

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!

There he is!

“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!

Plop!

There he is on the ground.

It was a long way down.

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.

Written by P. D. Eastman