

# Mama Bird Papa Bird

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Wanda Obermeier  
Illustrated by Faith Thomas

Obermeier | Thomas

Mama Bird Papa Bird



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For more books written by Wanda Obermeier visit <https://www.adnawpublishing.com>

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This book is dedicated

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to Shiri Alice  
-W.O.

to Mick, Hailey and Livvie  
- F.T.





Once upon a time there was a  
Papa bird and a Mama bird.  
Together they built a nest in a  
tree.

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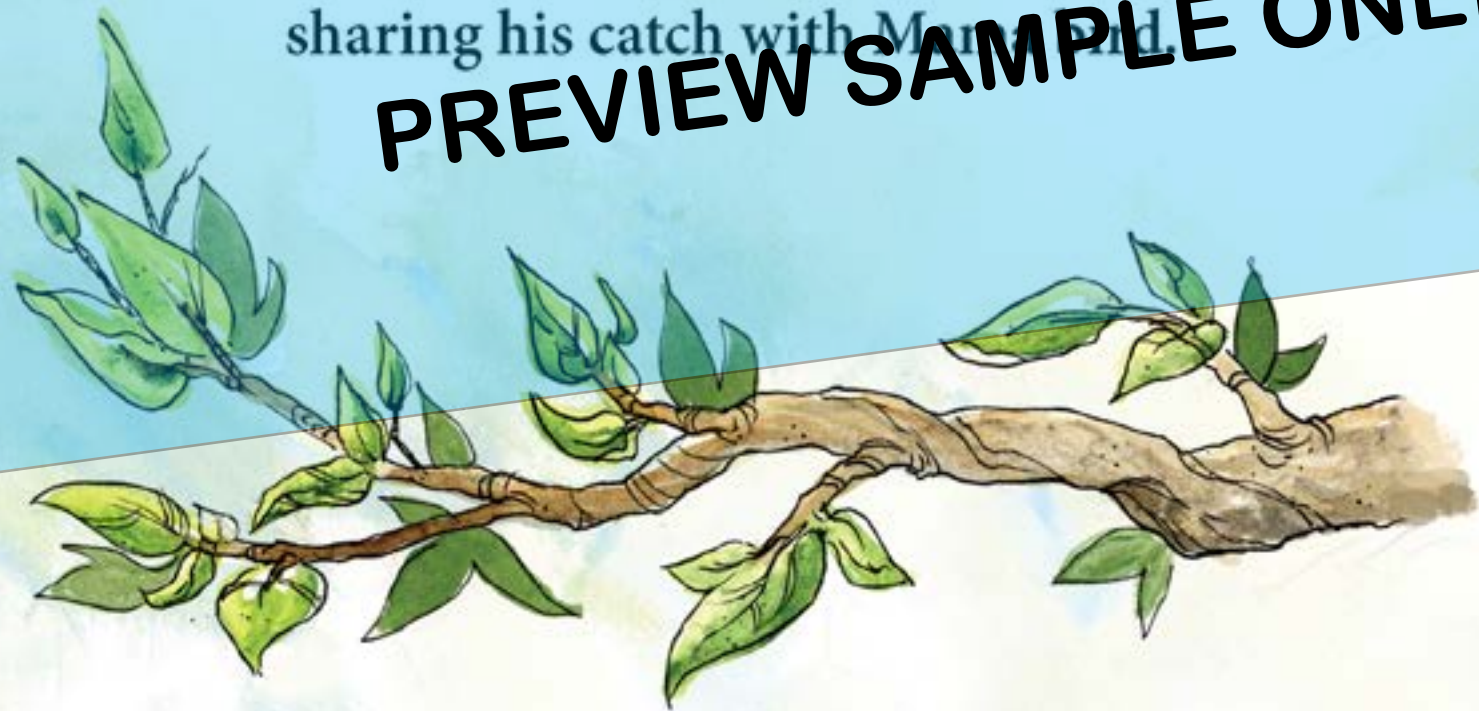
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One day the Mama bird was just sitting in the nest.  
Papa bird was flying to and fro looking for food.  
He would fly home and give Mama bird a peck.  
(That's like a kiss for you and me).  
Papa bird was good at finding food,  
He would fly back and forth to the nest,  
sharing his catch with Mama bird.

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A watercolor illustration of a bird's nest in a tree. A large, brown, fluffy bird is sitting on the nest, which is made of straw and is situated in a fork of a tree. A smaller, brown, fluffy bird is perched on a branch below the nest. The background is a blue sky with white clouds. The text is overlaid on the illustration.

