Are we worthy
of calling
our home a nest?

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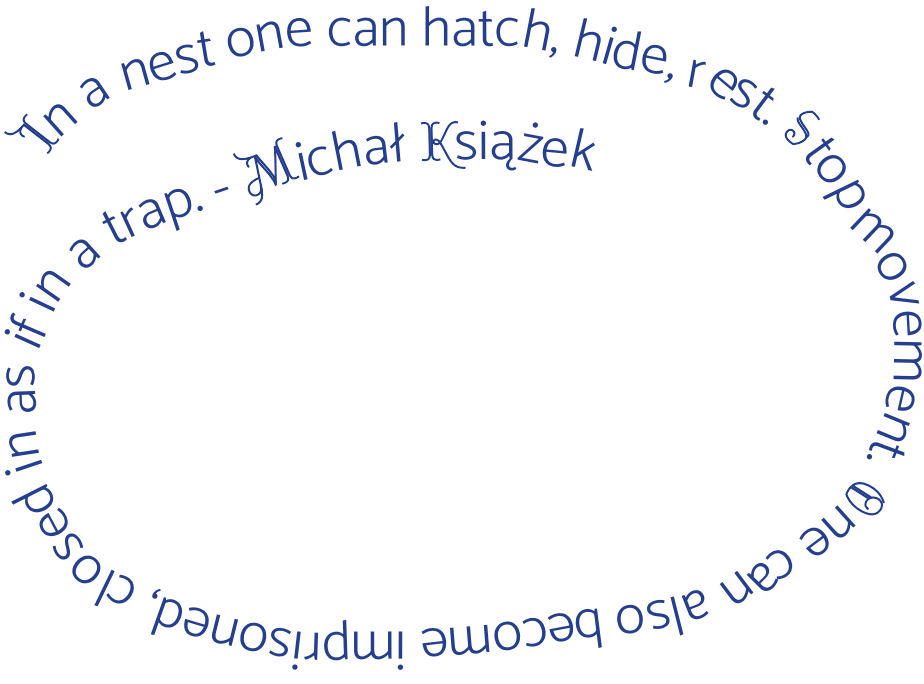

In a nest one can hatch, hide, rest. Stopmovement.
One can also become imprisoned, closed in as if in a trap. - Michał Książek

A house is not a home- hoarding as an act of protection

When it's time to flee the nest the question remains: am I allowed to take some materials with me, and will they give the same comfort in a different setting?

Everything I own is shoved into 12 Action boxes in an unorganised way. A lot of people mentioned making a list, categorising the objects well and labelling the packaging. I did not listen, or instead I left the packing to the last minute and had no choice but to throw all the things randomly into one box after another. Now I'm observing the movers carelessly placing all the cardboard boxes into a big Jenga stack. Every time they lift one, my body becomes more tense. It's almost as if I packed all the boxes only with Voodoo dolls, because every time the box shakes, I shake too, nervously. The thought of any of my things getting damaged makes me oddly nervous. I never considered myself a materialist, but it came to my attention that all the selected things in my room carry a strong emotional value. Therefore, leaving all of these things to be handled by strangers makes me way more tense than I would have expected. One of the boxes has duvets; the other has my camera's. One contains my hoodies, but the same box could also hold my favourite childhood mug. The movers don't know what they are, but neither do I.

A friend of mine is a true packing master. Her parents separated when she was a child, which led to her switching homes every few days. Each time the suitcase became lighter, and at such a young age, the efficiency of her packing could embarrass even the biggest traveller. I wonder if she would also have tips on how to get used to the feeling of being left without your things, since it came as a big surprise to me how badly I handled having my things in storage. It felt like 12 parts of my sanity had been taken away, together with the 12 boxes. No matter how hard I tried, making a house into a home wasn't possible without things that made me me. It's all the objects that I have touched, and I've let my loved ones touch them.

Placing them on the sides of a bedroom feels like they create no less of an important wall than the one that connects the floor with the ceiling. They have travelled abroad with me, they still remember me as a child, and they were by my side when I became an adult. This might even be the most significant factor in this feeling of longing. The fact that the objects I'm describing went by my side through the most significant change I have yet experienced. A change of dependency. I remember the week before leaving my family home when I had prepared an open suitcase and a few shoeboxes in the middle of my childhood bedroom. They stood empty, waiting to be filled with the trinkets that would keep me company as I moved out on my own. That was the moment when I realised I was taking a step, and at that point, it felt like a step back would not be an option. I opened the kitchen drawer and started crying over mugs. There were three to be picked- an orange with green cats, a white one from a popular company in my childhood, "NICI" and a clear one, which would be a practical choice. Nostalgia was eating me up. It seemed clear to me that if I didn't take a correct mug, I wouldn't be able to acclimate on my own. It's funny when I think back to it now, because the cups just symbolise a memory of a comfortable time when you are not the one to make decisions. A time when it's your parents who decide the materials that surround you, and then you feel attached to the materials because you grow up with them on all sides. Then it's time to flee the nest, and a question remains: am I allowed to take some materials with me, and will they give the same comfort in a different setting?

"All that you touch
You Change.

