

A Fledgling (Part 2)

(Story word: watching, spread, figure)

Ricardo and his mom were both grateful that Roger was willing to check the bird out. Roger agreed that it was possible that Sniff had injured the bird.

When Roger arrived, he stood at the sliding door and observed the bird. “Yep, I think it’s a fledgling.” He noticed that the fledgling would look up at the sky and open its beak. “See how he’s opening his beak, just like a big baby, looking for his mama?” He put on thick gloves and a large hat.

“It’s very likely that the mother bird is nearby watching him, so I am going to examine him quickly before Mama gets upset with me.”

Roger darted onto the deck, glanced up at the sky, picked up the baby bird, and felt his wings. The bird allowed

Roger to feel his wings and spread them out, but when Roger put him down, he still flopped around the deck in a clumsy way.

Roger raced back into the kitchen. Ricardo was amazed by how confident Roger had been when handling the bird's wings—he must have done it many times before. Roger said, “His wings are fine; he's just stuck here while he is trying to figure out how to fly.”

Roger advised Ricardo and his mom to stay out of the backyard until they saw that the fledgling had gone. He predicted that they would not have to wait very long.

Ricardo and his mom had to take turns walking Sniff on the leash for the next few days, but it was fun hosting a fledgling on the deck.