In the nest she sat, and sat, and oh boy, did she  
grow fat! Soon, Mama bird noticed something  
different. Her feathers did not quite fit the same.

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Then one day it happened -  
Papa bird and Mama bird  
were very surprised!  
In their nest was a small,  
round egg.  
"How did it get there?"  
They asked each other.  
The egg had no legs,  
no feathers  
and no beak.

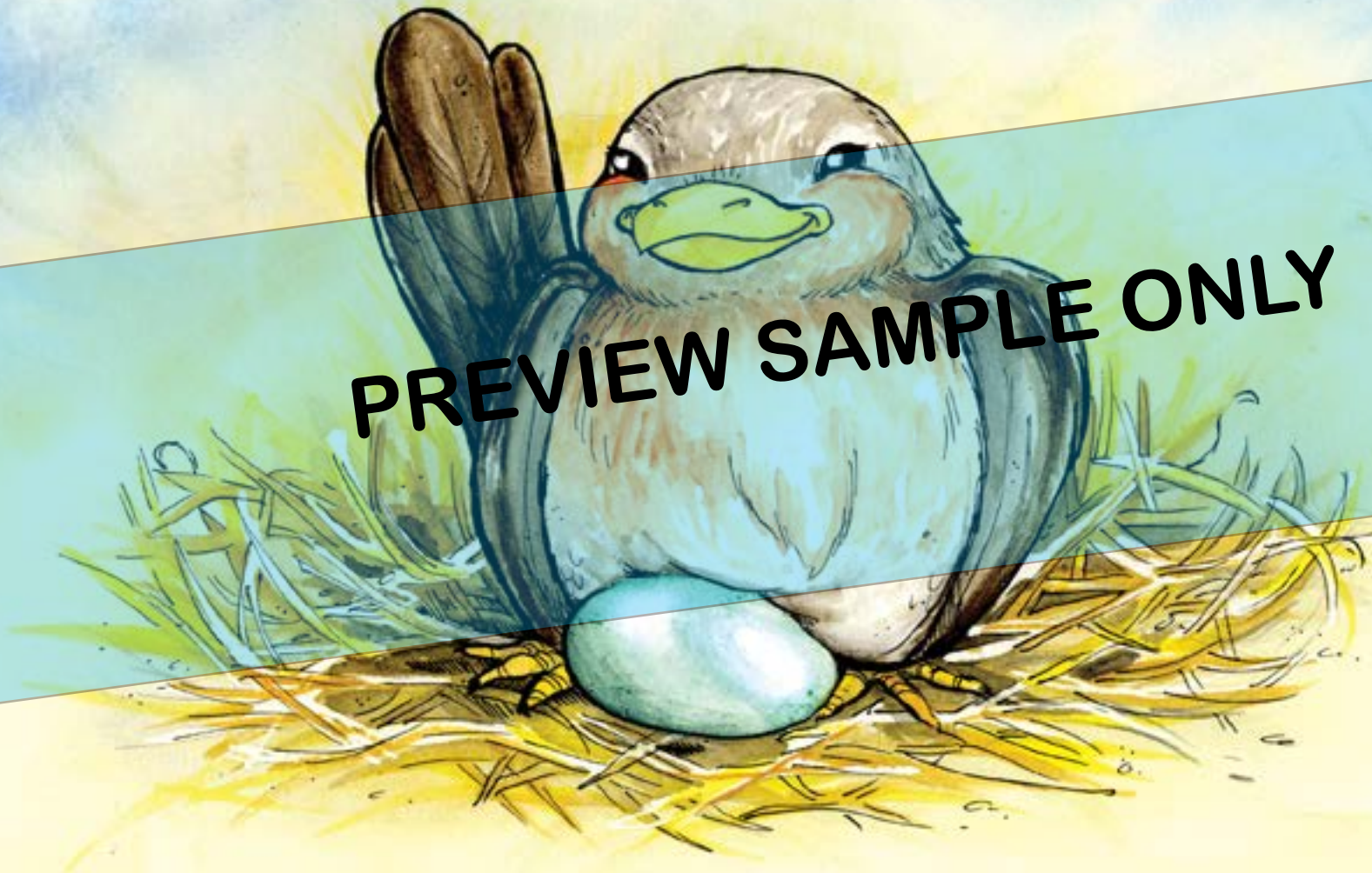
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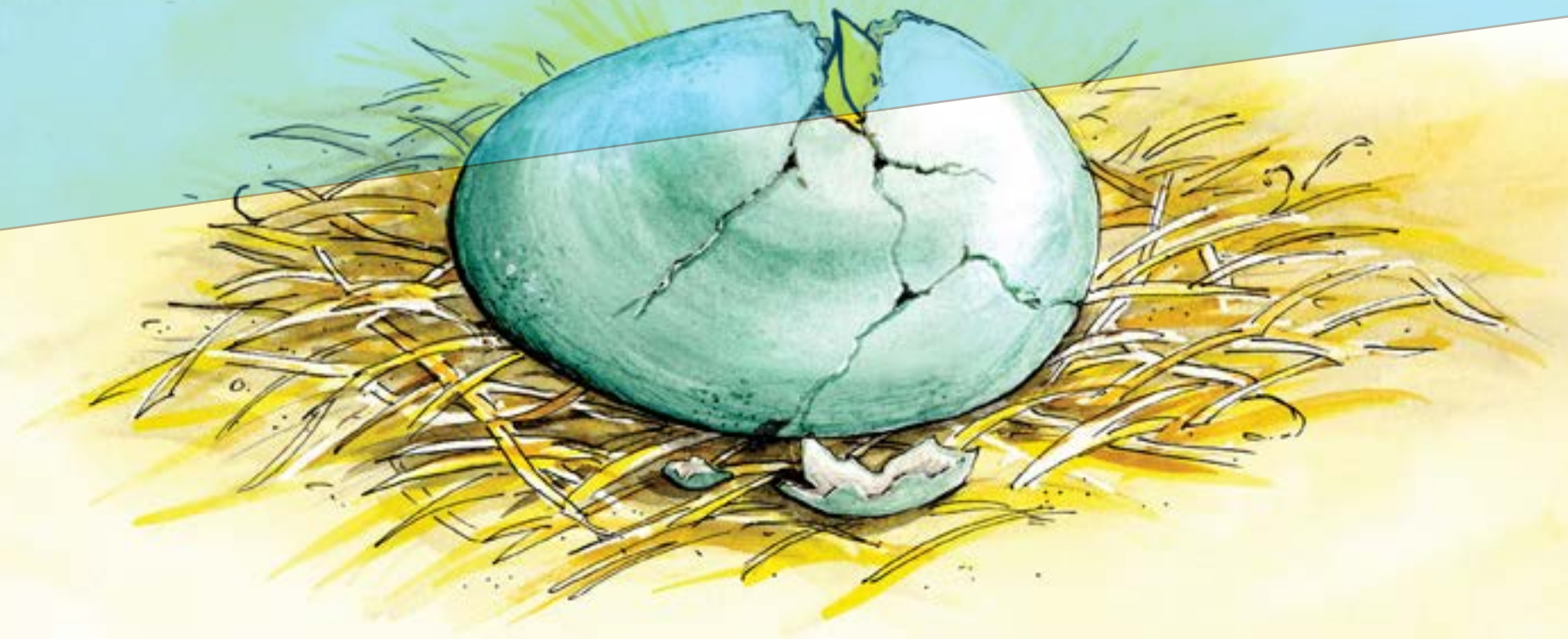
“Well, I don’t know what it is, but I’ll protect it from the cold, rain and sleet.”  
Papa bird noticed it did not move, so he was happy to let Mama bird stay home and keep it warm.

