

## Evolution? I Don't Think So

*By Suzy Hopkins*

Even as a child I was fascinated by the song birds in the trees and bushes around my house. Their tiny beaks and big eyes. Their magnificent colors.

How could evolution be responsible for their splendid markings?

Take the Art Deco inspired Common Loon. Dull charcoal grey with tiny specks of white in a specific, not at all random, pattern. Plus a shiny red eye. How about the Hoatzin? It looks like a bird designed by a committee. The Tufted Coquette looks like it was conceived by a child. Royal Terns are too perfect. Their black faces and plumage drawn with the color covering exactly half of each eye. The Great Egret must have been made for queens. Where did the painted-on striped feathers come from topping a Bare-Faced Curassow? The Razorbill's precise stripes must have been drawn by a soldier. The Peacock could have been designed by an extremely vain king. The Victoria Crowned-Pigeon by a haberdasher. The Gray Crowned Crane by a woman. The Mandarin Duck by mistake.

I am extremely grateful for whatever the force was that made these, and hundreds of other fascinating, gorgeous flying creatures for me to admire.