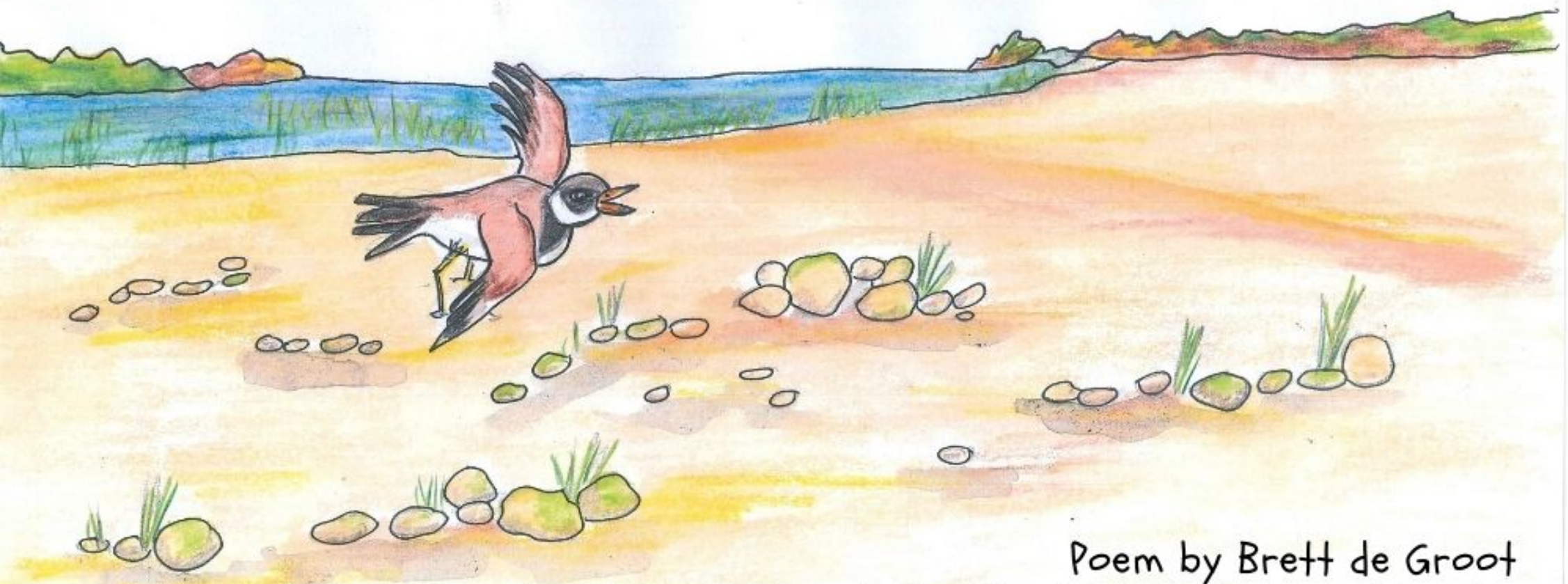
