

Good morning, little eggs, one, two and three.
But wait — four? This doesn't belong to me!
It landed in my nest without a sound.
Whose egg could this be, so smooth, white and round?



I'll fly above rooftops, searching each tree.
I'm sure I can find this egg's family.

First stop is a nest in the garden shed.
The willie wagtails built it with web.





‘No, Maggie, doesn’t sound like it’s from me.
Mine are much smaller with lots of spots. See?
Why don’t you go ask the ducks by the creek?
I saw their nest in a hollow last week.’