

**Adventures  
of Birds  
and Bugs  
-Part 1-**



**Imaginary Story**

# **Adventures of Birds and Bugs -Part 1-**



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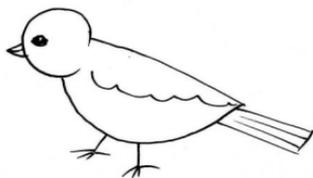
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# Chapter 1



## Chapter 1—Honey Snack

Buzzy and Bee-Fly loved to take trips to the Meadow of New Stars.

It was a special place where song birds sang in the grass covered places, and a multitude of bugs and flying creatures swarmed, crawled, hopped and flew.

At night the stars shone atop like a diamond-covered tent. Here is where the children also loved to play. There was no end of new discoveries.

Sometimes the creatures of this meadow liked to play hide and seek games when the children came. They'd flutter here and then hide over there, or crawl under a plant or tall tuft of grass.

Here is where children could learn about innumerable things. The soil on the ground was made of particles of

dirt so small that if they were added up with all the rest that lined the floor of this meadow, would truly be more than anyone could count.

If the children were here with their families at night when an unclouded sky covered them snugly, the stars were more than they could count before falling sleep.

The bugs and bees and hopping critters were too many to count, and even if they could be counted, they could not all be seen at once, for creatures had a way of keeping on the move, doing what they were designed to do.

Flutter here, land over there, wiggle under this, crawl up that, hide in here, hop over there, zoom past that, and land ever so suddenly on an unsuspecting visitor, or on another yet larger creature of the land.

When the sun sparkled its golden shine on a dew-covered area, touching the shiny emerald grass and lighting up the bright yellow and multi-coloured flowers, it looked like a scene from some other heavenly realm.

In the warmth of the sunshine the bees and bugs abundantly rejoiced and made a day of play and of work as well, for while they played they also tended to their little, humble, buggly tasks.

Then on cloudy days, with small puddles from the falling rain--presently descending, or having recently fallen--there was new bug activity.

This was the time when other types of creatures would grow and grow, and when ready, would then take to the air and fly with the others.

This was the time when the plants and grass, trees and flowers and all manner of growth in the area were given a new burst of refreshment, enabling them to grow bigger and better.

Every day couldn't be sunny or the plants would not last long. Nor could all days be wet and cold, or many little creatures could not do the jobs that they needed sunshine in order to do.

Today was such a day as this. A happy, laughing type of sunny-bright, a go-to-the-meadow-and-fly-freely day.

Today Buzzy and Bee-Fly were here, on the job, or at their play. It was both for them.

"I'll race you to the next flower," Bee-Fly said, getting up a bit of strength to do just that.

In reality, Bee-Fly was actually feeling rather sleepy. She needed a boost of energy. But that would only come if she found some nice nectar.

Just settling down on the welcoming and warm grass right where she was, wouldn't provide her with all that she needed. So a bit more effort was needed to get her to where she could both rest and be fed.

“Okay,” Buzzy replied, “But I'm sure you will get there before I do. I'm feeling so tired.”

“Me too,” said Bee-Fly, “and that is why I want to get there right now. I need it. Come on, let's go!”

And so they did, and made it safely to a spray of flowers, filled with nectar and pollen.

“Umm! These do smell so good!” Bee-Fly exclaimed, very glad she had put forth the effort to get there.

“Yummy!” Buzzy replied, fully occupied with this delightful treat.

“Now back to base,” Bee-Fly reminded Buzzy, after they had done their job and were well stocked up with what they came to do.

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“Did you have a good morning out?” Bellafrill, a friendly worker bee asked when she saw Buzzy and his companion make it back safely. Buzzy nodded and did what he was meant to do upon arrival. It was then that he heard the news.

“They are spraying the area to clear away bugs and such. It’s going to be a tough time for us bees too; if we

survive that is.” News was making its way around the hive. Other bee scouts had seen and smelled what some farmers were up to.

“I guess we can move if we must, but I’d sure miss going to the Meadow of New Stars,” Bee-Fly commented when she was taking a break.

“Perhaps we could return again some time later. Of course, the best thing would be for the spraying to stop.”

Another worker bee joined in, “I bet it’s the mosquitos, isn’t it? They are more abundant this year than ever. I hear they make humans very sickly.”

“But our honey has so many healing properties, that it would do them good to keep making the place easy for us to live in and thrive,” a different bee added to the conversation.

“Have you heard the nightly concert lately? The frog songs that fill the meadow, at least the part beside the pond?” Buzzy asked.

“I don’t go too close to that area, if I can help it, but I know what you mean. There are sure plenty of them,” Bee-Fly responded.

Buzzy continued his train of thought, “You see, the conditions that make the mosquitos thrive, are perfect for the frogs as well. And frogs help to keep down the amount of those pesky biters, somewhat.”

One bee commented, “And the birds too, they can help with the bugs and flying creatures that are bothersome.”

“Yes,” another added. “Though I like to keep out of their way just in case I’m considered lunch, or thought to be trespassing.”

They all chuckled.

It was an interesting realm, the realm of the bugs. Their means of survival and even their time of living was varied. But they all did have one thing in common: They were to keep busy and active nearly all the time. Life for most of them was much shorter than a human's life span. That is unless you were one of those special creatures that stayed under the ground for many years before making your appearance.

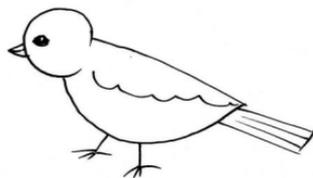
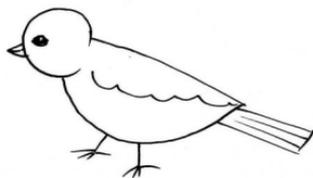
So many types, so many shapes, so many jobs.

“Time for a honey snack!” one bee said to another, and they all agreed. “This stuff is great! And we all needed each other to make it possible. None of us could have created it on our own.”

They all agreed.

# Chapter

# 2



## Chapter 2—Shining Wings

The Meadow of New Stars was part of a very large farm. Sometimes families or travellers would stop and camp in it for the night.

This week there was a family staying in a large tent. The purpose of their trip was special. They were there to record all the bird calls they could, and to do some very quiet bird watching, and photo taking as well.

And to end each day, apart from looking at some of the pictures they'd taken, and writing in their logs about the bird activity they'd seen that day, they always had a snug time of story. And this week all the stories were of course about birds. Most of the stories were imaginary stories, but some were true story accounts, telling of things some birds had actually done.

Kyran and Kayla loved this time of day—or rather of night. They’d hear the distant frogs croaking their songs, as well as some feathered singers making their music at the start of the evening. They’d tuck into their sleeping bags and rest on a soft pillow, after having just had a tasty but simple meal.

Mother would ask what book they’d like to select for the evening, and whatever chapter or story in it was about birds, that is what she would read.

Tonight was Kyran’s turn to choose. He looked at the books his mother had brought and said his choice:

“A Prince from Another Realm”. And so mother read from Chapter 11 and part of 12.

(Story from “A Prince from Another Realm” book: )

A lovely bird with shining wings flitted around, just up ahead of Prince Wilbert and Frank. It seemed to nearly be beckoning them. The men looked at each other, making the decision to see where this bird was calling.

As they followed it for several meters they saw, with great delight, a wonderfully filled bush of edible berries.

