

WHERE WILL WE BE WHEN WINTER COMES?

Swift sat on a cliff edge, thinking. In a week or two the cold weather of winter would come and she would have to migrate south with her flock.

Swift knew she needed to eat a lot of food to make sure she was fat and strong enough to fly all the way to California where it was warm and where the flock would stay for the winter.

It was late in the afternoon. She had been hunting insects all day and her crop was full, but there were still quite a few juicy mosquitoes flying around. She thought maybe she should catch some for a bed time snack.

Suddenly a strange creature with raggedy black wings and hairy ears flew out of a cave nearby. It started catching the mosquitoes that Swift had planned to catch.

“Hey!” called Swift in her squeaky voice. **“Who are you? Who said you could catch my mosquitoes?”**

“I am Bat,” answered the strange black creature in an even squeakier voice. **“Who said these were your mosquitoes? They are for everyone!”**

“But I need them,” said Swift, **“I have to get fat and strong so that I can migrate south with my flock before winter comes.”**

“What is ‘migrate’?” said Bat. **“I never heard of that. I need the insects. I have to get fat enough so that I can hibernate all winter with my colony in this cave.”**

“What is ‘hibernate’?” said Swift. **“I never heard of that. But if we swifts stay here in winter we will freeze to death! Migrate means we fly south so we can stay warm during winter.”**

“Well,” said Bat, **“If we bats stay out here all winter, we will freeze to death. We have to hide in the cave and hibernate so we can stay warm ‘til spring comes again.”**

Swift thought about Bat having to eat lots to get fat so he could hibernate.

Bat thought about Swift having to eat lots to get strong so she could migrate.

Then they both had the same idea. **"We'll share!"** they squeaked.

And so they did, catching mosquitoes until the sun set. Then it was time for Swift to go home to the big crack in the cliff where she roosted all night with her flock, and time for Bat to go out hunting with his colony.



Mosquitoes

They met again next afternoon when Swift came home from hunting all day and Bat was getting ready to go hunting all night, and the next day, and the next, until winter did come.

Then it was time for Swift to fly south with her flock and for Bat to hibernate in the cave with his colony.

"Bye, Bat!" See you next spring!"

called Swift as she flew away to migrate with her flock.

"Bye, Swift! I'll be looking for you," called Bat as he flew into the cave to hibernate with his colony.



White Throated Swift:
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Little Brown Bat:
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