

The Little Blue Bird

There once was a little bluebird with brown on his chest who was sitting on a branch. The branch was bare now that autumn had left. He could feel the wind blowing through his feathers down to his bones. He could smell the snow that was on its way from the north. It was time to unperch and find food before the storm. He flew to the ground below to begin his search. As he began digging through the ground he heard the footsteps of a girl

She was foraging just as he was as he saw her basket on her arm.

“Are you searching for food as well?” she asked with curiosity.



The little blue bird stared up at her with understanding. “Follow my trail and I’ll leave food for you so you stay warm. A huge storm is coming,” she told him as she showed him the pinecones from her basket.

He chirped at her and flew back to his branch. She walked on as he kept his little eyes on her.

The wind began to pick up more. The first flakes would fall soon. As the wind blew in his face he could smell the girl with his tiny beak. He followed the scent. When he finally reached her little cottage in the woods it was almost dark. He could smell the smoke from her chimney and saw a little light in the window. He flew to the light and all around the window were ornaments of pinecones decorated with

his favorite seeds. He knew he would
survive the winter.

Every morning the little girl would open her
curtains to find the little blue bird eating
her gift.