Knowing better than to just eat whatever they came across, the adventurers paused for prayer and confirmation from the Guide of their life.

After more careful inspection, Prince Wilbert noticed something wasn't quite right with the berries and the bush.

To the unobservant passer-by it would look just like an ordinary bush full of berries. However, as the men prayerfully looked more closely, they could see it was entangled with another sort of bush—the kind with poisonous leaves. It would be nearly impossible to pick and eat the berries without getting harmed from the bad leaves that were growing up and winding their way throughout.

The bird, that had looked rather lovely, now squawked an ugly sound and flew away. The shine seemed to have vanished. Its true nature was revealed by the Master of all.

“That was a close one!” Frank said as the men turned away, leaving the bush untouched.

Prince Wilbert added, “We can’t do things that seem nice and right, without

staying in constant communication with our Protector. I see it's not just the big bears that present a danger to us, but things that appear in disguise to be attractive that can get us seriously off course and delayed, and cause harm."

Sobered and more determined than ever to walk in step with the One who was leading them, they continued on their journey.

After walking for quite awhile, they noticed something curious

"Are you sure we are heading in the right direction?" Frank asked. "I thought I saw that area about an hour ago." He pointed out ahead of them. "I certainly don't want to be going in circles."

Prince Wilbert paused. "I don't think we have repeated any steps, but you're right, I do recognize something

about that: The ivy going up the trunk of that tree, and beside it the old and rotten stump. Hmmm. Let's pray."

"Dear Lord," Prince Wilbert prayed, "We seek You for Your guidance. We don't want to waste time or get lost. We don't know where to go or what to do, unless you show us. We believe it was Your will for us to travel through the forest, and You have kept us safe through all the challenges of the day. Please show now what to do and where we are to go. Have we just walked in a circle in this last hour or so?"

The men then paused to listen.

"Tweet-tweet" came the reply, in a form of a bird, small and cheery.

The last bird that led them wasn't helpful at all, and endangered their wellbeing.

But this time, the cheery call came with the words in their heart, “You’ve missed something. Find what it is. You’ve retraced your steps because there is something I know you don’t want to miss.”

What had looked to these men like a big mistake and waste of time, was in actuality, going to save them more time in the future.

“Follow the bird!” came the clear message to Prince Wilbert’s mind from God their guide. “I think it’s safe to follow this messenger,” Prince Wilbert said, and Frank who was at first hesitant, paused until he too received peace that it was right to do so. First the bird landed on an overhanging branch and sang a lovely melody.

When it was through, it was joined by its mate, and together they sang the song they were created to sing.

Together they flew and circled back, as if making sure the adventurous team was following in the direction they were taking.

Then another bird, and another, joined in. It seemed they had all been waiting for this moment to lead in a parade of sorts, or procession.

The further the men walked, the more little birds joined the team. Sometimes all the little birds landed in a tree to sing, and then when they were sure the men were walking in the right direction, they would carry on.

This seemed to go on for about ten minutes or more. Then when the birds were sure they had led the team of travellers to the right location, they all dispersed and flew this way and that way, leaving the men standing there, wondering, waiting, and watching.

“There’s a tunnel, look!” exclaimed Frank with excitement.

“Let’s go have a look,” replied Prince Wilbert, then paused. Both men knew better by now than to walk into the next situation without caution and prayer.

As they paused for confirmation from Above, their hearts whispering, “Lord, is this where you want us to go next?” all of a sudden the team of cheery birds that had lead them there came back.

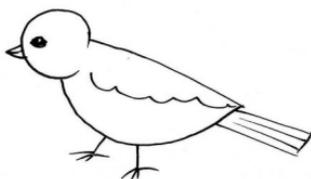
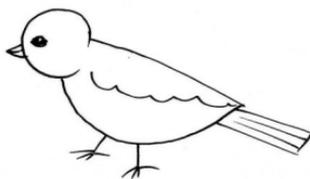
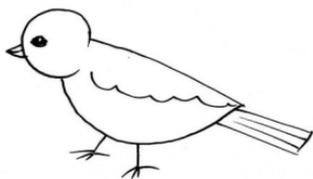
All the birds started chattering and flying low and swooping around the entrance to the tunnel that led down into the ground.

The men smiled, their hearts told them this was their answer, and so with confidence they made their next move.

(End of story selection.)

# Chapter

# 3



## **Chapter 3—**

### **A Green-and-Blue Suited Beetle**

A shiny green-and-blue suited beetle strode smartly along the winding pathway that led to his underground home.

He had had some good finds today, and most of all nothing and no one had stopped him, or caught him. He always did have to be on the lookout for bug catching critters.

As nice as his shiny coat was, sometimes it posed a threat whenever it reflected a bit of sunlight. It would make it harder to be hidden. But today was a good day. After all, he was bigger today than he was sometime before. Any day that brought him growth and new adventure was a good day for sure.

He paused to let a team of ants pass by first. He didn't relish getting into a debate with them. He might be mistaken for a meal by some of them.

As Mr. Beetle sat in his hole, he mused about the things he had learned recently.

One time he was crawling around under a log, doing a bit of this and that, when he heard the most unpleasant sound. Though he didn't know exactly what was being said by the couple of hiking humans angrily talking nearby, he did get the feelings they were expressing.

“Why do you always do it? I can't stand it when you do!”

“I don't always do it, like you think. In fact, it's been months since I have. I'm sorry you are so sensitive.”

“Well, if you can’t manage to keep track of what you say and do, maybe you need to...”

That was all he heard said, as the humans walked on past. Mr. Beetle felt very sad indeed. “Didn’t they realise?” he thought. “Why, they should just be glad they CAN still talk and see and hear and move, and even be allowed to be around each other.

“Why, if they were a bug, living only a short time, maybe they would enjoy life a bit more. But they seem to think things will always go on and on. But they don’t. I should know. Signs of life coming to a close happen all around. I see it in all parts of nature.”

After awhile, a new sound was heard. Walking past his hideout was a child—a laughing and eager-to-learn child.

“Oh, Mama! Look! I think I see a beetle hiding in there. He’s so cute! Can I pick him up and take him home?” she said, and began to reach for him.

“Oh, dear!” Mr. Beetle thought and tried to wiggle more deeply in the ground.

“Oh, I can’t see him so well any more, Mama,” she said.

“Well, that’s okay, sweetheart. I bet he wants to just stay right where he is. That’s his home. But you can have this if you like!” her mother said, picking a cute little wildflower.

The girl walked happily away.

“Phew! That was a close one!” Mr. Beetle thought. “But I am glad that I heard and saw some people enjoying being out in nature, and enjoying being with each other. How truly pleasant.”

Another memory came to Mr. Beetle: The bird. The large and frightful bird who nearly picked him up yesterday. But thankfully, there was right beside him what he had been nibbling on—a piece of bread, dropped by a team of picnickers.

He was just checking it out. But when there was the choice of giving himself up to the bird or giving up what he had, he chose to give up what he had. That was a better option. So the bird pecked up the bread and was on its way. There would be more things to explore and nibble on and check out later. And that he couldn't do if he didn't have a *him* left to do it.

Every day was filled with choices, and each day he had to decide what to do and what not to do. Everything had an affect and changed things in some way.

“The birds are fine to be singing in the trees, or catching OTHER bugs, or helping to spread the seeds of nature so that the world looks good. But I don’t really want to have my own free ride to one of their nests. No, thank you.”

