

*Yuri Bukovski*

# *The Little Cuckoo*



*Tale*

**Yuri Bukovski**  
**The Little Cuckoo. Tale**

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**Аннотация**

The tale tells, how one day a Cuckoo threw his egg into the nest of a Blue Tit. The Blue Tit hatched an egg, brought out a chick, nursed it and put it on the wing. And when the Cuckoo grew up and became much, much bigger than the Blue Tit, he also always took care of her and called her his mother.

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# **The Little Cuckoo Tale**

**Yuri Bukovski**

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# The Little Cuckoo



Once upon a time there lived one Blue Tit. She lived in a small forest next to the fruit garden. She wasn't a big bird, but so graceful and nimble – a lovely sight! Her breast was yellow with a black necktie and its back was green. She had blue wings with dark stripes, snow-white cheeks and a black little hat on her head.

The little Blue Tit loved to sing. You could hear her voice ringing in the garden all year round. Only when the winter frosts struck did she go silent. But with the first thaw of spring, her joyful song always started anew. “Tswing-tswing! Traa-ra!”

One summer, the Blue Tit laid five eggs. She sat on the eggs until they hatched, fed the little nestlings and taught them how

to fly. It was time to go back to her favorite activity – singing.

But no such luck! One day, the Blue Tit was flying back to her nest when she noticed some suspicious bird in the bushes.

It must be said that earlier, in the spring, a couple of mean Sparrows have chased the blue tit out of her birdhouse in the fruit garden. She had no choice but to settle in the nearby forest, in an abandoned magpie nest. Blue Tits can't build their own nests from twigs and sticks. They live in tree hollows, crannies under the roofs of houses and barns, sometimes in old and abandoned bird nests.



“Maybe the magpie decided to move back into her old house?” the Blue Tit got nervous as she noticed the other bird among the

leaves. But she wasn't too sure. "Magpies have white sides. This stranger is grey and has stripes – looks like a falcon."

Well, the Blue Tit didn't have to wonder for long. Peeking into her nest, she spotted an egg laying there! The Blue Tit was taken aback by the surprise. "Did I not hatch all of my eggs?" she thought. "No! I've laid five eggs and taught five chicks of mine how to fly."

She looked closer and no, the egg wasn't hers! It looked similar, white with brown spots. But the pattern was different, and it was huge. It wasn't a Blue Tit egg. The Blue Tit put her ear to the egg shell. It was barely warm and nobody was moving or scraping inside.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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