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Crack! What’s that? Crackity crack-crack-crack!  
Mama bird stood up and saw that the egg had now cracked!  
“Oh no! Did I break it? What’s happening to my egg now?”  
Little by little, the cracks started to open...

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And Baby bird jumped out!  
“Oh how lovely you are!  
Wait until Papa bird sees you my darling!  
He was always wondering!”




Then Papa bird flew back to the nest.  
He remembered to bring extra food.  
Mama bird was happy to see  
That instead of bringing food for two birds...

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A watercolor illustration of a parent bird with brown and orange plumage feeding a small, dark-colored baby bird in a nest made of straw. The parent bird is on the left, holding a long worm in its yellow beak. The baby bird is on the right, looking up at the parent. The background is a soft blue sky with white clouds. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

He had plenty of food for three!  
Baby bird was hungry.  
That was plain to see!

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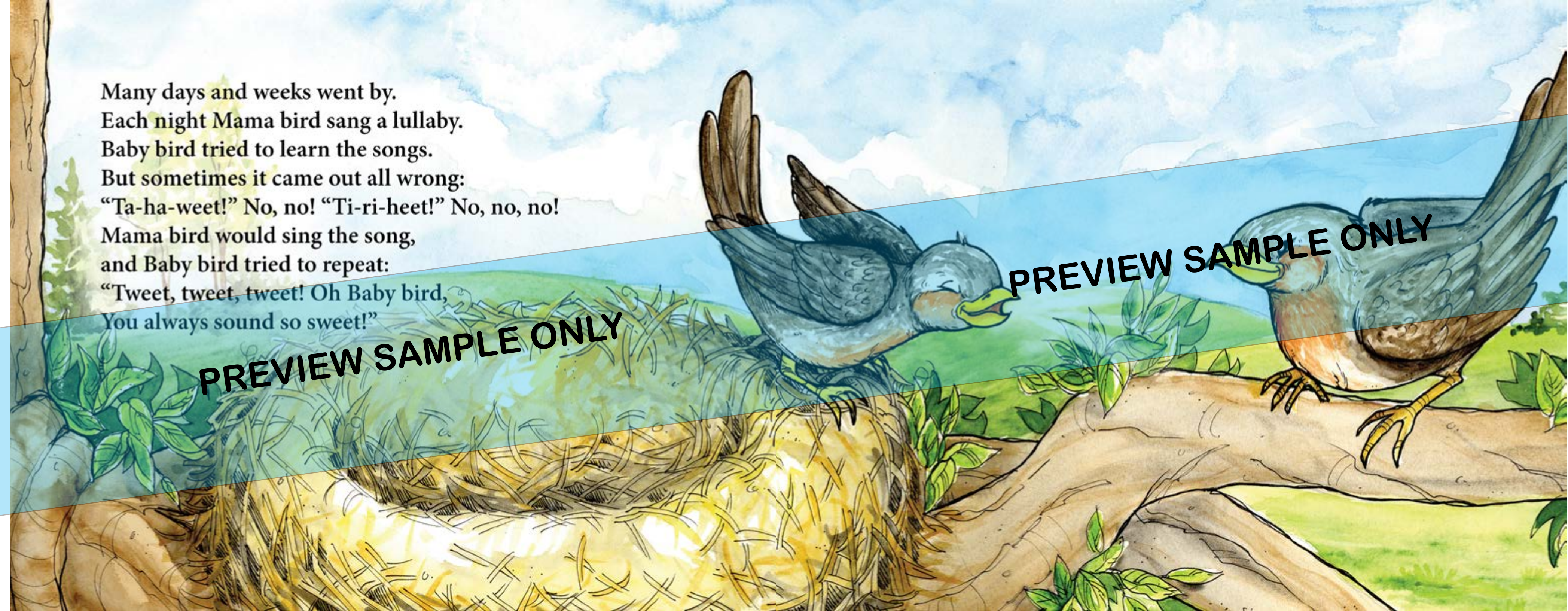
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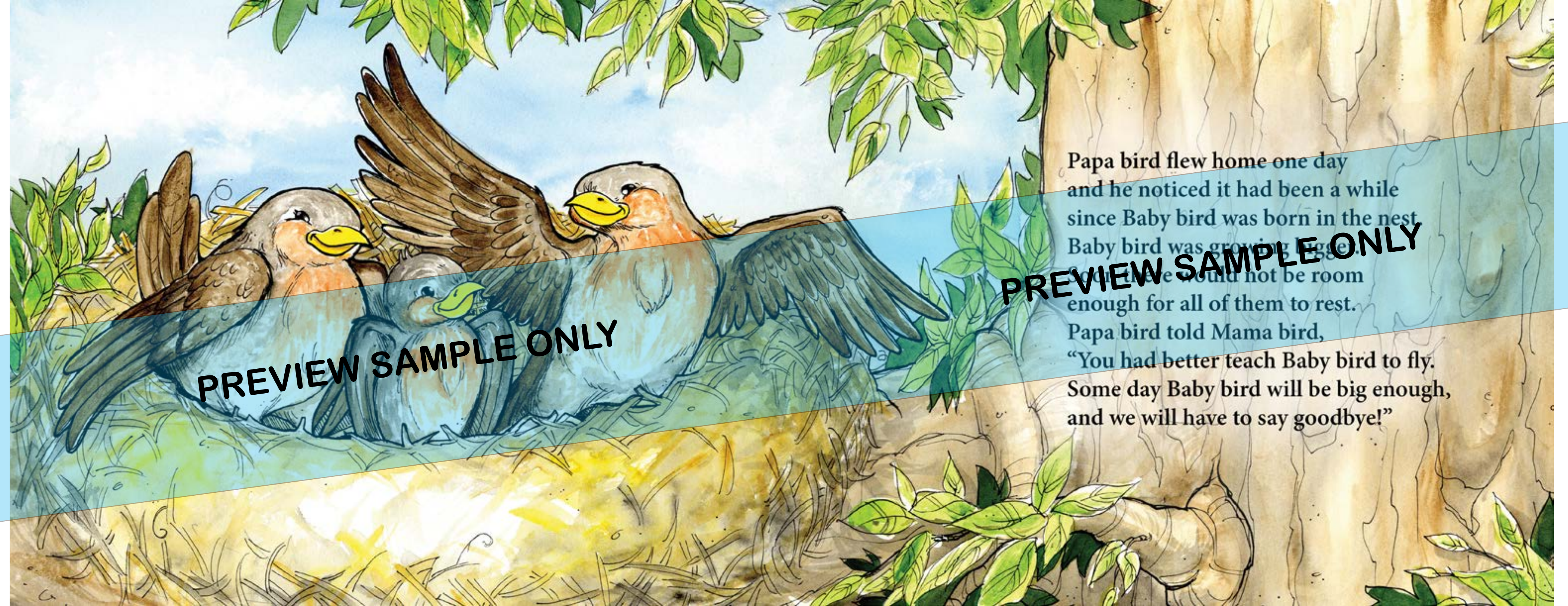
Many days and weeks went by.  
Each night Mama bird sang a lullaby.  
Baby bird tried to learn the songs.  
But sometimes it came out all wrong:  
“Ta-ha-weet!” No, no! “Ti-ri-heet!” No, no, no!  
Mama bird would sing the song,  
and Baby bird tried to repeat:  
“Tweet, tweet, tweet! Oh Baby bird,  
You always sound so sweet!”

