



# See the Birds

by Susie Dietz

Look at this bird perched on a tree branch. She has a sweet song. Chirp, chirp, chirp. She can chirp a happy song.



It is fall. The bird that is perched in this tree will find lots to eat. Every time he turns, he will see a treat.



When it turns cold, it is hard to get food. This bird gets food in wet snow.





It is spring. This bird has made her nest with sticks, wet dirt, and soft grass. She sits in her nest.



Her eggs will be safe in this nest.  
The chicks are curled up inside the  
eggs. They will not be hurt.

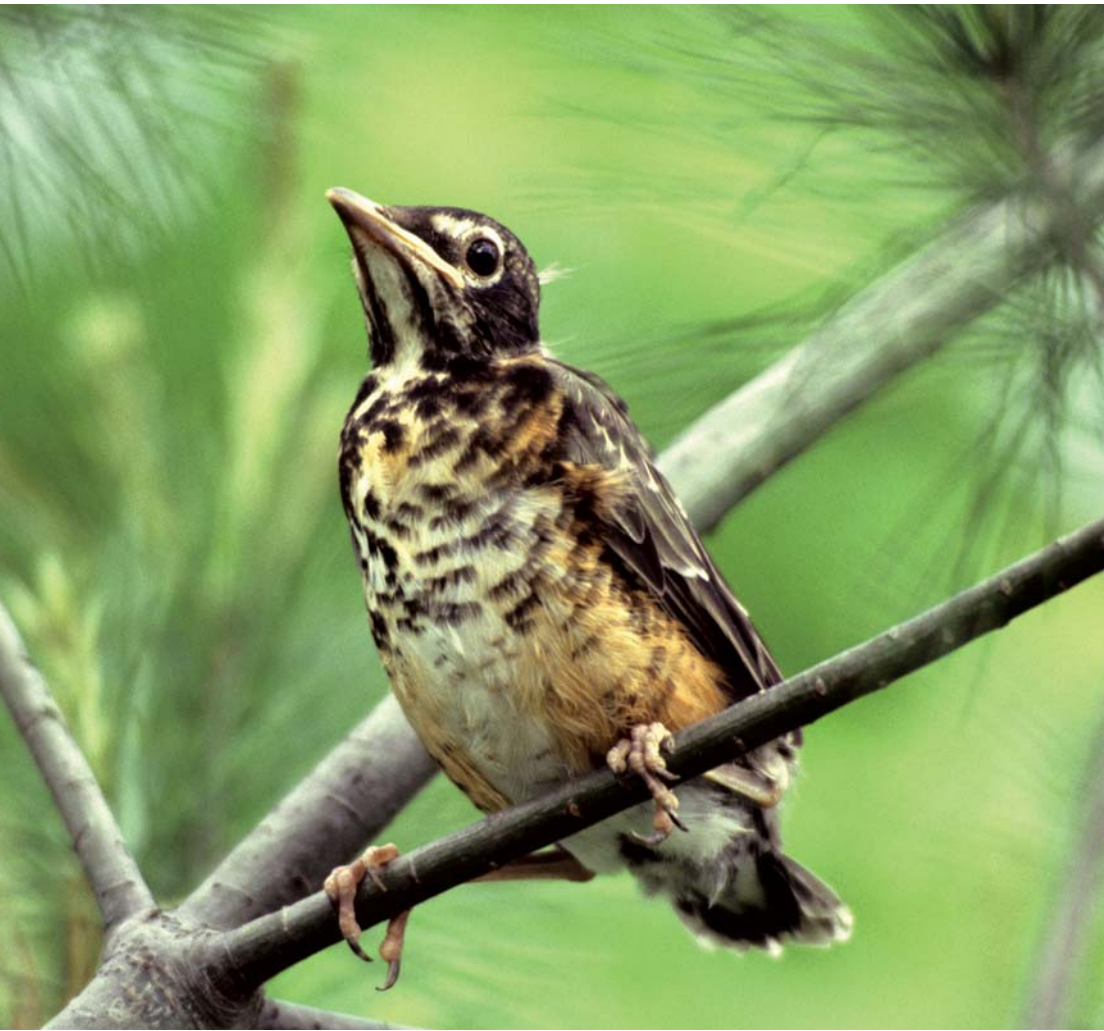


The first baby bird will burst its shell. The chick cannot see yet, but it can peep.





Four baby birds sit in this nest.  
They perk up when mom bird brings  
food.



This is not a chick. It is a young bird with dark spots. When she is grown up, she will look just like her mom. She will make her own nest and have her own baby birds.



# A Bath for Mert

by Maryann Cristensen  
illustrated by Lizi Boyd



"Where is Mert?" asked Kate.

Mert was curled up under the porch.

"She is sleeping in the soft dirt,"  
said Burt.



Mert woke up and jumped to greet Kate.

Kate turned and said, "Mert has dirt on her fur. Mert needs a bath."



