

It was July, the fourth to be exact, and they were on their way to see the fireworks out by Proposal Rock. The thing you need to know about Juniper Willock's family is they like to go out to places like National parks and stuff, and Juniper does not. So, when "they" decided to move out here in the middle of nowhere, she was not happy. One other thing, her brother Andrew is a little brat.

Since it was the summer and she couldn't go to school and make friends, and in result she was on her own, no friends to go hang out with. She's always wondered that if she had a dog maybe things would be better, a friend to play with whenever. The closest thing she had for a friend was her pen pal in Europe.

Once they had gotten to the beach Juniper noticed some grass blowing. *A perfect place to hide from my brother* she thought and headed to the tall grass near a large pile of rocks. "Ugh, this grass is the itchiest grass on earth!" Juniper muttered to herself.

Just as she was stumbling through the grass she saw one thing out of the ordinary, a large pile of sticks that may have looked like a nest. *What is this?* Juniper thought, and inside the nest thing was an oval shaped, green and blotchy brown egg, with a crack no less, right in the middle of the nest! *I, I think it might be hatching*, she thought as she looked around to see an angry hen or rooster near, and just then a little wet blob flopped out of the egg and into the nest!

I wonder if I should get my parents...na, this is a good chance for a friend. She thought, then she realized the chick would be cold, so she went to see if she could get one of hand warmers that her parents had because it was windy and cold in Neskowin, Organ, to warm t up. As she was running to her parents she wondered, *it will need a name, but I don't know if it's a boy or a girl. Hamilton sounds cute so why not that and it's Independence Day too!* She

hurriedly asked her parents for two hot pads and rushed back to the grass and placed the hot pads right beside the chick. “That should do the trick!” Juniper exclaimed.

As she settled in beside Hamilton and watched the sky explode as the chick became a mottled brown ball of fluff, a very hungry ball of fluff, and squawked demandingly. Just then Juniper remembered the French fries her mom had gotten her as snacks from the café on Hawk Creek. She fed little bits of a French fry to Hamilton and “he” hungrily gulped it down.

“Juniper!” her mom called from the shore, “Time to go!”

“Okay mom!” she yelled back as she gently tucked Hamilton into her coat pocket.

When they got home she grabbed a box to put Hamilton in, but before that she put a layer of soft fabric to line the box. Tomorrow she’ll put him near the creek by her house where there was an old fort hidden in trees, so far back her brother never went there (mostly because he wasn’t allowed to). It would be the perfect place to hide Hamilton!

The next day, Juniper got up at five o’clock to feed hungry Hamilton, and he almost started squawking with excitement at the sight of a huge JoJo. “Shush Hammy.” She scolded worried someone might hear him.

When she went down to breakfast she left Hamilton in her room, under her bed, and in the box sleeping. After breakfast she went upstairs to get him to take him to the old fort, and he was on her carpet squawking his head off. Sighing she placed him in the box, slipped on her shoes and walked out the door and left. As she waded to the tree fort she saw a huge salmon or trout swim right past her! *I guess I’ve never really ever appreciated just how pretty nature really is.*

The next couple of days went by fast and forgot all about being lonely, until it was the middle of August and Hamilton was growing up. One day she thought, *He doesn't look like a chicken any more he, wait he is a seagull! Wow, a seagull for a pet, no one would believe this!* So, that night she looked up almost everything about seagulls on her Kindle and found out that seagulls are omnivorous and may eat young members of their kind and that the term "seagull" is because gulls are found commonly by the sea, even though they can thrive inland too.

The days went by until school started, and Juniper entered the fifth grade in Neskowin Valley School, even though the kids began to befriend her she found no real friends other than Hamilton, and a shy girl, Beatrice. Soon Hamilton was a full-fledged gull and in result he started flying. *Soon he might leave, my only friend, gone.*

When she invited Bea to her house she took her to the old fort far back in the creek and Hamilton was very excited to have a new "friend". Juniper made Bea promise to never tell anyone about him, not even her parents. They had fun building Hamilton a bigger box to sleep in and a French fry feeder. When we left to eat dinner Hamilton was the happiest seagull in the world.

The time came when Hamilton left, and the sight of him flying off was the most beautiful thing Juniper has ever seen, and when she told Bea they both went down to the beach and they saw a large flock of seagulls picking on a slightly smaller seagull. When Juniper walked over all the seagulls flew away except for one: Hamilton.

The Flight

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