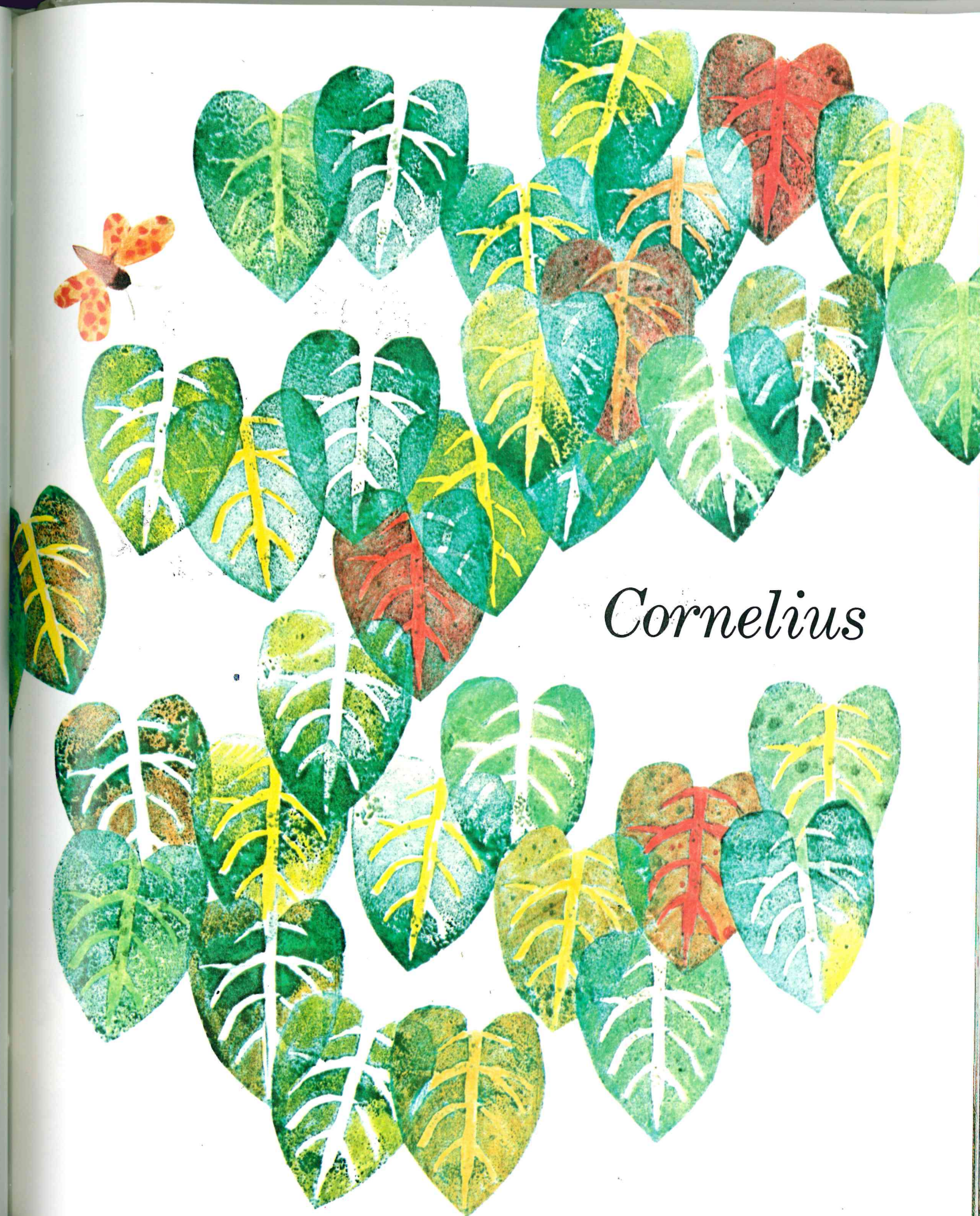




They chirped with joy. "Now you are just like us," they said. We all huddled close together. But I was so happy and excited, I couldn't sleep. I remembered the basket maker's son, the old woman, the puppeteer, and all the others I had helped with my feathers.