All that you Change
Changes you.

The only lasting truth
is Change.

God
is Change."
- Octavia E. Butler [1]

I arrived in Amsterdam on Monday, and Friday was the scheduled drop-off date. On the first night, I decided to sleep over to avoid being in the room that, without my things, didn't feel like it belonged to me yet. Night number two, I realised I had to face the devil, which, after all, was supposed to be very positive and exciting in this case. All furniture left by the previous tenant was white. The Ikea showroom shade of white, to me, felt soulless, as if nobody before actually wanted to customise the pieces. It was hard for me to understand how you can live in a place and decide to keep the appliances in default settings. They were placed so awkwardly that a space that was pretty big suddenly felt as if it was growing from the side to look at me. I felt so short, both walls looked over right on the top of my head. Their breath was heavy and dry, and my scalp felt exposed standing there with them breathing centrally on top of it. I've packed myself into a sleeping bag and placed my head on a pillow that I borrowed from my roommate. Most things seem scarier at night, so I tried falling asleep to give the new bedroom a chance to be sunny and fresh in the

morning. Sadly, it was not possible. The last resident left a souvenir in the form of his odour on what was now my mattress. I stood up and just like a toddler after wetting the bed, I stomped my way to my roommate's bedroom, who, luckily enough, also happens to be my best friend. At moments like this, I feel the most mature, when I decide to overcome my own embarrassment and not settle for what is given to me, when I don't feel like it. A special sensitivity to a surrounding has occurred to me in the past as well, but never in such an intensely uncomfortable way. In this case, it was combined with a disappointment, hard to avoid, something new and fresh for me felt untouched and raw. I wanted my new space to be prepared already, toasted and warmed up for me to start. The maturity I'm talking about allowed me to feel everything that had to be felt and not force the start just because it was supposed to be this way before.

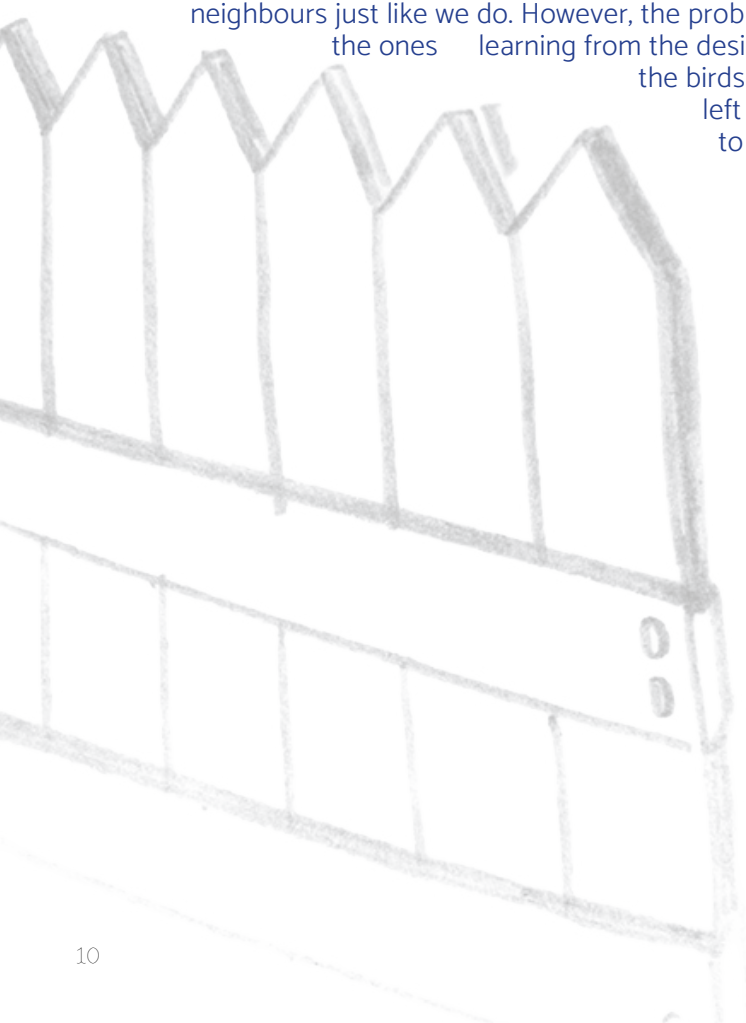
Receiving all the cardboards on Friday felt like Christmas, the movers being my private Santa. Each box hid a surprise gift. Everything, as I explained before, was hidden in a very accidental order; hence, cutting up the tape and opening the flaps was as exciting as cutting a ribbon on a gift. I found a little bag filled with my collected chestnuts from last autumn and rocks from the beach picked up on my last holiday. A few of my books, a photo album and a stack of my craft materials- all of this gave me more joy than any brand new purchase. With every item, I felt like building myself one by one and therefore building my own new shelter. My own new nest.

