

Lesson 6

READ THIS STORY #2, Advanced

The Bird Watcher

There was more to being a bird watcher than Oscar had suspected. Oscar had located a paperback volume with pictures of birds. He had also spent quite a bit to buy a pair of strong binoculars.

He stuck a pad and pencil in his pocket so that he could make notes about all of the birds he would observe. The morning was foggy. It had been raining and the path near the swamp was slippery. His shoes were a muddy mess.

Just as he spotted a bird, he ran into a swarm of flying bugs. While he was swatting at them, the bird flew away! He couldn't tell if it had been a swallow or a warbler.

Oscar squatted on a damp log and looked expectantly toward the pond. Where were the birds? He watched for an hour. Finally, a dark shape settled on the water. He couldn't determine what kind of bird it was.

While he was trying to look up its picture, he dropped the binoculars in the mud. Oscar decided to give up and go home.