Just then an ant was sniffing around. These creatures, though much smaller than he was, did pose a threat at times.

He hoped something better and more tasty would grab the attention of the ant and his team. Just then he remembered something.

Mr. Beetle dashed out of his comfortable place, grabbed a bite of some apple core he’d discovered earlier, and brought it over to the ant.

“Yes, yes! Thank you very much. This will be perfect!” the ant and his

partner would have said, if they could have spoken “Beetlese”. “And where did you say it was from?”

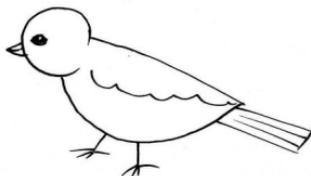
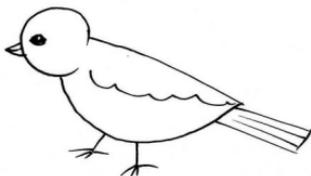
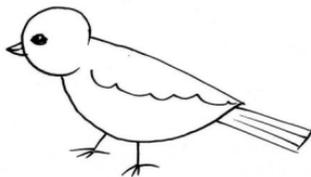
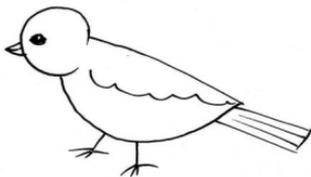
Seeing these ants were delighted with his gift, Mr. Beetle walked over to the rest of the apple core and showed them the way. He knew it wouldn’t be long before many more were at the job taking it all away, one bite at a time.

Sure enough, the crew from the closest opening to the colony was alerted. Out they came to clear away the food scraps and stock it up for their colony.

“They sure don’t waste time,” Mr. Beetle commented. “No sooner has one found a treasure then many are alerted. So soon after being told about the food, they take action and work hard in unity to take what they need.”

# Chapter

# 4



## Chapter 4—Singing and Squawking

On the second night of their birdwatching camping trip, it was Kayla's turn to choose the book for the night story. Since hearing so many birds singing that morning—which was their first morning of actually waking up at the camp--she had been in a song-and-poem mood all day. In her log book that evening she started to write one about the trip so far.

It started off with:

*“Under the stars*

*Under the sky*

*Away from the cars*

*The birds like to fly”*

She'd add more to it on other days.

“Time for a Rhyme” Kayla suggested for the book to read from that night.

Mother saw there where two poems related to the topic, and so began to read. Meanwhile, Daddy was whittling on some wood. He was trying to make a few little whistles, and had brought a few things and tools to make them while on their trip.

### **Singing Geese**

“Aaaah, aaah, ...uuff!”  
“To sing is just so tough  
We’ve sung at night and in the sun  
And when we walk and fly and run!”  
The geese friends were trying  
But then they started sighing,  
Said Miss Goosey in dismay  
Before she went and “hit the hay”  
“I can’t seem to make a song  
Sound just like a songbird,  
But I’m sure it won’t be long  
‘Til from me a song is heard.”

She fell asleep and dreamed that  
Wishing to be more than a cat  
The farmer's kitten tried to be  
A lion, roaring fearlessly.

It looked so funny  
And Goosey said "Honey,  
The farmer wants a cat  
He likes you just like that  
Soft, gentle, and fluffy,  
A pet, and not a toughie."

"Okay" said Cat "I'll 'Meow',  
I won't moo like a cow  
I won't bark like a dog  
I won't leap like a frog  
I won't graze like a lamb  
I'll just be who I am."

Then Goosey awoke  
And to the others spoke,  
“I had a dream and I’m guessin’  
That it was for a lesson.  
The farmer wants me.  
Not a songbird in a tree  
Or a colourful parrot  
Or rabbit with a carrot  
Not a big brown moose  
He just wants a goose!”

Although she couldn’t sing  
She gladly flapped her wings.  
She could really fly  
A long way in the sky!

And before the winter weather  
Brought the snow all white,  
They flew so happy together  
‘Cause God made them just right.

## **Walking and Squawking**

There once was a kid named Azar  
Who had a toy guitar  
He'd grab that thing  
When he wanted to sing  
And played it like a star.

He had a brother called Stede  
Who was a friend indeed  
Whatever the day  
They liked to play,  
Or draw or run or read.

One day on a walk  
They heard a loud bird "Squawk!"  
They looked to see  
There were twenty-three,  
In the cockatoo's flock.

With ease, it seemed they flew  
Through the sky so big and blue  
“Wish I could fly!”  
“So do I!”  
They wanted to join them too.

“But we can do things you know,  
Though we are here below,  
Without a wing  
We still can sing  
Joyful wherever we go.”

Though the birds could fly  
The brothers wouldn't sigh.  
Laughing and singing  
Cheering and bringing  
Smiles to others nearby.

Dad then put out the fire all the way by pouring some water he'd brought from the pond earlier, then tucked into bed. He decided to sing a song of his own.

First, he pulled out his harmonica to play the tune, then sung the song, and ended once again with the sound of the harmonica.

The children smiled. They were glad to be having so much time out in nature, as well as time with their fun-loving parents.

In some ways the time was going by slowly, but every bit had something special or unusual about it

Kyran remembered that today he'd almost been swooped by a bird whose nest was in the tree. He had seen it and wanted to take a picture up as

close as he could. But the mother bird didn't take too kindly to him being there and was trying to scare him away.

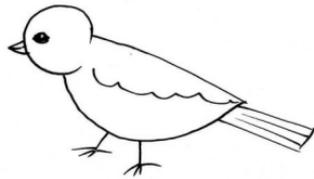
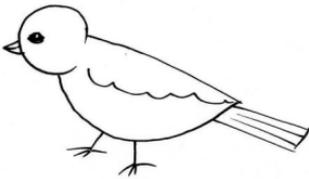
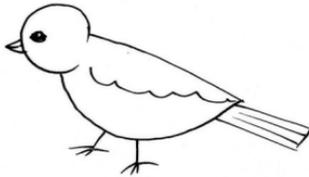
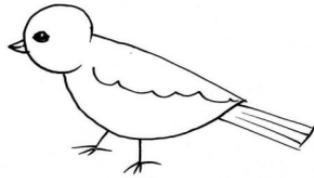
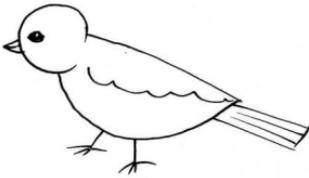
“Oh, well,” he said when leaving the spot. “I guess some things are just to be enjoyed with the eyes. I can't take a good photo of everything. At least I'll remember what it looked like. Maybe I can draw it.”

And so Kyran, who was working on his art skills, did just that. In his notebook, that night, he sketched it as best as he could. “That's very nice,” his father had said.

Of course it wasn't the funnest part of the day, being chased away, but now with a nice picture drawn, as well as the pleasant song his father had sung, called, “Under His Wings”, he was feeling alright; more than alright.

# Chapter

# 5



## **Chapter 5—Miss Beetle’s Dream**

Mr. Beetle decided to shut his eyes for a little rest. He was in a safe place and it was the right time of day.

But when he awoke, he realised that he’d been dreaming. “Am I really right back in my nook?”

In his dream he’d been crawling up a boy’s leg pants, not really thinking what he was doing. But before too long the boy walked away and got in a car. Oh dear! He was being taken to a far away place. There was little chance getting back to his usual home again.

