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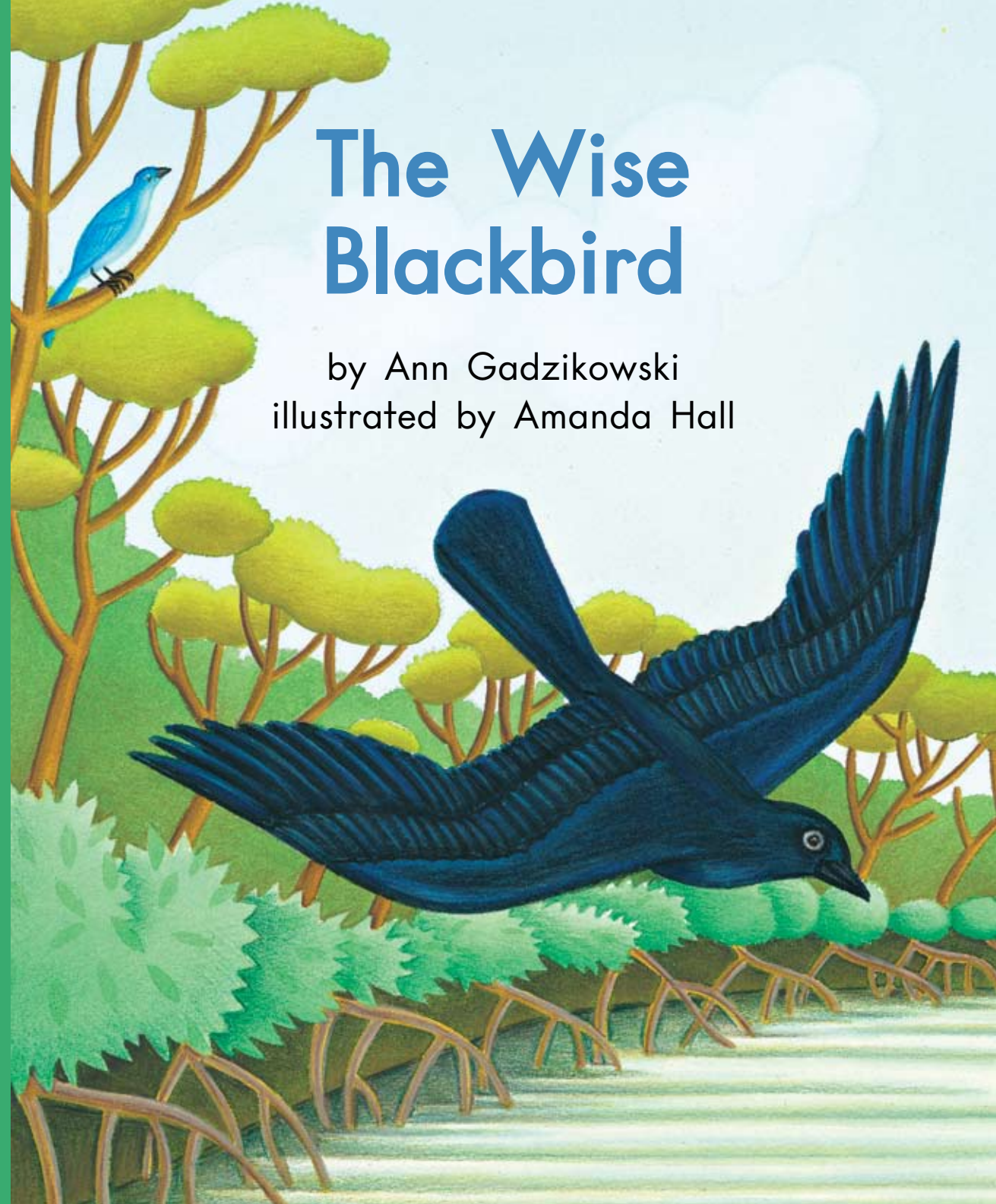
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The Wise Blackbird

by Ann Gadzikowski
illustrated by Amanda Hall



Book 84

Level I

The Wise Blackbird

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The Wise Blackbird

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Once there was a bluebird
who liked to brag.

He looked at the sky,
he looked at his wings,
and he smiled.

“How fine I look!”
thought the bluebird.

“I am as blue as the sky!”

The bluebird flew high and low
in the blue sky.



The bluebird saw a mouse.

“Hello!” said the bluebird
to the mouse.

“It is a beautiful day,
isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is a beautiful day,”
said the mouse.

“The sky is a beautiful blue.”



“I am blue, too,”
said the bluebird.

“I am beautiful,
like the blue sky.”

“Oh,” sighed the mouse.

“I am not blue. I am gray.
I am not the color
of the sky.”

The bluebird laughed
and flew away.

The bluebird saw a flamingo.

“Hello!” said the bluebird.

“It is a beautiful day,
isn’t it?”

