



## The bird king

All the animals in the jungle had a king. The birds were jealous. They wanted a king too.

‘Let me be king. Look at my wonderful colours!’ said the beautiful parakeet.

‘No, no,’ said the myna. ‘I can speak and talk to the other animals. I should be king.’

‘And I have a fantastic beak!’ said Toucan. ‘I want to be the bird king.’

‘I know,’ said the macaw. ‘Why don’t we have a competition? The bird who can fly the highest will be the bird king.’

Everyone thought this was an excellent idea, especially the eagle. ‘Make me king now,’ he said. ‘I am the strongest, and I can fly the highest.’

‘Ah,’ said a little voice. ‘But you might not win!’

‘Ha ha!’ laughed the eagle. ‘You can’t beat me, little sparrow!’

‘We’ll see,’ said the sparrow.

The race began, and all the birds flew high into the sky. They flew higher and higher, and the eagle flew the highest. ‘Ha! I told you!’ squawked the eagle. ‘I, I am the king!’

But the sparrow was hiding under the eagle’s wing. Suddenly, he flew higher than the eagle’s head. The sparrow was the highest bird of all! He won the competition! And the sparrow was the new bird king.

## Story Time



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