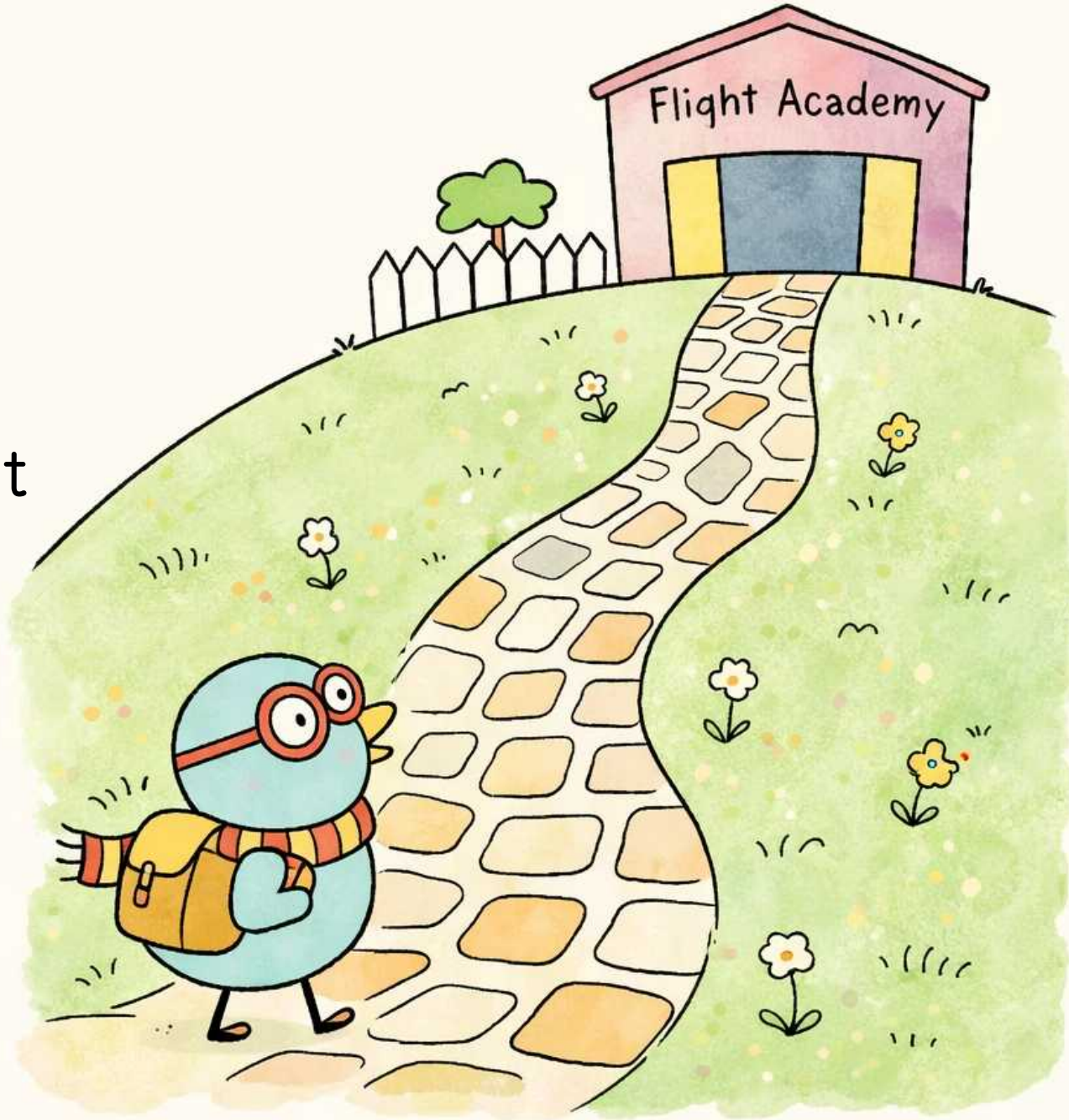
