



Fiction





Baby Bird

by Ann Gadzikowski illustrated by Anna Vojtech



Baby Bird

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Offices and agents throughout the world

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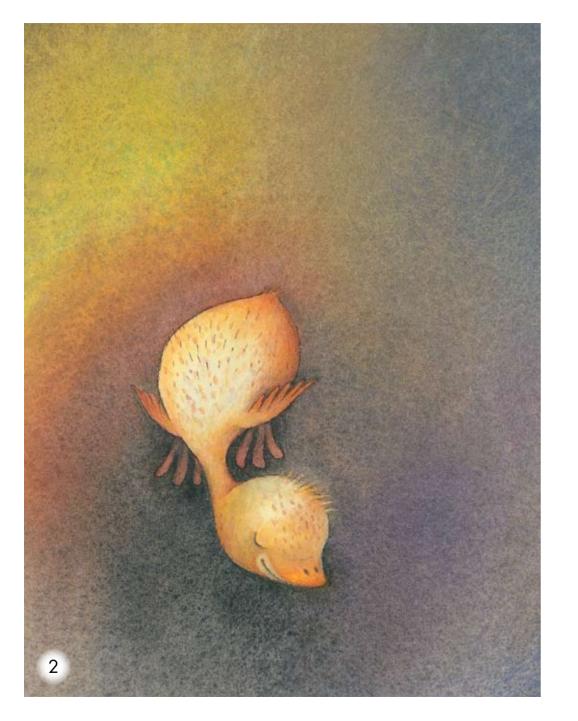
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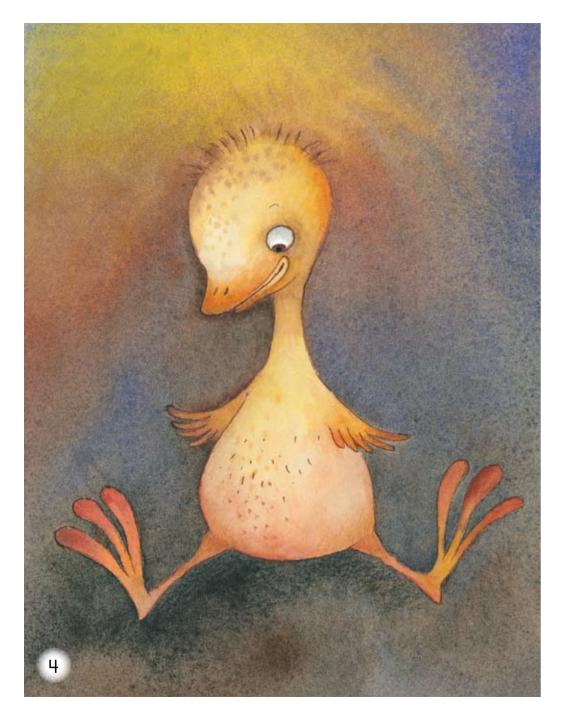


Once there was a baby bird.
The baby bird had
a small beak.
She had small legs.
She had small wings.

She had shan whigs.

She was very small,
but she was warm and happy.

Then something happened.



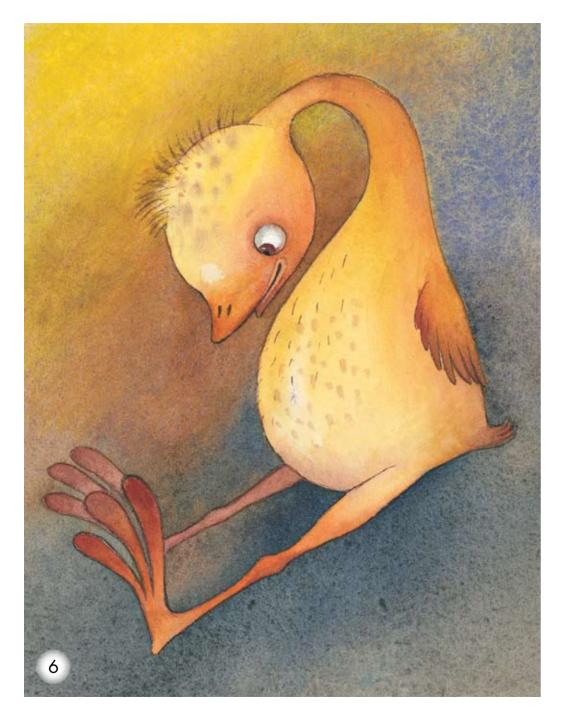
The baby bird began to grow.

