

Click & the Kids

story and art by Meg McLean



Amy



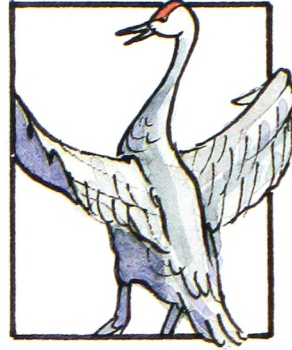
Martin



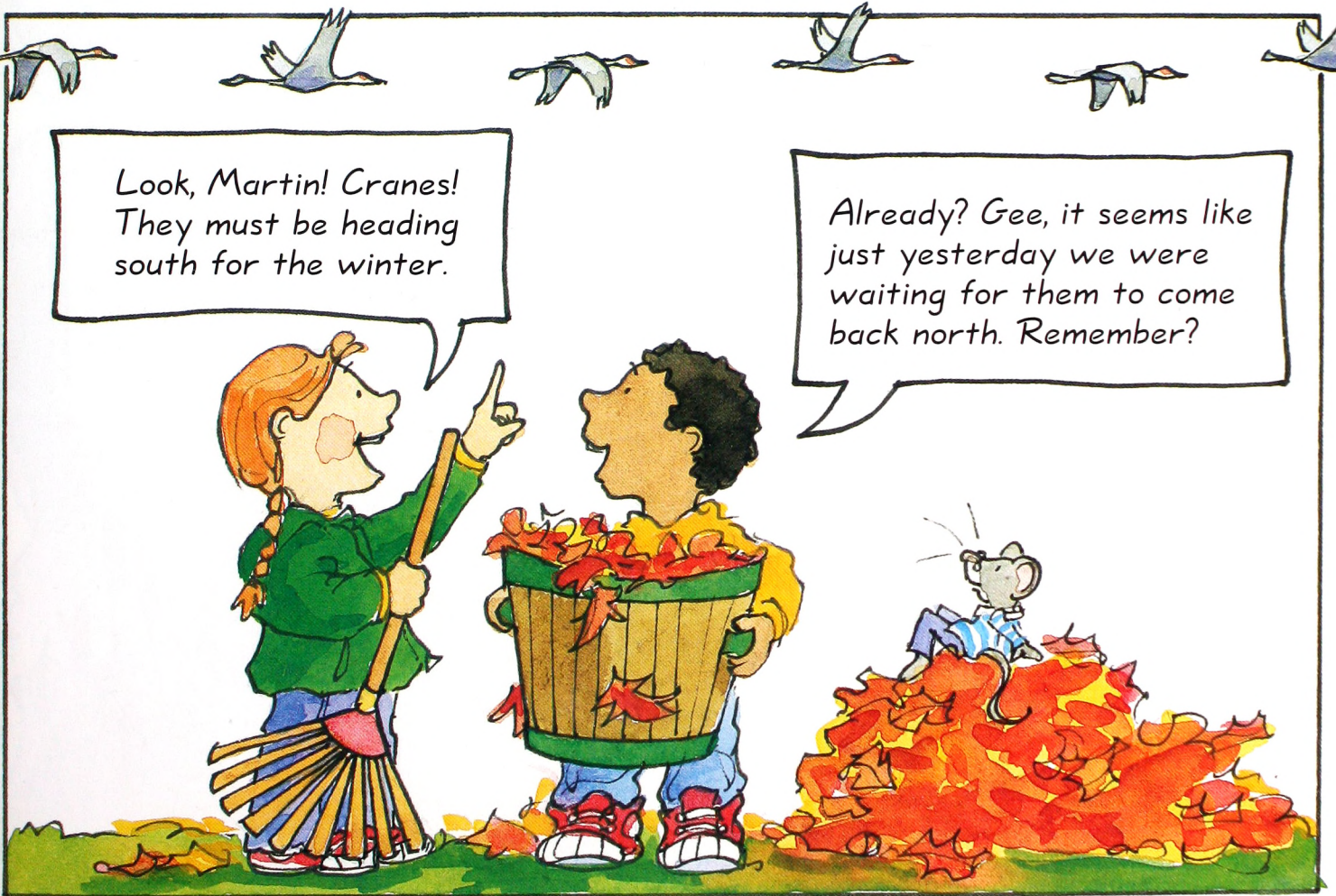
Click



Liz
(the sitter)



sandhill
cranes



Yes, I remember, way back last spring when I was just a little kid . . .