“Yes,” said Burt. “Just follow me. First, we fill this tub with water. Then we stir in soap flakes.”





Kate and Burt plunked Mert in the tub. Kate and Burt had to scrub hard until Mert was clean.



“Hold Mert for me,” said Kate.  
“Get a firm grip on her, so I can  
squirt and take off the suds.”



Kate grasped the hose to spray Mert, but Kate sprayed Burt.

"Stop!" yelled Burt. "You're squirting me. My shirt is soaked."





Then Mert started to shake, shake, and shake.

“Stop, Mert,” yelled Kate. “Don’t shake so much. My shirt and skirt are soaked!”



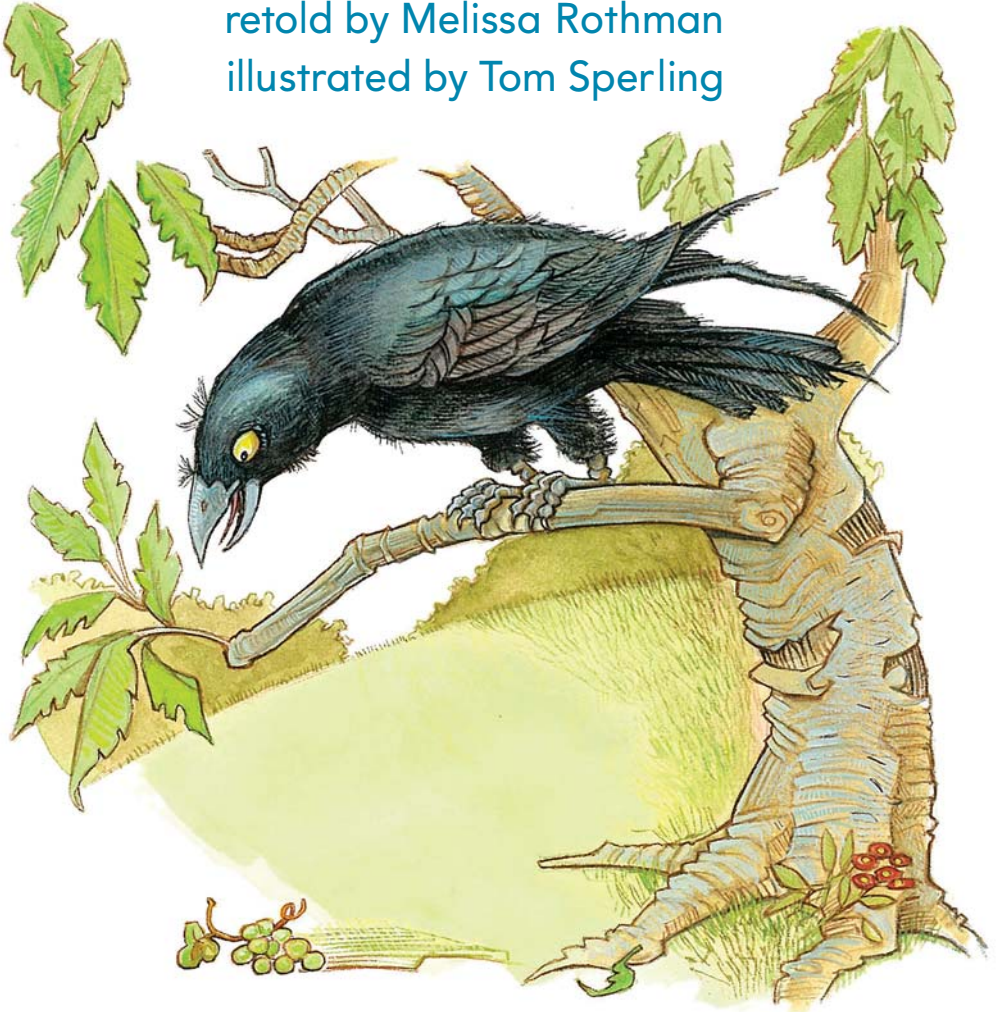
"Mom, we gave Mert the best bath," Burt boasted.

Mert barked and barked.

"Maybe Mert gave you baths, too!" said Mom.

# Fox and Crow

retold by Melissa Rothman  
illustrated by Tom Sperling



Crow is perched in a birch tree.  
She sees some grapes on the ground.





Crow grabs the grapes and goes back to her perch.



Fox passes by. It seems as if he has not had a meal in years.

Fox thinks, "If that bird speaks, she will drop those grapes."



First Fox asks, "What is your name?"

Crow turns her back.





Next Fox asks, "Crow, are you feeling well?"

Crow will not speak. Crow will not stir.





Then Fox tells Crow, "It's sad that a bird as nice as you cannot sing."

Crow whirls, and then she blurts, "Sir, I am learning to sing!"



The grapes land in soft dirt.  
As Crow sings, Fox eats them up.  
Then he smiles, turns, and trots off.



Fox tricked Crow this time, but Crow has learned. Fox will not trick her next time!