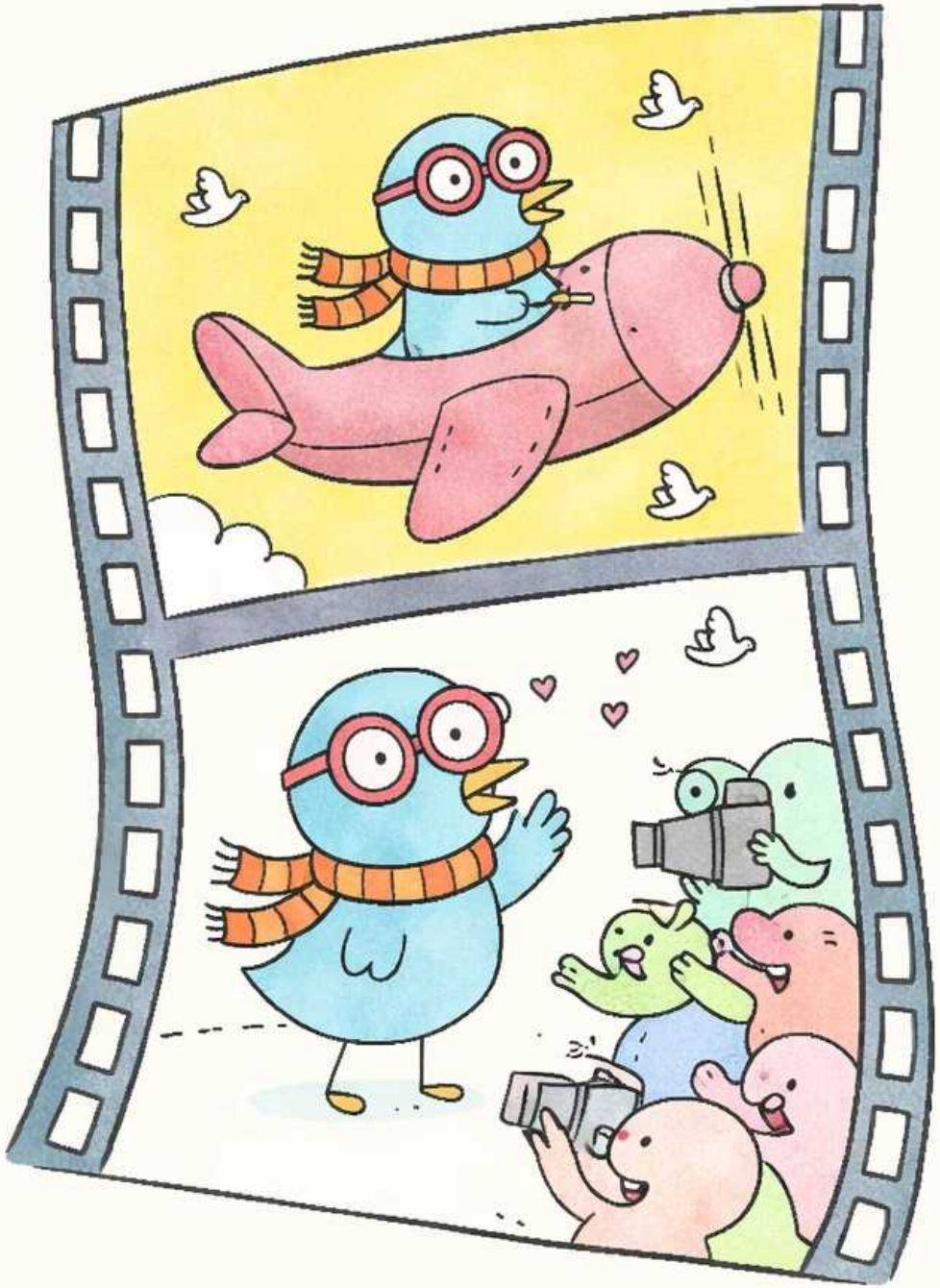
Birds Like Me Don't Fly