Thinking back to the moment of unpacking and decorating my space makes me think of how birds decorate their nests. One species that, in my head, has a strong association with collecting is the magpie. I remember, already in kindergarten, filling out colouring books, picturing a flying magpie with all her collected treasure in its beak. It's an image that the media has fed to me in different moments of my life; these birds are commonly known in European folklore as bourgeois species attracted to shiny objects. They have earned their epithet thanks to an opera, "The Thieving Magpie," which tells the story of a maid accused of stealing silver from

her employers. After being sentenced to death, her life is saved at the last minute when it comes out that all the silver has been stolen by a magpie hiding the objects in a church tower. The opera got so popular that the described myth of a stealing magpie permanently scared the animal's name. I was unable to solve the mystery of magpies' stealing habits. Some researchers made it very clear that the bird is uninterested in shiny objects- viewing the glimmer as potential danger.[2] Others have written whole comments about their own observation of birds' interest in coins and precious metals.[3] I genuinely don't know who to believe, and I don't think it's necessary to solve this riddle. What I do choose to believe in is the fact that magpies, as well as ravens, crows and humans, pick their construction materials very carefully.

Corvidae (the family of birds which includes magpies) are very protective of their offspring, and just like us, locking the door before leaving, they've also decided not to leave the entrance to their nest wide open for anybody. Being great weavers, all birds in this family choose different sticks that hook tightly together, filling the inside space with soft material collected in their surroundings while leaving the outside shell covered with spiky branches, forming a natural railing that mimics barbed wire. I think the whole magpie myth must have a grain of truth, since after looking at the pictures of their nests, I did notice some branches looking oddly shiny. A closer look revealed that the birds used actual wire to make an outside fence. I always considered the human obsession with creating borders very unnatural. Treating land like a product on a store shelf, we try to mark with precision what is ours. While walking around the Chicago suburbs, I was amazed by how the front yards there, contrary to what I saw in Europe, were not surrounded by a fence. Later, I witnessed a man mowing his lawn in a straight line, paying attention not to accidentally trim his neighbour's grass too. Almost as if the fence was replaced by a huge, invisible ruler. We think that marking a shape above the ground makes a piece of soil our property; we forget that the land goes way down under our feet. There, it has no borders. Enclosures are a man-made idea. An invention that made me sad at times, since a lack of trust feels more natural for our brains than the sense of community.

That's why finding out about Corvidaes building a railing to protect what is theirs confronted me with a thought that maybe birds separate themselves from their neighbours just like we do. However, the problem is that we should be the ones learning from the designs of nature rather than the birds collecting sharp objects we left behind, ipso facto, adjusting to our man-made inventions.



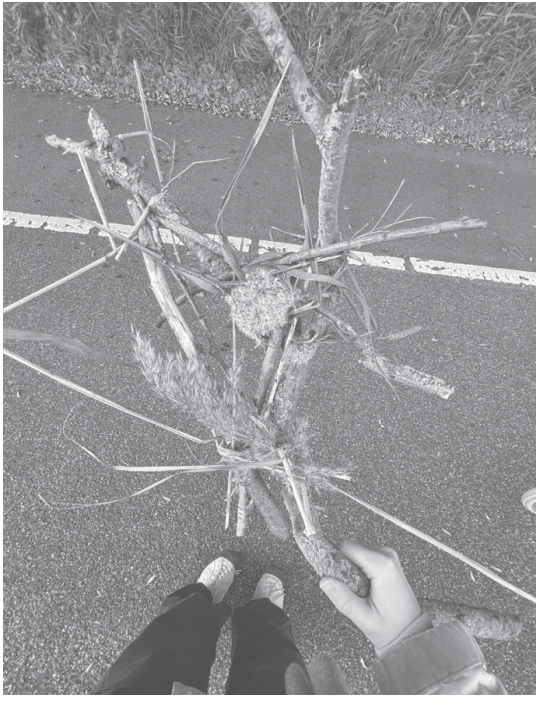
When animals speak up

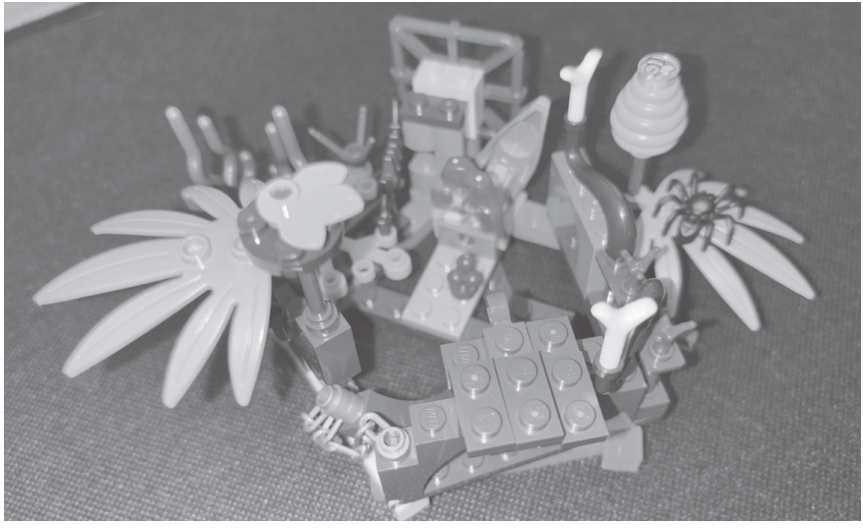
A Christmas Eve excitement is a feeling many children have experienced. The magic that can be felt on that special evening, in my family home was felt not only because of Santa Claus or the fresh pine smell, but also because of the promise of talking animals. A traditional belief in polish households that the 24th of December is the one day when at midnight all animals can speak. Personally I have believed in this prophecy for way too long, which my father fed with his yearly jokes, but a cherry on top happened on one Christmas evening when a Great Tit flew through the Chimney into my Grandparents living room and sat on the decorated Christmas Tree. I felt shivers down my spine, that must have been magic. My whole family got thrilled with this moving proof of biological sensitivity to the cozy atmosphere. For weeks I was on my knees, bending my back looking up the chimney, awaiting the visit of the bird. It never happened again. One day I got asked by my grandma to bring a jar of jam from the basement. Right next to the marmalade I found a bloody mouse squished in a trap. I couldn't understand why we were so excited about one animal joining our Christmas dinner and we had to treat the other one in such an uninviting way.