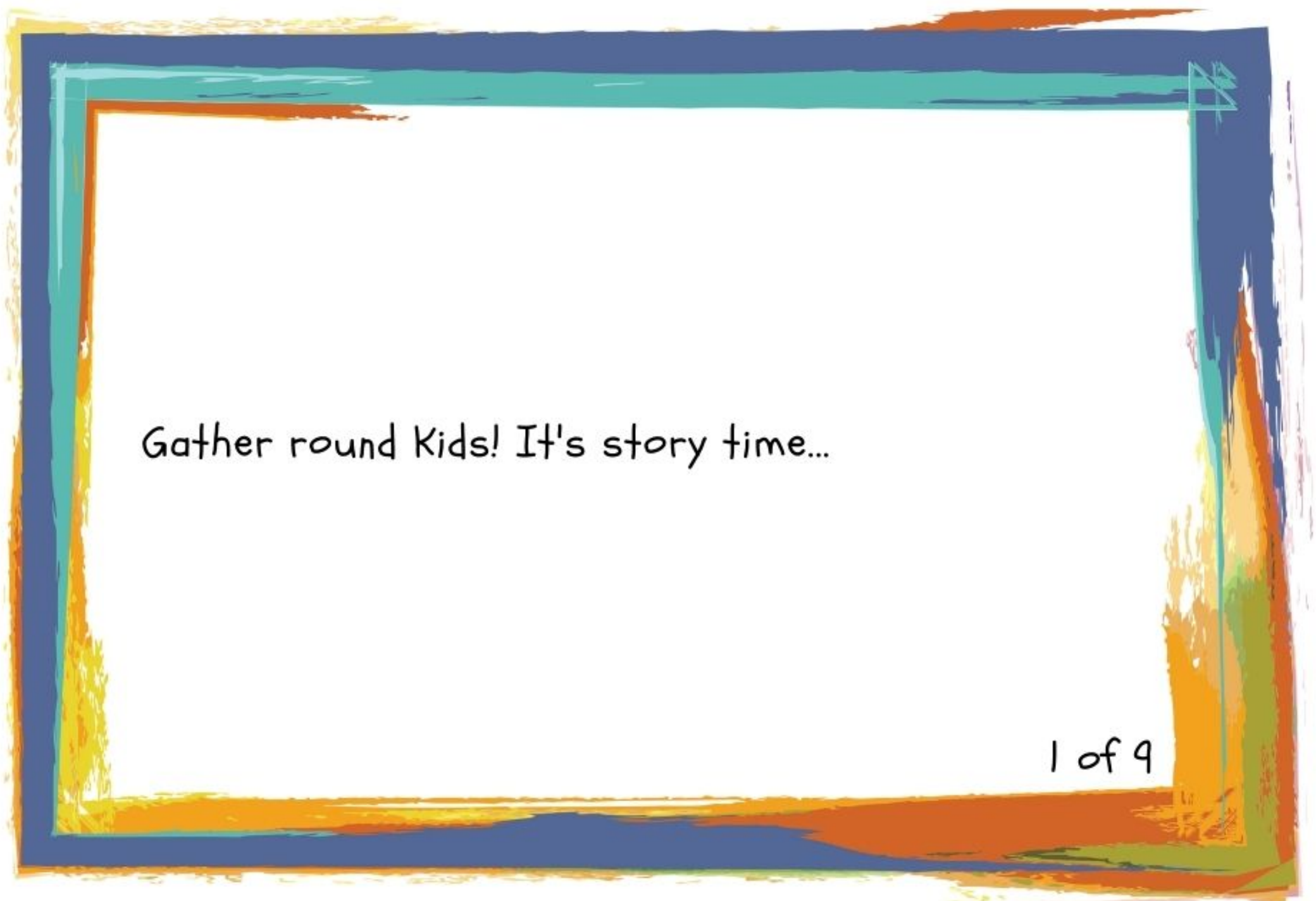


