

Radar and Quail Birch

Wildflowers danced in the warm morning sunlight while fuzzy bumblebees bounced from flower to flower and colorful butterflies fluttered through the tall grass. It was a peaceful morning in the meadow, and a tiny bunny rabbit happily munched on sweet purple clover for breakfast.

One brightly colored butterfly caught Bunny's attention. Excited, he began hopping after it through the field. The butterfly floated this way and that while Bunny bounced as fast as he could. Soon he was completely out of breath.

Just then, a soft breeze drifted through the meadow.

"Achoo!" Bunny sneezed as something brushed against his whiskers. He quickly spun around to see who was there, but no one appeared behind him.

The butterfly fluttered farther away, but Bunny was prepared to chase after it again.

Suddenly a gust of wind swept through the grass.

"ACHOO!" Bunny sneezed so hard he flipped upside down. The breeze tickled the soft white fur on his belly, making him laugh as he rolled back onto his feet.

"No more sneezing!" Bunny giggled. Still, he wondered what had been tickling him.

Determined to solve the mystery, Bunny lifted his long ears high above the tall grass.

"Maybe I can't see what's tickling me," he said, "but maybe I can hear it."

He listened carefully. Birds chirped in the distance while bees hummed among the flowers. Along with those sounds was something else—a strange swooshing noise that almost sounded like falling rain.

Curious, Bunny stretched taller on his back feet and peeked into the bright blue sky.

"YIKES!" he squealed, dropping low into the grass.

Far above the meadow, a giant hawk circled silently overhead. Its wide wings stretched across the sky as it glided lower and lower over the field.

Bunny's heart pounded. He remembered what his mother had warned him about: hawks searched the fields for tiny animals to catch.

Keeping low, Bunny hurried quietly through the grass. The tall blades swished around him. Nearby stood an old birch tree with white bark that shimmered in the sunlight.

Resting beneath the tree sat Quail Birch, a wise old owl who watched over the meadow.

"You seem frightened," Quail Birch spoke gently.

“There’s a giant hawk flying above the field!” Bunny whispered nervously.

Quail Birch calmly nodded. “Then stay low in the grass, stay quiet and let the meadow protect you.”

Bunny quickly curled beside Quail Birch beneath the shelter of the birch tree. Together they listened as the hawk swooped across the meadow searching for movement below.

For several long moments, Bunny stayed perfectly still. Finally, the swooshing sound began to fade. The hawk drifted farther and farther away until it disappeared beyond the hills.

Slowly, the meadow came alive once again. Butterflies returned to the flowers, bees buzzed happily through the clover, and the warm breeze softened into a gentle whisper.

Bunny let out a relieved sigh looking up at Quail Birch.

“Thank you for helping me,” Bunny said.

Quail Birch smiled warmly. “The meadow is full of beauty and dangers,” he replied, “and it is also full of protection if you know where to find it.”

Bunny looked around at the tall grass dancing in the sunlight and understood what the wise bird meant.

And from that day on, Bunny remembered Quail Birch’s advice.