

Bird's Eye View



Frann Preston-Gannon

Little Bird's curiosity kept growing and as soon
as her wings were strong enough she said,
"Mama, I am off to see the world."



"Goodbye, my love," said Mama. "Please be careful!"

Little Bird soared and swooped over the treetops.
She had never felt such freedom!



Before long, she saw something
floating on a lake.

"Ahh, this must be people!" Little Bird said.
"They seem quiet and slow."

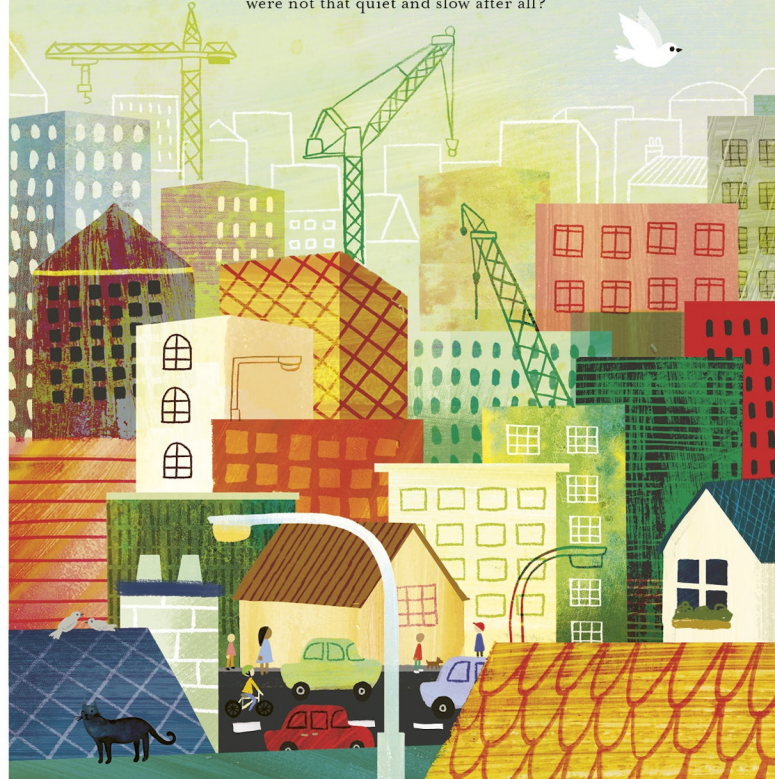


Soon, she came to a place where boxes were scattered over the land.
There were people all around.



Those boxes must be their nests,
she thought.

The nests grew higher and higher,
and now the people seemed to be in such a hurry! Perhaps they
were not that quiet and slow after all?



Little Bird saw many people.



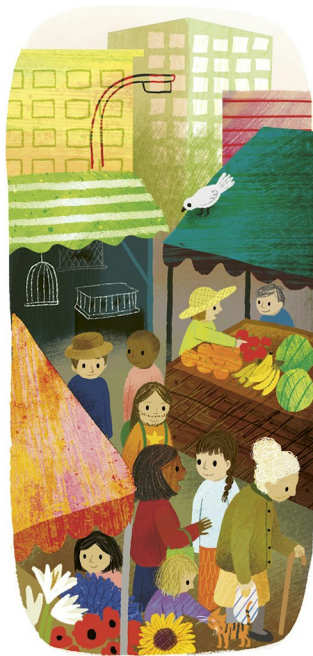
They were colourful and happy . . .



they were sharing . . .



and they sang beautiful songs,
just like birds!



Then Little Bird saw
something that worried her.