# Peter the Plover's Treachurous Travels



Poem by Brett de Groot

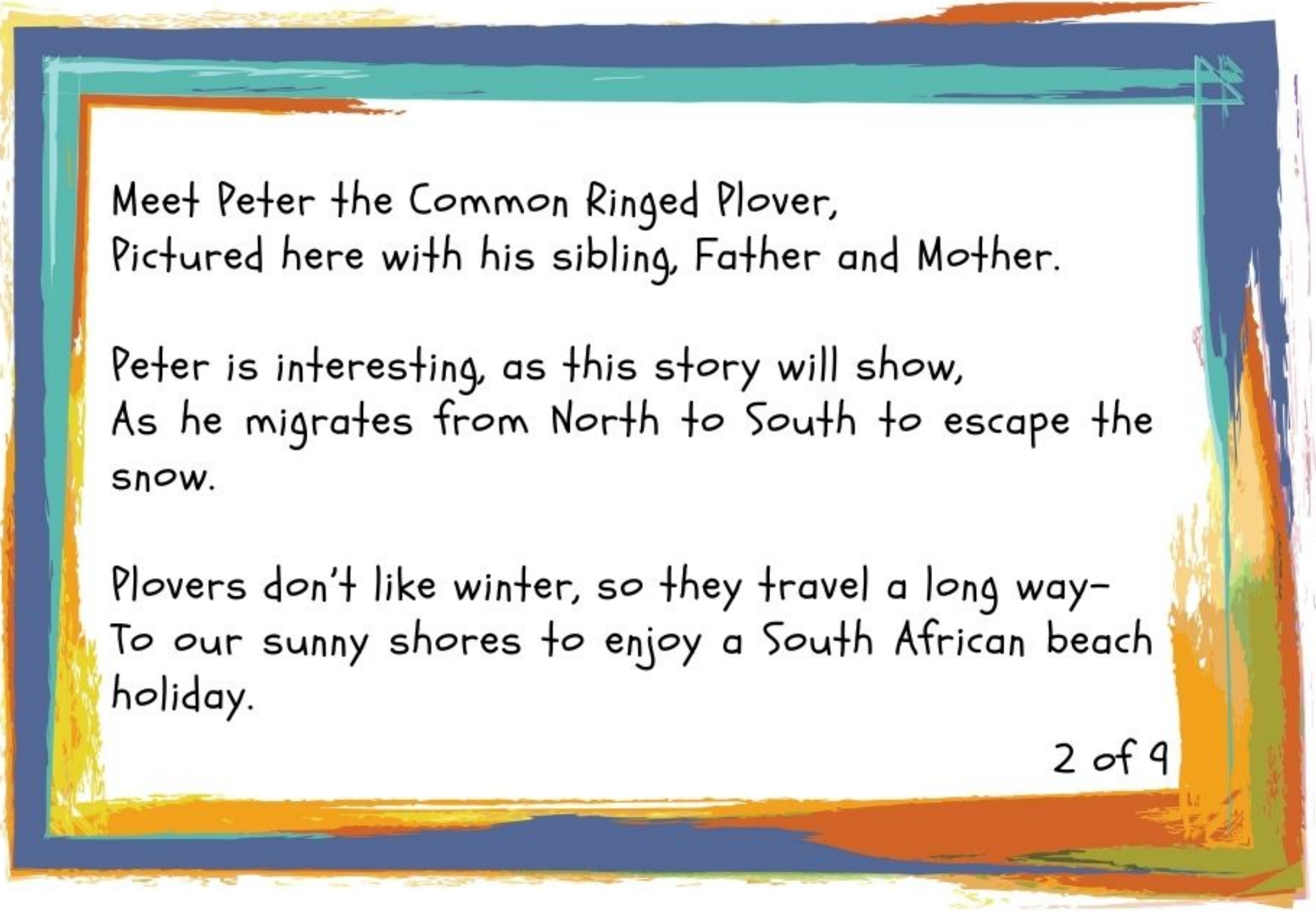
Adapted from the story by Kristi Garland | Illustrations by Carol Preston



Gather round Kids! It's story time...

