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The Mulberry Bird

An Adoption Story



Jessica Kingsley *Publishers*
London and Philadelphia

First published in 1986 by Perspectives Press; revised edition published in 1996
by Perspectives Press

This edition published in 2013
by Jessica Kingsley Publishers
116 Pentonville Road
London N1 9JB, UK
and
400 Market Street, Suite 400
Philadelphia, PA 19106, USA

www.jkp.com

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Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

A CIP catalog record for this book is available from the Library of Congress

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978 1 84905 933 6
eISBN 978 0 85700 720 9



This is the story of a mother bird who lived in a mulberry tree long ago. Although small and young, she was a strong little bird. Her short body feathers were greyish yellow; her longer wing feathers were marked with black and white.

In springtime, in the cool hours before sunrise, she loved to fly in great swooping patterns around the mulberry tree. Her special song could be heard through the singing of all the other birds.

“Per-chic-o-ree,
per-chic-o-ree.”

As the spring days grew longer, her body grew heavier, and she knew that it was time to prepare for a baby bird.

She built her nest of twigs and straw on the middle branches of the huge mulberry tree. Inside the nest, which was lined with soft feathers pulled from her body, she laid one lovely, pale blue egg. She knew that the baby bird inside the egg needed the heat of her body next to him in order to grow. She was pleased with the egg and admired it for a moment before lowering her warm breast into the nest to protect it.

When the right number of days had passed, she felt the egg move slightly. As she rose from the nest she heard a scratching sound from inside the egg. Soon the scratching became a tap-tap tapping, and suddenly the shell cracked!

First the baby bird's beak appeared, then his sweet little pink-feathered body stretched the crack wider and wider, until finally he tumbled out, and the shell fell away.



He looked a little surprised at first, but soon began to chirp, hoping that his mother would know that he was hungry.

Mother Bird flew in a circle around the mulberry tree, watching for enemies and looking for food. She brought only the fattest beetles and the juiciest berries to feed her baby. She screeched and flapped her wings furiously whenever unfriendly birds came too close to the nest. Taking care of a baby was a little harder than she had thought it would be.

She noticed that some of the other mothers had father birds to help them. Her baby's father had flown away long before she built her nest and laid the pale blue egg. Mother Bird asked some other birds she knew if they would help her take care of her baby, but they were too busy taking care of their own families.

Mother Bird began to realize that she would have to take care of her baby alone, but she saw how much he was counting on her and was determined to do her best.





One morning, perched on her lookout branch, Mother Bird sensed danger. It was not night-time, but the sky slowly grew dark. The wind blew in angry gusts against her feathers. Quickly she flew back to the nest to prepare for a storm.

Carefully, she spread her wings over the nest and covered her wonderful baby. Deep in her throat she warbled, “Per-chic-o-ree, per-chic-o-ree,” so that he would not be afraid.

