

“Three Cousins Quite Unlike”
by Thornton Burgess

As Peter Rabbit passed one of the apple trees in the Old Orchard, a thin, wiry voice hailed him. “It’s a wonder you wouldn’t at least say you’re glad to see me back,” said the voice.

Peter, who had been hopping along rather fast, stopped to look up. Going along a limb just over his head, now on top and now underneath, was a little bird with a black and white striped coat and a white waistcoat. Just as Peter looked it flew down to near the base of the tree and began to run straight up the trunk, picking things from the bark here and there as it ran. Its way of going up that tree trunk

reminded Peter of one of his winter friends, Seep Seep the Brown Creeper.

“It strikes me that this is a mighty poor welcome for one who has just come all the way from South America,” said the little black and white bird with twinkling eyes.

“Oh, Creeper, I didn’t know you were here!” cried Peter. “You know I’m glad to see you. I’m as glad as glad can be. You are such a quiet fellow I’m afraid I shouldn’t have seen you at all if you hadn’t spoken. You know it’s always been hard work for me to believe you are really a Warbler.”

“Why so?” demanded Creeper the Black and White Warbler.