

“The Warblers Arrive”
by Thornton Burgess

Peter was thoroughly enjoying the Warblers’ visit, despite the fact that he was having no end of trouble trying to tell who was who. Suddenly one darted down and snapped up a fly almost under Peter’s nose and was back up in a tree before Peter could get his breath. “It’s Zee Zee the Redstart!” cried Peter. “I would know Zee Zee anywhere. Do you know who he reminds me of, Jenny Wren?”

“Who?” demanded Jenny.

“Goldy the Oriole,” replied Peter promptly. “Only of course he’s ever and ever so much smaller. He’s all

black and orange-red and white something as Goldy is, only there isn't quite so much orange on him."

For just an instant Zee Zee sat still with his tail spread. His head, throat and back were black and there was a black band across the end of his tail and a black stripe down the middle of it. The rest was bright orange-red. On each wing was a band of orange-red and his sides were the same color. Underneath he was white tinged more or less with orange.

It was only for an instant that Zee Zee sat still; then he was in the air, darting, diving, whirling, going through all sorts of antics as he caught tiny insects too small for Peter to see.

Peter began to wonder how he kept still long enough to sleep at night. And his voice was quite as busy as his wings. “Zee, zee, zee, zee!” he would cry. This was only one of many notes. At times he would sing a beautiful little song and then again it would seem as if he were trying to imitate other members of the Warbler family.

“I hope Zee Zee is going to stay,” said Peter. “I love to watch him.”

“He’ll stay fast enough,” retorted Jenny Wren. “I don’t imagine he’ll stay in the Old Orchard. I hope he won’t because, if he does, it will make it much harder for me to catch enough to feed my big family.”