

At Dawn

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Core Decodable 102



Bothell, WA • Chicago, IL • Columbus, OH • New York, NY



I bought a book about birds. I looked for birds shown in my book. I could not find one bird. It was the bunting.



Dawn is a good time to spot birds. My dad taught me that dawn is when birds wake up.



I enjoyed visiting the woods every day before dawn. I brought my bird book. I looked for a bunting.



I hid in the woods. I crawled in tall grass. I fought annoying bugs! But I didn't spot a bunting.



In the fall, the buntings had to fly away. I had to spot a bunting before then!



It was the last day of August. I hid in deep grass. I thought birds could not see me. I spotted a hawk.



The hawk flew in a low circle. Was it because of me? No, it was looking for food.



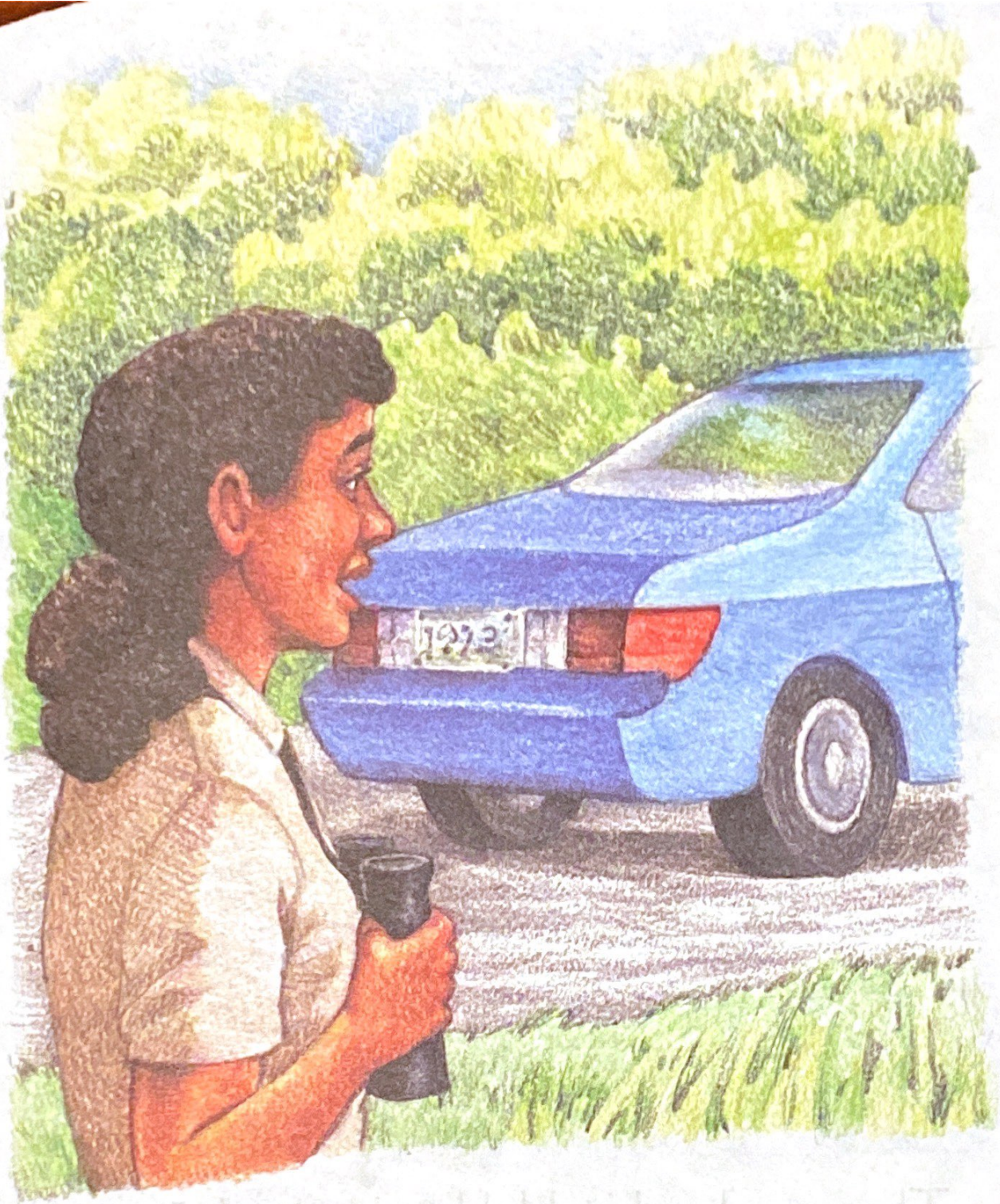
Small birds made loud noises. They saw the hawk. They tried to avoid being caught.