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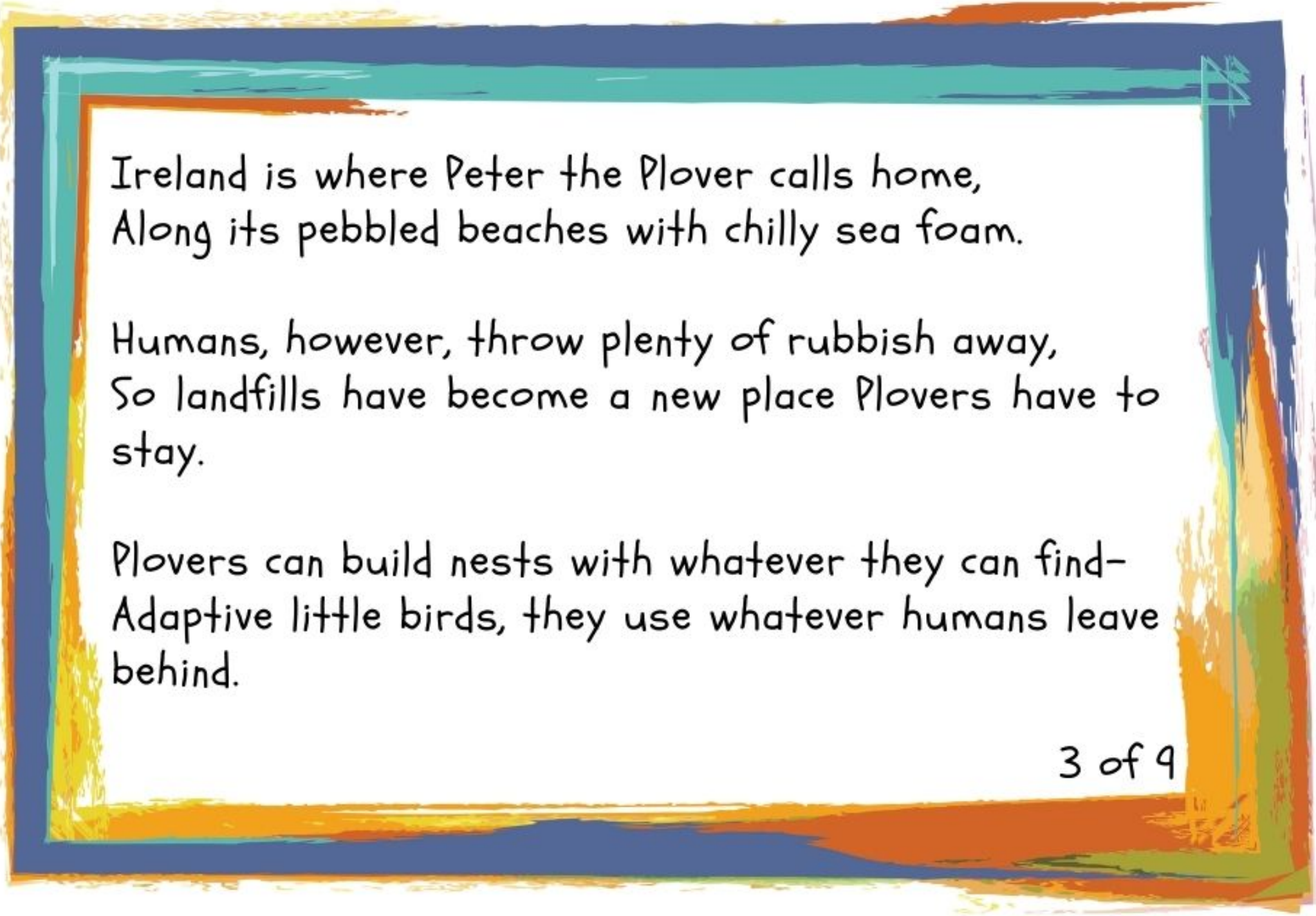


Meet Peter the Common Ringed Plover,  
Pictured here with his sibling, Father and Mother.

Peter is interesting, as this story will show,  
As he migrates from North to South to escape the  
snow.

Plovers don't like winter, so they travel a long way-  
To our sunny shores to enjoy a South African beach  
holiday.





Ireland is where Peter the Plover calls home,  
Along its pebbled beaches with chilly sea foam.

Humans, however, throw plenty of rubbish away,  
So landfills have become a new place Plovers have to  
stay.

Plovers can build nests with whatever they can find-  
Adaptive little birds, they use whatever humans leave  
behind.