LAST APRIL

Are we at the marsh yet?

I've got my drawing paper!

I've got my binoculars!

How many cranes do you think there will be?

I can't wait to see the cranes. My book says they're huge.



I can't wait, either. (yawn)

We sure got an early start, Liz. The Sun's not even up yet.

The cranes leave their roosts at daybreak to feed in the fields, so that's the best time to count them. Why don't we sit down right here to wait?



Let's hope they're all vegetarians.

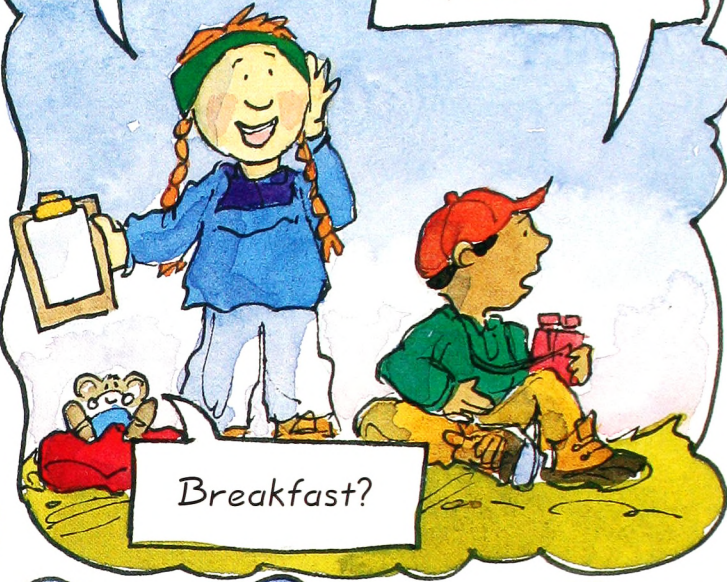
I'm ready with my clipboard, Liz. Where are they?

Let's try to be quiet. Most of the time you hear them before you can see them.



Listen! I heard something. Was that a crane?

No. That was my stomach. When did you say breakfast is, Liz?




Just hold my clipboard, Martin. I'll get out the cocoa and doughnuts. Do you want whipped cream on your cocoa?



So why do the cranes need to be counted? Did somebody lose some?


Well, sort of. Not too long ago sandhill cranes were pretty rare around here. There were almost none left.





That's so sad. Are there more now?

Yes, lots more! People like us count the cranes that return every spring, and that way we help bird experts keep track of them. In other parts of the country people count other kinds of birds.

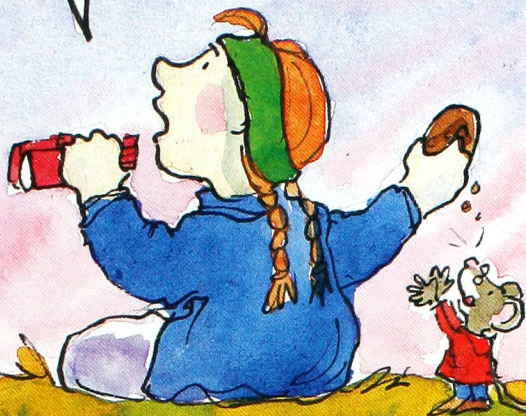


But I still don't see any cranes. How do we know the cranes are around here?

Because the cranes come back to this same nesting spot year after year.

Just the way my grandma and grandpa always come back from Florida!

I think I hear your stomach again, Martin. Do you need another doughnut?



That's not my stomach. But what a funny sound. I hope it doesn't scare away the —



KRRUKK - KUK - KUK ...

KRRUK - KUK - KUK - KUK

KRRUK - KUK -

CRANES!

One, ...
two, ...
three, ...

