

The Girl and the Little Bird



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Mira loved her garden more than anything. Every morning, she pulled on her little brown boots and ran outside with her red watering can. She had warm light brown skin, curly black hair in two puffy buns, and freckles across her nose. Her yellow t-shirt and green overalls were her favorite garden clothes. She smiled a gap-toothed smile at the flowers and said, "Good morning, garden!"



One day, Mira heard a tiny chirp. A plump robin with a bright orange-red breast landed on the fence. He had a brown back, a white belly patch, and round black eyes. "Hello, little bird!" Mira said. The robin tilted his head and chirped again. "I will call you Pip," she said. Pip sang a cheerful song, and Mira clapped her hands.



Mira wanted Pip to stay. She wanted more birds to visit too. "What do birds need?" she wondered. She asked her neighbor, Mr. Lee. He said, "Birds need food, water, and safe places to rest. Native plants give them all three." Mira's round dark brown eyes grew wide. "Native plants?" she asked. "Plants that grow well here," Mr. Lee said.



Mira went to the garden center. She looked at plants with bright berries and tiny seeds. She chose native flowers and shrubs. "These will feed the birds," she said. She picked up a pot of pretty purple flowers. She also chose a bush with red berries. Her red watering can felt heavy, but she was happy.



Back home, Mira dug holes in the soil. She planted the native flowers and the berry bush. She watered them with her red watering can. "Grow, little plants!" she said. Pip watched from the fence. He chirped as if to say, "Good job!" Mira worked until the sun went down. Her boots were muddy, but her heart was full.



Days passed. The native plants grew taller and stronger. Green leaves unfurled, and buds appeared. Mira visited them every morning. She made sure they had water. She pulled tiny weeds. "Soon you will be a bird restaurant," she told the plants. Pip flew down to inspect the new leaves. He seemed to nod his approval.



Then one morning, Mira heard a new sound. Two tiny birds fluttered over the garden. They had bright yellow bodies and black wing tips. Their tiny orange beaks peeked into the flowers. "Finches!" Mira whispered. The finch family landed on the purple flowers and ate seeds. They chirped happily. Mira watched from behind a bush.



The next day, a small brown bird hopped along the garden path. It had soft brown and grey feathers with darker streaks and a little black bib under its beak. "A sparrow!" Mira said. The sparrow chattered and hopped. It found seeds on the ground and rested in the native shrubs. Its busy chatter mixed with Pip's song.



Now the garden was full of birds. Pip sang the loudest from the fence. The finches fluttered quickly among the flowers. The sparrow hopped and chattered on the path. Mira sat on a rock and watched them all. "They like the native plants!" she said. Her heart felt as warm as the sunshine.



Mira noticed something important. The birds came every day, but they liked the native plants best. The pretty flowers from the garden center didn't have many seeds. The native plants were full of food. "Native plants really do help wildlife," Mira said. She decided to plant even more native plants next spring.



One afternoon, a big grey cat crept into the garden. It stared at the finches. The finches fluttered in fear. Pip gave a loud warning chirp. Mira ran outside. "Shoo, cat!" she called. She clapped her hands. The cat ran away. The birds hid in the native shrubs until it was safe. "Good hiding places," Mira said.



Mira wanted to help the birds feel safe. She added a small birdbath with fresh water. She placed it near the native shrubs. "Now you have water too," she said. The sparrow was the first to splash. Then the finches took turns. Pip watched from a branch and sang a happy song. The garden felt like a bird paradise.



The birds trusted Mira now. They didn't fly away when she came outside. Pip even landed on her watering can. "You are brave, Pip," Mira said. The finches ate seeds while she watched. The sparrow hopped close to her boots. Mira felt proud. Her garden was a home for wildlife.



Mira learned something new every day. She learned that native plants grow well and need less water. She learned that they feed birds and give them safe places. She told her friends at school. "Plant native plants!" she said. "The birds will thank you with songs." Her friends wanted to try too.



Now Mira's garden is full of happy songs. Finches, sparrows, and robins visit every day. Pip still sings the loudest. The native plants sway in the breeze. Mira smiles her gap-toothed smile. She knows that native plants support wildlife. And she knows that a little garden can be a big home for birds.



Every morning, Mira runs outside with her red watering can. The birds greet her with cheerful chirps. She waters the native plants and watches her friends. "Thank you, little birds," she says. They sing back to her. Mira's garden is a happy place, full of life and songs. And it all started with a girl and a little bird.