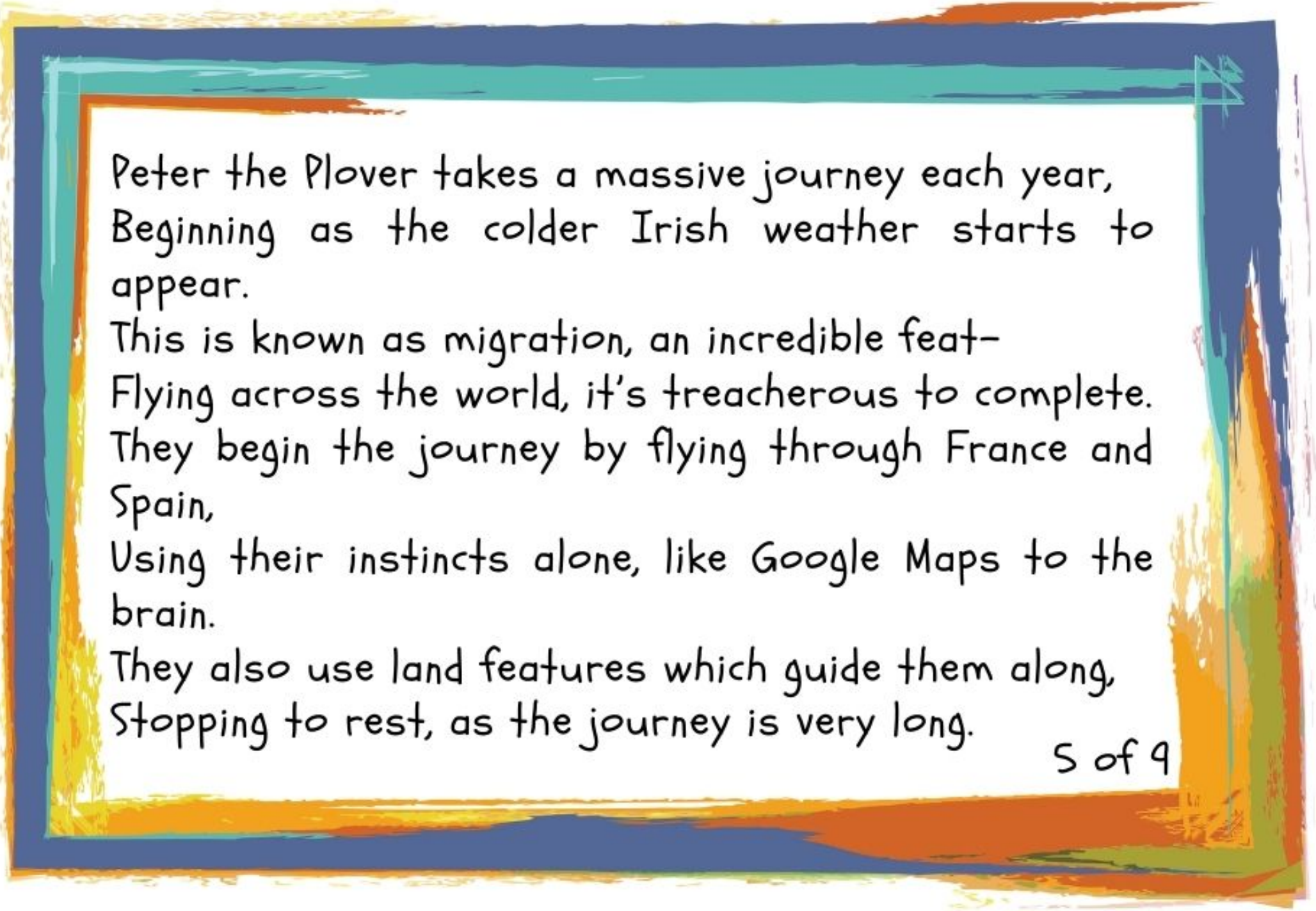


But Peter the Plover is fascinating, you see-  
As he flies across the world to come visit you and  
me.

Much like an athlete prepping for a race,  
Plovers need to fuel up, by stuffing their face.  
Here Peter's Dad teaches him a nifty trick,  
To get creepy crawlies out the ground real quick!  
Much like Gene Kelly, *Singing in the Rain*,  
He taps his foot on the sand again and again.  
This makes the worms think that it's raining outside,  
And quickly crawl out the holes in which they hide.







Peter the Plover takes a massive journey each year,  
Beginning as the colder Irish weather starts to  
appear.

This is known as migration, an incredible feat-  
Flying across the world, it's treacherous to complete.  
They begin the journey by flying through France and  
Spain,  
Using their instincts alone, like Google Maps to the  
brain.

They also use land features which guide them along,  
Stopping to rest, as the journey is very long.