The boy and his dad reached the river and got out of the car. They were going fishing. The boy took his fishing rod to the river’s edge, sat on a rock and began to toss his hook and line out into the water.

As he sat there for a long while hoping to catch a fish, Mr. Beetle began to crawl down and away and back to the dirt. “Maybe I can begin living here,” Mr. Beetle said, trying to make the best of it.

“Oh, hello...” a friendly friend came up to Mr. Beetle in his dream. It was a Miss Beetle, that looked just like he did. And off they walked through the grass having some beetle talk.

“So, how did you get here?” said the pretty and friendly beetle.

“Well, I guess I got in the car and drove here...” Mr. Beetle said with a laugh. “Though I didn’t intend to do that at all. I was just climbing up something that turned out to be that boy over there. When he got in the car, I was stuck. But I am glad to be here now, and here today, as I was able to meet you.”

Miss Beetle smiled shyly then said, "I do hope you'll stay around for a little while at least."

Mr. Beetle couldn't think of anything better to do right then, and so on they walked and talked. That is until Mr. Beetle woke up and realised it had only been a dream. Maybe it had been only a dream, but maybe it could become reality.

"Huh?" Mr. Beetle thought as it seemed a shadow had blocked the afternoon sunshine for a moment. He looked up and saw a boy was just walking past to get into a nearby car. He was on his way to go fishing and had come to collect some worms.

"Should I venture it? Yes, I will!" Mr. Beetle decided.

The boy stopped, walked back to pick up his hat that the wind had blown

off suddenly, then reached down to tie his shoe. That was all the time Mr. Beetle needed. Up, up and up he crawled onto the boy, and away in the car he soon was, driving to the fishing spot.

“I wonder if my dream will actually come true?” Mr. Beetle wondered.

“Well, at least I didn’t miss the chance when it came. Sometimes you’ve just got to act when the time presents itself. It’s not every day a chance like this occurs. And even if my dream doesn’t happen just like I would like it too, it’s better than sitting here wishing I had taken action, and wondering why I was so slow to make a move.”

When the car stooped, Mr. Beetle felt sure this must be the river, and was attempting to crawl out of the car. But to his dismay it was only a house.

The boy's father had forgotten to bring the drinking water and some other supplies. Both the boy and the father had thought that the other one had packed it.

Their house wasn't so far from the river anyway.

"Oh no!" Mr. Beetle said, when he realised too late that he was now on the ground near the house, and the car door was closed again and off they drove.

"Maybe I made a mistake after all," Mr. Beetle thought to himself, trying to walk over to a tree as quickly as he could. He didn't know the area and what dangers there might be. But if he could make it over near the roots of the tree, he could burrow in a bit and find shelter.

But just as he was burrowing into the soil, he looked up at saw just who he had set out to hopefully find.

“Maybe chasing a dream wasn’t so silly after all,” Mr. Beetle thought.

“Oh!” said a Miss Beetle. “You are just like the beetle friend I saw in my dream. Only, in my dream we met by the river.”

This really intrigued Mr. Beetle. He was eager to talk, and asked, “You also had a dream about meeting me beside the river?”

“Yes,” Miss Beetle nodded.

“But why are you here?” Mr. Beetle asked. “Do you live here?”

“Yes, I live here, and I’ve never been to a river side. But how did you get here?” she asked.

Feeling like being humorous, yet in a way it really was what happened, he said, “I guess I just dropped by your place to say hello.” Then he paused before saying what he thought might sound too amazing to be true.

He told of his dream, and told of it coming true, at least the first part of it—catching a ride on the boy and in their car. He then added,

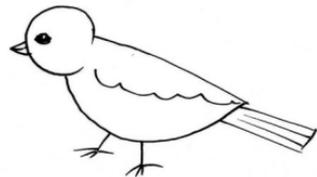
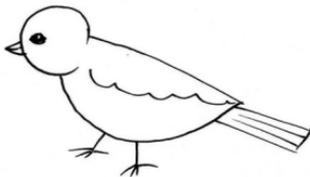
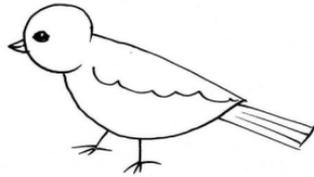
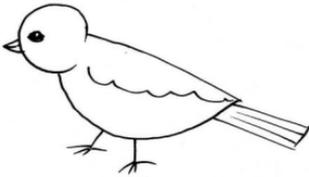
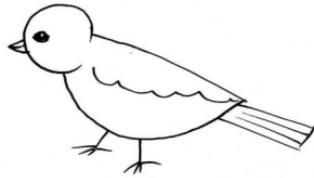
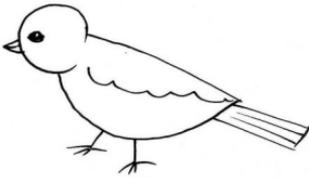
“I guess I’m glad that I never did make it all the way to the river. It was here that I was meant to be. I guess some dreams are only meant to happen part of the way, or are to get us going in one direction.”

Miss Beetle smiled. She was glad for company.

Meanwhile at the river, the boy and his dad were having a great time.

# Chapter

# 6



## Chapter 6—Flying and Riding

It took a few hours, but by supper time the team of “fishermen” –a boy and his dad—had something good to bring home.

“Mom will love these!” the boys said, putting the bucket of ice with the newly caught fish into the back of the car.

Father smiled. More than the fish he was just glad for the time to do something relaxing and enjoyable with his son. The year had been rather stressful.

First his own mother—the boy’s grandmother—had been in ill health. Though she was better now, it had taken its toll on them, while they were unsure what would happen to her.

Next his business stopped working well. Then, his shop had to close

temporarily due to lack of supplies needed. Then there was the fire. Their house had been at risk. Though only partly damaged, it still was in need of repair.

This time at the river, and regular trips to it, seemed to make things feel so much better. The father smiled as they got in and drove to the house.

“Oh! I forgot my hat!” the boy said as they got out of the car. It was only a short distance back to the river, and so they decided to nip back there and get it.

Mr. Beetle and Miss Beetle could hardly believe their ears. Was this team going again, right now, to the river?

“Let’s go!” Mr. Beetle said to Miss Beetle. But they’d need to move quickly. And so they took to their wings

and both flew into the window of the car and settled on the seat, under a crumpled jacket.

When they were sure they were unnoticed, as soon as the car stopped, they again flew out and landed on a low tree branch.

“Wow! This has been fun!” Miss Beetle said to Mr. Beetle, who was hanging upside down on the thin branch.

“Sure has been!” he replied, and made his way down to the ground, together with Miss Beetle. “Let’s go check out the water’s edge. I wonder who lives here?”

“I guess we’ll find out somewhat,” Miss Beetle responded.

“Ribbit. Ribbit. Ribbit,” came the familiar sound.

Then a butterfly flew past them as they crept across the patch of grass near the water.

“Lovely. Oh, so pretty!” Miss Beetle exclaimed. “I’ve got wings too, but also a very earth-dwelling body. But this one with delicate wings loves to spend most of her time in the air here and there. She loves fluttering in the wind, and moving from one bit of beauty to the next. She loves light. I bet that’s how and why she says clean and free of mud. She just keeps moving and letting the wind and the sun embrace her and be on her, plenty.”

