

Haily was trudging through the jungles in a remote Indonesian island with the rest of the tour group. There were five other tourists in the group; Marlin Gableberk, Gertrude Woodard, John Naval, Lila A. Newin, and Harry J. Williamson. The tour guide's name was Haris Panggabean. They were all on a break from their jobs, and they were looking for rare birds. On the left, a bird called, and all turned to see. Haily saw a medium sized chubby black bird with a red throat and tail. It also had dark blue legs and a creamy blue beak. It was beautiful.

Haris said, "That is the Black-and-red Broadbill."

The Broadbill flitted its tail and then flew away. Haily and the others continued to trek towards camp.

The straps of her pack dug into Haily's back, and she couldn't get enough of the water from the camelback. She wanted to rest.

She called to Haris, "I'm going to take a rest you guys go on." Haily walked a little into the trees and sat on a log under a shady leafy tree. She put her grey jacket on it. Everything was dripping with humidity. Suddenly, Haily saw a little brown bird hopping on the leaves.

"What does it have in its mouth, a blue bottle cap?" Haily wondered

She watched the bird as it hopped under the bush. Haily followed it, forgetting to take off her backpack. After a while, the bird came to a little clearing, surrounded by some tall plants. In the center of the clearing, there was a strange thing.

"Is that a house?" Haily thought as she peaked behind the bush

The "house" was only 4 feet long and 4 feet high. The bird put the blue bottle cap on the left of the "house", next to a piece of a blue wafer bag, some blue berries, pieces of blue cloth, purple flowers, and some blue feathers. Out of the pile to the right, a disgusting smell was emitting. The pile contained round balls of manure, shards of bone, and on the top, there was laid a clump of mushrooms. In the middle, there was, kind of, a carpet of red berries and flowers. Also, there were orange pieces of plastic. Haily hurried back towards the log where she had been sitting to look up the bird in the bird book. She couldn't find the log, or the trail.

Haily yelled, "Hello, is anyone there?" a couple of times, before sitting under a rubber tree, which made Haily's nose itchy. She laid down her pack on the brown leaves on the ground. Then she opened the pack and got out the thunder whistle that the touring company required. Haris said it could be heard a mile away. Haily blew the whistle, once, twice, and thrice. No response, except for the panicked fluttering of the birds in the tree.

Haily thought, "Maybe someone will find me." Since Haily was getting itchy because she was leaning against the rubber tree, she dragged her stuff to a leafy green bush, getting brown dead leaf stuff on her knees. Then Haily zipped open her backpack, reached in, and got the bird book out.

"Might as well do something," thought Haily as she flipped the page to the brown bird section.

"No, not a Brown Barbet, too big, not a Munia, doesn't have a white head, definitely not a Fish Owl, oh yes! Here it is, a Brown Gardener. That's what I saw, I saw a nest just like that they built, with the decorations." Haily murmured to herself while flipping the glossy pages of the bird book.