

***SPREAD
YOUR***



by Rhianna Emberson 6JD

Once there was a bird that couldn't fly. His name was Bobby. Bobby was running out of time to be able to fly because he had to leave the nest by the end of the week! Bobby was very worried, so he decided to call a friend.

The next day, his friend Elli the elephant came to the nest. She understood Bobby's situation and when nearly all hope was lost, Elli had an idea! She said that she had some special friends that could help. "I know!", said Elli, "Let's write a letter to my friends and they may be able to help."

"Brilliant idea.", replied Bobby. Soon, they finished the letter. This is what they wrote:

Dear Elli's friends,

*I need help, because in a week I need to leave my nest, but I still can't fly.
Can you help me?*

Yours hopefully

Bobby

The following day, three letters came. Bobby was very excited, but Elli made him read them through one by one, very slowly and carefully. The first letter was from Una the Unicorn.



It said:

Dear Bobby,

Thank you for your letter. I think that you need to be creative and look at things from a different angle. Maybe you can walk, instead of fly!

Yours creatively, Una



Bobby didn't think this was a very good idea, especially as there was a very hungry cat down in the garden and he didn't think that he could out-run it and he certainly did not want to try.

"My friend, Olivia the Ostrich wins first prize in all the Animal Olympics – she's a fantastic runner. Birds can run fast, why not give it a go?", insisted Elli. Bobby reluctantly agreed. Encouraging Bobby, Elli lowered her trunk into the nest and helped Bobby down. Fearfully, Bobby looked around; the cat was nowhere to be seen. Finally after what seemed like hours of waiting, the terrified bird hopped nervously onto the ground.

Rustle !!!!

Bobby leapt back with fright. **"Aaaahhhh!"**, he screamed.

"Sorry.", called a small voice from below. "I didn't mean to frighten you.". Bobby and Elli peered down to see a small figure in the undergrowth. Craning her neck to see a tiny ladybird, Elli said, "At this rate, I will have such a bad back!"

"What brings you here?", Bobby asked politely.

"I forgot my umbrella", answered Lilly Brown (the ladybird).

Trying vainly not to jump at every single tiny noise, Bobby hopped bravely towards the garden fence. Suddenly, a ginger, agile cat with gleaming eyes and licking its lips crept stealthily towards Bobby. "Oh no!", Bobby thought. "I knew this was a bad idea.", he murmured crossly.



He closed his eyes and everything went dark. "This is it.", he thought. The next thing he knew, he was back at home in his warm bed. When he opened his eyes, he saw Elli's face before him in blurred vision. "I'm so sorry", Elli apologised.

"It's all right, I forgive you.", Bobby said. Elli giggled. "You'll never guess how I got rid of the cat.", Elli smiled. "I filled my trunk up with water from the pond and guess what?".

"What?".

"I squirted him with water and he ran away". They laughed. They laughed SOOOO much, that their stomachs' ached and they had terrible hiccups.

"Oh well", said Ellie. "Maybe the next letter will be more useful she suggested. The next letter they opened was from the bees.



This is what it read:

Dear Bobby,

As we are bees, we like to work together. You can try this. Ask the other birds to help.

From

Becky, Bella, Bob, Ben and Boris.

"Let's try that!", shouted Bobby joyfully. Bobby and Elli asked the other birds to help, but they were too busy looking after their own nests and gathering twigs. "Oh no!", sighed Elli. "What are we going to do now?"

"Let's read the next letter", said Bobby excitedly. The next letter was from Catherine the Chameleon.



It said:

Dear Bobby,

Having the skill of learnability is key. You need to be able to learn new things so why not have flying lessons?

From

Catherine the Chameleon

Ellie thought this was a good idea, so they decided to go straight to the flying instructor's nest. Bobby jumped onto Elli's back and they set off.



When they got there, Bobby slid off Elli's trunk and slid into the nest.

ACHOO!

