



# Beth and the Wren



It was a warm spring morning at school. The class was mixing paint and printing leaf shapes on big pieces of paper. Beth had just dusted off her desk when she heard a soft flapping sound. A little brown wren had come in the open window!



This was not what the class had planned for the morning. The wren flew around the room, twisting and turning. Then it bumped into the glass and landed on a shelf. Its tiny chest was going up and down fast.



"I will catch it!" yelled Dan. He went running after the wren, waving his cap. He batted at the air, but the wren flew up high. Now the other kids were jumping and yelling too. The wren hunted for a way out.



It hit the glass again and again. Beth felt bad for the little bird. "Stop, Dan!" she said. "You are scaring it more." Dan stopped and looked up. The wren was resting on top of the clock, shaking. "I just wanted to help," he said.



"But how do we get it out?" Beth thought hard. "A bird will fly to the light," she said. "Please, everyone, sit still and be very quiet." The class sat down. Beth closed the drapes on every window but one, and the room became dim.



Then she pushed the last window open as wide as it would go. Bright sunlight spilled across the floor. "Now we wait," Beth whispered. No one moved. Dan held his cap in his lap. The wren began to hop along the top of the clock.



It turned its head this way and that. Then it spotted the sunlight! The wren zipped across the room and out the window, into the blue sky. It landed in the oak tree the class had planted last year, and it began to sing.



The class clapped. Dan grinned at Beth. "Sitting still worked better than running," he said. "Next time, I will keep my cap on my head." Beth laughed, and they both went back to the paint.