

“The Warblers Arrive”
by Thornton Burgess

Jenny Wren fussed, “Probably he and Mrs. Redstart will make their home on the edge of the Green Forest. They like it better over there, for which I am thankful. There’s Mrs. Redstart now. Notice that, where Zee Zee is bright orangey red, she is yellow. Instead of a black head, she has a gray head and her back is olive-green with a grayish tinge. She isn’t nearly as handsome as Zee Zee, but then that’s not to be expected. She lets Zee Zee do the singing and the showing off and she does the work. I expect she’ll build that nest with almost no help at all from him. Zee Zee is a good father;

I'll say that much for him. He'll do his share in feeding their babies.”

Just then Peter caught sight of a bird all in yellow. He was about the same size as Zee Zee and was flitting about among the bushes along the old stone wall. “There’s Sunshine!” cried Peter, and without being polite enough to even bid Jenny Wren farewell, he scampered over to where he could see the one he called Sunshine flitting about from bush to bush.

“Oh, Sunshine!” he cried, as he came within speaking distance, “I’m ever so glad to see you back. I do hope you and Mrs. Sunshine are going to make your home somewhere near here where I can see you every day.”

“Hello, Peter! I am just as glad to see you as you are to see me,” cried Sunshine the Yellow Warbler. “Yes, indeed, we certainly intend to stay here if we can find just the right place for our nest. It is lovely to be back here again. We’ve journeyed so far that we don't want to go a bit farther if we can help it. Have you seen Sally Sly the Cowbird around here this spring?”

Peter nodded. “Yes, I have.”

“I’m sorry to hear it,” declared Sunshine. “She made us a lot of trouble last year, but we fooled her.”

“How did you fool her?” he asked.

Sunshine paused to pick a tiny worm from a leaf.