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SUNNY AND THE BIRDS



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Every evening, Sunny and Daddy looked out at the birds. ‘Do you know what those fast ones are called?’ asked Daddy.

‘Of course I do. They’re swallows.’

‘We used to have swallows back home,’ sighed Daddy. ‘They would swoop in the tangerine skies.’





‘But this is our home!’ said Sunny,
pointing at the twirly rug under his feet.

‘I know.’ Daddy ruffled Sunny’s hair.







The next day, when Sunny
woke up, there was a pretty,
grey bird cooing in the garden.

'Do you know what it is?'
asked Daddy.

'A type of dove,' grinned Sunny.

‘Yes. It’s a collared dove,’ said Daddy.
‘Just like the ones back home.
They used to “coooo” in the soft morning light!’



‘But this is our home,’ sighed Sunny.