

## **Readings for 3/19**

### **“A Fisherman Robbed” by Thornton Burgess**

Peter’s eyes looked as if they would pop out of his head, for it was quite plain to him that King Eagle was after Plunger, and Peter didn’t understand this at all. You see, he didn’t understand what King Eagle was screaming. But Plunger did. King Eagle was screaming, “Drop that fish! Drop that fish!”

Plunger didn’t intend to drop that fish if he could help himself. It was his fish. Hadn't he caught it himself? He

didn't intend to give it up to any robber of the air, even though that robber was King Eagle himself, unless he was actually forced to. So Plunger began to dodge and twist and turn in the air, all the time mounting higher and higher, and all the time screaming harshly, "Robber! Thief! I won't drop this fish! It's mine! It's mine!"

Now the fish was heavy, so of course Plunger couldn't fly as easily and swiftly as if he were carrying nothing. Up, up he went, but all the time King Eagle went up with him, circling round him, screaming harshly, and threatening to strike him with those great, cruel, curved claws. Peter watched them, so excited that he fairly

danced. “O, I do hope Plunger will get away from that big robber,” cried Peter. “He may be king of the air, but he is a robber just the same.”

Plunger and King Eagle were now high in the air above the Big River. Suddenly King Eagle swung above Plunger and for an instant seemed to hold himself still there, just as Plunger had done before he had shot down into the water after that fish. There was a still harsher note in King Eagle’s scream. If Peter had been near enough he would have seen a look of anger and determination in King Eagle’s fierce, yellow eyes. Plunger saw it and knew what it meant. He knew that King Eagle would stand for no

more fooling. With a cry of bitter disappointment and anger he let go of the big fish.

Down, down, dropped the fish, shining in the sun like a bar of silver. King Eagle's wings half closed and he shot down like a thunderbolt. Just before the fish reached the water King Eagle struck it with his great claws, checked himself by spreading his broad wings and tail, and then in triumph flew over to the very tree towards which Plunger had started when he had caught the fish. There he leisurely made his breakfast, apparently enjoying it as much as if he had come by it honestly.