I **daydream** about flying every day, but I **cannot** get off the ground by **myself.** Some birds need a bit of help. **Today** I put on my **backpack** and head up the **pathway** to Flight School.





When I learn to fly, I will go for roles in films! I will fly from the **airport** and dive out of aeroplanes high in the sky.

The **spotlight** will shine on me, and I will have so many fans!

In my first class, I try to take off **into** the sky. I crash and land flat on the **hilltop.** The other birds point and yell at me as I lie there in the dirt. My **daydream** of flying feels so far away.

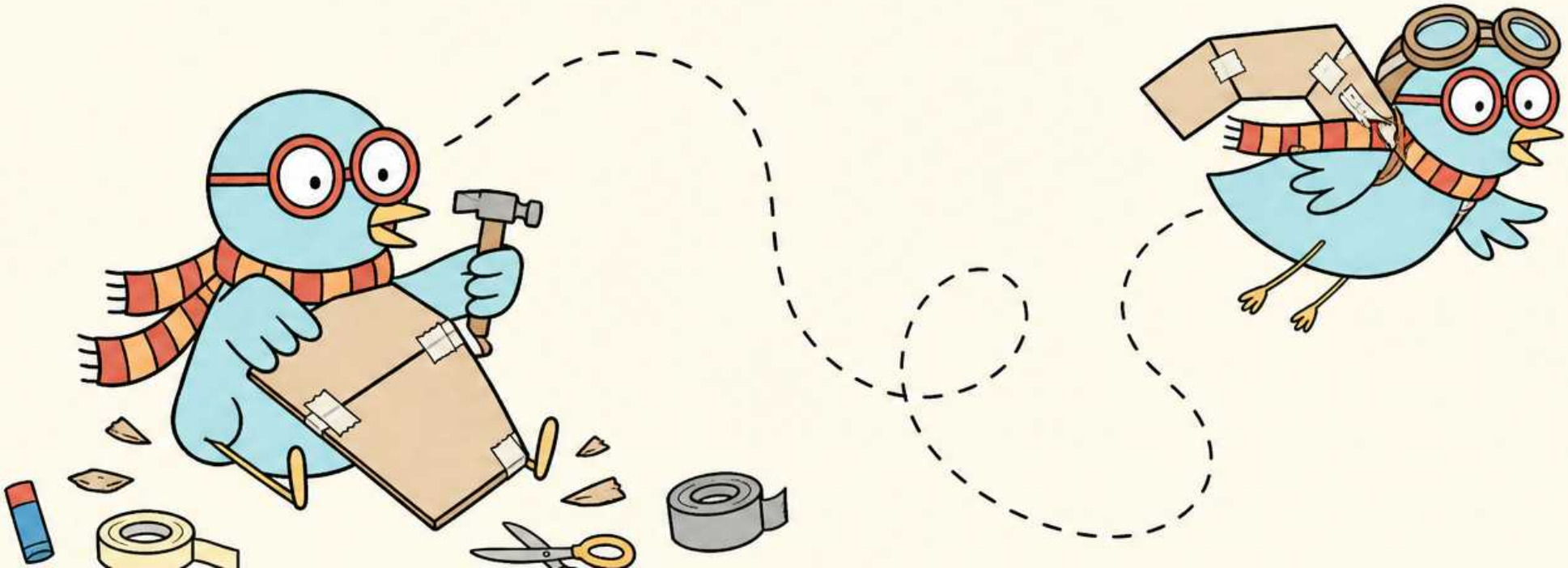
They swoop around me and say that I will never fly.

I pick **myself** up and walk away down the path. Each **footstep** drags slow in the dirt, and I do not look back.

My pride is hurt. They can all fly so well, and I **cannot** even leave the ground.

