



The cuckoo's nest

Cuckoo

The cuckoo counts the hours of the day

Cuckoo

The cuckoo lives in a cuckoo clock.

Do you know why the cuckoo lives in a cuckoo clock?

Let me tell you the story.

When you first look at a cuckoo, it looks like any other bird.

It has two feet, a thick body, a head and a beak. The cuckoo is bluish-gray. But its wings are darker and they look spotted.

Since it's very vain, the cuckoo combs the feathers on its head back, away from its face.

And when it sings, it always says its own name: cuckoo-cuckoo...

So far it seems to be like most other birds, right? But there's one thing that makes it different.

Do you know what it is?

The cuckoo doesn't know how to make a nest.

No, no It can't make a nest!

All the birds in the world have learned how to make nests except for the cuckoo.

Naturally, some make them better than others, but they all know how to build a place to lay their eggs.

Except for the cuckoo, she's never learned how to do this.

And when other birds offer to teach her, the cuckoo says she's very sorry, but she doesn't have the time. She's too busy counting the hours. Cuckoo-cuckoo!

What a lazy bird!

The birds that live in the forest usually make their nests in the trees' highest branches.

They always know how to find a good hiding spot, out of reach of egg robbers.

So the birds were sure they had built safe nests for their eggs.

But how innocent they were, little did they know that the cheeky cuckoo hid her eggs in other birds' nests.

Since she didn't know how to make her own nest, the tricky rascal came up with this ploy.

First, she would find a nest full of eggs. Then, she would slyly look one way then the other, and when she saw that the coast was clear, she made the best of the moment and-cuckoo!-quickly laid an egg and left it there.

You can just imagine the look on the other birds' faces when they returned to their nests to discover that there was one more egg there.

What a mystery!

The birds needed all the help they could get to find out who was behind this.

And the day they discovered who the culprit was, they called an urgent meeting in the branches of a holm oak to decide what to do.

All the birds in the forest were present: the robin, the best singer of all; the goldfinch, with its unmistakable song and its yellow-spotted wings; the teeny-tiny tit, small as an imp, that never stays still; the swallow that, despite its short, chubby body, is speedy in flight when chasing insects; the turtledove, that only sings when in love; and the starling, that loves to travel and only comes home with its family in the autumn.

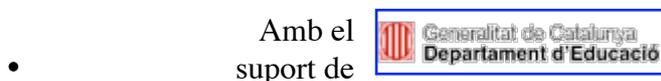
And chirping away, they finally decided that the cuckoo couldn't go on living in the forest because it was a true scoundrel!

But the cuckoo wasn't bothered in the least.

Because ever since then, she lives in a cozy cuckoo clock and counts the hours before returning to the forest to lay her eggs in other birds' nests.

Cuckoo-cuckoo!

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