“Yes,” said the flamingo.

“It is a fine and sunny day.”

“Look at the beautiful blue sky,”
said the bluebird.

“I am blue, like the sky.”

“I am pink,”
said the flamingo.



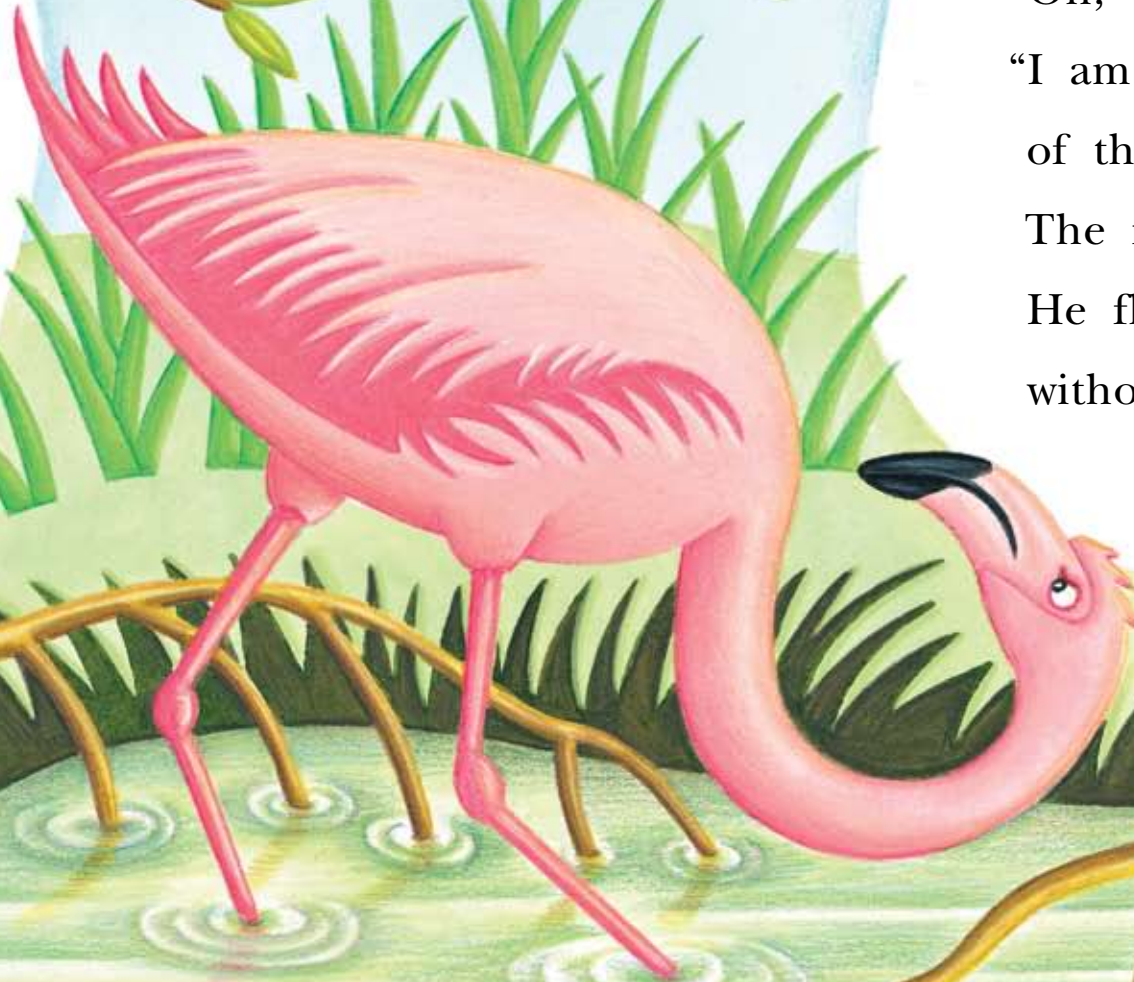
“Blue is better than pink,”
bragged the bluebird.

“Blue is the color
of the sky!”

“Oh,” said the flamingo.

“I am not the color
of the sky.”

The flamingo was angry.
He flew away
without saying good-bye.



The bluebird looked up.
He saw a blackbird
at the top of a tree.
“Hello!” said the bluebird.
“It is a beautiful day,
isn’t it?”

“Yes it is,”
said the blackbird.

“I am blue,
like the sky,”
said the bluebird.

“I am not blue,”
said the blackbird.

“I am black.”

“Blue is better than black,”
bragged the bluebird.
“Blue is the color
of the sky.”



The blackbird was wise.

“Yes, blue is beautiful,”
he said.

“Blue is the color
of the sky.”

“But the sky is not always blue.

Sometimes it is gray,
like a mouse.

Sometimes it is pink,
like a flamingo.

Sometimes it is black,
like me.”

