



Little Will And The High Flying Robin

E. SOPP WEST

IT WAS LATE APRIL in Saratoga Springs, New York. Spring had been recorded on the calendar for more than a month, but Winter refused to be dispossessed. For two days Saratoga had been blasted by frigid winds and a driving blizzard. The ground was blanketed with snow. Automobiles had been put back in the garage, and Dobbin was once more harnessed to the sleigh.

The unseasonable storm had blown itself out and the sky was azure blue once again. The sun shone brilliantly, but ole Mr. Winter was still evident in the chill that hung in the air.

Little Will was on his way to school when he stopped to inspect the apparently lifeless body of a robin lying in the road. As he stood there with tears of sadness streaming down his cheeks, a horse, pulling a sleigh, passed right over the robin. The horse dropped a big pile of steaming manure right beside the little robin.

The warmth from the fresh manure began to thaw the frozen bird. The bird ruffled its feathers ever so gently, and little Will was filled with joy to see that the poor robin was not really dead. It was only half starved and half frozen.

The robin stretched its little neck and plucked a steaming oat from the pile of manure. He repeated this again and again, until he had his little tummy filled with those steaming oats. Within a few moments the robin got to its feet and hopped on top of the pile of "you know what." He gorged himself with more of the same.

The robin with his tummy filled with oats poked out its little chest and sang a song of Spring. The robin then tried his wings and found they were strong enough to show off some fancy flying. It flew high into the sky and turned and put on a great performance as it performed all sorts of capers in swoop-

ing back down on the pile of manure. He gorged himself with more of the same tidbits and then took off, climbing higher and higher into the heavens. As little Will watched the robin become a tiny speck high above him, a hawk streaked across the sky and swallowed the high-flying robin with a single gulp.

Little Will was grief stricken by this horrible fate of the robin, and, with tears once again streaming down his saddened face, he raced off to school. He told his teacher the whole story of what he had seen.

The teacher, attempting to console little Will, asked him, "Will, what did you learn from your experience today?"

Will, after a moment of deep thought, wisely replied, "Teacher, I learned that it don't pay to fly too high when you are full of 'you know what'" (Tip from E. Sopp, "From the mouths of babes come gems.")



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