

I am a Peregrine Falcon named Sheenfeather. When I was a chick, my nest was on a granite cliff over a forest, lake, and meadow. I am here to tell you about my life as a falcon.

I was a juvenile, flapping my wings on the edge of my nest with my siblings, Rainstorm and Highwing. We were playing a game of who-can-flap higher. Just then, our mother, Windycliff flew in with a rabbit and squawked, "It's time for you guys to actually fly. Be very careful. High, go first."

High hesitated and said, "Why do I have to go first?"

Windy squawked, "Just jump and spread your wings!"

High jumped and spread wings and started plummeting toward the lake.

"Flap!" Windy screeched. "I can't help you."

High started flapping and landed on the ground. Windy soared over to him. They flew onto a branch and then Windy came back to the nest. Rain was positively shivering with excitement as Windy said, "Rain, go."

Rain launched himself from the nest and sent feathers and gravel flying from it. He flapped to where High was sitting and whispered something into his ear.

Windy said, "Your turn, Sheen."

I looked down off the cliff. It was a long way down. Then I jumped and felt myself plummeting towards the trees

"Spread your wings!" Windy screeched.

I spread them just in time as my underwing feathers glazed the leaves. I flapped and landed clumsily on the branch next to High and Rain. Rain immediately hissed in my ear, "I've been practicing while you guys were asleep."

"Why didn't you wake us up?"

But just then Windy and our father, Stonewing, landed next to me.

Stone said, "I'm going to teach you guys to hunt. Follow me."

Stone took off and hovered over the meadow.

"Do you see anything?" he asked, but no one answered.

"Do you hear anything?"

After a while, I said, "Yes. I can hear something in the bushes closest to the lake."

Stone swooped about 20 feet above the bushes and circled them. I got a glimpse of feathers. Suddenly High squawked, "Quail!"

A huge cloud of quail rose from the bush at the sound of his voice.

"Try to catch them!" screeched Stone as he dived amidst the quail.

The quail were flying into a bush and I dove, and crashed into one. I bit at its tail feathers, but the quail had already flown into the bush.

Stone had caught a male quail and Rain had caught a small female one. Stone's quail was struggling and spraying blood everywhere but Rain's was already dead, its blood shimmering on its glossy feathers. Stone said, "Let's bring these to the nest. Windy will guard them from thieves."

After we came back from the nest and landed on a tree I exclaimed, "Look! Pigeons!"

Stone whispered, "Rain, dive at the pigeons, no not yet. High, Sheen, make sure the pigeons fly straight towards me. I'll be on the bottom of the formation. We got into position and Rain dove at the pigeons, scattering them. High and I chased them towards Stone and he snagged a big one on his talons.

We went to the nest to take a break. Rain clouds were moving in and it was getting dark as I shared a pigeon with Windy.