

Emily's Sparrow



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Once upon a time, a kind woman named Emily Sarah went to the village to shop. When she came down the steps of the little market she heard a noise. The sound was very familiar to her.





She knew the sound of
birds, for she loved them.

Emily Sarah looked down and there,
on the ground, was a baby English
sparrow peeping with fright.



Emily Sarah bent down and scooped
up the baby sparrow. Carefully she
carried it in her hands to her car.



Once inside the car, she wrapped
the tiny bird in a Kleenex tissue.
The little sparrow was placed in
her purse. Emily Sarah drove home.





Once home Emily carried the bird into the house. Her daughter eagerly peaked in the bundle. The tiny sparrow knew it was rescued.

They placed it in a hamster cage lined with newspaper and soft tissue and grass.



The little sparrow was hungry so the kind woman phoned an expert. The bird woman taught Emily and her daughter how to care and feed the baby sparrow.

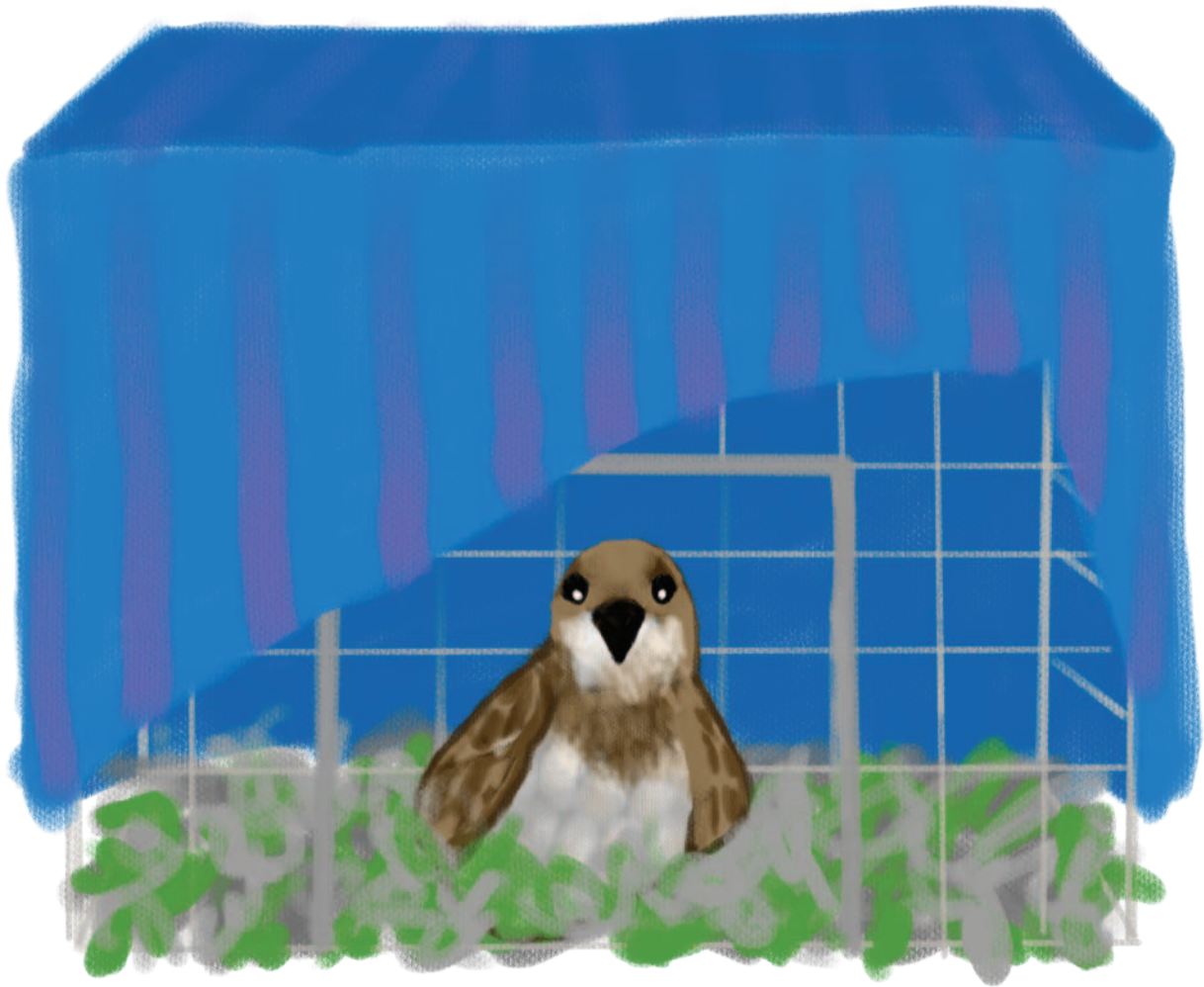


The little bird began to thrive and grow. Just like a baby, it needed feeding many times throughout the day. Using tweezers, a protein mash was placed in the bird's mouth. The tweezers were something like a bird's beak.

Every evening the sparrow
sat on Emily's shoulder,
nuzzling under her hair.



Every night this was the ritual
before bed. At night a cover was
gently placed over the cage.