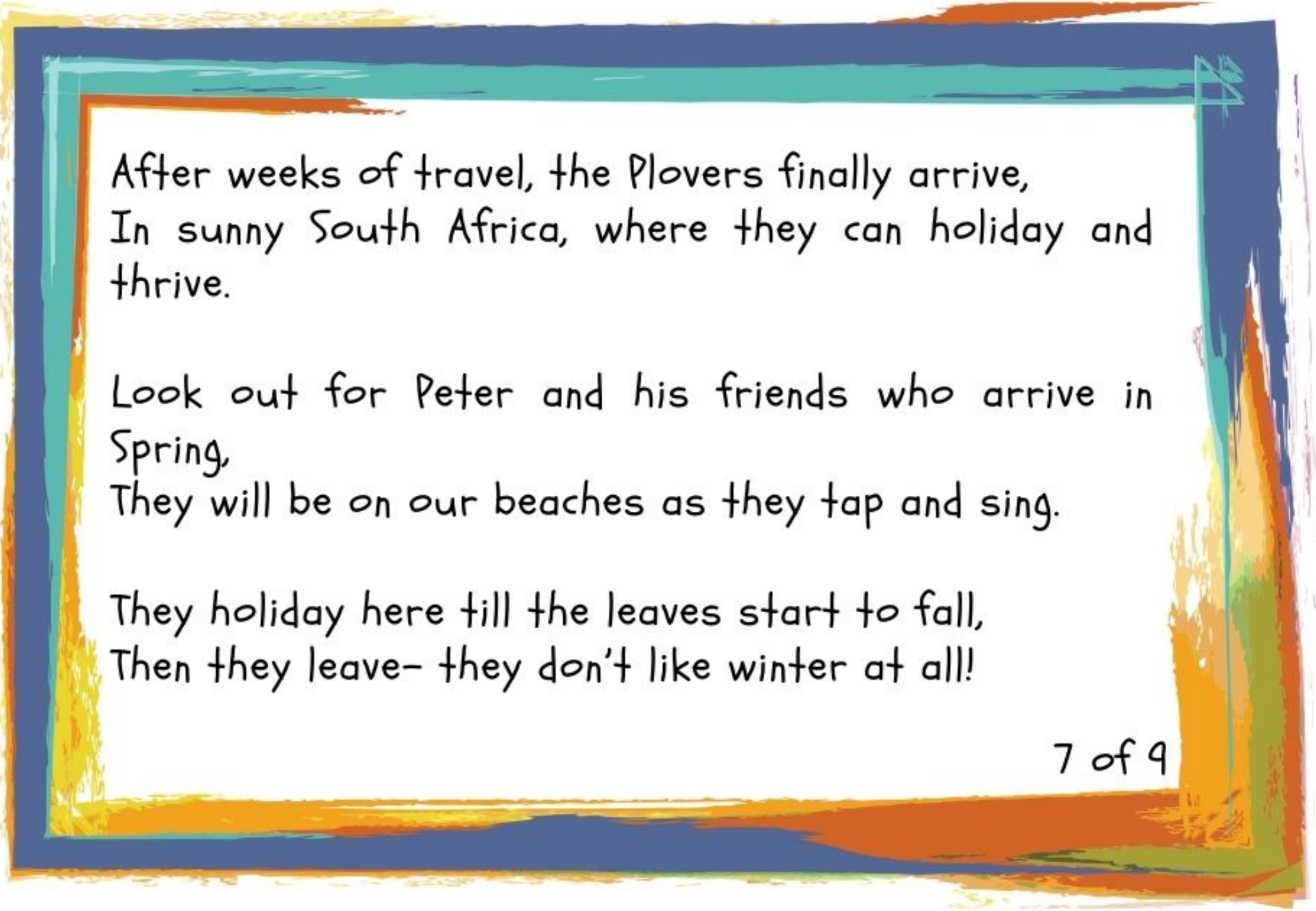


Once Peter reaches our African Continent,  
There are far more dangers the Plovers need to  
circumvent.

The hotter climate means Peter needs to keep a  
watchful eye,  
For unfamiliar threats both on land and in the sky.

From sweeping desert dunes, and scorching heat,  
To bigger birds-of-prey looking for something to eat.



