

## Are You My Mother?

A mother bird sat on her egg. The egg jumped.

"Oh oh!" said the mother bird. "My baby will be here! He will want to eat."

"I must get something for my baby bird to eat!" she said. "I will be back!"

So away she went.

The egg jumped. It jumped, and jumped, and jumped!  
Out came the baby bird!

"Where is my mother?" he said. He looked for her.

He looked up. He did not see her. He looked down. He did not see her.

"I will go and look for her," he said. So away he went.

Down, out of the tree he went. Down, down, down! It was a long way down.

The baby bird could not fly. He could not fly, but he could walk. "Now I will go and find my mother," he said.

He did not know what his mother looked like. He went right by her. He did not see her.

He came to a kitten. "Are you my mother?" he said to the kitten.

The kitten just looked and looked. It did not say a thing.

The kitten was not his mother, so he went on. Then he came to a hen.

"Are you my mother?" he said to the hen.

"No," said the hen.

The kitten was not his mother. The hen was not his mother. So the baby bird went on.

"I have to find my mother!" he said. "But where? Where is she? Where could she be?"

Then he came to a dog.

"Are you my mother?" he said to the dog.

"I am not your mother. I am a dog," said the dog.

The kitten was not his mother. The hen was not his mother. The dog was not his mother.

So the baby bird went on. Now he came to a cow.

"Are you my mother?" he said to the cow. "How could I be your mother?" said the cow. "I am a cow."

The kitten and the hen were not his mother. The dog and the cow were not his mother. Did he have a mother?

"I did have a mother," said the baby bird. "I know I did. I have to find her. I will. I WILL!"

Now the baby bird did not walk. He ran!

Then he saw a car. Could that old thing be his mother? No, it could not.

The baby bird did not stop. He ran on and on.

Now he looked way, way down. He saw a boat. "There she is!" said the baby bird.

He called to the boat, but the boat did not stop.

The boat went on.

He looked way, way up. He saw a big plane.

"Here I am, Mother," he called out.

But the plane did not stop. The plane went on.

Just then, the baby bird saw a big thing. This must be his mother!

"There she is!" he said. "There is my mother!"

He ran right up to it.

"Mother, Mother! Here I am, Mother!" he said to the big thing.

But the big thing just said, "Snort!"

"Oh, you are not my mother," said the baby bird. "You are a Snort. I have to get out of here!"

But the baby bird could not get away. The Snort went up.

It went way, way up. And up, up, up went the baby bird.

But now, where was the Snort going?

"Oh, oh, oh! What is this Snort going to do to me? Get me out of here!"

Just then, the Snort came to a stop.

"Where am I?" said the baby bird. "I want to go home! I want my mother!"

Then something happened.

The Snort put that baby bird right back in the tree. The baby bird was home!

Just then the mother bird came back to the tree. "Do you know who I am?" she said to her baby.

"Yes, I know who you are," said the baby bird.

"You are not a kitten. You are not a hen. You are not a dog. You are not a cow. You are not a boat, or a plane, or a Snort!"

"You are a bird, and you are my mother."