

Magpie and the Sparkling Words



cover coming soon!

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In a mystical wood stood a magical tree,
with a magpie who puffed out her chest



Words with a sparkle, a shimmer, a shine,
entwined in her nest in the tree.

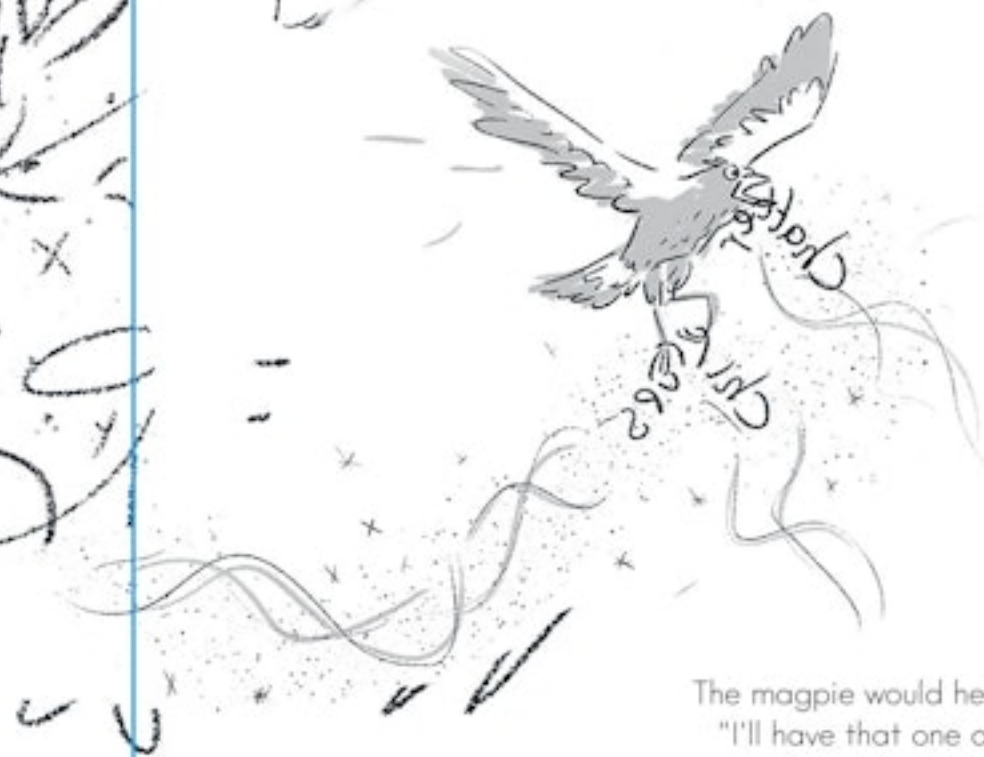


She gathered them up and giggled,
"They're mine – these sparkling words just for me!"

While foxes were frolicking,
dancing around,



and deer dozed
on in their beds,



The magpie would hear every glorious word.
"I'll have that one and that one," she said.

Words with a sparkle, a shimmer, a shine,
they lined her small nest in the tree.



She snatched the words up and chuckled,
"They're mine – these sparkling words just for me!"

While **ravenous** rabbits were munching on grass,
and the river **meandered** along,



glimmering

lush

The magpie would listen. She watched the words glisten.
"All mine," sang her voice, loud and strong.

That summer was heavy with chatter and chirrup.
The forest had plenty to say.



But slowly the animals started to worry
their words would be hurried away.

Words with a sparkle, a shimmer, a shine.
The bird left no words for the rest!



The animals frowned as she **boasted**,
"They're MINE! My sparkling words are the best!"



But soon Magpie found,
when she flew to the ground,



that the animals all turned their backs.