As time passed the little sparrow was ready to fly. The cage door was opened the next morning. Emily picked up the sparrow and held it in her hand. Then slowly she tossed the bird up in the air. There was a sputter and the sparrow began to fly.

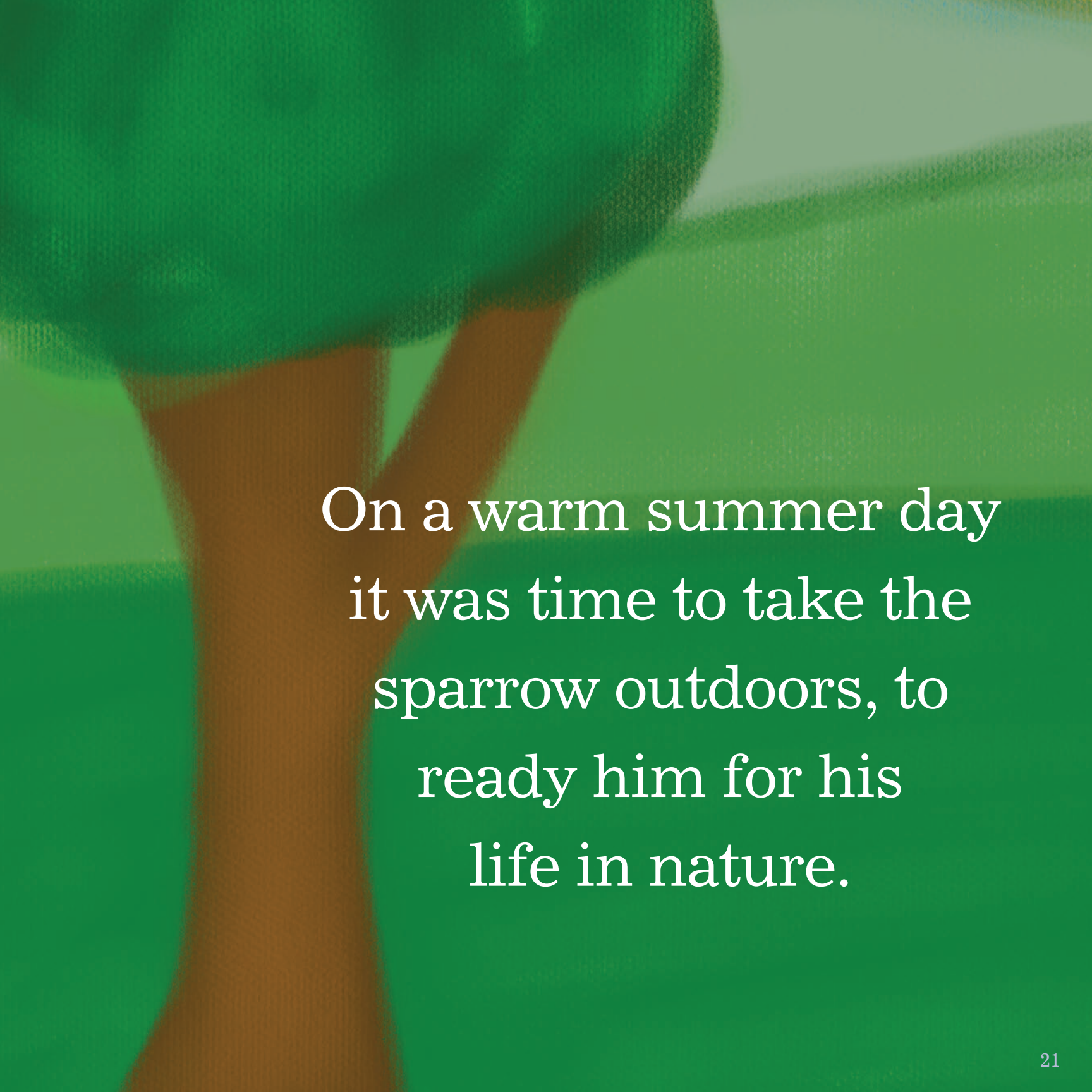




Flying from one piece of furniture to the next, the sparrow was exuberant, wings soaring. The sparrow was free.

Emily smiled as the little
bird came back to her.





On a warm summer day
it was time to take the
sparrow outdoors, to
ready him for his
life in nature.

Emily and her daughter knelt on the ground with the little sparrow closely watching. Emily began to move her index finger in a pecking motion on the ground. The sparrow watched and watched.




He was a good student
for he began to imitate
Emily's motion. The
sparrow was ready to
live on his own.





Throughout the summer he refined his skills. He would need to be released back into nature.

The human mother was very pleased and proud of her little bird.



When September came the
young sparrow was ready to
leave his home and join the
other sparrows in the wild.
On a beautiful September
day, Emily and her
daughter brought the
sparrow outdoors.



The sparrow sat in
Emily's hands for a
moment then flew
into the bright sky.



Many months later a sparrow
flew to the kitchen window
and peered inside. Emily
knew in her heart of hearts
the sparrow had been here.

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He sat for awhile remembering
the kind woman, then flew
to meet his *destiny*.