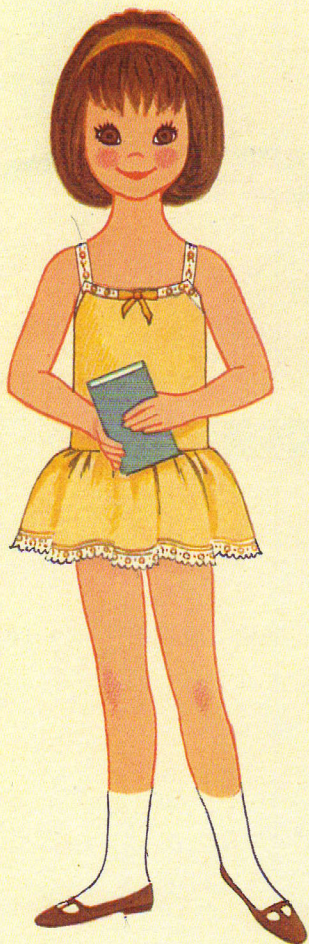


# Betsy McCall and the Bluebirds

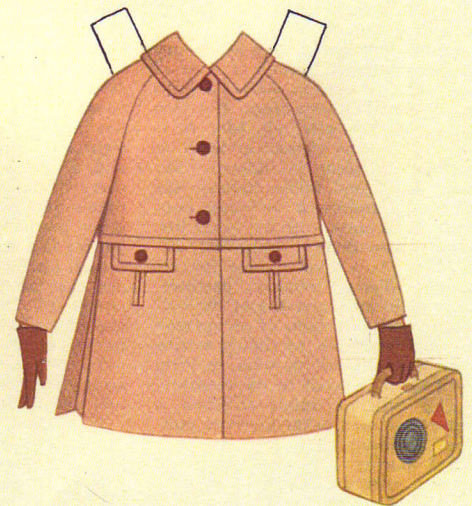
Early last May, bluebirds came to the little birdhouse in the tree behind our house and built a nest there. And one day, when they were away, I looked in and saw four *tiny* pale-blue eggs, as small as gumdrops. A few weeks later, the eggs hatched into the dearest little baby birds. They made the teeniest chirpy sounds, and the mother bluebird flew in and out of the birdhouse a zillion times a day to feed them. They held their beaks open for her to drop food in. I watched them from my window, every day. But one day last week, the chirping stopped, and the food in our feeder was not eaten. The next day, I looked again: The bread crumbs were still there. So I climbed up and looked inside the birdhouse. It was empty. All I saw was one feather on the floor, but not a single bluebird. They were GONE, and I felt awfully sad. But Daddy said there was *nothing* to be sad about. My bluebirds had just flown away to a warmer place. And you know what? He says they'll come back next spring. He says that they know a good home when they see one!



PHOTOGRAPH BY HORN/GRINER



Betsy's pretty striped cotton is nice for now and for fall



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