"Oh, my," said the baby bird.

"My beak is getting stronger.

My legs are getting longer.

My wings are getting bigger, too."



The baby bird grew and grew.

"Oh, my!" said the baby bird.

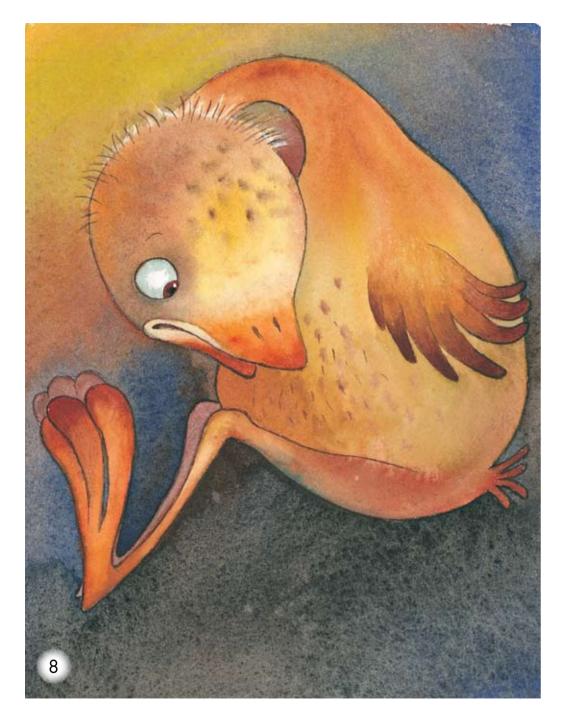
"Look at me!

I am getting bigger

and bigger.

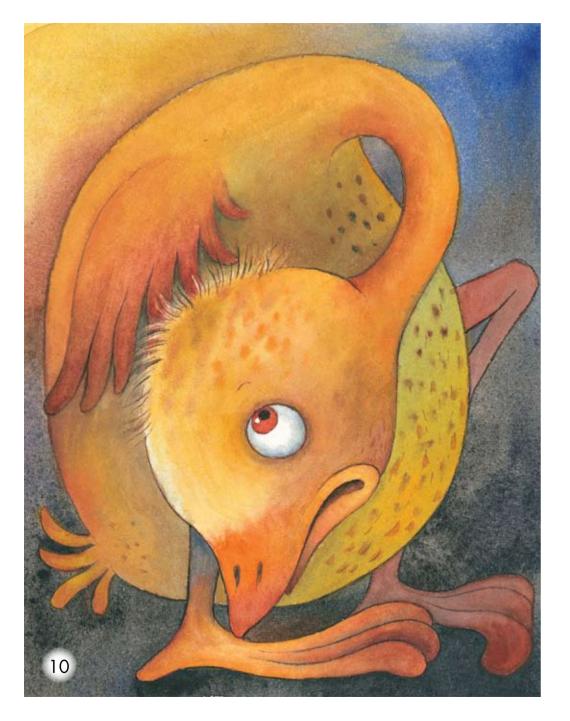
If I grow much more,

I will run out of room here."



The baby bird grew more and more.

The baby bird said, "Look at me! My beak is getting stronger a lot stronger! My legs are getting longer a lot longer! My wings are getting bigger a lot bigger! This space is just too small for me."