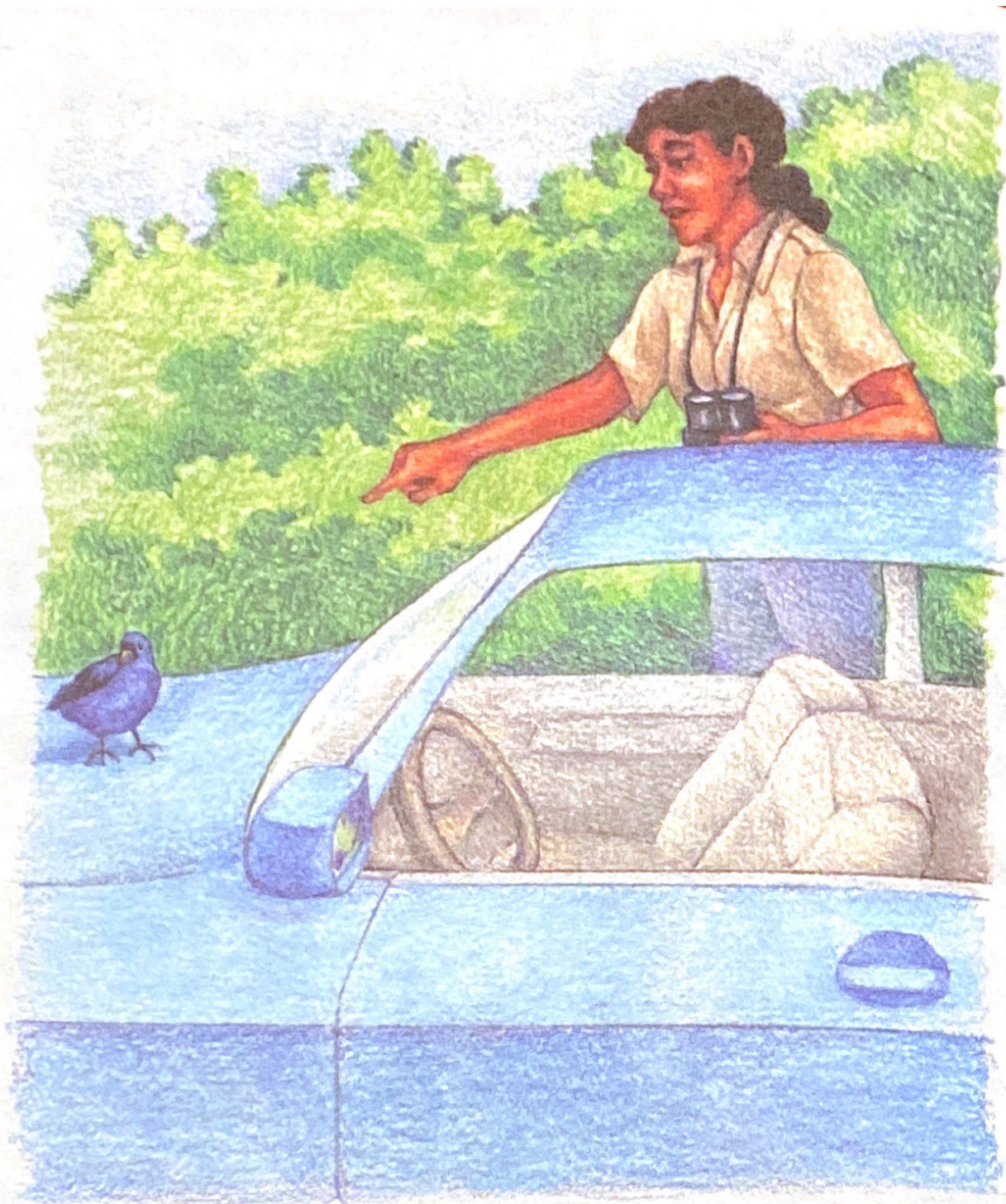
I saw a yellow finch and a blackbird. But
I did not see a bunting.