Biophobia in cities is doing better than good. The fear that animals will take over cities looms large in the minds of representatives. Rodent traps and anti-insect chemicals are offered in most supermarkets and politicians go out of their way to solve "The ..... (insert an animal name) Problem". I find it surprising how most influential people find it necessary to work against nature instead of learning from its designs. Gladly, it's not everybody's approach. Architects Achim Menges and Jan Knippers have been using birds' incredible structures as an inspiration, presenting the outcome of their work at the 2021 Architecture Biennale in Venice.[4] "Maison Fibre" is the first multi-storey building created using only glass and carbon fibre, making it a much lighter construction than buildings made of concrete or brick. The creation takes strong inspiration from the woven structures of birds' houses, which

can be precisely grappled and collected branches. The project explores alternative building methods, minimising material use, which can be an answer to the over-use of natural resources, leading to their exhaustion. In a video published on the Biennale website[5], both architects share that the idea of creating a building like this came from observing nature, which is filled with fibre-built structures, such as trees or nests. The presented project highlights an association with a nest not only through fibre usage but also through the specific filament layout, which gives the construction a woven-like feel. I think that natural structures have so many things to offer in the term of architecture, so many materials and techniques that still remain unrecognized or plainly overlooked by humans. I got my hands on the "Architecture without Architects" book by Bernard Rudofsky[6]. The author made an archive with photographic documentation of different architectural structures, which include many preindustrial constructions, that often intertwine a human-made structure with the one created by forces of natural elements. A big topic of the book seems to be anonymity of the documented structures. The amphitheaters of Muyu-uray in Peru looks like a gigantic snail-shaped stadium dug into the ground, just a picture takes a breath away. There are photographs of buildings created by subtracting rock cliffs and a page where the author appreciates the incredible structure of Baobab tree's. Jumping through the pages of the book reminds me of a topic that has been milked dry by modern conspiracy theories- the "Moai" sculptures in Easter Islands. Objects with an origin story not to be solved, these volcanic rock faces are way too heavy to be moved without suitable machinery. Yet they are standing. Are these creations otherworldly? I believe the answer should remain untold since we always need to search for answers and sometime the whole fun is in the wonder. These structures remaining a secret doesn't diminish their impressive appearance. There are so many neatly made, labor-intensive structures surrounding our landscape. I believe all nests made by tiny weavers also deserve praise, just like the monuments we visit. Perhaps getting into the role of a visitor when admiring creations of nature surrounding us every day, would gain humans more sensitivity, especially when demolishing natural habitats of many species.

To prove my point, of how impressive knitting a nest is, I took the role of a bird and went to the nearby Amsterdam forest to try and create a structure made out of branches and other materials found below my feet. Everything I wove fell apart within minutes. After several tries accompanied by thoughts and prayers, I have managed to create something that resembled a dream catcher ordered on Amazon and it did not pass my egg hold test. I did not stop on this one time. For the whole week I was trying to create a nest using objects found in my surrounding.





Belonging in a metropolis

Last year, I read a book that really changed the way I view my surroundings. I always considered cities a human land. A landscape where people play the first fiddle and nature is, in fact, a background. The book I'm referring to is "Atlas Dziur i Szczelin" (Atlas of holes and crevices - my own translation) by Michał Książek[7]. The author takes us on a tour of Warsaw, yet instead of showing us the city's biggest landmarks, he shows us all the animals hidden around it. He describes actual families of tits and talks about the osprey nest right in the city centre. The book is written in a way that his personal wanderings through the capital city of Poland are interwoven with different descriptions of phenomena occurring in nature. He puts a strong emphasis on his observations on how nature is always present in the urban environment, pointing out the remarkable role of crevices in different parts of the city. The book describes existing hollows in the city and the actual behaviour of birds and insects that are the inhabitants.

