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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

The Wee Nest

Once upon a time two little birds built a wee little nest
in a pink rose tree.

(And a little boy saw them; but he did not tell,
For it was a secret, he knew very well.)

The nest was round and cozy and soft; and when it was
finished the mother-bird put eggs in it—the prettiest
eggs!

(And the little boy peeped in the nest to see,
But he was as careful as he could be.)

The mother-bird sat on the nest almost all the time to
keep the eggs safe and warm; and when she was tired
the father-bird took her place.

(And the little boy watched them, and wondered, too,
What would become of those eggs of blue.)

Day after day the mother-bird sat on the nest; but one
morning she flew away singing her sweetest song. The
father-bird sang, too, for something wonderful had
happened. The pretty blue eggs were broken, but in
their place were—what do you think? Baby birds,
cunning and weak and wee.

(The little boy counted them, one, two, three,
Three baby birds in the pink rose tree.)

The father bird and the mother bird were busy all day
getting their babies something to eat.

(And the little boy threw them some crumbs of bread:
"Perhaps they'll like these for their dinner," he said.)



The little birds grew very fast. It was not long before they were ready to learn to fly. Mother bird and father bird showed them how to spread their wings, and hold their feet; and the little birds tried to do just as they were told. (And the little boy laughed to see them try; They were so funny, and fat and shy!)

At first they could only fly from the rose tree to the ground; but soon their wings grew strong, and then away they went over the rose tree, over the fence, into the world.

(And the little boy called as he watched them fly, "Dear little birdies, good-by, good-by.")