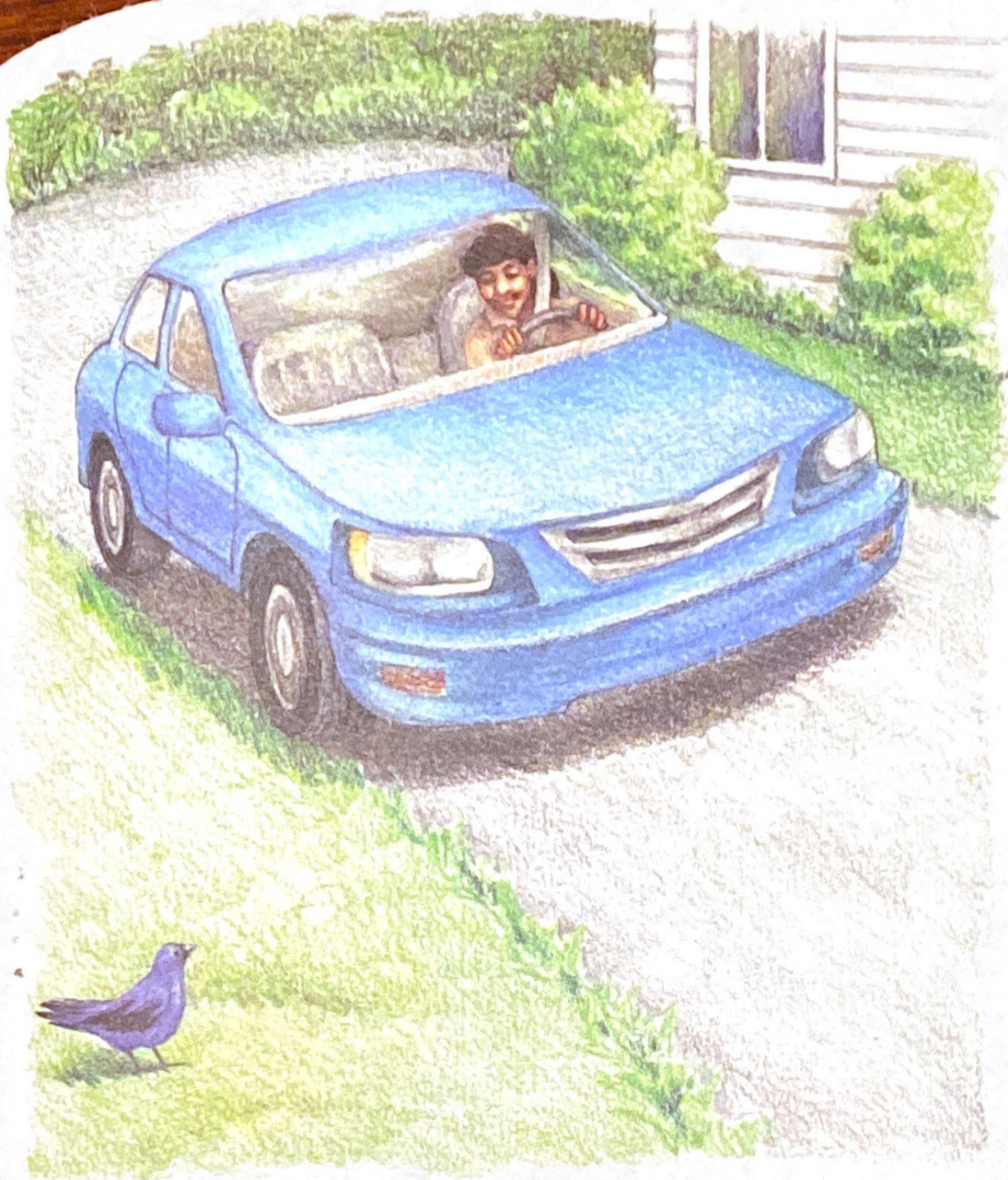
Soon it was time to go. I had not spotted a bunting. I was disappointed!



I paused and looked at the hood of my auto.



There sat a bright blue bunting! I was
overjoyed! I saw it at last!



I rejoiced as I drove home. But at home, I saw a second bunting on my lawn!



Then I saw a third bunting on my awning.
I was ready for fall.