Mr. Beetled added a thought, “And she doesn’t like to roll in the mud, for if she did, it might tear her wings and keep her earth-bound. She’d have a very hard time freely flying. She chooses the light and clean places, and stays clear of the soiling places.”

Just then the butterfly landed good and close by and opened up her wings all the way, laying them flat as she sunned on a flower. “Why does she do that?” Miss Beetle asked Mr. Beetle.

“Maybe it has something to do with keep her wings in good shape and getting all dry and warm. I think she can then fly better. She wants to ensure that she can always flutter in the wind, moving swiftly, with nothing holding her back or down.”

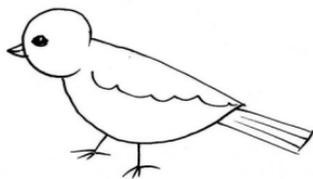
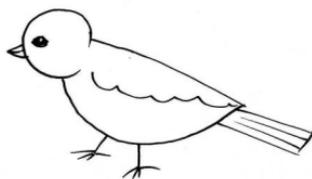
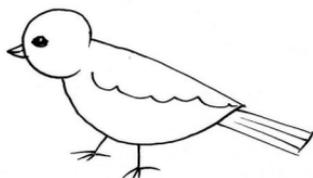
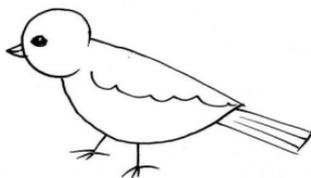
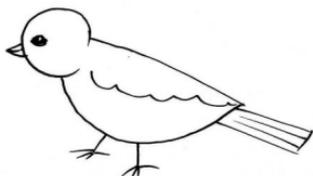
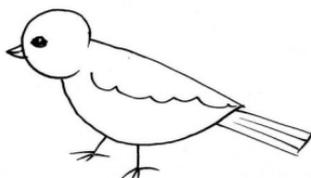
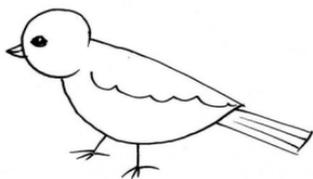
“I, too, feel like taking a flight!” Miss Beetle expressed, and so they did. Up they flew, as much as their wings could lift their heavier selves, before landing again to crawl on the ground.

“Maybe we’ll get stronger if we fly more often,” Miss Beetle thought.

“Maybe we will. We’ll just have to try,” said Mr. Beetle.

# Chapter

# 7



## **Chapter 7—Little Bird Stories**

Using a camping lantern beside the campfire, Mother read the story for the night to the rest of this camping, bird-watching team. She let Daddy choose what it was going to be.

“I want to hear some true stories,” he’d said.

Mother had several shorter true bird stories selected in a file that she’d printed out. So while he was roasting some food for their evening meal, Mother read five little true stories she’d compiled:

### **1.) The Little Bird**

Some children lived near a forest. In the spring, the flowers were blooming. They liked to pick the flowers.

One day they walked into the forest to pick flowers. But the children went

too far. They didn't know how to get back home. What should they do? The older sister remembered what their mother had told them, "If you ever need help, just ask Jesus and He will help you!"

So the children knelt down and prayed for Jesus to help them find their way home.

After they had prayed, a little bird hopped down on the ground nearby. One of the boys wanted to hold it and reached out to pick it up. The bird seemed so friendly. But the bird kept hopping forward!

The children began to follow it. It was a fun game. After a while, the children looked up and saw they were out of the forest. They could see their house! Jesus had sent the bird to lead them home.

## **2.) The Last Apple**

We have an apple tree in our yard and it's mostly a bird feeder, really, as the apples that grow on it are filled with bugs and worms. It has been this way every year. However, something special happened this last year.

All the apples were gone—eaten by the cockatoos as usual. But there was one last apple left on the tree. It grew and grew, and no birds ate it. It was fully ripe, and growing in a low spot where we could pick it.

So one day we picked it and cut it open. To our surprise, it was a very good apple with no bugs at all. That was the only apple that had fully ripened without the birds eating it, and it was without bugs. That was Jesus' special apple treat for us!

### **3.) A Bird and a Frog**

When Liam was two years old, his daddy wasn't able to be there for his birthday. He had been gone for a while on a trip. Then Jesus did something to encourage Liam. For the first time ever, a little bird flew into our dining area.

We lived in an eight-story apartment building and the bird just flew in—a cute little bird. Liam really liked it. Eventually it was able to fly out again. It was just a special thing to have happen on his birthday.

Later that day, when someone was with him outside they found a frog in the garden. The garden was more like a courtyard. It was just a cement area with some plants growing in the corner of it. They found this frog and brought it upstairs to show us.

Liam was so happy with this little frog that was found. We let the frog go later on, but it was fun that it happened on his birthday.

The Lord brought some nature to him in a place where it wasn't really possible to enjoy much nature.

#### **4.) The Piggy and the Magpie**

Once my younger brother had left something in the yard that was very special to him—a little, cloth finger puppet “piggy”.

Because this was the time of season that magpies build their nests, one magpie was looking for a soft thing to put in his nest. That little soft toy was the perfect thing! So he picked it up and began flying.

Thankfully, I saw him. We ran in and told our mother. She came out with us to the front yard where the bird had proudly gotten a very good nest softener.

He was on the ground trying to get the strength to carry this soft toy across the road to his nest.

My mother knelt on the ground near him and looked at him. He prayed for the Lord to help the bird not fly away with it, and then pleaded with the magpie, “Please, please, give it back.”

Then, in answer to prayer and pleading, the bird set down the soft toy and flew off. That got me wondering, maybe baby magpies enjoy soft toys, ha! My brother sure does, and was very happy that day to get his tiny soft toy back again.

## **5.) God Cares for Elijah**

The Lord can do some amazing things to take care of those who love Him. One time there was a famine in the country and no rain fell, as a result of a bad king and queen's ungodly ways. The people in the land weren't obeying God's Words either. It was a difficult consequence of their bad behaviour.

Prophet Elijah told the king that the rain wouldn't fall to water the crops until God knew it was the right time and people were ready to change and do the right thing. It was to be three and a half years until it rained again.

Prophet Elijah had food and water and all that he needed during that time of famine, because he obeyed the Lord.

The Lord told him to go and live beside the brook Cherith for awhile, where he had water to drink. The Lord then told some ravens to fly and bring him meat and bread twice each day.

When at last the water of the brook dried up, Elijah was told where to go and what to do next.

Elijah obeyed and went to a place called Zarephath, as the Lord wanted a woman there to feed and care for him. Prophet Elijah asked her for food and water and she gave him all that she could.

The food she shared with him was to be her last bit of bread, but because she gave it to God's prophet, God did a miracle for her. The woman's barrel of flour and her jar of oil never ran empty—for years!

Every day she baked bread for her son and herself and for Prophet Elijah, and there was always enough in the containers for them to use.

It was a miracle! She had to obey and have faith at first to share the only food she had, but because God asked her to, she did it. And not just on that first day, but she shared her miracle food with Elijah every day, for three years; and because she did, she and her son never lacked the food they needed.

One day the woman's child got very sick. It seemed like his life had ended. The mother took her son to Prophet Elijah to pray for him. After the prophet prayed desperately for the boy's healing, the boy opened his eyes and was alive and well. Everyone was so happy!

(End of story selections.)