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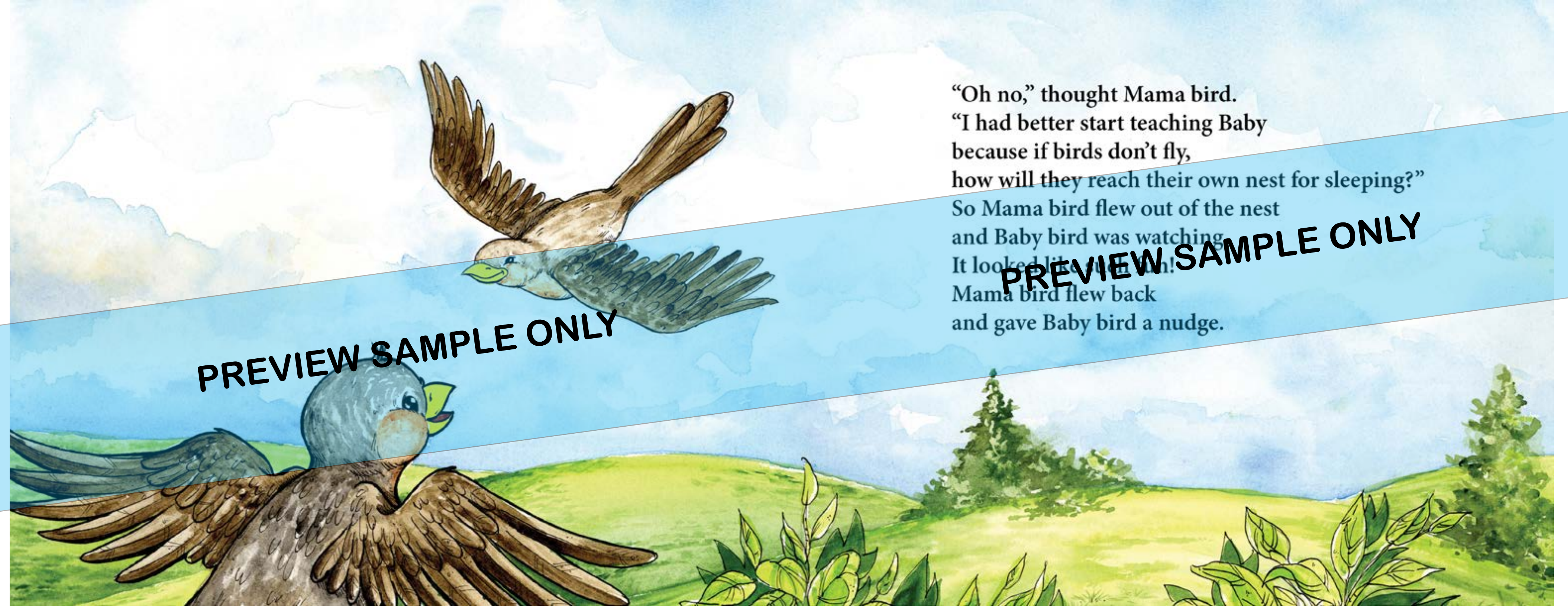