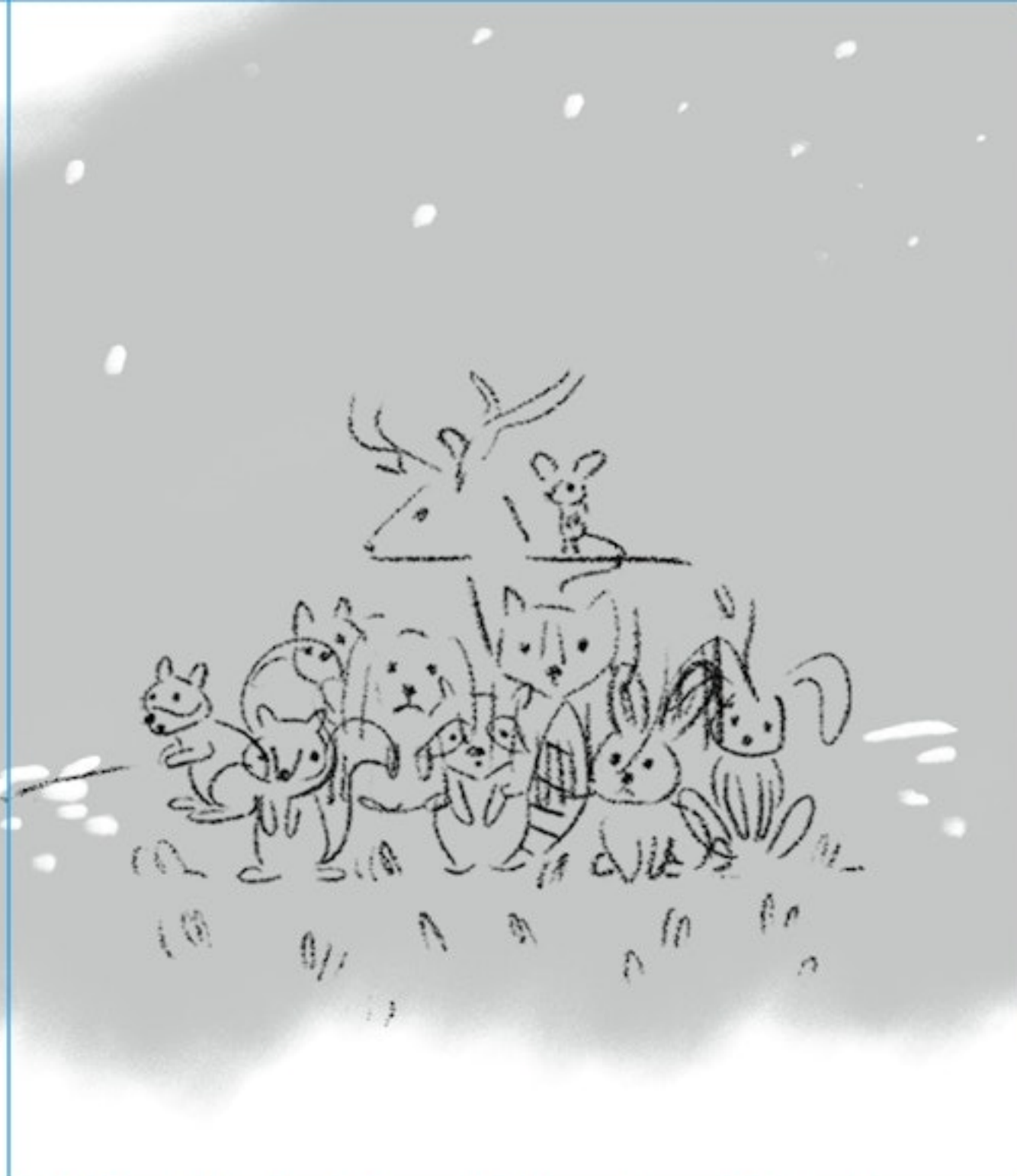


Their words became **rushed**.
Their voices were **hushed**.
And they couldn't quite seem to relax.

Then white winter fell like a **delicate** spell,
but a **deafening silence** fell too.