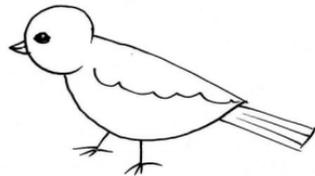
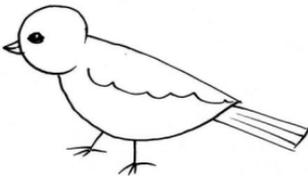
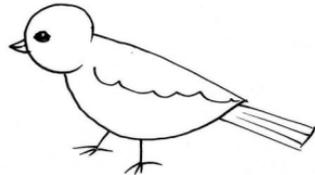
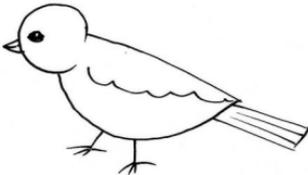
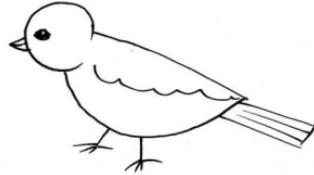
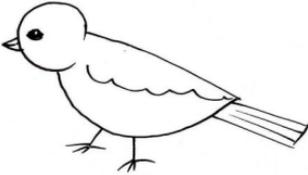
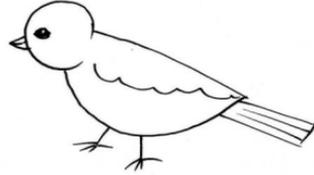
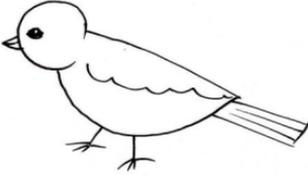
“Goodnight” Mother said, to each one in her family, ensuring they were tucked in snug for the night.

“Goodnight” they replied.

And it seemed, so did the chorus of pond dwellers, as the frogs croaked their evening tunes.

# Chapter

# 8



## **Chapter 8—Bee-Fly, Buzzy and Bellafrill**

Bee-Fly, Buzzy and Bellafrill were enjoying a delicious snack of honey. After all, they'd worked so very hard, day after day, to produce it. And it wasn't just honey that their large team of bees made, but wax as well.

If there was something they weren't, it was lazy. And certainly not lonely either. Well, sometimes they worked alone in their flying missions, but they always knew that they were a part of a team working to make some things that were very useful and needed.

“Can you come here for a second please?” the voice was well known. For these bees in the hives of the farmer knew the voice of the farmer's wife well. She often came to check on them, and saw how they were getting on.

She was calling her husband to help her lift some new honey extracting equipment they had purchased.

Of course the bees had no idea what it was for, and they started to speculate.

Bee-Fly, Buzzy and Bellafrill peered out of the hive to see, and discussion began.

Bee-Fly said, “I think it’s for collecting new bugs, sort of capturing them you know—like flies and mosquitos, maybe even snails. I think it’s to cut down the bad bugs, so their farm can be a nice place.”

“Yes,” added Bellafrill, “Then others won’t need to spray poison around to get the bugs. And we’ll be fine and healthy.”

“Maybe,” commented Buzzy. “But maybe it’s a dog food making machine. Like it takes the scraps and bits of foods and mixes them all up, dries them, and out pops the dry food bits that dogs like to eat.”

Bee-Fly nodded. That was a new idea, and it was mechanical enough to look like it could do the job.

Bellafrill thought of an altogether new idea. “I wonder if it’s a new music making machine. It might make the sounds of nature—like the birds and the bugs and bees too, and the wind blowing in the trees. Then they wouldn’t miss these things when they are in their house or workshop. It would be like they are still outside! Maybe it even has a fan to blow fresh air, and perhaps something that puts out the smell of grass and fresh spring flowers!”

They were having a great time coming up with the “what is it?” ideas.

It was a week or so later when the three of them discovered that it actually was something completely different—and something that involved them, or at least their hive’s honey.

The door of the workshop was open and the new machine could be seen from the hive, if you really looked carefully. When the farmer’s wife began bringing into the workshop something that was taken out of another hive, this made Bee-Fly, Buzzy and Bellafrill all the more curious.

But when it came time for her to remove something from their hive, a part that contained lots of stored honey to share, these three decided to catch a ride on it into the workshop. And so they did.

“Oh, what are you still doing here?” said the farmer’s wife, when she noticed the three bees still sitting on a removeable part of their hive.

Off they flew quickly, but only to get another view of this machine.

“Seems she’s putting the honey into that machine,” Buzzy described what the others could see already.

“Now it is spinning around so fast! I am glad that we got off when we did,” said Bellafrill.

“Oh, and look at that spout!” Bee-Fly exclaimed, drawing attention to where some honey was pouring out into a large container.

“So that’s what it’s for!” the now wiser bees commented. Now that they had seen it for themselves, it was time to be leaving, and off they flew.

They knew that their hard work was being well appreciated, and well kept.

These farmers like to do things in the way that preserved the goodness of all that was provided through nature and the active, helpful creatures.

As they left, the farmer's wife was sampling a little taste of it, and giving a bit to her little girl as well.

“Mmmm!” they both said.

“Just the way it is, is just great! No heat, just eat!” was their motto.

As the bees flew out the partially opened workshop window, right over the most colourful garden of flowers you've ever seen, a pair of playful butterflies were dancing in the sunlight. They showed with their winged joyful moves, that they were just happy to be alive.

First they flew here, and then fluttered there, and at last landed on some flowers to bathe in the sunshine for a few quiet and still moments. Ah! It was good to be alive, and to be a bee, as well.

As soon as they got back to their hive, a truck of some sort was just pulling up to the house.

This curious team, though usually working hard, thought it wise to take time to enjoy a few moments of relaxation, as well as exploration. After all, it was their farm, and they wanted to know what was going on.

If they had known how to read the human's language they would have read the truck's sign that said: "Pest removal services".

Not ever creature trying to take advantage of the farmer's property and

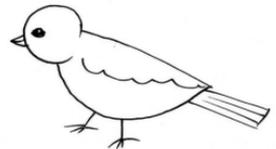
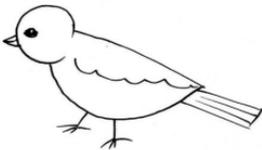
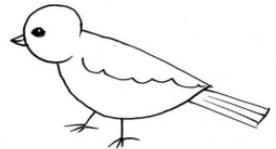
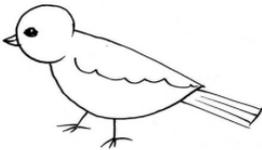
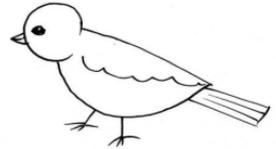
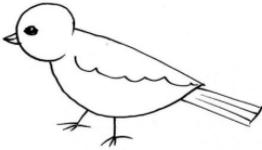
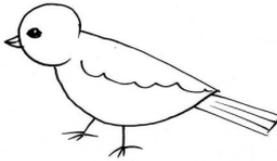
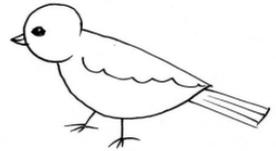
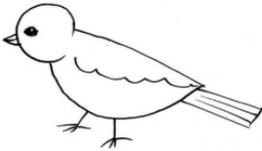
home was welcome here. Some creatures worked hard to help out—like the bees. They were more than welcome. But others were not. --Those of the rat sort, and those of the roach kind as well.