"The starlings living in Świętokrzyski Park bring all kinds of things to their nests- even shavings of dried ham and bits of hot dogs. Their neighbours on the Szymborska Passage turn up with French fries from city center food stands. The young stay in the nest for twenty-one days, and at first, they need protein-rich food. During this period, the parents can be seen combing the lawns and patches of greenery for beetles, earthworms, and even woodlice and centipedes. Such forage is either hard to find or poor in quality. It's hardly surprising, then, that city starling chicks call for food almost nonstop after a hungry night, while their forest counterparts fall silent once they have been fed around noon. As a result, urban nestlings weigh less than rural and forest ones, even though their parents feed them more often than their country relatives do. This also means that fewer young actually survive: in some parts of the city, only two chicks per nesting pair make it through a breeding attempt."[8]

It felt like my eyes were being forcefully opened. How could I have lived in one town for so long and not have noticed all the non-human residents? Since then, I've been spending way more time close to the ground. Looking carefully at the sidewalk creases and searching for worms crawling in the dirt. I also spent more time bending my neck backwards to look at the sky. Before reading the mentioned book, I wouldn't have associated any birds other than pigeons with an urban landscape. A pigeon was for me a symbol of a fast-paced life, a symbol of a human-animal coalition, where we would share the same surroundings, and often the same food. After finishing Michał Książek's book, I started noticing all the other birds that would coexist in my neighbourhood. I've even joined an ornithology camp last summer. It was held in the forest, but the forest was not too far from the city. All the birds we would observe would come flying there right after visiting the busy town. It got me thinking that birds, which nest in cities instead of the countryside, must sacrifice better building materials and often their own safety to access lunch that appeals like easier to find, getting something straight from the garbage instead of spending time looking for a worm to hunt must save a lot of time. I came to the conclusion that we are not different from city birds; we, too, usually sacrifice our comfort for a trendy location.

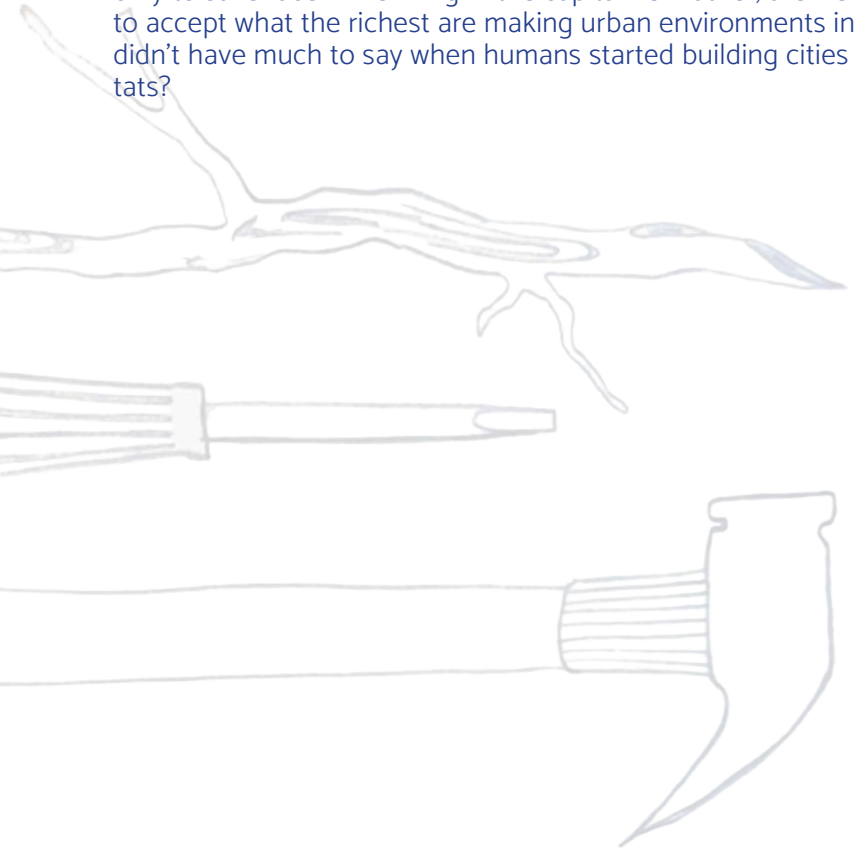
Various nest-building materials are not as easily possessed in Cities as in a forest or a field, where sticks lie on the ground wherever you look; in a city, they are often replaced by trash. Birds, such as pigeons, began adjusting to this reality of resources, but a nest made from a slippery plastic bag will not be as effective as a neatly woven natural-fibre creation. Over the last couple of years, the internet has been flooded with pictures of pigeon nests. A single piece of straw, a few sticks placed by a doormat in a "Pick-A-Stick" configuration or an egg laying awkwardly inside a gamer headset. A whole Twitter page called @Badnests[9] got created to document the phenomenon. "Pigeons are the 21-year-old college guys of birds--probably pretty smart, but putting in the bare minimum effort to get by," says a comment left under the "Why Do Pigeon Nests Look So Shitty?" An Investigation" article[10]. The

text talks about the widely spread misconception about Pigeons' nests being bad. Elizabeth Carlen, an urban biologist, attempts to provoke thought in the reader by asking, "Who are we to judge a bird's home using the norms of a human one?" She points out
that a nest of a pigeon has one role- to block the egg so that it doesn't roll away. It seems to me that an egg placed inside gaming headphones is pretty much stuck in place, making the purpose of the shelter very effective.