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Papa bird flew home one day  
and he noticed it had been a while  
since Baby bird was born in the nest.  
Baby bird was growing bigger.  
Soon there would not be room  
enough for all of them to rest.  
Papa bird told Mama bird,  
“You had better teach Baby bird to fly.  
Some day Baby bird will be big enough,  
and we will have to say goodbye!”



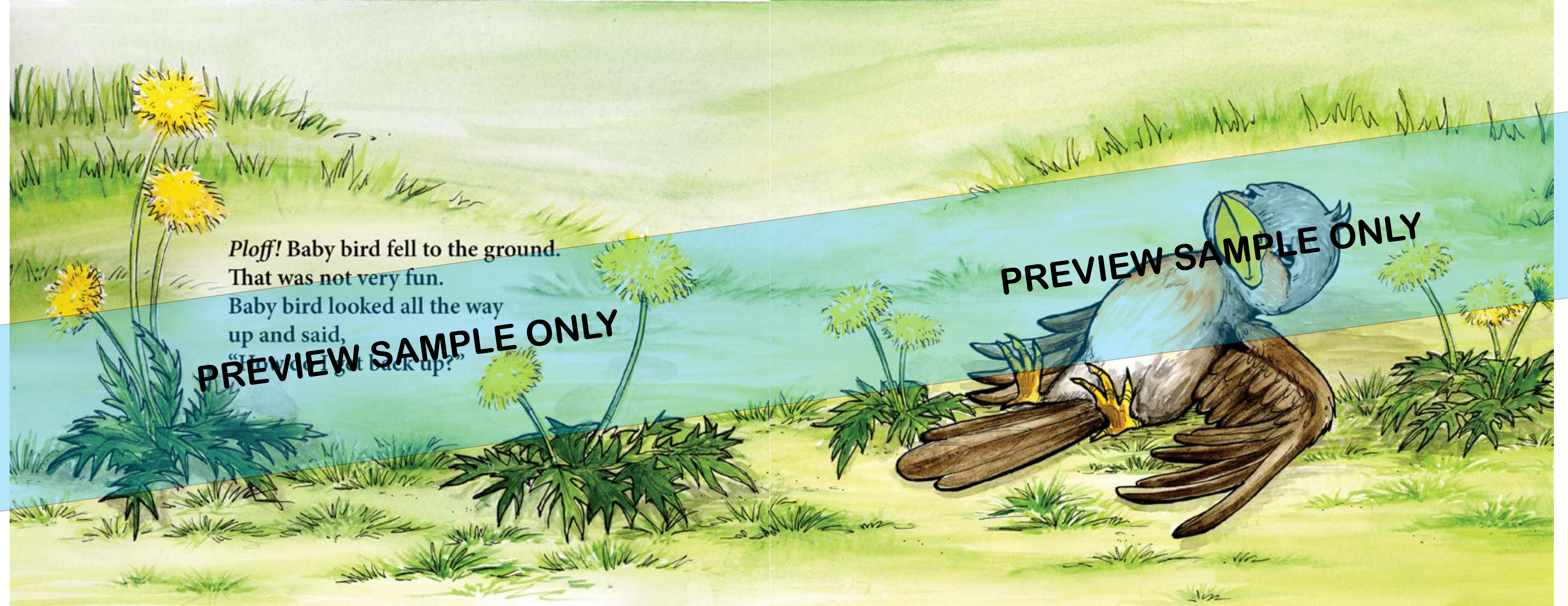


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“Oh no,” thought Mama bird.  
“I had better start teaching Baby  
because if birds don’t fly,  
how will they reach their own nest for sleeping?”  
So Mama bird flew out of the nest  
and Baby bird was watching.  
It looked like fun!  
Mama bird flew back  
and gave Baby bird a nudge.