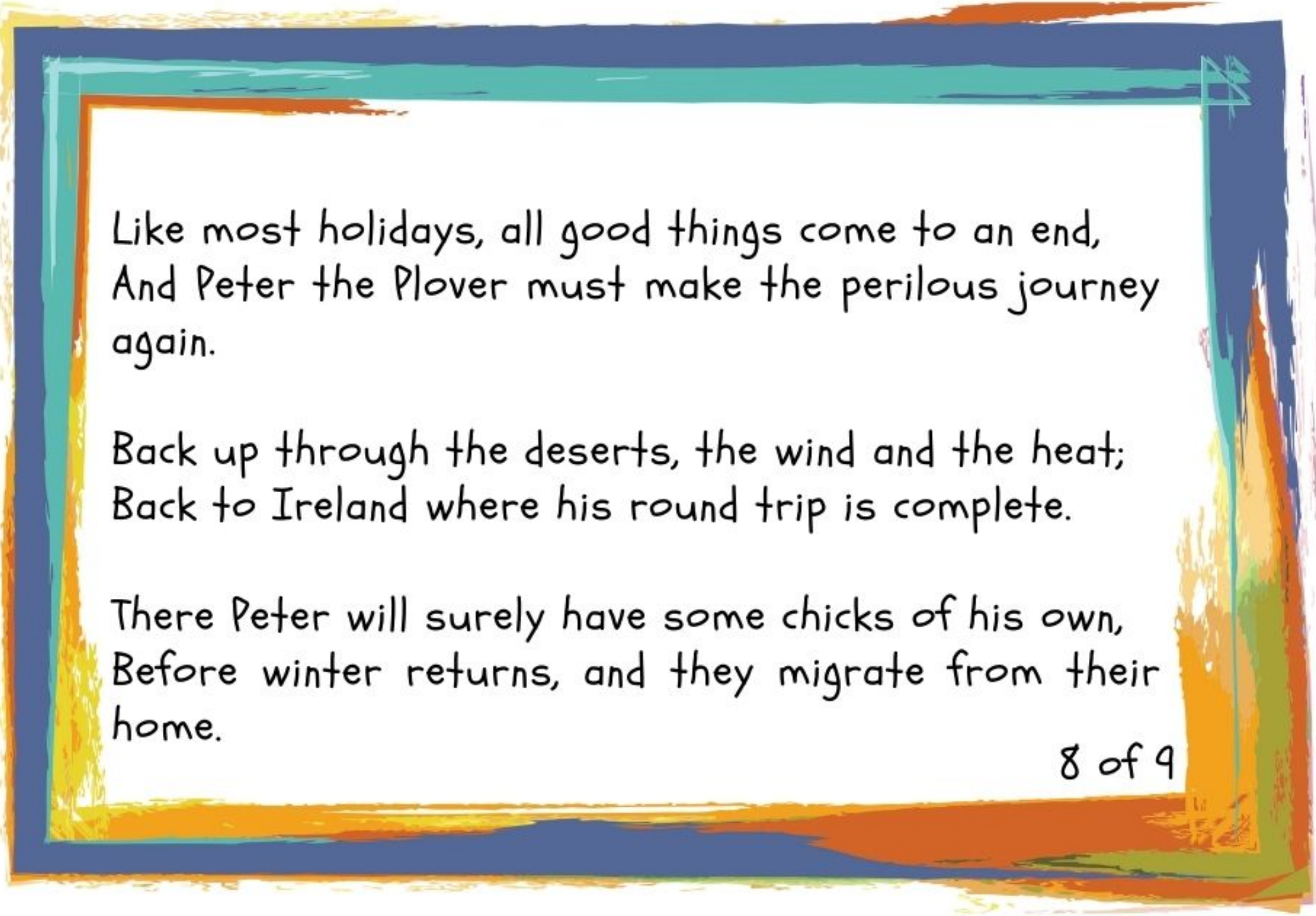


After weeks of travel, the Plovers finally arrive,  
In sunny South Africa, where they can holiday and  
thrive.

Look out for Peter and his friends who arrive in  
Spring,  
They will be on our beaches as they tap and sing.

They holiday here till the leaves start to fall,  
Then they leave- they don't like winter at all!



