

## “Incident At Waller Park”

The names of 76 birds are hidden in the following story. Can you find them all?

It all began just about the time we were leaving. A ruff group was standing around puffin on their cigarettes. One lit his with a murre flicker of a flame. Another, leaning against his scoter, took a swallow from his beer. I've never seen a harrier fellow! He had more heron his arms and neck, I almost had the gull to crane my neck to stare at him. But, it was this starling little fellow that caught my eye, barely skua age. He was waxwing his junco car right in the middle of the lot, when suddenly fell a swift “splat” from the trees right on his freshly waxed falcon. He had to duck to keep from getting hit!

“Frigatebird!” he yelled with a bittern look on his face, which brought feigned sympathy from his friends.

“Poorwill.”

They shook their heads and I hope to tell you, one had quite a grosbeak, a real honker, with a knot on it I'm sure was no myna embarrassment to his poor mother, certainly nothing to crow about.

“The poor sapsucker,” they teased, a cardinal rule, I'm sure you know amongst such a crowd. “Willet take much work to get that out?”

He was raven mad and was about to hawk at his friends, because he heard them chukar, when the police came over and threatened to call a towhee truck if he didn't move the car. Apparently a tattler, a real stool pigeon told this scaup about the incident, some roadrunner jogging by. Oh, was the little fellow sora. Eider believe such a pewee of a cuckoo could never owl like this one! Well, you can imagine the police became much condor to him after that, even offered him an oriole cookie.

“Oh, just pipit down now! Not another peep! Why don't we just sit here on the rail and have us a bit of a chat,” he said, and began brambling on about nothing in particular.

It seemed to work and, seeing as how the police just received a call about a snipe on the roof of the mall, he was willing to let it go.

“Well, ibis seeing you! I've got another stint over at the mall. I'd better get a redstart on things!”

Still not done having fun, on a lark, one of the boys, who brought his wagtail with him, a cute little mutt, well, he pleaded with the officer, “Jeeper creeper, Officer! Gannet wait? Why do you have to run off so soon, wren they'll probably just have you stand around or something, play pintail on the donkey or solitaire? I've seen it ptarmigan.”

But, the officer, trying to hurry off and not waste any more of his time, waved his hand as he walked away. “Avocet around on many a call. Everybody's gotta have their tern at things. I've no egrets,” and drove away.

Little did he know, that car he threatened to tow, had been stilt earlier that veery morning! I overheard one of them say they got it while robin a factory-auklet store! Oh, well, all we can do osprey to godwit all our hearts and hope they take up ani pheasant hobby. Teal then, I hope the little turkey gets some help. He'll just grow up and kildeer, or something. Well, I know a good nutcracker, nice therapist he is, a redhead named “Martin.” He has the funniest hair. I think he wears curlews at night!

THE END