... sneezed the instructor. Bobby was almost knocked off the nest by the force of the sneeze!

"Um, excuse me Sir, are you available to teach me how to fly?" Bobby asked politely.

ACHOO!

... sneezed the flying instructor once more, and this time, Bobby really was knocked off the nest by the force of the sneeze. So Elli had to catch him and plonk him back on the nest.

"I'll take that as a 'no' then." Ellie answered. Then went back home feeling miserable and tired. Even though the day was unsuccessful, Bobby went to bed, confident that tomorrow the four unopened letters would give him better advice.

Early the following morning, Bobby awoke to the sound of Elli booming, "RISE AND SHINE, SLEEPING BEAUTY! You have another letter!". "C'mon, time is running out, the next letter is from Barry the Bear, Olive the Owl and Terry the Tortoise; I can't wait to read it."

Elli brought the letter up and they started reading it together.

Dear Bobby,

Independence is always good, but remember to be resilient when trying. If you reflect on your work, you will always find a way how you can improve. 'Bear' this in mind and you will succeed.

From Olive, Terry and Barry.

PS — this is my neatest handwriting.



Bobby thought this was a good suggestion so he started practising. He took a few jumps and a few experimental flaps of his wings. He was really beginning to get the hang of it when his mum shouted at him "Bobby – your baby sister is trying to sleep – go and do that somewhere else!"

Bobby sighed – he really needed his own space but he had to get the hang of flying first. He was tired and felt very close to giving up. Oh, where was Elli? He really needed the next letter but she had them all for safekeeping as it was so hectic and small in the nest. And his mum was really obsessive about keeping the place tidy and would probably throw them away without realising he needed them. In fact he wasn't entirely sure if he would be the next untidy item she would throw out of the nest to make more space.

“Oh Elli where are you?” He whispered desperately.

As he lay back in his bed, he thought he heard a loud trumpeting sound. Was he dreaming? As he woke up and realised that he wasn't mishearing, Elli was at the nest, waiting to read him the next letter. He dashed over to her.

“I've got the next letter, c'mon, let's read it!” exclaimed Elli excitedly.

They sat together reading the letter aloud.



Dear Bobby,

As a spider, I need the skill of making connections to spin my web. Why don't you try to link some of the ideas that you have already been given by your fellow animals to help you learn to fly?

Yours sincerely

Simon the spider

Bobby liked the sound of this idea. He decided to take all the advice and put it in action all together. He and Elli had a walking race up and down the garden, watching out for the cat who was sulking after her soaking a few days before. They watched and copied the other birds who were swooping down and circling above them, shouting out words of encouragement, instructions and help. Bobby's mum saw how hard he was trying, left dad in charge of baby Bella and flew down to teach Bobby the basic moves.

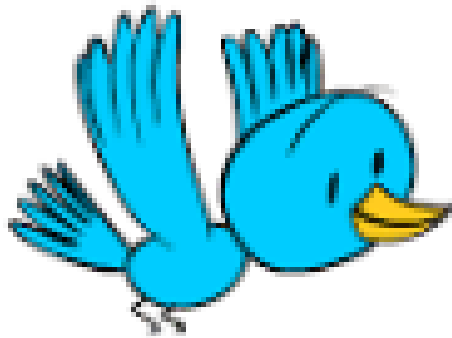
Over the next two days, Bobby worked independently and practised again and again. He ran up and down, flapping his wings, bobbing his head up and down, jumping and flapping.

Elli came to visit Bobby on Monday morning to see how he was getting on and if he was any closer to flying. She searched for him everywhere but he was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly she heard a little voice calling her name and looked up to see a little blue bird flying away into the distance, waving as he sped away.

Elli smiled and wiped a small tear away from her cheek.

“Goodbye Bobby and write me a letter all about your adventures.” She called to him.

“I will,” he shouted back “and I’ll send you a postcard when I meet Olivia and let you know how she is getting on.”



THE END