

Mole and the Baby Bird

What can Mole learn from a baby bird?



Mole found a baby bird. It had fallen out of its nest.

Mole waited and waited: but no big bird came to help it - so Mole took the baby bird home. He made a nest for it.

“Look!” he said to his mother.

“It’s very, very hard to take care of a baby bird,” she said.

“They usually die,” said his dad.

“My bird won’t die,” said Mole.

His friends helped him find food for the baby. His mother showed him how to feed it. Mole fed it whenever it chirped.

And the bird didn’t die! It grew.

“It’s my pet bird,” said Mole.

“It’s not a pet bird. It’s a wild bird,” said his mother.

The bird fluttered its wings.

“Your bird is trying to fly,” said his mother.

“No!” cried Mole. “It mustn’t fly!”

Mole found some wood and some nails.

He borrowed his dad’s toolbox.

“What are you making?” asked his dad.

“I’m making a cage for my pet bird!” said Mole.

"It's not a pet bird. It's a wild bird," said his dad. " You should let it fly." "No!" cried Mole. He put his bird into its new cage. The bird was sad. Mole's mother was sad too, but Mole kept his bird, because he loved it. Then-Grandad came to visit. He looked at Mole's pet bird. Presently Grandad said "Let's go for a walk, little Mole." Grandad took Mole to the top of a high hill. Mole looked down at the trees far below. He felt the wild wind trying to lift him. "Whee! I'm flying!" cried Mole. "Nearly," said Grandad. When Mole got home he looked at his bird. It was sitting very still in its cage in Mole's card underground room. "Birds are meant to fly," said Mole. He opened the cage door, and he let his bird fly away because he loved it. Then he cried. The next day Mole went into the forest. He saw his vird flying, soaring, free. And Mole was glad.