

Red and Fed

Corn on the cob in the middle of winter, and no mittens? No problem. Just tuck your napkin under your chin and have at it. Your first encounter with a cardinal, adult male, in the snow will rock you with wonder. Startling as a shooting star, unbelievable as thunder in the middle of a snowstorm, this feathered hyperbole is what you can always say something else is as red as. But you're not likely to find anything else as red as. And you'll never find anything else redder than.

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