It also seems like pigeons are smarter than we think. They just kept the maxim "work smart, not hard" close to their tiny hearts. Before becoming a trademark of metropolis, they would nest on rock cliffs. Later, humans decided to keep them domesticated, putting many different tasks on these versatile animals. They started breeding them for visual reasons, later even training them to race, become quick, and serve as a private postman. Pigeons became completely domesticated and dependent on people. Other birds would build nests in forests and make woven baskets that would balance on thin branches. If it weren't for people, pigeons would still be raising offspring on steep cliffs. But after their natural evolution was disrupted by humans and the industrialization of their habitats, the pigeons adjusted to the change. That is why living in cities filled with holes in billboards, tiny peaks and terraces, why would they bother with building something from scratch?

Although pigeons have become a subject of jokes for many people, I can't help but wonder if anyone else is aware of this urban housing irony? After all, we have accepted the steadily declining quality of housing offered in cities. With growing economic inequality, it seems the younger generation has to adjust to the new reality of not being able to afford a house, with owning property in a city being much harder than in a small town. In the past, the goal and a line marking one's career success was the moment of providing permanent shelter for them and their family. For millennials and younger generations, this goal is on the verge of becoming a dream.

Birds known for their poorly built nests seem like fitting neighbours for people living in equally bad housing conditions. Is it we who decided to take an example from the surrounding nature and accept micro apartments filled with poor-quality furniture, only to save face while living in the capital? Or rather, are we left with no choice but to accept what the richest are making urban environments into, just like pigeons didn't have much to say when humans started building cities in their natural habitats?



Which room can our nest be?

After I shared the topic of this text with a friend of mine who has been interested in ornithology his whole life, and last year became a certified bird ringer, he replied shortly - Birds don't need housing. I've been trying to translate the idea of a nest. Dismantle it into pieces and transform it from animal to human language, all with one idea of finding an answer to a question: what is a human nest substitute? First look at the subject made me think of a nest as a bed- I've seen so many pictures of birds lying comfortably dug underneath a layer of moss, feathers, and soft grass. It looked like a memory foam mattress covered with several duvets and blankets. Additionally, most nest pictures I saw consist of several individuals in one space, which fully created a picture straight from the bed of the grandparents from "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory". For me, it all made sense. Isn't it obvious that most humans bring their objects to bed? We love treating the bed as a hoarder treasure box- we read in bed, we knit in bed, we eat in bed, and bring loved ones to our bed. It was clear to me that we, too, just like birds do with branches, bring objects to transform the object-bed into a nest-bed.

After that, I have questioned why a room or a house can be a nest as well; we do all of the things mentioned above in any of our personal spaces. It all made sense, and then a friend of mine had to fire a gun. "Birds don't need houses". A sweet story of a woodpecker family constructing their own home vanished in my head. I got a whole new light on the case. The birds built nests purely for laying eggs. Birds find a partner, mate, create a nest, and lay eggs. The order can differ, my friend says. I open a new dictionary in my head. A nest loses its colors of a cozy bedroom and the warmth of a living room. Suddenly, it appears in cold metals and white, bright light. A human equivalent of a nest is a hospital delivery room.

Weaver birds use over one hundred strands of grass for one nest. Constructing it is always a male's job; a female decides on her future partner based on the sturdiest

creation. The nests resemble medieval money sacks falling down from the branches. They are perfectly round and bright green, even though they're just strands. The grass has to be entangled very strongly since weaver birds hatch even up to six eggs at once. The females are ruthless- they are interested only in fresh and green nests, so if the male doesn't finish his creation in time and the grass turns brown, all the work goes to waste.

I think about all the movies I have seen where "parents-to-be" paint the walls of the future baby room. The color is based on the gender of the baby, pink or blue. Sometimes, they would pick yellow to represent their modern approach of not putting the baby into a bracket of traditional gender norms. In the same pop culture images, there is often a symbol of a stork. A bird carrying new life into the world. I wonder if it's a stork that got gifted with this responsible role, due to the specific nature of building strong partnerships. Is it that its symbol represents a healthy marriage, a healthy family, a good environment for the future baby? I have never been in a position of preparing space for a person who doesn't exist in the outside world yet. I can only imagine that a task that contains chemicals, such as paint or something as tiring as assembling furniture, would not be assigned to pregnant parents. Is it then that much like weaver birds, the non-pregnant partner tries to impress the one carrying the child with its construction and decorating skills? I decided to ask my Godmother, who chose to have her labor at home, what things she did to prepare the space for such an event. She told me that the last month of her pregnancy, she spent entirely on cleaning. She couldn't stop the pedantic cleaning. Not only in a hygienic way, but to the extent of washing the oven or the windows, things you wouldn't do on a daily basis. After consulting with her pregnant friends, she has heard that a behavior like this occurred in most of them. They all came to a conclusion that most probably the act of tiding came from an inner belief of the body knowing that when a child comes, there will be no time for making the oven clean. My Godmother also mentioned that a doula taking care of her labor and the preparation beforehand helped her to prepare the space for the birth ceremony, but

only from a very practical side. She advised on covering the matterace in foil and keeping the dining table clean so that all needed documents could be filed in a neat environment. Nobody advised her to make her space cozy or to surround herself with beautiful objects which could be calming. Eventually, she shared with me that a sight she remembers the most from the delivery is a tomato. Her second daughter was born in late August, a last moment for the tomato harvest. She planted a bush on the balcony, and this one bore fruit, and one of the tomatoes was perfectly red, heavily hanging from the branch. A sight of something so natural was calming for Joanna and a distraction from the painful cramps.