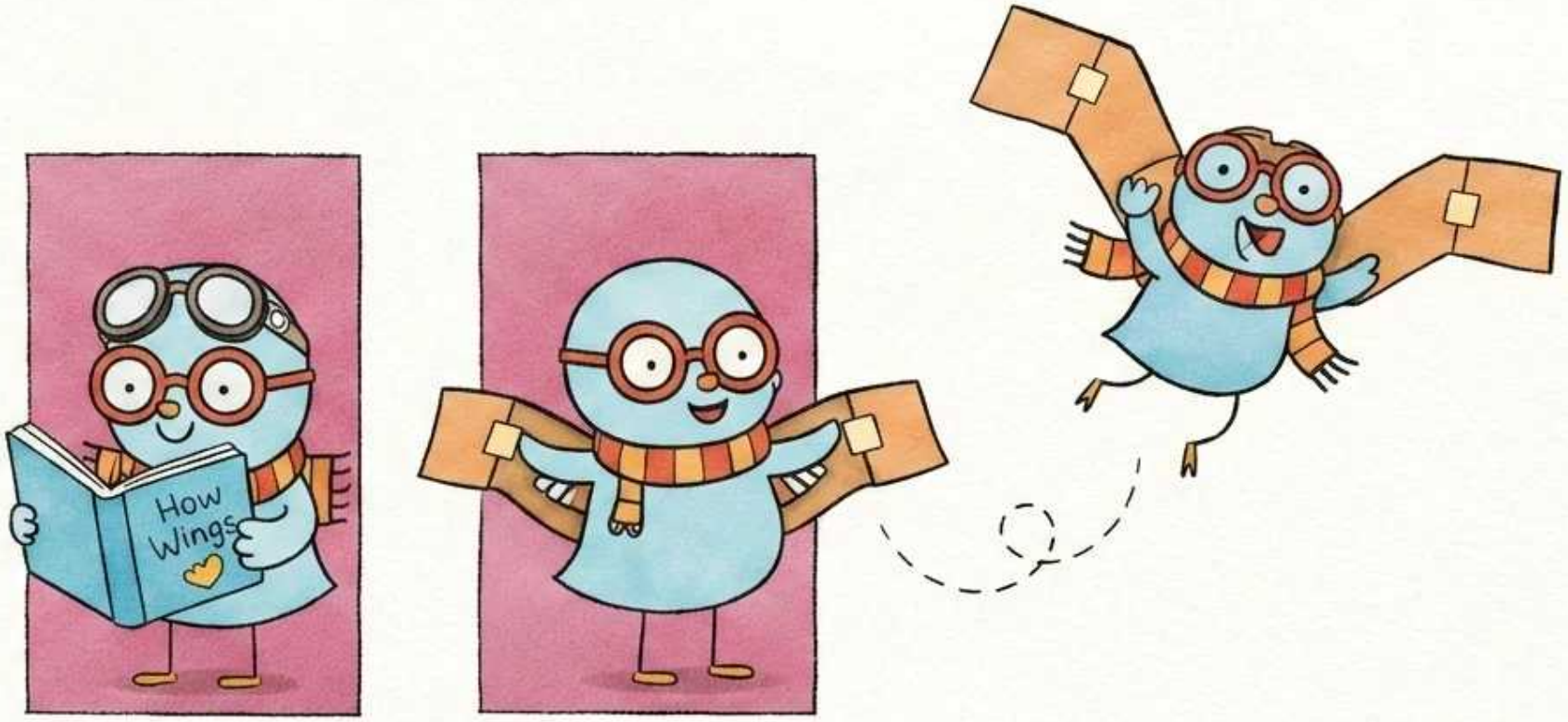
They tell me I am too big. They say birds like me never take off. But I hold on to my **daydream.**