So every now and then the farmers got some help to remove or clean out the very unwelcome guests, that were more like thieves, than helpers.

“We share our honey and we do work hard, and we try to stay out of the human’s houses,” Buzzy said, trying to encourage the others that they had nothing to worry about. They were to keep their place right where they were, and keep doing the good they were doing—pollenating the plants, and producing the sweet and powerful honey that only they knew how to make.

# Chapter

# 9



## Chapter 9—A Starry Picnic

Tonight the camping family did something different for their evening mealtime and story. They spread a large picnic blanket on the ground, and bundled up with several more blankets on top of them. A few pillows and cushions were ready for tired heads to rest on.

After singing some songs under the stars, and eating a warm bowl of supper, everyone settled down to look up at the stars.

Mother had a little camping light right beside her, so she should see the book and read the story. It was her turn to choose the story for the night. During story time, Daddy, while lying down, was able to softly pluck on his guitar some nice, gentle background music.

Mother had selected a couple of booklets from the series called “Story time with the Master”. Since one story was about a little girl, and another about a little boy, it seemed just right.

They listened while lying snugly in between their parents, and kept a watchful eye for any zooming stars in the sky above. Mother began to read:

A little bird sat on a window sill, waiting for the daily crumbs that were put out. But on this day the window remained shut.

The little hungry bird, after waiting for what seemed a very long time, then hopped to the ground to begin looking for food; perhaps something had dropped down from the day before, and he could eat it today.

Ah, there was a tiny little crumb, but beside it was something far better! A bug to eat, and oh! Over there was a bush with berries that were just starting to come out.

Umm! So much goodness was discovered, even more than the bird would have gotten if it had just been fed at the window with a few crumbs that had been collected off the table.

Sometimes something we are hoping for, and even depending on, doesn't work out in the way we want it to. This makes us have to look around and find something else.

Through doing this looking and finding, we discover more and better possibilities that would have been missed if our focus was only on that one thing we thought we needed to be happy and make it through our day.

Now the birdy had more options. The next day when the window was open, and the crumbs were there, the birdy saw the little girl sitting up in her bed.

She tweeted to the bird, glad to see that it still came back again, and that just because there were more berries and bugs around, it didn't stop coming to eat the few humble crumbs that were put out. It cheered her up to see this one, and to hear the happy melody it sang.

At first the bird had needed the girl to provide for it, and now the bird realised the girl needed its song of cheer and daily visits. So even though there were more luscious places to feed, the bird made sure to return each day to give back, in gratitude, a song of cheer and nibble the humble gift that the girl could share.

One day the bird even brought a small twig with a ripe berry on it and placed it on the window sill, then sang and flew off. The girl knew it was a gift from birdy to her.

The next day she placed on the window a few seeds she had saved from her meal the night before, as a little thank you to the bird for his friendship and gifts.

There is a time to give and a time to receive. A time to love and a time to be loved. A time to leave and a time to return. A time to share, and a time to be shared with.

*(End of the first story. Beginning of the next.)*

A little boy sat at the water's edge and tossed in a few rocks. He was thinking about some things lately.

This seemed to help him pass the time while his mind was troubled. Just like the pebbles that he tossed in, and saw that they vanished from sight, so had other things in his life gone. Or at least he couldn't see them anymore.

He tossed in another rock and then got up to walk away. Just then a bird in the tree began a new song. He stopped to listen. There was something special about this song. As he listened it seems new thoughts were forming in his mind. It was a song waking up something that had been slumbering deep inside him—joy.

Joy was awakened, as a child awakes in the morning. The bird's joy flittered on the air of that song and made its way into the boy's heart. Then something else followed too, as he started down the path again—peace.

He no longer wished to figure out all the questions that were bothering him, but just wanted to relax in the knowledge that the God who made the sparrow, would also bring a new song to his own heart.

This bird's own little ones had grown and flown away from their nest to start new lives, and it was probable that this bird rarely saw those ones again, but still it sang as it did every day, for each new day could bring new joys if it looked.

So the boy with now more of a hint of a smile on his face started to sing a song of cheer, and by the time the song was through, new hope had stirred his soul.

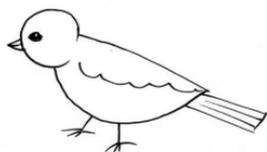
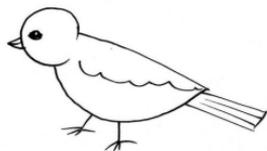
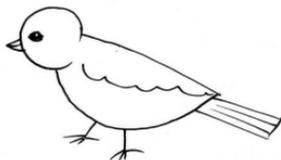
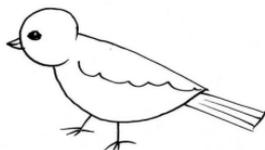
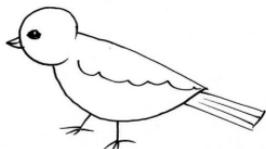
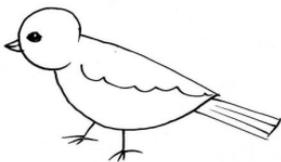
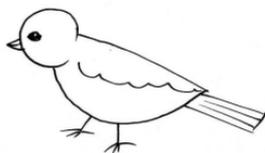
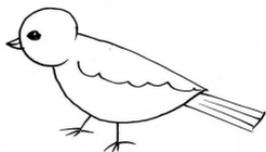
Though lost things might remain out of sight, still there was much he could enjoy, and didn't want to miss it.

Each time he again started to miss what was no longer part of his life, he remembered the cheerful bird, singing near the water's edge, and he too stirred himself to sing again until joy, peace and hope sprang up and kissed him.

*(End of story.)*

# Chapter

# 10



## **Chapter 10—The Brush Turkey and the Bower Bird**

It was Kyran’s turn to pick the story for the night, and he was choosing from between two booklets. In the series “Creatures with Character” there were two that were about birds.

Finally, Kalya said that whatever one he didn’t choose tonight, she would ask to be read for her turn on the following night.

While in their tent, drawing some pictures of things they had seen that day, Daddy read the story for the evening.

(Story Begins)

Liam and Tony heard some rustling in the bushy area where their family had stopped for a picnic.

“Come, Patrick,” they invited their youngest brother to peek between the trees and see what was going on.

“I think it’s a brush turkey,” said Liam, who had seen something like this before.

They didn’t want to disturb the creature who was obviously very busy at work. Indeed he had a very challenging task—some would say, a nearly impossible one. Mother came to squat down as well and look on with the boys.

Mother whispered, “How the brush turkeys manage to create a place down under the ground with leaves and all that they use, is a work of art!

“And the truly amazing thing is that they are able to set up their nest in such a way that it is just the perfect temperature for the eggs.

“These types of birds know how to keep their nest at that very specific temperature, no matter what the weather is doing.”

The boys were amazed.

Liam said, “I wish our house had that kind of a special ‘temperature control’ feature, that without the use of electricity or machines, it would never be too hot or cold!”

These birds had a good understanding of nature and science—knowing at least what was needed for their particular task.

“What is also just as fascinating,” Father added, “Is that when the chicks hatch, deep down in that pile of leaves and dirt, they know what they are supposed to do.

“The baby birds know that they are meant to suddenly dig their way out—and to even know where up and out is!

“Just think about it: When they are grown, they also know how to do the very same thing that their parents did for them—how to create a nest and maintain the perfect temperature for their eggs.”