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Ploff! Baby bird fell to the ground.

That was not very fun.

Baby bird looked all the way  
up and said,

"How do I get back up?"

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Mama bird giggled and  
she squawked.

“Flap your wings like me!”

And she flew up, up, up!

Baby bird was laughing  
and forgot about the fall.

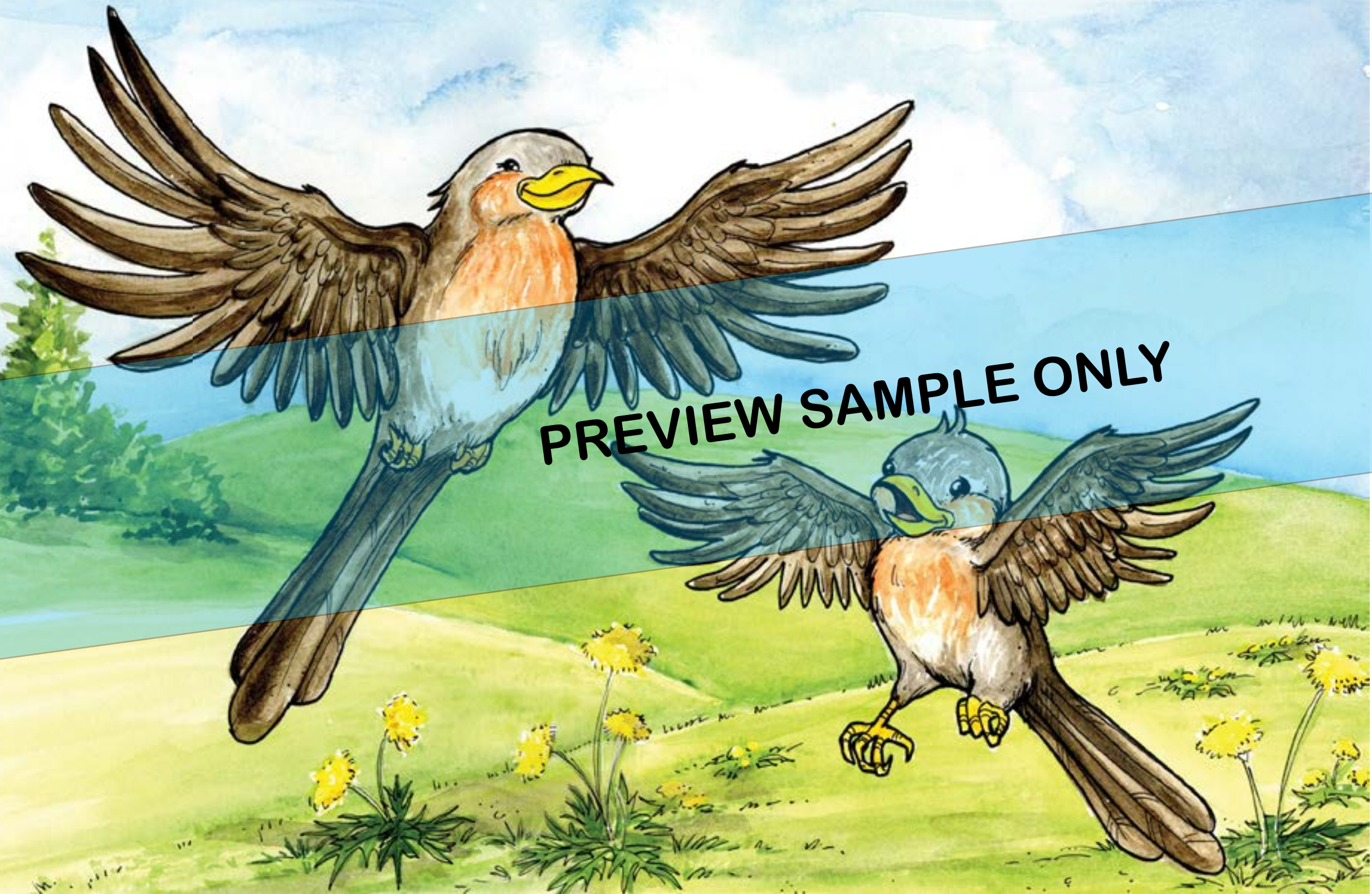
Baby bird started flapping,  
and in no time at all,

Baby bird was flying too!

Baby bird wanted to tell Papa  
bird the good news!