This whole story made me think of how little importance is put into the sensorial experience of the birth giver. I first sprung the thought of a nest being like a delivery room only after listening to a podcast "Chicago Hope" produced by The American Life[11], the story told in the podcast portrays a brutal image of painful c-sections performed in America but also worldwide, it's put in the picture from a first perspective of a woman who experienced a c-section birth with wrongly dosed narcosis. It was one of those narratives that you feel on your own skin while only listening. Another example of the medical field disrespecting female patients. I then tried to visualize myself in the position of such vulnerability. My legs are spread open with a person on both sides of my vagina- inside a baby and outside a doctor. I thought about it, and I could not imagine the feelings of the operation and the pain or excitement or worry. It just felt too far from me. What I could imagine is how I would perceive things through my sight. As I mentioned before, sensitivity to the surroundings is something I have experienced firsthand. The white medical light, metal furniture, and random people covered in white aprons, masks, and caps seem like a much more stressful vision compared to a tomato. I imagine an alternative version of a delivery room covered with flowers, beautiful ornaments, and hand-prepared crafts to celebrate life with color. I have decided to look to the world of birds in search of an example of a said situation.

Contrary to a Weaverbird impressing a female with his engineering skill, the Bowerbird tries to affect the heart of his chosen one with an artistic approach. A bower, which can be found in the name of the species, is a wooden construction resembling a natural tunnel or a dome. A bridge that can act like a shelter, googling bowers reveals to me many pictures of stick creations made for humans- they all look like tipi tents I would make at summer camps as a kid. There are also pictures of the bowers looking oddly graceful- these aren't made by humans. The male Bowerbird creates his structure as a piece of art to grasp the attention of a female. He decorates it with many colorful elements, which creates a path that looks almost like a carpet made out of flower petals. A female chooses her mating partner based on the visuals of the dome. Finding this example in the world of nature made me overjoyed. It felt like here is my proof, based on the natural rhythm, we should attach more significance to visual experiences and express ourselves with beautiful elements. That's until I have found out the female chooses the piece only to pick a mate based on the construction, but the bower itself doesn't serve much purpose in the action of nesting. The female later constructs her own ordinary-looking nest to lay eggs in a perceptibly calm surrounding. This misses the conclusion I wanted to get, but I guess it is equally empowering.

Buildings grow out of the ground

"The house in Sibiu, Romania, where I was born, was built in the seventeenth century and still stands. Nearly every American house I've lived in has long ago been demolished to make room for some other building. There is a delicious (though painful) paradox here- Americans long for stability, but all they get is stationary impermanence." - Mobile: The art of portable architecture.[12]

Every few months, when I come back to my family home, I stumble upon a new building in the area. I'm not talking about small sheds, family houses, or even duplexes. I'm talking about a whole new, fast spreading virus that took over Bemowo district in Warsaw, Poland, and most probably many other districts in many other cities. Multi-story apartment buildings shoot up from the ground like mushrooms after a storm. Although a developing city should mean something positive, to me, it's a rather sad case. I think about how little time is taken to sit and think through such a significant landscape change. No good decisions come out when being rushed. Why is this hurry necessary? A singular construction side is a reason for a huge change that affects both the road traffic system and the ecosystem at the same time. While cars stand in long queues to cross a closed road, a huge construction machine tears down any life that lives on the construction site. Not to mention the fact that some gentrified areas, that become hip out of nowhere, lose their native residents who sometimes can no longer afford housing in a district that used to be theirs and has become a café center. Other living beings that lose their homes due to construction are the Common Swifts. The species often nests underneath rooftops in crevices that are construction shortcomings- a flaw for human tenants but a big value for birds. Their sleek body can fit into many very small crevices, allowing the species to fit into places not made with the intention of a nest. The places can include a rain gutter pipe or a chipped hole underneath a rooftop. They fit into these small holes to lay eggs in a cool and hidden surrounding. For the winter, the birds flee, but often when they want to come back, their home is not what they

remembered it, or in other words, it is long gone. A cavity on the wall in the human eye is a scar that has to be fixed. There is no space for reflection on what the use of this scar was. Holes get bricked up, taking the permanent home away from the Common Swifts. I feel a lot of sympathy towards these birds because coming back to a place that is different in your memory must be a disappointment for them as much as it is for humans. Next time you want to repair a hole, take a moment to peek if you are not about to invade somebody's home.

