

**MAY BYRON**

ROBIN'S

RAMBLES

May Byron  
**Robin's Rambles**

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**Byron M.**

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## Robin's Rambles

Robin was a very spick and span little person: always neat and dapper, in fact a wee bit dandified, you might say. He lived in the East Country in a nice little garden belonging to a nice little house, beside a stream that went slowly through fields. The house was white-washed pink, and the roof was tiled with red like Robin's breast. He thought himself extremely beautiful, remarkably clever, and braver than anybody that ever lived. But his wife didn't agree with him a bit.

Mrs. Robin did not bother as to whether she was beautiful, clever, or brave. She was much too busy for that. For several weeks she had been getting a home ready for her little ones, and when you have to collect your home brick by brick, or twig by twig, it takes a good deal of thought and trouble. Mrs. Robin was now sitting on her nest (which was in a hole in the ground against the back of the stable), upon five red-speckled eggs; so she had a bit of a rest; but it was rather dull and uninteresting for her. Robin, of course, ought to have stayed there to keep her company and chat a bit, and bring her little tempting titbits for lunch. But he was so curious and inquisitive about other people's affairs that he took very little notice of his own. Besides, he was a born rambler.

So every morning Mrs. Robin would say to him, "What is the latest news, my dear?" And he would say, "Really, my love, there is very little doing. I will just take a little stroll and see what news I can pick up that will amuse you!" And off he would go – and away he would stay, for every day he went a longer and longer stroll. And when he came back, either he was too tired to tell Mrs. Robin his adventures, or else she was going to sleep and wouldn't listen.

One day he grew suddenly very curious about the kitchen. This was partly on account of crumbs. He knew the crumbs came out from there, because he saw the Sparrow family and the Starling household fighting for them. "I can't be mixed up with people like these," said Robin to himself. "Squabbling over food – disgusting I call it! I shall take my meals in private like a gentleman." And he was just going in through the scullery when he saw a surprised pair of green eyes staring at him as he stood in the doorway. This was young Missy Kitten, and she wanted to make friends with him: she was a cheerful little soul and would have liked to play. But just as she put out a fat soft paw to pat him, old Mother Tabbykins jumped up from beside the kitchen fire, and came to stop Missy Kitten playing with strangers. Robin departed more suddenly than he had come, but Mother Tabbykins kept a bit of his tail-feather.

Next day he went along the stream, till he came to the windmill. It was standing still, and Robin was quite fidgetty with curiosity. He hopped in through the dusty door, and the mice who lived there were very glad to see him. They were humble, dingy sort of people, and they thought him very lively and quite grand, because of the airs he gave himself. But, while he was telling them wonderful traveller's tales about himself and the things he had seen, suddenly the windmill sails began to turn, and everything started creaking and whirring. Robin went off so fast that he got home perfectly breathless. "My dear – the end of the world is come!" he puffed and panted. "Nothing of the sort," replied Mrs. Robin sharply. "You wait till you hear!" he exclaimed, and he told her all about it. But she didn't sympathise one bit.

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