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“Papa, guess what? I can fly just like you and Mama!”  
Papa bird had a tear in his eye.  
He said, “Tomorrow, we will hunt for food.”  
Mama bird said, “No, Baby should stay here with me.”  
Papa bird said, “We will see.”  
And so it goes with every bird.

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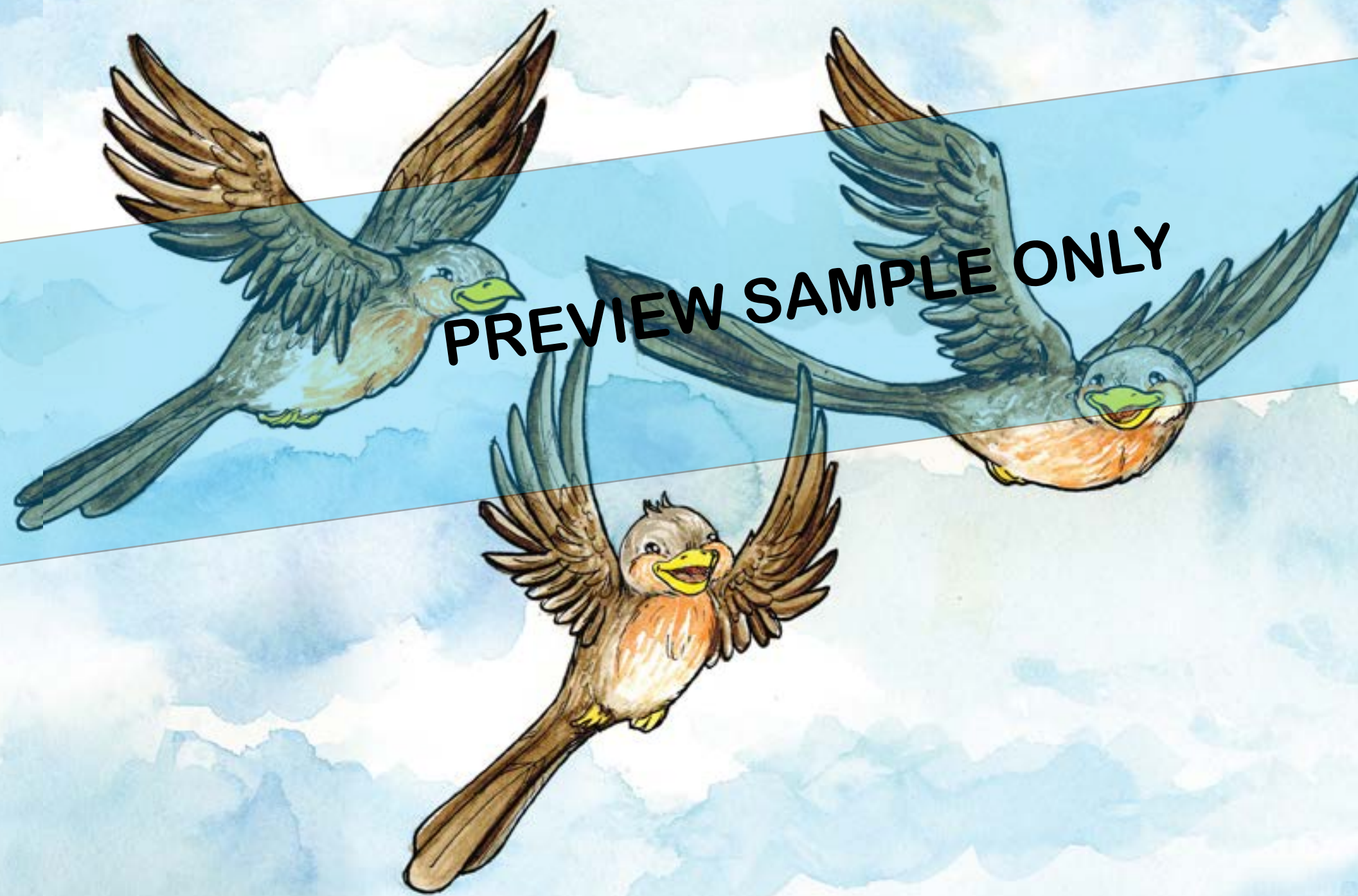


Some stay home and watch the nest, and others fly around and bring food to all the rest.

If you were a baby bird, what would you do?

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"male and female He created them...it was very good"

Genesis 1:27-31

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