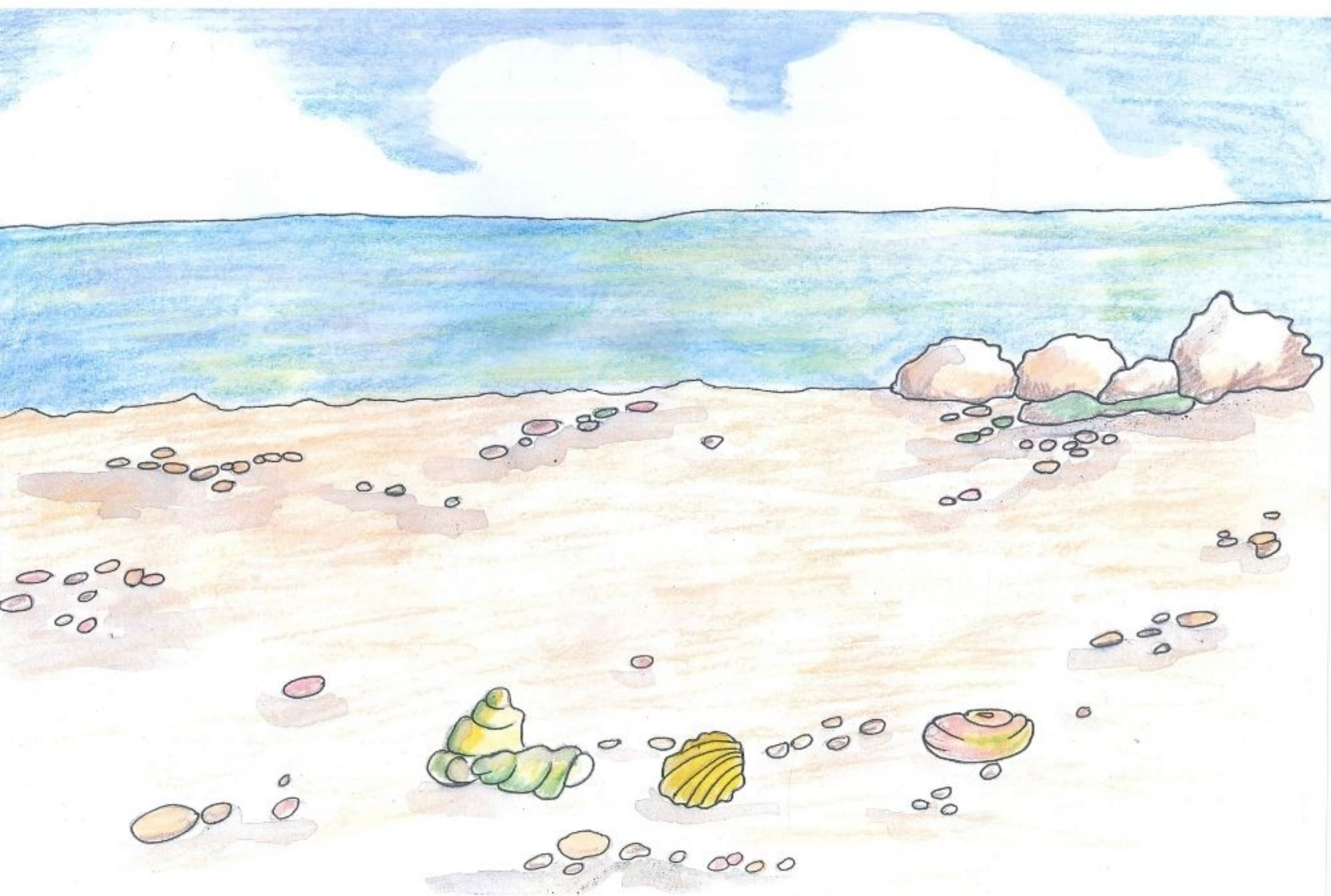


Like most holidays, all good things come to an end,  
And Peter the Plover must make the perilous journey  
again.

Back up through the deserts, the wind and the heat;  
Back to Ireland where his round trip is complete.

There Peter will surely have some chicks of his own,  
Before winter returns, and they migrate from their  
home.






English poem by Brett de Groot

Zulu translation by Vusi Sibiyi

Afrikaans translation by Drinie van Rensburg

Xhosa translation by Sandiswa Kula



For more information and illustrations on Peter the  
Common Ringed Plover- check out our website!  
[www.birdlife.org.za](http://www.birdlife.org.za)

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