Dear Audubon Society,

Thank you so much for letting us go on the field trip to Celery Fields! The trip was sooooo interesting. It was as awesome as anyone could imagine! We learned so much about birds and animals. Learning about adaptations and survival was out of the ordinary! THANK YOU!

From,

Laine and Olivia

THANK YOU!
Celery Fields

This paragraph is about what I learned at the Celery Fields. We learned about the Limpkin, a species of bird. The Limpkin eats the following: apple snails, fish, frogs, etc. The Limpkin’s predators include the following: the snapping turtle, alligator, water snake, etc. The Limpkin is usually found in the marsh land, year-round. Important adaptations the Limpkin has includes the following: a long beak, etc. I appreciate this trip to celery fields and this important information.
Gabrielle

Rosetta Spoonbill
I have my webbed feet
Hollow bone
Pink feathers
Long wings help me soar
Long legs help me eat
I travel in my group
My habitat is protected
Thank you celery fields
By spoon shaped bill helps me eat
Long beak helps me eat
These are my adaptations at
Celery Fields
Written by: Nina

The Way of the Wetland

The way of the wetland, we have yet to know much about,
It dances in the sunlight with its dear friend the wind,
And has a ball where everyone is invited,
The way of the wetland is one we don’t quite understand,
But that is the way of the wetland.

Written By: Nina

Mr. Adaption

Mr. Adaptation likes to travel about,
He’s helping all he meets to survive throughout,
Doing this and doing that so,
come see Mr. Adaptation, cause he travels about.

Written By: Nina

Little, Big, and Bigger

Little big and bigger things are everywhere
That is where adaptation comes into place
Quiet loud and louder things are here and there
That is where adaptation comes into place
Green blue and yellow things swoop through the air
That is where adaptation comes into place.
Ella

The Celery Fields Bird’s
I walk across the green grass
I hear the Limpkin’s screeching call
I see a pink blob in the sky
It is called a Roseate Spoonbill
Grackles pitch black feathers glisten in the sunlight
I am at the Celery Fields
Snapping Turtle
Snap, snap, snap
I am the snapping turtle
Snap, snap, snap
I see the yummiest legs in the world
Snap, snap, chomp
The bird falls like a tree

Apple Snail
Oh no the Limpkin
Yesterday he ate my sister
I am as still a rock
I want to say don’t you do that mister
The bird leaves for a nap I have survived for now

By Kacie