Mother thought of her boys, and how they enjoyed learning about things, and added,

“Yet, those little ones didn’t get to watch or have a class with their parents on how to dig and fill and create the perfect place for the eggs.

“It was a knowledge that was imparted to them. It was built into them, and would be passed on amazingly to their little babies—without teaching them.”

Tony thought, “Like getting a computer that already has programs on it?”

“Perhaps something like that,” Father commented. But even beyond that.

Liam added,

“Like getting a computer that has programs on it and can print out a whole new computer that also has those programs on it and that can then print out yet another whole computer... and so on.”

Every one laughed. But that is a bit what it was like.

Patrick then added to the discussion—“And a computer that has a program that makes it grow feathers, the right size and colour and type, at just the right time.”

The family smiled as they watched the brush turkey working on his family building project, then decided it was time to walk over and have their picnic.

Patrick was thinking more about the birds, their nest, and the eggs, and asked,

“But why does it need to be just right for the eggs—not too hot and not too cold?”

Father replied,

“It’s a bit like the seeds we planted in the garden last year. We had to plant them when the weather and ground were the right temperature.

“Eggs of birds need to be warm also in order to grow, or the bird inside will never develop and hatch.”

Mother added, “And if I cook some seeds, like lentils, or put them in water that is too hot, they will never sprout either.

“Bird eggs are designed the same way—if they get too hot, they won’t start to grow and hatch. So we don’t have to worry that the boiled chicken eggs in the fridge will start cracking and a have a chick hopping out!”

The boys laughed at that.

After eating, the boys and their father went exploring around a bit more, while Mother packed up the picnic.

There was an empty bottle of water, and its blue lid was on the picnic mat beside it. When Mother took some things and put them in the car, however, something mysterious happened, or so it seemed.

When she came back to the picnic mat to clear the rest of the items, the lid to the bottle was nowhere around.

“That’s odd, I thought I just saw it right there.” She cleared everything and shook it out, and still there was no sign of the blue bottle cap.

Then another thing was missing. There had been a little scrap of blue cloth, a label that was taken off an old shirt. It wasn’t comfortable with it on, so she removed it.

She didn’t need it, but was aware that it had been beside the door of the car. It had fallen out and she was going to go around and pick up any scraps of trash, so as to keep the natural area looking nice.

“Hmmm,” she thought.

She had no explanation for this, since only birds and ants had been seen around there while she tidied and packed up.

When the boys and their father came back they told of a wonderful discovery.

“Guess what we saw?” Liam started out.

“A bower bird making its bower!” announced Tony.

“He likes to collect little blue things,” Patrick told his mother.

“Yes,” Father added, “It seemed to have quite a good stash of its favourite things—blue things.”

Mother asked,

“Like what kinds of things?”

“A piece of plastic ribbon, like from a present someone must have opened here at a party in the woods,” Tony answered.

“There were a few blue bottle caps,” Liam remembered.

“And a little blue piece of cloth was in the bird’s beak as it flew back when we were watching it,” Patrick remembered.

Mother smiled. That explained the missing blue items.

This bird could tell the difference between colours, and knew what it liked. It could tell the difference between blue and other colours like purple or green, yellow or red.

Perhaps it wanted just the right things to decorate its house. Not just anything would do.

As the family got in the car to continue on their trip they listed all the birds they'd seen so far. There were so many. Yet when they thought about each type of bird, they realised that besides feathers and eggs, there was also something similar to each of them.

All of them had to do things just a certain way to bring the right result. They had to choose some things, and not choose others. They had to want one thing, and not want the other.

Like the brush turkey had to know and choose the right temperature. If it didn't, they would never have any new little baby chicks.

Other birds that were meant to eat certain things needed to choose those and not eat other things that weren't right for them. —That way all the parts of nature were cared for.

Not all birds needed fish, or bugs, or berries. Not all birds had to crawl up from a deep pile of leaves and vegetation when they hatched, nor did all have to balance on a branch of a tree waiting to learn to fly.

Each type of bird had something different it was to do, to eat, to create, and a way to communicate.

They each had to be happy to do what they were meant to do—and not try to do what another bird type was created to do.

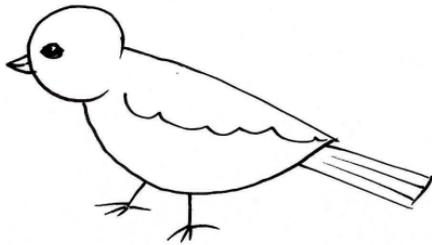
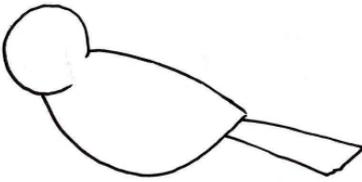
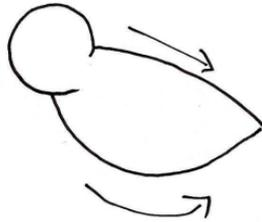
“Choices fill our days too,” said Father.

“We each have to decide what is right for us, what will help us to make this world the best. We have to choose some things, and say no to others.

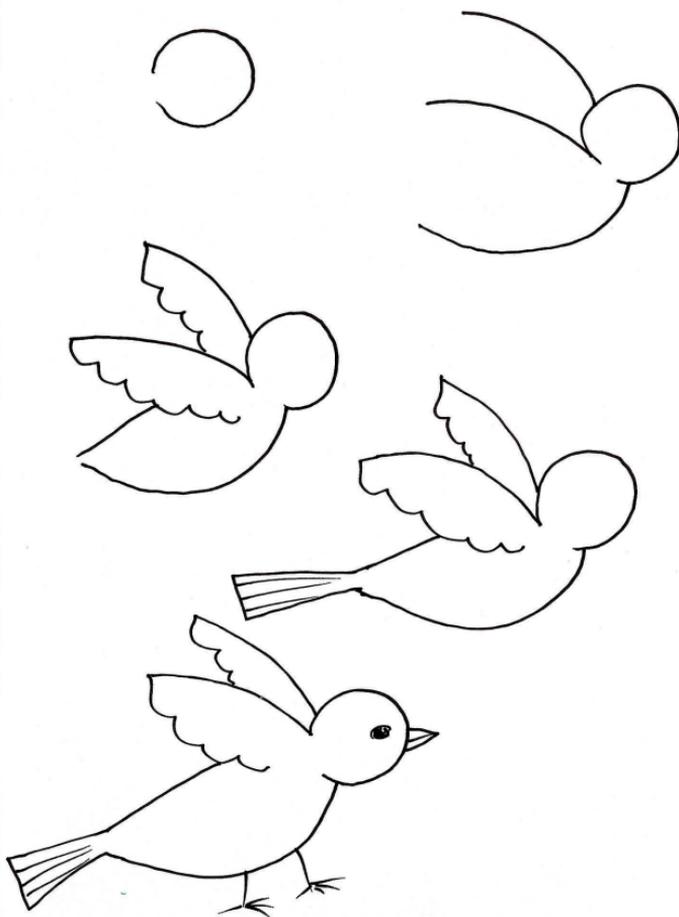
“We have to like some things—like the bower bird likes the blue; and not like other things—like the brush turkey female won’t be happy if the nest isn’t built just right. If it isn’t right and best for the babies, they have to try again and make it right.”

(End of the story.)

# How to draw a sitting bird:



# How to draw a flying bird:





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