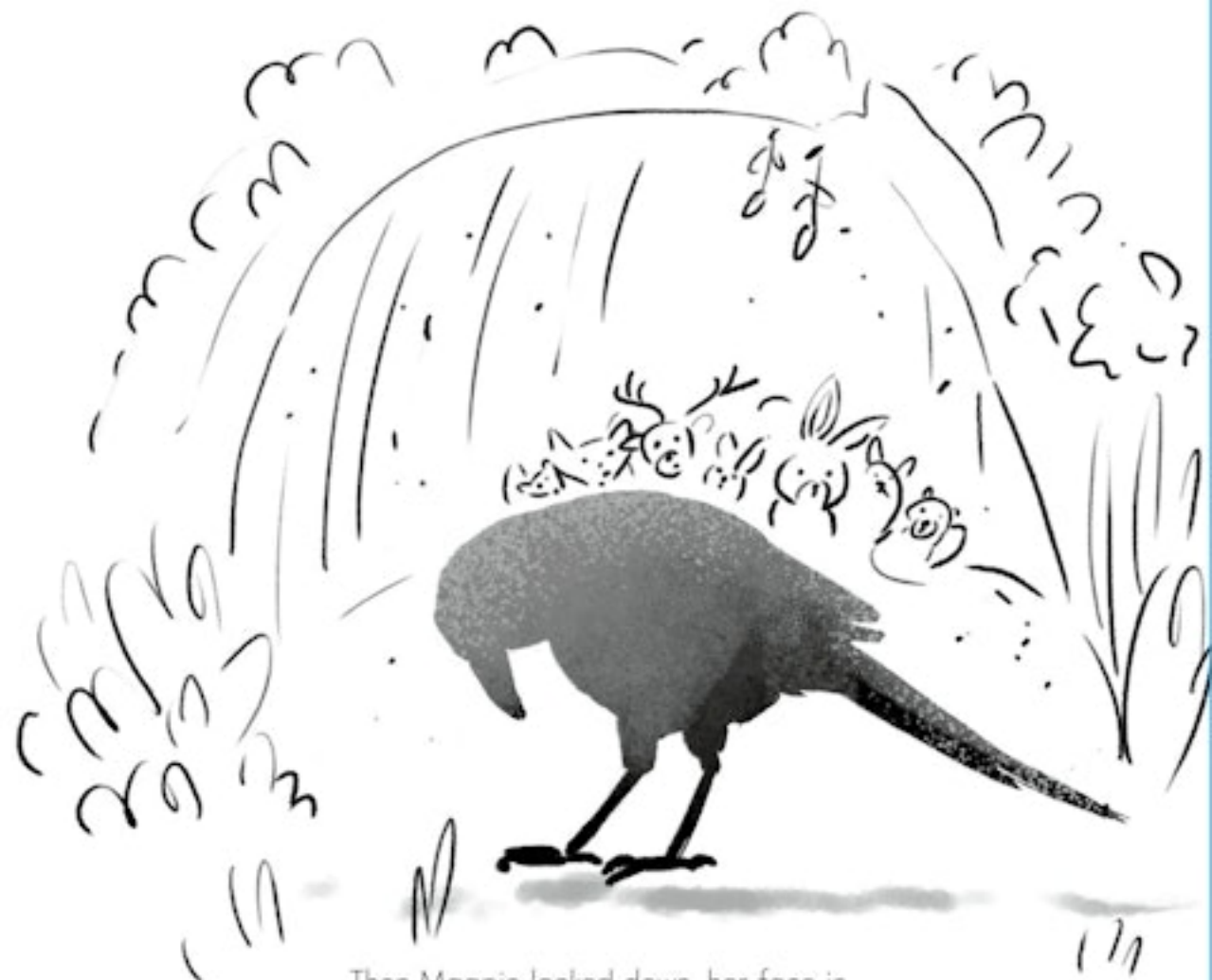
The magpie had **hoarded** the words for herself.
Now no one said anything new. . .



One **blustery** night, as storm clouds blew in,
she realised her **awful** mistake.
Her nest – full to bursting! The words – overflowing!
But now there were none left to take.



"While words with a **sparkle**, a **shimmer**, a **shine**,
look nice in my nest in the tree,
they don't seem to shine quite as bright as before,
now no one is talking to me."



Then Magpie looked down, her face in
a frown – the mystical wood was so dark.
No flickers or glimmers of wonderful
words until, from the sky came a...

... SPARK!

And next, a loud shake and a **thunderous** tremor.
The lightning came down with a flash.



The magpie's tall tree and her nest full of words,
tore apart with an **echoing crash**.

The words **hurtled** round her, **cascading** and flowing.
Their sounds came alive once again.



The words and the magpie were **billowing**, blowing...
straight to the animals' den...

The **hubbub and hum** – such a fabulous sound.
Magpie had got it all wrong.

"You cannot own words! They for sharing –
for stories, for poems, for rhyme and for song!"



Then she was spotted, and the animals shouted,
"Don't **whisk** our stories away!"



But Magpie looked sad. So they paused,
and they watched, for the bird had something to say...

...Her beautiful, sparkling words had escaped her.
So bravely, she **puffed** out her chest.

"I'm **SORRY**," she said.
Just a very small word,
but sometimes that small
word is best.

The animals listened. But what would they say?

The bird hung her feathery head...



So the animals replied with the **sparkliest** word they could think of...

Welcome!

they all said.



And after the storm, the animals helped.



