

Wing

Natalie Dominguez-Cruz

As I snuck out of the orphanage at night, the moon shined the way to my tree house. No one but me knew about it. By the time I got there, I was panting and tired. But I had something important to do that couldn't wait.

The tree house was up high in the trees, hidden by the branches. To get in the tree house, you had to climb up the the oak trees branches and pull a hidden rope that lifted the trap door. It was a small space with a pile of blankets and pillows in a corner. There was a window that you could crawl out of and climb to the top of the tree where you could sit and stare at the sky. If I could, I would spend all my time here, where I felt at home.

A weak caw came from my pile of blankets and pillows. There, nestled in the middle, was a sparrow. I found it tangled in a bush, so I brought it to my tree house. The sparrow was starving and needed water. One of its wings had a nasty cut that was covered in dirt and blood. After calming it down, I cleaned the cut. Then I gave her food and water.

"I wonder what your name is," I whispered, gently holding the sparrow in my hand as I sat in the blankets and pillows. She cawed gently and snuggled closer to me.

"For now I'll call you Wing," I smiled. After awhile I must have fallen asleep because the sun was rising. Wing was snuggled on my stomach. She must have gotten there when I fell asleep. I checked her wing. It looked better than last night. Carefully I got up and lowered Wing into the blankets and pillows.

"Got to get back before they notice I'm gone," I groaned. The orphanage was in the middle of a forest, and the only place I knew. The kids always picked on me, while

the teachers loved me. It was black and white. The kids hated me, and teachers liked me. As I opened the trap door, Wing woke up. She saw me leaving and started cawing and flapping her good wing so rapidly that I had to go calm her down again.

“It’s ok, it’s ok,” I whispered. “I won’t leave you alone.” As Wing started to calm down, she pecked at my hands for more food. I did something I rarely did: I laughed. With Wing in my hands, I got to the orphanage. I had to go to the kitchen for some seeds to feed Wing. While she ate, I walked to my room to change clothes.

Apparently, Wing liked my shoulder more than my hand, so I hid her behind my hair. I looked in a mirror and saw my straight black hair, hazel eyes, and scrawny body. I hated how I looked, but with Wing chewing on my hair, I smiled a little.

I had to ask for permission to have her in the building. I bumped into Mr. Grayson and asked him. He allowed it. I thanked him and went to breakfast. Everyone was already there. Lisa bullied me the most and started coming toward me until she saw Wing on my shoulder. I smiled at Wing and sat down to eat, giving Wing some bits of bread and water. She got some water on herself and shook herself, making me laugh.

After that Wing’s wing got better, and eventually she was able to fly. She stayed with me and was on my shoulder most of the time. We both liked staying in the tree house and stayed there most of the time. We would play in the woods, Wing flying near me or resting on my shoulder, and me running or walking. I had a friend, and that was all I needed. Wing was my gray.