

Mr. Potter was just about to take a bite of his lovely warm croissant when a beautiful bird with a little black cap, gray silky feathers, and jet black eyes landed on the corner of the table.

There was a flash of rusty red feathers under his long black tail.

“Hello,” said Mr. Potter.

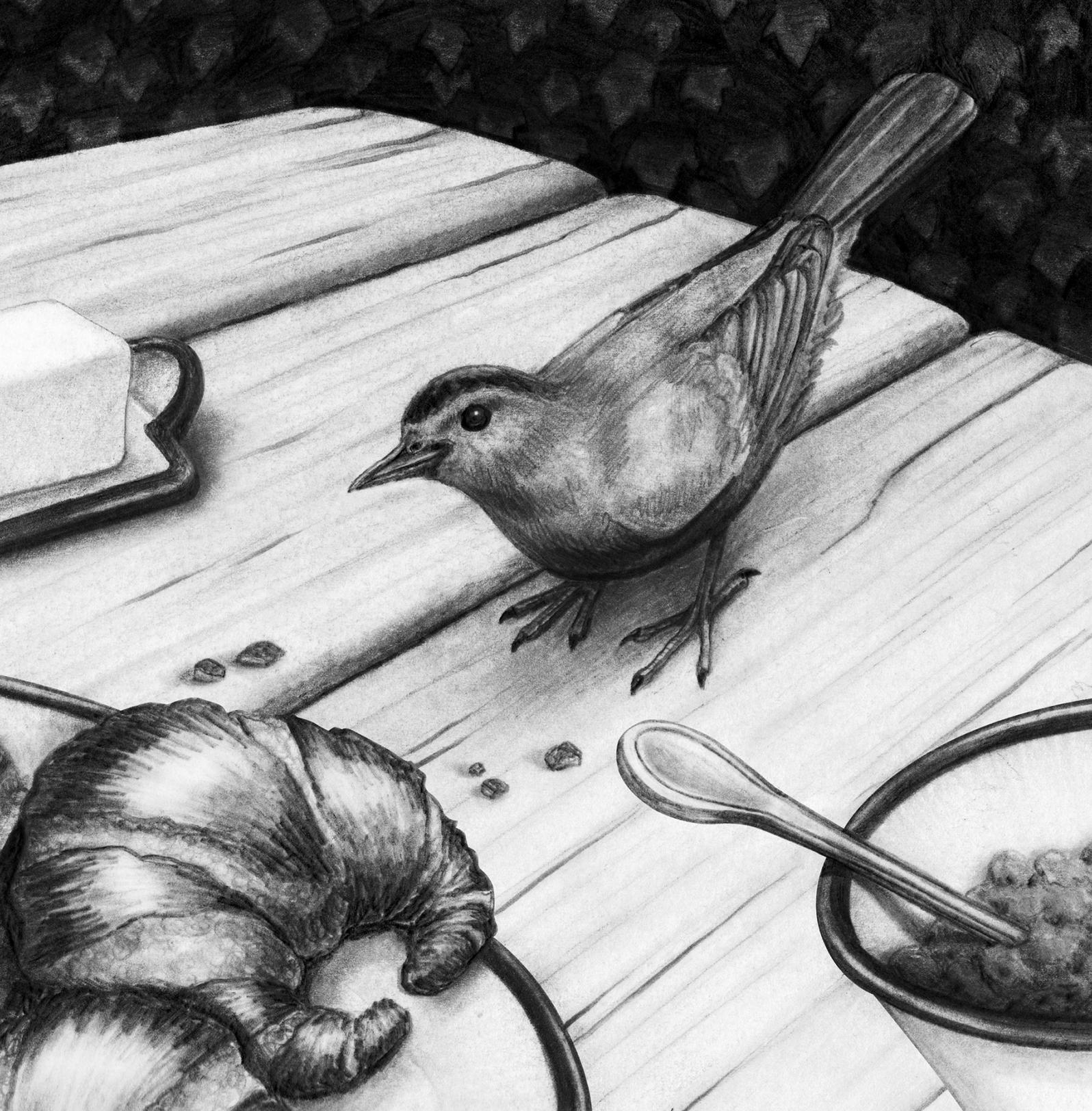
“Well, well,” said Mrs. Potter. “Care to join us for breakfast?”

The bird hopped around and let out a loud *Kwaw! Kwaw!* followed by a noise that sounded just like a cat crying.

Mr. Potter put a crumb of his moist croissant down on the table as close as he could to the bird without frightening it. The bird bounced over, opened his long thin beak, snatched up the crumb, and then quickly flew off.

“I think that was a catbird,” said Mr. Potter.

“A catbird?” said Mrs. Potter, thinking that sounded like a very strange name indeed. “I thought cats chased birds!”



“Wait a second, I’ll show you,” said Mr. Potter and with that he disappeared into the house.

A few minutes later he emerged clutching a battered old book about birds. He sat down and opened it.

“Yes. I was right. There it is – the gray catbird!” he declared pointing to a picture in the book. “Known for making over one hundred different singing sounds including a noise that sounds like a cat crying! They also imitate other birds. And they’re very friendly around humans!”

“Well if he comes back, we’ll call him *CB—The Friendly Catbird*,” said Mrs. Potter who liked to name things.

Mr. Potter looked at his croissant and smiled.

“He seemed to really like my croissant. So maybe it should be *CB—The Croissant Bird* instead!”

Mrs. Potter laughed. She liked that.

And so *CB—The Croissant Bird* was what their little feathered friend became.