeder either," snaps Spencer.



"Fine! Let's have a contest" I say.
"The first one to the top of the
tree gets the feeder to themselves
- forever."

"OK, of course I'll win. I can climb
like the wind." Spencer brags.

"If you're so sure, let's see.
Three... two... one... Go!"



Spencer bounds up the tree. I flap as hard as I can.

"Come on" I implore myself. Spencer is gaining speed; he is ahead of me. NO! I whip my wings and catch up. As the top of the tree draws near, I plead with myself. "Just a little faster." I'm getting tired.



Bam! We tie at the top of
the tree, when both of us land on the
tiny branch it shakes under our weight.



Snap! The branch gives way!
Tumbling, tumbling, we fall, then I sweep
outward with my wings. Suddenly, my
eyes land on Spencer, - spiraling toward
the ground-terror in his eyes.
I can't stand to watch.



It's the moment to act.
I tuck my wings and dive. The air
feels cool on my feathers. I sweep
under Spencer and he lands on my
back. Tears roll down his face as
I land us both on the bird feeder.



"You're terrific," Spencer sighs,
"This birdfeeder is yours, forever!"
"Take some seeds, my friend,"
I chirp. "There's enough to share."