

Mrs Biddle lived by herself. I like to live by myself she said. One day, Mrs Biddle looked out of her window and she saw birds everywhere. They were making nests in her tree and they were chirping. Go away! Mrs Biddle shouted. I want to live by myself.

But the birds stayed in Mrs Biddle's tree, and they chirped all day. Mrs Biddle stayed inside she was not happy!

When spring came the birds chirped and chirped. What a noise! said Mrs Biddle she looked out of her window and saw...

The mother birds flew in and out of the tree...with worms and bugs and grubs.

They flew in and out of the tree all day long. This terrible she shouted Mrs Biddle. There are too many birds in my tree. I just want to live by myself.

But poor Mrs Biddle couldn't live by herself. People came to Mrs Biddle's house to look at the house. Buses stopped by her house and people took photographs. Kids came and sat under the tree.

This is terrible said Mrs Biddle I just want to live by myself.

Then one day Mrs Biddle woke up and she couldn't hear the birds. There were no birds in the tree and no birds in the nests. There was no chirping. Mrs Biddle looked at the sky and she saw snow clouds. said Mrs Biddle. Winter is coming. said Mrs Biddle. Those birds have gone away. Good! Now I can live by myself.

Winter came. Mrs Biddle missed the people stopping by her house. she missed the people taking photographs. she missed the kids sitting under her tree.

And she missed the birds! So Mrs Biddle made a sign and she put it on the tree.

Then one day spring came Mrs Biddle woke up and she heard chirping. she looked out of her window and she saw birds everywhere.

Good! said Mrs Biddle. The birds are back. I didn't like living by myself.