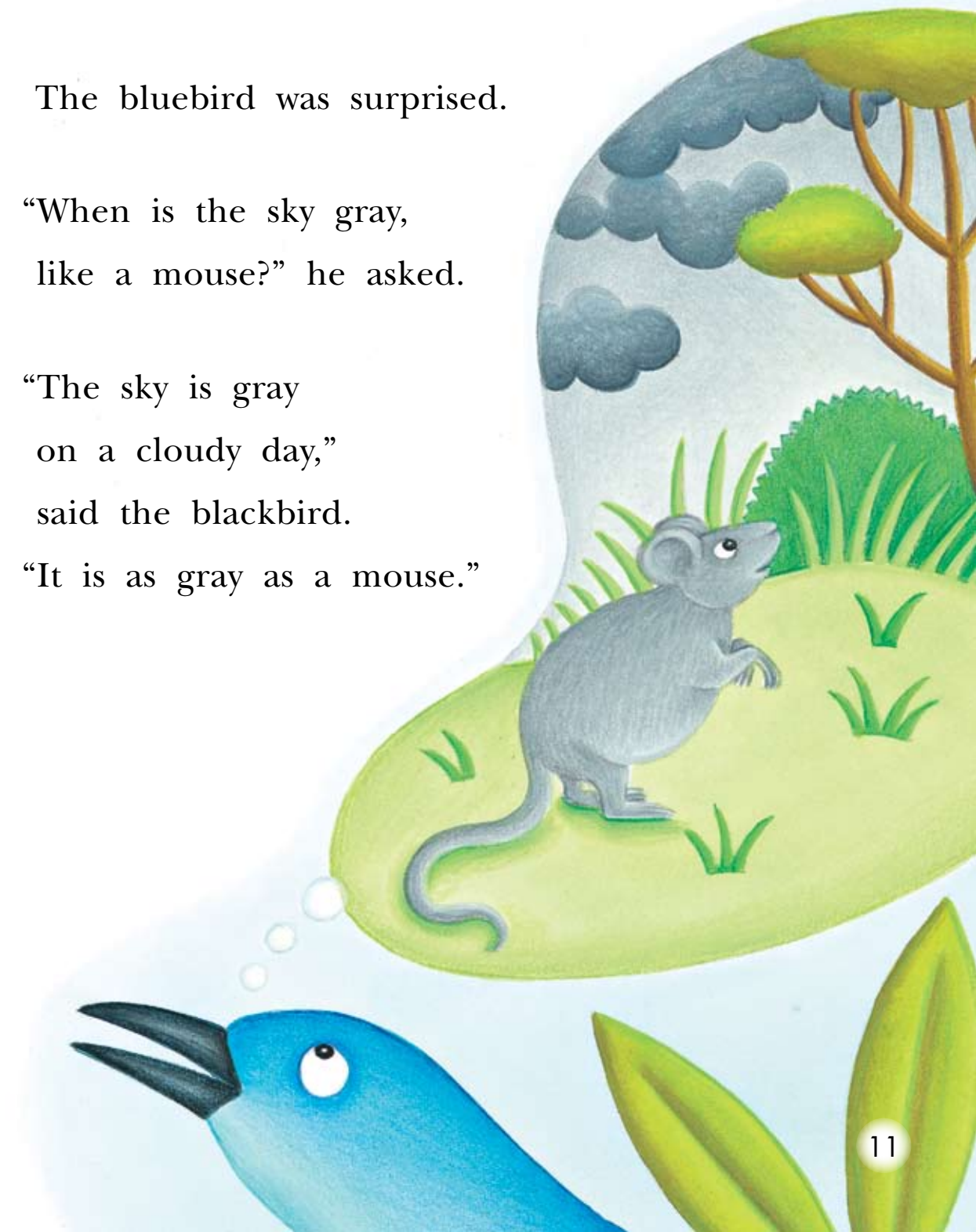


The bluebird was surprised.

“When is the sky gray,
like a mouse?” he asked.

“The sky is gray
on a cloudy day,”
said the blackbird.

“It is as gray as a mouse.”



“When is the sky pink,
like a flamingo?”
asked the bluebird.

“The sky is pink at sunset,”
said the blackbird.
“It is as pink as a flamingo.”



“When is the sky black,
like you are?”
asked the bluebird.

“The sky is black at night
when the stars are shining,”
said the blackbird.
“It is as black as I am.”



The bluebird thought and thought.
He thought about the gray mouse
and the sky on a cloudy day.
He thought about the pink flamingo
and the sky at sunset.
He thought about the blackbird
and the sky at night.

“You are right,”

he said to the blackbird.

“A mouse is as gray as the sky.

A flamingo is as pink as the sky.

A blackbird is as black as the sky.

And I am as blue as the sky.”



“We are all the colors of the sky.
We are all beautiful.”

The bluebird still liked being blue,
but he never bragged again.