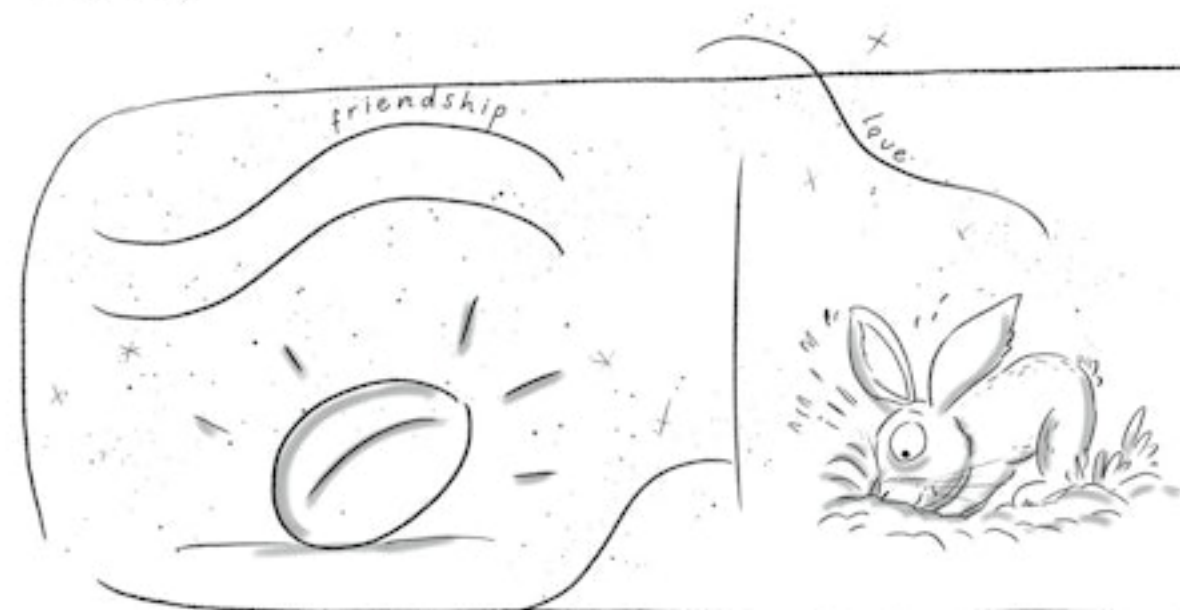
They foraged for all that they'd need,



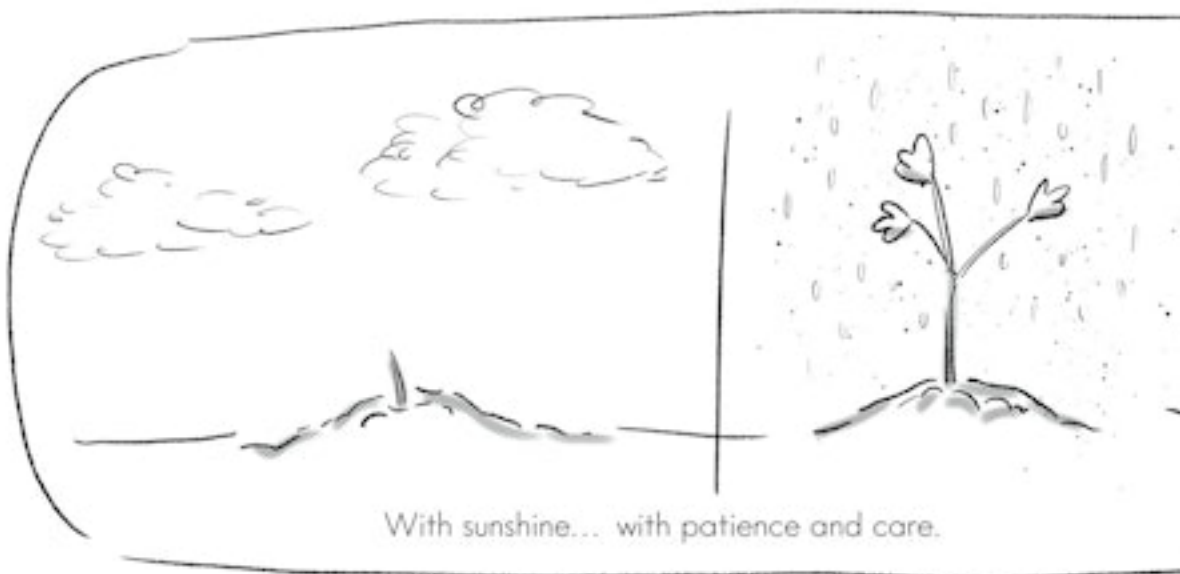
for Magpie's old nest was tattered and torn –



...a SEED!



So slowly, but surely, with teamwork and love.



...full of sparkling words
they could share.