"Now my wings are black," I thought, "and yet I am not like my friends. We are *all* different. Each for his own memories, and his own invisible golden dreams."



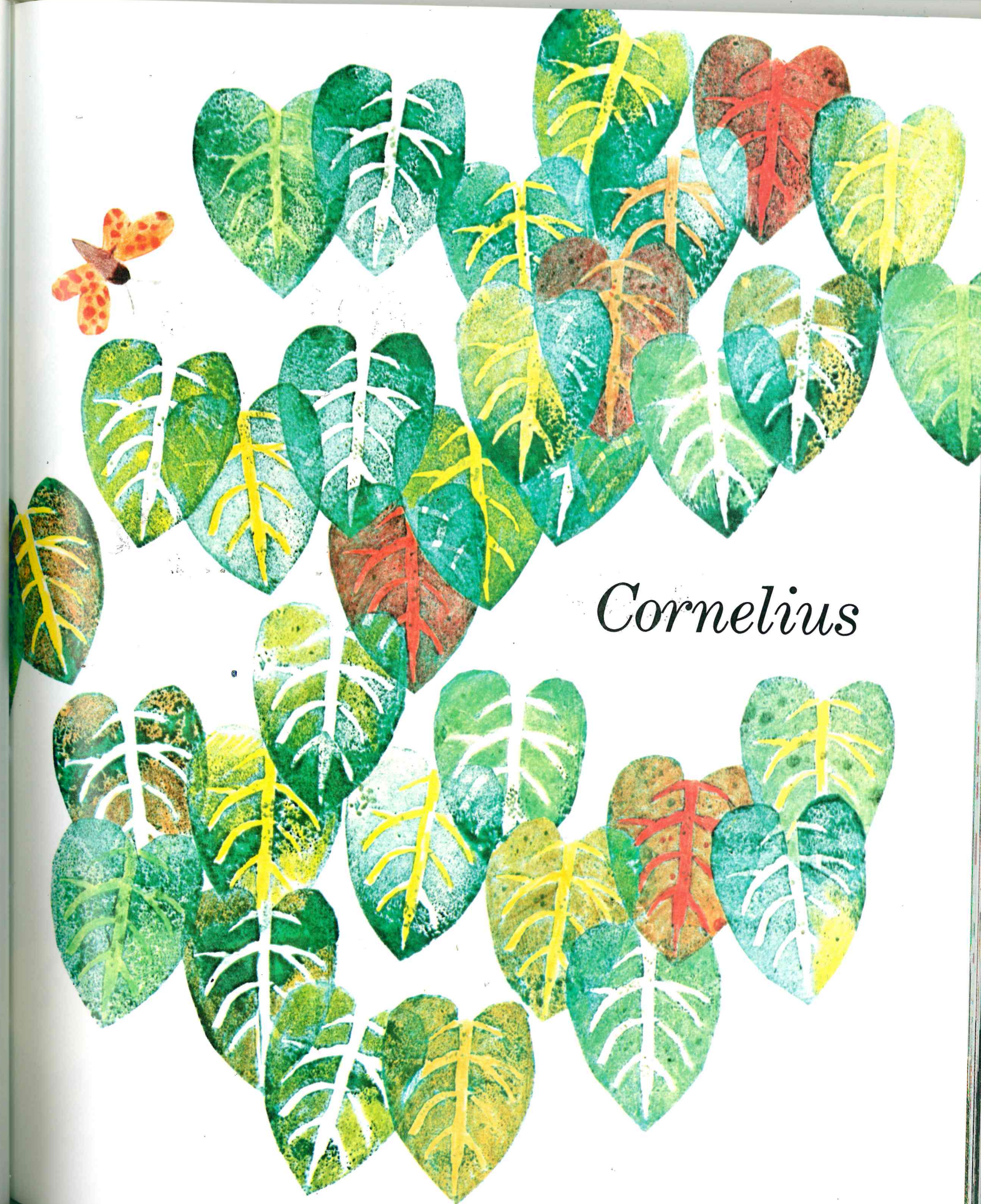
*Cornelius*





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