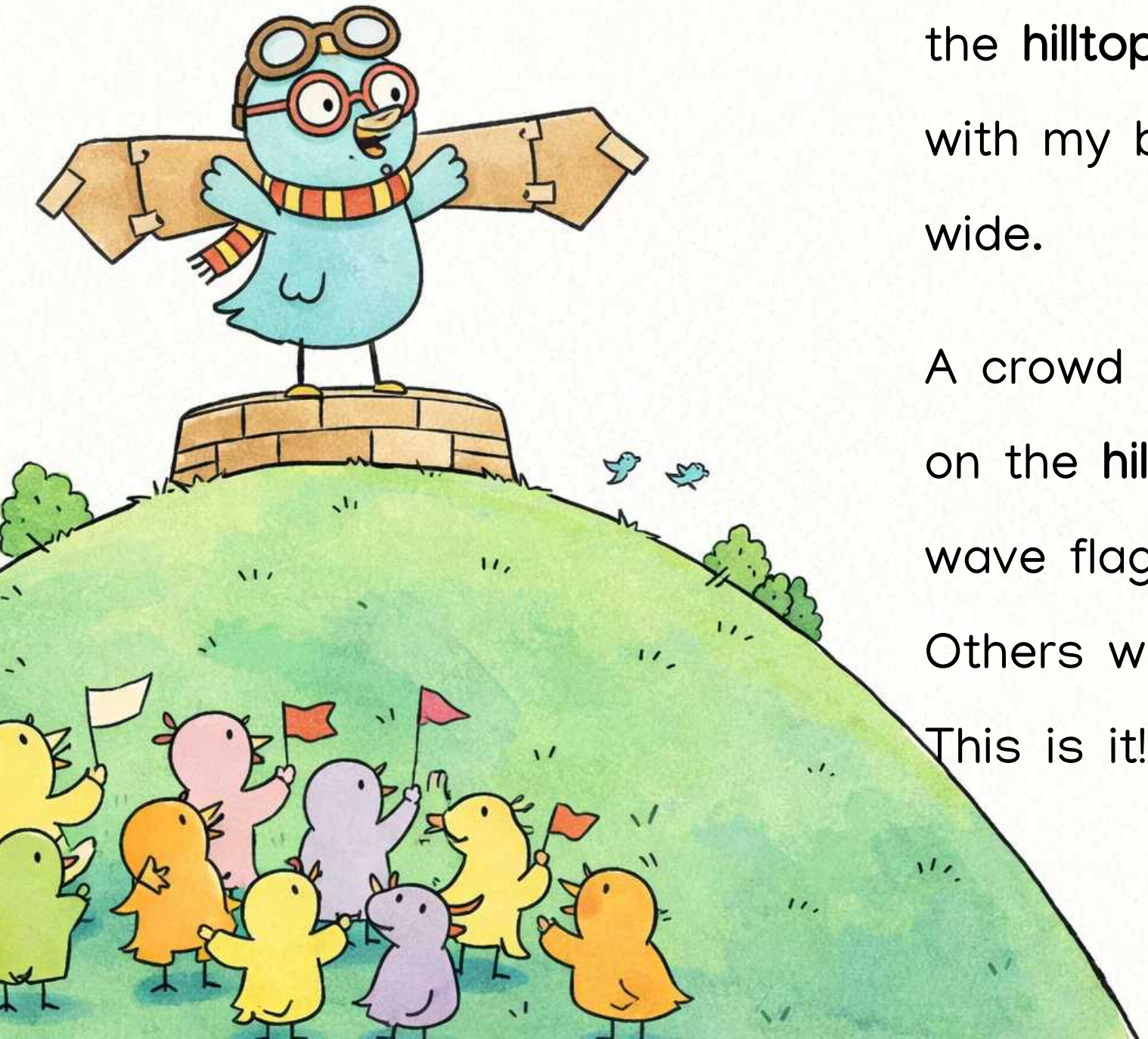
That night, I get a big plan for my **daydream.** If my wings are too small, I will make bigger ones! I grab **cardboard,** tape, and a hammer, because every great plan needs a hammer. I bang my thumb two times, but my **homemade** wings look ready for the **sunshine.**



I read every **handbook** I can find on how wings work and draw each **outline** like a **blueprint.**

Then I strap on my big **cardboard** wings and get set to fly. They creak and flex. They feel like they might really work!