Obviously, humans are not the only ones destroying or stealing nesting space from birds. Species also tend to fight for breeding space amongst themselves. Some birds build their nests from scratch, some strong raptors reuse other species' nests, and others nest in tree hollows. It happens that two different kinds of birds shoot for the same hollow. This competition occurs within Tits and Flycatchers. Tits are way stronger and don't like the thought of Flycatchers stealing their dream den. Flycatchers have decided to avoid this bloody risk and came up with a solution of returning later from their winter migration so that all the tits are already set in place, and their competition can be avoided. The problem started occurring now when the effects of climate change are more visible. Due to the warmer weather, confused Flycatchers started coming back earlier than they used to, leading to more unpleasant physical confrontations with the Tits. This situation has led to a decrease in the Flycatcher population.[13]

What should we learn from this housing instability? Hippie culture in the 70s came with an answer to this issue, with putting down shallow roots. They started mimicking bird migrations by transporting themselves in houses on wheels. The whole world could become your home if the house were not tied to land, much like a sky can become a nest when the bird is flying. Movable architecture allowed freedom of wandering and exploration. If permanent houses aren't surviving the test of time, doesn't it mean that moving house becomes more permanent than a stationary one? The hippie homes can be associated with a nest, since often they were built

with DIY found materials picked up from the sides of the road in an ad-hoc way, embracing architecture that anybody was able to build. After the 1970s, this trend got lost, much like the people getting lost in the "Bigger is Better" housing model, which lasted for years up until it distinctly collapsed in 2008, proving that it was very fragile to begin with. Suddenly, the tiny homes and homes on wheels became a practical alternative and not just a lifestyle choice. The economic crisis gave the movement legitimacy and urgency, changing the definition of a home, which was no longer viewed as a solid house.[14]

Before and after the Hippies, there have been and still are many traditional cultures that, besides extreme pressures, refuse to take up a sedentary lifestyle. Retaining their traditions and identity is only possible due to the mobile houses that allow them to keep moving and stay connected to their ancestry.

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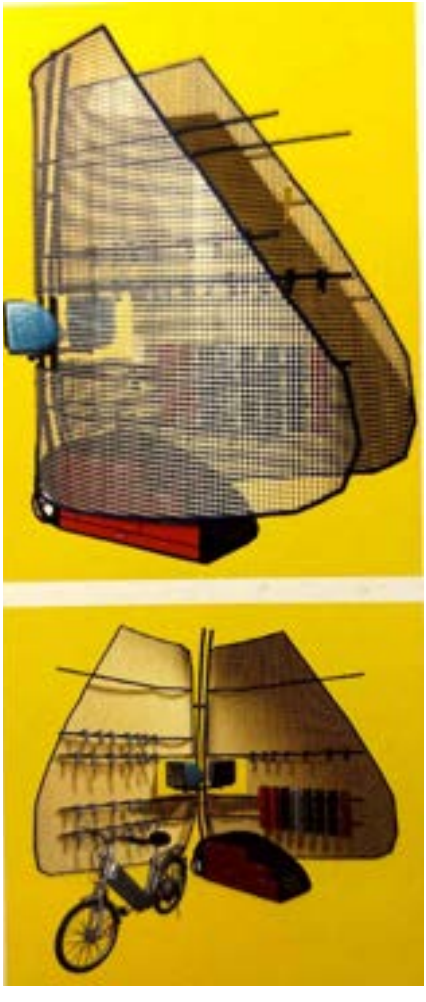

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Epilogue

Like many, I don't like change. I have a set chair at a dining table, one series that I come back to and the same close friends for years. Change feels unnecessary at first until you realize you are avoiding it to the point that you feel stuck in the same position, that with time passage, it's not defined by what's good for you but rather what remains a comfortable habit. Leaving my family home felt like a sudden change, which didn't come gradually. It didn't leave me space to warm up to it; it attacked from behind, grabbing my back and pulling me somewhere. Somewhere undiscovered and unfamiliar to me. Now I close my eyes and imagine myself as a chick. I'm featherless, pink, and surrounded by soft moss and twigs in a nest that my parents created before I was even here. It's warm and comfortable, and I feel good that I don't have to be concerned about anything outside these crooked walls. My days pass on singing lessons and devouring fatty, slimy worms. Not long after, my body becomes fluffy, and the nest seems much smaller than before. My parents are careful not to hurt my feelings, but I can tell they've had enough of my daily lifestyle. What used to be adorable when I was bald has now become tiring and considered lazy. I take the clue- time to flee. I thought I would have enough time to prepare, but then it turns out you just walk to the edge and jump. So scary, so fast, the ground gets closer. My familiar tree and all the branches from the neighborhood just pass through my sight before I realize I'm almost hitting the bottom. I start flapping and go up.

Twigs
Pillow
Resting the muscles
Warmth
My grandpa waiting with a ball made of beeswax from his hive
A suitcase
My suitcase sculpture
Being carried from a car to the bed
Crying
Hugging
My lost
My new
My chicken plushie
Forgetting
Learning
Adjusting
Comfort
Nike airmax
Throne
Something spiky
My mom's collarbone
A Fakirs bed
Eating in bed
Reading in a bathtub
Sex with a loved one
A portable pillow
Difficulty in packing
Discomfort
Stuck
Rebuilt
Construction
Screws
Hiding
Alone
Together

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