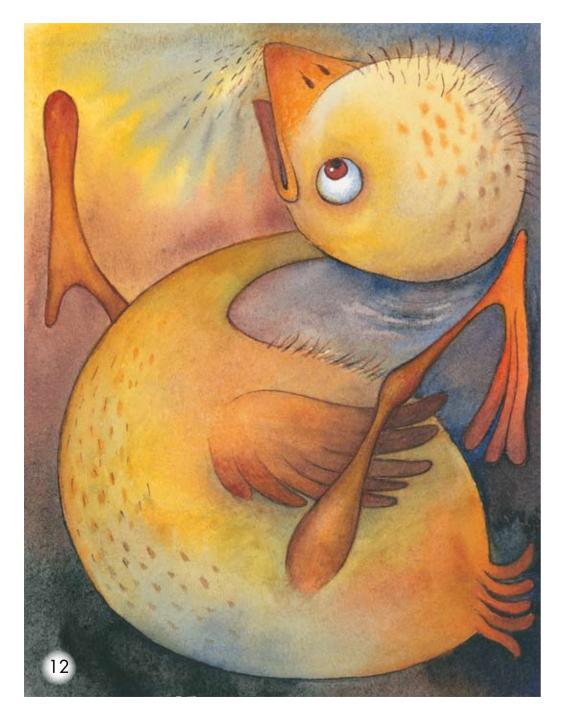
"Ouch!" said the baby bird.

"I am too big for this space.

My legs are too long.

My wings are too big.

What can I do?"



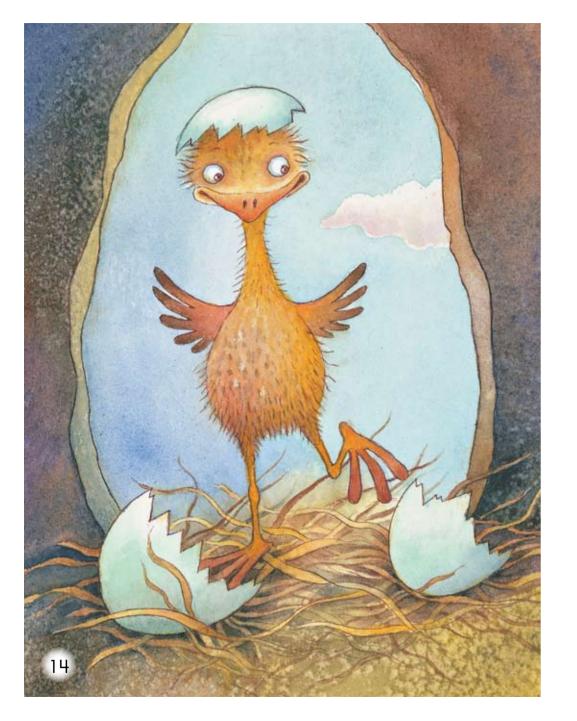
"I know what I can do!"
said the baby bird.

"I can peck with my beak.
My strong, sharp beak
will get me out of here."

The baby bird pecked and pecked.

She did not stop.

Then something happened.

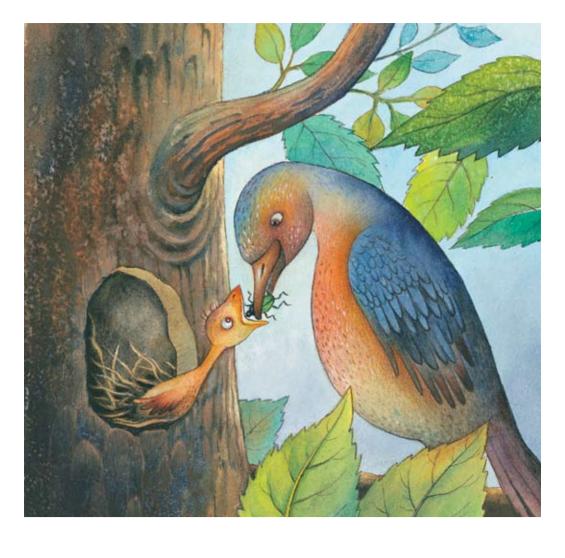


Crack! Crack! Crack!

The baby bird got out of the egg.

The baby bird was free!

The baby bird said,
"Now my long legs can hop.
Now my big wings can flap.
Now I have **lots** of space!"



"Have a bug!" said the mother bird.