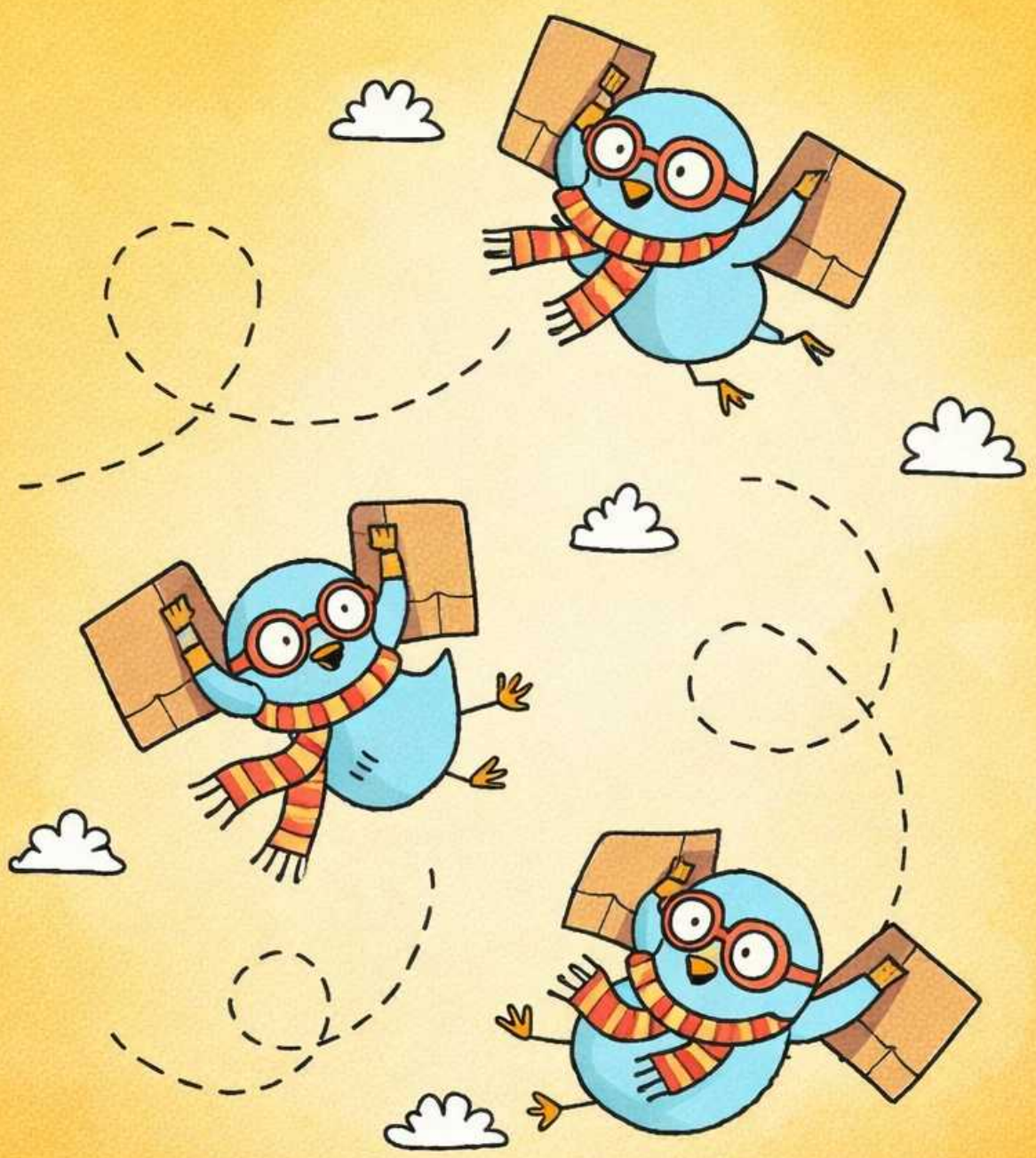


This is the day! I stand on the **hilltop** in the **sunshine** with my big wings spread wide.

A crowd of birds gathers on the **hillside** below. Some wave flags and cheer. Others watch with doubt. This is it!

The wind grabs my wings and up I shoot **into** the **sunshine!** I dive and twist and loop until my glasses fog up. I do it again with my eyes shut, just because I can.

'Birds like me do fly!' I shout, and the sound rings across the **hillside.**



I swoop down and land with a proud grin.

My **daydream** came true. I can fly, and I did it my own way.

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Birds Like Me Don't Fly

What happens when a big bird with tiny wings dreams of soaring through the sky? Every day, our hero daydreams of aeroplanes, spotlights, and cheering fans - but one tumble on the hilltop leaves feathers ruffled and hopes crushed. Can a backpack full of courage, a homemade blueprint, and a whole lot of cardboard prove the doubters wrong? A heartwarming tale about chasing your own path. This decodable reader practises compound words such as 'backpack,' 'daydream,' 'hilltop,' 'sunshine,' and 'blueprint.'

Reading Skills: Compound

airport, backpack, blueprint, cannot, cardboard, daydream, eyewear, footstep, handbook, hillside, hilltop, homemade, into, myself, outline, pathway, spotlight, sunshine, today

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