

The Little Bird

The smallest bird with a blue breast lived in Africa. He wanted to send a message to his friends. The little bird asked his mother if he could fly to New Zealand to talk with his friends.



His mother looked him and smiled.

“It is too far away for you to fly, little bird. You are small. If you tried to fly there, you would soon get hungry, tired then fall into the sea and drown.”

The little bird wanted to talk to his friends. He decided to ask the yellow bird if he would take a letter to his friends in New Zealand

The other bird thought for a while. He hopped on one leg, then the other and flew up to a tree. He jumped from one branch to another to another, talked with his brother and flew down to the ground.

“ I am small too” murmured the yellow bird. “ I talked with my big brother. He says, I am far too small to fly to New Zealand. It is a long way from Africa. I will get tired of flying then fall asleep and drown in the big sea.”



The little bird was determined to send a letter to his friends in New Zealand. He went to talk to another friend. This bird was bigger than him and bigger than the yellow bird, but he could not help either and said in a loud voice,

“Sorry matey, can’t do. Got to get ready to fly to Europe and South America. I can’t fly to New Zealand. It’s in the wrong direction”

The little bird felt so sad and he looked around. He heard a big noise and looked up saw a huge bird in the sky with strange looking wings on its head. It made a lot of noise and landed. Little bird asked him if he would take a message to his five friends on New Zealand.

The helicopter looked down on the small bird.

“ I would like to help you, but I cannot to fly to New Zealand. I cannot fly anywhere by myself. Pilot Pat tells me to go up to the sky and when to come down again. I would like to fly by myself, but I not allowed to do it”

The little bird felt so sad. He sat down by the tree and began to cry. A skink was sleeping nearby and woke up when the bird’s tears fell on his head.



"It's raining again," he said to himself.

"No, it's me. I am unhappy and I am crying," sobbed the little bird, as he dried his eyes with one of his wings.

"I am always happy," murmured the skink. "I sleep. When I wake up I am hungry so I eat a fly or a mosquito. They are tasty. Then I go to sleep again in the sun."

The little bird stopped crying and asked the skink if he would help him take a message to his friend.

"Sure can" shouted the skink "give me the message and I will take it to your friend. Does he live on another rock or in a tree?"

"Neither," said the little bird, "my friends live in New Zealand."

The skink then skunked around and slinked up and down and gave little bird a a puzzled look,

"Well....skinky me, I don't know how to fly. All my friends live under rocks and in trees. I don't even know where New Zealand is, matey".

The little bird began to cry again.

"Don't do that" said the skink in a skunky voice "We will find a way. We will look for a big bird to help you"

The little bird cried some more and told the skink how he had been talking to the biggest bird, the helicopter.

"Skinky, slinky me" said the skink "you should have asked the helicopter about the electric bird. I know it travels fast and flies across the sea, across the clouds and across the mountains. I think it might go to New Zealand, if the place exists."

So the little bird went back to the helicopter. Pilot Pat said he knew about the electric bird. Little bird went into the helicopter and talked for a long time. When he came out, he was smiling.



He went home and wrote a letter and took it back to Pilot Pat, who smiled and opened his blue box, which he called a computer. He asked little bird to read his letter. Little bird said a loud voice

My dear friends in New Zealand – Clara, Isaac, Theo, Oliver C and Oliver D. I am in Africa and today I was flying in the sky and on the ground, I saw one hippo, two rhinoceros, three zebras, four warthogs, five snakes, six giraffes and an infinity of wildebeests .

From your friend Little Bird

Little bird watched as Pilot Pat wrote down the words and put them into his blue box. He asked little bird if he wanted to also send a photograph of himself to his friends

“Yes,” said little bird “ and my friend here, skink and yellow bird”

So Pilot Pat put the photo of little bird, yellow bird, the skink and the message inside the blue box and said,

“The electric bird will take your message and also your photograph to New Zealand.”

“Oh, said” little bird. “Will it take a long time to get there?”

The pilot said the message would soon get to New Zealand.

“What is the name of your friend, the electric bird?” asked little bird.

“She’s the E_mail bird” said Pilot Pat with a big smile.